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Giles Scroggins' Ghost.—Page 212.



THE  
UNIVERSAL SONGSTER  
AND  
MUSEUM OF MIRTH:

A  
COLLECTION OF POPULAR SONGS.

ARRANGED UNDER THE FOLLOWING HEADS:

NATIONAL, SCOTCH, IRISH, NAVAL, MILITARY,  
SPORTING, COMIC, AMATORY, AND  
SENTIMENTAL.

Duetts, Gleees, Trios, Choruses, &c.



BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES GAYLORD.

1835.

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THE  
UNIVERSAL SONGSTER:  
OR  
MUSEUM OF MIRTH.

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NATIONAL SONGS.

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THE RAISING.

COME muster my lads your mechanical tools,  
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;  
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,  
And plenty of pins of American pine:

For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
A government firm, and our citizens free.

Come up with the plates, lay them firm on the wall,  
Like the people at large, they're the ground work of  
all;

Examine them well and see that they're sound,  
Let no rotten parts in our building be found;

For our roof we will raise and our song still shall be,  
Our government firm and our citizens free.

Now hand up the girders, lay each in its place,  
Between them the joists must divide all the space;

Like assembly-men these should lie level along,  
 Like girders, our senate prove loyal and strong:  
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
 A government firm over citizens free.

Your rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,  
 And drive your pins home, to keep all in their places;  
 Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,  
 And your pins be all made of American pine;  
 For the roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
 A government firm, over citizens free.

Our king-posts are judges—now upright they stand,  
 Supporting the braces, the laws of the land;  
 The laws of the land which divide right from wrong,  
 And strengthen the weak, by weakening the strong:  
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
 Laws equal and just for people that's free.

Lo! up with the rafters—each frame is a state!  
 How noble they rise! their span too how great!  
 From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,  
 And rest on the walls while the walls they defend!  
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
 Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

Now enter the purlins and drive your pins through,  
 And see that your joints are drawn home and all true;  
 The purlins will bind all the rafters together,  
 The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather:  
 For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,  
 United as States, but as citizens free.

Come, raise up the turret our glory and pride:  
 In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to preside;  
 The sons of Columbia shall view with delight  
 Its pillars and arches, and towering height:  
 Our roof is now raised and our song still shall be  
 A federal head o'er a people still free.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete,  
 The world shall admire Columbia's fair spot:  
 Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,  
 And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof,  
 While we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,  
 Our government firm and our citizens free.

~~~~~  
 FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

TUNE—'Yankee Doodle.'

YANKEE DOODLE is the tune  
 Americans delight in;  
 'Twill do to whistle, sing, or play,  
 And just the thing for fighting.

*Chorus.*—Yankee Doodle, boys, huzza!  
 Down outside, up the middle—  
 Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,  
 Trumpet, drum and fiddle.

Should Great Britain, Spain, or France,  
 Wage war upon our shore, sir,  
 We'll lead them such a woundy dance,  
 They'll find their toes are sore, sir.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Should a haughty foe expect  
 To give our boys a caning,  
 We guess they'll find our lads have larnt  
 A little bit of training,  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

I'll wager now a mug of flip,  
 And bring it on the table,  
 Put Yankee boys aboard a ship,  
 To beat them they are able.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then if they go to argufy,  
 I rather guess they'll find too,

We've got a set of tonguey blades,  
 To out-talk 'em, if they're a mind to.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

America's a dandy place,  
 The people all are brothers;  
 And when one's got a pumpkin pie,  
 He shares it with the others.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

We work and sleep and pray in peace—  
 By industry we thrive, sir;  
 And if a drone won't do his part,  
 We'll scout him from the hive, sir;  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

And then on Independence Day  
 (And who's a better right to?)  
 We eat and drink, and sing and play,  
 And have a dance at night too.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

Our girls are fair our boys are tough,  
 Our old folks wise and healthy;  
 And when we've every thing enough,  
 We count that we are wealthy.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

We're happy, free, and well to do,  
 And cannot want for knowledge;  
 For almost every mile or two,  
 You find a school or college.  
 Yankee Doodle, &c.

The land we till is all our own—  
 Whate'er the price, we paid it;  
 Therefore we'll fight till all is blue,  
 Should any dare invade it.

*Chorus.*—Yankee Doodle, boys; huzza!  
 Down outside, up the middle—  
 Yankee Doodle, fa, sol, la,  
 Trumnet. drum, and fiddle.



## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there;  
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rearest aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When stride the warriors of the storm  
And rolls the thunder drums of heaven,  
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given,  
To guard the banner of the free  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph, high.  
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
(Ere yet the life blood warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor-glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance

Catch war and vengeance from the glance!  
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
 Heave, in wild wreathes, the battle shroud,  
 And gory sabres rise and fall,  
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!  
 There shall thy victor glances glow,  
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
 Each gallant arm that strikes below  
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
 When death careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush wildly back  
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
 The dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly,  
 In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,  
 By angel hands to valor given,  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,  
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

~~~~~  
 ' OLD IRONSIDES.'

AY! pull her tattered ensign down,  
 Long has it wav'd on high,  
 And many a heart has danc'd to see  
 That banner in the sky;  
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar—

The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the conqueror's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee;  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea!

Oh better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave;  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep  
 And there should be her grave,  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms—  
 The lightning and the gale!

~~~~~  
 COLUMBIA'S GREAT GLORY.

HALLOW'D the birth-day of liberty's nation,  
 Sacred the flame on her altar that burns,  
 A tear to the chieftain who wrought her salvation,  
 And flowers to the grave that his body inurns;  
 He who from darkest night,  
 Led us to glory's light,  
 Remaining before us our guidance and star  
 Rid every troubled sea,  
 Pilot of liberty;  
 Champion of peace in the ravage of war.

Hail to the name of Columbia's great hero,  
 Which brighter shines forth thro' the vista of years  
 Whilst on history's page stands the contrast of Nero,  
 The king of oppression, and father of tears.

Then raise the sacred strain,  
 Let echo mock again;  
 Washington rise on each patriot's voice,  
 Till all Columbia round,  
 Swell with the joyous sound,  
 And hill and vale in the anthem rejoice.



### COLUMBIAN INDEPENDENCE.

WAKE, Columbia! wake the lyre,  
 Touch the silver chords with fire;  
 Bid the holy flames arise,  
 Mounting swiftly to the skies;  
 Music sweet, and music strong.  
 Rouse the soul with lyric song.

Goddess of this western clime,  
 Tune thy notes to joys sublime!  
 Rapt in glory's brightest blaze,  
 Gallant heroes proudly raise  
 Shouts of triumph, sounding far,  
 Louder than the storm of war:

Godlike courage won the day—  
 Baffled Britain lost her sway;  
 Ghastly stood her trembling king—  
 Quick he felt the dreadful sting,  
 When Columbia's sons had sworn,  
 'Death!—or, lo! a nation's born!'

Born a nation stood sublime,  
 Virtue's proof—the test of time,  
 England's vassals now return,  
 Help their weeping nation mourn!  
 Tyranny had fled our coast;  
 Gain'd one world a world was lost.

LIBERTY TREE.—*By T. Paine.*

IN a chariot of light from the regions of day,  
 The goddess of Liberty came;  
 Ten thousand celestials directed the way,  
 And hither conducted the dame.  
 A fair budding branch from the gardens above,  
 Where millions with millions agree,  
 She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,  
 And the plant she nam'd Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,  
 Like a native it flourish'd and bore;  
 The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,  
 To seek out its peaceable shore.  
 Unmindful of names, or distinctions, they came,  
 For freemen like brothers agree;  
 With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,  
 And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,  
 Their bread in contentment they ate,  
 Unvex'd with the troubles of silver and gold,  
 The cares of the grand and the great;  
 With timber and tar they old England supplied,  
 And supported her power on the sea;  
 Her battles they fought without getting a groat,  
 For the honor of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane)  
 How all the tyrannical powers,  
 Kings, Commons, and Lords are uniting amain,  
 To cut down this guardian of ours:  
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms  
 Thro' the land let the sound of it flee;  
 Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,  
 In defence of our Liberty Tree.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

**THE** breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
**And** the woods against the stormy sky,  
 Their giant branches tost;

**And** the heavy night hung dark,  
 The hills and waters o'er,  
**When** a band of exiles moored their bark  
 On the wild New England shore.

**Not** as the conqueror comes,  
 They, the true hearted came:—  
**Not** with the roll of the stirring drums,  
 And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

**Not** as the flying come,  
 In silence, and in fear:—  
**They** shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

**Amidst** the storm they sang,  
 And the stars heard, and the sea;  
**And** the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
 To the anthem of the free.

**The** ocean eagle soared  
 From his nest, by the white wave's foam,  
**And** the rocking pines of the forest roared:—  
 This was their welcome home.

**What** sought they thus afar?  
 Bright jewels of the mine?  
**The** wealth of seas?—the spoils of war?  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.

**Ay**, call it holy ground,  
 The soil where first they trod!  
**They** have left unstained what there they found—  
*Freedom to worship God!*

## NEW ORLEANS, OR THE SONS OF THE WEST.

AIR—"John Bull caught a Tartar."

Brave sons of the West, your deeds of renown  
 Unfold a new scene for the world to admire;  
 Your valor unrivall'd, all Europe will crown,  
 As a subject for praise and a theme for the lyre;  
 You've ennobled the waters on which you were born,  
 Mississippi emerges resplendent in story—  
 Mid the scenes that with triumph our country adorn,  
 New-Orleans arises unequal in glory.

Brave sons of the West, the blood in your veins,  
 At danger's approach, waited not for persuaders;  
 You rush'd from your mountains, your hills and your  
 plains,  
 And follow'd your streams to repel the invaders.  
 You came, you encounter'd, you conquer'd the host  
 That Britain had dared to debark on your shores;  
 New-Orleans for ever your valor will boast,  
 And Mississippi murmur your praise as it pours.

Proud leaders of Britain, your fortune behold!  
 Embark'd in "a secret and grand expedition,"  
 You sail'd to gain triumph, and *eke to get gold*;  
 You landed—march'd forward—and met your per-  
 dition,  
 The plain of New-Orleans, ensanguined and red  
 With Britain's best blood, affords illustration;  
 How many fine columns to conquest were led!  
 How few have return'd from the "grand demonstra-  
 tion."

At a point so remote, you hoped to surprise,  
 And find a rich city devoid of protection;  
 You knew not what faithful and vigilant eyes  
 Were watching your movements in every direction:  
 With the eye of an eagle when guarding his nest,  
 MONROE saw their fav'rite New-Orleans in danger,

And sent to brave Jackson the sons of the West,  
To welcome and bury the bones of the stranger.

Brave sons of the West, all Europe will praise  
The promptness with which you perform'd your com-  
mission;

The world will admit that your conduct displays  
A zeal to move on with a "great expedition:"  
E'en Wellington's duke, who in France and in Spain,  
Oft sacrificed legions of Buonaparte's martyrs,  
Will swear, when he hears that his generals are slain,  
Our Western backwoodsmen are certainly *Tartars*.

~~~~~  
THE AMERICAN STAR.

TUNE—" *Humors of Glen.* "

COME strike the bold anthem, the war-dogs are howl-  
ing.

Already they eagerly snuff up their prey;  
The red cloud of war o'er our forests is scowling,  
Soft peace spreads her wings, and flies weeping away;  
The infants affrighted, cling close to their mothers,  
The youths grasp their swords, for the combat pre-  
pare;

While beauty weeps fathers and lovers and brothers,  
Who rush to display the American Star.

Come blow the shrill bugle—the loud drum awaken—  
The dread rifle seize—let the cannon deep roar;  
No heart with pale fear, or faint doubtings be shaken,  
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on our shore;  
Shall mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters left weep-  
ing,

Insulted by ruffians, be dragg'd to despair?  
Oh no—from the hills the proud eagle comes sweeping,  
And waves to the brave the American Star.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,  
Look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene;



Come soldiers, a tear and a toast to their memory,  
 Rejoicing they'll see us, as they once have been;  
 To us the high boon by the gods has been granted,  
 To spread the glad tidings of liberty far,  
 Let millions invade us, we'll meet them undaunted,  
 And conquer or die by the American Star.

Your hands then, dear comrades, round liberty's altar,  
 United, we swear by the souls of the brave!  
 Not one, from the strong resolution shall falter,  
 To live independent or sink in the grave.  
 Then freemen fill up—Lo! the striped banner's flying,  
 The high birds of liberty scream through the air,  
 Beneath her oppression and tyranny dying—  
 Success to the beaming American Star.



### STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! SAY can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last  
 gleaming,  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the peril-  
 ous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly  
 streaming?  
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still  
 there;  
 O! say does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave,  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re-  
 poses,  
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the Star-spangled Banner—O! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,  
A home and a country, should leave us no more!  
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,  
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven-rescu'd  
land,  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a  
nation!

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto—" *In God is our trust;*"  
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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### WELCOME LA FAYETTE.

Composed at Nashville, and sung by the Young Ladies of the Nashville Female Academy, on the reception of General La Fayette at that Institution, May 5th, 1825.

OH! welcome, warrior, to the soil  
That gave the brave a bed,  
Whose harvest yields the ample spoil  
Of blood for freedom shed;  
Welcome, welcome, to the shore,  
Thy youthful footsteps fondly press'd,  
Where free-born millions proudly join,  
To hail the nation's guest—

Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!  
To hail the nation's guest.

Ye beauteous maids, your garlands fling  
Around the hero's brow;  
Ye hoary veterans, hither bring  
The heart's full tribute now;  
Let kings their diadems cast down,  
And nobles shrink to nothing—yet  
True glory, honor, gem the name  
Of gallant La Fayette—  
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!  
For gallant La Fayette!

Oh! welcome, father—name alone  
Dearer than titles—we,  
Thy children, give thy homage known,  
And freemen greet thee free;  
True patriot, shield thy hoary head  
Beneath the oak thou help'dst to rear;  
Welcome, deliverer, champion, friend,  
La Fayette's welcome here—  
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!  
La Fayette's welcome here.

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### LA FAYETTE'S WELCOME TO MARYLAND.

Sung at the dinner given to Gen. La Fayette by the  
Legislature of Maryland, Dec. 24th, 1824.—By W. P.  
Farquhar.

TUNE—" *Scots wa hae.*"

WELCOME, welcome, La Fayette,  
Thee we never shall forget;  
Friend of man, we love thee yet,  
Friend of Liberty.

Thou wast once our friend indeed,  
Wast our friend in time of need—

Thou for us didst freely bleed,  
Son of Liberty.

And we love to see thee here,  
Thou art now, as ever, dear;  
Thee we ever shall revere—  
Friend of Liberty.

Yes, we take thee by the hand,  
Welcome thee to Maryland—  
By thee she will ever stand,  
Firm and true to thee.

Thou hast been the honest man,  
Acting on a worthy plan;  
Since old time its course began—  
Who has done like thee?

And the toils of war now o'er,  
Welcome to Columbia's shore;  
Yes, we love thee more and more—  
Friend of Liberty.

Freedom's cause is cause divine:  
Freedom's cause was ever thine:  
On the world soon may it shine,  
The sun of Liberty.

Welcome, welcome, La Fayette,  
Thou art good and thou art great,  
Welcome, welcome, to our state—  
Happy may'st thou be.

Sons and daughters long shall tell,  
None did ever thee excel;  
Mothers, fathers, lov'd thee well—  
Friend of Liberty.

## SONG,

Written by J. McCreery, and sung by a gentleman of Petersburg at a public dinner.

TUNE—" *Anacreon in Heaven.*"

SEE Decatur, our hero, returns to the west,  
 Who's destined to shine in the annals of story;  
 A bright ray of vict'ry beams high on his crest,  
 Encircled his brows by a halo of glory.  
 On Afric's bleak shore,  
 From the insolent Moor,  
 His bloody stained laurels in triumph he tore,  
 Where the crescent, which oft spread its terrors afar,  
 Submissively bowed to Columbia's star.

Algiers' haughty Dey, in the height of his pride,  
 From American freemen a tribute demanded;  
 Columbia's brave freemen the tribute denied,  
 And his corsairs to seize our bold tars were com-  
 manded.

Their streamers wave high,  
 But Decatur draws nigh,  
 His name strikes like lightning—in terror they fly;  
 Thrice welcome our hero, returned from afar,  
 Where the proud crescent falls to Columbia's star.

## LA FAYETTE.

TUNE—" *Auld Lang Syne.*"

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 The friend that's true remember'd not,  
 And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 We never can forget,  
 When dangers press'd and foes drew near  
 Our friend was La Fayette.

When first our fathers bravely drew  
 'Gainst tyrants and their laws,  
 On wings of generous zeal he flew,  
 To aid the holy cause.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

He stem'd the broad Atlantic wave,  
 He vow'd they should be free,  
 He led the bravest of the brave,  
 To death or victory.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Let Brandywine his glory tell,  
 And Monmouth loud acclaim;  
 Let York in triumph proudly swell  
 The measure of his fame.

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

Shall sons of freedom e'er forget,  
 Till time shall cease to move,  
 The debt they owe to La Fayette,  
 Of gratitude and love?

For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.



### THE BANKS OF CHAMPLAIN.

'TWAS autumn, and round me the leaves were descend-  
 ing,

And lonely the woodpecker peck'd on the tree,  
 Whilst thousands their freedom and rights were de-  
 fending

The din of their arms sounded dismal to me;  
 For Sandy, my love, was engag'd in the action,  
 Without him I valued the world not a fraction;  
 His death would have ended my life in distraction,  
 As lonely I stray'd on the banks of Champlain.

Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,  
 My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore;

The sounds nearly parted my heart-strings assunder  
 I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more  
 But soon an express all my sorrow suspended,  
 My thanks to the Father of mercies ascended,  
 My shepherd was safe, and my country defended,  
 By freedom's brave sons on the banks of Champlain

I wip'd from my eye the big tear that had started,  
 And hasten'd the news to my parents to bear,  
 Who sigh'd for the loss of relations departed,  
 And wept at the tidings that banish'd their care.  
 The cannons now ceased, the drums still were beating,  
 The foes of our country far north were retreating,  
 The neighb'ring damsels each other were greeting,  
 With songs of delight on the banks of Champlain.

Our squadron triumphant, our army victorious,  
 With laurels unfaded, our Spartans return'd;  
 My eyes never dwelt on a scene half so glorious,  
 My heart with such rapture before never burn'd.  
 But Sandy, my darling, that moment appearing,  
 His presence to every countenance cheering,  
 Was render'd to me more doubly endearing,  
 By feats he perform'd on the banks of Champlain.

But should smiling peace, with her blessings and treasures,

Soon visit the plains of Columbia again,  
 What pen can describe the enrapturing pleasures,  
 That I shall experience through life with my swain?  
 For then no wild savage will come to alarm us,  
 Nor worse British foes send their minions to harm us,  
 But nature and art will continue to charm us,  
 While happy we live on the banks of Champlain.

~~~~~  
 ODE—*For the Fourth of July, 1827.*

To the sages who spoke—to the heroes who bled—  
 To the day, and the deed—strike the harpstrings of  
 glory,

Let the song of the ransom'd remember the dead,  
 And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story.  
     O'er the bones of the bold,  
     Be that story long told,  
 And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enroll'd,  
 Who on freedom's green hills, freedom's banner unfurl'd,  
 And the beacon-fire rais'd that gave light to the world.  
 'Twas for us and our children, to conquer or die,  
 Undaunted they stood, where the war-storm burst  
     o'er them;  
 Each blade drew a thunderbolt down from the sky,  
 Till the foeman turn'd pale, and was wither'd before  
 them.

    Then from Liberty's band,  
     Went a shout thro' the land,  
 As the rainbow of peace their fair heritage spann'd;  
 Where the banner of freedom in pride was unfurl'd,  
 And the beacon-fire rose that gave light to the world.  
 They are gone—mighty men! and they sleep in their  
 fame;  
 Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no, never!—  
 Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,  
 And the anthem send down—"Independence for  
 ever."

    Wake, wake, heart and tongue!  
     Keep the theme ever young—  
 Let their deeds thro' the long line of ages be sung,  
 When on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurl'd,  
 And the beacon-fire rais'd that gave light to the world.

~~~~~

### MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory,  
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!



Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries.  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheath;  
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd,  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands embruing.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
'To mete and vend the light and air.  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

Oh, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

## DAY OF GLORY.

AIR—" *Seots wha hae.*"

DAY of glory, welcome day!  
 Freedom's banners greet thy ray,  
 See, how cheerfully they play,  
     With the morning breeze.  
 On the rocks where pilgrims kneel'd,  
 On the heights where squadrons wheel'd  
 When a tyrant's thunder peal'd  
     O'er the trembling sea.

God of armies! did ' thy stars  
 In their courses' smite his cars,  
 Blast his arm, and wrest his bars  
     From the heaving tide?  
 On our standard, lo! they burn,  
 And, when days like this return,  
 Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn,  
     Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills  
 All the echoes of our hills,  
 All the murmurs of our rills,  
     Now the storm is o'er;  
 O, let freemen be our sons;  
 And let future Washingtons  
 Rise, to lead their valiant ones,  
     Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,  
 By the warrior's gory breast,  
 Never let our graves be press'd  
     By a despot's throne:  
 By the pilgrim's toils and cares,  
 By their battles and their prayers,  
 By their ashes,—let our heirs  
     Bow to thee alone.

## MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

AIR—" *Oft in the stilly night.*

MARCH to the battle field,  
 The foe is now before us;  
 Each heart is freedom's shield,  
 And heav'n is smiling o'er us,  
 The woes and pains,  
 The galling chains,  
 That keep our spirits under,  
 In proud disdain,  
 We've brok'n again,  
 And tore each link assunder.  
 March to the, &c.

Who, for his country brave,  
 Would fly from her invader?  
 Who, his base life to save,  
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?  
 Our hallowed cause,  
 Our home and laws,  
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,  
 We'll gain a crown  
 Of bright renown,  
 Or die—our rights maintaining!  
 March to the, &c.

## BATTLE SONG.

TUNE—" *Bruce's Address.*"

HARK! the deep'ning voice of war,  
 Hoarsely echoes from afar,  
 Forward! and your weapons draw,  
 Sons of Liberty!

Let your banners wave in air  
 Let your light'nings fiercely glare!

Freely ev'ry danger share  
 For your Liberty!

Freedom! glorious, fair and bright!  
 'Tis for her you dare the fight;  
 Guard her with a giant might!  
 Sons of Liberty!

Never let the word be said,  
 That in time of battle dread,  
 Columbia's sons from danger fled,  
 No! it shall not be!

Where the death-storm thickest rains!  
 Where the earth shows reddest stains!  
 There the Eagle still remains!  
 Never turns to flee!

See the foes now yield the ground!  
 Their bravest lie in death around;—  
 Let the trumpet's joyful sound,  
 Shout for victory!

~~~~~  
 WE NEVER WILL BE SLAVES.

AIR—“ *The gallant Troubadour.*”

FROM birth my native land I've owned  
 As liberty's blest shore;  
 In every heart she sits enthroned,  
 And stands at every door.  
 Then shall we lose our chartered right  
 Through base and sordid knaves?  
 No, while we've hearts and hands to fight,  
 We never will be slaves.

Columbia's sons, with freedom born,  
 Ne'er heed a foreign foe;  
 Our fertile fields are gilt with corn,  
 And shall we lose them!—No!

We love the soil, and will protect  
 Or make that soil our graves,  
 Nor e'er this sacred truth neglect—  
 We never will be slaves.

Then, let us raise our bumpers high  
 With foaming liquor bright,  
 And ev'ry effort still defy  
 'Gainst God, our land and right!  
 Join hand and heart with one accord,  
 And waft it o'er the waves;  
 By land and sea be this the word—  
 We never will be slaves.

~~~~~

### THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY,

As sung by Mr. Ludlow, in the New-Orleans and Western Country Theatres.

YE gentlemen and ladies fair,  
 Who grace this famous city,  
 Just listen, if you've time to spare,  
 While I rehearse a ditty;  
 And for an opportunity,  
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky,  
 For 'tis not often here you see  
 A hunter from Kentucky.  
 Oh, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky.  
 The hunters of Kentucky,

We are a hardy free-born race,  
 Each man to fear a stranger;  
 Whate'er the game, we join in chase  
 Despising toil and danger;  
 And if a daring foe annoys,  
 Whate'er his strength and forces,  
 We'll show him that Kentucky boys  
 Are "alligator horses."  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,  
How Pakenham attempted  
To make old Hickory Jackson wince,  
But soon his schemes repented;  
For we with rifles ready cock'd,  
Thought such occasion lucky,  
And soon around the general flock'd  
The hunters of Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans  
Is fam'd for wealth and beauty—  
There's girls of every hue it seems,  
From snowy white to sooty.  
So Pakenham he made his brags,  
If he in fight was lucky,  
He'd have the girls and cotton bags,  
In spite of old Kentucky,

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson he was wide awake,  
And was'nt scar'd at trifles,  
For well he knew what aim we take  
With our Kentucky rifles;  
So he led us down to Cypress swamp,  
The ground was low and mucky,  
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,  
And here was old Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,  
Not that we thought of dying,  
But that we always like to rest,  
Unless the game is flying:  
Behind it stood our little force—  
None wish'd it to be greater,  
For every man was half a horse,  
And half an alligator.

Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They did not let our patience tire,  
 Before they show'd their faces—  
 We did not choose to waste our fire,  
 So snugly kept our places;  
 But when so near to see them wink,  
 We thought it time to stop 'em;  
 And 'twould have done you good I think  
 To see Kentuckians drop 'em.  
 Oh, Kentucky, &c.

They found at last 'twas vain to fight  
 Where lead was all their booty;  
 'And so they wisely took to flight,  
 And left us all our beauty.  
 And now if danger e'er annoys,  
 Remember what our trade is;  
 Just send for us Kentucky boys,  
 And we'll protect you, ladies.  
 Oh, Kentncky, &c.



### THE PATRIOT'S FRIEND.

CEASE, tempest, cease! allay thy power  
 Nor bid the clouds of darkness lour,  
 Or let the vivid lightning play,  
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way;  
 For thus o'er barren plains I've sped,  
 To seek the mansions of the dead,  
 And kiss the clay where he may be,  
 Who sought his grave through liberty.

Cease, wind, to blow, 'twixt earth and heaven!  
 Unless your moans for him are given,  
 Then I unison will sigh  
 Until the night has lingered by!  
 Still I'll proceed, unawed by fear,  
 And warm thy blast with friendship's tear;

For I must know the hero's doom,  
To breathe my blessings o'er his tomb.

Cease, hail and rain, to drench my vest!  
Or slumbering Sorrow sooth to rest,  
While I pace many a darkened field,  
To seek, though dead, his country's shield.  
For, though no more he lives to fight,  
But only lives in memory's night,  
I at his tomb my vow will seal,  
And o'er his honored marble kneel.

Cease, Pleasure, cease! and think of him  
Who ne'er could Freedom's laurel dim!  
Nor shall this pause for him be vain,  
For he expir'd our rights to gain!  
And, though he lies in yon cold earth,  
There Freedom's fire shall take new birth,  
To seek the clay where he may be,  
Who sought his grave through liberty.



#### WASHINGTON.

Oh ne'er to man did bounteous heaven impart  
A purer spirit or more generous heart;—  
And in that heart did nature sweetly blend  
The patriot hero, and the faithful friend.



# SCOTCH SONGS.

---

## HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

WORDS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!  
Honor'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine!  
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,  
Flourish the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back again,

'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the  
mountain,

The more shall Clañ-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise agen,

'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Proudly our Pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied;  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 ‘ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!’

Row, Vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!  
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!  
 O that some seeding-gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honor’d and bless’d in their shadow might grow!  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepmost glen,  
 ‘ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!’

~~~~~  
 THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
 No breath came o’er the sea,  
 When Mary left her Highland cot,  
 And wander’d forth with me;  
 Though flowers deck’d the mountain’s side  
 And fragrance fill’d the vale,  
 By far the sweetest flower there  
 Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where’er I wander’d, east or west,  
 Though fate began to lour,  
 A solace still was she to me  
 In sorrow’s lonely hour:  
 When tempests lash’d our gallant bark  
 And rent her shiv’ring sail,  
 One maiden form withstood the storm—  
 ’Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever’d lips were parch’d,  
 On Afric’s burning sand,

She whisper'd hopes of happiness  
 And tales of distant land:  
 My life had been a wilderness,  
 Unblest by fortune's gale,  
 Had not fate link'd my lot to hers—  
 The Rose of Allandale.

~~~~~  
 THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go  
 To the Braes of Balquither,  
 Where the blue-berries grow  
 'Mong bonnie Highland heather;  
 Where the deer and the rae,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang summer day  
 On the braes of Balquither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it o'er  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain,  
 I will range through the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae dreary,  
 And return wi' their spoils  
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
 Idly raves round our dwelling,  
 And the roar of the linn  
 On the night breeze is swelling,  
 So merrily we'll sing  
 As the storm rattles o'er us,  
 Till the dear sheeling ring  
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime  
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,

And the wild mountain thyme,  
 A' the moorland perfuming!  
 To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns  
 'Mang the braes of Balquither.

~~~~~  
 BONNIE DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wanton'st through the flow'ry thorn;  
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
 Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 And my fause lover staw my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

~~~~~  
 ROY'S WIFE.

ROY's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,  
 She said that she lov'd me best of ony;

But oh the fickle, faithless quean,  
She's ta'en the carl and left her Johnny.

Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;

Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

O she was a canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Highland walloch,  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;

Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Tho' she's forever left her Johnny.

Roy's wife, &c.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;

Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.

But Roy's age is three times mine,  
I think his days will nae be mony,  
And when the carl's dead and gane,  
She'll, may be, rue and tak' her Johnny.

Roy's wife, &c.

---

### JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,

While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,  
 Yet sweeter an' fairer an' dear to my bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blyth as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain,  
 An' far be the villain divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its blossom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-  
 blane.

Sing on, thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dum-  
 blane,

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

~~~~~

### THE LANDING OF ROYAL CHARLIE.

THERE'S news from Moidart cam' yestreen,  
 Will soon gar mony farlie,  
 For ships of war hae just come in,  
 And landed Royal Charlie;  
 Come thro' the heather,  
 Around him gither,

Ye're a' the welcomer early;  
 Come round him cling,  
 Wi' a' yer kin,  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
 Come thro' the heather,  
 Around him gither,  
 Come Ronald, come Donald,  
 Come a' the gither,  
 An' crown your rightful lawful king,  
 For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,  
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand  
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie?  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late an' early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,  
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie,  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

The lowland a' baith great and sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord an' laird hae,  
 Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,  
 An' speir ye wha but Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 An' be't complete an' early,  
 His very name our hearts' blood warms,  
 To arm for Royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

~~~~~  
 HEY THE BONNY BREAST KNOTS.

HEY the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
 Hey the bonnie breast knots;

Blithe and bonnie were they all  
 When they put on the breast knots.  
 There was a bridal in our town,  
 For ilka lass there was a loon,  
 Some wore black and some wore brown,  
 But ilk ane had a breast knot.  
       Hey the bonnie, &c.

A sonsie lass wi' raven hair,  
 Cam' wi' a knot like lily fair;  
 Gart mony hearts that hour feel sair,  
 For ilk ane lo'e'd her breast knot.  
 The bride a knot kept tae hersel!  
 Its color she alone could tell,  
 Wha had the like wad bear the bell,  
 And ha' a Jo, and a breast knot.  
       Hey the bonnie, &c.

It was nae black, it was nae blue,  
 It had nae sic unseemly hue;  
 But it was white, I tell you true,  
 A braw bonnie breast knot.  
 Ane had the knot that like to me,  
 Inspired all hearts with mirth and glæe;  
 Farewell! kind friends and thanks to ye,  
 That loe sae weel my breast knots.  
       Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,  
       Hey the bonnie breast knots,  
       Blithe and bonnie were they all  
       When they put on the breast knots.

~~~~~  
 OH! SAW YE THE LASS.

O SAW ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?  
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,  
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher I ween;  
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.  
 The home of my love is below in the valley,  
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;



But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,  
Is the maid that I love wi' the bonnie blue een.

O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,  
She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;  
And when the moon shines on the valley so green,  
I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

As the dove that has wandered away from his nest,  
Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,  
I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,  
To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.

O saw ye the lass, &c.

~~~~~  
LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,

Where the rose in all its pride,  
Paints the hollow dingle side,

Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,

To the cove, beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,

Where the glens rebound the call  
Of the lofty water-fall,

Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,

Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,

With the songsters in the grove,  
We have told our tale of love,

And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O,

But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,

To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,

To the streamlet winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented briar,

Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear  
     Of thy lover on his bier,  
 To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O,

~~~~~  
 MY BONNIE LASS.

TUNE—" *Wha'll be king but Charlie.*"

MY bonnie lass, now turn to me,  
 And gie a smile to cheer me,  
 An honest heart I'll gie to thee,  
 For in truth I love thee dearly.  
     Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,  
     All in the morning early,  
     With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,  
     For in truth I love thee dearly.  
     Come, o'er the heather we'll trip together,  
     I heed neither mother nor father nor brother,  
     With heart and hand, I'll by thee stand,  
     For in truth I love thee dearly.

There's many a lass I love full well,  
 And many who love me dearly,  
 But there's ne'er a one, except thysel',  
 That I e'er could love sincerely.  
     Come o'er the heather, &c.

~~~~~  
 BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled?  
 Scots, whom Bruce has aften led!  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
     Or to glorious victory!  
 Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
 See the front of battle low'r!  
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r!  
     Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee.  
 Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Caledonian! on wi' me.

By Oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be, shall be free.  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Forward! let us do or die!

~~~~~

TELL ME, ARE YE SLEEPIN' MAGGIE?

TUNE—"Roy's wife."

TELL me, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
 Tell me, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
 Let me in, for loud the linn  
 Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!  
 Mirk and rainy is the night,  
 No a starn in a' the carie,  
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift:  
 And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.  
 Tell me, &c.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,  
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,  
 Loud the iron yett does clank,  
 And cry o' howlets make me eerie.  
 Tell me, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
 F'or fear I rise your waukrife daddy;  
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;  
 O rise, rise my bonny lady.  
 Tell me, &c.

She op't the door, she let him,  
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
 'Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
 Since Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.'

~~~~~  
 COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye:  
 If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel';  
 But where's his hame, or what's his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town,  
 If a body greet a body, need a body frown?  
 Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
 Nane, they say, ha'e I;  
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,  
 When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain  
 I dearly lo'e mysel';  
 But where's his hame, or what's his name,  
 I dinna care to tell.

~~~~~  
 ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

TUNE—"Dunearn Gray."

PARDON now the bold outlaw,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Grant him mercy, gentles a',  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O,  
 Let your hands and hearts agree,  
 Set the Highland laddie free,  
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doom'd his fa',  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Still he spurned the hatefu' law,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Scots can for their country die;  
 Ne'er for Britain's foes they flee,  
 A' that's past forget—forgi'e,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Your award must now abide,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!  
 Lang your favors hae been mine,  
 Favors I will ne'er resign,  
 Welcome then for auld lang syne,  
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

~~~~~  
 BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.  
 Many a banner spread, flutters above your head:  
 Many a crest that is famous in story,  
 Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain  
 glen,  
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where our hirsels are grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;  
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

~~~~~

### COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE.

COME o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave  
 Charlie,

Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi' M'lean;  
 And though you be weary, we'll make your heart  
 cheery,

And welcome our Charlie and his royal train.

We'll bring down the track-deer, we'll bring down the  
 black steer,

The lamb from the break, an' the doe from the glen,  
 The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie  
 The cream from the boothy and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-cheerly,  
 That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;  
 And deep shall your meed be of wine that is ruddy,  
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the M'lean.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready,—a troop of our bold highland men  
 Shall range o'er the heather, with bonnet and feather.  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and  
 ten.

