



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.



NEW STANDARD  
DAILY COURIER

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, AND SONS.



600077484-







600077484-







600077484-







8

THE NEW  
STANDARD SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY  
J. E. CARPENTER.



"Your critic-folk may cock their nose,  
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,  
You who know hardly verse from prose,  
                                To make a song?'  
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,  
                                Ye may be wrong."

. BURNS.

LONDON:  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.  
NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

1866.

280. m. 170.

**LONDON :**  
**SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,**  
**COVENT GARDEN.**

## P R E F A C E.

---

By the issue of "The New Standard Song Book," the Editor meets his readers with the *eighth* volume of the Series popularly known as "Routledge's Song Books." A separate title has been adopted for each volume, for trade purposes, but no song has been repeated ; so that while each collection is complete in itself, the entire work is essentially so, inasmuch as it presents the most extensive collection of Lyrics hitherto included in one Series, and which, when complete, it is hoped will be found equally as acceptable to the student as it is acknowledged to have been hitherto to the vocalist.

The Editor has not, while professing to give "the best songs in our language, and none beside the best," encumbered this work with lengthy odes and minor

poems never intended to be sung, but has included only such as have been set to music or adapted to familiar melodies—the songs, in fact, of the people. Time alone will tell how many or how few of the more modern songs in the volume will be found worthy of the “standard” ones with which they are incorporated.

J. E. CARPENTER.

NOTTING-HILL,  
*June, 1866.*

## CONTENTS.

---

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
A DOUBT resolved .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	196
After the Battle .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	230
A Famous Man was Robin Hood .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	35
A Legend of the Rhine .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	28
Aloft .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	224
A North-country Lass .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	96
Anna's Urn .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	153
And have I lost thee .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	173
As a Beam on the Face of the Waters ...	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	56
A Sailor's Philosophy.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	87
A Seaman's Ditty .....	.....	152
As I walked forth one Summer's Day.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	187
As Fortune's Billows heave .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	239
A Spell is hanging o'er me .....	<i>Ransford &amp; Son</i>	230
BARBARA ALLEN.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	205
Begone dull Care.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	188
Be kind to each other.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	245
Ben Backstay .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	265
Boat Song.....	.....	221
Boatman's Song .....	.....	216
Boxing the Compass .....	.....	265
Bright Things can never die.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	172
Brightly hast thou fled .....	<i>Willis</i> .....	29
Buxom Nan .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	83
CHILD of the Sun.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	50
Cherry-cheek Patty.....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	179
Christmas Time .....	.....	242
Come, smile again .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	114
Constancy rewarded .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	210
Come, rest in this Bosom .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	240
Cried Echo, far away .....	.....	65
Crippled Jack .....	.....	257
Cupid's Golden Arrow .....	<i>Lewis &amp; Co.</i> .....	185

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
DAYBREAK .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	7
Dearest, then I'll love thee more .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	106
Dear Native Isle .....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co.</i> ...	108
Dear Nancy, adieu .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	257
Don't let the Roses listen .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	78
Down by the Avon's flowing Stream .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	42
Dream, Baby, dream .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	45
Drink to her.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	24
Dulce Domum .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	94
Duncan and Victory .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	243
EACH Bower has Beauty for me .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	115
Esmeralda.....	<i>Hammond</i> .....	62
Eveleen's Bower .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	202
FAIR Gertrude at her Lattice sighed .....	<i>J. H. Jewell</i> .....	18
Farewell, my Fatherland .....	<i>Jefferys</i> .....	86
Fair Hebe .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	161
False to me .....	<i>B. Williams</i> .....	166
Five Months ago the Stream did flow ...	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> .....	26
Fill high to him that's far away .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> .....	7
Fill the Bumper fair .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	237
Fly from the World, O Bessy .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	136
Foresters, sound the cheerful Horn .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	61
Follow, follow over Mountain .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	181
For England and the Queen.....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co.</i> ...	211
Foretop Morality.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	193
For her Sailor braves the Deep .....	.....	263
GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	72
Give me the sweet Delights .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	63
Give me a Face .....	.....	139
Good Morning .....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co.</i> ...	254
Good Night .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	85
Go, gentle Breeze .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	57
Grist to the Mill .....	<i>Ollivier &amp; Co.</i> ...	90
HARK to my Lute .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	36
Hark! the Goddess Diana .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	120
Happiness and Home.....	.....	245
Haste thee, Nymph .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	61
Has anybody here seen Hugo? .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ....	183
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	198
Here's a Health to thee, Tom Moore .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	231
Hope deferred .....	<i>G. Case</i> .....	118
Hope for the Best .....	<i>Ransford &amp; Son</i>	57
Home and Friends around us .....	<i>Purday</i> .....	249
How happy could I be with either .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	212
How little do the Landsmen know.....	.....	238
How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes .....	.....	258

CONTENTS.

vii

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
How pleasant is the Farmer's Life.....		246
How sweet the Hour .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	52
How sweet 'tis to return .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	148
How sweet in the Woodlands .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	191
How to be Happy .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	32
<b>I AM</b> in truth a Country Youth .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	17
I am Weary .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	121
I am not what I seem.....	<i>B. Williams</i> .....	138
I cannot Sing the Old Songs .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	149
I dream of all Things Free .....	<i>Willis</i> .....	1
I dream of thee .....	<i>J. Williams</i> .....	93
I dreamt I was at Home .....	<i>Hopwood &amp; Crewe</i>	98
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	192
If 'tis Love to wish you near .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	189
I have left my quiet Home .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	137
I know thou dost love me .....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co.</i> ...	156
Ill Omens .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	189
I'll follow thee .....	<i>J. Williams</i> .....	234
I love you .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	23
I mourn thee, but I love no more .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	44
I never loved but thee .....	<i>Campbell &amp; Co.</i> ...	17
In Days of Old .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	15
In that happy, happy Time .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	60
I only ask a Home with thee .....	<i>W. Williams</i> .....	14
I see again my happy Home.....	<i>J. Williams</i> .....	162
Is there Truth in Fairy Spells? .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	84
It is the happy Summer-time .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	69
I think of thee .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	184
It was to be .....	<i>G. Case</i> .....	104
It was a Maid of my Countrie .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	146
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed ...	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	196
I've watched for thee .....	<i>J. H. Jewell</i> .....	56
I wander by my dear one's Door .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	4
I would we had not met again.....	<i>Willis</i> .....	64
I will kiss thee into rest .....		123
<b>JACK'S</b> Gratitude.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	260
Jack Ratlin .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	21
Joe of the Bell .....	<i>Wybrow &amp; Co.</i> ...	233
Joan to the May-pole.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co</i> .....	46
<b>LET</b> my care be no man's sorrow .....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co.</i> ...	52
Listen.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	203
Life's Rosy Hours .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> .....	223
Light as Thistle-down .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	46
Lovely Night .....		202
Love's Ritornella .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	206
Love lurks in a laughing Eye .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	67
Love smiles but to deceive .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	54
Love thee, dearest, love thee .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	24 <sup>r</sup>



TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
Love sounds the Alarm .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	38
Love wakes and weeps .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i>	20
<b>MARION'S</b> Song .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i>	124
<b>Maraqita</b> .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i>	128
<b>Marked</b> you her Eye .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	89
<b>Mayst</b> thou be happy .....	<i>Smith</i>	173
<b>Merrily</b> over the Ocean .....	<i>B. Williams</i>	144
<b>Moorings</b> .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	262
<b>Music</b> for Macbeth .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	249
<b>My</b> Bonny Lass she smileth .....	<i>Ditto</i>	12
<b>My</b> Heart is Overweary .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i>	90
<b>My</b> loved Home I shall ne'er see more ...	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i>	11
<b>My</b> Mother's sweet good night .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	66
<b>My</b> Name is Fond Desire .....		198
<b>My</b> Old Mate Jack .....		207
<b>My</b> Sister Dear.....	<i>Willis</i>	114
<b>NOREEN</b> .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i>	62
Now is the Month of maying .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	78
<b>Oh!</b> dear, what can the Matter be.....	<i>Ditto</i>	47
<b>Oh!</b> for a Husband.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i>	168
<b>Oh!</b> had we some bright little Isle .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i>	215
<b>Oh!</b> let me only breathe the Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	195
<b>Oh!</b> steer my Bark to Erin's Isle .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	145
<b>Oh!</b> sweet Simplicity.....	<i>Ditto</i>	53
<b>Oh!</b> Sailor Boy, Peace to thy Soul.....		88
<b>Oh!</b> the Plum-Pudding of England .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	40
<b>Oh!</b> 'tis sweet to think .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i>	115
<b>Oh!</b> tell me how to woo .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i>	157
<b>Oh!</b> think not my Spirits .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i>	177
<b>Oh!</b> you that have the charge of Love ...	<i>Ditto</i>	41
<b>Oh!</b> would I were a Bird .....	<i>Hopwood &amp; Crewe</i>	13
<b>Oh!</b> when the Tide was out.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	217
<b>Old</b> England's Volunteers .....		92
<b>Old</b> Friendship's Smile.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i>	103
<b>On,</b> Boys, on.....	<i>J. H. Jewell</i>	22
<b>Once</b> upon my Cheek .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	133
<b>On</b> Board our trim Vessel .....		264
<b>On</b> Music .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i>	147
<b>On</b> the Seas and far away .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i>	155
<b>O</b> peaceful Lake .....	<i>Ditto</i>	39
<b>O,</b> ruddier than the Cherry .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	236
<b>O</b> thou Breeze of Spring .....	<i>Willis</i>	48
<b>Our</b> Flag .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i>	143
<b>Our</b> bonny English Rose .....	<i>S. Brewer</i>	227
<b>Our</b> Sailors and our Ships.....		218
<b>Over</b> the bounding Waters .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i>	145
<b>O</b> ye Voices .....	<i>Willis</i>	10

CONTENTS.

ix

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
<b>PETER</b> White .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	36
Pretty Things young Lovers say.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co....</i>	100
Pray for those at Sea .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	134
<b>QUEEN</b> of the Starry Night .....	<i>Blockley.....</i>	134
<b>RIVALRY</b> in Love .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	205
Robin Hood and the Abbott.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co....</i>	19
Roland the Brave .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co....</i>	116
Rose of Hazeldean .....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co....</i>	23
Rose, thou art the sweetest Flower .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co....</i>	160
Rome .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	200
Row, gallant Comrades, row .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co. ...</i>	171
<b>SAFELY</b> follow him.....	<i>B. Williams.....</i>	225
Scenes that are brightest .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co. ...</i>	222
She never told her Love .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	116
She is far from the Land .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co....</i>	105
She came to us in Summer-time .....	<i>J. Williams .....</i>	197
Sister, since I met thee last .....	<i>Willis.....</i>	53
Silent River .....	.....	133
Slumber, dearest, sweetly slumber .....	<i>J. H. Jewell .....</i>	222
Song of the Bell.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co. ...</i>	50
Sorrowful Trees .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co....</i>	169
St. Senatus and the Lady .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co. ...</i>	9
Sweet Nancy Page and I .....	<i>Campbell .....</i>	101
Sweet Woman's pitying Tear.....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co. ...</i>	55
Sweet Evening Star .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co....</i>	43
Swifter than the Swallow's Flight .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons ...</i>	26
<b>TAKE</b> back the Virgin Page .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co. ...</i>	174
Tell me no more .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	219
Tell me where is Fancy bred .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	98
The Angel's Voice .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	149
The Angel's Wing .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	175
The Arab .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	109
The Assignation .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	33
The Albion .....	.....	207
The Bud of the Rose .....	.....	127
The British Navy .....	.....	129
The Butterfly was a Gentleman .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	138
The Bear Hunt .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co. ...</i>	80
The Bushranger's Home .....	<i>J. H. Jewell .....</i>	118
The Bells of St. Michael's Tower .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	192
The Bird of Song .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons ...</i>	27
The Blacksmith's Son .....	<i>W. Williams ...</i>	47
The Birthplace of the Bard .....	<i>Jefferys .....</i>	51
The Bird is on the Bough.....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons....</i>	159
The Baltic.....	<i>Jefferys .....</i>	209
The Broken Vow.....	.....	248

