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No. 3.

4264

**THE TWO
WIZARDS,
AND
Other Songs.**



BY

RICHARD HONEYWOOD.

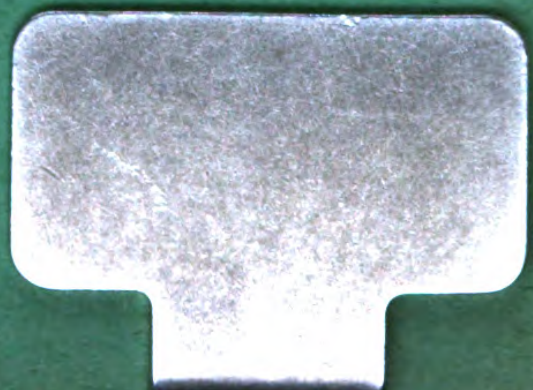
PRICE SIXPENCE.

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Bought from the Tail Case Book Shop.



THE
TWO WIZARDS

AND

Other Songs.

BY

RICHARD HONEYWOOD.

Could I but throw a Rose into the Bowl—



PRINTED BY A. T. STEVENS, OF 55 ST. MARTIN'S LANE, IN THE
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GARDENS, LONDON. S.W., WHERE
COPIES MAY BE HAD.



1913.



THE TWO WIZARDS.





THE TWO WIZARDS.

SEE two wizards down the lane,
Their pace is grave and slow,
They nod their heads and nod again
And hum this as they go—
Fa la la la la, Fa la la la





NO words are in their argument—

The nettles by the lane

Have all their heads in wonder bent

To hear their wise refrain—

Fa la la la la, Fa la la la





THE wizards have no need of
speech,

For how could words explain
The wizardry that each to each
Go muttering down the lane,

Fa la la la la, Fa la la la ?



MAY EVE.





MAY EVE.

THERE are conies to the wheatfields,
And weazles to the green,
And *Tom* he mends his bellows,
The bravest that were seen ;
And *Dickon* decks the maypole,
And *Susan* wreaths the may,
And *Jack* he scrapes the fiddle
To wellcome in the day.





ALL at the *Royal Elizabeth*,
That is beneath the trees,
The casks are broached in readiness
The countryside to please—
And *Roger's* in his morris garb,
And mummers to the play ;
The *Turkish Knight* well sits his
barb
To wellcome in the day.



AN OLD SONG.





AN OLD SONG.

(To the Tune of "Ruddy Harry.")

MY *Peggy* went a-milking,
All on a summer's morn—
A shall of pretty silkling
Her shoulders did adorn.
And O! I loved my *Peggy*
Upon that summer's morn.





I SAW her shame the bramble-
rose,

And put a cloud to flight ;

A bee around her shoulders

An hungered for delight.

And O ! I loved my *Peggy*

Upon that summer's night.



AT THE SIGN OF FLYING FAME.



Reduction of Broadside No. 5.

List of apbooks, and
of application.