~~~~~

### THIS LOVE—HOW IT PLAGUES ME.

THIS love how it plagues me, young Ellen did say,  
 As she sat at her wheel on a fine summer's day;

Before I saw Sandy I rose with the lark,  
 And as merrily sang frae the morning till dark;  
 But now when I'm singing, he comes in my mind,  
 Tho' he's neither before me, nor yet is behind:  
 O love do you plague ilka body like me,  
 For Sandy ne'er promised a lover to be?

Wi' me at the gloaming we've wander'd alane,  
 And at kirk, and at market, wi' me he has gane;  
 He speaks not of love but he's blithe when we meet;  
 Nor allows me to pass unobserv'd in the street.  
 Be still then my heart, let my wheel go its round,  
 For mother will wonder what's come o' thy sound;  
 I needna be jealous, for why should I be,  
 Since Sandy ne'er promised his true love to me.

While Ellen was musing the door it flew wide:  
 In a moment young Sandy was down by her side;  
 I'm come my dear Ellen, you mauna say nay,  
 To ask you to wed me, and Tuesday's the day;  
 Your mother's consented, O now my love speak,—  
 Yet she said not a word, and pale grew her cheek;  
 At length with a smile, and the tear in her e'e,  
 She clung to his bosom and said 'it will be.'

~~~~~

### THE BANNER OF BLUE.

STRIKE up! strike up! strike up! Scottish minstrels  
 so gay,  
 Tell of Wallace, that brave warlike man;  
 Sing also of Bruce—your banners display,  
 While each chief leads on his bold clan.  
 Here's success, Caledonia to thee;  
 To the sons of the thistle so true,  
 Then march! gaily march! so cantie and free,  
 There's none like the banners so blue.

March on. march on! march on! to the brazen trumpet's sound,  
 How quickly in battle, in battle array;  
 Each brave Highland chief assembles his men,  
 And they march to the bagpipes so gay.  
 Here's success, Caledonia, to thee,  
 To the sons of the thistle so true;  
 Then march! gaily march! so cantie and free,  
 There's none like the banners so blue.

~~~~~

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

YOUNG Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his  
 bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside;  
 To make a crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,  
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
 He had nae been gane but a year and a day,  
 When my faither brake his arm and our cow was stole  
 away;  
 My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,  
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.  
 My faither cou'd na wark, and my mither cou'd na spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win,  
 Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his ee,  
 Said Jeanny for their sakes oh marry me;  
 My heart it fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack,  
 His ship was a wrack, why did na Jeanny dee,  
 And why was she spar'd to cry wae's me  
 My faither urg'd me fair, and my mither did na speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
 break,  
 They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea,  
 And Auld Robin Gray is gude-man to me;  
 I had na been a wife but weeks only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully out my ain door,



I saw my Jamie s wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,  
 'Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
 We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,  
 I wish I was dead, but I'm na like to dee,  
 O why was I born to say wae's me;  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin,  
 I dare na think of Jamie for that wou'd be a sin,  
 So I will do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

~~~~~

### A HIGHLAND LAD.

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
 The lowland laws he held in scorn,  
 But he still was faithful to his clan.  
 My gallant braw John Highland man,  
 Sing hey my braw John Highland man,  
 Sing ho my braw John Highland man,  
 There's not a lad in a' the clan,  
 Can match we my braw Highland man.

With his bonnet blue and tartan plaid,  
 And good claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant braw John Highland man,  
 Sing hey my braw John Highland man,  
 Sing ho my braw John Highland man,  
 There's not a lad in a' the clan,  
 Can match we my braw Highland man.

~~~~~

### DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

DRAW the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 Over mountain and moor hath passed the war-sign:  
 The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,  
 Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.

The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,  
 The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea;  
 The banners they are flying, flying, flying,  
 The banners they are flying that lead to victory.  
 Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 Charge as ye've charged in the days o' lang syne;  
 Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,  
 He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for dimmed is its shine;  
 The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,  
 And wha ken nae mercy is nae son o' thine!  
 The struggle is over, over, over,  
 The struggle is over!—the victory won!—  
 There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,  
 And glory for all who their duty have done!  
 Sheathe the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;  
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,  
 But hand down the garland to each son o' thine,

~~~~~

### GOOD NIGHT, AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

Good night, and joy be wi' you a';  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart;  
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;  
 In sorrow may ye never part!  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone;  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'il live again!

When on your muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Wha show'd himself a better man,  
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?  
 But when in peace—then mark me there—  
 When through the glen the wand'rer came,

I gave him of our lordly fare,  
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;  
Be cantie, but be good and leal;  
Your ain ills ay hae heart to bear,  
Anither's ay hae heart to feel.  
So ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';  
My parting breath shall boast you mine—  
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

~~~~~

### I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN,

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
Her heaving bosom, lily white,  
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,  
She charmed my soul, I wistna how;  
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;  
Should she refuse I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

~~~~~

### LOCH-NA-GARR.

AWAY ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,  
In you let the minions of luxury rove;

Restore me the rock where the snow flake reposes,  
 For still they are sacred to freedom and love.  
 Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits tho' elements war,  
 Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing foun-  
 tains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah! there my young footings in infancy wander'd;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland dale.  
 Round Loch-na-garr, whilst the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car:  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,  
 They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill-starr'd, though brave, did vision foreboding,  
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?  
 Ah! where you designed to die at Culloden,  
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause  
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber.  
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,  
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's bold number,  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again,  
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you;  
 Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.

England, thy beauties are tame and domestic,  
 To one who has roam'd on the mountains afar,  
 O, for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr.

~~~~~  
 MARY'S DREAM.

THE lovely moon had climbed the hill  
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee,  
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,  
 Brought joy to every body's ee;  
 A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;  
 A voice drapt saftly on her ear,  
 'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

She lifted up her waukening een,  
 To see from whence the voice might be,  
 And there she saw her Sandie stand,  
 Pale, bending on her hallow ee!  
 'O Mary dear, lament nae mair,  
 I'm in death's thraws below the sea;  
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

'The wind slept when we left the bay,  
 But soon it waked and raised the main,  
 And God he bore us down the deep,  
 Who strave wi' him but strave in vain!  
 He stretch'd his arm, and took me up,  
 Tho' laith I was to gang but thee:  
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm,  
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

'Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed  
 Which thou hast faulded down for me;  
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—  
 I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.'

Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,  
 To mark the morning lift her ee,  
 And thrice the passing spirit said,  
 ‘ Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!’

~~~~~

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

TUNE—‘ *Langolee.*’

’Twas summer and saftly the breezes were blowing,  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree;  
 At the foot of a rock where the river is flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever,  
 For there I first gain’d the affection and favor  
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he’s gone from me, and left me thus mourn-  
 ing,

To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;  
 And ah! there’s no hopes of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He’s gone, hapless youth! o’er the loud roaring bil-  
 lows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows:  
 And left me to stray ’mongst the once loved willows,  
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,  
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
 And when he returns, with such care I’ll watch o’er  
 him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;  
 The lambs on its banks, shall again be seen playing;  
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

## SOUND, PIBROCH, SOUND.

TUNE—' *Eiridh na Finnacha Gaelach.*'

SOUND, Pibroch, sound! on each flame lighted scaur,  
 The red beacon waves its glad summons to war;  
 Too long has old Albin been bow'd to the yoke,  
 Too long ere the pride of the tartan awoke.  
 Dun Edin shall welcome her monarch again,  
 We have spurn'd at the Saxon and trampled the chain:  
 Burst forth in your wrath, and the fight shall be won,  
 Ere the echoes return to the roar of the gun.

Sound, pibroch sound! with thy soul-stirring peal,  
 Call the men of Glenulin, the sons of Lochiel;  
 Our prince is among us, with claymore and plaid,  
 And plaid and claymore shall stand forth to his aid.  
 Come down like your torrents full flush'd with the rain,  
 Cry your war cry like eagles that scream o'er the slain,  
 One wild day of battle, one rush on the foe,  
 And the traitors shall quail, the usurper lie low.

~~~~~

 THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blown,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
 And mony a widow mourning;  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia hame again  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,

I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted;  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
Down by her mother's dwelling;  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang;  
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never;  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Syne pale like ony lily,  
She sunk within my arms, and cried,  
Art thou my ain dear Willie?  
By him who made yon sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man; and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded.



The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted;  
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;  
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize;  
 The sodger's wealth is honor;  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger;  
 Remember he's his country's stay  
 In day and hour of danger.

~~~~~  
 SANDY AND JENNIE.

COME, come, bonnie Lassie, cried Sandy, awa,  
 Whilst mither is spinning, and father's afa';  
 The folks are at work, and the bairns are at play,  
 And we will be married, dear Jenny, to day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, then cried I with speed,  
 I wo'na, I ma'na go with you indeed;  
 Besides should I do so, what would the folks say,  
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list bonny Lassie, and mind what you do,  
 For Peggy and Patty I give up for you;  
 Besides a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,  
 And one or the other I'll marry to-day.

Fie, fie, bonny Laddie, then cried I again,  
 For Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain:  
 Besides a new ribbon does Patty display,  
 And we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

O, then, a good-bye, bonnie Lassie, cried he,  
 For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me;  
 The kirk is hard by, and the bell calls away,  
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to day.

Stay, stay, bonnie Laddie, cried I with a smile,  
 For know I was jesting, indeed, all the while;  
 Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,  
 And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.



### JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my Jo, John,  
 When nature first began  
 To try her canny hand, John,  
 Her masterwork was man;  
 And you aboon them a' John,  
 So trig from top to toe,  
 She prov'd to be no journey-work,  
 John Anderson my Jo.  
 And you aboon them a', &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,  
 When first we were acquaint,  
 Your locks were like the sloe, John,  
 Your bonny brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow,  
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my Jo.  
 But now your brow, &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,  
 What pleasure 'tis to see,  
 The young, the lively brood, John,  
 Bred up 'twixt you and me.  
 And ilka lad and lass, John,  
 In our footsteps to go,

Sure makes a heaven here on earth

John Anderson my Jo.

And ilka lad and lass, &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,

Fates up'and down we've kent,

Yet aye whate'er our lot, John,

We with it were content;

And that's the best of gear, John,

It frae us ne'er can go,

Tho' goud be scant, love we'll ne'er want,

John Anderson my Jo.

And that's the best o' gear, &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,

Life's hill we clam thegither,

And mony a canty day, John,

We've had wi' ane anither;

But now we're tott'ring down, John,

So hand and hand we go,

And we'll sleep thegither at the fit,

John Anderson my Jo.

But now we're tott'ring down, &c.

John Anderson my Jo, John,

When we again awake,

Our bairns we will collect, John,

And then our journey take;

For hearts devoid of guile, John,

Find friends where'er they go,

And seraphs bright shall guide us right,

John Anderson my Jo.

For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

~~~~~  
KATHARINE OGLE.

As walking forth to view the plain,

Upon a morning early,

While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain

From flow'rs which grew so rarely,

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
 She shin'd though it was fogie,  
 I ask'd her name; Sweet sir, she said,  
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood awhile, and did admire,  
 To see a nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an air there did appear,  
 In a country maid so neatly,  
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
 Like lilies in a bogie;  
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beautie's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee,  
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee;  
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
 Far excels a clownish rogie;  
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,  
 To feed my flock beside thee;  
 At bughting-time to leave the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee;  
 I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With Kate, my club and dogie;  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise the imperial throne,  
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations;  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations;  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;  
 For they are toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a creature;  
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other works in nature.  
 Clouds of despair surround my love,  
 That are both dark and fogie;  
 Pity my case, ye powers above,  
 Else I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

~~~~~  
 LOCHINVAR.

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best—  
 And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none:  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late,  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—  
 "O come ye in peace, here, or come ye war,  
 "Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;  
 "Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;  
 "And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
 "To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
 "There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 "That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the Knight took it up,  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup,  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;  
 "Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume.

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by  
 far,  
 "To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-  
 invar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door and the charger stood  
 near,

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung.  
 "She's won, we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur,  
 "They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby  
 clan;

Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
 ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

~~~~~  
 HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie;  
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
 And there they langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last farewell  
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;  
 As underneath her fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves assunder.  
 But O! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early;  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
 I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly;  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

~~~~~  
 THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are you sure the news is true?  
 And are you sure he's well?

Is this a time to think o' wark?  
 Ye lass, fling by your wheel.  
     There's nae luck about the house,  
     There's nae luck at a';  
 There's nae luck about the house,  
     When our good man's awa.

Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Gi' me my cloak, I'll down the key,  
 And see him come ashore.  
     There's nae luck about the house, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle pot;  
 Gi' little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jack his Sunday's coat.  
     There's nae luck, &c.

Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their stockings white as snaw,  
 It's a' to pleasure our good man,  
 He likes to see them braw.  
     There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crip,  
 I've fed this month or mair;  
 Make haste to throw their necks about,  
 That Colin well may fare.  
     There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town.  
     There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,  
 My stockings of pearl blue,



And a' to pleasure our good man,  
 For he's both leal and true.  
 There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
 His breath's like cauler air,  
 His very tread has music in't,  
 As he comes up the stair.  
 There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the joy,  
 And e'en I'm like to greet.  
 There's nae luck, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.—*By Robert Burns.*

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
 Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,  
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;  
 When hail stanes drive wi' bitter skite,  
 And infant frosts begin to bite,  
 In hoary cranreuch drest!  
 Ae night at e'en a merry core  
 O' randie gangrel bodies,  
 In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,  
 To drink their orra duddies!  
 Wi' quffing and laughing,  
 They ranted and they sang;  
 Wi' jumping and thumping,  
 The vera girdle rang.

First niest the fire in auld red rags,  
 Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
 And knapsack a' in order;  
 His doxy lay within his arm,

Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm—  
 She blinket on her sodger;  
 An' ay he gives the tozle drab  
 The tither skelpin kiss,  
 While she held up her greedy gab  
 Just like an aumos dish.  
 Ilk smack still did crack still,  
 Just like a cadger's whip,  
 Then staggering and swaggering  
 He roar'd this ditty up—

## AIR.

TUNE—'Soldiers Joy.'

## I.

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,  
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;  
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,  
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.  
 Lal de daudle, &c.

## II.

My prenticeship I past where my leader breath'd his  
 last,  
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;  
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was  
 play'd,  
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.  
 Lal de daudle, &c.

## III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batt'ries,  
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;  
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to lead me,  
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.  
 Lal de daudle, &c.

## IV.

And now, tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,  
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,  
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

## V.

What tho' with hoary locks I must stand the winter  
shocks,

Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,  
When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,  
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

*RECITATIVO.*

He ended, and the kebars sheuk  
Aboon the chorus roar;  
While frighted rattons backward leuk,  
And seek the benmost bore;  
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
He skir'd out encore!  
But up arose the martial chuck,  
And laid the loud uproar.

*AIR.*

TUNE—' *Soldier Laddie.*'

## I.

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men;  
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,  
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## II.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,  
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;  
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,  
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,  
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;  
 He ventured the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,  
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## IV.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,  
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;  
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,  
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## V.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,  
 'Till I met my auld boy at Cunningham fair;  
 His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,  
 My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## VI.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,  
 And still I can join in a cup or a song;  
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,  
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,  
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleck the sterling,  
 For monie a pursie she had hooked,  
 And had in monie a well been ducked.  
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
 • But weary fu' the waefu' woody!  
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
 To wail her braw John Highlandman.

*AIR.*

## I.

A highland lad my love was born,  
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;  
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

## CHORUS.

*Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman,  
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman,  
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
 Was match for my John Highlandman.*

## II.

With his philibeg, an' tartan plaid,  
 An' gude claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts' he did trepan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &amp;c.

## III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
 For a Lalland face he feared none,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &amp;c.

## IV.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &amp;c.

## V.

But O! they catch'd him at the last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
 My curse upon them every one,  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

4\*

Sing, hey, &amp;c.

## VI.

And now a widow, I must mourn  
 The pleasures that will ne'er return;  
 No comfort but a hearty can,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

*RECITATIVO.*

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,  
 Wha us'd to trysts and fairs to driddle,  
 Her strappan limb and gaucy middle,  
                                   He reach'd nae higher,  
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
                                   An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, an' upward e'e,  
 He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
 Then in an Arioso key,

                                  The wee Apollo  
 Set off wi' *Allegretto* glee  
                                   His giga solo.

*AIR.*

TUNE—' *Whistle o'er the lave o't.*'

## I.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,  
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,  
 An' then your ev'ry care and fear  
       May whistle o'er the lave o't.

## CHORUS

*I am a fiddler to my trade,  
 And a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
       Was whistle o'er the lave o't.*

## II.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,  
 And O! sae nicely's we will fare;

We'll house about till daddie Care  
Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,  
An, sun oursels about the dyke,  
An' at our leisure, when we like,  
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,  
And while I kittle hair on thairns,  
*Hunger, cauld,* an' a' sic harms,  
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,  
As weel as poor gut-scraper;  
He taks the fiddler by the beard,  
And draws a rusty rapier.  
He swore by a' was swearing worth,  
To speet him like a pliver,  
Unless he would, from that time forth,  
Relinquish her forever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee,  
Upon his hunkers bended,  
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,  
And so the quarrel ended.  
But though his little heart did grieve,  
When round the tinker press'd her  
He feign'd to smirtle in his sleeve,  
When thus the Caird address'd her.

## AIR.

TUNE—'Clout the Caudron.'

## I.

My bonnie lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinker is my station;  
 I've travell'd round all christian ground  
 In this my occupation.  
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron;  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go and clout the caudron.  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

## II.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin,  
 And tak a share wi' those that bear  
 The *budget* and the *apron*.  
 And by that stowp! my faith and houp,  
 And by that dear kilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.  
 And by that stowp, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,  
 An' partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violina wi' an air  
 That show'd a man of spunk,  
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,  
 And made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft  
 That play'd a dame a shavie,



The fiddler rak'd her fore and aft  
 Behint the chicken cavie.  
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,  
 Tho' limpin wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 And shor'd them dainty Davie  
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed;  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever miss'd it.  
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,  
 Nor want, but—when he thirsted!  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 And thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night.

## AIR.

TUNE—' *For a' that, and a' that.*'

## I.

I AM a Bard of no regard  
 Wi' gentle folk, an' a' that;  
 But Homer-like the glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

## CHORUS.

*For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle's a' that;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
 I've wife enough for a' that.*

## II.

I never drank the Muses' stank,  
 Castalia's burn, and a' that;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.

For a' that, &c.

## III.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, and a' that;  
 But lordly will I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.

For a' that, &c.

## IV.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, and a' that?  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

## V.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex,  
 I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as muckle's a' that;  
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't for a' that.*

## RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's  
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,  
 Re-echo'd from each mouth;  
 They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their duds,  
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds  
 To quench their lowan drouth.

'Then owre again the jovial thrang  
 The poet did request,  
 To low'se his pack, an' wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best.

He, rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Deborahs,  
 Looks round him, an' found them  
 Impatient for the chorus.

## AIR.

TUNE—' *Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.*'

## I.

SEE the smoking bowl before us!

Mark our jovial, ragged ring!

Round and round take up the chorus,

And in raptures let us sing.

## CHORUS.

*A fig for those by law protected!**Liberty's a glorious feast,**Courts for cowards were erected,**Churches built to please the priest.*

## II.

What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter *how or where.*

A fig, &amp;c.

## III.

With the ready trick and fable,

Round we wander all the day;

And at night in barn, or stable,

Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &amp;c.

## IV.

Does the train attended carriage

Thro' the country lighter rove?

Does the sober bed of marriage

Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &amp;c.

## V.

Life is all a *variorum*,

We regard not how it goes;

Let them cant about *decorum*,  
Who have characters to lose.

A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags and wallets  
Here's to all the wandering train;  
Here's our ragged *brats* and *callets*!  
One and all cry out *amen*.

*A fig for those by law protected,*  
*Liberty's a glorious feast;*  
*Courts for cowards were erected,*  
*Churches built to please the priest.*

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

SMILE again, my bonnie lassie,  
Lassie, smile again!  
Prithee do not frown, sweet lassie,  
For it gives me pain.  
If to love thee too sincerely  
Be a fault in me,  
Thus to use me so severely  
Is not kind in thee.

Smile again, &c.

Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie,  
Lassie, fare thee well,  
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,  
More than tongue can tell.  
Tho' we're doom'd by Fate to sever,  
(And 'tis hard to part,)  
Still, believe me, thou shalt ever  
Own thy faithful heart.

Then smile again, &c.

## IRISH SONGS.

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### WHACK FOR O'SHAUGHNASHANE.

PARODY ON "*Hail to the Chief.*"

HAIL to our chief now he's wet through with whiskey!

Long life to the lady come from the salt seas!

Strike up blind harpers! hey to be frisky!

For what is so gay as a bag full of fleas!

Crest of O'Shaughnashane!

That's a potatoe, plain,

Long may your root every Irishman know!

Pats long have stuck to it

Long bid good luck to it;

Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—tooley whagg ho!

Ours is an esculent, lusty and lasting,

No turnip, or other weak babe of the ground;

Waxy or mealy, it hinders from fasting

Half Erin's inhabitants all the year round.

Wants the soil, where 'tis flung,

Hogs, cows, or horses' dung,

Still does the crest of O'Shaughnashane grow;

Shout for it Uulster men!

Till the bogs quake again!

Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—tooley whagg ho!

Drink, Paddies, drink! to the lady so shining!

While flow'rets shall open and bog-trotters dig,

So, long may the sweet rose of beauty be twining

Around the potatoe of proud Blarney-gig!

While the plant vegetates,

While whiskey re-creates,

Wash down the root from the horns that o'erflow;  
 Shake your Shellelaghs, boys!  
 Screeching drunk, scream your joys!  
 Whack for O'Shaughnashane!—tooley whagg ho!

~~~~~  
 ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,  
 To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,  
 Where true hospitality opens the door,  
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more:  
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,  
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England your taunts on our country forbear;  
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere;  
 For if but one bottle remains in our store:  
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.  
 That bottle more, &c.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set  
 Of six Irish blades who together had met:  
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for a score,  
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.  
 One bottle more, &c.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,  
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,  
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman  
 roar,  
 And the whack from shilelah brought six bottles more.  
 Six bottles more, &c.

Slow Phæbus had shone through our window so bright,  
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light:  
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.  
 Twelve bottles more, &c.

## MISTER O'LIFFERTY.

As gray as a badger, as bald as a Turk,  
Was Father O'Lifferty, priest of our kirk,  
That's famed Carrickfergus, good luck to the place!  
In preaching he was sure of mighty great note,  
In love he was frisky and wild as a goat;  
My mother was frail, and the priest, people said,  
Put an ugly big horn on my dad's handsome head,  
And thus stole the making my beautiful face.

I remember the very first day I was born,  
Was at night, as I'm told, just at breaking of morn,  
Och! the whiskey-punch smiled from a brown earthen  
jug!

And sure I'm a man now of mighty high birth,  
For I first in a garret drew breath on this earth,  
Where our neat feather-bed was some straw, to be sure,  
That was neatly shaken up and spread down on the  
floor;  
Thus popt into the world my sweet good-looking  
mug.

Then my mother, impatient to get me a name,  
Straight sent for the priest, and, faith, straight the priest  
came,

With his bandy-bent legs and his crooked hunch-  
back!

Said my mother, there's whiskey, sir, take a small sup;  
Cried the priest, 'faith I will,' and he drank the quart  
up.

With the whiskey half-muzzed, and the smoke that he  
took,

Taking me in his arms, he took out his big book,  
And he christened me Murphy M'Clahan in a crack.

Said the priest, 'now the christening is done 'tis all o'er,  
Only just now I'll tak to't a pair of names more.

That's Brien O'Lifferty sure, and here goes!  
 So fill up more whiskey and put round the joke,  
 For I'll take one more whiff, while I'll take t'other  
 smoke!  
 'Och' cried nurse, 'you're just like as two peas in a  
 pod!  
 Cried the priest 'faith, we are, only one thing is odd,  
 That I squint at each ear, the boy squints at his  
 nose.'

Now I've ended I'll tell how my squinting was stopp'd,  
 I was into a tub of fat buttermilk dropp'd,  
 And sure that put my eyes to this straight-forward  
 looking!  
 All the blood in my bones was turned with the fright,  
 That my eyes gave a jump, and that just set 'em right,  
 And though now you may say I'm an odd sort of fish,  
 Yet for love I'd have been a most elegant dish,  
 If I had not been cursedly spoiled in the cooking!

Sure I've taken a wife as a fixture, d'ye see,  
 And no doubt on't at all a neat mixture 'twill be,  
 Och! of sweet boys and girls, sure we'll have 'em  
 by dozens!  
 But a mighty odd notion's just took in my head,  
 If I'd thought on it before, I don't think I'd have wed,  
 For our children, (though, faith, the relationship's  
 new,  
 Yet as I am gentile and *she* is a *Jew*)  
 'Stead of brothers and sisters, they'll only be cous-  
 ins!!!

~~~~~  
 THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander,  
 Upon a distant shore;  
 Where lovely, fair, and tender,  
 Is she whom I adore.



May Heaven its blessings sparing,  
 On her bestow them free,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Had fortune fix'd my station,  
 In some propitious hour,  
 The monarch of a nation,  
 Endow'd with wealth and power,  
 That wealth and power sharing,  
 My peerless queen should be,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean  
 May long between us roar,  
 Yet while my heart has motion,  
 She'll lodge within its core;  
 For artless and endearing,  
 And mild and young is she,  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

When fate gives intimation  
 That my last hour is nigh,  
 With placid resignation  
 I'll lay me down and die;  
 Fond hope my bosom cheering,  
 That I in heaven shall see  
 The lovely maid of Erin,  
 Who sweetly sang to me.

~~~~~  
 KATTY O'RANN.

WAS not Patrick O'Lilt, sure, a broth of a lad,  
 Who bartered what money and baubles he had,  
 For the love of his sweetheart, Miss Katty O'Rann!  
 Since he fell deep in love, faith! no longer the spade

He handled, or followed the turf-cutting trade;  
 But sung day and night to make his heart light,  
 And swore for his Katty he'd die or he'd fight;  
 Thus did Patrick O'Lilt for Miss Katty O'Rann.

He sung out his love in a sorrowful strain;  
 His warbling she heard, but she laughed at his pain;  
 Which he could not bear from Miss Katty O'Rann.  
 'Twas enough to have melted the heart of a stone,  
 To have heard the poor lad sing, sigh, mutter and  
 moan;

While she turned her nose, which stood always awry:  
 And plump on another she cast her sheep's eye,  
 Crying 'Pat you won't do for Miss Katty O'Rann.'

As he found no impression he made on the maid,  
 Faith, he shovelled himself out of life with his spade,  
 Determined to perish for Katty O'Rann;  
 For with spade, axe, and mallet, about his neck tied,  
 He plunged in the Liffey and there for her died!  
 As he sunk from the shore, he cried, 'Katty no more  
 Shall you trouble my spirit, or make my bones sore;  
 So bad luck to you beautiful Katty O'Rann.

~~~~~  
 CUSHLAMACREE.

DEAR Erin! how sweetly thy green bosom rises,  
 An emerald set in the ring of the sea;  
 Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,  
 The queen of the west, the world's Cushlamacree.

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger;  
 There smiles hospitality hearty and free;  
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,  
 And the wand'rer is welcom'd with Cushlamacree.

Thy sons they are brave, but the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush, that says Cushlamacree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,  
 While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!  
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May Heaven defend its own Cushlamacree.

~~~~~

### KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,  
 With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,  
 When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,  
 And all the sweet buttermilk water'd the plain.  
 Oh! what shall I do now, 'twas looking at you now,  
 Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er meet again,  
 'Twas the pride of my dairy;—O! Barney M'Cleary,  
 You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain,  
 A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her,  
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
 Misfortune will never come single, 'tis plain,  
 For, very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,  
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

~~~~~

### PADDY THE PIPER.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,  
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,  
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz:  
 Who but Pat Murphy the piper came by!  
 Says Paddy, but few play this music, can you play?  
 Says I, I cant tell, for I never did try.  
 He told me that he had a charm,  
 To make the pipes prettily speak,  
 Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,  
 And sweetly they set up a squeak!

With a fara lara loo, ogh! hone, how he handled the  
 drone,  
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have  
 melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,  
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;  
 And if my father should try to recover me,  
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes.  
 The music I hear now takes hold of my ear now,  
 And leads me all over the world by the nose;  
 So I follow'd his bag-pipes so sweet,  
 And sang as I leap'd like a frog,  
 Adieu to my family seat,  
 So pleasantly placed in a bog;  
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have  
 melted the heart of a stone.  
 With my fara lara, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us,  
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
 And slipp'd from a bridge into a river just under us,  
 Souse to the bottom just like a blind pup!  
 I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,  
 O Paddy my friend, don't you mean to come up?  
 He was dead as a nail in the door,  
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,  
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,  
 And now I've set up for myself,  
 With my fara lara, to be sure I have not got the knack,  
 To play fara lara, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

TUNE—' *Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*'

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,  
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose!  
 While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?  
 When shall heav'n, its sweet bell ringing  
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,  
 Fate bids me languish long ages away:  
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.  
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,  
 Warm our isle with peace and love?  
 When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing,  
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

~~~~~  
 PADDY O'FLANAGAN.

'Twas Paddy O'Flanagan set out one morning  
 From Dublin, sweet city, to London on foot,  
 In an old tatter'd jacket, all foppery scorning,  
 With a shoe on his leg and his neck in a boot,  
 Musha whack! in no time he walked over the water,  
 And soon set his head on England's famed shore,  
 While for joy of his safety while his stomach did totter,  
 He sung Teddy O'Rielly and Molly Ashtore,  
 With his philulu hubbuboo hugamauairnee,  
 Musha gra botheration and smalliloo huh.

A place he soon got when in London arrived, sir,  
 To brush up a gemmen and wait on his coat,  
 Where he soon learnt to know that just four beans  
 make five, sir,  
 And could tell you a tale with his tongue down his  
 throat.

Now one day, while Pat was his master attending,  
 In his study, where letters around him did lay,  
 When he begged hard for one to his friends to be send-  
 ing,  
 As 'would save him from writing and be the best  
 way.        5        With his philulu, &c.

Soon after being sent with a basket and letter,  
 Crammed full of live pigeons to give to a friend,  
 Enraged at their fluttering, he thought it was better  
 To set them at large, and their misery end;  
 Then on, joy, he went to the place where directed,  
 But the door had no knocker, so what does he do?  
 Faith, he knocked at the next, where the servant at-  
 tending,  
 Cried Pat it's your knocker I want and not you.  
 With your philulu, &c.

Being brought 'fore the gemmen, he gave him the note,  
 Who said, in the letter here's pigeons I find,  
 By jabus, says Pat, that's a very good joke,  
 For they fled from the basket and left me behind,  
 The gentleman swore for the loss he must pay,  
 Or on losing his place for a certain depend;  
 Pat replied, to your offer I'll not once say nay,  
 If you'll be so kind as the money to lend.  
 With your philulu, &c.

Being pleas'd with the joke, poot Pat got forgiv'n,  
 For though blunder on blunder, no harm there was  
 meant,  
 And if he's not dead, with his master he's living;  
 And when not out of humor, is always content,  
 Nay, more; Paddy Flanagan joins in the wish,  
 That the cares of our friends may soon find a de-  
 crease,  
 That war may be drown'd on dry land with the fish,  
 And the world forever taste blessings of peace.

~~~~~

### PADDY CAREY'S FORTUNE.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,  
 That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey,

A claner boy was never seen,  
 Brisk a bee, and light as fairy,  
 His brawny shoulders four feet square,  
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,  
 His legs would make a chairman stare,  
 And Pat was loved by all the ladies,  
 Old and young, grave and sad—  
 Deaf and dumb, dull and mad—  
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,  
 Light, tight, and airy!  
 Ail the sweet faces  
 At Limerick races,  
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt:  
 The sows would cry  
 And look so shy,  
 Och! Cushlamacree,  
 Did you never see,  
 The jolly boy, the darling boy,  
 The coaxing boy, the ladies toy!  
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy cheek, curly-head-  
 ed,  
 Paddy Carey!  
 O sweet Paddy!  
 Beautiful Paddy!  
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey!  
 His heart was made of Irish oak,  
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney;  
 His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,  
 But the devil a bit at all of the blarney,  
 Now Serjeant Snap, so shy and keen,  
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,  
 A shilling slipt, so nate and clean;  
 By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey,  
 Tight and sound, strong and light:  
 Cheeks so round, eyes so bright!

Whistling, humming, drinking drumming,  
 Light, tight and airy!  
 All the sweet faces, &c.

The sowl's wept loud, the crowd was great  
 When waddling forth, came widow Leary;  
 Though she was crippled in her gait,  
 Her brawney arms clasp'd Paddy Carey,  
 'Och, Pat,' she cried, 'go buy the ring;  
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey;'  
 Says Pat, 'you sowl! I'll do that thing,'  
 And clapt his thumb upon her money!  
 Gimlet eye, sausage nose,—  
 Pat so sly, ogle throws,  
 Learing, tittering, jeering, frittering,  
 Sweet widow Leary!  
 All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made  
 He pressed the lips of Mrs. Leary,  
 And mounting straight a large cockade,  
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey;  
 He, grateful, praised her shape, her back,  
 To others like a dromedary;  
 Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,  
 Were cupid's darts to Captain Carey!  
 Neat and sweet, no alloy,—  
 All complete love and joy:  
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,  
 Dear widow Leary!  
 All the sweet faces  
 At Limerick races,  
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,  
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt;  
 The sowl's all cry,  
 As the groom struts by,  
 Och! Cushlamacree,  
 Thou art lost to me!



The jolly boy, the darling boy!  
 The ladies' toy, the widow's joy!  
 Long sword girted,—neat, short skirted,  
 Head cropp'd, whisker-chopp'd,  
 Captain Carey!  
 O, sweet Paddy!  
 Beautiful Paddy!  
 White-feather'd, boot-leather'd, Paddy Carey!

~~~~~

MY OWN NATIVE ISLE.

THERE'S an isle, clasp'd by waves, in an emerald zone,  
 That peers forth from ocean so pearl-like and fair,  
 As if nature meant it the water-king's throne;  
 A youth, whom I name not, remembers me there.  
 The breeze now in murmurs, a plaint brings from far,  
 From my own native isle, and my lover's guitar.