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
The Chain I gave was fair to view .....	.....	180
The Carman's Whistle .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	82
The Castled Crag of Drachenfels .....	.....	37
The Cuckoo Song .....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co.</i> ...	253
The Dance upon the Lawn .....	<i>Ransford &amp; Son.</i> ..	3
The Dream of St. Agnes' Eve .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i> ...	8
The Dusty Miller.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	49
The Evening Star .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	163
The Emigrant Mother .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	110
The Exile's Dream .....	<i>W. Williams</i> .....	124
The Enchanted Lake .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	204
The Fairy Bell.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	135
The Fairy's Song.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	81
The Farmer's Son .....	.....	140
The Falling Star .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	122
The Flag of Old England.....	<i>Purday</i> .....	209
The Fisher Boy jollily lives .....	.....	224
The Golden Lucy.....	<i>Blockley</i> .....	141
The Girl I left behind me .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	68
The Grey-eyed Aurora .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> .....	71
The Gipsy's Laughing Song.....	<i>Ransford &amp; Son.</i> ..	137
The Greek Slave .....	<i>J. H. Jewell</i> .....	58
The Haunted Spring .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	176
The Hostess' Daughter .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ....	31
The Hardy Sailor .....	.....	63
The Harvest-Home Song .....	<i>Ransford &amp; Son.</i> ..	161
The Invocation .....	<i>Willis</i> .....	16
The Joy of the Mead Cup .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ....	99
The Lamplighter .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i> ...	59
The Lass of Watertown.....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	64
The Lady of the May.....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i> ..	70
The Listening Mother.....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co.</i> ...	126
The Light from loving Eyes .....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	58
The Liquid Gem.....	<i>R. Cocks &amp; Co.</i> ...	254
The Lyre and Flower.....	<i>Willis</i> .....	21
The May-Dew.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	199
The Maid and her Moorish Knight.....	<i>C. Morton</i> .....	84
The Matin Call.....	<i>Hammond</i> .....	217
The Meeting.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> ....	2
The Mother's Farewell.....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	30
The Minstrel of the Tyrol.....	<i>Sheard &amp; Co.</i> ....	121
The Nautilus.....	.....	220
The Neva Boatman's Song.....	.....	11
The New Year's Bells .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i> ..	6
The Night Storm at Sea.....	.....	214
The Old Sexton.....	<i>Sheard &amp; Co.</i> ....	86
The Old Farm Gate.....	<i>J. H. Jewell</i> .....	29
The Old Pink Thorn.....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons</i> ...	12
The Old Kirk-yard .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i> ..	39
The Only Child.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	119

CONTENTS.

xi

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
The Origin of the Harp.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co...</i>	188
The Path across the Hills.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co...</i>	167
The Pullet.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.....</i>	190
The Power of Music.....	.....	15
The Sailor's Grave.....	.....	235
The Sailor's Lady.....	.....	213
The Sailor's Philosophy.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.....</i>	87
The Sable Knight.....	<i>Purday .....</i>	252
The Ship.....	.....	76
The Slave Trade.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	44
The Stormy Petrel.....	.....	54
The Soldier's Dream of Home.....	<i>J. H. Jewell.....</i>	142
The Sorrows of the Heart.....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co...</i>	80
The Song of Love and Death.....	<i>Boosey &amp; Sons...</i>	4
The Sea-sand Grave.....	<i>J. H. Jewell.....</i>	208
The Signal to engage .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	252
The Silver Swan.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	90
The Splendour falls on Castle Walls .....	<i>Blockley.....</i>	102
The Sweet Little Angel .....	.....	261
The Tight Little Island.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	150
The Tiger Couches.....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	117
The Thrasher .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.....</i>	125
The Triple Spell .....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co.....</i>	37
The Veteran's Son .....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	128
The Wandering Gipsy .....	<i>Ollicier &amp; Co.....</i>	25
The Watery Grave .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.....</i>	267
The Waving Greenwood Tree .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co...</i>	232
The Wolf is out .....	<i>Metzler &amp; Co.....</i>	226
The Wind and the Weathercock .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	34
The Wreath .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	10
The Yeomen of England .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co...</i>	226
Then you'll remember me .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co...</i>	42
There was a Lad was born in Kyle .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co...</i>	73
There's no Deceit in Wine .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	132
They Chide me for repining .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	186
They talk of Dales .....	.....	201
They deem it a Sorrow gone by.....	<i>Purday .....</i>	154
Tho' Fate my Girl.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co...</i>	259
'Tis Time to fly.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.....</i>	182
'Tis pleasant to be young .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.....</i>	73
Tol de rol.....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.....</i>	255
To live with thee, my Love .....	.....	154
True Love.....	<i>Purday .....</i>	110
Turn on Old Time.....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.....</i>	113
'Twas Down in Cupid's Garden.....	<i>Ditto .....</i>	79
Travellers see strange Things .....	.....	181
Up, quit thy Bower .....	.....	216
VARIETY in one .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co...</i>	158
Voice of Music .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co...</i>	236

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
WAITING for the Spring .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	182
We all love a pretty Girl .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	85
Weep on, weep on .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	166
We shall have our Moonlight yet .....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	194
We may roam thro' this World .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	229
We Tars have a Maxim .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> ...	266
When first I met thee.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	163
When gentle Music.....	<i>Duff &amp; Co.</i> .....	178
When forced from dear Hebe to go.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	232
When Evening's Twilight.....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	35
When he who adores thee.....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	103
When I drain the rosy Bowl .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	165
When they told me he was married .....	<i>May</i> .....	185
When Time who steals our Years away	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	112
Where shall we meet? .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	89
When Time was entwining .....	<i>Addison &amp; Co.</i> ...	40
When the Wind is blowing free .....	<i>Pigott</i> .....	75
When Woman plights her Troth .....	<i>C. Morton</i> .....	132
When shall we three meet .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	100
While up the Shrouds .....	.....	268
While Woman like soft Music .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> ...	95
Who gave thee that jolly Red Nose? .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	2
Why throbs this Heart .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	66
Who would not be a Gipsy free?.....	<i>Lewis &amp; Co.</i> .....	105
Who cares? .....	<i>Novello &amp; Co.</i> ...	240
Wit and Beauty .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	130
With Jockey to the Fair .....	<i>Cramer &amp; Co.</i> ...	74
Would you gain the tender Creature.....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	103
Write on the Sand .....	<i>S. Brewer &amp; Co.</i>	77
Written on the Sand .....	<i>J. Williams</i> .....	157
Wont you tell? .....	<i>Chappell &amp; Co.</i> ...	91
<b>XARIFA</b> .....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	107
<b>YE</b> Mariners of Spain.....	<i>Ditto</i> .....	170
Yes, we will meet .....	<i>D'Almaine &amp; Co.</i>	111

THE NEW  
STANDARD SONG BOOK.

---

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by MRS. OWEN.]

I DREAM of all things free !  
Of a gallant, gallant bark,  
That sweeps through storm and sea  
Like an arrow to its mark !  
Of a stag that o'er the hills  
Goes bounding in his glee ;  
Of a thousand flashing rills—  
Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,  
A bright-eyed mountain king !  
In my visions I have heard  
The rushing of his wing.  
I follow some wild river,  
On whose breast no sail may be ;  
Dark woods around it shiver—  
I dream of all things free !

Of a happy forest child,  
With the fawns and flowers at play ;  
Of an Indian midst the wild,  
With the stars to guide his way :  
Of a chief his warriors leading,  
Of an archer's green wood tree ;—  
My heart in chains is bleeding ;—  
And I dream of all things free !

## WHO GAVE THEE THAT JOLLY RED NOSE?

GLEE.

[RAVENSCROFT.]

OF all the brave birds that e'er I did see,  
The owl is the fairest in every degree ;  
For all the day long she sits in a tree,  
And when the night comes, away flies she :  
Te whit, te whoo,  
To whom drink'st thou ?  
Sir Noodle, to you !  
This song is well sung I make you a vow,  
And he is a knave that drinketh not now.  
Nose, nose ;  
And who gave thee that jolly red nose ?  
Cinnamon and ginger,  
Nutmegs and cloves,  
And they gave me my jolly red nose.

---

## THE MEETING.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE busy crew the sails unbending,  
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd.  
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,  
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.  
  
His rigging no one durst attack it,  
Tight fore and aft, above, below,  
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
And trousers like the driv'n snow.  
  
And thus his heart with pleasure stowing,  
He flew like lightning o'er the side ;  
And scarce had been the boat's length rowing  
When lovely Kitty he espied.

A flowing pennant gaily flutter'd,  
 From her hat all made of straw,  
 Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd—  
 "Sure, 'twas my sailor that I saw!"

And now the thronging crew surround her,  
 And now, secure from all alarms,  
 Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder  
 They dart into each other's arms.

---

### THE DANCE UPON THE LAWN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by L. EMANUEL.]

I SING the days, the merry days,  
 To English hearts most dear,  
 When good old English customs ruled  
 And reigned throughout the year ;  
 When merry lads and lasses met  
 When daily toil was o'er,  
 And grey-hair'd fathers watch'd their mirth  
 Beside the cottage door.  
 Oh, there was joy in Britain's isle,  
 And peace from night till morn,  
 When our sturdy peasants' pastime was  
 The dance upon the lawn.

Oh, those were days, were happy days,  
 For England's peasant band,  
 When pipe and tabor's merry sound  
 Was heard throughout the land ;  
 When May-pole, deck'd with ribbons gay,  
 Stood forth in village green,  
 And harmless mirth and jollity  
 Beneath its boughs were seen.  
 To join the happy cotter's throng,  
 No lad nor lass would scorn,  
 And trip a measure gaily in  
 The dance upon the lawn.



But though the days, those merry days,  
 Long since have passed away,  
 There still is plenty in the land,  
 Then wherefore not be gay ?  
 If summer's glorious sunshine will  
 The fruits and flowers restore,  
 I'd know not he who would not be  
 As happy as of yore.

Then care away—we'll still be gay,  
 For brighter days will dawn,  
 And once again we'll sport it in  
 The dance upon the lawn.

---

## THE SONG OF LOVE AND DEATH.

ALFRED TENNYSON.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

SWEET is true love tho' giv'n in vain,  
 And sweet is death who puts an end to pain :  
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.  
 Love, art thou sweet ; then bitter death must be.  
 Love thou art bitter ; sweet is death to me.  
 O love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away,  
 Sweet death, that seems to make us lifeless clay,  
 I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.  
 I fain would follow love, if that could be,  
 I needs must follow death, who calls for me,  
 Call and I follow, I follow, let me die.

---

## I WANDER BY MY DEAR ONE'S DOOR EACH NIGHT.

B. S. MONTGOMERY.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

I WANDER by my dear one's door each night  
 When stars are beaming,  
 And marvel if, when hush'd in slumber light,  
 Of me she's dreaming.

When blushes mantle o'er that rosy cheek,  
And trembling hover,  
Doth dreaming mem'ry to her young heart speak  
Of me, her lover ?

My bird of love lies hush'd within her nest,  
Sad hours I number ;  
Ah, if this fond heart were her place of rest  
How calm my slumber ;  
But what avails this sighing of my heart,  
This ceaseless yearning,  
When not one glance those witching eyes impart,  
My love returning.

---

## NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

[Old English ditty.]

NEAR Woodstock town, in Oxfordshire,  
As I walk'd forth to take the air,  
To view the fields and meadows round,  
Methought I heard a mournful sound.  
Down by a crystal river side,  
A gallant bower I espied,  
Where a fair lady made great moan,  
With many a bitter sigh and groan.