Oh! cheer thee, fond mourner, let hope's whisper soften  
 The wild pang of absence and doubts too unkind;  
 The maid thou upbraidest, for thee sighs as often,  
 And speeds gentle wishes by every wind.  
 Then winds blow ye homeward, waves waft me afar,  
 To my own native isle, and my lover's guitar.

~~~~~

PADDY O'LEARY AND MISS JUDY M'SNIFTER.

ADOWN a dark alley I courted a maid,  
 Miss Judy M'Snifter, who wash'd for a trade,  
 Och Cupid led me a figary;  
 Her toes they *turned in*, and her back it *grew out*,  
 And her eyes look'd so melting across her snout,  
 They bother'd poor Paddy O'Leary,  
 Mr. Leary, Paddy Leary, Och fillilililoo, fol de rol  
 de rol.

Miss Judy M'Snifter was bandy, 'tis true,  
 Her mouth very wide, and her nose rather blue,

She put me in such a quandary;  
 Says she, 'I could love you the whole of my life,  
 But they say that in Ireland you've left your old wife,'  
 'Don't believe it,' said Paddy O'Leary.

Mr. Leary, &c.

So a bargain we made soon at church to say grace,  
 Which I seal'd with a kiss on her sweet yellow face,  
 But I soon did repent my figary;  
 When we had been married a year and a day,  
 With a dirty coal-heaver my wife ran away,  
 'Devil speed you,' said Paddy O'Leary.

Mr. Leary, &c.

Crim. Con. we all know, is the rage in this town,  
 So for damages I thought to make him come down:  
 But the law it was devilish contrary;  
 For all that they gave—when much blarney 'd been  
 said,  
 For planting a pair of big horns on my head,  
 Was five shillings to Paddy O'Leary.

Mr. Leary, &c.

---

### THE HUMOURS OF AN IRISH FAIR.

It's the drop of good whiskey  
 That makes my heart friskey,  
 Arrah! down goes the cratur, with a tear in my eye,  
 Shellelagh we'll battle,  
 On foes' heads we'll rattle,  
 Ding dong at each noddle—for mercy they cry;  
 Now down they are falling,  
 On hands and knees crawling,  
 My Judy cries 'Bravo! good luck to you Pat!  
 Och! faith you're the dandy,  
 You nick'd 'em so handy,  
 You tipp'd Jerry Casey, and down he went flat.'

*Spoken.*] Yes, by my soul, down he went, sure enough, and when he was down I gave him the devil's own to bring him up again, saying,

Horo buglamy, ditheramy corragi,  
Horo buglamy, row de row row.

Now the foe is all scatter'd,  
With heads and limbs batter'd,  
Whack goes shellelagh, with joyful huzza;  
My rival, big Jerry,  
In a devil of a hurry,  
Frowns on my Judy and then runs away;  
Och! the joy that this gave me,  
Faith, never will leave me,  
I kiss'd my sweet cratur, and squeez'd her soft fist;  
I'll be my own speaker,  
And my own I will make her,  
And be true to my Judy, as the sun to the east—

*Spoken.*] Aye, by the powers! and if any one insults my darling, I'll take my blackthorn in my fist, Judy shall put a stone in her stocking, and we'll go thro' the fair singing,

Horo buglamy, &c.

Next homeward retiring,  
Each sweetheart admiring,  
And binding the wounds of each favorite swain;  
Recounting the actions  
Between the two factions,  
And swearing to fight if we meet them again:  
Next morning, what pity,  
With mournful ditty,  
I weep over Jerry for breaking his sconce;  
We embrace one another  
Like brother and brother,  
The piper's play up and we join in the dance—

*Spoken.*] Yes, and we're always better friends after beating one another, than ever we were before;

and, whilst the piper plays, we drown animosity in the real stuff, and sing,

Horo buglamy, &c.

~~~~~  
SHANNON'S FLOWERY BANKS.

IN summer when the leaves were green, and blossoms deck'd each tree,

Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love to me;

On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he told his tale,

O, Patty, softest of thy sex! O, let fond love prevail!

Ah, well-a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and despair,  
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief and care.

Ah, no dear youth, I softly said, such love demands my thanks,

And here I vow eternal truth—on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks,

And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs, and play'd such artless pranks;

But, woe is me! the press-gang came, and forc'd my Ted away

Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding-day.

'My love,' he cried, 'they force me hence, but still my heart is thine;

'All peace be yours, my gentle Pat, while war and toil be mine:

'With riches, I'll return to thee.' I sobb'd out words of thanks—

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks,  
And then I saw him sail away and join the hostile  
ranks;  
From morn to eve for twelve dull months, his absence  
sad I mourn'd,  
The peace was made—the ship came back—but Teddy  
ne'er return'd!  
His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a nobler  
fair—  
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn, must die in sad de-  
spair,  
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid, while you stand round  
in ranks,  
And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's flow'ry  
banks.

~~~~~  
LARRY CARNEY.

WHEN a man that's in *service* is out of employ,  
He's confin'd to be roving all day;  
What he wants he may whistle for: I wish him joy  
Of the meals that wo'nt come in his way.

*Spoken.*] O, for a nice pitchfork eel and a cold slice  
of melted butter to it; or a turban and lobster sauce;  
or the lovely beefsteak lining that makes the under  
crust of pigeon pye! O, don't mention it! 'There's a  
time for all things,' they say, but I know no more about  
dinner-time than a cat does of churning salt-butter.—  
'No Song no Supper,' is another old saw, but though I  
sing all day, sorrow the taste of supper I get morning,  
noon or night.

Which makes me now lament and say,  
(*Imitation of the original singer.*)  
'May we ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give him.'

Like an owl that sits moping I wander about,  
 And stand kicking my heels as I go;  
 And without a new *service* shall soon be, no donbt,  
 Out of elbows from top to the toe.

*Spoken.*] I hav'nt a whole thread upon me that  
 isn't in tatters, and if I keep Lent much longer, I'll be  
 a perfect rag-bag of bones. I'm a great mind to travel  
 to London, where they say the flint-stones in the street  
 are all gold; and the pigs, plum-puddings, and other  
 poultry, run about ready dressed, crying, 'Cut and  
 come again.' No I won't, for though I am out of  
 bread, I know on which side it's buttered; and though  
 London may be the place for the 'loaves and fishes,'  
 (*Imitation of the original singer.*)

'They're fishermen all, fishermen all;  
 'Tol de rol lol, fishermen all.'

O, Ireland, why from thee did ever I stray?  
 While I stop here, 'mid pother and strife,  
 I'd better go back; for if here I should stay  
 I'll be *kilt* all the rest of my life.

*Spoken.*] I've made up my mind at first sight, be-  
 cause second thoughts are best, I'll be married to Pat-  
 ty, and if she won't have me, I'll die an old maid for  
 her sake; though I could return to Kilkenny and wed old  
 Deborah Dogherty, whose first husband died the day  
 before they were married, and left her a disconsolate  
 widow.

(*Imitation of the original singer.*)

'With a rich pair of pockets o'erflowing with charms,  
 'And very much in fashion, for she'd very little  
 clothes,'  
 'The old maid *cast* a roguish eye,  
 'At me, says I, O, great Ramchoodra'  
 'You love dancing, so do I.'

Ri tol lol, &c.

## THE SPRIG OF SHELLELAGH.

OCH, love is the soul of a nate Irishman,  
 He loves all the lovely, loves all that he can,  
 With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;  
 His heart is good humoured—'tis honest and sound,  
 No malice or hatred is there to be found,  
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,  
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,

With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green  
 Who has ere had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,

With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;  
 His clothes spick and span new without ever a speck,  
 A neat Barcelona tied round his neck;  
 He goes to a tent and he spends ha'f a crown,  
 He meets with a friend and for love knocks him down,  
 With his sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,  
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows  
 From a sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green;  
 He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,  
 Cries, 'get ye gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while;  
 To the priest then they go—and, nine months after  
 that,

A fine baby cries out, 'how d'ye do, father Pat,  
 With your sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so  
 green!'

*Additional verse.*

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,  
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,  
 Where grows the shellelagh and shamrock so green,  
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed and the Shan-  
 non,  
 Drub the foe who dares plant on our confines a cannon;  
 United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,

May the rose, leek, and thistle, long flourish and twine  
Round a sprig of shellelagh and shamrock so green.

~~~~~  
NED GROGAN.

NED Grogan, dear joy, was the son of his mother,  
And as like her, it seems, as one pea to another;  
But to find out his dad he was put to the rout,  
As many folks wiser have been, joy, no doubt.  
To this broth of a boy oft his mother would say,  
'When the *moon* shines, my jewel, be making your  
    hay;  
Always ask my advice, when the business is done;  
For two heads, sure, you'll own, are much better than  
    one.'

*Spoken.*] So, Neddy, taking it into his pate to fetch  
a walk over to England, stepped to ask the advice of  
his second head; but by St. Patrick, a drop of the cra-  
ture had made her speechless, and so being dead into  
the bargain, all that he could get out of her was

    Phililu, bodderoo, whack, gramachree.

Ned's mother being waked, to England he came, sir,  
Big with hopes of promotion, of honor, and fame, sir,  
Where a snug birth he got, d'ye mind, by my soul,  
To be partner, dear joy, with a *knight of the pole*;  
For Larry to teach him his art proving willing,  
Soon taught him the changes to ring with a shilling,  
And that folks, when not sober, are easily won;  
Which proves that two heads, joy, are better than one.

*Spoken.*] Och, to be sure and they didn't carry on a  
roaring trade, till Larry having the misfortune to take  
a drop too much at the Old Bailey, poor Grogan was  
once more left alone to sing

    Phililu, &c.



Left alone, sure, O'Grogan set up for himself,  
 Got a partner, and 'twixt them got plenty of pelf;  
 And because he was plas'd with a batchelor's life,  
 Married Katty O'Doody who' made *him her wife*.  
 For some time they play'd joy, like kittens so frisky,  
 Till Katty, och hone, took to drinking of whiskey;  
 Sold his *sticks*, and away with his par ner d d run,  
 Proving still that two heads are much better than one.

*Spoken.*] Och, bad luck to her! cried Grogan: to be  
 sure, I took her for better or worse; but since she's  
 proved all worse and no better, faith! her loss makes  
 me sing Phililu, &c.

~~~~~

### FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

TUNE—'New Langolee.'

DEAR harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,  
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,  
 When proudly my own Island Harp I unbound thee,  
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song;  
 The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,  
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;  
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,  
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,  
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,  
 Go—sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
 I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

~~~~~

### THE IRISH HAYMAKER.

AND did you ne'er hear of an Irish haymaker  
 One Mr. O'Rafferty?—Then it is me;

And my father he was, yes he was, a stay-maker,  
 And I am the whalebone he danced on his knee,  
 And och! ever since with the girls I've been jigging,  
 Who cry, but don't mean it, 'Pat leave me alone,'  
 Then for whiskey, I an't, joy, eternally swigging,  
 By my soul from the cradle I've suck'd it, I own.

Then what d'ye think of an Irish haymaker?  
 Och! an't he a devil the lasses to smack?  
 With his didderoo-bub, and his little shellelagh,  
 Sing up and down friskey, and fire away whack.

There's Judy M'Brawn, and I ne'er will forsake her,  
 For, faith we are tied, so I can't get away,  
 Then, she sings like an owl, when the maggot does  
 take her,  
 And growls, bites, and scratches, the long summer's  
 day.

Then her friend as she calls him, one Teddy O'Shaf-  
 ferty,  
 To be sure she don't hug him as puss did the mouse,  
 While he fondles, and calls her his sweet Mrs. Raf-  
 ferty,  
 What a blessing to have such a friend in a house!  
 Then what, &c.

Then do what I will, or wherever I'm walking,  
 By my soul, I am watch'd, night and day, out of  
 sight,  
 Nor the devil a word they believe when I'm talking,  
 As if I was given to swear black is white,  
 One day, to be sure, I looked into a kitchen,  
 And saw the pot boiling, but not for poor Pat;  
 But for *love* and for *thieving* I'd always an itching,  
 So I took out the *mutton* and popped in the *cat*.  
 Now what, &c.

Och, luck to sweet summer, the fields, and the lasses,  
 For sure we don't frisk it up hill and down dale,

And then the dull hours so merrily passes,  
 When we can't catch the pig for the *grease* on his  
*tail*.  
 But the best joke of all, and it's joy past expressing,  
 E'en the thought of it now makes me burn with de-  
 light,  
 Is Shelah's soft lips, when I give her a blessing,  
 While we roll in the hay on a sunshiny night.  
 Now what, &c.

~~~~~

### IRISH PROVIDENCE.

TUNE—' *Sprig of Shellelagh*.

My darling says Pat, to his spouse on his lap,  
 At this present moment we're not worth a rap,  
 With our faces so lean, and our duds on our backs,  
 Our cow and pig, my dear Norah, are dead,  
 Not a single potatoe is left us for bread,  
 The science of ploughing my father taught me,  
 So I'll e'en try the water and plough salt sea—  
 With my jill, sing Jack, sing Biblio whack.

Says Norah, when you're on the ocean, my life,  
 Sure Providence then will take care of your wife,  
 For no babies have we, not a Jill nor a Jack;—  
 But when Pat was away, what did Providence do?—  
 Made the Squire build for Norah a cabin quite new;  
 He furnished it gaily, to dry up her tears,  
 And he peopled it too in the space of three years,—  
 With his Jill, sing Jack, sing Biblio whack.

But when Paddy return'd how it gladdened his heart,  
 To see his dear Norah so fine and so smart,  
 With her rings in her ears and her silks on her back,  
 And who furnished for you this cabin, says Pat?  
 'Twas Providence, says Norah, himself that did that;  
 Then Providence, Pat cried, as looking around,

Is the neatest upholsterer ever was found,—  
With his Jill, sing Jack, sing Biblio whack.

Then Norah, dear Norah, tell me, if you please,  
Whose four little chubby-cheeked rascals, are these?  
'These little gossoons, with their locks all so black—  
They are mine, Pat, by Providence sent do you see,—  
Oh! botheration, says Pat, but that don't humbug me,  
For if Providence minds to send legs to your chairs,  
Sure he'll never forget to send fathers for heirs—  
With his Jill, sing Jack, sing Biblio whack.

Oh! Norah, when I've been upon the salt sea,  
By St. Patrick, you've been a big traitress to me;  
May whiskey console me for I'm on the rack;  
For if Providence peoples my cabin with brats,  
While I'm sailing over live herrings and sprats,  
Mr. Deputy Providence never will do,  
So to him and Old Nick I'll kick babies and you—  
Sing Jill, sing Jack, sing Biblio whack.

~~~~~  
OH! WHEN I BREATH'D A LAST ADIEU.

TUNE—' *Within this village dwells a maid.*'

OH! when I breath'd a last adieu  
To Erin's vales and mountains blue,  
Where nurs'd by hope my moments flew  
In life's unclouded spring;  
Tho' on the breezy deck reclin'd,  
I listen'd to the rising wind,  
What fetters could restrain the mind  
That rov'd on fancy's wing?

She bore me to the woodbine bow'r,  
Where oft I pass'd the twilight hour,  
Where first I felt love's thrilling pow'r,  
From Kathleen's beaming eye:  
Again I watch'd her flushing breast;  
Her honey'd lip again was press'd;

Again, by sweet confession blest,  
I drank each melting sigh.

Dost thou, Kathleen, my loss deplore,  
And lone on Erin's emerald shore,  
In memory trace the love I bore;  
On all our transports dwell?  
Can I forget the fatal day  
That call'd me from thy arms away,  
When nought was left me but to say  
'Farewell, my love—farewell!'

~~~~~

### THE TWIG OF SHELALY.

MULROONEY's my name, I'm comical boy,  
A tight little lad at Shelaly;  
St. Paddy wid whiskey he suckled me, joy,  
Among the sweet bogs of Kelaly!  
The world I began with the prospect so fair,  
My dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir;  
So all my estate was a heart free from care,  
And a tight little twig of Shelaly.

"Turn captain," cried dad, "and if kilt in de strife,  
Success and long life to Shelaly!  
Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,  
As sure as there's bogs in Kelaly."  
But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,  
How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,  
Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my teeth,  
Wid a tight little twig of Shelaly.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I'll aid,  
The lands of oak stick and Shelaly;  
For now these two sisters are man and wife made,  
As sure as there's bogs in Kelaly.

I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true,  
 To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?  
 Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but, along wid it too,  
 A tight little twig of Shelaly.

~~~~~  
 LET ERIN REMEMBER.

TUNE—' *The Red Fox.*'

LET Erin remember the days of old,  
 Ere faithless sons betray'd her;  
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
 Which he won from her proud invader;  
 When her king, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
 Led the Red Branch knights to danger,  
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,  
 When the clear cold eve's declining,  
 He sees the round towers of other days,  
 In the wave beneath him shining!  
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
 Catch a glimpse of the days that's over;  
 Thus sighing, look through the wave of time,  
 For the long faded glories they cover.



## SPORTING SONGS.

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### AWAY! AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

Away! away, to the mountain's brow,  
Where the trees are gently waving,  
Away! away, to the mountain's brow  
Where the stream is gently laving,  
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,  
Like the rose as it opes to the day,  
While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,  
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.  
Away! away, to the mountain's brow, &c.

Away! away, to the rocky glen,  
Where the deer are wildly bounding,  
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,  
To the hunter's bugle sounding.  
While beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,  
Like the rose as it opes to the day,  
While the zephyr that breathes thro' the flow'ry dell,  
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.  
Away! away, to the rocky glen, &c.

---

### SONG OF THE SKATERS.

THIS bleak and chilly morning,  
With frost the trees adorning,  
Though Phæbus below  
Were all in a glow,  
Through the sparkling snow  
A skating we go,  
With a fal, la, la,  
To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying,  
 Swifter than wind we're flying,  
 Spheres on spheres surrounding,  
 Health and strength abounding,  
 In circles we swing:  
 Our poise still we keep,  
 Behold how we sweep  
 The face of the deep,

With a fal, lal, &c.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,  
 To view his sons of thunder:  
 Though the waters he seal,  
 We rove on our heel,  
 Our weapons are steel,  
 And no danger we feel.

With a fal, lal, &c.

See, see, our band advances,  
 See how they join in dances,  
 Horns and trumpets sounding,  
 Rocks and hills rebounding,  
 Let Tritons now blow,  
 And call us their foe,  
 For Neptune below  
 His beard dare not show.

With a fal, lal, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE MELLOW HORN.

At dawn Aurora gaily breaks,  
 In all her proud attire,  
 Majestic o'er the glassy lakes  
 Reflecting liquid fire;  
 All nature smiles to usher in  
 The blushing queen of morn,  
 And Huntsmen with the day begin  
 To wind the mellow horn.



At eve when gloomy shades obscure  
 The tranquil shepherd's cot,  
 When tinkling bells are heard no more  
 And daily toil forgot;  
 'Tis then the sweet enchanting note,  
 On zephyrs gently borne,  
 With witching cadence seems to float  
 Around the mellow horn.

~~~~~

THE FISHER'S SONG.

WHEN morning's light is gently breaking  
 Along the ocean's placid tide,  
 And when the breeze is first awaking,  
 O'er the wave we gaily ride.  
 Unfurl the sail, with caution steer,  
 The wily nets prepare,  
 To yonder crag, our bark we'll bring,  
   our bark we'll bring,  
 And seize, and seize with joy the ocean's King,  
 And seize, and seize with joy the ocean's King,  
                   The wily nets prepare,  
                   The wily nets prepare,  
 To yonder crag our bark we'll bring,  
   our bark to anchor bring,  
   And seize with joy, &c.

We leave our huts when day is dawning:  
 And mark the bright sun's early ray,  
 And then all toil and danger scorning,  
 O'er waves of blue we speed away.  
 Our bark rides gaily on again,  
 In silence o'er the main,  
 And when the western breezes spring,  
   the breezes spring,  
 We seize, we seize with joy the ocean's King,  
 We seize, we seize with joy the ocean's King,

In silence o'er the main,  
 In silence o'er the main,  
 And when the western breezes spring,  
                   the western breezes spring,  
                                   We seize with joy, &c.

~~~~~

### THE HUNTER'S HORN.

SWIFT from the covert the merry pack fled,  
 While bounding they sprang over valley and mead;  
 Wide-spreading his antlers, erected his head,  
           The stag his enemies scorning.  
 O had you seen then, through torrent, through brake,  
 Each sportsman right gallant his rival race take,  
 'T would please beauty's ear to have heard echo wake  
           To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Clear'd was the forest, the mountain pass'd o'er;  
 Yet freshly their riders the willing steeds bore:  
 The river roll'd deep where the stag spurn'd the shore,  
           Yet own'd no timorous warning.  
 So close was he follow'd, the foam where he sprung,  
 Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,  
 While the dogs of the chase the rude melody rung,  
           To the hunter's horn in the morning.

~~~~~

### THE SWISS HUNTER'S WELCOME HOME.

WHILE the hunter o'er the mountain, at daybreak is  
           bounding,  
 By the wild rilly fountain, the chamois descries;  
 Through the mist of the morning, his hallo resounding,  
 Every fear nobly scorning, still onward he flies.  
 When the hunter o'er the mountain,  
           At daybreak is bounding,  
 By the wild rilly fountain,  
           The chamois descries, the chamois, &c.

He tracks in the snow print, the flight of the ranger;  
 He brushes the dew-tint, where cataracts foam;  
 The hunter pursuing, surmounts every danger,  
 The swift chase renewing, till night calls him home.  
 When the hunter o'er the mountain,  
 At daybreak is bounding,  
 In search of the chamois,  
 Unwearied he flies, unwearied he flies.

From the toils of the chase, the bold hunter returning,  
 With joy views his cot, in the valley below,  
 When the hunter o'er the mountain, from the chase is  
 returning,  
 To his cot near the fountain, with rapture he flies.  
 Then content in his cottage,  
 While gently reposing,  
 From woman's bright smile.  
 Meets a sweet welcome home, a sweet, &c.

~~~~~  
 HUNTSMAN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

OH! what can compare to the huntsman's bold pleas-  
 ure!

For whom is the goblet so rich and so free?  
 To rise from the grass at the horn's cheering measure,  
 And follow the stag thro' the forest and lea.  
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,  
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to the soul:  
 When rocks with their echoes, and forests are near us,  
 More free sounds the pledge from the full flowing  
 bowl.

Yo ho! tral la, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 When rocks with their echoes, their echoes are near  
 us,

More free sounds the pledge from the full flowing  
 bowl,

Yo ho! tral la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Diana at night shines brilliantly o'er us,  
 And aids us with coolness and shadows by day,  
 To chase the grim wolf from his covert before us,  
 And bring the wild boar in his fury to bay.  
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and cheer us,  
 Give strength to the frame and delight to the soul:  
 When rocks with their echoes and forests are near us,  
 More free sounds the pledge from the full flowing  
 bowl.

Yo ho! &c.

~~~~~

### THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS.

THE gray eye of morning was dear to my youth,  
 When I sprung like the roe from my bed,  
 With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,  
 And the light hand of time on my head;  
 For that 't was my maxim through life to be free,  
 And so spent my short moments away,  
 The cry of the hounds was the music for me,  
 My glory the dawn of the day.

In yellow-leaved autumn the haze of the moon,  
 Gave promise of rapture to come,  
 Then melody woke in the sound of the horn,  
 As we cheered the old fox from his home;  
 The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,  
 With the village response in full play,  
 All vigor my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,  
 And was foremost at dawn of the day.

The well tuned view halloo that shook the green wood,  
 And arrested the ploughman's gay song,  
 Gave nerve to the hunter's and fire to the blood  
 Of the hounds as they bounded along;  
 And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart,  
 While years with my strength roll away,

Hark! the horn, bring my horse, see, they're ready to  
start,  
Tally ho! at the dawning of day.

~~~~~  
THE HUNTSMAN.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,  
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;  
The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,  
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay:

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can  
vie,

While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;  
Nor care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
But innocence still gives us zeal to our joy.

With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;  
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;  
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
Though often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame;  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;  
And the artful coquette, though she seems to refuse,  
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
All the blessing we ask, is the blessing of health;  
With hounds and with horns, through the woodlands to  
roam,

And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports, &c.

## BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,  
And the hounds and the horns call each sportsman  
away;

Through meadows and woods with speed now they  
bound,

Whilst health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

Hark! away, is the word to the sound of the horn,  
And echo, blythe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,  
While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,  
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,  
While the loud open pack pursue her amain.

Hark! away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,  
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death;  
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,  
To hunting all pleasure and pastime must yield.

Hark! away, &c.

~~~~~  
TO THE CHASE.

To the chase, to the chase, on the brow of the hill,  
Let the hounds meet the sweet breathing morn,  
While full to the welkin their notes, clear and shrill,  
Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn.

What music celestial when urging the race,  
Sweet echo repeats—to the chase! to the chase!

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour,  
Sweet health and quick spirits attend;

Nor sweeter when ev'ning convenes to the bower,  
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.

See the stag just before us! he starts at the cry!

He stops—his strength fails—speak, my friends—  
must he die.

His innocent aspect, while standing at bay,  
 His expression of anguish and pain,  
 All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say,  
 Let him bound o'er his forest again.  
 Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighboring plain;  
 Let him live—let him bound o'er the forest again.

~~~~~

### THE FOX HUNTERS' ROUND.

WHEN Sol from the east had illumined the sphere,  
 And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,  
 I rose from my bed, and like Richard, I called  
 For my horse, and my hounds, too, loudly I bawled,  
 Hark forward! my boys, Billy Meadows, he cried:  
 No sooner he spoke, but old Renard he spied;  
 Overjoyed at the sight, we began for to skip;  
 Tontoran went the horn: and smack went the whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when, almost to his chin,  
 O'erleaping a ditch—by the lord, he leaped in;  
 When, just as it happ'd, but the sly master Ren  
 Was sneakingly hastening to make to his den.  
 Then away we pursued, brake, cover, and wood,  
 Not quickest, nor thickest, our pleasures withstood!  
 Soho! master Renard—Jack Rivers, he cried;  
 Old Ren, you shall die, daddy Hawthorn replied.

All gay as the lark, the green woodlands we traced,  
 While the merry ton'd horn inspired as we chased?  
 No longer poor Renard his strength could he boast,  
 To the hounds he knocked under and gave up the  
 ghost!

The sports of the field, when concluded and o'er,  
 We sound the horn back again over the moor;  
 At night take the glass, and most cheerily sing,  
 The fox-hunters' round, not forgetting the king.

## AN ANGLER'S LIFE.

AN angler's life has joys for me,  
 When blooming spring has clad the plain,  
 Each spray then sounds with jocund glee,  
 For spring brings pleasure in her train.

'T is then the angler's truest joy  
 To wander by the lonely stream;  
 Success repays his mild employ,  
 And pleasure sheds her brightest beam.

His finny prey he gladly views,  
 The glittering dace, the spangled trout,  
 The greedy pope with varying hues,  
 Together on the grass spread out.

But trolling for the tyrant pike  
 He ever finds his greatest pride;  
 This eager fish he joys to strike,  
 The monarch of the freshened tide.

The angler envies no man's joys,  
 But his who gains the greatest sport,  
 With peace he dwells far from the noise  
 And bustling grandeur of a court.

~~~~~  
 THE BRIGHT ROSY MORNING.

THE bright rosy morning,  
 Peeps over the hills;  
 With blushes adorning  
 The meadows and fields,  
 While the merry, merry horn,  
 Calls come, come away;  
 Awake from your slumbers,  
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us,  
 Away seems to fly;



And pants to the chorus  
 Of hounds in full cry.  
 Then follow, follow, follow,  
 The musical chase;  
 Where pleasure and vigor,  
 And health all embrace.

The day's sport when over,  
 Makes the blood circle right;  
 And gives the brisk lover,  
 Fresh charms for the night.  
 Then let us, let us now enjoy,  
 All we can while we may;  
 Let love crown the night boys,  
 As our sports crown the day.

~~~~~  
 THE TIMID HARE.

WHEN morn 'twixt mountain and the sky  
 On tip-toe stands, how sweet to hear  
 The hounds' melodious cheerful cry,  
 As starts the game, possessed with fear;  
 O'er brook and brake  
 Our course we take,  
 The sportsman knows no grief or care;  
 When sweet the horn,  
 Across the lawn,  
 Awakes the trembling timid hare.

Who panting flies, like freed from pain,  
 As trembling, she resigns her breath,  
 The sportsman joyous, leaves the plain,  
 Well pleased to be in the death:  
 Then sweet the horn,  
 Across the lawn,  
 Re-echoes blithe both far and near;  
 O'er the meads and downs,  
 We know no bounds  
 While coursing of the timid hare.

Then say what pleasure can inspire  
To that of coursing? sweet employ!  
Except when homeward we retire,  
Our bottles and our friend enjoy:  
The brook and brake,  
We then forsake,  
For sportsmen know no grief or care;  
Then sweet the horn,  
Across the lawn,  
Awakes the trembling, timid hare.

---

### UNKENNEL THE HOUNDS.

UNKENNEL, uncouple the hounds:  
And wind the echoing horn,  
Hark! hark! the huntsman sounds  
Tantivy to welcome the morn,  
To horse, to horse, and away we fly,  
Chevy-ho! and hark forward! for Renard must die.  
Unkennel, to cover he flies,  
But all his cunning's in vain,  
Yoicks! yoicks! the huntsman cries,  
Tantivy, upon him again!  
To earth, to earth, he would vainly try,  
Chevy-ho! and hark forward! for Renard must die.

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# NAVAL SONGS.

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## THE SAILOR.

THE sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade,  
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,  
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now each dear domestic scene he knew,  
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,  
Its colors mellow'd not impair'd by time.

'True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;  
This the last wish that would with life depart,  
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave,  
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,  
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole:  
And when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plaintain-forest, waving wide,  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo! at last he comes with crowded sail,  
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend,

And hark! what mingled murmurs swell the gale,  
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!  
 Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furl'd;  
 Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,  
 And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

~~~~~

### THE SAILOR AND SOLDIER.

THE sailor he fears not the roar of the seas,  
 But with courage all danger surmounts;  
 O'er his biscuit and can he reposes at ease,  
 And with pleasure each action recounts.

Contented, the soldier, in dreadful campaign,  
 Feels bless'd, 'midst the thunder of war;  
 Nor envies the sailor, who ploughs the deep main,  
 Any prize—but the gain of a scar.

In Liberty's cause, may the battles they've fought,  
 With freedom and peace be repaid;  
 In the terrors of war may the honors they've sought  
 Gain them laurels that never may fade.

~~~~~

### JOE THE MARINE.

POOR Joe the marine, was at Portsmouth well known,  
 No lad in the corps dress'd so smart;  
 The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a frown,  
 His manliness won every heart.  
 Sweet Polly, of Portsea, he took for his bride,  
 And surely there never was seen  
 A couple so gay march to church side by side,  
 As Polly and Joe the marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarcely in blaze,  
 When thundering drums they heard rattle,

And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas:  
 To give the bold enemy battle.  
 The action was dreadful: each ship a mere wreck,  
 Such slaughter few sailors have seen;  
 Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,  
 And among them poor Joe the marine.

But victory, faithful to true British tars,  
 At length put an end to the fight,  
 And homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,  
 And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.  
 The ramparts were crowded the heroes to greet,  
 And foremost sweet Polly was seen,  
 The very first sailor she happened to meet,  
 Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.

The shock was severe, swift as lightning's fork'd dart  
 Her poor head with wild frenzy fir'd,  
 She flew from the crowd, softly cried, 'my poor heart!'  
 Clasp'd her hands, faintly sigh'd, and expir'd.  
 Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,  
 And on a smooth stone may be seen,  
 One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,  
 On Polly of Portsea, and Joe, the marine.

~~~~~  
 MAN THE BOAT, BOYS.

I'M a tough true hearted sailor,  
 Careless and all that, d'ye see,  
 Never at the times a railer—  
 What is time or tide to me?  
 All must die when fate shall will it,  
 Providence ordains it so;  
 Every bullet has its billet,  
 Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave, Yeo.

“ Life's at best a sea of trouble,  
 “ He who fears it is a dunce;

" Death to me an empty bubble,  
 " I can never die but once.  
 " Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it,  
 " Yet I have a tear for woe,"  
 Every bullet, &c.

Shrouded in a hammock, glory  
 Celebrates the falling brave;  
 Oh! how many famed in story,  
 Sleep below, in ocean's cave.  
 Bring the can, boys—let us fill it,  
 Shall we shun the fight! oh, no!  
 Every bullet, &c.

~~~~~

### JACK AT THE OPERA.

AT Wapping I landed, and called to hail Mog,  
 She had just shaped her course to the play,  
 Of two rums and one water I ordered my grog,  
 And to speak her soon stood under way;  
 But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,  
 Like a lubber so raw and so soft,  
 Half a George handed out, at the change did not  
 look,  
 Mann'd the ratlines and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,  
 With many a coxcomb and flirt,  
 Such a d—nable squalling saluted my ears,  
 I thought ther'd been somebody hurt:  
 But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish rips,  
 Singing out with their lanterns of jaws,  
 You'd a swore you'd been taking of one of their  
 trips  
 'Mongst the Caffrees or wild Catahaws.

What's the play, ma'am? says I, to a good natured  
 tit;  
 The play—'tis the Uproar, you quiz,

My timbers, cried I the name on't you've hit,  
 For the devil of an uproar it is;  
 For they pipe and they squeak, now below now aloft;  
 If it wan't for their petticoat gear,  
 With their squeaking so Mollyish, tender and soft,  
 One should scarcely know ma'am from mounsieur.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,  
 All springing and bouncing so neat,  
 And speciously one curious mad'moiselle,  
 Oh! she daintily handled her feet;  
 But she hopped, and she sprawled, and spun round  
 so queer:

'Twas you see rather oddish to me,  
 And so I sung out, pray be decent my dear,  
 Consider I'm just come from sea.

'T an't an Englishman's taste, to have none of these  
 goes,

So away to the playhouse I'll jog,  
 Leaving all your fine Bantams and ma'am Pharisoes  
 For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog;  
 So I made the theatre and hailed my dear spouse,  
 She smiled as she saw me approach;  
 And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,  
 We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

~~~~~  
 BEN CABLE.

ONE night, 'twas at sea, in the midst of a storm,  
 On board a three decker, Ben Cable was born;  
 In his cradle the ship, (which was rock'd by the deep,)  
 The whistling winds often lulled him to sleep.  
 When christened, they dipp'd the boy in the salt flood,  
 And the captain himself for his god-father stood;  
 From infancy thus, little Ben was inured  
 To tempests and storms, which he bravely endured.

On board from his youth, till to manhood he grew,  
 Ben still was the pride and delight of the crew;  
 Even foremost was he at humanity's call,  
 No danger could ever his courage appal.  
 If a friend or a foe, in distress hove in sight,  
 Though the white foaming ocean then run mountains  
 high;  
 'Twas nothing to Ben, if his efforts could save  
 One unfortunate wretch from a watery grave.

In many a battle where cannon have roared,  
 And heroes have fallen, whom their country adored;  
 Where the danger was great, there Ben you might find,  
 For his country his life he'd have freely resigned.  
 His duty none better than Ben ever knew,  
 And he fought as a true Yankee seaman should do;  
 But the fight being done, he would drink grog and send  
 Round the toast, of success and long life to his friend.

~~~~~  
 THE SHIP ON FIRE

FROM Plymouth, in the Vulcan, we set sail,  
 Three hundred was the number of our crew,  
 We left Old England with a fine brisk gale,  
 And, sighing, bade our girls a long adieu;  
 For five long months propitious proved the wind,  
 That swiftly bore us o'er the billowy main,  
 Thus all went cheerily, for Fate was kind,  
 Each thought to see his native land again.

Now mark the change! 'twas midnight, and the blast  
 In fury drove us o'er the foaming flood,  
 With blackest horror was the sky o'er-cast,  
 When, lo! the cry was heard that thrilled our blood;  
 To work, all hands! to work, she's fired below,  
 Secure the gun-room, or we're blown on high,  
 Pour on yet faster, let the torrents flow,  
 For see the curling flames mount to the sky.



Heave o'er the boat, the gallant captain cried,  
 Let's save, at least, some sturdy hearts and true;  
 The boat was hove, but danger all defied—  
 ' Good captain, we'll not budge, but die with you!  
 Then down we knelt, and prayed to heaven for grace,  
 ' Have mercy on us, since all hope is past,'  
 Each rose and gave his fellow one embrace,  
 Then, plunging 'mid the billows, sought his last.

To splinters was the vessel instant blown,  
 The crash still adding to the tempest's roar,  
 I saw my messmates struggling, heard them groan,  
 While clinging to a plank, I gained the shore.  
 Thus of three hundred I alone am left,  
 To tell our hopes and fears, and perils, dire,  
 To paint a seaman's anguish, when bereft  
 Of friends and messmates by consuming fire.

~~~~~

### JACK AND I SAW THEM NO MORE.

JACK and I were both messmates a long time at sea,  
 And many's the battle we've fought,  
 Yet fear d'ye mind, never touched him or me,  
 Though oft on our sweethearts we've thought.  
 For Jack loved his Kitty as dear as his soul,  
 And Poll was my comfort on shore,  
 And the angel of truth did our love vows enrol,  
 Though Jack and I saw them no more,  
 No more,  
 And Jack and I saw them no more.

'Twas long on the ocean, tossed upwards and down,  
 We'd been from our charmers away,  
 Had gained by hard service some gold and renown,  
 Their fondness and love to repay;  
 But shame on report and each slanderous tongue,  
 That whispered ill tidings on shore:



## STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,  
 Let not a word on board be spoke,  
 Victory soon will crown the joke;  
     Be silent, and be ready,  
 Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
 The cannons' roar shall sound their knell;  
     Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire,  
 I do desire;—Fire!  
 Now the elements do rattle,  
 The gods, amazed, behold the battle!  
     A broadside, my boys!  
 See the blood in purple tide  
 Trickle down her battered side;  
 Winged with fate the bullets fly;—  
 Conquer, boys, or bravely die,  
 Hurl destruction on your foes,  
     She sinks—huzza!  
 To the bottom down she goes.

~~~~~  
SWEET POLL ADIEU.

THE gallant ship was under weigh,  
 When up aloft Tom Halliard went  
 To reef fore-topsail, seeming gay,  
 While cruel grief his bosom rent,  
 Think not a sniv'ling lubber he,  
 From stem to stern no lad more true,  
 And helm a-weather or a-lea,  
 No tar was e'er so blithe as he,  
 Till last he bade sweet Poll adieu.

An enemy appears in sight,  
 The tars behold with gladdened eyes,

Tom breathed, ere they began to fight,  
 To heaven a prayer, for love a sigh!  
 Yard arm and yard arm, now they go,  
 While clouds of smoke obstruct the view,  
 Soon yielding, strikes the crippled foe,  
 But poor Tom Halliard is laid low,  
 And sighs, in death, Sweet Poll adieu.

The news was like the thunder dread  
 To Poll—Ah me! 'twas sad to see;  
 And from that hour her senses fled,  
 A frantic wanderer is she.  
 Oft on the rocky beach she'll stray,  
 Where fancy paints her love so true,  
 As, on that morning, forced away,  
 Which was to bring their wedding-day,  
 He faintly sighed:—Sweet Poll, adieu.

~~~~~

### THE WORN OUT TAR.

THE ship was now in sight of land,  
 And crowds from shore with joy did hail her;  
 The happy hour was now at hand,  
 When each sweet lass would see her sailor.  
 How gallantly she ploughs her way,  
 To England's shore returning back;  
 And every heart is light and gay,  
 Except the heart of honest Jack.

For he was old, his frame was worn,  
 His cheek had lost its manly hue;  
 Unlike his glory's rising morn,  
 When big with hope, his fancy grew.  
 Yet was his heart as firm and true,  
 In his loved country's cause, as warm  
 As when he cheered his gallant crew  
 To face the foe or brave the storm.

## HOW HAPPY IS THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

How happy is the sailor's life,  
From coast to coast to roam;

In every port he finds a wife,  
In every land a home.

He loves to range,  
He's no where strange,

He ne'er will turn his back  
To friend or foe;

No, masters, no;  
My life for honest Jack.

He loves to range, &c.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,  
And to the sword appeal,

We'll out, and quickly larn 'em boys,  
With whom they have to deal.

We know no craft,  
But fore and aft

Lay on our strokes amain;  
Then if they're stout,

For t'other bout,  
We'll drub 'em o'er again.

We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul let fortune blow,

Our hearts are never dull;

The pocket that to-day ebbs low,

To-morrow shall be full.

For if so be,

We want, d'ye see,

A pluck of this here stuff,

In Indi—a

And Americ—a

We're sure to find enough,

For if so be, &c.

## THE SAILOR'S NOTION.

POOR Savage compared a lost friend to the eye,  
 When losing, by accident, t'other  
 Soon wept itself blind, thus poor Bob would descry  
 The duty friends owe to each other;  
 Now he may be right, yet as I think he's wrong:  
 I'll tell ye dear messmates, my notion,  
 Though, perhaps, 'twould do better in prose than in  
 song,  
 Were not we jolly tars from the ocean,  
 So my notion is this, a true lad being dead,  
 Who through life acts the man we first find him,  
 Leaving grief to the women, a tear or two shed,  
 'Tis to cherish the wife left behind him.

Sam Tempest, you know, when he saw his Poll  
 weep,  
 Thought as how as her heart was a-breaking:  
 But scarce had the tar been three nights on the  
 deep,  
 When Miss Poll her fond Sam was forsaking,  
 So 'tisin't the tears your fine feelings may shed,  
 Which prove that a man does his duty,  
 Like preaching advice, when a shipmate wants  
 bread,  
 Such fellows give all but their booty.  
 So my notion's this, &c.

For what the world kindness and tenderness call,  
 Are but the false colors to pity;  
 She's an angel; but those, why they're nothing at all  
 But shoals to betray the unwitty.  
 A true friend, my lads, like the oak in our ship,  
 Should be mellow'd by age to prove steady;  
 Then, too tough to warp, if luck gives you the slip,  
 To serve you he'll ever prove ready,  
 So my notion's this, such a one being dead,  
 Who through life, &c.

## THE FORECASTLE SAILOR.

THE wind blew a blast from the northward,  
When we steered from the Cape of Good Hope,  
The sky looked quite pitchy and wayward,  
And the sea o'er our weather bow broke.  
The boatswain piped all hands to bail her,  
And I came down the back stay so glib;  
For I am a forecastle sailor,  
You may see by the cut of my jib.

Start my timbers, cried Ned Junk of Dover,  
Plump to me, as I landed on deck,  
With us it will scon be all over,  
For the Guardian must quick go to wreck;  
Well, well, we sha'n't live to bewail her,  
Cried I, and I patted his rib;  
Come—work like a forecastle sailor,  
If I don't, the gale shiver my jib.

We were running at nine knots an hour:  
When 'bout two leagues to leeward we spied,  
An island of ice like a tower,  
And on it our ship quickly hied;  
But now 'twas no use for to bail her,  
The water gained on her so glib;  
So each like a true hearted sailor,  
Waited for to shiver his jib.

Some took to the boat, do you mind me,  
While some on the vessel's deck stood,  
Cried I, may old Davy Jones find me,  
If I sail from my captain so good.  
Now Providence helped us to bail her,  
And we managed to patch up her rib;  
Safe arrived is each true hearted sailor,  
To rig up his weather beat jib.

## TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
 The darling of our crew;  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
 For death has broach'd him too;  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
 His heart was kind and soft;  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare;  
 His friends were many and true hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair.  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
 Ah! many's the time, and oft!  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,  
 In vain 'Tom's life has doff'd,  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

~~~~~  
TOM HALLIARD.

Now the rage of battle ended,  
 And the foe for mercy call,  
 Death no more in smoke and thunder  
 Rode upon the vengeful ball;  
 Yet, what brave and loyal heroes  
 Saw the sun of morning bright  
 Ah! condemn'd by cruel fortune,  
 Ne'er to see the star of night.



From the main-deck to the quarter,  
Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood,  
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,  
Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.

“O my noble captain, tell me,  
Ere I'm borne a corpse away;  
Have I done a sean.an's duty,  
On this great, this glorious day?

“Tell a dying sailor truly,  
For my life is fleeting fast,  
Have I done a sailor's duty,  
Can they aught my mem'ry blast?”

“Ah! brave Tom,” replied the captain,  
“Thou a sailor's part hast done,  
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—  
Wounds by which our glory's won.”

“Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing  
Fast from this deep wounded heart,  
Yet, O! grant me little favor  
Ere I from this world depart:  
Bid some kind and trusty sailor,  
When I'm number'd with the dead,  
For my true and constant Cath'rine,  
Cut a lock from this poor head.

“Bid him to my Cath'rine bear it,  
Saying, her's alone I die;  
Kate will keep the mournful present,  
And embalm it with a sigh.  
Bid him, too, this letter bear her,  
Which I've penn'd with parting breath,  
Kate will ponder on the writing,  
When the hand is cold in death.”

“That I will,” replied the captain,  
“And be ever Cath'rine's friend;”

“ Thanks, my good, my great commander  
 Now my pains, my sorrows end.”  
 Mute towards the captain weeping,  
 Tom upraised a thankful eye;  
 Grateful then his feet embracing,  
 Sunk with “ Kate” on his last sigh.

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,  
 Could without a tear depart?  
 He must own a savage nature,  
 Pity never warm'd his heart.  
 Now in his white hammock shrouded,  
 By the kind and pensive crew;  
 As they dropp'd him in the ocean,  
 All sigh'd out “ Poor Tom, adieu.”

~~~~~  
 THE PIRATE LOVER.

THOU art gone from thy lover,  
 Thou lord of the sea!  
 The illusion is over  
 That bound me to thee;  
 I cannot regret thee,  
 Tho' dearest thou wert,  
 Nor can I forget thee,  
 Thou lord of my heart.

I lov'd thee too dearly  
 To hate thee and live,  
 I am blind to the brightest  
 My country can give;  
 But I cannot behold thee  
 In plunder and gore,  
 And thy Minna can fold thee  
 In fondness no more.

Far over the billow  
 Thy black vessel rides;

The wave is thy pillow,  
Thy pathway the tides;  
Thy cannons are pointed,  
Thy red flag on high,  
Thy crew are undaunted,  
But yet thou must die.

I thought thou wert brave,  
As the sea kings of old;  
But thy heart is a slave  
And a victim to gold.  
My faith can be plighted  
To none but the free;  
Thy low heart has blighted  
My fond hopes in thee.

I will not upbraid thee;  
I leave thee to bear  
The shame thou hast made thee,  
Its danger and care:  
As thy banner is streaming  
Far over the sea,  
O! my fond heart is dreaming  
And breaking for thee.

My heart thou hast broken,  
Thou lord of the wave!  
Thou hast left me a token  
To rest in my grave:  
Tho' false, mean and cruel,  
Thou still must be dear,  
And thy name, like a jewel,  
Be treasured up here.

---

### HARRY BLUFF.

WHEN a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his  
home,  
And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam;

Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,  
 He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew.  
 Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,  
 When the signal was giv'n, he the first went aloft;  
 The veterans all cry'd, he'll one day lead the van,  
 For tho' rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,  
 And the heart of a true Yankee sailor.

When to manhood promoted and burning for fame,  
 Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,  
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,  
 The myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.  
 For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,  
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,  
 The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out avast!  
 And Columbia's colors he nail'd to the mast,  
 And died like a true Yankee sailor.

---

#### THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

LET him who sighs in sadness here,  
 Rejoice and know a friend is near;  
 What heav'nly sounds are those I hear?  
 What being comes the gloom to cheer?  
 When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
 The night-watch guards his weary post,  
 From thoughts of danger free;  
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
 And hears, amid the howling storm,  
 The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,  
 The life-boat man, with a gallant, gallant crew,  
 And dare the dang'rous wave;  
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
 For they go the crew to save.

But oh, what rapture fills each breast,  
 Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd!  
 Then landed safe, what joys to tell,  
 Of all the dangers that befell.  
 Then is heard no more,  
 By the watch on the shore,  
 The minute gun at sea.

~~~~~  
 CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

TUNE—' *Landlady of France.*'

IT oft-times has been told  
 That the British seamen bold,  
 Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy O;  
 But they never found their match,  
 Till the Yankees did them catch,  
 Oh! the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,  
 On the foaming ocean roll'd,  
 Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee O;  
 With choice of British crew,  
 As a rammer ever drew,  
 They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy O.

When this frigate bore in view,  
 Says proud Dacres to his crew,  
 Come clear the ship for action and be handy O;  
 To the weather-gage boys get her,  
 And to make his men fight better,  
 Gave them to drink, gunpowder, mixed with brandy O.

Then Dacres loudly cries,  
 Make this Yankee ship your prize,  
 You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy O;  
 Thirty-five's enough I'm sure,  
 And, if you'll do it in a score,  
 I'll treat you to a double share of brandy O.

The British shot flew hot,  
 Which the Yankees answered not,  
 Till they got within the distance they call'd handy O;  
 Now, says Hull unto his crew,  
 Boys, let's see what we can do,  
 If we take this boasting Briton we're the dandy O.

The first broadside we pour'd,  
 Carried their main-mast by the board,  
 Which made this lofty frigate look abandon'd, O;  
 Then Dacres shook his head,  
 And to his officers he said,  
 Lord, I didn't think these Yankees were so handy O.

Our second told so well,  
 That their fore and mizen fell,  
 Which dous'd the royal ensign so handy O;  
 By George, says he, we're done,  
 And they fired a lee gun,  
 While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy O.

Then Dacres came on board,  
 To deliver up his sword,  
 Loth was he to part with it, it was so handy O;  
 Oh, keep your sword, says Hull,  
 For it only makes you dull,  
 So cheer up, come, let us take a little brandy O.

Come fill your glasses full,  
 And we'll drink to Captain Hull,  
 And so merrily we'll push about the brandy O;  
 John Bull may toast his fill,  
 Let the world say what they will,  
 But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy O.

~~~~~  
 BAY OF BISCAY, O.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder  
 The rain a deluge show'rs;

The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid powers.  
The night both drear and dark;  
Our poor devoted bark,  
Till next day,  
There she lay,  
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dash'd upon the billows,  
Our op'ning timbers creak—  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None stops the dreadful leak.  
To climb the slippery shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay,  
Till the day,  
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd for morrow,  
Broke through the hazy sky;  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd the bitter sigh!  
The dismal wreck to view  
Struck horror to the crew,  
As she lay,  
On that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent;  
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,  
Its boundless mercy sent—  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers!  
Now we sail  
With the gale,  
From the Bay of Biscay O!

## YANKEE TRUE BLUE.

WHEN the drum beats to arms each bold Yankee tar,  
Bids farewell to his girl, wife, or friend,  
Courageously flies to the dangers of war,  
His country and home to defend;  
His heart burns for victory, honor and gain,  
Determined his foes to subdue,  
Thus flies to the bulwarks that sails on the main,  
None equal the courage of true blue.

How noble is the sight of our gallant fleet,  
As on ocean their course they do steer,  
Each true Yankee tar longs his enemy to meet,  
No storms nor no dangers does fear;  
His heart burns for victory, for honor and gain,  
Determined his foes to subdue,  
Thus flies to the bulwarks that sails on the main,  
None can equal the courage of true blue.

If our enemies should dare for to meet us once more,  
Like lightning to our quarters we'll fly,  
Like thunder in the air our great guns they shall roar,  
Determined to conquer or die;  
Our officers and tars, they are valiant and brave,  
Our commodores courageous and true,  
They die by their guns, their rights to maintain,  
None can equal the courage of true blue.

If yard arm and yard arm alongside of our foes,  
Our strong floating batteries should lie,  
If our enemies should sink and chance down to go,  
To our boats then we instantly fly;  
In time of distress all assistance we give,  
All dangers we eagerly pursue,  
Our foes for to save from their watery grave,  
None can equal the courage of true blue.

When our prize we have taken and made her our own,  
To some port our ship gloriously steers,



When the harbor we've gained and arrived safe at  
home,  
We give our commander three cheers.  
We drink a good health to our kind loving wives,  
And each pretty girl that's constant and true;  
Now this is the way that we spend our lives,  
None can equal the courage of true blue.

---

### OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

OUR country is our ship d'ye see,  
And a gallant vessel too,  
And of the honor proud is he,  
Who is one of its noble crew.  
Each man whate'er his station be,  
When duty's call commands  
Will take his stand,  
And lend a hand  
The common cause to defend.

In peace or war 'tis the same it's true,  
We quarrel and make a rout,  
And having nothing else to do,  
We fairly fight it out.  
But once the enemy in view,  
Shake hands and then we are friends,  
On the deck,  
Till a wreck,  
The common cause to defend.

---

### THE BOLD ONTARIO.

THE Boatswain pipes all hands on board,  
Merrily, merrily, cherrily,  
And every heart with valor stor'd  
To meet the foe right merrily.  
Our sails unfurl'd, we catch the breeze,  
Hurrah, my lads, right merrily,

And while we sail o'er foaming seas,  
 Merrily, merrily, cherrily,  
 Whilst every seaman sings yeo heave ho  
 On board of the bold Ontario.

Whilst every, &c.

A sail! a sail, appears in sight,  
 Merrily, merrily, cherrily,  
 Down hammocks, down! prepare for fight,  
 We'll meet the foe right merrily;  
 A shot is fired, we bring her too,  
 Huzzah my lads right merrily,  
 Thro' smoke and fire we cut our way,  
 Merrily, merrily, cherrily.

Whilst every, &c.

~~~~~

### THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE sparkling liquor fills the glass,  
 And briskly round the board it goes,  
 The toast, of course, our favorite lass,  
 We'll drink confusion to our foes.  
 Then each in turn, the catch, the glee,  
 The song, the toast is given;  
 And ever as it comes to me,  
 I give, "the land we live in."  
 Then let us all throughout agree,  
 With a loud huzza and three times three,  
 Huzza! I give, the "land we live in."

Our Captain gives—"The President,"  
 His bosom burns with valor's flame,  
 And round the decks the toast is sent,  
 Of Lawrence and Decatur's fame.  
 "Our glorious land of Liberty,"  
 This toast in turn is given,  
 And ever as it comes to me,  
 I give, "The land we live in,"

Then let us all, &c.

Some folks may envy foreign parts,  
 And wish to gain a foreign shore:  
 Why, let them go with all our hearts,  
 We shall be plagued with them no more.  
 Then while on shore, let's all agree,  
 The song, the toast; &c.

~~~~~  
 THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,  
 Affording a chequer'd light;  
 The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for a tippie,  
 And the toast for 't was Saturday night.

Some sweetheart or wife,  
 He lov'd as his life,  
 Each drank, and wish'd he could hail her;  
 But the standing toast,  
 That pleased the most,  
 Was the wind that blows,  
 The ship that goes,  
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drink the king, some his brave ships,  
 And some the Constitution;  
 Some, may the French, and all such rips,  
 Yield to English resolution.

That fate might bless  
 Some Poll or Bess,  
 And that they soon might hail her;  
 But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank the prince, and some our land,  
 This glorious land of freedom;  
 Some, that our tars may never want  
 Heroes brave to lead them,

That she who's in distress may find  
 Such friends that ne'er will fail her;  
 But the standing toast, &c.

## WILL WATCH, THE BOLD SMUGGLER.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward  
blew keenly,

While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,  
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then  
serenely

Took helm, and to sea boldly steered out again.

Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well ended,  
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore;  
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be  
mended,

The laws he had broken, he'd never break more

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,  
Then Will stood for home, reached her offing, and  
cried,

This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,  
In dock I can lay, serve a friend, too, beside.

Will lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,  
To crowd ev'ry sail then he piped up each hand;  
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,  
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, well, take no heed  
on't,

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his  
gun;

Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the  
need on't,

We'll fight while we can, when we can't, boys, we'll  
run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now ap-  
pearing,

Oh! ho! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down,

Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, e'er we think about sheer-  
ing,  
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or  
drown.

But should I be pop'd off, you, my mates, left behind  
me,  
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed,  
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you  
mind me,  
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch  
would be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next min-  
ute  
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more;  
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained  
in it,  
Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan they  
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied  
with,  
To few known his grave, and to few known his end,  
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died  
with,  
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each  
friend.

Near his grave dash'd the billows, the wind loudly  
bellows,  
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold  
bed  
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed law-  
less fellow,  
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the  
dead.

## THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.

(*A Sequel to the celebrated Song of "Will Watch."*)

'Twas the girl that Will Watch, the bold smuggler,  
 loved dearly,  
 Heaved a sigh, and turned pale, when she heard of  
 his death;

For ne'er was affection returned more sincerely,  
 Than that by his Susan, while Susan had breath.

Brave Will prized her merits far more than her beauty,  
 Though Susan was lovely as lovely could be!

But merit with Will was a jewel and duty,  
 To love, and to fight for, at home or at sea.

'Twas her hand tied his handkerchief, when they last  
 parted;

'Twas her bosom press'd his as they stood on the  
 beach;

'Twas his lips that kiss'd off the fond tear-drop that  
 started,

And did for his Susan each blessing beseech!

Will swore nought in life their attachment could sever,  
 His heart was his Susan's by land or by sea;

Yet, should it so happen we now part forever,  
 Then wed some good fellow and love him for me!

He spoke—fled, and fought, aye, and died like a man  
 too,

For Will was soon cut off, at Destiny's call;

Yet the boast of his crew is (and truly they can, too,)

How dearly Will Watch was beloved by them all!

The news of his fate with reluctance and sorrow,

The very next day to his Susan they bore;

She heard it, and frenzy her wits seemed to borrow, —

She smiled, looked around her,—but never spoke  
 more.

In the grave, with the lad that she both lived and  
died for,

Were laid the remains of the girl he loved dear;  
And while to his memory his mates heave a sigh for,  
Each lover will give to his Susan's a tear.

Not a flint marks the spot where their bones lie en-  
shrouded,

Yet the earth is held sacred and dear by the crew;  
And often, right oft, by the moonbeams, unclouded,  
Is a tear dropped for Will, and his Susan so true.

~~~~~  
TOM STARBOARD.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,

As brave a tar as ever sail'd;

The duties ablest seamen do

Tom did and never yet had fail'd.

But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,

Within a league of New York's coast,

Love saved him sure. from being drown'd,

For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;

Nay, when he lost an arm—resigned,

Said, love for Nan, his only dear,

Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind;

And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd

Of all past hardships made a joke;

For still his manly bosom burn'd

With love—his heart was heart of oak!

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran

To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;

But false report had brought to Nan,

Six months before, her Tom had died.

With grief she daily pin'd away,

No remedy her life could save;

And Tom arriv'd the very day

They laid his Nancy in the grave!

## THE JOLLY BUCCANEER.

IN the good ship Revenge, how we've spank'd through  
the ocean,

She's flush to our purpose, you ne'er saw the like;  
Balls and bullets whiz by, but ne'er cause an emotion,  
Till we're bowled down, boys, we never will strike,  
Thus success and seaman's cheer  
Glads the jolly Buccaneer.

Fond of change, in all weathers and climates we're  
roving,

Now a sort of hard tustle, and now a soft booze:  
With the girls and a fiddle, sometimes kind and loving,  
See popped off a messmate, and step in his shoes.  
Still success, &c.

Well stored now with plunder, at nine knots we're  
steering,

To where copper fair ones will greet us on shore;  
There we'll laugh, quaff, and sing, and with kissing and  
swearing,  
Our cargoes see out, then to sea, boys, for more.  
Still success, &c.

~~~~~

 THE LAST WHISTLE.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast,  
Poor Jack's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast;  
He'll never turn out, or will more heave the lead,  
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot a-head;  
Yet, though worms gnaw his timbers, his vessel a  
wreck,

When he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck

Secure in his cabin, he's moored in the grave,  
Nor hears any more the loud roar of the wave;  
Pressed by death he is sent to the tender below,  
Where lubbers and seamen must every one go;  
Yet though worms, &c.



With his frame a mere hulk, and his reck'ning on  
board,  
At last he dropt down to 'mortality's road;  
With Eternity's ocean before him in view,  
He cheerfully piped out—my messmates adieu;  
Yet though worms, &c.

~~~~~  
POOR TOM.

Go patter to paper sculls, saps, d'ye see,  
With your time-serving cant, and the like;  
A clear head, a true heart, and sound bottom for me,  
And to no such palaver I'll strike,  
For, in dove-like disguise, though the hawk or the kite  
May cajole the' whole pigeon-house brood,  
Little time will discover how close he can bite  
When they find he plucks pigeons for food;  
Then avast, have a care, when you veer out advice,  
The right capstern you're winding it from,  
For, unless to your windpipe your heart you can splice,  
You may pipe till you're dumb for poor Tom.

I, for pelf, might pretend that I'd found out the way  
How to lend a lame conscience a crutch,  
And such lingo launch out, both to coil and belay,  
That, you'd think me, good lord, a non-such;  
Full of sweet little maxims, touched up to a T,  
About matters aloft and below,  
And of cherubs perched up, like magpies in a tree,  
On the maintop, to take us in tow:  
But of what's done above stairs no knowledge I claim,  
Nor can I overhaul what's to come;  
And the tale of a prophet, when profit's his aim,  
Is the tale of a tub to Poor Tom.

When I hear Doctor Stuffgut intemperance decry,  
While his table, from skies, earth and sea,

Is decked out with dainties,—sure that's all my eye,  
 And his flock, too, what flats they must be,  
 To be gulled by a thumb-cushion swab, one and all,  
 When if service that moment was o'er,  
 He'd soon turn his back on St. Peter and Paul  
 For the haunch of a buck or a boar;  
 As the cherubs for him are the loaves and the fish,  
 And for those at the mouth he will foam;  
 But with Benjamin's mess let him pile up his dish,  
 A brown biscuit, well earned, for Poor Tom.

Since life's but a span, to improve every inch,  
 Let the tongue from the heart never trip,  
 And, though poverty's gripe the best cable may pinch,  
 Never once let the sheet-anchor slip;  
 And, as to fine stories, to answer fine ends,  
 'Tis no matter who tells or who sings,  
 The best little cherub a mortal befriends  
 Is a conscience that guilt never stings;  
 So when, like poor Davy, wash'd off from the deck,  
 My old hulk I at last must pack from,  
 With the best birth in view, let me spring from the  
 wreck,  
 And the Cape of Good Hope for Tom.

~~~~~  
**BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.**

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The main-mast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring wind, the raging sea,  
 In hopes, on shore, to be once more  
 Safe moored with thee.  
 Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And the surge roaring from below

Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song:  
                                 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew  
 The memory of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip, renew,  
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh and think of thee,  
 And as the ship rolls through the sea  
 The burthen of my song shall be,  
                                 Blow high, Blow low, &c.

~~~~~  
 NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ONE night came on a hurricane—  
 The sea was mountains rolling—  
 When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
 And cried to Billy Bowline—  
 “There’s a sou’-wester coming Billy,  
 Don’t ye hear it roar now?  
 Lord help ’em, how I pities them  
 Unhappy folks on shore now.

Fool-hardy chaps as lives in towns,  
 What dangers they are all in—  
 At night lie quaking in their beds,  
 For fear the roof will fall in—  
 Poor creatures, how they envies us,  
 And wishes, I’ve a notion,  
 For our good luck in such a storm,  
 To be upon the ocean.

Now, as to them that’s out all day  
 On business from their houses,  
 And late at night are walking home,  
 To cheer their babes and spouses,  
 While you and I, upon the deck,  
 Are comfortably lying,

My eyes! what tiles and chimney tops,  
About their heads are flying!

Bill, you and I, have often heard,  
How folks are ruined and undone,  
By overturns in carriages,  
By thieves and fires in London—  
We've heard what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors,  
Then Billy let's bless Provincence  
That you and I are sailors."

~~~~~  
THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

I REMEMBER the night was stormy and wet,  
And dismally dash'd the dark wave,  
While the rain and the sleet  
Cold and heavily beat  
On the mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,  
And near to a dreary cave,  
Where the wild winds wail  
Round the wanderer pale,  
That I saw the Mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,  
And how sad was the look they gave,  
As they rested their load,  
Near its last abode,  
And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,  
As the corpse to the earth they gave,  
Save the night-bird's shriek,  
And the coffin's creak  
As it sunk in the Mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid  
Down the cheek of a messmate brave,

It fell on the lid,  
 And soon was hid,  
 For clos'd was the Mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the briar creeps,  
 And the wild flow'rs mournfully wave,  
 And the willow weeps,  
 And the moon-beam sleeps,  
 On the Mariner's silent grave.

~~~~~

NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea;  
 When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass  
 be!

And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in  
 shame,

If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy  
 name!

Up, up, my lads! his memory? we'll give it with a  
 cheer—

Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake pri-  
 vateer!

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw  
 nor speck:

Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-  
 deck;

He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian  
 dame,

And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of  
 his name;

But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely  
 smile—

His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian  
 isle!

'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother  
wave—

The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a  
grave!

With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,  
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes  
again;

But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on  
shore,

And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed  
Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief,  
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon  
a reef—

Upon a cutting coral-reef, scarce a good league from  
land,

But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged up-  
on the strand;

His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and, with an  
old canoe,

Even had he numbered ten for one, what could Ned  
Bolton do?

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral-reef,  
Nor favoring gale, nor friendly flag brought prospect of  
relief;

For a land breeze, the wild one prayed, who never  
prayed before,

And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and  
swore,

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not  
venture near,

Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm! a calm! a hopeless calm! the red sun burning  
high,

Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky;

The grog went round the gasping crew: and loudly rose  
the song,  
The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too  
long,  
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded  
deck—  
They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a  
sudden wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away! away!  
to sea  
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters  
free;  
Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted topmast  
high,  
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.  
“One last broadside!” Ned Bolton cried—deep boom-  
ed the cannon’s roar,  
And echo’s hollow growl returned an answer from the  
shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous  
cheer,  
Ceased not, so long as ocean spared the shattered pri-  
vateer,  
I saw her—I—she shot by me like lightning, in the  
gale,  
We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened  
all our sail—  
I knew the wave of Ned’s right hand—farewell! you  
strive in vain!  
And he, nor one of his ship’s crew, e’er entered port  
again.

## LAMENT FOR LONG TOM.—BY BRAINARD.

THY cruise is over now  
 Thou art anchored by the shore,  
 And never more shalt thou  
 Hear the storm around the roar;  
 Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.  
 Now around thee sports the whale,  
 And the porpoise snuffs the gale,  
 And the night winds make their wail,  
 As they pass.

The sea-grass round thy bier  
 Shall bend beneath the tide,  
 Nor tell the breakers near,  
 Where thy manly limbs abide;  
 But the granite rock thy tomb shall be.  
 Though the edges of thy grave  
 Are the combings of the wave—  
 Yet unheeded they shall rave  
 Over thee.

At the calling of all hands,  
 When the judgment signals spread—  
 When the islands, and the lands,  
 And the seas give up their dead,  
 And the south and the north shall come.  
 When the sinner is betrayed,  
 And the just man is afraid,  
 Then may Heaven be thy aid,  
 Poor Tom.





## MILITARY SONGS.

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### I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I SEE them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play;  
Their lofty deeds, and daring high,  
Blend with the notes of victory;  
And waving arms, and banners bright,  
Are glancing in the mellow light.  
They're lost and gone—the moon is past,  
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,  
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn—they come, they come,  
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
In long and glittering files they sweep;  
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,  
Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.  
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,  
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;  
With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,  
And clashing horn—they come, they come.

---

### HOW STANDS THE GLASS.

How stands the glass around?  
For shame, ye take no care, my boys,  
How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound.

The trumpets sound,  
 The colors they are flying, boys;  
 To fight, kill or wound;  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 On the cold ground.

Why soldiers, why  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, soldiers, why,  
 Whose business 'tis to die—

What—sighing? fie!  
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;  
 'Tis he, you, or I,  
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
 We're always bound to follow, boys;  
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)  
 'Tis but in vain,  
 For soldiers to complain;  
 Should next campaign  
 Send us to Him who made us, boys,  
 We are free from pain;  
 But if we remain,  
 A bottle and kind landlady  
 Cure all again.

~~~~~

### THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,  
 My honor calls me from thee,  
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
 Those tears but ill become thee;  
 What though by duty I am call'd,  
 Where thundering cannon's rattle,  
 Where valor's self might stand appall'd,  
 Where valor's self might stand appall'd,

When on the wings of thy dear love,  
To Heaven above

Thy fervent orisons are flown,  
The tender pray'r thou putt'st up there,  
Shall call a guardian angel down,  
Shall call a guardian angel down,  
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
As sword and buckler serving,  
My life shall be more dear to me,  
Because of thy preserving:  
Let peril come, let horror threat,  
Let thundering cannon's rattle,  
I fearless seek the conflict's heat;  
Assured when on the wings of love,  
To Heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile  
Some kindred god inspired thee,  
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
Who wonder'd, and admired thee:  
I go assured, my life, adieu,  
Though thundering cannons rattle,  
Though murdering carnage stalk in view  
When on the wings of thy true love,  
To Heav'n above, &c.

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### THE DRUM.

COME, each gallant lad,  
Who for pleasure quits care;  
To the drum, drum, drum, &c.  
To the drum-head with spirit repair.  
Each recruiter takes his glass,  
And each young soldier with his lass,  
While the drum beats tattoo, while, &c.  
Retires the sweet night to pass.

Each night gaily lads—  
 Thus we'll merrily waste,  
 Till the drum, drum, drum, &c.  
 Till the drum tells us 'tis past.  
 Picquet arms at dawn now shine,  
 And each drum ruffles down the line,  
 Now the drums beat reveille, now, &c.  
 Saluting the day divine.

But hark! yonder shouts—  
 See the standard now alarms,  
 Now the drum, drum, drum, &c.  
 Now the drum beats loudly to arms.  
 Kill'd and wounded, how they lie!  
 Helter, skelter, see they fly,  
 Now the drum beats retreat, now, &c.  
 We'll fire a feu-de-joie.

~~~~~  
 THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

THE moon was beaming silver bright,  
 The eye no cloud could view;  
 Her lover's step in silent night,  
 Well pleas'd, the damsel knew,  
 At midnight hour,  
 Beneath the tower,  
 He murmur'd soft, "Oh, nothing fearing,  
 With your own true Soldier fly,  
 And his faithful heart be cheering;  
 List! dear, tis I;  
 List! list, list, love; list! dear tis I;  
 With thine own true Soldier fly."  
 Then whisper'd Love, "Oh, maiden fair,  
 Ere morning sheds its ray,  
 Thy lover calls;—all peril dare,  
 And haste to horse away!  
 In time of need,  
 Yon gallant steed,

That champs the rein, delay reproving,  
 Shall each peril bear thee by,  
 With its master's charmer roving;  
     List! dear, 'tis I;  
 List! list, list, love; list! dear, tis I;  
 With thine own true Soldier fly."