“ Alas !” quoth she, “ my love's unkind,  
My sighs and tears he will not mind ;  
But he is cruel unto me,  
Which causes all my misery.  
Soon after he had gain'd my heart,  
He cruelly did from me part ;  
Another maid he does pursue,  
And to his vows he bids adieu.”

The lady round the meadow run,  
And gather'd flowers as they sprung,  
Of ev'ry sort she there did pull,  
Until she got her apron full.

The green ground serv'd her as a bed,  
 And flow'rs a pillow for her head ;  
 She laid her down, and nothing spoke,—  
 Alas ! for love her heart was broke.

---

## THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

HARK ! hark ! the bells, the merry bells  
 That hail again the glad new year !  
 Upon the breeze their music swells,  
 Resounding tuneful, loud and clear ;  
 That gladsome sound it sheds around  
 A cheerful voice, that seems to say,  
 " From every heart let care depart,  
 It is the merry New Year's day."  
 Hark ! hark ! how sweet the music  
 swells—

The merry, merry New Year's bells !

*1st Voice.*

Those joyous bells they bring to mind  
 Those early days, those other times,  
 When first we heard upon the wind  
 Those happy, joyous New Year's  
 chimes.

*2nd Voice.*

They teach us still, tho' years fly past,  
 Our friendship keeps still warm and  
 true ;  
 We hear them as we heard them last,  
 And find our hearts as changeless too.  
 Hark ! hark ! &c.

*Both Voices.*

Oh ! happy bells ! sweet New Year's bells,  
 Still may long distant be the time  
 For us no more their music swells,  
 For us the joyous New Year's chime ;

Long may they sound to shed around  
 Their gladsome voice, that seems to say,  
 "From every heart let care depart,  
 It is the merry New Year's-day!"  
 Hark! hark! &c.

---

## DAYBREAK.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
 And said, "O mists! make room for me:"  
 It hail'd the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
 "Ye mariners, the night is gone!"  
 And hurried landward far away,  
 Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"  
 It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
 "Hang all your leafy banners out!"  
 It touch'd the wood-bird's folded wing,  
 And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"  
 And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
 "Your clarion blow, the day is near!"  
 It whispered to the fields of corn,  
 "Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"  
 It shouted through the belfry tow'r,  
 "Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour!"  
 It cross'd the churchyard with a sigh,  
 And said, "Not yet—in quiet lie!"

---

## FILL HIGH TO HIM THAT'S FAR AWAY.

[T. MOORE.]

No, never shall my soul forget  
 The friends I found so cordial-hearted;  
 Dear, dear, shall be the day we met,  
 And dear shall be the night we parted.

Oh, if regret, however sweet,  
 Must with the lapse of time decay,  
 Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,  
 Fill high to him that's far away.

Long be the flame of memory found  
 Alive within your social glass :  
 Let that be still the magic round  
 O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

---

### THE DREAM OF ST. AGNES' EVE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

A MAIDEN bright lov'd a gay young knight,  
 Whose form was fair, tho' his heart was light ;  
 He'd laugh, he'd dance, and he'd sweetly sing,  
 But he never spoke of the wedding ring ;  
 So the maid resolved that the spell she'd weave,  
 And dream the dream of St. Agnes' Eve.

St. Agnes she, for a saint, was bold,  
 In a roundabout way she fortunes told ;  
 For dreams she'd give, as the legend tells,  
 And those who rightly could weave her spells,  
 If their loves were true would a kiss receive  
 While they dreamt the dream of St. Agnes' Eve !

The maiden went to a grassy spot,  
 The words she said, and she knit the knot, —  
 Then laid her down as the legend told  
 (She brought her cloak for the night was cold),  
 But never did maid a kiss receive  
 So loud before on St. Agnes' Eve !

The maiden woke in a perfect fright !  
 When lo ! at her feet knelt the gay young knight ;  
 He'd watched her leave at the close of day,  
 And followed her steps o'er the fields away,  
 The ring he'd bought, and you'll well believe  
 They married soon after St. Agnes' Eve !

## ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The brown thorn,"

ST. SENANUS.\*

"OH! haste and leave this sacred isle,  
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile;  
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,  
 A female form I see;  
 And I have sworn this sainted sod  
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"Oh! father, send not hence my bark,  
 Through wintry winds and billows dark;  
 I come with humble heart to share  
 Thy morn and evening prayer;  
 Nor mine the feet, oh! holy saint,  
 The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;  
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;  
 But legends hint, that had the maid  
 Till morning's light delay'd,  
 And given the saint one rosy smile,  
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

\* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint (St. Cannera), whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui præsul, quid fœminis  
 Commune est cum monachis,  
 Neque ullam aliam  
 Admittendus in insulam.

*See the Acta Sanct. Hib., page 610.*

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon, but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

## THE WREATH.

R. S. SHARPE.]

[*Music* by J. MAZZINGHI.]

YE shepherds, tell me have you seen  
 My Flora pass this way,  
 In shape and feature beauty's queen,  
 In pastoral array?

A wreath around her head she wore,  
 Carnation, lily, rose,  
 And in her hand a crook she bore,  
 And sweets her breath compose.

The beauteous wreath that decks her head  
 Forms her description true ;  
 Hands lily white, lips crimson red,  
 And cheeks of rosy hue.

## O YE VOICES.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by MRS. OWEN.]

O YE voices round my own hearth singing !  
 As the winds of May to memory sweet,  
 Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,  
 Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet,  
 Once again ?

Never, never ! Spring hath smiled and parted  
 Oft since then your fond farewell was said ;  
 O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted  
 Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,  
 Oft again !

Or if still around my heart ye linger,  
 Yes, sweet voices ! there must change have come,  
 Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,  
 Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home,  
 Ne'er again.

## MY LOVED HOME I SHALL NE'ER SEE MORE.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

MY loved home I shall ne'er see more—  
 My kinsmen I no more shall greet!  
 Defenceless on a distant shore,  
 From ruthless foes my death I meet.  
 Though ev'ry transient hope hath fled,  
 Yet this true heart will ne'er repine;  
 No cause have I my fate to dread,  
 Since honour's star doth o'er me shine.

Bereft of her whom I adored,  
 No charms would life now have for me,  
 The world could nought but woe afford,  
 All love is o'er, joy's ceased to be.  
 Then why should I my fate bewail,  
 Or at my joyless doom repine;  
 No grief shall this true heart assail,  
 While honour's star doth o'er me shine.

---

## THE NEVA BOATMAN'S SONG.

[*New version. Russian tune.*]

HASTE, my boys, haste, my boys,  
 Ply the oar and row away,  
 The wind's noise, the wind's noise,  
 Tells there'll be a storm to-day.  
 Push along the gallant bark,  
 See the sky has become dark,  
 Listen to the thunder's roar,  
 Mountain waves now lash the shore.

CHORUS.

Come, my boys—come, my boys,  
 Ply the oar and row away,  
 Winds are toys—winds are toys,  
 With which Neva boatmen play.



Not a boat—not a boat  
 Upon Neva's troubled stream  
 Is afloat—is afloat,  
 Ours is like a spectral dream.  
 Every vessel fast is moored,  
 And all hands are safe aboard,  
 The storm rages far and wide,  
 We through it must boldly ride.  
 Come, my boys, &c.

---

### MADRIGAL.

[MORLEY, 1595.]

MY bonny lass she smileth,  
 When she my heart beguileth.  
 Fa, la, la.  
 Smile less, dear love, therefore,  
 And you shall love me more.  
 Fa, la, la.  
 When she her sweet eye turneth,  
 O, how my heart it burneth.  
 Fa, la, la.  
 Dear love, call in their light,  
 Or else you burn me quite.  
 Fa, la, la.

---

### THE OLD PINK THORN.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

SINCE the days of happy childhood  
 I've loved its graceful shade,  
 I welcomed every blossom,  
 And mourn'd to see them fade ;  
 How often have I stood beneath  
 Its boughs at early morn,  
 And listen'd to the merry bees,  
 About the old pink thorn.

And later, when we lov'd to dance  
 Upon the village green,  
 I mind me how the merry maidens  
 Chose me for their queen.  
 A rosy wreath they wove for me,  
 How gaily was it worn !  
 I lov'd the garland made for me,  
 From out the old pink thorn.

Then tell me not 'tis old and frail,  
 I could not spare it now,  
 I prize each tender leaf and flower,  
 I know each knotted bough ;  
 For happy memories of the past  
 Its every leaf adorn.  
 Take all the fairest trees away,  
 But spare the old pink thorn.

---

## OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD.

C. BLAMPHIN.]

[*Music* by C. BLAMPHIN.]

OH, would I were a bird,  
 That I might fly to thee,  
 And breathe a loving word,  
 To one so dear to me.  
 How happy would I be,  
 Carolling all the day—  
 If only blest with thee,  
 Beguiling time away.  
 Then life would be a pleasure,  
 My mind would be at rest,  
 If with my only treasure,  
 This heart was ever blest.

### CHORUS.

Oh, would I were a bird,  
 That I might fly to thee,  
 And breathe a loving word,  
 To one so dear to me.

Oh, would that I could fly  
 This bright and glorious day,  
 To give a sigh for sigh,  
 To thee so far away.  
 My heart would beat with joy,  
 To see thee once again,  
 Thy sorrows to allay,  
 For cherish'd is thy name.  
 And when the moon is beaming  
 O'er distant grove and tree,  
 And joyous stars are gleaming,  
 Then would I were with thee.

## CHORUS.

Oh, would I were a bird,  
 That I might fly to thee,  
 And breathe a loving word,  
 To one so dear to me.

---

 I ONLY ASK A HOME WITH THEE.

L. WILLIAMS.]

[*Music* by LANGTON WILLIAMS.]

I ONLY ask a home with thee,  
 Though humble it may prove ;  
 No matter where the dwelling be,  
 If hallow'd 'tis by love.  
 For that will shed its magic light  
 Around the chosen spot,  
 And e'en a palace fair and bright  
 Will make the lowly cot.

And if a passing shade of care  
 One moment dim our way ;  
 Just as a cloud will oft appear,  
 E'en on the brightest day ;  
 Believe me then, the purest gold  
 Will only worthless prove,  
 Compared to gentle words, when told  
 By those we dearly love.

## IN DAYS OF OLD.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

IN days of old, the monks, we're told,  
 Would have it understood,  
 That every night, by dim lamp-light,  
 They studied in solitude ;  
 Each one to his book, in his own cell nook,  
 However the night was cold,  
 They'd no desire for fuel or fire,  
 But ever their beads they told.

But, alack ! and alas ! for these holy men !  
 The world it was scandalous even then,  
 For many there were who said  
 That as soon as they heard the midnight bell  
 They closed the book and left the cell,  
 And to supper they all rushed in pell-mell,  
 And a regular night they made.

They'd "haunch" and "ham," and "cheek" and  
 "chine,"  
 They'd "cream" and "custard," "peach" and  
 "pine,"  
 And they gargled their throats with right good wine,  
 Till the Abbot his nose grew red !  
 No "de profundis" then they sang,  
 But a roystering catch to the rafters rang !  
 And the bell for matins it went "ting tang,"  
 Ere the last of them rolled to bed.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

From the German.]

[*Music* by BERTHOVEN.]

OH, how great the power of music  
 O'er the tumults of the soul !  
 Art divine from heaven descended,  
 Lawless passion's sweet control !

At its voice the storms of anger  
 Soft and smoothly die away ;  
 Soon the waves of jealous frenzy  
 Calm as summer waters play.

O'er the dull and barren spirit,  
 Where no native fancy dwells,  
 Oft it spreads a sweet delusion,  
 Stagnant thought to passion swells ;  
 But where bold imagination  
 Kindles with creative fire,  
 Oh, what high and rapt'rous feelings  
 Music's varied charms inspire !