And now the gallant Soldier's Bride,  
 She's fled her home afar,  
 And chance, or joy, or woe betide,  
 She'll brave with him the war!  
     And bless the hour,  
     When 'neath the tow'r,  
 He whisper'd soft, "Oh, nothing fearing,  
     With thine own true Soldier fly,  
 And his faithful heart be cheering:  
     List! dear, 'tis I;  
 List! list, list, love; list! dear, 'tis I;  
 With thine own true Soldier fly."

~~~~~

### THE KNIGHT ERRANT.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for  
 Palestine,  
 But first he made his orisons before St. Mary's shrine;  
 "And grant, Immortal Queen of Heaven," was still  
 the soldier's prayer,  
 "That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the  
 fairest fair."

His oath of honor on the shrine he graved it with his  
 sword,  
 And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his lord;  
 Where faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the  
 air,—  
 "Be honor'd aye the bravest knight, belov'd the fairest  
 fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege  
lord said,

“The heart that has for honor beat, by bliss must be  
repaid;—

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,  
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the  
fair.”

And then they bound the holy knot before St. Mary’s  
shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands  
combine;

And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel  
there,

Cried, “Honor’d be the bravest knight, belov’d the  
fairest fair.”

~~~~~  
THE MINSTREL BOY.

TUNE—‘*The Moreen.*’

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,  
In the ranks of death you’ll find him,  
His father’s sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.  
“Land of song,” said the warrior bard,  
“Tho’ all the world betrays thee,  
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee.”

The minstrel fell! but the foemen’s chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he lov’d ne’er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery.”

## WILLIAM THE BRAVE.

By the side of yon streamlet there grows a green wil-  
low

That bends to its surface and kisses each wave;  
Beneath whose dark shade, with the sod for his pillow,  
In peace rests the spirit of William the brave.  
There, there o'er his grave does no stone tell his story,  
No monument glitters in splendid array,  
Oh! no—on the heart is recorded his glory,  
On love's holy altar 'twill never decay.

There, lonely at evening, when day is declining,  
Sweet Mary, in sorrow, oft hies to his grave;  
And moistens the flowers, in beauty entwining,  
With tears to the memory of William the brave.  
'Tis the test of affection, far sweeter appearing,  
Than all the gay glitter that custom e'er gave;  
Ah Heaven! 'tis a tribute, and doubly endearing  
When shed by fond love, o'er the tomb of the brave.

~~~~~  
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had low-  
er'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft,  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to  
 part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn,  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

~~~~~  
 THE LAST BUGLE.

HARK! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the  
 brave,

The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,  
 Under death, whom he owns his commander-in-chief,  
 No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;  
 But in spite of death's terrors or hostile alarms,  
 When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell brother soldiers, in peace may you rest,  
 And light lie the turf on each veteran breast,  
 Until that review, when the souls of the brave,  
 Shall behold the chief ensign, fair mercy's flag wave;  
 Then freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,  
 When we hear the last bugle we'll stand to our arms.

~~~~~  
 REST! WARRIOR, REST!

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight;  
 He comes thro' the storm and the darkness of night,



For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,  
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door,  
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,  
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,  
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,  
 Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

Rest! warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,  
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;  
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell  
 Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell.  
 Oft his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,  
 And in slumber revisit his love and his home,  
 Where the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam,  
 Ah! who would awake from so blissful a dream?

Rest! warrior, rest!

~~~~~

THOUGH I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

TUNE—'The White Cockade.'

THOUGH I am now a very little lad,  
 And fighting men cannot be had;  
 For want of a better I may do,  
 To follow the boys with a rat tat too;  
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,  
 And though not much of me, I'm right good stuff;  
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,  
 I never was afraid to face my man.

I'm a chickabiddy see,

Take me now now now,

A merry little he,

For your row dow dow,

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh! that's my joy,  
 With a knapsack on my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,  
 My philibeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue;

Give the word and I'll march where you command,  
 Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.  
 My captain when he takes his glass,  
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,  
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,  
 He'll never want a girl when I am by.  
For a chickabiddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,  
 With my great broad sword I long to begin;  
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh! glorious fun;  
 For a gun pip-pop, change my little pop gun,  
 The foes should run like geese in flocks;  
 Even Turks should fly like Turkey cocks:  
 Wherever quartered I shall be,  
 Oh! zounds! how I'll kiss my landlady.  
I'm a chickabiddy, &c.



### MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried,  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.  
 We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
 The turf with our bay'nets turning,  
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,  
 And our lanterns dimly burning.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead!  
 And we bitterly thought on the morrow.  
 No useless coffin confin'd his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.

We thought as we heap'd the narrow bed,  
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head

And we far away on the billow.  
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,  
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,  
When the clock told the hour for retiring,  
And we heard the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was suddenly firing.  
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and glory,  
We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

~~~~~  
SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look  
At the valley, and the village-church, and the cottage  
by the brook;

He listen'd to the sounds so familiar to his ear,  
And the soldier lean'd upon his sword, and wiped away  
a tear.

Beside that cottage porch, a girl was on her knees,  
She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the  
breeze;

She breath'd a prayer for him, a prayer he could not  
hear;

But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped  
away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot, Oh! do not deem him  
weak,

For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears  
were on his cheek!

Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,  
 Be sure the hand most daring there, has wiped away a  
 tear.

~~~~~

THE SOLDIER KNOWS THAT EVERY BALL.

THE soldier knows that every ball  
 A certain billet bears,  
 And whether doomed to rise or fall,  
 Dishonor's all he fears.  
 To serve his country is his plan,  
 Unawed or undismayed;  
 He fights her battles like a man,  
 And by her thanks he's paid.

To foreign climes he cheerly goes,  
 By duty only driven;  
 And if he fall, his country knows  
 For whom the blow was given.  
 Recorded on the front of day,  
 The warrior's deeds appear;  
 For him the poet breathes his lay,  
 The virgin sheds a tear.

~~~~~

THE DASHING WHITE SERJEANT.

IF I had a beau  
 For a soldier who'd go,  
 Do you think I'd say no?  
 No, not I!  
 When his red coat I saw,  
 Not a sigh would it draw,  
 But give him he eclat for his bravery!  
 If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,  
 As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away!  
 March away, &c.

When my soldier was gone,  
 D'ye think I'd take on;  
 Sit moping forlorn?  
 No, not I;  
 His fame my concern,  
 How my bosom would burn,  
 When I saw him return, crown'd with victory.  
 If an army, &c.

~~~~~

### HOW HAPPY'S THE SOLDIER.

How happy's the soldier that lives on his pay,  
 And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day;  
 He fears neither justices', warrants, or bums,  
 But rattles away with the roll of his drums,  
 With his row de dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedi how the world goes:  
 His country finds quarters, and money, and clothes;  
 He laughs at all sorrow, whenever it comes,  
 And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
 With his row de dow, &c.

The drum is his pleasure, his joy, and delight,  
 It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight;  
 There's never a girl, though ever so glum,  
 But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.  
 With his row de dow, &c

~~~~~

### THE OLD SOLDIER'S TEAR.

THEY have donn'd their scarlet garb,  
 They have ta'en the soldier's vest;  
 Bright plumes wave o'er each head,  
 Bright stars are on each breast,  
 And the warrior's heart beats quick and high,  
 At the sound of the battle cheer;  
 But still as he looks on his gallant boys,  
 He wipes away a tear.

They are foremost on the breach,  
 They are first in danger's track,  
 There are no braver spirits there  
 To drive the foemen back;  
 They sink in glory's proud embrace,  
 But the voice of their dying cheer,  
 Comes forth with a shock on the soldier's heart,  
 And he wipes away a tear.

He has past his native hill,  
 He is on his native plain,  
 And the young who went with him away,  
 Are come not home again;  
 But the mother's whisper of her boys,  
 Will break upon his ear,  
 And the soldier sighs for his bravest now,  
 And wipes away a tear.

---

#### A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

WHATE'ER my fate, where'er I roam,  
 By sorrow still oppress'd,  
 I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,  
 That gave a wand'rer rest.  
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks  
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,  
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
 A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,  
 That meek-ey'd pity gave,  
 My last expiring hour shall cheer,  
 And bless the wand'rer's grave.  
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,  
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,  
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
 A soldier's gratitude.

## THE ONSET.

SOUND an alarm! the foe is come!  
 I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,  
 The cry, and the blow of his daring drum—  
                                     Huzzah!

Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown  
 Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone,  
 What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?  
                                     Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?  
 Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?  
 Have we not God on our side to-day?  
                                     Huzzah!

Look! They are staggered on yon black heath:  
 Steady awhile and hold your breath!  
 Now is your time, men,—Down like Death!  
                                     Huzzah!—Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!  
 Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!  
 Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!  
                                     Huzzah!

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!  
 Blow; till their brazen throats give way!  
 Sound to the battle! Sound I say!  
                                     Huzzah!—Huzzah!

## THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,  
 A Troubadour, that hated sorrow,  
 Beneath his lady's window came,  
 And thus he sung his last good morrow;  
 “My arm it is my country's right,  
 My heart is in my true-love's bower;

Gaily for love and fame to fight  
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd, with helm on head  
And harp in hand, the descant rung;  
As faithful to his favorite maid,  
The minstrel's burden still he sung;  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower;  
Resolved for love and fame to fight,  
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

E'en when the battle-roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,  
'Mid splintering lance and falchion's sweep,  
And still was heard the warrior lay:  
" My arm it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower;  
For love to die, for fame to fight,  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field,  
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive;  
But still reclining on his shield,  
Expiring, sung the exulting stave;  
" My life it is my country's right,  
My heart is in my lady's bower;  
For love and fame to fall in fight  
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."





## DUETS, GLEES, &c.

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### AWAY! AWAY!—A TRIO.

AWAY! away!  
We've crowned the day,  
The hounds are waiting for their prey;  
The huntsman's call  
Invites ye all,  
Come in boys while ye may.

The jolly horn,  
The rosy morn,  
With harmony of deep mouth'd hounds;  
These—these my boys,  
Are sportsmen's joys,  
Our pleasure knows no bounds.

~~~~~

### THE MESSENGER BIRD.—A DUET.

THOU art come from the spirit's land, thou bird;  
Thou art come from the spirit's land,  
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,  
And tell of the shadowy band.

We know that the bowers are green and fair,  
In the light of that summer shore,  
And we know that the friends we've lost are there,  
They are there, and they weep no more.

But tell us thou bird of the solemn strain,  
Can those who have lov'd forget?  
We call and they answer not again,  
Oh! say do they love us yet?

We call them far through the silent night,  
 And they speak not from cave nor hill,  
 We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,  
 But, oh! say, do they love there still?



SEE OUR OARS.—A GLEE.

SEE our oars with feather'd spray,  
 Sparkle in the beam of day,  
 In our little bark we glide,  
 Swiftly o'er the silent tide;

From yonder lone and rocky shore,  
 The warrior hermit to restore;  
 And sweet the morning breezes blow,  
 While thus in measured time we row.



SLEEP GENTLE LADY.—A SERENADE.

SLEEP, gentle lady, flowers are closing,  
 The very winds and waves reposing,  
 O, let our soft and soothing numbers  
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers!  
 Peace be around thee, lady bright,  
 Sleep while we sing—good night, good night!



LOVE, MY MARY.—A DUET.

LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,  
 On thy cheek his bed I see;  
 No, that cheek is pale with care,  
 Love can find no roses there;  
 No, no, no, no, no, no,  
 No roses there, no, no.  
 'Tis not on the cheek of rose,  
 Love can find the best repose;  
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,  
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,  
 While he makes that eye his home,  
 No, the eye with sorrow dim,  
 Ne'er can be a home for him;  
 Ne'er can be, no, no, no,  
 A home for him, no, no.

Yet 'tis not in beaming eyes,  
 Love forever warmest lies;  
 In my heart his home thou'lt see;  
 There he lives, and lives for thee.

~~~~~  
 SWEET THE HOUR.—A CHORUS.

SWEET the hour when freed from labor,  
 Lads and lasses thus convene;  
 To the merry pipe and tabor,  
 Dancing gaily on the green,  
 Sweet the hour, &c.

Nymphs with all their native graces,  
 Swains with every charm to win;  
 Sprightly steps and smiling faces,  
 Tell of happy hearts within.  
 Sweet the hour, &c.

Blest with plenty, here the Farmer,  
 Toils for those he loves alone;  
 While some pretty smiling charmer,  
 Like the land is all his own.  
 Sweet the hour, &c.

Tho' a tear for prospects blighted,  
 May at times unbidden flow,  
 Yet the heart will bound delighted,  
 Where such kindred bosoms glow.  
 Sweet the hour, &c.

## CROWS IN A CORN-FIELD.—A GLEE.

SEE yonder corn-field,  
 Where waves the rip'ning grain,  
 The feather'd race alluring,  
 Who flock'd the prize to gain.

Now careless hopping, flying,  
 A *young* crow light and gay  
 So careless, light and gay he hops,  
 So careless, light and gay.

While cautious peeping, prying,  
 Two *old* crows, sage and gray,  
 A man and gun espying,  
 With timely warning say,  
 ' Don't go there!'

' Why not?'

' You'll be shot!'

' I don't care!'

' Oh! oh! oh!'

' We told you so!'

Caw! caw! caw! says the scout, look out!  
 See, he's loading his gun again,  
 We smell powder my lad, we're not to be had,  
 'Tis all but labor in vain.

All! all in vain you try ' old birds to catch with chaff,  
 We're out of your shot, you stupid old sot  
 And at you and your gun we laugh, ha! ha!  
 Caw! caw! caw!

## DAME DURDEN.—A GLEE.

DAME Durden had five serving maids  
 To carry the milking pail;  
 She also had five laboring men,  
 To manage the spade and flail:

There was Moll and Bet,  
 And Doll and Kate,  
 And Dorothy with a pail;  
 And Joe and Jack,  
 And Tom and Dick,  
 And Humphrey with his flail;—  
 Now Joe kiss'd Molly,  
 And Jack kiss'd Betty,  
 And Tom kiss'd Dolly,  
 And Dick kiss'd Kitty,  
 And Humphrey with his flail,  
 And Kitty she was a charming girl,  
 To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon  
 She did begin to call,  
 To rouse her serving men and maids  
 Most loudly she did bawl.

Come Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine  
 The birds began to mate,  
 Dame Durden and her men and maids  
 They all began to prate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

~~~~~  
 LOVE'S RITORNELLA.—A DUET.

GENTLE Zitella, whither away?  
 Love's ritornella, list while I play.

No, I have lingered too long on my road,  
 Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad!  
 Lonely Zitella has too much to fear;  
 Love's ritornella she may not hear.

Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care,  
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair!  
 And those bright eyes if the brigand should see  
 Thou art the robber, the captive is he!

Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

Simple Zitella, beware, ah beware!  
List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer.

To your light footsteps let terror add wings!  
'T is Massaroni himself who now sings!  
Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear!  
Love's ritornella, tarry and hear.

~~~~~  
HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA.—A DUET.

HARK! the goddess Diana  
Calls aloud for the chase;  
Bright Phœbus awakens the morn,  
Rouse, rouse from your slumber,  
And for hunting prepare,  
For the huntsman is winding his horn.

See the hounds are unkennell'd,  
And all ripe for the chase,  
They start to o'ertake the fleet hare!  
All danger they're scorning,  
And for hunting preparing;  
To the field then, brave boys, let's repair.

~~~~~  
'T WAS YOU, SIR.—A CATCH.

'T was you, sir, 't was you, sir,  
I tell you nothing new, sir,  
'T was you that kiss'd the pretty girl,  
'T was you, sir, you;

'T is true, sir, 't is true, sir,  
You look so very blue, sir,  
I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty girl,  
'T is true, sir, true;

Oh, sir, no, sir,  
 How can you wrong me so, sir?  
 I did not kiss the pretty girl—  
 But I know who.

~~~~~  
 THE CHOUGH AND CROW.—A GLEE.

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,  
 The owl sits on the tree,  
 The hushed wind wails, with feeble moan,  
 Like infant charity.  
 The wild fire dances on the fen,  
 The red star shed its ray,  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 It is our op'ning day.

*Chorus.*

Uprouse ye, then, my merry men, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,  
 And closed is ev'ry flower,  
 And winking tapers faintly peep  
 High from my lady's bower;  
 Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,  
 Shrink on their murky way;  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 It is our op'ning day.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,  
 Nor roof, nor latched door,  
 Nor kind mate bound by holy vow,  
 To bless a good man's store;  
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,  
 And night is grown our day,  
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,  
 And use it as ye may.

Uprouse ye, then, &c.

## ALL'S WELL.—A DUET.

DESERTED by the waning moon,  
 When stars proclaim night's cheerless noon,  
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,  
 The centry walks his lonely round:  
 And should a footstep haply stray  
 Where caution marks the guarded way—  
 Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;  
 A friend!—a friend!—good night!—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck:  
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,  
 Some well known voice salutes his ear—  
 What cheer! oh! brother, quickly tell,  
 Above!—below!—good night!—all's well.

## HOME.—A DUET.

Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?  
 Dream'st thou sweet daughter, of a land more fair?  
 Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?  
 These spicy forests! and this golden air?

O, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;  
 And, more than all, O father, I love thee;  
 Yet would I fain be wandering—far away,  
 Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

Speak, mine own daughter with the sunbright locks!  
 To what pale banished region wouldst thou roam?  
 O father, let us find our frozen rocks!  
 Let's seek that country of all countries,—Home!

Seest thou these orange flowers? this palm, that rears  
 Its head up tow'rds Heaven's blue and cloudless  
 dome?



I dream, I dream: mine eyes are hid in tears:  
 My heart is wandering round our ancient home.  
 Why, then we'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,  
 Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!  
 On, on! let's pass the swallow as he flies!  
 Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*,—for Home!

~~~~~  
 MERRY GIPSIES.—A TRIO.

MERRY gipsies all are we,  
 Far from Norwood do we come;  
 Oft with cheerful song and glee,  
 Thus we wander far from home.  
 With a fal, lal, lal &c.

Thro' the wood and o'er the wild,  
 In the darksome night we roam,  
 And oft have we the hours beguil'd,  
 With legend tales we learn'd at home.  
 With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

When the moon hangs overhead,  
 And the stars are twinkling high'r  
 On the heath with grouse o'erspread,  
 Oft we trim our social fire.  
 With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

But when morning lights the sky,  
 Then we rise and haste away;  
 O'er the hills and plains we hie,  
 And little birds upon the spray.  
 With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

~~~~~  
 A ROUND, A MERRY LAUGHING ROUND.

A QUARTETTE AND CHORUS

A ROUND, a round,  
 A merry laughing round, a round,

While echoes sound;  
 A round while echoes sound;  
     The horn shall give time  
     With its midnight chime,  
 To quick twinkling feet and the gipsy rhyme.  
Tarah! tarah!

In night, in night,  
 In lovely silent night, in night,  
     When stars are bright,  
 In night when stars are bright;  
     Ah! then is the day  
     When the gipsies play,  
 So merrily singing their roundelay.  
Tarah! tarah!

Like fays, like fays,  
 Like merry tripping fays, like fays,  
     We tread the maze,  
 Like fays we tread the maze  
     On midsummer's green,  
     And where we have been  
 The prints of our dance in morn shall be seen.  
Tarah! tarah!

## CHORUS.

Now all that love daylight are sleeping,  
     Of earth, of the air, of the sea;  
 But brighter to us is the moonlight,  
     And sweeter the dance on the lea.

Those stars that are twinkling above us,  
     They surely for some one must shine;  
 As none else will claim them, their brightness  
     Be lit up for love and for wine.

And then, too, they call those bright twinklers  
     The Dragon, the Dog, and the Bear,  
 While all the same time, I could swear it,  
     They're souls of the brave and the fair.

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,  
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,  
 Let the bumper toast go round;  
 May they live a life of pleasure,  
 Without mixture without measure,  
 For with them true joys are found.

~~~~~

 THE FAIRIES' SONG.—A TRIO.

WITHIN this shelter'd mossy dell,  
 From mortal ken, we fairies dwell,  
 When the garish eye of day  
 Beams abroad its golden ray.

Light dancing on the daisied ground,  
 Our wanton rings we trace around,  
 When the moon, with paly light,  
 Gems the modest brow of night.

Around the mushroom's tawny breast,  
 'Tis there we hold our elfin feast;  
 Honey'd stores of saffron hue,  
 Acorn cups of nectar'd dew.

O sweetly thus our moments fly,  
 Till soon the rosy dawn we spy;  
 Then to taste the balmy sleep  
 In purple bells we softly creep.

~~~~~

 THE HUNTERS' CHORUS.

WE roam thro' the forest and over the mountain,  
 No joys of the court or the banquet like this;  
 And then sunset glowing by some leafy-fountain,  
 To crown our red goblet with young beauty's kiss.

Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing,

Till night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood;  
Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily ringing,  
Farewell to the day star that sets in the flood.

Follow hark, &c.

Or should icy winter be hailing or snowing,

Or summer look red thro' the yellow hair'd corn;  
Or breezes are flowing or wild winds are blowing,  
Still rings thro' the forest the huntsman's gay horn.

Then end our bright evening with dance and with singing,

Till night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood;  
Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gaily ringing,  
Farewell to the day-star that sets in the flood.

Follow hark, &c.

~~~~~

#### CHAIRS TO MEND.—A ROUND.

CHAIRS to mend! old chairs to mend!  
Rush or cane bottom, old chairs to mend!  
New mackerel! new mackerel!  
Old rags! any old rags!  
Take money for your old rags!  
Any hare skins, or rabbit skins.

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# BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

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## THE TRUE HEARTED FELLOW.

WITH my pipe in one hand, and my jug in the other  
I drink to my neighbors and friend,  
All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,  
For life, I know, shortly must end;  
And while Ceres, most kindly, refills my brown jug,  
With good liquor I'll make myself mellow;  
In an old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,  
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,  
I've enough of my own for to mind,  
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,  
To death we must all be consign'd;  
Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing to  
pay,  
But drop like a pear that is mellow,  
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say  
He's gone, what a hearty good fellow!



## THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

THE glasses sparkle on the board,  
The wine is ruby bright,  
The reign of pleasure is restored,  
Of ease and fond delight.  
The day is gone, the night's our own,  
Then let us feast the soul;  
If any care or pain remain,  
Why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say, is a world of woe,  
 But that I do deny;  
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow?  
 Or pain from beauty's eye?  
 The wise are fools with all their rules,  
 When they would joys control:  
 If life's a pain, I say again,  
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast, the poet sings;  
 Then surely it is wise,  
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,  
 And seize him as he flies.  
 This night is ours; then strew with flowers  
 The moments as they roll:  
 If any care or pain remain,  
 Why drown it in the bowl.

~~~~~  
 OF ALL THE GUESTS.

OF all the guests a landlord sees  
 Within Toledo's walls,  
 Give me a fat Friar who sits at his ease,  
 And stoutly about him calls,  
 With his head so bald, and his gown so black,  
 And his nose so red, and his beads—good lack!  
 Yet only set by him a bottle of sack!  
 They smile at each other,  
 Both bottle and brother;  
 He kisses the glass with a hearty smack,  
 Good lack! good lack!  
 'Tother bottle of sack,  
 Yes, Father, says I—and it's off in a crack.

The Doctor can swallow a poor man's fees;  
 The soldier can swallow a ball;  
 The Lawyer, I'll venture whatever you please,  
 Will swallow the devil and all.

But of all who at swallowing have a good nack,  
 I never had yet such a friend to my back,  
 As a Friar who swallows a bottle of sack,  
     Then call for some more,  
     While I set up a score,  
     'Tother bottle of sack,  
     Good lack! good lack!

Yes, father, &c.

~~~~~  
 A CHAPTER OF GOOD THINGS.

A GLASS is good and a lass is good,  
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;  
 The world it is good, and the people are good,  
 And we're all good fellows together,  
 A bottle it is a very good thing,  
 With a good deal of very good wine in it;  
 A song is good, when a body can sing,  
 And to finish, we must begin it,  
 A table is good, when spread with good cheer,  
 And good company sitting round it;  
 When a good way off, we are not very near,  
 And for sorrow the devil confound it.

A glass is good, &c.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,  
 For that's a good time to try him;  
 For a justice good, the haunch of a buck,  
 With such a good present you buy him,  
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead,  
 A rogue's very good for good hanging;  
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,  
 And my good song deserves a good banging.

A glass is good, &c.

## THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild  
ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,)  
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old-soul,  
As e'er drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl,  
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,  
In his flower-woven arbor as gay as you please,  
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,  
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,  
And Time into clay had received it again,  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he formed this brown jug,  
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale;—  
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

~~~~~

 THE GOBLET OF FRIENDSHIP.

COME, pass round the glass, and let joy for a time  
With jollity reign, and enliven our souls;  
For pleasure's a treasure too rich and sublime  
To be exiled so soon from our sparkling bowls;  
Then raise high your voices, while merriment sings,  
For here we're assembled to taste delight;  
And though Time is preparing to take to his wings,  
Let Wit well be sharpened to clip them to-night.

If you ask me to toast you, I'll fill to the brim,  
I'll ne'er prove a flincher while mirth is the cause,  
And he that hangs back, this night's lustre to dim,  
Is unworthy our free constitution, and laws;



With the juice of the grape I will now fill my cup,  
 Just to show you how well I can drink and sing;  
 And fie on the man who would scorn now to sup  
 From the goblet of friendship ere Time takes wing.

~~~~~  
 HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
 Likewise, to the widow of fifty;  
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,  
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty,  
 Let the toast pass,  
 Drink to the lass,  
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,  
 Likewise to her that has none, sir,  
 Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,  
 And here's to her that's but one, sir.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
 And to her that's as brown as a berry;  
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
 And here's to the girl that is merry.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
 Young or ancient I care not a feather;  
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
 And e'en let us toast them together.  
 Let the toast pass, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE JOYS OF THE TABLE.

How bright are the joys of the table,  
 I mean when the cloth is removed;

Our hearts are fast held by a cable,  
 While round the decanter is shoved,  
 The ladies all rise to retire,  
 We stand up and look very grave,  
 A bumper, then draw round the fire,  
 Determined like souls to behave.

My servant he knows I'm a toper,  
 Clean glasses, of wine a recruit,  
 He brings in a six gallon cooper  
 And places it close at my foot;  
 I gingerly take up a bottle,  
 The saw-dust I puff from his coat,  
 The cork out it sings in the throttle,  
 But sweeter than Mars is his note.

What gentleman coffee now chooses,  
 The compliment comes from the fair,  
 No gentleman coffee refuses,  
 But not a man stirs from his chair.  
 Though Frenchmen may do so, I bear it,  
 'Tis brutish politeness I think;  
 While Monsieur we pay for his claret,  
 He never shall teach us to drink.

Gay Hebe now shows in Apollo,  
 A struggler 'twixt claret and wit,  
 For Bacchus insists he shall swallow  
 Six bumpers before he can sit;  
 Ye fair, why so ill should we treat you,  
 To part ere the bottle is won,  
 At supper Apollo will meet you,  
 And show you what Bacchus has done.

~~~~~  
 FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

FRIEND of my soul, this goblet sip,  
 'Twill chase the pensive tear;

'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
 But, oh! 'tis more sincere,  
 Like her delusive beam  
 'Twill steal away thy mind;  
 But, like affection's dream,  
 It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,  
 These flowers were culled at noon;  
 Like woman's love the rose will fade,  
 But, oh! not half so soon.  
 But though the flower's decayed,  
 It's fragrance is not o'er;  
 But once when love's betrayed,  
 The heart can bloom no more.



### THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

I LOVE to see the flowing bowl  
 With ruby lustre crown'd;  
 I love to see the flow of soul,  
 And care in goblet drown'd;  
 Oh tell me not of beauty's power,  
 Of woman's soft control,  
 But, give me, gods, the social hour,  
 The transports of the bowl,  
 The song, the jest, the laugh, the glee,  
 Compose the charms of life for me.

If wine can yield one's care relief,  
 Then let its current flow;  
 If sparkling cup can banish grief,  
 Then bask we in their glow.  
 The sand of life too soon runs out,  
 And joy is but a flower;  
 Be gay and push the bowl about,  
 Taste wine, and prove its power.  
 The song, &c.

## PETER AND POULE.

OUR vicar still preaches, that Peter and Poule  
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl;  
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,  
And the seven deadly sins in a noggin of sack;  
Yet, whoop, Barnaby, off with thy liquōr,  
Drink, hip! see it out, and a fig for the vicar.

Our vicar, he calls it damnation to sip  
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip;  
Swears that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,  
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye,  
Yet, whoop for the sack, and kiss Gillian, the quaker,  
Till she blooms like a rose, and a fig for the vicar.

Our vicar thus preaches, and why should he not?  
For the dues of his cure are his placket and pot;  
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,  
Who infringe the domains of our good mother church,  
Yet, whoop, bully boys, and off with your liquor,  
Sweet Margery's the word! and a fig for the vicar.

~~~~~

 THE JOYS OF DRINKING.

Poor Joe, the miller, loved good ale,  
And oft would spend his *hob*,—  
His wife, poor soul, would oft times rail,  
And swear she'd break his nob;  
They'd fight and quarrel—make it up,  
Each vow'd they'd look it over,  
They'd kiss and sup, and take their cup,  
And then to bed in clover.

Tol de rol, &c.

He ne'er would listen to advice,  
That his poor wife did give him,  
Nor nothing e'er would him suffice,  
Like to the joys of drinking;

One night he brought home pots of ale,  
 And made his wife well fuddled,  
 They kiss'd and hugged—no spouse did rail,  
 But went to bed and cuddled,  
 Tol de rol, &c.

And when the rosy morn appeared,  
 They went to work together,  
 And laughed and joked till it came night,  
 With hearts as light as feather;  
 They then would both together sup;  
 Together they would muddle,  
 And, drunk as sows, they'd leave their cup,  
 And reel to bed and cuddle.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

~~~~~  
 FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,  
 Will still desire to grow richer;  
 Give me but these, I ask no more,  
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
 With such, what mortal can be richer?  
 Give me but these, a fig for care,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,  
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,  
 If that when I came home at eve,  
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,  
 I know not what can thus bewitch her,  
 With all my heart can I be poor,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

## CROOS-KEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
 As the huntsman does his hounds  
 And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn,  
 While I more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my smiling little croos-keen lawn, lawn, lawn,  
 Oh, my smiling little croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma croos-keen  
 Sleante gar ma voor meh neen  
 Argus gramachree ma cooleen ban, ban, ban,  
 Argus gramachree ma cooleen ban.

In court with manly grace,  
 Should Sir Toby plead his case,  
 And the merits of his cause make known  
 Without his cheerful glass  
 He'd be stupid as an ass,  
 So he takes a little croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,  
 Let's not part with lips so dry,  
 Though the lark should proclaim it dawn;  
 But if we can't remain,  
 May we shortly meet again,  
 To fill another croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

And when grim death appears,  
 After few but happy years,  
 And tells me my glass it is run,  
 I'll say, begone you slave,  
 For great Bacchus gives me lave  
 Just to fill another croos-keen lawn.  
 Leante ruma, &c.

## THEN GLASS AFTER GLASS LET US PURSUE.

WINE, wine is alone the brisk fountain of mirth,  
 Whence jollity springs, and contentment has birth,  
 What mortals so happy as we who combine,  
 And fix our delight in the juice of the vine?  
 No care interrupts when the bottle's in view,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

Our laws are our own, not enforced by the crown,  
 And we stand to them fair, till we fairly fall down;  
 At acts or repeals we disdain to repine,  
 Nor grudge any tax, but the tax on our wine;  
 To Cæsar and Bacchus our tribute is due,  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

His worship, so grave, here may revel and roar;  
 The lawyer speak truth, who ne'er spoke so before;  
 The parson here, stript of his priesthood's disguise;  
 And Chloe's scorned lover get drunk and grow wise;  
 The husband may learn here to combat the shrew,  
 So glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

The chase of the bottle few accidents wait,  
 We seldom break necks, though we oft crack a pate:  
 If wars rise among us, they soon again cease,  
 One bumper brings truce, and another brings peace:  
 'Tis this way alone we life's evils subdue;  
 Then glass after glass, my boys, let us pursue.

~~~~~

 THEN SLING THE FLOWING BOWL.

COME, come, my jolly lads,  
 The wind's abaft;  
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd:—  
 Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,  
 Haul the boat;  
 The boatswain pipes aloud;

The ship's unmoored,  
 All hands on board;  
 The rising gale  
 Fills every sail;  
 The ship's well manned and stored.  
 Then sling the flowing bowl—  
 Fond hopes arise—  
 The girls we prize,  
 Shall bless each jovial soul:  
 The can, boys, bring—  
 We'll drink and sing,  
 While foaming billows roll.

Though to the Spanish coast  
 We're bound to steer,  
 Our rights we'll there maintain;  
 Then bear a hand be steady, boys,  
 Soon we'll see  
 Old England once again.  
 From shore to shore,  
 While cannons roar,  
 Our tars shall show  
 The haughty foe,  
 Britannia rules the main.

Then sling, &c.

~~~~~  
 PALE FACES, STAND BY.

PALE faces, stand by,  
 And our bright ones adore,  
 We look like our wine,  
 You worse than our score.

Come, light pu your pimples,  
 All art we outshine;  
 When the rosy god paints,  
 Each streak is divine.

Clean glasses are pencils,  
 Old claret is oil;



He that sits for this picture,  
Must sit a good while.

~~~~~  
A GLASS OF GIN.

LET am'rous bards in verse sublime,  
Sing Chloe's face, her shape, her skin;  
Ods bobs! I envy not their rhyme  
If I can get a glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

Hail, matchless liquor! but for thee,  
Who'd care for life a single pin;  
For troubles, as by magic, flee  
From those who love a glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

If spouse, at home, in wordy war  
Strikes up the matrimonial din,  
No blows I use; 'tis better far  
To soothe her with a glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

When keen misfortune's piercing dart  
Assails or stranger, friend or kin,  
"A quartern ho!" I'll cheer his heart  
By giving him a glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

Did I but know his name aright  
Who first to use the stuff brought in;  
At morning, noon, and last at night,  
I'd toast him in a glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

Oh! never, whilst my hand can lift  
The cordial nectar to my chin,  
May I be driven to a shift  
To get a bumper glass of gin.  
Derry down, &c.

And may it on my tomb be told  
 (I cannot think twould be a sin)  
 Engraved at length in words of gold,  
 The rogue he loved a glass of gin!!"  
 Derry down, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE LADIES' DRINKING SONG.

LET topers drain the flowing bowl,  
 And tipsy get for me;  
 I ne'er their orgies shall control,  
 So I've a bowl of tea;  
 And let them jest, and drink, and smoke,  
 And stir up mirth and glee;  
 I'll stir up (pleasure to provoke)  
 A smoking cup of tea.

When round the board the old and young  
 With characters make free,  
 The pivot of the prattling tongue,  
 What oils so well as tea?  
 By sorrow bid, should we take down  
 Noyeau or ratifie,  
 What can the fumes so fairly drown  
 As qualifying tea?

The type of life, its joys and cares,  
 This beverage we see;  
 The vital stream the water wears,  
 The bitters are the tea;  
 West-India's produce are the sweets;  
 And while they thus agree,  
 In cream the happy medium meets  
 That life corrects and tea.

Then let the great and rich give way,  
 Pomp, pride, and pedigree,  
 We find distinctions every day  
 Levelled by death and tea;

From gipsies underneath the hedge  
 To the grand coterie;  
 Kind females still each other pledge  
 In bowls of social tea.

~~~~~  
 A JOLLY FAT FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor, good store,  
 And he had drank stoutly at supper;  
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,  
 And sat with his face to the crupper.  
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to re-  
 morse,—  
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,—  
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
 While I was engaged with the bottle."—  
 Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale,  
 'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level;  
 But when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not tail,  
 So he scampered due north like the devil.  
 "This new mode of docking," the fat friar said,  
 "I perceive does not make a horse trot ill;  
 And 'tis cheap, for he never can *eat off his head*,  
 While I am engaged with the bottle."  
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got;  
 He was rather for drinking than grazing;  
 Quoth the friar,—“tis strange headless horses should  
 trot!  
 But to drink with their tails is amazing!”  
 Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,  
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle;  
 Quoth he, “the head's found, for I'm under his nose,  
 But I'd rather been over the bottle.”  
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug.

## DRINK TO THEE, SON OF GREAT JOVE.

HERE, Bacchus, here's to thee!  
 With pleasure I view thee,  
 With mirth and bright jollity crown'd;  
 Thy doxies, so tempting,  
 Wine sparkling, fermenting,  
 By pleasure on all sides surrounded,  
 'Tis a glorious thing,  
 Sirs, to tutor a king,  
 And have a great pupil divine.  
 Then here, till I'm tipsy,  
 To thee and each gipsy,  
 Silenus will toss off his wine,  
 His wine—his wine;  
 Silenus will toss off his wine.

My cup it is empty!  
 Come, let us have plenty;  
 Thy Thyrsis will set the rocks flowing;  
 Our spirits beat quicker,  
 When warmed by the liquor,  
 With transports our bosoms are glowing;  
 Then let us delight in,  
 The dear bliss inviting,  
 A zest it will give to our love,  
 While Silenus can stand,  
 Or reach mouth with his hand,  
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove!  
 Son of great Jove!—son of great Jove!  
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove.



## COMIC SONGS.

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### THE MERRY WIDOW.

THERE was a merry widow, and she was very fat,  
She had a heavy purse, and she wa'n't the worse for  
that;

She was blind of one eye, and she squinted with the  
other;

She had a wooden leg which hobbled with its brother,  
Going hopperty, kickerty, bow, wow, wow,  
Oh, beware of love! beware of love!

She cocked her squinting eye at me, I thought her  
nought averse;

I cast at her, too, one sheep's eye, another at her  
purse;

Then I asked her for her hand, truly thinking I had  
won her;

But she gave me her wooden foot plump in the seat of  
honor.

Going hopperty, &c.

I persevered and won her, and bore my prize away;

But oh! she died of drinking upon the wedding-day;

I came in for her thumping purse, just like a hive of  
honey,

But I had all her debts to pay, and that boned all my  
money.

Going hopperty, &c.

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### JUST SO.

MR. DIP, tallow-chandler and dealer in fat,

By love was reduced till as thin as a rat;

And the maiden he loved was as pure as the snow,  
And many a sigh did he give her—just so.

One night when his unlucky stars did prevail,  
He drank with a friend about nine pints of ale;  
It got in his head—put him quite in a glow,  
And made his eyes roll all about him—just so.

He then went a courting, though not very fit,  
And not able to stand, why he was forced to sit;  
Says he, “oh, my love, you’ll excuse me I know,”  
Says she, “Mr. Dip, you’ve been drinking”—just so.

Says he, “Oh! my angel, pray doubt not my love,  
For you know I’m as faithful and true as a dove;  
Only feel how my heart pit-a-pats to and fro,”  
Says she, “Mr. Dip, you’re a brute beast”—just so.

“My darling,” says he, “only let me explain,  
And I promise I never will do it again;  
Come, let us be friends, kiss before I do go,”  
Says she, then, to him, “kiss the devil”—just so.

“Oh! oh! then,” says he, “if you’re positive still,  
And determined to show me you’ll have your own will,  
Curse me if I care for it!—I’ll let you know,  
I don’t care a fig for your passions”—just so.

He put on his hat, and he reeled to the door,  
While the poor maiden’s heart was getting quite sore;  
Says he, “by your cruelty here I do go;”  
Says she, “Mr. Dip, can you leave me?”—just so.

At hearing these words, Mr. Dip then turned back,  
And gave her sweet lips such a good hearty smack;  
Says he, “then next Sunday to church let us go,”  
Says she, “oh, I have no objection,”—just so.

## EASTER MONDAY FOR EVER.

A COBBLER I am, and my name is Dick Awl,  
 I'm a bit of a beast, for I live in a stall!  
 With an ugly old wife, and a tortoise-shell cat,  
 I *mends* boots and shoes with a rat a tat tat.

Tol de rol.

This morning, at breakfast, on bacon and spinage,  
 Says I, to my wife, "I'm a going to Greenwich;"  
 Says she, "Dicky Awl, aye, and I will go too,"  
 Says I, "Mrs. Awl, I'll be d—d if you do."

Tol de rol.

One word bred another—a shocking mishap!  
 She gave me the *lie*, and I gave her the *strap*;  
 'To tarry at home, then, I thought it a sin,  
 So I soon *bolted out*,—but I *bolted her in*.

Tol de rol.

To Greenwich, by water, I merrily sped,  
 And saw them all rolling it, heels over head;  
 The sun was so bright, and so high the wind blew,  
 I spied—what I don't choose to mention to you.

Tol de rol.

But when I got home, (it is true, on my life,)  
 Bill Button, the tailor, was off with my wife;  
 Though old Mrs. Awl has no fancy to bolts,  
 She has but one tooth, but that tooth is a colt's.

Tol de rol.

Ah, Sally, my love! 'twas a very bad plan,  
 To *cut* me, and choose the ninth part of a man;  
 She thought in eloping, so cunning and trickery,  
 With poor Dickey Awl it would soon be all *Dickey*.

Tol de rol.

If Bill and my rib should get into a fray,  
 He may sell her by auction the next market-day;  
 If nobody bids for the sweet pretty elf,  
 Knock her down my dear Billy—and keep her yourself.  
Tol de rol.

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### GILES SCROGGINS COURTED MOLLY BROWN.

GILES Scroggins courted Molly Brown,  
Fol de riddle lol, fol de riddle li do!

The fairest wench in all the town,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

He bought her a ring with posey true,  
 “If you loves I as I loves you,  
 No knife can cut our loves in two.”  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

And quite unsartin are our lives,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,  
 Fate’s scissors cut poor Giles’s thread,  
 So they could not be mar-ri-ed,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

When standing all by the bed-post,  
 A figure tall her sight engross’d,  
 And it cried “I beez Giles Scroggins’ ghost;”  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

“O Molly! you must go with me,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.



“ All to the grave your love to cool;”  
 She says, “ I am not dead, you fool!”  
 Says the ghost says he, “ vy, that’s no rule.”  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seized her all so grim,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

All for to go along with him,  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

“ Come, come,” said he, “ ere morning’s beam,”  
 “ I vont,” said she, and she screamed a scream,  
 Then she woke, and found she dreamed a dream.  
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

~~~~~  
 MY BEAUTIFUL SPOUSE.

AWAY with those poor married fellows,  
 Whose dearies are reckoned divine!  
 A husband never can be jealous  
 Whose wife is as frightful as mine.  
 Since deformity’s stamp is upon her,  
 I cry, when abroad I would stump,  
 Adieu! if I can’t trust your honor,  
 My love, I rely on your hump,  
 Then away, &c.

Married beauties may yield to a stranger,  
 My rib need not fear such disgrace;  
 Her virtue is never in danger,  
 The moment you look at face;  
 But her face has not many beholders,  
 For at those who are false to their bed  
 So high she has shrugged up her shoulders,  
 They almost have covered her head.  
 Then away, &c.

I am safe from each common occasion  
 That troubles a married man’s life;

And even in case of invasion,  
 I've nothing to fear for my wife;  
 Nay, if death in the church-yard had laid her,  
 I shouldn't much weep at my fate;  
 But nature so crooked has made her,  
 I'm sure I shan't bury her straight.  
 Then away, &c.

~~~~~  
 HOT CODLINS.

A LITTLE old woman her living got  
 By selling hot codlins, hot! hot! hot!  
 And this little old woman who codlins sold,  
 Though her codlins were hot, thought she felt herself  
 cold;  
 So to keep herself warm, she thought it no sin,  
 To fetch herself a quantern of——  
 Ri tol, &c.

This little old woman set off in a trot,  
 To fetch her a quartern of hot! hot! hot!  
 She swallowed one glass, and, it was so nice,  
 She tipt off another in a trice;  
 The glass she filled till the bottle shrunk,  
 And this little old woman, they say, got——  
 Ri tol, &c.

This little old woman, while muzzy she got,  
 Some boys stole her codlins hot! hot! hot!  
 Powder under her pan put, and in it round stones:  
 Says the little old woman, "these apples have bones;"  
 The powder the pan in her face did send,  
 Which sent the old woman on her latter——  
 Ri tol, &c.

The little old woman then up she got,  
 All in a fury, hot! hot! hot!  
 Says she, "such boys, sure, never were known,  
 They never will let an old woman alone,"

Now here is a moral, round let it buz—  
 If you wish to sell codlins, never get—  
 Ri tol, &c.

~~~~~  
 KITTY MAGGS AND JOLTER GILES.

KITTY Maggs was a servant to farmer Styles,  
 And a buxom wench was she;  
 And her true *lovier* was Jolter Giles,  
 A ploughman so bold was he;  
 Giles had wages, five pounds due at Candlemas tide,  
 And then he told Kitty he make her his bride.  
 Ding, dong, bo!

Betty Blossom she wore a high-caul'd cap,  
 Which caught fickle Jolter's eye;  
 And poor Kitty Maggs, O, dire mishap!  
 Mourn'd his incon-stan-cy!  
 And high on the bough of an apple-tree,  
 When they married, Kate finished her misery.  
 Ding, dong, bo!

At the supper Giles gave for Betty his bride,  
 An apple pudding had they,  
 And from the same bough on which poor Kitty died  
 The apples were plucked they say;  
 The pudding *pies* on it, grew deadly cold,  
 The death-watch ticked, and the church-bell tolled!  
 Ding, dong, bo!

To carve the pudding was Giles' post,  
 He cut and from the gap  
 Popped the head of poor Kitty Magg's ghost,  
 All in a new fashioned *shroud* cap;  
 Said Giles, "who be you?" said the ghost, "I be I,  
 A coming to punish your pur-ju-ry!"  
 Ding, dong, bo!

"Oh, Kitty," said Jolter, "pray alter your note?"  
 "I von't" the ghost replied;



No, says he, to kill himself a brave man scorns;  
Tol de, &c.

So, instead of his throat, he cut his corns.  
Tol de, &c.

~~~~~  
THE WASHING DAY.

THE sky with clouds was overcast,  
The rain began to fall,  
My wife she beat the children,  
And rais'd a pretty squall;  
She bade me with a scolding look,  
To get out of her way;  
The de'il a bit of comfort's there,  
All on a washing day.

For it's thump, thump, scold, scold, thump, thump  
away,

The de'il a bit of comfort's there, all on a washing day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife,  
There's none so free from evil,  
Except upon a washing day,  
And then she is the devil;  
The very kittens on the hearth,  
They will not even play—  
Away they jump, with many a thump,  
All on a washing day.

For it's thump, &c.

A friend of mine once asked me,  
How long Kate had been dead—  
Lamenting the good creature,  
And sorry I was wed  
To such a scolding vixen,  
Whilst he had been at sea.—  
The truth it was he chanced to come  
Upon a washing day,

When it was thump, &c.

I asked him to come and dine—  
 Come, come, says I, odds bud's,  
 I'll no denial take! you shall,  
 Tho' Kate is in the suds:  
 But what he had to dine upon,  
 In faith I shall not say,  
 But I'll wager he'll not come again,  
 Upon a washing day.

For it's thump, &c.

On the sad morning when I rise,  
 I make a fervent prayer,  
 Up to the gods, that it may be  
 Throughout the day quite fair:  
 That not a gown or handkerchief,  
 May in the ditch be laid—  
 Oh! should it happen so, e'gad,  
 I'd catch a broken head.

For it's thump, &c.

~~~~~  
 PHRENOLOGY.

TUNE.—' *Oh! what a row!*'

COME, folks, come to my phrenologic lecturing,  
 Every mental faculty I can descry;  
 Bring all your heads with ye—I'll silence all conjectur-  
 ing  
 My *bump*-discerning talents sure none deny,  
 For this, good folks, is not a hoax,  
 My system orthodox is, O!  
 Just only now my hand allow  
 To feel your knowledge-boxes, O!  
 Of this bump or that, which from mental causes swell  
 up so,  
 I'll make it clear each *bumpkin* here its organ shall  
 develope so,

Lumps, bumps, pates, fates, scullery, medullary,  
Phenomena, developed are by Doctor Gall.

SPOKEN.] ‘Ladies and shentlemans, I be come all de vay from Jarmany for to impart to de English nation de benefit of prhenology. Allow me sir to feel your head.’—‘Well, what do you feel?’—‘Here’s the organ of disinterestedness as pig as a tomling.’—‘What, that there bump?’—‘Yes.’—‘Well, then, you know a great deal about it, for I got that by running my head against the pole of a hackney-coach in the minorities,’

Come, folks, &c.

Love’s ogling now no emotion of the soul implies;  
Lavater and system, if you’d live renounce;  
Carbuncle, or grog blossom, no devotion to the bowl  
implies,

Propensity we only see upon the sconce!  
The swelling heart can ne’er impart its feelings by the  
throb alone,  
The head that swells much better tells by counting of  
the nobs alone!

We’re an ultra intellectually *organized nobility*.

Lumps, bumps, &c.

SPOKEN.] ‘Plesh my soul, plesh my soul, vat a bump! It is the organ of transportation for fourteen years’—‘Master, you be talking so much about these here organs, be they any thing like the organ which is played at Vauxhall?’—‘No, my good fellow, the difference is this; the organ at Vauxhall is played by keys, which are flats and sharps, but the organs of Gall are *fingered by flats alone*.’

Come, folks, &c.

Senatorial candidates, for suffrages solicitous,  
Must go in shoals, with shaven poles, to poll for  
votes,  
And matrimonial suitors, to terminate felicitous,  
To woo sincere, must now appear as bald as coots.

Don't, if you wed, expose your head,  
 Think what the jade Delilah did,  
 What, in his sleep, to get a peep  
 At Samson's bumps, she slyly did,  
 To find, no doubt, the organ out his weakness and consist in,  
 She shaved his head, and then betrayed him to the  
 wicked Philistine.

Lumps, bumps, &c.

SPOKEN.] 'My dear sir, permit my hand one moment's proximity to your pericranium. Bless me, very strange; I beg to inquire if you were ever trepanned, sir?'—'Never, since my marriage; that's the only time they ever trepanned me, and they won't catch me at that fun again!'—'Ah! I declare here is the organ of adhesiveness.'—'True doctor, wery true, and wery adhesive; it's a bit of bees-wax I put there to keep my vig on, as the vind is high on Wauxhall-bridge.

Come, folks, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE CAT'S SERENADE.

TUNE,—*'The young May Moon.'*

THE lamps are faintly gleaming, love,  
 The thief on his walk is scheming, love,  
 And it's sweet to crawl  
 O'er the dead wall,  
 While the tabbies are gently screaming, love.  
 Then put out one paw so white, my dear,  
 The house-tops are covered with light, my dear,  
 Through the day, at our ease,  
 We'll sleep when we please,  
 And we'll ramble abroad through the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love!  
 But the *bulky* his night-watch keeping, love!



And I who wait,  
 On this cold, cold slate,  
 While you're at the mouse-hole peeping, love!  
 Then, awake, till rise of sun, my dear,  
 And we'll have the devil's own fun, my dear;  
 For if you look shy,  
 Faith it's all in my eye,  
 For away with another I'll run, my dear.

~~~~~  
 DOCTOR MONROE.

TUNE,—*'Humours o' Glen.'*

- 'DEAR Doctor be clever, and fling off your beaver,  
 Come, bleed me, and blister me, do not be slow,  
 I'm sick, I'm exhausted, my schemes they are blasted,  
 And all driven heels-o'er-head, Doctor Monroe.'
- 'Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever;  
 Pray, what's the misfortune that bothers you so!'
- 'O, doctor! I'm ruined! I'm ruined for ever!  
 My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monroe.'
- 'I meant to have married, and tasted the pleasures,  
 The sweets, the enjoyments, in wedlock that flow;  
 But she's ta'en another, and broken my measures,  
 And fairly confounded me Doctor Monroe.'
- 'I'll bleed, and I'll blister you, over and over;  
 I'll master your malady ere that I go;  
 But raise up your head from below the bed-cover.  
 And give some attention to Doctor Monroe.'
- 'If Christy had wed you, she would have misled you,  
 And laughed at your love with some handsome young  
 beau;  
 Her conduct will prove it; but how would you love it?'  
 'I soon would have lamed her, dear Doctor Mon-  
 roe.'
- 'Each year brings a pretty young son or a daughter;  
 Perhaps you're the father, but how shall we know?

You hug them—her gallant is bursting with laughter’—  
 ‘That thought’s like to murder me, Doctor Monroe.’

‘The boys cost you many a penny and shilling;  
 You breed them with pleasure, with trouble and wo;  
 But one turns a rake, and another a villain,’—

‘My heart could not bear it, dear Doctor Monroe.’

‘The lasses are comely, and dear to your bosom;  
 But virtue and beauty has many a foe!

O, think what may happen; just nipt in their blossom!’

‘Ah, merciful Heaven! cease, Doctor Monroe.’

‘Dear Doctor, I’ll thank you to hand me my breeches;

I’m better, I’ll drink with you, ere that you go;

I’ll never more sicken for women or riches,

But love my relations and Doctor Monroe.

I plainly perceive were I wedded to Christy,

My peace and my pleasures, I needs must fore-go.’

He still lives a bachelor; drinks when he’s thirsty;

And sings like a lark, and loves Doctor Monroe.

~~~~~

### BEN, THE CARPENTER.

TUNE,—‘*There’s no luck about the house.*’

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,

A carpenter by trade,

And he fell’d in love with Sally Brown,

That was a lady’s maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,

They met a pressgang crew,

And Sally she did faint away,

Whilst Ben he was *brought-to*.

Too ral, &c.

The boatswain swore most wicked words,

Enough to shock a saint,

That though she did seem in a fit

’Twas nothing but a *feint*.

Come, girl, says he, hold up your head,  
 He'll be as good as me,  
 For when your swain is in the boat,  
 A *boatswain* he will be.

Too ral, &c.

So when they'd made their game of her,  
 And taken off her elf,  
 She roused and only found she was  
 A *coming* to herself.  
 And is he gone, and is he gone?  
 She cried and wept outright;  
 'Then I will to the water-side  
 And see him *out of sight*.

Too ral, &c.

A waterman came up to her,  
 Now young woman, said he,  
 If you weep on so you will make  
*Eye-water* in the sea.  
 Alas they've taken my *beau Ben*  
 To sail with old *Benbow*;  
 And her woe began to run afresh,  
 As if she said gee-woh.

Too ral, &c.

Says he, they've only taken him  
 To the tender-ship, you see,  
 The *tender ship*, cried Sally Brown,  
 What a *hardship* that must be.  
 Oh, would I were a mermaid now,  
 For then I'd follow him,  
 But oh! I'm not a *fish-woman*,  
 And so I cannot *swim*.

Too ral, &c.

Alas, I was not born beneath  
 The *virgin* and the *scales*,  
 So I must curse my cruel stars,  
 And walk about in *Wales*.

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
 That's underneath the world,  
 But in two years the ship came home,  
 And all the sails were furled.

Too ral, &c.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
 To see how she went on,  
 He found she'd got another Ben,  
 Whose Christian name was John.  
 Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,  
 How could you serve me so?  
 I've met with many a *breeze* before,  
 But never such a *blow*.

Too ral, &c.

Then pondering o'er his bacco-box,  
 He heaved a heavy sigh  
 And then began to eye his pipe,  
 And then to pipe his eye.  
 And then he tried to sing, "All's well,"  
 But couldn't though he tried,  
 His head was turned, and so he chewed  
 His *pigtail* till he died.

Too ral, &c.

His *death* which happened in his *berth*,  
 At forty odd befell;  
 They went and *told* the sexton,  
 And the sexton *tolled* the bell.  
 Now Sal his funeral did attend  
 With fearful anxious look,  
 She waited in the cold church-yard  
 Till the parson *shut* his book.

Too ral, &c.

## WILLIAM AND JONATHAN.

WILLIAM and Jonathan came to town together;  
 William brought learning, and Jonathan some leather;  
 Said William to Jonathan, what d'ye mean to do?  
 Said Jonathan to William, I can sole a shoe,  
 With my leather, lap-stone, hammer, nippers, peg-  
 ging-awl, and bristles.

Said Jonathan to William, pray, what is your intention?  
 William talk'd of things far above his comprehension,  
 He meant to write poetry, pamphlets, songs, and plays,  
 Epitaphs, epigrams, and puffs, the wind to raise,  
 With his Latin, Greek, grammar, syntax, prosody,  
 and logic.

It chanced that they lodged in the same house together,  
 Will stuck close to books, and Jonathan to leather;  
 While Johnny in the cellar as any hog grew fat,  
 Poor Will in the garret was as thin as a starved cat.  
 With their leather, Latin, hammer, grammar, peg-  
 ging-awl and logic.

When they had lived in town, for years nearly twenty;  
 Will was very poor, but Jonathan had plenty;  
 When meeting one day, they compar'd notes together,  
 And clearly proved that learning wasn't half so good  
 as leather.  
 Sing, leather, lap-stone, hammer, nippers, pegging-  
 awl, and bristles.

## SAID A FOX TO A GOOSE.

SAID a fox to a goose,  
 (From a farm-house let loose,)  
 And chanced to be pluming a feather,  
 "Dear goose, how d'ye do?"  
 10\*



A subject which I now have pat  
Just at my fingers' ends, sirs.

The world it is a bag of nails,  
And some are very queer ones,  
And some are flats, and some are sharps,  
And some are very dear ones.  
We've sprigs, and spikes, and sparables,  
Some little, great, and small, sir,  
Some folks love nails with monstrous heads,  
And some love none at all, sir.

The bachelor's a hob-nail,  
He rusts for want of use, sir,  
The misers, they're no nails at all,  
They're all a pack of screws, sir.  
An enemy will get some clouts  
If here they chance to roam, sir,  
For Yankee boys, like hammers, will,  
Be sure to drive them home, sir.

The doctor nails you with his bill,  
Which often proves a sore nail,  
The undertaker wishes you  
As dead as any door-nail.  
You'll often find each agent  
To be nailing his employer;  
The lawyer nails his client,  
And the devil nails the lawyer.

Dame Fortune is a brad-awl,  
And often does contrive it  
To make each nail go easily  
Where'er she please to drive it.  
Then, if I gain your kind applause  
For what I've sung or said, sir,  
Then you'll admit that I have hit  
The right nail on the head, sir.

### OLD MR. AND YOUNG MRS. TRIM.

As you've all called upon me to give you a song,  
I'll sing you a queer one, that's not very long,  
About an old husband, and young Mrs. Trim,  
A vixen, that very oft quarrelled with him.

Tol lol, &c.

'Twas one Sunday morning when all but great sinners,  
These people were talking of cooking their dinners,  
Says he, I'll have roast, and I will not be foiled,  
Says she, but you shall, for the leg shall be boiled.

Tol lol, &c.

They then got to blows, and made quick an uproar,  
Which disturbed a gent living upon the first floor,  
Who up stairs did run, and first did begin  
With words, but soon after knocked down Mr. Trim.

Tol lol, &c.

When Mrs. Trim saw her old husband used so,  
With the fat leg of mutton she hit Brown a blow,  
Saying, "what's that to you, if Tim quarrels with I?"  
Then she hit him another hard thump on the eye.

Tol lol, &c.

Says Brown, I'll be hanged if I meddle again,  
For I get nought but grease and a great deal of pain;  
So husbands and wives they may fight if they will,  
All I'll say will be that they may fight away still.

Tol lol, &c.

---

### LAWYER FLAM, HIS WIFE, AND FLAM'S GHOST.

OLD Flam was a lawyer so grim,  
He married his maid, people say;



But scarce was the honey moon dim  
 When the devil cried, Flam, come away.  
 Oh! oh! story of woe, when the devil cried, Flam,  
 come away.

How she wish'd that the tear-drop would fall,  
 But poor Mrs. Flam could not weep;  
 And soon, in a black velvet pall,  
 She popp'd the old lawyer to sleep.  
 Oh! oh, &c.

She thought of her love as she lay,  
 When the ghost of the late Mr. Flam,  
 In his green velvet cap, came to say,  
 "Phoo, nonsense! your grief is all sham."  
 Oh! oh, &c.

Quoth she, "ghost, I'm no longer thine,  
 I wo'n't lie alone in the dark,  
 For to-morrow, at half-after nine,  
 Mr. Flam, I shall marry your clerk."  
 Oh! oh, &c.

~~~~~  
 BACHELOR'S FARE.

FUNNY and free are a bachelor's revelries,  
 Cherrily, merrily, passes his life;  
 Nothing knows he of connubial deviltries,  
 Troublesome children and clamorous wife.  
 Free from satiety, care, and anxiety  
 Charms in variety fall to his share;  
 Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,  
 This, boys, this, is the bachelor's fare.

A wife, like a cannister, chattering, clattering,  
 Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,  
 All be-spattering, bumping and battering,  
 Hurries and worries him till he is dead;

Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,  
 Young ones are new devils raising despair:  
 Doctors and nurses combining their curses,  
 Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Through such folly days, once sweet holidays  
 Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife:  
 Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,  
 All perplexing and vexing one's life;  
 Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,  
 Mammy to quiet us, growls like a bear;  
 Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,  
 While dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder  
 grown,

Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:  
 Girls, through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,  
 Parry your wishes and marry a fool.  
 Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,  
 All that your busy pate hoarded with care;  
 Then tell me what jollity, fun, and frivolity,  
 Equals in quality bachelor's fare.

~~~~~  
 JACK, VAT ARE YOU ARTER?

'Twas summer-time when Nan and I  
 (And Nan was born to charm me)  
 Once met beside the grunTERS' sty,  
 And cried, "now, Jack, don't harm me?"  
 "Harm you," says I, "dear creature, no!  
 But heart for heart we'll barter,"  
 "Vy yes," says she, "you tell me so;  
 But Jack, vat are you arter?"

Says I, "you know 'twas Christmas last  
 When we agreed to wed, love!  
 And, while the cellar-door was fast,  
 The sweetest things you said, love!

That I was Nan's, and Nan was mine,  
 In spite of Jim, the carter,"  
 "Vy yes," says she, "and that's all fine!  
 But Jack, vat are you arter?"

"Vat arter?—vy now, this is strange;  
 Can Nan with falsehood tax me?  
 Or that my love is like to change;  
 Pshaw! vat a thing to ax me."  
 "Vy yes," says she, "that may be true,  
 For so said Jim, the carter;  
 Yet *he* proved *false*, and so may you,  
 So Jack, vat are you arter?"

Says I, "the short and long is this,  
 By all that's sweet about me,  
 On Sunday next,—come, give's a kiss,  
 I'll wed my Nan, don't doubt me."  
 "You will," says she, "then I'm your bride,  
 In spite of Jim, the carter;"  
 Nor, from that moment, never cried—  
 "Now, Jack, vat are you arter?"

~~~~~  
 HUMMING ALL THE TRADE IS.

WITH a merry tale,  
 Serjeants beat the drum;  
 Noddles full of ale,  
 Village lads they hum.  
 Soldiers out go all,  
 Famous get in story,  
 If they chance to fall,  
 Don't they sleep in glory?  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when feed,  
 Juries to make pliant;  
 If they can't succeed,  
 Then they hum their client;

To perfection come,  
 Humming all the trade is,  
 Ladies lovers hum,—  
 Lovers hum the ladies.  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Ha'n't Britannia's sons  
 Often hummed Mounseer?  
 Ha'n't they hummed the Dons?  
 Let their fleets appear!  
 Strike they must, though loth,  
 Ships, with dollars crammed,  
 If they're not hummed both,  
 Then will I be d—d.  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE IRISH SMUGGLERS.

FROM Brighton two Paddies walk'd under the cliff,  
 For pebbles and shells to explore;  
 When, lo! a small barrel was dropp'd from a skiff,  
 Which floated at length to shore.

Says Dermot to Pat, we the owner will bilk,  
 To night we'll be merry and frisky,  
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,  
 Dear joy! 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, O fortunate lot!  
 (Now Pat, you must know was a joker,)  
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,  
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.

'Twas said, and 'twas done—the barrel was bor'd,  
 (No Bacchannals ever felt prouder,)  
 When Paddy found out a small error on board—  
 The whisky, alas! was gunpowder!

With sudden explosion, he flew o'er the ocean,  
 And high in air sported a leg;

Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails,  
So he kept a tight hold of the keg.

But Dermot bawl'd out, with a terrible shout,  
I'm not to be chous'd, Master Wiseman;  
If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,  
And, by Jasus! I'll tell the exciseman.

~~~~~  
DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

OVER port, pipe, or snuff-box, there's always some  
wight

To tell a long story at club ev'ry night,  
Wanting wit at a pinch, the box helps a bad joke,  
Or deficient in fire, he supplies ye with smoke.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Since we're told to believe only half what we hear,  
Every tale we attempt should from fiction be clear,  
Probability carefully keeping in view;  
For example, I'll tell a short story or two.

Derry down, &c.

Once a man advertised the metropolis round,  
He'd leap off the monument on to the ground,  
But when just half way down, felt some nervous attack,  
Grew frightened, reflected, turned round, and jumped  
back.

Derry down, &c.

A boatswain who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,  
To a puppet-show went, the first time in his life;  
Laughed and wondered at every odd trick and grimace,  
When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place.

Derry down, &c.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown,  
When Jack, on a tree, who had safely been blown,  
Took a quid, blew his whistle, and not at all vex,  
Cried, "shiver me, what will this fellow do next?"

Derry down, &c.

A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,  
 Had his head cut clean off by a Lockabar axe,  
 But his comrade replaced it so nice ere it fell,  
 That a handkerchief tied round his neck made all well.  
 Derry down, &c.

Now his memory was short, and his neck very long,  
 Which he'd bow thus and thus when he heard a good  
 song;  
 And one night beating time to the tale I tell you,  
 He gave such a nod that away his head flew.  
 Derry down, &c.

I could tell other stories, but here mean to rest,  
 Till what you have heard may have time to digest,  
 Besides, ere my narrative verse I pursue,  
 I must find some more subjects equally true.  
 Derry down, &c.

### THE BLIND PRIEST.

A PRIEST of Kajaaga, as blind as a stone,  
 When he took to his bosom a wife,  
 Cried, "deary, I never shall see you I own,  
 But you'll be the delight of my life."  
 Then his arm o'er her shoulders he lovingly passed,  
 And says he, "my love, what is this lump?"  
 She faltered a little—but told him at last,  
 "Please your holiness, only my hump."  
 Says the priest, "then we cannot cohabit, d'ye see,  
 Though I tenderly love you, indeed,  
 For I've taken an oath that my children sha'n't be  
 Of the camel and buffalo breed."  
 So he married another he fancied would fit—  
 Coming home, in sweet conjugal talk,  
 She stopt the blind priest, saying, "sit down a bit,  
 For my legs are too bandy to walk."

‘Bandy legs,’ said the priest, “can’t be counted for  
sins,

So sit there as still as a mouse;  
For Mahomet curse me if ever your shins  
Shall waddle you into my house.”

Then he turned up his eyes like the white of boiled  
eggs,

And prayed thus to Mahomet smack:—  
“Good prophet, afford me a wife with good legs,  
And with never a hump on her back!”

Then the voice of the prophet in thunder was heard,  
And rumbled thus over his head:—

“A handsome young woman, that can’t speak a word  
Shall bless your blind rev’rence’s bed,”

The priest he bowed low, crying, “Mahomet’s kind;  
Of happiness this is the sum:

For a handsome young wife likes her old husband blind,  
And most men like a wife that is dumb.”



### HOME! HOME! COMFORTLESS HOME.

TUNE,—‘*Home, sweet Home.*’

WHEN I was unmarried, alone did I roam,  
I found ev’ry place much more pleasant than home;  
I lodged in a room where the casement was broke:  
And no fire could be made on account of the smoke

Home! home! comfortless home!

There was no place like home!

I married a woman whom all did admire,  
But jumped from the frying-pan into the fire;  
She’s idle and sluttish, she ne’er cleans my room;  
And I ev’ry place still find better than home!

Home! home, &c.

Then my once single state I sigh for in vain,  
 O' give me my lonely sky-parlor again!  
 I'd be blest in that garret, exposed to the air,  
 I'd be blest in a cellar, in short—any where!