---

### THE INVOCATION.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by MRS. OWEN.]

OH ! art thou still on earth, my love ?  
 My only love !  
 Or smiling in a brighter home  
 Far, far above ?

Oh ! is thy sweet voice fled, my love ?  
 Thy light step gone ?  
 And art thou not, in earth or heaven,  
 Still, still my own ?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,  
 In midnight dreams !  
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,  
 Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my love !  
 Dwelt on thy brow ;  
 But something mournfully divine  
 There shineth now !

And silent ever is thy lip,  
 And pale thy cheek ;—  
 Oh ! art thou earth's, or art thou heaven's ?  
 Speak to me, speak !

## I NEVER LOVED BUT THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by SIGNOR POZNANSKI.]

DEAREST, I never loved but thee,  
 The image of thy gentle face,  
 Though lost for aye, each charm to me  
 Nor time nor sorrow can efface ;  
 Unkind, ungenerous as thou art,  
 Though thou may'st teach me to reprove,  
 Though youth decay, and hopes depart,  
 Thou canst not teach me not to love.

I've listened to another's voice,  
 I've bow'd before another shrine,  
 They only made my heart rejoice,  
 The nearer they resembled thine :  
 I've striven my passion to conceal,  
 To think my heart again was free,  
 But oh ! I only know and feel,  
 Dearest, I never loved but thee.

## I AM IN TRUTH A COUNTRY YOUTH.

HENRY CAREY.]

[*Music* by HENRY CAREY.]

I AM in truth  
 A country youth  
 Unused to London fashions ;  
 Yet virtue guides,  
 And still presides,  
 O'er all my steps and passions,  
 No courtly leer,  
 But all sincere,  
 No bride shall ever blind me ;  
 If you can like  
 A Yorkshire tike,  
 An honest man you'll find me.

Tho' envy's tongue,  
 With slander hung,  
     Dost oft belie our county,  
 No men on earth  
 Boast greater worth  
     O'er more extend their bounty.  
 A noble mind  
 Is ne'er confined  
     To any shire or nation ;  
 He gains most praise  
 Who best displays  
     A generous education.

Our northern breeze  
 With us agrees,  
     And does for business fit us ;  
 In public cares,  
 In love's affairs  
     With honour we acquit us.  
 While rancour rolls  
 In narrow souls,  
     By narrow views discerning,  
 The truly wise  
 Will only prize  
     Good manners, sense, and learning.

---

## FAIR GERTRUDE AT HER LATTICE SIGHED.

W. F. VANDERVELL.]      [*Music* by WILLEM VANDERVELL.]

FAIR Gertrude at her lattice sighed,  
                                     Well-a-day,  
 And silvery echoes they replied,  
                                     Well-a-day ;  
 Young Rudolph had to battle gone,  
                                     Well-a-day ;

And left her lonely and forlorn,  
   Well-a-day ;  
 And there beneath the moon's pale ray,  
 She sat and watched till break of day,  
 The path that threads the flowery dell,  
 For him she loved so well ;  
 And thus she watched, and thus she sighed,  
   Well-a-day,  
 Whilst silvery echoes they replied,  
   Well-a-day.

But Rudolph ne'er returned again,  
   Well-a-day,  
 For he was in the battle slain,  
   Well-a-day ;  
 And 'midst the dying and the dead,  
   Well-a-day,  
 His noble spirit upward fled,  
   Well-a-day.  
 The red sun set, the moonbeams played,  
 But no one to that lattice strayed,  
 For she had gone to join her love  
 In realms of peace above ;  
 And through the air the night-bird sighed,  
   Well-a-day,  
 Whilst silvery echoes they replied,  
   Fair Gertrude, well-a-day.

---

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE ABBOT.

G. SOANE, B.A.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

ROBIN HOOD is forth at break of day,  
 When he meets a priest in proud array ;  
 "Ho ! ho ! father mine, you're ill I see,  
 But I for the nonce your leech will be ;"  
 The monk lik'd it not ; the monk said " No,"  
 But Robin he swore it should be so.



And now he must rise at break of morn,  
 And walk till noon spite of gout or corn ;  
 Must fast on dry bread a month or more—  
 He ne'er had fasted so before !

And still at each meal he'd fain say " No,"  
 But Robin he swore it should be so.

The month it had gone, the gout gone too :  
 " Ho ! ho !" Robin cried, " sir priest, you'll do !  
 But now it is fit you pay your fee,  
 So your gems and gold remain with me !"  
 The monk lik'd it not ; the monk said " No,"  
 But Robin he swore it should be so.

---

## LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

[T. MOORE.]

LOVE wakes and weeps,  
 While beauty sleeps !  
 O for music's softest numbers !  
 To prompt a theme  
 For beauty's dream,  
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

Through groves of palm  
 Sigh gales of balm,  
 Fireflies on the air are wheeling ;  
 While through the gloom  
 Comes soft perfume,  
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live !  
 No dream can give  
 A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling ;  
 No longer sleep,  
 From lattice peep,  
 And list the tale that love is telling.

## THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[Music by HERMANN.]

A LYRE its plaintive music poured  
 Forth on the wild wind's track ;  
 The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,  
 But gave no music back.  
 Oh! child of song !  
 Bear hence to heaven thy fire,  
 What hopest thou from the reckless throng,  
 Be not like that lost lyre !  
 Not like that lyre !

A flower its leaves and odours cast  
 On a swift-rolling wave ;  
 Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,  
 And back no treasure gave.  
 Oh ! heart of love !  
 Waste not thy precious dower !  
 Turn to thine only home above,  
 Be not like that lost flower !  
 Not like that flower !

---

 JACK RATLIN.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,  
 None like him could hand, reef, or steer,  
 No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,  
 With skill, and in contempt of fear.  
 In fight a lion,—the battle ended,  
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;  
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,  
 Yet he did sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,  
 For none of these had Jack regard ;  
 He, while his messmates were carousing,  
 High sitting on the pendant yard,

Would think upon his fair one's beauties,  
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;  
 That truly he'd adore them living,  
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded  
 Once more to view their native land,  
 Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings ;  
 Would it had been his love's fair hand !  
 Oh ! Fate ! her death defac'd the letter—  
 Instant his pulse forgot to move !  
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,  
 He heav'd a sigh !—and died for love.

---

## ON, BOYS, ON !

J. E. NOLAN.]

[*Music* by R. GREENE.]

THE motto of Britons is "On, boys, on !"  
 For old time, as we know, cannot wait ;  
 And he who employs the full power of his will,  
 By that will may command his own fate.  
 Then on, boys, on !  
 Never heed if you've failed in the past ;  
 Whatever your aim, if you work with a will,  
 You'll be sure to attain it at last !

The true British soldier by his colours will stand—  
 The sailor nail them to the mast ;  
 Such men are the boast and the pride of our land,  
 And will be so while England shall last !  
 Then on, boys, on ! &c.

Not only the soldier and sailor, but all,  
 Must engage for a time in the strife ;  
 And if we but use all the means we possess  
 We must win in this battle of life !  
 Then on, boys, on ! &c.

## ROSE OF HAZELDEEN.

J. W. CHERRY.]

[*Music* by J. W. CHERRY.]

ALONG the lonely mountain side  
 At morn I chanced to stray,  
 When summer shone in blooming pride,  
 And all the world looked gay.  
 I met a maid with tartan plaid,  
 As fair as e'er was seen ;  
 I ask'd her name, she blushing said—  
 "I'm Rose of Hazeldeen."  
 Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen,  
 Dear thou'lt ever be to me,  
 Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.

Her breath, like flowering thorns, was sweet,  
 As starlight was her eye ;  
 With every grace and charm replete,  
 She like the fawn swept by.  
 The birds sing sweeter to mine ear,  
 The flowers are fairer seen ;  
 All Nature smiles when she is near—  
 Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.  
 Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen, &c.

## I LOVE YOU.

G. P. MORRIS.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

I LOVE the night, when the moon streams bright  
 On flowers that drink the dew,  
 When cascades shout as the stars peep out  
 From boundless fields of blue.  
 But dearer far than moon or star,  
 Or flowers of gaudy hue—  
 Or gurgling trills of mountain rills,  
 I love, I love, love you !

I love to stray at the close of day,  
 Through groves of forest trees,  
 When gushing notes from song-birds' throats,  
 Are vocal in the breeze.  
 I love the night, the glorious night,  
 When hearts beat warm and true,  
 But far above the night, I love,  
 I love, I love, love you !

---

### DRINK TO HER.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Heigh ho ! my Jackey."]

DRINK to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.  
 Oh ! woman's heart was made  
 For minstrel's hands alone ;  
 By other fingers play'd  
 It yields not half the tone.  
 Then here's to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,  
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,  
 They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"  
 She answered, "He who could."  
 With golden key, Wealth thought  
 To pass—but 'twould not do ;  
 While Wit a diamond brought  
 Which cut his bright way through !  
 Then here's to her who long  
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
 The girl who gave to song  
 What gold could never buy !

The love that seeks a home  
Where wealth or grandeur shines,  
Is like the gloomy gnome,  
That dwells in dark gold mines.  
But, oh ! the poet's love  
Can boast a brighter sphere ;  
Its native home's above,  
Though woman keeps it here !  
Then drink to her who long  
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,  
The girl who gave to song  
What gold could never buy !

---

## THE WANDERING GIPSY.

J. E. CARPENTER.] [Music by H. BRINLEY RICHARDS.]

OH ! ask me not with thee to dwell,  
Within the city's crowded space,  
My braided hair and sunburnt brow  
Were all unfit for such a place.  
I am not fair, like those who meet  
To mix in fashion's giddy whirl ;  
There I should sigh for fresh green fields,  
And you'd forget your gipsy girl,  
Forget the wandering gipsy !

I covet not your splendid halls,  
Where glittering gems with gems outvie ;  
Give me my home where freedom dwells,  
My tent beneath the open sky ;  
Some other soon will share thy heart,  
With fairer brow and waving curl,  
My race may mate not with thine own,  
Then leave the wandering gipsy girl—  
Forget the wandering gipsy !

But if upon some future day  
Perchance within the town I'm seen,  
Thou shalt not see me sad as now,  
I'll bring my merry tambourine.

Then give to me a passing thought,  
 As in the giddy dance I twirl,  
 And deem not all your city's wealth  
 Could tempt the wandering gipsy girl!  
                   Could tempt the wandering gipsy!

---

### SWIFTER THAN THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by EMILE BERGER.]

SWIFTER than the swallow's flight  
 Homeward through the twilight free,  
 Fleeter than the morning light  
 Flashing o'er the pathless sea,  
 Dearest, in the lonely night,  
 Mem'ry wings her way to thee.

Stronger far than is desire,  
 Firm as truth itself can be,  
 Deeper than earth's central fire,  
 Boundless as eternity,  
 Mute as sorrow's unstrung lyre,  
 Is my love, dear one, for thee.

Sweeter than the miser's gain,  
 Or the note of fame can be,  
 Unto one who long in vain  
 Has trod the path of chivalry;  
 Are my dreams in which, again,  
 My fond arms encircle thee.

---

### FIVE MONTHS AGO THE STREAM DID FLOW.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

FIVE months ago the stream did flow,  
 The lilies bloomed within the sedge,  
 And we were lingering to and fro,  
 Where none will track thee in the snow—  
 Along the stream beside the hedge.

Ah, sweet! be free to love and go,  
 For if I do not hear thy foot,  
 The frozen river is as mute :  
 The flow'rs have dried down to the root,  
 And why, since these be changed since May  
 Shouldst thou change less than they ?

And slow, slow as the winter snow,  
 The tears have drifted to mine eyes ;  
 And my poor cheeks five months ago,  
 Set blushing at thy praises so—  
 Put paleness on—for a disguise.