But Home! home, &c.

~~~~~  
 WIDOW WADDLE.

MRS. WADDLE was a widow, and she got no little  
 gain,

She kept a tripe and trotter shop in Chickabiddy Lane;  
 Her next door neighbor, Tommy Tick, a Tallyman was  
 he,

And he ax'd Mrs. Waddle just to take a cup of tea.  
 With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle put her chintz on, and sent for Sammy  
 Sprig,

The titivating barber, to frizify her wig;  
 Tommy Tick he dressed in pompadour, with doubled  
 channelled pumps,  
 And looked when he'd his jazy on, just like the Jack  
 of Trumps.

With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle came in time for tea, and down they sat  
 together,

'They talked about the price of things, the fashion and  
 the weather;

She staid to supper too, for Tommy Tick, without a  
 doubt,

Was none of them that axes you to '*tea and turn 'em  
 out.*'

With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Thus Tommy Tick, he won her heart, and they were  
 married fast,

But all so loving was at first, 'twas thought it could  
 not last;



They'd words, and with a large cow-heel she gave him  
 such a wipe,  
 And he returned the compliment with a half a yard of  
 tripe.

With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

She took him to the justice such cruelty to cease,  
 Who bound the parties over to keep the public peace;  
 But Mrs. Tick, one day, inflamed with max and muggy  
 weather,  
 She with a joint-stool broke the peace and Tommy's  
 head together.

SPOKEN.] There he lay with about a dozen cow-  
 heels about him—singing,

Tick a tee, tick a tee, &c

### LOVE IN A MASH TUB.

ONE morn, whilst I was brewing,  
 My thoughts each thought pursuing,  
 First malt and hops, next Molly Popp's,  
 Thinks I, I'll go a wooing,

Indeed I will, O yes, I will,  
 Tol lol lol, tol lol lol, tol lol lol, lol lol li do.

Chance in my brew-house brought her,  
 Dame Popp's I love your daughter;  
 And feel inclined, to tell my mind,  
 And cut my longing shorter.

Indeed I do, &c.

Says she, refrain your twitters,  
 If your mind does not fit hers—  
 As like the beer would be your dear—  
 She sometimes smacks of bitters.

Indeed she does, &c.

My daughter's fair to view, sir,  
 But she may mischief brew, sir,

And few can vie with her black eye,  
But yours may be so too, sir.

Indeed it may, &c.

My Molly dear now came in,  
Whilst love my heart inflaming;  
Her mother said, the lad's afraid  
His passion you'll be blaming.

I'm sure you will, &c.

Cried Moll, you stupid rash cub,  
Do you think I'd marry such a scrub?  
Your hopes desist—and with her fist,  
She rolled me in the mash-tub.

Indeed she did! O lord! she did, &c.

---

### THE MARVELLOUS WELL.

A STORY there runs of a marvellous well,  
Near Florence famed city, (as travellers tell,  
To St. Agnes devoted,  
And very much noted,  
For mystical charms in its waters that dwell.

With all new married couples, the story thus goes.  
Whichever drinks first of the spring there that flows,  
Be it husband or wife,  
That one shall for life  
On the other a yoke of subjection impose.

Young Claude led Claudine to church as his bride,  
And wedlock's hard knot in a twinkling was tied;  
But the clerk's nassal twang,  
"Amen," scarce had rang,  
When the bridegroom eloped from his good woman's  
side.

Away, like a hare from the hounds, started he,  
Till reaching the well,—dropping plump on his knee;

“ Dear Agnes!” cried he,  
 “ Let me drink of thy tide,

And the right to the breeches establish in me.”

He quaffed till nigh bursting,—again turned to quaff,  
 Till the bride in pursuit reached his side with a laugh:

Lifting briskly his head,

To the lady he said,

“ I’m first at the well, spouse!—so bow to the staff.”

The dame to her hubby, replied with a sneer,—

“ That you’re first at the well, after marriage, is clear,

But to save such a task,

I filled a small flask,

And took it to church in my pocket, my dear.’



### MY DOXY.

Who bang’d my eyes and cracked my snout,  
 And tore my hair by handfulls out,  
 And shoved my togs all up the spout?

My doxy.

Who, when I lets a murmur drop,  
 Does me into the coal-hole pop,  
 Or with the poker does me wop?

My doxy.

Who daily guzzles rum and gin,  
 And duns my ears with doleful din,  
 And beats till black and blue’s my skin?

My doxy.

Who pinches me of proper prog,  
 And calls me devil, dolt, and dog,  
 While she is fat as any hog?

My doxy.

Who makes me often dress the fish,  
 And skim the milk, and wash each dish,  
 And do whatever she doth wish?

My doxy.

Who makes me scrub and beat the mat,  
 And empty pails and comb the cat,  
 And off the broth to skim the fat?

My doxy.

Who beats me often with the birch,  
 And makes me carry clogs to church,  
 And leaves me often in the lurch?

My doxy.

Who makes me slave from morn till night,  
 To wash her coats and stockings white,  
 And rub the knives and forks all bright?

My doxy.

Who, while I was at sea, begat,  
 By that long Irish plasterer Pat,  
 A little squalling ugly brat?

My doxy.

All ye who wedlock have in view,  
 May ye be blest, nor have to do  
 With such a d——d outrageous shrew

As my doxy.



### PAT AND THE PRIEST.

PAT fell sick on a time, and he sent for the Priest,  
 That, dying, he might have his blessing at least;  
 And to come with all speed, did humbly implore him,  
 To fit him out tight for the journey before him,  
 Derry down, &c.

The good father the summons did quickly obey,  
 And found Paddy, alas! in a terrible way;

Fixed and wild were his looks, and his nose cold and  
blue,  
And his countenance wore a cold church-yard like hue.  
Derry down, &c.

The good father bid Pat to confess all his crimes,  
To think of his sins, and forget them betimes;  
Or else, 'twould be his fate like other vile souls,  
To be flayed, and be salted, then roasted on coals!  
Derry down, &c.

Oh, think, my dear Pat, on that beautiful place,  
Where you'll visit St. Patrick, and see his sweet face;  
'Tis a country, my jewel, so charming and sweet,  
Where you'll never want praties, nor brogues to your  
feet.  
Derry down, &c.

Well, well, then, says Pat, with inquisitive face,  
That country must, sure, be a beautiful place;  
St. Patrick, no doubt, he will give us good cheer,  
But, d'ye think, has he got any ould whiskey there?  
Derry down, &c.

The good father, with wonder, amaze, and surprise,  
Clapp'd his hands, and next turned up the whites of his  
eyes;  
"Oh, vile sinner," says he, "can you hope to be for-  
given,  
If you think there's carousing and drinking in heaven."  
Derry down, &c.

"Well, well, then," says Pat, "though I cannot help  
thinking,  
If in heaven they can do without eating and drinking,  
(Though I don't mane to say what you tell is a fable,)  
'Twould be dacent, you know, just to see a drop on the  
table."

Derry down, &c.

## BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay was our boatswain, a very merry boy,  
 For no one half so merrily could pipe all hands a-hoy!  
 And when it chanced his summons we didn't well at-  
 tend,

No lad than he more merrily could handle a rope's end.  
 With his chip-chow, cherry-chow, fol lol de  
 riddee row, fol lol de ra.

Whilst sailing once, our captain, who was a jolly dog,  
 One day he gave to every mess a double share of grog;  
 Ben Backstay he got tipsy, all to his heart's content,  
 And, being *half-seas over*, vy overboard he vent.

With his chip-chow, &c.

A shark was on the starboard,—sharks don't for man-  
 ners stand,

But grapple all they come near, just like your sharks on  
 land;

We threw out Ben some tackling, of saving him some  
 hopes,

But the shark had bit his head off, so he couldn't see  
 the ropes—

Nor sing out chip-chow, &c.

Without a head, his ghost appeared all on the briny  
 lake;

He piped all hands a-hoy! and cried, lads, warning by  
 me take,

By drinking *grog* I lost my life; so, lest my fate you  
 meet,

Vy, never mix your liquor, lads, but always take it  
*neat!*

And sing chip-chow, &c.

## THE GAMBLER'S LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall quiet be found,  
 Pray bear my clothes to some pawnbroker near,  
 Tell him to lend you a couple of pound,  
 And mind he don't charge for the ticket too dear.

Bid him not search too close for gamboge  
 In the breeches, nor nicely examine the coat,  
 But tell him that he may send if he choose,  
 All he can spare 'bove a two-pound note.

Then with the money pray buy me a coffin,  
 And bury me safe 'neath a table of chance;  
 Haply e'en there my memory may soften  
 The pangs of ill-luck and the want of finance.

But should some cruel and opulent Greek  
 Revile at my state as he stamps o'er my grave,  
 Oh! let some thought of its master bespeak,  
 Your favor for him who was gambling's slave.

Take, then, these cards, which now are neglected,  
 And bury them with me when I'm at rest;  
 Never! oh never! in cheating detected,  
 Though seldom by hands that were pure were they  
 prest.

But should some fortunate gambling rover  
 Come here to seek them in frolic and fun,  
 Oh, then around my genius shall hove ,  
 And teach him to spend the cash he has won.

~~~~~

 HEY FOR THE SAWYER.

To set up a village, with tackle for tillage,  
 Jack Carter he took to the saw;  
 To pluck and to pillage, the same little village,  
 Tim Gordon, he took to the law.

They angled so pliant for gull and for client,  
 As sharp as a weazle for rats;  
 Till what with their saw-dust, and what with their law-  
 dust,

They blinded the eyes of the flats.  
 Then hey for the sawyer, and hey for the lawyer,  
 Make hay, for it's going to rain!  
 And saw 'em and law 'em, and work 'em and quirk 'em,  
 And at 'em again and again.

Jack brought to the people, a bill for the steeple,  
 They swore that they wouldn't be bit;  
 But out of a saw-pit, is into a law-pit,  
 Tim tickled 'em up with a writ.  
 Cried Jack, the saw rasper, "I say neighbor Grasper,  
 We both of us buy in the stocks;  
 While I, for my savings, turn blocks into shavings,  
 You, lawyer, are shaving the blocks."  
 Then hey, &c.

Jack frolicked in clover, and when work was over,  
 Got drunk at the George, for a freak,  
 But Timothy Gordon—he stood for church warden,  
 And eat himself dead in a week;  
 Jack made him a coffin, but Timothy off in  
 A loud clap of thunder had flown,  
 When lawyers lie level, be sure that the devil.  
 Looks sharp enough after his own.  
 Then hey, &c.

### THE MISERIES OF MATRIMONY.

OH, listen awhile to poor Dicky Scragg,  
 Heigho, said Dicky!  
 Who fell deep in love with one Bidy Bragg,  
 And with her each night would spend every mag,  
 With his wooing, suing,  
 Buns and blue ruin,  
 I'm all night, thought poor little Dicky!



Quoth Dicky, "great is the fervour I feel!"

Heigho, said Dicky?

And if I could manage her heart to steal,  
And make her my rib, 't would be for my own weal,  
With my whining, pining,  
Purse with the shine in,  
I'll have her, said poor little Dicky!

By dint of persuasion, he got her consent,

Heigho, sighed Dicky!

And soon to church, to be married they went  
Ne'er thinking that he should have it to repent,  
With their wooing, suing,  
Billing and cooing,  
I'm all right, thought poor little Dicky.

The honey-moon had scarce took its flight,

Heigho, sighed Dicky!

Ere she proved herself a termagant quite,  
And kicked up with Dicky the devil's delight,  
With her bump him, bruise him,  
Thump, and ill use him,  
O, dear, sighed poor little Dicky!

Said she, one day, "I'll mill your mug,"

Heigho, sighed Dicky!

With her mauleys into his mazzard she dug,  
And his hair by the handfuls out she did lug,  
With her mill him, drill him,  
Wallop and kill him,  
O, dear, sighed poor little Dicky

Dicky took it all as still as a lamb,

Heigho, sighed Dicky!

For, in truth, you must own, that she was his dam,  
For oft by her darbies he got a rare ram,  
With haul him, hit him,  
Maul him, and split him,  
O, dear, sighed poor little Dicky!

Sure, sure, then, a man was ne'er so put on,  
 Heigho, sighed Dicky!  
 For, in her kick-ups, one day, not caring a button,  
 She laid him flat on the floor, as dead as mutton;  
     With her lash him, dash him,  
     Thump him, and smash him,  
 O, dear, for poor little Dicky!

Her tongue, after this, she never wagged,  
 Heigho, for Dicky!  
 For she soon to the prison for murder was dragged,  
 And, for killing poor Scragg, she herself got scragged,  
     So hanging for banging,  
     And her tongue's haranguing,  
 Thus ended the doxy of Dicky!

~~~~~  
 NOTHING LIKE SNUFF.

TUNE,—‘*Home, sweet Home.*’

IN this life there is joy, in this life there is care,  
 And each mortal that lives must of both have a share,  
 But our cares were too great, and our joys not enough,  
 If wanting the zest we derive from good snuff.

Snuff! snuff! good black snuff!  
 There's no snuff like black snuff,  
 There's nothing like snuff—atchee!

Then grant me good snuff, there I taste no alloy,  
 For it cannot, like wine, our reason destroy,  
 Oh! this sensitive nose must be callous enough,  
 When I cease to delight in a pinch of good snuff.  
     Snuff! snuff! &c.



## AMATORY SONGS.

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### OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH no! we never mention her  
Her name is never heard;  
My lips are now forbid to speak  
That once familiar word.  
From sport to sport they hurry me,  
To banish my regret;  
And when they win a smile from me,  
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,  
The charms that others see;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
They'd find no change in me.  
'T is true that I behold no more  
The valley where we met;  
I do not see the hawthorn tree—  
But how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now—  
The gayest of the gay;  
They hint that she forgets me;  
But I heed not what they say;  
Like me perhaps she struggles with  
Each feeling of regret;  
But if she loves as I have loved,  
She never can forget.

---

### IT IS NOT FOR THINE EYE OF BLUE,

IT is not for thine eye of blue,  
Nor for thy dark and glossy hair,

Nor for thy cheek of rosy hue,  
 Nor for thy lovely bosom fair,  
 That I do love thee; for to me,  
 There are far brighter charms in thee!

But it is for thy gentle mind,  
 Thy placid and expansive brow,  
 Imagination, mild and kind,  
 Which burns with clear, and fervid glow,  
 That I do love thee; and I see,  
 A thousand matchless charms in thee!

~~~~~  
 THE KISS.

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.  
 The parting glance that fondly gleams,  
 An equal love may see,  
 The tear that from the eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.  
 The kiss, &c.

I ask no pledge to make me blest,  
 In gazing when alone,  
 Nor one memorial for a breast,  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.  
 By day or night, in weal or wo,  
 That heart no longer free,  
 Must bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent ache for thee.  
 The kiss, &c.

~~~~~  
 MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,  
 And then I will tell you a tale

Must be told by the moonlight alone,  
 In the grove at the end of the vale;  
 You must promise to come, for I said  
 I would show the night flowers their queen,  
 Nay; turn not away thy sweet head,  
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen  
 Oh! meet, &c.

Daylight may do for the gay,  
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;  
 But there's something about the moon's ray,  
 That is sweeter to you and to me.  
 Oh! remember be sure to be there,  
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,  
 I care not for all in the air,  
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.  
 So meet, &c.

~~~~~  
 AMELIA BIRD.

TUNE,—*'Oh no! we never mention her.'*

OH yes, I love to mention her,  
 I do upon my word!  
 I'm only happy when I speak  
 Of Miss Amelia Bird.  
 It, in the fields near Primrose hill,  
 One summer's day occur'd,  
 I saw and lov'd, and first did speak  
 To Miss Amelia Bird.

I ask'd her if she in the fields  
 Saw charms that others see;  
 To which she archly did reply,  
 'She saw no charms in me.'  
 And thus the introduction o'er,  
 All shyness was absurd,  
 And soon I learnt the residence  
 Of Miss Amelia Bird.

Said she ' I live at Hampstead now,  
 Beyond the Load of Hay;  
 My father keeps a good milch cow,  
 And deals in curds and whey.'  
 Said she, ' I do prefer the whey—'  
 Said I, ' I love the curd;  
 But what than that much more I love,  
 Is you, Amelia Bird.'

She soon confess'd a mutual flame  
 And me a keepsake give;  
 And I gave her a handkerchief  
 Which cost me shillings five:  
 A virtuous woman's worth a *crown*,  
 As I have often heard;  
 But worth, I think, a *sovereign*  
 Is Miss Amelia Bird.

Although I'm far from Hampstead now,  
 And may be farther yet,  
 And do not see her nor the cow,  
 Yet how can I forget?  
 But, perhaps, like me, she may be here  
 And see me unobserv'd—  
 What ecstasy 't would be to me  
 To see Amelia Bird.

~~~~~

### THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

WHERE are you going my pretty maid?  
 I'm going a milking, sir, she said;  
 May I go with you, my pretty maid?  
 It's just as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid?  
 My father's a farmer, sir, she said;  
 Then I will marry you, my pretty maid;  
 It's not as you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
 My face is my fortune, sir, she said;  
 Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid;  
 Nobody ask'd you, sir, she said.

~~~~~

### GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

GAILY the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,  
 When he was hastening home from the war,  
 Singing, ' From Palestine, hither I come,  
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly wept,  
 Sadly she thought of him, when others slept,  
 Singing, ' In search of thee, would I might roam,  
 Troubadour, troubadour, come to thy home.'

Hark! 't was the Troubadour, breathing her name,  
 Under the battlement softly he came,  
 Singing, ' From Palestine, hither I come,  
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

~~~~~

### ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDST thou look as dear as when  
 First I sigh'd for thee;  
 Couldst thou make me feel again  
 Ev'ry wish I breath'd thee then,  
 Oh! how blissful life would be!  
 Hopes that now beguiling leave me,  
 Joys that lie in slumber cold—  
 All would wake couldst thou but give me  
 One dear smile, like those of old.

Oh! there's nothing left us now,  
 But to mourn the past;  
 Vain was ev'ry ardent vow,  
 Never yet did Heav'n allow  
 Love so warm, so wild to last.

Not e'en hope could now deceive me—  
 Life itself looks dark and cold;  
 Oh! thou never more canst give me  
 One dear smile like those of old.

~~~~~

BLUE EYED MARY.

COME, tell me, blue-eyed stranger,  
 Say, whither dost thou roam?  
 O'er this wide world a ranger,  
 Hast thou no friends or home,

' They call me blue-eyed Mary,  
 When friends and fortune smiled;  
 But ah! how fortunes vary,  
 I now am sorrow's child.'

Come here, I'll buy thy flowers,  
 And ease thy hapless lot,  
 Still wet with vernal showers,  
 I'll buy, forget me not.

' Kind sir, then take these posies,  
 They're fading like my youth,  
 But never, like these roses,  
 Shall wither Mary's truth.'

Look up, thou poor forsaken,  
 I'll give thee house and home,  
 And if I'm not mistaken,  
 Thou'lt never wish to roam.

' Once more I'm happy Mary,  
 Once more has fortune smiled;  
 Who ne'er from virtue vary,  
 May yet be fortune's child.'



## OH! THINK NOT I AM FALSE.

OH! think not I am false as air,  
 Which perhaps a moment changes;  
 Oh! think not I love dark or fair,  
 Just as my fancy ranges.  
 For the love which in my bosom glows,  
 I swear can wander never;  
 Within my heart thy image grows,  
 And there shall grow forever.

Oh! think not I am idly caught,  
 By ev'ry passing beauty;  
 Oh! think not I can e'er be taught,  
 To swerve, love, from my duty.  
 Thy beauteous smiles have won my heart,  
 I adore thee, though we sever;  
 I swear, dear girl, although apart,  
 That I will love thee ever.

~~~~~

 IS THERE A HEART.

Is there a heart that never loved,  
 Or felt soft woman's sigh?  
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd  
 Dear woman's tearful eye?  
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore  
 Or solitary cell,  
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,  
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,  
 A language in her tear;  
 A spell in every sacred sigh,  
 To man, to virtue dear;  
 And he who can resist her smiles,  
 With brutes alone should live,  
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,  
 That joy her virtues give.

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

THE mountain maid from her bower has hied,  
 And sped to the glassy river's side,  
 Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,  
 And the willows wav'd in the silver light.  
 On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,  
 He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,  
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,  
 That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd with timid fear oppress'd,  
 While a soft sigh, swells her gentle breast,  
 He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh,  
 And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.  
 So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,  
 He charm'd her tender soul to pity,  
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,  
 That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.



## DRINK TO ME ONLY.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It would not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me;

Since then it grows, and looks, and smells,  
Not of itself, but thee.

~~~~~  
FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well, and if forever,  
Still forever fare thee well!  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee can my heart rebel.  
Would that breast were bared before thee,  
Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again,  
Would that breast, by thee glanc'd o'er,  
Every inmost thought might show,  
Then thou wouldst at length discover  
'T was not well to spurn it so.  
But 't is done, all words are idle,  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way against the will.  
Fare thee well, thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this,—I scarce can die.

~~~~~  
TO SIGH YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh yet feel no pain;  
To weep yet scarce no why;  
To sport an hour with beauty's chain,  
Then throw it idly by;  
To kneel at many a shrine,  
Yet lay the heart on none;  
To think all other charms divine,  
But those we just have won;

This is love—careless love—  
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame  
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd ;  
To love in wint'ry age the same  
That first in youth we lov'd ;  
To feel that we adore  
To such refin'd excess,  
That though the heart would break with *more*,  
We could not live with *less* ;  
This is love—faithful love,—  
Such as the saints might feel above !

~~~~~  
SWISS MAID.

COME haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss  
maid,

Take thy cloak, and to church let's away ;

'The plighted love I claim so true,

For true's my love, sincere to you,

'Then haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss  
maid,

Take thy cloak, and to church let's away.

Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid ?

Now bless'd with my own true love ;

My shepherd swain to welcome home,

And hail with joy each night's return,

Am not I, am not I, then a happy Swiss maid,

Now bless'd with my own true love ?

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid,

In her cot with contentment and peace ;

'There's nought disturbs, devoid of care,

Her rest is sweet, she knows no fear

Then ' good night,' and ' good night,' goes the happy  
Swiss maid,

In her cot, to her slumbers in peace.

## OH ! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE.

OH ! say not woman's love is bought  
 With vain and empty treasure ;  
 OH ! say not woman's heart is caught  
 By every idle pleasure.  
 When first her gentle bosom knows  
 Love's flame, it wanders never ;  
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,  
 She loves, and loves forever !

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair ;  
 That like the bee she ranges ;  
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,  
 As fickle fancy changes :  
 Ah, no, the love that first can warm  
 Will leave her bosom never :  
 No second passion e'er can charm,  
 She loves, and loves forever !



## THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

THOUGH dimpled cheeks may give the light,  
 Where rival beauties blossom,  
 Though balmy lips to love invite  
 To extasy the bosom ;  
 Yet sweeter far yon summer sky,  
 Whose blushing tint discloses,  
 Give me the lustre-beaming eye,  
 The sun that lights the roses.

The voice of love is soft and clear,  
 Exciting fond emotion ;  
 How sweet it sounds upon the ear,  
 Like music on the ocean ;  
 Yet dearer far to lover's sight,  
 The eye that truth discloses,  
 Surpassing with its splendor bright  
 The sun that lights the roses.

## ROSE OF LOVE.

THOU art mine, rose of love, thou art mine,  
 In my bosom thou art planted forever ;  
 There the best of affections shall around thee entwine,  
 As the elm is embraced in th' embrace of the vine,  
 Which is never relinquished, no—never.  
 Rose of love, rose of love ! thou art mine.

Thou art planted here, ne'er to decay ;  
 From my heart nought thy beauties can sever ;  
 And should tears, like bright dew-drops, at dawn of  
 the day,  
 Impearl thy sweet bloom, I will kiss them away,  
 For thou never shalt know sorrow, no—never.  
 Rose of love, rose of love ! thou art mine.

~~~~~

 HE LOVES, AND RIDES AWAY.

AT the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen  
 A page with a courser black ;  
 There came out a knight of noble mien,  
 And he leap'd on the courser's back ;  
 His arms were bright, his heart was light,  
 And he sung this merry lay,  
 ' How jollily lives a fair young knight !  
 He loves, and rides away.'

A lady look'd over the castle wall,  
 And she heard the knight thus sing ;  
 This lady's tears began then to fall,  
 And her hands she began to wring.  
 ' And did'st thou then thy true love plight,  
 And was it but to betray  
 Ah ! tarry a while my own dear knight ;  
 In pity don't ride away.'

The knight of her tears took no heed,  
 While scornful laughed his eye ;  
 He gave the spur to his prancing steed—  
 ' Good bye sweet-heart, good-bye.'

And soon he vanish'd from her sight,  
 While she was heard to say,  
 "Ah ! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,  
 He'll love, and he'll ride away.'

~~~~~  
 CUPID'S VISIT.

Love wand'ring though the rain,  
 Came to my cottage door ;  
 He ask'd but to remain  
 Until the storm was o'er.  
 His bow he laid aside ;  
 He said his darts were gone ;  
 And oft he deeply sighed,  
 And wished to travel on.

The moon at length grew bright ;  
 The storms no longer blew ;  
 He rose and bade good night,  
 And with a smile withdrew,  
 Next day my heart was sad,  
 Nor could I e'er forget  
 The mournful look he had  
 When at the door we met.

The smile at parting too,  
 Had something sweet and kind ;  
 And as the boy withdrew,  
 His image stayed behind.  
 And ever since that hour,  
 When loud 's the wind and rain,  
 I watch my cottage door,  
 In hopes he'll come again.

~~~~~  
 LOVE CUTS ME UP.

TUNE—'Love was once a little boy.'  
 WHAT a luckless wight am I—  
 Heigho ! heigho !

All day long I pine and cry—

Heigho ! heigho !

Once I plump and fat was grown,

Now I'm nought but skin and bone—

Love cuts me up and cuts me down—

Heigho ! heigho !

My inward man is sore decay'd—

Heigho ! heigho !

The spirit's by the flesh betray'd

Heigho ! heigho !

I conceive—ah, verily,

That I'm assailed most grievously ;

And us'd by Ruth most ruthlessly—

Heigho ! heigho !

My heart by Cupid 's fiercely smote—

Heigho ! heigho !

And rent in twain like Joseph's coat—

Heigho ! heigho !

Love has caught me in a snare,

Wicked Ruth scorns my despair ;

Though fair herself, don't use me fair—

Heigho ! heigho !

As young lambkins frisk and play—

Heigho ! Heigho !

Ruth and I have toy'd all day—

Heigho ! heigho !

She now disdains to cast one look

On me—alas ! it is no joke,

My peace should be to pieces broke—

Heigho ! heigho !

To joys of earth I'll bid adieu—

Heigho ! heigho !

Leave Ruth to find a swain more true ;

Heigho ! heigho !

I'll seek some shady grove straightway,



And there alas ! and lack-a-day !  
 Beneath some pine I'll pine away—  
 Heigho ! heigho !

~~~~~

THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon fountain,  
 And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the grove,  
 And sweet is the breeze that blows o'er the mountain,  
 But sweeter by far is the lad that I love.  
 I'll weave a gay garland, a fresh blooming garland,  
 With lillies and roses and sweet blooming posies,  
 To give to the lad my heart, my heart, tells me I love.

It was down in the glade where sweet Larza gliding,  
 In murmuring streams ripple through the dark grove,  
 I own'd what I felt, all my passions confining,  
 To cease the fond sigh for the lad that I love.  
 Then I'll weave, &c.

~~~~~

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

WILL you come to the bow'r I have shaded for you,  
 Your bed shall be roses bespangled with dew;  
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,  
 Come to the bow'r ?

'There under the bow'r on soft roses you lie,  
 With a blush on your cheek but a smile in your eye,  
 Will you, will you, &c.  
 Smile my belov'd ?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,  
 Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we'll sip.  
 Will you, will you, &c.  
 Kiss me, my love ?

And O! for the joys that are sweeter than dew,  
 From languishing roses or kisses from you.  
 Will you, will you, &c.  
 Won't you my love ?

## CHERRY-CHEEK PATTY.

Down in yon village I live so snug,  
 They call me Giles the ploughman's boy;  
 Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,  
 I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.  
 My work being done, to the lawn there I fly,  
 Where the lads at the lasses all look very sly;  
 And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,  
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you  
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I e'er  
 did see,

O, cherry-cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy may'nt be  
 As poor simple Giles the ploughman's boy ;  
 No matters of state ever addle my pate,  
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.  
 Now cherry-cheek Patty she lives in a vale,  
 Whom I help'd o'er the style with her milking pail;  
 And Patty has a like notion for me, it is true,  
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you :  
 But I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong, and willing to work,  
 And when the lark rises off tradges I;  
 The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,  
 I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.  
 Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,  
 And a lad's not be grinned at that's gotten so much;  
 And when that I'm married to Patty so true,  
 I know what I know, but munna tell you :  
 But I'll whistle, &c.

~~~~~  
 MORGIANA.

AH ! what is the bosom's commotion,  
 In a sea of suspense while 'tis tost !

While the heart in our passion's wild ocean  
 Feels even hope's anchor is lost,  
 Morgiana, thou art my dearest,  
 For thee have I languish'd, and griev'd !  
 And when hope to my bosom was nearest,  
 How oft has that hope been deceiv'd.  
 Morgiana, my hope was deceiv'd.

The storm of despair is blown over,  
 No more by its vapor depress'd ;  
 I laugh at the clouds of a lover,  
 With the sunshine of joy in my breast.  
 Love made by a parent my duty,  
 To the wish of my heart now arrived  
 I bend to the power of beauty,  
 And ev'ry fond hope is reviv'd.  
 Morgiana, my hope is reviv'd.



## ELIZA.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the plain,  
 'To Eliza my heart I confess'd,  
 Love sanction'd the moment, she smil'd on my pain,  
 On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd ;  
 I saw her warm cheek like heav'n's canopy glow,  
 When Aurora empurples the morn ;  
 She loves me, oh ! Heav'n, let me never forego,  
 The faith on her lips I have sworn.

This bosom though fervid with youth and with health,  
 In all else shall persuasion control ;  
 Bid me fly from the charms of ambition and wealth,  
 Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl :  
 But Eliza, dear maid ! till in earth I'm laid low,  
 In my heart shall her image be borne,  
 While she loves me, by Heav'n, I will never forego  
 The faith on her lips I have sworn.

## THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

WHEN absent from her whom my soul holds most dear  
 What a medley of passions invade !  
 In this bosom what anguish, what hope and what fear,  
 I endure for my beautiful maid !

In vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief,  
 Or quit the gay throng for the shade,  
 Nor retirement nor solitude yield me relief,  
 When away from my beautiful maid.

## I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'D be a butterfly, born in a bower,  
 Where roses, and lillies, and violets meet;  
 Roving forever from flower to flower,  
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.  
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,  
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet;  
 I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,  
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet,  
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,  
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,  
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;  
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,  
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.  
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,  
 Power, alas ! nought but misery brings ;  
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,  
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings,  
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,  
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What, tho' you tell me each gay little rover  
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day;  
 Surely t'is better when summer is over,  
 To die when all fair things are fading away;

Some in life's winter may toil to discover  
 Means of procuring a weary delay.  
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,  
 Dying when fair things are fading away.  
 I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly,  
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

~~~~~

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER DEARLY.

LET others breathe the melting sigh,  
 And swear they love to madness;  
 To them I leave the tearful eye,  
 And all love's sober sadness.  
 No tender vows and pray'rs are mine,  
 But this I swear sincerely,  
 While truth and honest love are thine,  
 I'll love thee ever dearly.

Then lady, though I scorn the wiles  
 Which love too oft discovers,  
 Ne'er spurn the heart that woos in smiles,  
 For smiles are made for lovers.  
 And though no tender vows are mine,  
 Yet this I swear sincerely,  
 While truth and honest love are thine,  
 I'll love thee ever dearly.

~~~~~

I CANNOT STAY A MINUTE.

Now where so fast? a young man said  
 To her he lov'd, one day,  
 When she, with blushes, turn'd her head,  
 And cried, don't stop me, pray;  
 But why this hurry? he replied,  
 As blithe as any linnet;  
 Yet still the pretty Emma cried,  
 I cannot stay a minute.

But why not, dearest, tell me why ?  
 He still with ardour press'd,  
 Then said, by that love beaming eye  
 This haste is all a jest ;  
 And could it by a bet be tried,  
 Right sure I am to win it,  
 Yet still the pretty Emma cried,  
 I cannot stay a minute.

You can't, but Miss, said he, you must,  
 And shall go with me too,  
 Nay, more, I'll make, by all that's just,  
 A bride this morn of you.  
 This morn, said she, make me a bride,  
 There's something pleasing in it ;  
 Oh ! how I'm hurried, Emma cried,  
 Pray don't let's stay a minute.

~~~~~  
 THINE AM I.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine, my lovely Nancy,  
 Every pulse among my veins,  
 Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
 There to throb and languish:  
 Though despair had wrung its core ;  
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,  
 Rich with balmy treasure ;  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?  
 Night without a morning ;  
 Love's the cloudless summer's sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.

## SENTIMENTAL SONGS.

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### I KNEW BY THE SMOKE.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near ;  
And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,  
The heart that was humble might hope for it here.

'Twas noon, and on flowers that languish'd around,  
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;  
Ev'ry leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,  
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And here in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,  
With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when  
I blam'd,  
How bless'd could I live, and how calm could I die!

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,  
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine.

---

### COME REST IN THIS BOSOM.

COME rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !  
Though the herd have flown from thee, thy home is  
still here ;  
Here still is a smile that no cloud can o'ercast ;  
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for if tis not the same  
Through joy and through torments, through glory  
and shame ?

I knew not I ask'd not if guilt's in that heart, -  
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou call'st me thy angel in moments of bliss,—  
Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this,—  
Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

~~~~~

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

MID pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is not met with else-  
where ;

Home, home—sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home, there's no place like  
home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;  
Oh ! give me my lonely thatch'd cottage again,  
Where the birds sing gaily that come at my call ;  
Give me these, with the peace of mind dearer than all ;

Home, home—sweet home ;

There's no place like home, there's no place like  
home.

~~~~~

### THE BEACON, OR LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;  
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.  
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd  
On the shadowy waves playful motion,



From the dim distant isle, till the beacon-fire blaz'd  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast,  
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers;  
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:  
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,  
(All hush'd was the billows' commotion)  
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long pass'd and the scene is afar;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow.  
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies  
And death stills the heart's last emotion;  
O! then may the seraph of mercy arise  
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

---

### WILLIAM TELL.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,  
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—  
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,  
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!  
The warrior came serene and mild,  
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,  
Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd;  
Then nature and the father spoke.  
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,  
For they sigh,  
And wildly cry,  
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.  
But soon is heard the muffled drum,  
And straight the pointed arrow flies,

The trembling boy expects his doom,  
 All, all shriek out—"he dies! he dies."  
 When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!  
 - The mark is hit! the child is free!  
 Into his father's arms he bounds,  
 Inspir'd by love and liberty!  
 And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,  
     For mountains ring,  
     Whilst they sing,  
 Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes.

~~~~~

### NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
 For man's illusion giv'n;  
 The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,  
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
     There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on Glory's plume,  
 As fading hues of even;  
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
 Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—  
     There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!  
 From wave to wave we're driven;  
 And fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,  
 Serve but to light the troubled way—  
     There's nothing calm but Heaven!

~~~~~

### FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

FRIEND of my soul! this goblet sip,  
 'Twill chase each pensive tear;  
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
 But oh! 'tis more sincere.

Like her delusive beam,  
 'Twill steal away thy mind;  
 But like affection's dream,  
 It leaves no sting behind!

Come twine the wreath our brows to shade,  
 These flowers were cull'd at noon;  
 Like woman's love the rose will fade,  
 But ah! not half so soon.

For tho' the flow'r's decay'd,  
 Its fragrance is not o'er;  
 But once when love's betray'd,  
 The heart can bloom no more!

~~~~~

### SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
 And lovers are round her sighing  
 But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
 For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Ev'ry note which he lov'd awaking—  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died  
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,  
 When they promise a glorious morrow;  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
 From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

~~~~~

### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection recalls them to view—

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,  
 And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew;  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,  
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
 The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—  
 The moss cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,  
 For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield;  
 How ardent I siez'd it with hands that were glowing,  
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,  
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness it rose from the well.  
 The old oaken bucket, &c.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
 As pois'd on the cord, it inclin'd to my lips,  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
 Tho' fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
 And now far remov'd from the lov'd situation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy revisits my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—  
 The old oaken bucket, &c.

~~~~~  
 OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond mem'ry brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all  
 The friends so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in winter weather,  
 I feel like one, who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,  
 And all but he deserted.  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

~~~~~

### THE CARRIER PIGEON.

COME hither thou beautiful rover,  
 Thou wand'rer of earth and of air;  
 Who bear'st the sighs of the lover,  
 And bringest him news of his fair.  
 Bend hither thy light waving pinion,  
 And shew me the gloss of thy neck;  
 O! perch on my hand, dearest minion,  
 And turn up thy bright eye and peck.  
 Here's bread of the whitest and sweetest,  
 And there is a sip of red wine;  
 Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,  
 'Twill be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine;  
 I have written on rose-scented paper,  
 With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux,  
 I have melted the wax in love's taper,  
 T'is the color of true hearts, sky blue.  
 I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,  
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;  
 So go from me, beautiful minion,  
 While the pure ether shows not a speck.  
 Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
 Like an arrow he hurries away;  
 And farther and farther retreating,  
 He is lost in the clear blue of day.

## THE LAVENDER GIRL.

As the sun climbs o'er the hills,  
 When the sky lark sings so cheerily  
 I my little basket fill,  
 And trudge along the village merrily.  
 Light my bosom, light my heart,  
 I but laugh at Cupid's dart;  
 I keep my mother, myself and brother,  
 By trudging along to sell my lavender.  
 Ladies try it, come and buy it,  
 Never saw ye nicer lavender;  
 Ladies try it, try it, try it,  
 Come, come, buy my lavender.

Ere the gentry quit their beds,  
 Foes to health, I'm wisely keeping it;  
 Oft I earn my daily bread,  
 And sit beneath the hedge partaking it.  
 Ne'er repining, ne'er distress'd,  
 Tell me then am not I bless'd?  
 Tho' not wealthy, I'm young and healthy,  
 And only care to sell my lavender.  
 Ladies, try it, &c.