Ah, sweet! be free to praise and go,  
 For if my face is turned to pale,  
 It was thine oath that first did fail ;  
 It was thy love prov'd false and frail.  
 And why, since these be changed now,  
 Should I change less than thou ?

---

## THE BIRD OF SONG.

W. A. PASSMORE.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

SEE yon lark in ether floating,  
 Wafting forth his native lays ;  
 Each melodious bar denoting  
 'Tis an earnest song of praise !  
 View him upward, onward drifting,  
 T'wards the realms where angels throng,  
 Music's very soul seems lifting,  
 With that joyous bird of song !

Hark! the envoy seems revealing  
 Nature's grateful mission now ;  
 Or what else those sweet notes stealing  
 On the ear entranced below !  
 Like a seraph's voice it soundeth,  
 Borne on zephyr's wings along ;  
 Stol'n from realms where joy aboundeth,  
 By yon culprit thing of song !



Now the truant's homeward flinging,  
 Laden with love's notes he flies ;  
 As it were a cherub bringing  
 Some sweet message from the skies !  
 Happy warbler, thus to revel,  
 Up so near the heavenly throng !  
 Happier still, no more to travel  
 Back, like yonder bird of song !

---

## A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

PART SONG.

From the German.]

[*Music* by H. SMART.]

THE Rhine is gently flowing,  
 The night is calm and still,  
 And purple grapes are glowing  
 On ev'ry vine-clad hill ;  
 And yonder in the moonlight,  
 That stately form behold !  
 With sword and mantle  
 Of purple and of gold !  
 'Tis Karl, the brave, the fearless,  
 Once ruler of this land,  
 Who sway'd, with wisdom peerless,  
 The sceptre of command.

And now, as legends tell us,  
 At night he leaves his tomb,  
 To bless the purple clusters,  
 And breathe their rich perfume ;  
 But ere the dawn of morning,  
 The figure glides away,  
 And sinks again to slumber  
 In his marble tomb at Aix.  
 In mem'ry of our hero,  
 In honour of our vine,  
 Let's drink to Karl the Kaiser,  
 A cup of Rhenish wine.

## BRIGHTLY HAST TH U FLED.

MRS. HEMANS.]

*Music by her Sister.*

BRIGHTLY, brightly hast thou fled,  
 Ere one grief had bow'd thy head,  
                   Brightly didst thou part!  
 With thy young thoughts pure from spot,  
 With thy fond love wasted not,  
                   With thy bounding heart.

Ne'er by sorrow to be wet,  
 Calmly smiles thy pale cheek yet,  
                   Ere with dust o'erspread :  
 Lilies ne'er by tempest blown,  
 White rose which no stain hath known,  
                   Be about thee shed !

So we give thee to the earth,  
 And the primrose shall have birth  
                   O'er thy gentle head ;  
 Thou, that like a dewdrop borne  
 On a sudden breeze of morn,  
                   Brightly thou hast fled !

---

## THE OLD FARM GATE.

E. COGLE.]

*[Music by W. VINNICOMBE.]*

THERE'S an old farm-house at the foot of the hill,  
 That was built in the days of yore,  
 With its quaint red barn, and rickety mill,  
 And a vine-covered porch by the door ;  
 There's a crumbling wall, where the ivy doth cling,  
 And an oak that looks noble and great,  
 As though he were proud of the children who swing,  
 'Neath his boughs on the old farm gate,  
 For there merry hearts are with joy elate,  
 As they ride to and fro on the old farm gate.

As the worthy old farmer sits under the tree,  
 Or round by the pigeon-house strays ;  
 He watches the boys in the height of their glee,  
 And thinks of his earlier days ;  
 In the evening, when all is quiet and still,  
 As the clock in the village strikes eight,  
 There is some one hastening down the hill,  
 On his way to the old farm gate ;  
 It is William coming to meet his Kate,  
 Just under the oak by the old farm gate.

I have roamed through the vales of a summer land,  
 Where nature smiles beauteous and fair ;  
 I have heard the wild lay of the mountain band,  
 Softly floating along on the air ;  
 But my soul has fled backwards on memory's wing,  
 To the home of its happier state ;  
 Where the wild birds sing, and the children swing,  
 On the top of the old farm gate.  
 I sigh not for riches, or pompous state ;  
 My heart clings to home by the old farm gate.

---

## THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

WHEN the breath of English meadows  
 Is fragrant on the breeze,  
 And the flowers in my own garden  
 Are musical with bees :  
 In the calm and pleasant evenings  
 Will ye think of her who died,  
 Where the summer hath no twilight,  
 Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

Then when your lips shall name me,  
 Without grief or gloom,  
 My spirit like a sunbeam,  
 Shall glide into the room.

In the glimmer of the moonlight,  
 Round your closely curtained beds,  
 It may be mine to hover,  
 With white wings o'er your heads.

I may listen to your laughter,  
 I may watch o'er you in pain ;  
 Will ye think of me, my darlings,  
 When ye see me not again ?  
 In the sweet home where I nursed you,  
 Will ye think of her who died,  
 Where the summer hath no twilight,  
 Where the salt sea hath no tide ?

---

## THE HOSTESS' DAUGHTER.

PART SONG.

From the German of L. Uhland.] [Music by H. SMART.

THERE came three trav'lers over the Rhine,  
 They stopped at an inn, and they call'd for some wine.  
 Mine Hostess, you bring us right excellent wine,  
 But prythee now where's that fair daughter of thine ?

My masters, I bring you good wine, cool and clear,  
 But alas ! my young daughter lies dead, on her bier.  
 They enter the chamber with slow solemn tread,  
 And lo ! on her bier the fair maiden lay dead.

The first, he stepp'd forward and lifted the veil,  
 And wept as he gaz'd on that form cold and pale,  
 Ah ! couldst thou, sweet maid, from Death's clutch be  
 set free,  
 I'd swear from this moment to love only thee.

The second he sigh'd as he hung o'er the bier,  
 Oh ! maiden, I've loved thee for many a year.  
 Then whisper'd the third as he kiss'd her pale brow,  
 "I'll love thee for ever, as I love thee now."

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

[J. W. COLLINS.]

IN a cottage I live, and the cot of content,  
 Where a few little rooms, for ambition too low,  
 Are furnished as plain as a patriarch's tent,  
 With all for convenience but nothing for show ;  
 Like Robinson Crusoe's, both peaceful and pleasant,  
 By industry stored, like the hive of a bee ;  
 And the peer, who looks down with contempt on a  
 peasant,  
 Can ne'er be looked up to with envy by me.

And when, from the brow of a neighbouring hill,  
 On the mansions of pride I with pity look down,  
 While the murmuring stream, and the clack of the  
 mill,  
 I prefer to the murmurs and clack of the town ;  
 As blithe as in youth, when I danced on the green,  
 I disdain to repine at my locks growing grey ;  
 Thus the autumn of life, like the spring-tide serene,  
 Makes approaching December as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,  
 So I keep both disease and the doctor at bay,  
 And I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark  
 Which reflection might raise from the deeds of the  
 day ;  
 For, with neither myself nor my neighbour at strife,  
 Though the sand in my glass may not have long to  
 run,  
 I'm determined to live all the days of my life,  
 With content in a cottage, and envy to none !

Yet, let me not selfishly boast of my lot,  
 Nor to self let the comforts of life be confined,  
 For how sordid the pleasures must be of that sort  
 Who to share them with others no pleasure can  
 find.

For my friend I've a board, I've a bottle, and bed ;  
 Ay, and ten times more welcome that friend if he's  
 poor ;  
 And for all that are poor, if I could but find bread,  
 Not a pauper without it should budge from my  
 door.

Thus, while a mad world is involved in mad broils  
 For a few leagues of land, or an arm of the sea,  
 And Ambition climbs high, and pale Penury toils  
 For what but appears a mere phantom to me ;  
 Through life let me steer with an even, clean hand,  
 And a heart uncorrupted by grandeur or gold ;  
 And, at last, quit my berth when this life's at a stand,  
 For a berth which can neither be bought nor be  
 sold.

---

## THE ASSIGNATION.

W. LANCASTER.]

[*Music* by W. KIRBY.]

JUST at twilight's dusky close,  
 When stars arise to greet thee,  
 Where the blackthorn wildly grows,  
 There, love, there I'll meet thee.  
 Thou knowst the spot : 'tis shaded quite  
 Beyond the rude intruder's sight,  
 In that lone grove, at birth of night,  
 There, love, there I'll meet thee,  
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

What I'll think, and what I'll say,  
 And how of time I'll cheat thee,  
 And when's to be the blissful day,  
 I'll tell thee when I meet thee.  
 We'll live a lifetime in that hour,  
 By love's all-hallow'd potent power ;  
 And love shall consecrate the bow'r  
 Where, love, where I'll meet thee.  
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

I'll woo the night-bird and the rill  
 With music, love, to treat thee ;  
 And thine enraptur'd heart shall thrill  
 Responsive, when I meet thee.  
 Thus, while love-notes weave a spell,  
 I'll tell thee all I have to tell,  
 In that lone grove,—till then, farewell,  
 There, love, there I'll meet thee.  
 Just at twilight's dusky close, &c.

---

## THE WIND AND THE WEATHER- COCK.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

THE summer Wind lightly was playing  
 Round the battlement high of the tow'r,  
 Where a Vane, like a lady, was staying,  
 A lady vain perch'd in her bow'r.  
 To peep round the corner the sly Wind would try :  
 But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;  
 And so she kept turning shily away :—  
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
 The summer Wind said, " She's coquetting ;"  
 But each belle has her points to be found :  
 Before evening, I'll venture on betting,  
 She will not then go but come round !  
 So he tried from the east and he tried from the west,  
 And the north and the south, to try which was best ;—  
 But still she kept turning shily away :—  
 Thus they kept playing all through the day.  
 At evening, her hard heart to soften,  
 He said, " You're a flirt, I am sure ;  
 But if vainly you're changing so often,  
 No lover you'll ever secure."  
 " Sweet, sir," said the Vane, " it is you who begin,  
 When you change so often, in me 'tis no sin ;  
 If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,  
 And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

## A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

W. WORDSWORTH.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

A FAMOUS man was Robin Hood,  
 The English ballad-singer's joy :  
 But Scotland has a chief as good,  
 She has, she has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,  
 And wondrous length and strength of arm ;  
 He long had quell'd his highland foes,  
 And kept, and kept his friends from harm.

This daring mood protects him still,  
 For this the robber's simple plan,  
 That they should take who have the will,  
 And they, and they should keep who can.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,  
 In summer's heat and winter's snow,  
 The eagle he is lord above,  
 And Rob, and Rob is lord below.  
 A famous man, &c.

## WHEN EVENING'S TWILIGHT.

FOUR PART SONG.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

WHEN evening's twilight gathers round,  
 When ev'ry flower is hush'd to rest,  
 When autumn's leaves breathe not a sound,  
 And ev'ry bird flies to its nest ;  
 When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,  
 When stars are glitt'ring from above,  
 When Nature's self seeks sweet repose,  
 Then I think of thee, my love,  
 I think of thee, my love,  
 Then, O ! then, I think of thee.



## HARK TO MY LUTE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[Music by LOVER.]

HARK to my lute sweetly ringing !  
     List, love, to me ;  
 Dearest, thy lover is singing—  
     Singing to thee ;—  
 Yet, to the balcony stealing,  
     No mantled beauty I see,  
 No casement is dimly revealing  
     Thy fair form to me.

Perchance thou art sleeping—my strain, love,  
     Meets not thine ear,  
 And visions, in shadowy train, love,  
     Haply appear.  
 Wake thee! and hearken to me, love,  
     If fancy should whisper of ill ;  
 But if thy dream be of me, love,  
     Oh ! slumber still.

Their bright watch in heaven, now keeping,  
     Beams ev'ry star ;  
 But the sweet eye that is sleeping  
     Brighter is far :—  
 For when the pale dawn advances  
     Tremulous star fires decay,  
 While e'en at noon-tide thy glance is  
     Bright as the day.

---

 PETER WHITE.

CATCH.

[Music by DR. CHARLES BURNBY.]

PETER White, who never goes right,  
     Would you know the reason why ?  
 He follows his nose wherever he goes,  
     And that stands all awry.

## THE TRIPLE SPELL.

E. D. MURPHY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

SHE smiles, and from her beauteous face  
 Irradiating beam'd a smile,  
 So purely bright, so heav'nly fair,  
 One might have deem'd an angel there ;  
 She smiled, and it is strange to tell,  
 Her smile did make me love her well.

She spoke, and like the melody  
 Of zephyr notes on stream and tree,  
 Her accent fell, and falling brought  
 The sybil love of noblest thought ;  
 And if her smile my heart could fetter,  
 Her mind did make me love her better.

She wept, and those fond eyes of blue  
 Seem'd violets bath'd in morning dew,  
 Awaiting but one loving ray  
 To sip their brimming tears away ;  
 She wept, and let it be confess'd  
 Her tears did make me love her best.

---

 THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHEN-  
 FELS.

[LORD BYRON.]

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine ;  
 And hills, all rich with blossom'd trees ;  
 And fields, which promise corn and wine ;  
 And scattered cities crowning these,  
 Whose far wide walls along them shine ;  
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see  
 With double joy, wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
 And hands, which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers,  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of grey ;  
 And many a rock, which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers ;  
 But one thing wants these banks of Rhine,—  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

I send thee lilies given to me ;  
 Though long before thy hand they touch,  
 I know that they must withered be ;  
 But yet reject them not as such,  
 For I have cherished them as dear,  
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
 When thou beholdest them drooping nigh,  
 And knowest them gathered by the Rhine,  
 And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
 The charm of this enchanted ground,  
 And all its thousand turns disclose  
 Some fresher beauty varying round ;  
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,  
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found,  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine,  
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.

---

### LOVE SOUNDS THE ALARM.

LOVE sounds the alarm and fear is a flying,  
 When beauty's the prize what mortal fears dying ?  
 In defence of my treasure I'll bleed at each vein,  
 Without her no pleasure, for life is a pain.

## THE OLD KIRK-YARD.

[T. H. BAYLY.]

OH, come, come with me to the old kirk-yard,  
 I well know the path thro' the soft green sward ;  
 Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,  
 We'll trace out their names in the old kirk-yard.  
 Oh, mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,  
 Oh, weep not for them, they weep no more,  
 For deep is their sleep, tho' cold and hard  
 Their pillow may be in the old kirk-yard.

I know it is vain when friends depart,  
 To breathe kind words to a broken heart ;  
 I know that the joy of life seems marr'd,  
 When we follow them home to the old kirk-yard.  
 But were I at rest beneath yon tree,  
 Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me ?  
 I'm wayworn and sad, ah ! why then retard  
 The rest that I seek in the old kirk-yard ?

## O PEACEFUL LAKE.

THOMAS BLAKE.]

[*Music* by BIANCHI TAYLOR.]

O PEACEFUL lake ! upon thy silent shore,  
 Where waves nor dash, nor angry billows roar,  
 Calm would I dwell, secure from mortal strife,  
 And wile away the ev'ning hour of life.

And there, while gazing on thy waters clear,  
 I'd treasure up the scenes to mem'ry dear ;  
 Scenes which the sportive pen of fancy drew,  
 'Mid pleasures that in youth's bright time I knew.

Oh ! thus contented with my peaceful home,  
 No longer through the distant world I'd roam,  
 But, with a happy heart and grateful breast,  
 By thy still waters would for ever rest.

## WHEN TIME WAS ENTWINING.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—Italian.]

WHEN time was entwining the garland of years,  
 Which to crown my beloved was given ;  
 Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,  
 Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,  
 May its verdure for ever be new ;  
 Young love shall enrich it with many a sigh,  
 And pity shall nurse it with dew.

---

 OH! THE PLUM-PUDDING OF ENGLAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. L. HATTON.]

WE'VE long sung the praise of old English roast beef,  
 The mighty Sir Loin—and the Baron, his chief,  
 But beef without pudding, with turkey no chine—  
 That is not the way that we Englishmen dine.  
 Then here's the plum-pudding of England,  
 Old English plum-pudding for me !

Plum-pudding's a mixture of all that is good,  
 No Frenchman to make it e'er yet understood ;  
 To plain roast and boiled he is too vain to stoop,  
 Roast-beef he makes brick-bats, and plum-pudding  
 soup,  
 That's not the plum-pudding of England !  
 The sort of plum-pudding for me !

The commerce of England extends o'er the world,  
 Where'er the winds whistle our sails are unfurled ;  
 Then home come our ships with plums, sugar, and  
 spice,  
 With currants and citrons, and all that is nice  
 To make the plum-pudding of England !  
 Old English plum-pudding for me !

The corn-growing fields of old England ne'er fail,  
 Our flour it is sweet, and our eggs never stale ;  
 Our suet is fresh—but, the taste to enhance,  
 We don't mind a dash of the brandy of France  
 To make the plum-pudding of England !  
 Old English plum-pudding for me !

The man who plum-pudding refuses to eat  
 I'd hold you a wager at heart is a cheat,  
 While he who well loves it deserves a good wife,  
 For he feels himself young, and a boy all his life,  
 While he eats the plum-pudding of England !  
 Old English plum-pudding for me !

May solid plum-pudding, then, year after year,  
 At Christmas ne'er fail us, to make us good cheer ;  
 Well boiled—plump and round—deck'd with holly—I  
 wish  
 Merry Christmas to all—and for ever a dish  
 Of the jolly plum-pudding of England !  
 Old English plum-pudding for me !

---

## OH! YOU THAT HAVE THE CHARGE OF LOVE.

[T. MOORE.]

OH, you that have the charge of love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the fields of bliss above,  
 He sits with flow'rets fettered round ;  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings.  
 For e'en an hour, a minute's flight,  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light,  
 Like that celestial bird whose nest  
 Is found beneath far eastern skies,  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
 Lose all their glory when he flies.

## THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

ALFRED BUNN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFN.]

WHEN other lips and other hearts  
 Their tales of love shall tell,  
 In language whose excess imparts  
 The pow'r they feel so well,  
 There may perhaps in such a scene,  
 Some recollection be,  
 Of days that have as happy been,  
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight  
 The beauty now they prize,  
 And deem it but a faded light  
 Which beams within your eyes,  
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
 'Twill break your own to see,  
 In such a moment I but ask,  
 That you'll remember me.

---

## DOWN BY THE AVON'S FLOWING STREAM.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

DOWN by the Avon's flowing stream,  
 There came a Bard, in his youth, to dream ;  
 Loved by the gentle fairies long ;  
 They weaved around him the spell of song.  
     With visions bright  
     They charmed his sight,  
     In legends old  
     Their loves they told.  
 'Twas thus he dreamed his youth away,  
 And wove his magic spell,  
 And now in Shakspeare's tuneful lay  
 The gentle fairies dwell ;  
 And still they rove, when fades the beam,  
 Down by the Avon's flowing stream.

"I know a bank," said the Fairy Queen,  
 "Where oft he sleeps on the daisied green ;"  
 "I know a bank," sung the Bard of old,  
 When to our wonder his dream he told.  
     Since that sweet time,  
     In his sweet rhyme,  
     In fairies bright  
     We take delight,  
 And still we wile the hours away  
     'Neath Shakspeare's magic spell,  
 And with him love the paths to stray  
     Where gentle fairies dwell ;  
 For still they rove, when fades the beam,  
 Down by the Avon's flowing stream.

---

### SWEET EVENING STAR.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

SWEET evening star ! whose dewy blessings fall,  
 Grateful and fresh upon the heart of all ;  
 Sweet evening star ! whose softened splendours rise,  
 To make calm twilight when the daylight dies ;  
 Sweet evening star ! my joy shall ever be,  
 Through woodland glades to watch and weep with  
     thee.

Dear light of home ! dearer than evening star  
 In thine own orbit lovelier by far ;  
 Dear light of home ! from loving hearts and eyes  
 Beaming love's daylight when day's twilight dies.  
 Dear light of home ! what purer joy can be  
 Than day and night to love and live in thee ?

Giver of all !—both evening star and home—  
 And mercies countless,—thro' Thy blessing come.  
 Giver of all ! make star and home to guide  
 Thy wandering people nearer to Thy side.  
 Giver of all ! let this their blessing be  
 That all Thy gifts uplift their hearts to Thee.



## I MOURN THEE, BUT I LOVE NO MORE.

D. RYAN.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

I LOVED thee once, with heart as true  
 As ever fond affection knew,  
 Each joy, each care, but seem'd to twine  
 In closer bonds thy soul and mine.  
 But fortune's smiles have found thee changed,  
 Thy friendship cold, thy love estranged.  
 'Tis done, the dream of years is o'er,  
 I mourn thee, but I love no more.

Seek not to meet me, 'twere but vain  
 To give to each a fruitless pain,  
 The feeble smile, the careless eye,  
 Would but the wounded heart belie.  
 Farewell, though sorrow thou might feel,  
 Oh! from thy heart all, all conceal;  
 No sight can now the past restore,  
 I mourn thee, but I love no more.

---

## THE SLAVE TRADE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

WHEN Venus first rose from the wave,  
 Where of sea-foam they gracefully made her,  
 Three cheers for the goddess they gave  
 As she launch'd, in her shell, the fair trader;  
 But she,—an insurgent by birth,  
 Unfetter'd by legal or grave trade,  
 And defying our laws on the earth,  
 So boldly embark'd in the slave trade.

O'er the world, from that hour of her birth,  
 She carried her slave trade victorious;  
 And then, to her daughters of earth  
 Entrusted the privilege glorious:

“Unfetter'd,” she cried, “never leave  
 One slave to object to your brave trade,  
 While you stand to your colours, believe  
 You may always insist on your slave trade !”

“Oh ! 'tis glorious a heart to subdue,  
 By the conquering light of your glances :  
 By the smile that endangers a few,  
 And the sigh that whole dozens entrances.  
 Unbind not a link of the chain,  
 Stand by me each merry and grave maid ;  
 Let senators thunder in vain—  
 The ladies will still have their slave trade !”

---

## DREAM, BABY, DREAM.

V. GABRIEL.]

[*Music* by V. GABRIEL.]

DREAM, baby dream, the stars are glowing ;  
 Hear'st thou the stream ? 'tis softly flowing.  
 All gently glide the hours ;  
 Above no tempest lowers :  
 Below are fragrant flowers,  
 In silence growing.

Sleep, baby, sleep, till dawn to-morrow !  
 Why shouldst thou weep, who know'st 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, thy eyelids quiver ;  
 Know'st thou the theme of yonder river ?  
 It saith, “Be calm, be sure,  
 Unfailing, gentle, pure,  
 So shall thy life endure,  
 Like mine, for ever.”

## JOAN TO THE MAYPOLE.

[Popular in the reign of Charles the First.]

JOAN to the Maypole away, let us on,  
 The time is swift and will be gone ;  
 There go the lasses away to the green,  
 Where their beauties may be seen ;  
 Bess, Moll, Kate, Doll,  
 All the gay lasses have lads to attend them,  
 Hodge, Dick, Tom, Nick,  
 Jolly brave dancers, and who can mend them ?  
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

Do you not see how the lord of the May  
 Walks along in rich array ?  
 There goes the lass that is only his,  
 See how they meet and how they kiss.  
 Come Will, run Gill,  
 Or dost thou list to lose thy labour ;  
 Kit Crowd scrape loud,  
 Tickle up Tom with the pipe and the tabor.  
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

Now, if we hold out as we do begin,  
 Joan and I the prize shall win ;  
 Nay, if we live till another day,  
 I'll make thee lady of the May.  
 Dance round, skip, bound,  
 Turn and kiss, and then for a greeting.  
 Now, Joan, we've done,  
 Fare thee well till the next merry meeting.  
 Joan to the Maypole, &c.