~~~~~

 THE YOUNG TROUBADOUR.

To the mountain's wild echo I warble my lays,  
 And harmless I wander thro' woods and thro' braes;  
 The peasant, by moonlight, oft strays o'er the moor,  
 To welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

O! come to the lattice, and list to my lay;  
 Wave, wave thy fair hand and bid me to stay;  
 O! grant but this boon, I ask for no more,  
 'Twill enliven the song of the young Troubadour.

Then I'll sing the old ditties of heroes that died,  
 And of maidens like you, for whom lovers have sigh'd

O! hearken then, lady, to-morrow i'm sure  
You'll welcome the song of the young Troubadour.

~~~~~

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where  
The sun came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day,  
But now, I often wish that night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses red and white,  
The vi'lets and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The liburnum on his birth-day—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirits flew in feathers then,  
That are so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high:  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from heav'n  
 Than when I was a boy.

~~~~~

DULCE DOMUM.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,  
 Oft sought by travellers weary,  
 And long it prov'd the blest abode  
 Of Edward and of Mary.  
 For her he'd chase the mountain-goat,  
 O'er Alps and glaciers bounding,  
 For her the chamios he would shoot,  
 Dark horrors all surrounding;  
 But evening come, he sought his home,  
 While anxious lovely woman,  
 She hailed the sight, and every night  
 The cottage rung  
 As they sung.  
 Oh, dulce, dulce, domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss  
 Was changed to prospects dreary,  
 For war and honor rous'd each Swiss  
 And Edward left his Mary.  
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd  
 'Gainst Gallia's force contending;  
 And by unequal numbers crush'd,  
 He died his land defending.  
 The evening come, he sought not home,  
 Whilst she, (distracted woman,)  
 Grown wild with dread, now seeks him dead,  
 And hears the knell  
 That bids farewell  
 To dulce, dulce domum.



## THE RAY THAT BEAMS FOREVER.

THERE is a bloom that never fades,  
 A Rose no storms can sever,  
 Beyond the Tulip's gaudy shades  
 The ray that beams forever.

There is a charm surpassing art,  
 A charm in every feature,  
 Than twines around the feeling heart,  
 It is thy voice, oh Nature !

Then stranger, if thou fain wouldst find  
 This rose no storm can sever,  
 Go seek it stranger in the Mind—  
 The ray that beams forever.



## I LOVE THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

I LOVE the village church,  
 With its ivy mantled tower;  
 And rustic forms around the porch,  
 At the Sabbath's holy hour.  
 The music of the bell,  
 O'er the pleasant valley stealing,  
 And the simple prayer that breathes so well  
 The pure heart's fervent feeling.

I love the village green,  
 Where after hours of labor,  
 At eve the young and old are seen,  
 With merry pipe and tabor.  
 The banquet is not spread,  
 As it is in courtly places;  
 But nature, o'er the spot, has shed  
 Her own peculiar graces.

## CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing, at Saint Ann's, our parting hymn  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl?  
 There's not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
 But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon;  
 Saint of the green isle, hear our prayers;  
 Oh, grant us cool heavens, and favoring airs!  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

## AWAY MY BOUNDING STEED.

AWAY! my bounding steed away,  
 I ride for princely halls;  
 Ay, paw the ground and proudly neigh,  
 The tourney trumpet calls.

Nay, spur and speed, thou gallant knight,  
 Or lose the meed of fame;  
 Vouch in the lists thy lady's right,  
 And conquer in her name.

The challenge breath'd I cast my glove;  
 All rivals thus I dare!  
 In arms I'll prove my lady-love  
 The fairest of the fair.

Now poise the temper'd lance on high—  
 It shivers on my shield—  
 Then forth two flashing rapiers fly,  
 And skill decides the field.

The joust is done, the prize is won,  
 And merry is the victor's eye;  
 Pass wine cups round, while clarions sound  
 The joys of love and chivalry.



### THE MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE WAR.

THE minstrel's return'd from the war,  
 With spirits as buoyant as air,  
 And thus on his tuneful guitar,  
 He sung in the bower of his fair:  
 'The noise of the battle is over,  
 The bugle no more calls to arms;  
 A soldier no more—but a lover,  
 I bend to the power of thy charms.  
 ' Sweet lady, fair lady I'm thine,  
 I bend to the magic of beauty,  
 Tho' the banner and helmet are mine,  
 Yet love calls the soldier to duty,'

'The minstrel his suit warmly press'd,  
 She blush'd, sigh'd and hung down her head,  
 Till conquer'd she fell on his breast,  
 And thus to the happy youth said:  
 'The bugle shall part us love, never,  
 My bosom thy pillow shall be,  
 Till death tears thee from me, forever,  
 Still faithful I'll perish with thee.'  
 Sweet lady, &c.

But fame call'd the youth to the field;  
 His banner wav'd high o'er his head,  
 He gave his guitar for a shield,  
 And soon he lay low with the dead,

While she o'er her young hero bending,  
 Receiv'd his expiring adieu:  
 ' I die whilst my country defending,  
 But I die to my lady love true.'  
 ' Oh, death! (then she cried) I am thine,  
 I tear off the roses of beauty;  
 The grave of my hero is mine,  
 For he died true to love and to duty!'

~~~~~

OH ! REST THEE BABE.

OH! slumber, my darling,  
 Thy sire is a knight,  
 Thy mother's a lady,  
 So lovely and bright,  
 The hills and the dales,  
 From the towers which we see,  
 They all shall belong,  
 My dear infant, to thee.

Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day;  
 Oh! rest thee, babe, rest thee babe, sleep whilst thou  
 may.

Oh! rest thee, my darling,  
 The time it shall come,  
 When thy sleep shall be broken  
 By trumpet and drum.  
 Then rest thee, my darling,  
 Oh! sleep whilst thou may;  
 For war comes with manhood,  
 As light comes with day.  
 Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

~~~~~

LOW WAV'D THE SUMMER WOODS.

Low wav'd the summer woods and green,  
 As Bertram rode their boughs between,

The breeze that sigh'd amid their blooms  
Play'd in the warrior's waving plumes.

Lady, adieu! 'tis summer now,  
And brightly summer roses blow;  
But oh! they'll often bloom and fade  
Before I sheathe again my blade.

They oft shall fade, shall often bloom,  
Before I turn my courser home;

When again I breathe a lover's vow,  
They'll blossom in the drifted snow;

Lady adieu! forever more,  
The spell 's unbound that bound before;  
Thy scorn has rous'd a soldier's pride,  
And glory now shall be his bride.



### THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN CREST.

THE banners wav'd on the castle walls,

'Mid the shouts of a trusty band,

When a knight return'd to his princely halls,

From the wars of the holy land.

His lady had left her harp, and stood

To gaze on the smiling west,

When came a dark steed from the distant wood,

With her knight of the golden crest.

The crimson scarf her true knight display'd

Which in earlier day she wove,

When he breath'd his vows in the twilight glade,

And was blest with her maiden love.

She welcom'd her lord with accents bland

And the scarf to her lips she press'd,

And thought of the time when she gave her hand

To the knight of the golden crest.

## THE ALPINE MAID.

THAT strain proclaims my lover near,  
 He heeds not the thunder's crash,  
 The avalanche's dread descent,  
 Nor lightning's vivid flash.  
 The mountain pass no terror strikes,  
 From crag to crag he bounds,  
 While echoing ev'ry note he plays  
 From hill to dale resounds.

And then when he my cottage gains,  
 What soft transporting bliss,  
 Delights each heart while we exchange  
 Love's pure impassion'd kiss.  
 We envy not the vaunted joys  
 Which greet the gay—the great,—  
 Content and mutual love will gild  
 Our humbler, happier state.



## THE BONNY SLEIGH.

TUNE—'The bonny boat.'

O SWIFTLY glides the bonny sleigh,  
 Just parted from the door,  
 With jingling bells and horses' neigh  
 The snow dash'd up before,  
 This pleasure now, and happy cheer,  
 Are much enjoy'd indeed;  
 With blooming belles to us so dear,  
 To Laurel Hill we'll speed.  
 We cast our lines upon the rails,  
 Where snow had drifted wide;  
 Our bonny sleigh, hats, coats and veils,  
 Were all then laid aside:  
 Then happy prov'd the merry dance  
 Upon the mansion flood;

While wine and cider mull'd and warm,  
Came in at every door.

The skaters on the ice may sing,  
Whilst all around they charm;  
But we prefer the sleigh bells' ring,  
When all wrap'd up so warm:  
It safely bears its lovely store  
Through many a stormy gale;  
Whilst joyful shouts from half a score,  
Our merry party hail.

We cast our lines upon the rails,  
Where snow had drifted wide;  
Our bonny sleigh, coats, hats and veils,  
Were all then laid aside:  
Then happy prov'd the jolly folks,  
With ne'er a sigh nor care:  
We'll now return and crack some jokes,  
Where all our treasures are.

Now near the city we are come,  
The lamps I plainly see :  
From the good dame we left at home,  
Our welcome warm will be .  
The well known shout and sleigh bells' ring,  
Seem echoing in her ears;  
Now come, my boys, let's loudly sing,  
She'll soon forget her fears.  
We'll cast our lines upon the post,  
That stands before the door,  
And then we'll all our fingers toast,  
And sleigh a little more.  
Then happy prove each pleasant jaunt  
Upon the wintry plain ;  
I'm sure we shall not sleighing want,  
If snow don't turn to rain.

## AS I WALK'D OUT.

As I walk'd out one May morning,  
To hear the birds sing sweet,  
I sat myself down in the shade of the grove,  
To see two lovers meet.

To see two lovers meet, my dear,  
And hear what they had to say,  
I wanted to hear a little of their minds,  
Before I went away.

'Come sit you down by me my girl,  
Come sit you down on the green,  
It has been three quarters of a long year, or  
more,  
Since together we have been.'

'I can't sit down, nor I wont sit down,  
For I've not one moment of time;  
And more than that you've another true love,  
And your heart is none of mine.

'Don't you remember, kind sir,' said she,  
'As your arm lay around my waist,  
You'd have made me believe by the false oath you  
swore,  
That the sun did arise in the west.

'That the sun did arise in the west, my dear,  
And then return'd to the east,  
And when I came to my senses again  
I found it was nought but a jest.

'I never will believe what a young man says  
Let him be black, white or brown,  
Except when he sits on a high gallows top,  
And says he would fain come down.



'And says he would fain come down, my dear,  
That he would not like to be hung,  
Young men's words are hard to believe,  
For they vow to many a one.

'I never will believe young men more  
For they will flatter and lie,  
And when they have gain'd your affection, then  
Adieu to my girl and good by.'

I'VE GAZED UPON THY SUNNY SMILE.

TUNE,—*'Love's young dream.'*

I'VE gaz'd upon thy sunny smile,  
In silent joy;  
I've mark'd the rose tint on thy cheek  
Thy beauteous eye.  
I've seen thy beauty ripen more,  
And stronger glow;  
I saw thee in thy youthful prime—  
I see thee now!

I've view'd the early rose, at morn,  
Whose fragrant sigh  
Breath'd sweetness to the summer air,  
And flow'rets nigh:  
I look'd at eve—alas! the storm  
Had spoil'd the gem;  
Its leaves were scatter'd—none remain'd  
Upon the stem.

I've wept to think that age will dim  
Thy beaming eye;  
That care may wash from off thy cheek  
The sweetest dye.  
To mark the change would break my heart,  
If swiftly wrought;  
But care and sorrow slowly steal  
And damp each thought.

## BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

OUR cot was shelter'd by a wood,  
 And near a lake's green margin stood;  
 A mountain bleak behind us frown'd,  
 Whose top the snow in summer crown'd.  
 But pastures rich and warm to boot,  
 Lay smiling at the mountain's foot;  
 There first we frolick'd hand in hand,  
 Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know  
 The meaning of a tale of wo,  
 'Twas then by mother we were told  
 That father in his grave lay cold;  
 That livelihoods were hard to get,  
 And we too young to labor yet;  
 And tears within her eyes did stand,  
 For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother, as we grew,  
 We work'd as much as boys could do;  
 Our daily gains to her we bore:—  
 But ah! she'll ne'er receive them more.  
 For long we watch'd beside her bed,  
 Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead:  
 And now we wander hand in hand;  
 Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

~~~~~

 THE FARMER'S BOY.

INDEED my simple tale is true,  
 A farm my father had,  
 And labor'd hard to make it do,  
 For it was small and bad;  
 And labor too was mother's joy,  
 Nor idle I, the farmer's boy.

My father died,—affairs went wrong,  
 And mother lost the farm;  
 Nor did she live to grieve it long,  
 Or shelter me from harm;  
 And now distress'd without employ,  
 An orphan see the farmer's boy!

O, I can drive the team at plough,  
 From corn the birds can keep;  
 To help at harvesting know how,  
 And how to tend the sheep:  
 In charity, then, give employ,  
 And save from want, the farmer's boy.

---

### THE MILLER.

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,  
 With a mill and some meadows,—a freehold estate;  
 A well meaning miller, by labor supplies,  
 Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies;  
 No passions to plague him, no cares to torment;  
 His constant companions are health and content;  
 Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,  
 He's honest though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,  
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;  
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,  
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair.  
 While courtiers are toiled in the cobwebs of state,  
 Or bribing elections in hopes to be great;  
 No fraud or ambition his bosom does fill,  
 Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his homespun array,  
 At church he's the loudest to chant or to pray:  
 He sits to a dinner of plain English food,  
 Though simple the pudding, his appetite's good;

At night when the priest and exciseman are gone,  
 He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;  
 Then reels to his pillow and dreams of no ill;  
 No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

~~~~~  
 'THE INSOLVENT DEBTOR.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life,  
 Friends and traffic fulfilled each desire;  
 As true and as good as she's fair was my wife,  
 And my babes lisped the joy of their sire.  
 And my babes &c.

But misfortune, dire spectre! my hopes did depress,  
 And villiany injured my fame;  
 My credit, once great, every moment grew less,  
 And friendship I found but a name.  
 And friendship, &c.

The hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,  
 His soul was ne'er formed to relieve;  
 He plunged me alas! in a prison's recess,  
 Depriv'd of all sense but to grieve.  
 Depriv'd of &c.

No friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,  
 My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear:  
 My children—but why of their woes should I speak?—  
 It drives me, alas! to despair.  
 It drives me, &c.

Sharp misery stings, famine hovers around,  
 The life springs of comfort are dry:  
 No relief for so wo-worn a wretch can be found,  
 But to hide his despair and—to die!  
 But to hide, &c.

## THE WANDERING MAID.

COME hither poor maiden and yield not to woe,  
 My cottage shall shelter thy form from the snow,  
 The little thatch'd cottage which yonder you see  
 Is mine, and poor maiden, it shall shelter thee;  
 Then, hasten, poor maiden, and yield not to woe,  
 My cottage shall shelter thy form from the snow.

Though the winds sharply freeze, they've not frozen  
 my heart;

I am poor, but thou shalt of my bread share a part;  
 My children to thee shall be tender and kind;  
 I've taught them compassion, poor maiden, thou'lt find.  
 Then, hasten, poor maiden, &c.

My dame, worthy creature, will welcome her guest,  
 For tender compassion resides in her breast,  
 Down her cheeks often flow sensibility's tears  
 When the tale of the orphan or wand'rer she hears.

Then, hasten, poor maiden, &c.

Though fortune her comforts around me has shed,  
 And the clouds of misfortune have burst o'er thy head,  
 We're one by creation, and thou, too, shall share  
 My cottage, my comforts, and my humble fare.

Then hasten, poor maiden, &c.

---

 THE WORLD'S DECEIT.

'Tis said the joys which childhood knows, no future  
 age can bring,

For every path is strewed with flow'rs, when life is in  
 its spring:

And fondly men regret the days, they ne'er again shall  
 see—

But I can scarce regret their loss, they never bloom'd  
 for me!

When youth the flattering spell receives, of love from  
woman's heart,

He cannot, will not, think how soon, those rainbow  
dreams depart.

It is indeed, a fairer show, that steals away the mind—  
But oh! to lift the veil and see, the hollowness behind!

Around the sons of wealth and pow'r, some glittering  
phantoms play:

Are these the friends to soothe in age—to cherish in de-  
cay?

No! when the star of fortune sets, their faithless hearts  
recoil,

They leave the wretch alone to weep, or revel in his  
spoil!

Thus man must still repose upon, some visionary stay,  
Entwine his spirit round a shade,—and feel it shrink  
away:

But when from ev'ry earthly joy, the fainting soul is  
riven,

In mercy spare the thread, on which he hangs his hopes  
of heaven.

~~~~~

### HAPPY SWISS BOY.

COME over the mountains, my bonny Swiss boy,  
And haste to thy labor away.

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

The sun now shows his rosy beams,  
The flocks are hasting to the streams,

Come over, &c.

And haste, &c.

You will find me, you'll find me a happy Swiss boy,  
As I trip o'er the hills, far away,

You will find, &c.

As I trip, &c.

And while I watch my flocks and herds,  
 And listen to the warbling birds,  
 You will find, &c.  
 As I trip, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE MERMAID'S SONG.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,  
 And hie thee under the wave;  
 For I have a bed of coral for thee,  
 And quiet and sound shall thy slumber be  
 In a cell in the mermaid's cave!

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep,  
 And nothing disturb thee there,  
 The fishes their silent vigils shall keep;  
 There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep,  
 But the silk of the mermaid's hair.

And she, who is waiting with cheeks so pale,  
 As the tempest and ocean roar,  
 And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,  
 Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail  
 Come whitening up to the shore.

She has not long to linger for thee!  
 Her sorrows will soon be o'er;  
 For the chord shall be broken, the prisoner free;  
 Her eye shall close, and her dreams will be  
 So sweet she will wake no more!

~~~~~  
 A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine;  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mein,  
 A feather of the blue,





To bathe the burning brow of care,  
 To cheer the light of morrow?  
 But bachelors alter nature's laws,  
 Her dearest ties they sever;  
 No children lisp around his knee,  
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

They speak of the joys the bachelor knows,  
 When wine is flowing round them;  
 But mark him when the morning dawns,  
 What dismal thoughts confound him.  
 A pair of tongs without a leg,  
 The snuffers without either!  
 Are not more useless in their way,  
 I'll be a bachelor—never.

~~~~~

### MEDORA'S SONG.

DEEP in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
 Lonely and lost to light forevermore,  
 Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
 Then trembles into silence as before.  
 There in its centre—a sepulchral lamp—  
 Burns the slow flame eternal—but unseen;  
 Which not the darkness of despair can damp,  
 Tough vain its ray as it had never been.

Remember me—oh! pass not thou my grave  
 Without one thought whose relics there recline:  
 The only pang my bosom dare not brave,  
 Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.  
 My fondest—faintest—latest—accents hear:  
 Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove;  
 Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,  
 The first—last—sole reward of so much love!

## O! SOFTLY SLEEP MY BABY BOY.

O! softly sleep, my baby boy,  
 Rock'd by the mountain wind;  
 Thou dream'st not of a lover false,  
 Nor of a world unkind.

O! sweetly sleep my baby boy,  
 Thy mother guards thy rest;  
 Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,  
 Shall soothe her aching breast.

Wake, wake, and smile my baby boy,  
 My heavy heart to cheer:  
 The wintry blast howls on the hill,  
 The leaf grows red and sear.

Oh! tell me, tell me, baby boy,  
 How shall I bear thy cry,  
 When hunger gnaws thy little heart,  
 And death lights on thine eye?

Oh! was it meet, my baby boy,  
 That thou such weird should dree?  
 Sweet Heaven forgive thy father false,  
 His wrongs to thee and me.

~~~~~  
SONG OVER A CHILD.

DREAM, baby, dream!  
 The stars are glowing,  
 Hear'st thou the stream?  
 'Tis softly flowing.  
 All gently glide the hours:  
 Above, no tempest low'rs:  
 Below are fragrant flowers  
 In silence growing.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
 'Till dawn to-morrow!

Why shouldst thou weep,  
 Who knowest not sorrow ?  
 Too soon come pains and fears:  
 Too soon a cause for tears:  
 So, from thy future years  
 No sadness borrow!

Dream, baby, dream!  
 Thine eyelids quiver,  
 Knowst thou the theme  
 Of yon soft river ?  
 It saith, 'Be calm, Be sure,  
 Unfailing, gentle, pure;  
 So shall thy life endure,  
 Like mine, forever !'

~~~~~

### AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

AWAY with melancholy,  
 Nor doleful changes ring,  
 On life and human folly,  
 But merrily, merrily sing—  
 Fal la.

Come, on ye rosy hours,  
 Gay smiling moments bring;  
 We'll strew the way with flowers,  
 And merrily, merrily sing—  
 Fal la.

Then what's the use of sighing,  
 While time is on the wing;  
 Can we prevent his flying?  
 Then merrily, merrily sing—  
 Fal la.

If griefs, like April showers,  
 A moment's sadness bring,

Joys soon succeed like flowers,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—  
 Fal la.

The rose its bloom refuses,  
 If pluck'd not in the spring,  
 Life soon its fragrance loses,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—  
 Fal la.

Fly, fly all dull emotion,  
 All care away we fling;  
 Pure joy is our devotion,  
 Then cheerily, cheerily sing—  
 Fal la.

~~~~~

### THE SWITZER'S SONG OF HOME.

WHY, Oh! why my heart this sadness?  
 Why, 'mid scenes like these decline?  
 Where all, though strange, is joy and gladness,  
 Say, what wish can yet be thine?  
 Oh! say what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,  
 Lone and cheerless here I roam;  
 The stranger's joys, howe'er enchanting,  
 To me can never be like Home,  
 To me can never be like Home.

Give me those! I ask no other,  
 Those that bless the humble dome;  
 Where dwell my Father and my Mother,  
 Give, Oh! give me back my Home,—  
 My own, my own dear native Home.

~~~~~

### THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
 I am where I would ever be;  
 With the blue above, and the blue below,  
 And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
 What matter? *I shall ride and sleep.*

I love, oh! *how* I love to ride  
 On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the Sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
 But I lov'd the great sea more and more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;  
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born;  
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild  
 As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;  
 And Death, whenever he come to me,  
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

## COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

COME ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
 Come at the shrine of God fervently kneel,  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,  
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the comforter, in God's name, saying,  
 'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.'

Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,  
 What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,  
 Sweet as that glorious promise hope sings us—  
 'Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'



## TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

COME to the sunset tree!  
 The day is past and gone;  
 The woodman's axe lies free,  
 The reaper's work is done.  
 The twilight star to heaven,  
 And the summer dew to flowers,  
 And rest to us is given  
 In the cool refreshing bowers.  
 Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,  
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh;  
 The gleaming of the west;  
 And the turf whereon we lie.  
 When the burden of the heat  
 Of labor's task is o'er  
 And kindly voices greet,  
 The tired one at his door.  
 Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound  
 That dwells in whispering boughs;  
 Welcome the freshness round,  
 And the gale that fans our brows.  
 Then, though the wind an altered tone  
 Through the young foliage bear,  
 Though every flower of something gone,  
 A tinge may wear;  
 Come to the sunset tree, &c.

~~~~~

VENETIAN BOAT SONG.

THE day beam is over the sea;  
 Oh haste every bark, to the shore;  
 No joy in the morning can be,  
 With moonlight our pleasure is o'er:  
 Perhaps it is sweet on the hills  
 To watch how the daylight appears,  
 To see it all bright in the rills,  
 And shining through night's dewy tears.

But oh! in the wild hour of night,  
 When loud winds are hushed to a breeze,  
 With music and moon-beams so bright,  
 'Tis heaven to glide o'er the seas.

How sweet 'tis to watch the bright glow,  
 And taste the wild freshness of heaven;  
 How sweet 'tis to gaze on below  
 The likeness the blue wave has given.

To breathe the soft night air perfum'd  
 With the sighs of the groves on the shore  
 To see how the moon has illum'd  
 The droppings that fall from the oar.  
 Such pleasures the morn never gave,  
 Then haste every gondolet, on,  
 Oh, who would remain on the wave  
 When moonlight and music are gone.

## THE MULETEER.

SOON as the sun his early ray  
 Across the misty mountain flings;  
 The Muleteer now takes his way,  
 And merrily thus he sweetly sings:  
 Oh haste, my mules, we must not creep,  
 Nor saunter on so slow;  
 Our journey's long, the mountain steep,  
 We've many a league to go.

At fall of eve, his labor o'er,  
 He homeward hastes and sings with glee;  
 My mules, speed to my cottage door,  
 For there my Lilla waits for me.  
 Speed on, my mules, the sun sets fast,  
 The shades of night I see;  
 There's many a league yet to be pass'd,  
 And Lilla waits for me.

~~~~~

 THE MULETEER'S RETURN.

'Tis night—where strays my muleteer?  
 Ah !, why does he from Lilla roam ?  
 For well he knows my heart is drear,  
 When he is from his mountain home;  
 But soft, what music greets mine ear?  
 What strain comes o'er the dell ?  
 Oh! joy to me, the night-winds bear  
 The sound of distant bell.

Oh! speed ye, mules, the queen of night  
 Hath kiss'd the sparkling mountain rills,  
 And spread her fairest robes of light,  
 To guide ye o'er the dreary hills.  
 They come! they come! their tramp I hear,  
 Their weary forms I see,  
 And soon they'll bear my muleteer  
 In joy again to me.



## THE FORCE OF NATURE.

'Twas on a cliff whose rocky base  
Baffled the briny wave:  
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store,  
To many tenants gave.

A mother led by rustic cares,  
Had wander'd with her child;  
Unwean'd, the babe, yet on the grass  
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd  
To mark her infant boy!  
How oft would pause amid her toil,  
To contemplate her joy!

Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,  
Her thoughts the child forsook;  
Careless he wanton'd o'er the plain,  
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropp'd was each flower that caught his eye,  
Till scrambling o'er the green,  
He gain'd the cliff's unshelter'd edge,  
And pleas'd survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother from her toil,  
Turn'd to behold her child:—  
The infant gone!—her cheek was flush'd,  
Her wand'ring eye was wild—

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink  
Now careless peeping o'er;  
He turn'd and to his mother smil'd,  
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly;  
'Twas vain the brink to brave!—  
O, Nature, it was thine alone  
To prompt the means to save!

She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,  
 And left her bosom bare:  
 He saw—delighted, left the brink,  
 And sought to banquet there.



### WHERE AS DEWY TWILIGHT LINGERS.

WHERE as dewy twilight lingers,  
 O'er the balmy air, love,  
 Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers;  
 Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Where as dewy, &c.

While the rapid swallows flying,  
 And each distant murmur dying,  
 Leaves alone around us sighing;  
 Wilt thou meet me there love?

Where as dewy, &c.

Where soft gales from beds of flowers  
 Fragrant incense bear, love,  
 Sweet as eastern maiden's bowers;  
 Wilt thou meet me there, love?

While the bird of love is singing,  
 Liquid notes around us flinging,  
 Rapture to the full heart bringing;  
 Wilt thou meet me there, love?

Where as dewy, &c.



### ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak, that o'ershadows yon mill,  
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;  
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,  
 Or a rook built his nest on the pine—

Could I trace back the time, of a far distant date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;  
 And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,  
 Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
Which, unsullied, descended to me;  
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame,  
And it still from a spot shall go free.

~~~~~

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in ev'ry raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure—how dear the dwelling place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

~~~~~

### IT IS NOT THE TEAR.

IT is not the tear at this moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him;  
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,  
Or how deep in our heart we deplore him;  
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,  
Through a life by his loss all shaded,  
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,  
When all other griefs are faded.

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,  
 While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them;  
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
 And as buried saints the grave perfume,  
 Where fadeless they've long been lying;  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom,  
 From the image he left there in dying.

~~~~~

### AH! WHY DID I GATHER.

AH! why did I gather this delicate flower,  
 Why pluck the young bud from the tree?  
 'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,  
 And how soon will it perish with me?  
 Already its beautiful texture decays,  
 Already it fades on my sight;  
 'Tis thus that chill rancor too often o'erpowers  
 The moments of transient delight.

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,  
 Its blossoms we gather in haste;  
 How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear,  
 O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste:  
 This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,  
 Might still have delighted my eyes;  
 But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,  
 It languishes, withers, and dies.

~~~~~

### AWAKE THE HARP'S SLUMBER.

AWAKE the harp's slumber to pleasure's soft lay,  
 The taper shall dart its beams through the hall;  
 From the tempest of war, and the battles loud bray,  
 We'll dearly obey mirth's heart-thrilling call.  
 Ah! change the light strain, bid the sorrow arise,  
 To the ghost of each warrior, as pensive it flies;

To triumph or death,  
 They strode o'er the heath,  
 And sweet is the sleep that encircles their eyes.  
 On the breast of the brave melting beauty shall cling,  
 And nobly for him the goblet be crown'd;  
 The feast shall be spread, and the harp's throbbing  
 string  
 Shall stream to his praise its magic around,  
 O! blest is the effort and light is the toil,  
 When we raise the bright spear for our dear native  
 soil.  
 To triumph or death,  
 We strode o'er the heath,  
 To fight for our country or die with a smile.

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### CHEROKEE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
 But Glory remains when the light fades away.  
 Begin ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,  
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
 Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?  
 No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.  
 Now the flame rises fast; ye exult in my pain:  
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone:  
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
 Death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain;  
 And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain!

## DEATH OF MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:  
It never through my mind had pass'd,  
That time would e'er be o'er,—  
When I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain;  
But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel as well I may,  
Sweet Mary—thou art dead!

Could I but keep thee as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been.  
Whilst even thy chill bleak corpse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;—  
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,  
And I am now alone.

I do not think, whate'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
By thinking still on thee.  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light, ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore.

## NATIVE LAND.

THEY bore him from his barren shore,  
The country of his birth;  
From leafless wastes and icefields hoar,  
And all most lov'd on earth,  
They ask'd him but to leave his tribe,  
And then he should command  
Riches and wealth—and for that bribe  
He left his native land.

They showed him sunny islands spread  
Beneath unclouded skies,  
Where orange groves hung overhead,  
And glance the bright fire-flies:  
They carried him to beauteous bowers,  
By fragrant breezes fann'd:  
What car'd he for their trees and flowers?  
'Twas not his native land!

On through the waters flew the bark,  
And Albion's white cliffs rose;  
He would have been more glad to mark  
The glare of his own snows.  
And many a blithe and joyous sound  
Came from the crowded strand;  
But coldly glanc'd his eye around,—  
'Twas not his native land!

Strangers were kind to him, and tried,  
Vainly, to make him blest;  
But all their efforts he defied—  
His bosom knew no rest.  
He saw a mother fondly kiss  
The infant in her hand,  
And anguish wrung his heart, for his  
Was in his native land.

There is an innate feeling clings,  
 Around our human clay;  
 A fondness for familiar things,  
 That will not wear away:  
 But oft consumes the heart it keeps  
 Turned in its deathless band;  
 Even so was his, and now he sleeps  
 Far from his native land.

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### THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!  
 And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tower,  
 And a Christian host, in its pride and power,  
 Through the pass beneath him wound,  
 'Cease awhile, clarion! clarion, wild and shrill,  
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice! be still!

'I knew 'twas a note!  
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,  
 And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,  
 And their plumes to the glad wind float.  
 'I am here with my heavy chain!  
 And I look on a torrent sweeping by,  
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,  
 And a host to its battle plain.

'Must I pine in my fetters here?  
 With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight.  
 And the tall spear's glancing on my sight,  
 And the trumpet in mine ear?  
 Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,  
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice! be still! be  
 still!

'They are gone! they have all passed by!  
 They in whose wars I had borne my part—  
 They that I lov'd with a brother's heart,



They have left me here to die!  
Sound again clarion! clarion pour thy blast!  
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past.'

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FAR, FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

FAR, far o'er hill and dell  
On the winds stealing,  
List to the convent bell,  
Mournfully pealing;  
Hark! hark! it seems to say,  
'As melt these sounds away,  
So life's best joys decay,  
Whilst new their feeling.'  
Far, far, &c.

Now through the charmed air  
Slowly ascending,  
List to the chaunted prayer,  
Solemnly blending;  
Hark! hark! it seems to say,  
'Turn from such joys away,  
To those which ne'er decay,  
Though life is ending.'  
Far, far, &c.

O'er the fallen warrior's tomb,  
Holy monks are bending;  
From the solemn cloister's gloom  
Hear the dirge ascending;  
Hark! hark! it seems to say,  
'How vain is glory's way,  
Life's joys and empire's sway,  
In the dark grave ending.'  
Far, far, &c.

So when our mortal ties,  
Death shall dissever,

Lord, may we reach the skies,  
 Where care comes never;  
 And in eternal day,  
 Joining the angel's lay,  
 To our creator pay  
 Homage forever.

Alleluia, Amen.

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SWEETLY ON THE WINGS OF MORNING.

SWEETLY on the wings of morning,  
 Floating down the valley,  
 Comes the kine's melodious warning,  
 On the hills to rally:  
 Peace in ev'ry note is breathing,  
 On them echo loves to dwell.  
 Echo loves to dwell.  
 Silv'ry mists the lake enwreathing  
 Rise like spirits at the spell!  
 But ere long, the Peasant's song  
 To sterner music changing,  
 Banner'd ranks the vale shall throng  
 Revenge the rocks be ranging.  
 Squadrons galloping,  
 Flames enveloping,  
 Crag with carnage reeking;  
 Trumpets sounding,  
 Shots rebounding,  
 Death for victims shrieking!  
 Till the shout of victory clearing  
 Battle's crimson clouds away,  
 Peace with Freedom reappearing,  
 Here resume their ancient sway.  
 Then again the breeze of morning,  
 Floating down the valley,  
 Shall bear the kine's melodious warning  
 On the hills to rally.

## EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN AT SEA.

AVE sanctissima,  
 We lift our souls to thee,  
 Ora pro nobis,  
 Tis night-fall on the sea.

Watch us while shadows lie,  
 Far o'er the water spread,  
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh—  
 Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast look'd on death,  
 Aid us when death is near.  
 Whisper of heaven to faith,  
 Sweet mother, sweet mother hear.

Ora pro nobis,  
 The wave must rock our sleep,  
 Ora mater ora,  
 Star of the deep.

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!  
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)  
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,  
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as thee sea-flower close to the growing  
 How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,  
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,  
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
 With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still when the merry date season is burning,  
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,  
 The happiest there from their pastime returning,  
 At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses  
 Her dark flowing hair, for some festival day,  
 Will think of thy fate, till neglecting her tresses,  
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her hero! forget thee,  
 Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start;  
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
 Enbalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;  
 Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,  
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
 That ever the sorrowing sea bird has wept;  
 With many a shell in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,  
 We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling;  
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are spark-  
 ling,  
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain  
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
 They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that moun-  
 tain;  
 They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.







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