---

## LIGHT AS THISTLE-DOWN.

MRS. BROOKE.]

[Music by SHIELD.]

LIGHT as thistle-down moving, which floats on the air,  
 Sweet gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear,  
 Of autumn's rich store, I bring home my part,  
 The weight on my head, but light joy in my heart.

## OH! DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

[ANONYMOUS.]

OH! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,  
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me;  
He promised he'd bring a bunch of blue ribbons  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Dear! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,  
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,  
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons  
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

## THE BLACKSMITH'S SON.

L. WILLIAMS.]

[*Music* by L. WILLIAMS.]

A STALWART lad is the blacksmith's son,  
With broad bare chest and strong,  
His laugh is loud, his voice is deep,  
And jovial, too, his song:  
There's vigour in his well-knit frame,  
Might in his brawny arm,  
But small his share of winning ways,  
A maiden's heart to charm.  
Yet, like a child, sweet Cicely  
Is his heart's chosen one;  
The village pride is lov'd and woo'd  
By Mark, the blacksmith's son.

The baron's heir is young and gay,  
 The proudest in the land,  
 Of noble birth—a princely home—  
 And wealth at his command ;  
 On horse or foot, his pathway lies  
 Towards her quiet home,  
 But Cicely smileth not, nor sighs  
 Whether he go or come ;  
 Bright beams his eye, soft tales he tells,  
 And honied is his tone ;  
 He seeks to win away her heart  
 From Mark, the blacksmith's son.

The baron's heir, with gold and gems,  
 Is skill'd in arts to woo ;  
 The blacksmith's son can only boast  
 A stout heart, fond and true.  
 So Cicely her choice has made,  
 She deems his proffer small  
 Who could but share with her his wealth,  
 While Mark gives heart and all.  
 The lot she takes—the lowly one—  
 Until her life is spun,  
 To be the humble, loving wife  
 Of Mark, the blacksmith's son.

---

## O THOU BREEZE OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by JOHN LODGE.]

O THOU breeze of spring !  
 Gladdening sea and shore,  
 Wake the woods to sing,  
 Wake my heart no more !  
 Streams have felt the sighing  
 Of thy scented wing,  
 Let each fount replying  
 Hail thee, breeze of spring,  
 Once more.

O'er long buried flowers  
 Passing not in vain,  
 Odours in soft showers  
 Thou hast brought again.  
 Let the primrose greet thee,  
 Let the violet pour  
 Incense forth to meet thee,  
 Wake my heart no more!  
 No more.

From a funeral urn  
 Bowered in leafy gloom,  
 Even thy soft return  
 Calls not song or bloom.  
 Leave my spirit sleeping  
 Like that silent king;  
 Stir the founts of weeping  
 There, O breeze of spring,  
 No more!

---

### THE DUSTY MILLER.

[ANONYMOUS. 1782.]

HEY, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty coat;  
 He will win a shilling  
 Ere he spend a groat.  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour;  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I gat frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,  
 And his dusty sack;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck,—  
 Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller:  
 I wad gi'e my coatie  
 For the dusty miller.

## CHILD OF THE SUN.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by BALFE.]

CHILD of the sun, unhappy slave,  
 Thy spirit must not dare  
 To gaze on charms that Nature gave  
 So wonderfully fair!  
 With soul that is denied the free,  
 To feel, to weep, to sigh,  
 The only privilege can be  
 To worship, and to die!

Dark is thy hue, as that of night,  
 And yet with softened ray  
 There beams from heav'n itself a light  
 To waken night to day:  
 Thus, if the light so lov'd by thee,  
 Were only gleaming nigh,  
 How blest the privilege would be,  
 To worship, and to die!



## SONG OF THE BELL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

BELL! thou soundest merrily,  
 When the bridal party  
 To the church doth hie!  
 Bell, thou soundest solemnly,  
 When, on Sabbath morning,  
 Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily:  
 Tellest thou at evening  
 Bed-time draweth nigh!  
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully:  
 Tellest thou the bitter  
 Parting hath gone by!

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?  
 How canst thou rejoice ?  
 Thou art but metal dull !  
 And yet all our sorrowings,  
 And all our rejoicings,  
 Thou dost feel them all !  
 God hath wonders many,  
 Which we cannot fathom,  
 Placed within thy form !  
 When the heart is sinking,  
 Thou alone canst raise it,  
 Trembling in the storm !

---

## THE BIRTHPLACE, THE HOME, AND THE GRAVE OF THE BARD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. E. PERRING.]

ALL hail to the shrine, for the spot must be holy  
 That cradled in infancy genius and worth ;  
 Oh ! what though the roof may be humble and lowly,  
 It shelter'd the gem that shone proudest on earth.  
 'Tis not mid the gay halls of riches and splendour  
 The home of true genius alone can be found,  
 But in dwellings like those, where our homage we  
 render,  
 With heaven above them, and nature around.

### Chorus.

Then hail to the shrine, be it hallowed, for never  
 Shall we, who sweet Shakespeare have learnt to re-  
 gard,  
 Forget the dear scene where the Avon runs ever—  
 The birthplace—the home—and the grave of the  
 bard.

That nation can ne'er be debased or degraded,  
 Whose people still cherish, with feelings of pride,  
 The spots that the halo of Genius pervaded—  
 The home where it dwelt, the place where it died.



Then perish the slave who with rude hands would sever  
 The relics of him who made language divine ;  
 May they stand like his fame, which endureth for ever,  
 That millions unborn may still visit the shrine.

Chorus.

Then hail to the shrine, &c.

---

## LET MY CARE BE NO MAN'S SORROW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. T. WRIGHTON.]

LET my care be no man's sorrow,  
 We have all enough of grief ;  
 Wherefore should I strive to borrow  
 Tears from those whose joy is brief ?  
 Rather let me see around me  
 Smiles as bright as summer's day,  
 And the sorrow that has bound me  
 Sooner than will pass away.

As the stream in winter freezes,  
 So our spirits cease to glow ;  
 Spring returns with southern breezes,  
 Then again the torrents flow ;  
 So our hearts revive and lighten,  
 When some new-found pleasure beams,  
 Then the dullest eye will brighten,  
 As the sun sets free the streams.

---

## HOW SWEET THE HOUR.

ROUND.

[*Music* by DR. HAYES.]

How sweet the hour of closing day,  
 When all is peaceful and serene,  
 And the broad sun's retiring ray  
 Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene.

## SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by HERMANN.]

SISTER ! since I met thee last,  
 O'er thy brow a change hath past,  
 In the softness of thine eyes,  
 Deep and still a shadow lies ;  
 From thy voice there thrills a tone,  
 Never to thy childhood known ;  
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,  
 Gentle sister, thou hast loved.

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught  
 Hues too bright from troubled thought ;  
 Far along the wandering stream,  
 Thou art followed by a dream :  
 In the woods and valleys lone  
 Music haunts thee, not thine own ;  
 Wherefore fall thy tears like rain ?  
 Sister, thou hast loved in vain.

Tell me not the tale, my flower !  
 On my bosom pour that shower !  
 Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted ;  
 Tell me not of young hopes blasted ;  
 Wring not forth one burning word,  
 Let thy heart no more be stirr'd !  
 Home alone can give thee rest,  
 Weep, sweet sister, on my breast.

## OH, SWEET SIMPLICITY.

ROUND.

O SWEET simplicity flow in my veins,  
 Till their reflection unite in my heart ;  
 Then may I warble thy natural strains  
 Greatly beyond all effusions of art.  
 Rivals in fashion their folly declare ;  
 For 'tis thy modest robe which adds charms  
 to the fair.

## LOVE SMILES BUT TO DECEIVE.

DESMOND RYAN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

'TIS gone, the past was all a dream,  
 The light of life is o'er,  
 The hope that once so bright did seem,  
 Now shines for me no more.  
 Oh! foolish heart without a thought,  
 In joy that did'st believe,  
 Nor knew what many a tale has taught,  
 Love smiles but to deceive.

No more I'll join the dance and song,  
 Nor mingle with the gay,  
 And happy as the day is long  
 Beguile the hours away.  
 I'll seek me out some silent spot,  
 In solitude to grieve,  
 And learn what many a tale has taught,  
 Love smiles but to deceive.

---

 THE STORMY PETREL.

PARK BENJAMIN.]

[*Music* by DWIGHT.]

THIS is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea—  
 Fearless, and rapid, and strong is he ;  
 He never forsakes the billowy roar,  
 To dwell in calm on the tranquil shore,  
 Save when his mate from the tempest's shocks  
 Protects her young in the splinter'd rocks.

Birds of the sea, they rejoice in storms ;  
 On the top of the wave you may see their forms ;  
 They run and dive, and they whirl and fly,  
 Where the glittering foam-spray breaks on high ;  
 And against the force of the strongest gale,  
 Like phantom ships they soar and sail.

All over the ocean, far from land,  
 When the storm-king rises, dark and grand,  
 The mariner sees the petrel meet  
 The fathomless waves with steady feet,  
 And a tireless wing, and a dauntless breast,  
 Without a home or a hope of rest.

So, 'mid the contest and toil of life,  
 My soul! when the billows of rage and strife  
 Are tossing high, and the heavenly blue  
 Is shrouded by vapours of sombre hue—  
 Like the petrel, wheeling o'er foam and spray,  
 Onward and upward pursue thy way!

---

### SWEET WOMAN'S PITYING TEAR.

J. W. LAKE.]

[*Music* by ALEXANDER LEE.]

WHATE'ER our lot in life may prove,  
 Let fortune smile or frown,  
 Oh! ne'er forget that woman's love  
 Is honour, wealth, renown!

When hopes like fading leaves depart,  
 She shines an angel fair,  
 For every pang that rends the heart  
 Sweet woman has a tear.

The world it is a bitter one,  
 And govern'd still by gold;  
 But love in woman's breast begun,  
 Clings like the ivy's fold.

Her heart is pity's pure domain,  
 Her home an Eden fair;  
 For every human grief and pain  
 Sweet woman has a tear.

## I'VE WATCHED FOR THEE.

H. DEVAL.]

[*Music* by H. DEVAL.]

I'VE watch'd for thee, my ain kind Jamie,  
 Why dost from thy Lilian stay?  
 I list for thy dear voice, my Jamie,  
 But list in vain for thy sweet lay;  
 Oh, haste and cheer my drooping heart,  
 With thee no danger can I fear;  
 With thee once more I ne'er will part,  
 For thou to me alone art dear.

Ah, linger not, my ain kind Jamie,  
 Let this heart once more rejoice;  
 I'll gladly share thy dangers, Jamie,  
 Cheered by love's inspiring voice;  
 When roving through the blooming heather,  
 'Neath the sunny skies of heaven,  
 And passing through life's path together,  
 From our hearts all care is driven.

---

 AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF  
 THE WATERS.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The young man's dream."

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
 So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,  
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,  
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright  
 ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,  
 It may smile in its light, but it blooms not again.

## HOPE FOR THE BEST!

EDWIN RANSFORD.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

THE uphill of life we must all of us tread,  
 Encount'ring the rough and the smooth by the way,  
 But while we act right we have little to dread,  
 Our path will be bright and as clear as noonday.  
 'Tis fruitless to think it will be without pain,  
 That all will be pleasure on which we can rest ;  
 Still let us not over our trials complain,  
 But each do his duty, and hope for the best !

The bitters and sweets we in turn ever taste,  
 While passing the few years allotted to man ;  
 Yet why should we grieve ?—to do good let us haste—  
 To help one another do all that we can.  
 Misfortune may come to the best of us here,  
 But let us bear up when we're put to the test,  
 And should sorrow follow and cause us to fear,  
 Let each do his duty, and hope for the best !

We all must expect with reverses to meet,  
 Sometimes with a foe—and sometimes with a friend,  
 What matters, so long as our journey is sweet,  
 And leads to a bright and a glorious end ?  
 It is not all sunshine we want here below,  
 But various changes to give life a zest ;  
 Then let us look forward as onward we go,  
 Let each do his duty, and hope for the best !

---

 GO, GENTLE BREEZE.

ROUND.

Go, gentle breeze, to yon verdant grove,  
 Where Delia mourns the absence of her love ;  
 Ye purling streams, O sweetly glide along,  
 Ye pretty warblers, tune your cheerful song ;  
 Ye rural swains, your powerful charms display,  
 And soothe my Delia while her love's away.

D 3

## THE GREEK SLAVE.

J. H. JEWEL.]

[*Music* by S. W. NEW.]

IN my own dearest land, in my childhood's loved home,  
 Where my footsteps were free as the wind,  
 My life's early days had their joys and their cares,  
 But no fetters bound hand, heart, or mind.  
 I was free as the wild bird that wings through the sky,  
 Ever sought for and loved by the brave;  
 But my mem'ry recalls, recalls with a sigh  
 Those days—now alas! I'm a Slave.

I sigh for my home, where the tyrant hath been  
 And destroyed the fair vision it wore;  
 I sigh for my home and the fanes of my sires,  
 And the faith that they kindled of yore.  
 Yet Hope, sweet enchantress, points onwards and  
 says,  
 Thy sorrows will end with the grave,  
 And thy spirit thus freed, thus freed from earth's ties,  
 Shall give freedom and rest to the slave.

---

## THE LIGHT FROM LOVING EYES.

GEORGE HODDER.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

THE light from loving eyes!  
 How brightly it beameth,  
 When thoughts of gloom arise,  
 The nearer it seemeth.

As onward we wander,  
 Thro' scenes that are drear,  
 That light is the beacon  
 Our spirits to cheer.

Tho' fortune may low'r,  
 And hearts be forsaken,  
 We hail the sweet pow'r,  
 New joys to awaken.

The light from loving eyes !  
This truth doth engender,  
That where its radiance dies,  
Bright hopes we surrender.

When hearts are repining,  
The charm still appears,  
Through clouds gladly shining,  
And calming our fears.

O'er life's darken'd stream,  
May truth still endeavour  
To make that light gleam  
Our loadstar for ever !

---

## THE LAMPLIGHTER.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,  
They say the sun's my dad,  
And truly I believe it, sir,  
For I'm a pretty lad ;  
Father and I the world do light,  
And make it look so gay,  
The difference is, I lights by night,  
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,  
For knowing life and fun,  
For I queer tricks and fancy spy,  
Folks never show the sun ;  
Rogues, owls and bats, can't bear the light,  
I've heard your wise ones say,  
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night,  
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,  
As quite a useless task,  
And many a face, and many a heart  
Will then pull off the mask ;



Each formal prude and holy wight  
 Will throw disguise away,  
 And sin it openly at night,  
 Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,  
 Misses from friends decamp,  
 And many a statesman mischief brews,  
 To his country o'er his lamp ;  
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,  
 Are just on the same lay ;  
 I barefac'd sinners light by night  
 And he false saints by day.

---

## IN THAT HAPPY, HAPPY TIME.

A. B. EDWARDS.]

[*Music* by J. F. DUGGAN.]

IN that happy, happy time,  
 When the spring was in its prime,  
 And the night came all too closely  
 On the footsteps of the day ;  
 I was young, I was fair,  
 And the blossoms in my hair  
 Were not sweeter than the hopes  
 That made my life a dream of May.

Now that happy spring is fled,  
 And the hopes of youth are dead.  
 But the summer and its ripen'd joy  
 Are all my own to-day.  
 Then weep not for the past,  
 Life is fair from first to last,  
 And the autumn rose is sweeter  
 Than the blossom on the May !

When the autumn, too, shall fade,  
 And the roses are decay'd,  
 And the grass that was erewhile so green,  
 Beneath the now-drift lies,

Shall we mourn the wither'd flow'rs !  
 Shall we count the vanish'd hours ?  
 Or look forward to the future  
 That is dawning in the skies ?

Ah ! the snow will pass away,  
 And the dark but veils the day,  
 And the spring-time brings its blossoms,  
 And the wintry winds depart ;  
 So bid the past go with a sigh,  
 For lo ! the rainbow spans the sky,  
 And "Hope on, and hope for ever,"  
 Is the wisdom of the heart !

---

## FORESTERS, SOUND THE CHEERFUL HORN.

GLEE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

FORESTERS, sound the cheerful horn,  
 Hark, to the woods away,  
 Diana, with her nymphs this morn,  
 Will hunt the stag to bay.  
 At length returned from healthful chase,  
 Let Bacchus crown the day,  
 While Venus, with seducing grace,  
 Shall all our toil repay.

---

## HASTE THEE, NYMPH.

MILTON.]

[*Music* by HANDEL.]

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee,  
 Jest and youthful jollity,  
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
 And laughter holding both his sides.

## ESMERALDA.

ALFRED WAYMARK.]

[*Music by* THOMAS BAKER.]

IN childhood, mother, on thy tender breast,  
 I've felt thy kisses on my tranquil brow,  
 Awake thee, dearest, from thy peaceful rest,  
 And save thy child from bitter sorrow now.  
 The cruel world, unfeeling, heedeth not  
 The plaint of one who was so dear to thee !  
 But lone and friendless on this wretched spot,  
 Thou, dearest mother, still wilt pity me.

Ere yet sweet infancy had passed away,  
 I felt thy tenderness each hour increase,  
 And thou did'st teach me in maturer day  
 That ways of virtue are the paths of peace ;  
 Thy fond caresses and thy precepts mild,  
 Must ever fervently remember'd be ;  
 Oh, look thee down upon thy suff'ring child,  
 And, dearest mother, thou wilt pity me !

---

 NOREEN.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music by* J. TULLY.]

NOREEN, darling ! don't look so shy—  
 It kills me, that glance of your eye ;  
 Oh, go where I will,  
 It follows me still,  
 Beaming bright, like a star in the sky.  
 While pressing your hand yesterday,  
 As idly we saunter'd along,  
 Each word that I wanted to say  
 Expired at the point of my tongue—  
 For as in a book  
 I read by your look,  
 That you seem well to know what I mean.  
 Yes, I love you, my darling Noreen !

Noreen ! if to love you be wrong,  
 The blame to my heart doth belong.  
 For morn, noon, and night,  
 You're all its delight,  
 And your name the sweet theme of my song.  
 Then, darling, no longer delay,  
 Your glances my heart have undone,  
 That smile says what I wish'd to say,  
 To-morrow we two shall be one.  
 The priest and a ring,  
 Will best settle the thing,  
 And explain what I really do mean.  
 Yes, I love you my darling Noreen !

---

### THE HARDY SAILOR.

[*Music* by DR. ARNOLD.]

THE hardy sailor braves the ocean,  
 Fearless of the roaring wind ;  
 Yet his heart with soft emotion  
 Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,  
 Though the youth can dauntless roam,  
 Alarming fears paint ev'ry danger,  
 In a rival left at home.

---

### GIVE ME THE SWEET DELIGHTS.

ROUND.

[*Music* by HARRINGTON.]

GIVE me the sweet delights of love,  
 Let not anxious care destroy them,  
 Oh ! how divine, still to enjoy them.  
 Pure are the blessings love bestowing,  
 Peace and harmony ever flowing,  
 A smoky house, a failing trade.  
 Six squalling brats, and a scolding jade.

## I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

MRS. HEMANS.]

[*Music* by her Sister.]

I WOULD we had not met again !  
 I had a dream of thee,  
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea.  
 What though it haunted me by night,  
 And troubled through the day ?  
 It touched all earth with spirit-light,  
 It glorified my way.

Oh ! what shall now my faith restore  
 In lovely things and fair ?  
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—  
 The world's breath had been there !  
 Yes ! it was sad on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea,  
 Yet would I buy with life again  
 That one deep dream of thee.

## THE LASS OF WATERTOWN.

EDWARD CAPERN.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

OH, the bonnie, bonnie Yeo !  
 Where the hawthorns, hanging low,  
 Spread a fragrant sun-screen woven,  
 And over-laid with down ;  
 Where the sleek and dappled kine  
 Breathe an odour like the vine,  
 There for ever I would wander  
 With the lass of Watertown.

Flow gently, softly flow,  
 Let thy waters murmur low ;  
 For my lov'd one is departed,  
 My beauty and my crown ;

And nightly by my side  
I will watch thy loving tide  
Leap up to kiss my darling,  
The lass of Watertown.

Flow faster, faster flow,  
My bright and bonnie Yeo !  
And help to swell the chorus,  
As the waters gambol down ;  
Until the song is heard,  
From maiden, man, and bird,  
O, come again, sweet Polly !  
Fair lass of Watertown.

---

## CRIED ECHO, FAR AWAY.

[LORD BYRON.]

WITHIN a bower, a lady gay  
Sat warbling to her lute ;  
While, as if listening to her lay,  
The airy tribe was mute :  
“ My love was true ; yet, well-a-day,  
From me my love is far away.”  
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

“ Now hie thee here, my handsome page,  
Trip nimbly as the fawn ;  
For lo ! I see a pilgrim sage  
Come tott'ring o'er the lawn.  
And here invite his welcome stay,  
My love may wander far away.  
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

“ Here, pilgrim, rest awhile your woe.”  
He blessed her charity,  
Then off his weeds essayed to throw ;  
Her true love, it was he.  
And now that lady changed her lay,  
And sung, “ Be sorrow far away.”  
Cried Echo, “ far away.”

## WHY THROBS THIS HEART WITH RAPTURE NEW?

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

WHY throbs this heart with rapture new,  
 What joy is this till now unknown?  
 In accents soft while he did sue,  
 E'en Nature's self seemed lovelier grown.  
 When at my side the evening gale  
 More gently did the flowers move;  
 Some spell doth sure my sense assail,  
 A power unseen, can it be love?

Why sinks my heart now he is gone?  
 Why sad and cheerless feel I now?  
 The night wind sighs more sad and lone,  
 More chill the breeze plays o'er my brow;  
 His voice yet rings within mine ear,  
 Like music wafted from above,  
 Nought else to me e'er seemed so dear,  
 Ah, much I fear this must be love!

---

## MY MOTHER'S SWEET GOOD NIGHT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

TWO gentle words, two loving words,  
 I never can forget,  
 Though hushed the lips that breathed them oft,  
 They haunt my memory yet;  
 Like echoes of departed days,  
 When all around was bright,  
 Their spirit-music charms me still;—  
 My mother's sweet "Good night."  
 I see again those watchful eyes  
 That gazed with such delight,  
 As o'er me, in my tiny bed,  
 She fondly breathed "Good night."

I've listened to the magic tones  
 By tuneful voices sung ;  
 I've heard the mirth of manhood's prime,  
 The laughter of the young ;  
 They cheered my drooping heart, but when  
 The festive scene took flight,  
 'Twas sweet to call to mind again  
 My mother's soft " Good night."  
 And still, tho' years have passed, when fades  
 The last faint beam of light,  
 I seem to hear that spirit-voice ;—  
 My mother's sweet " Good night."

---

## LOVE LURKS IN A LAUGHING EYE.

R. MANNERS WHITE.]

[*Music* by LEIGH SMITH.]

LOVE may dwell in a sleek  
 Or a dimple cheek,  
 His voice may be heard in a sigh,  
 But such signs are weak  
 His presence to speak,  
 Compar'd with a laughing eye,  
 Oh, he lurks in a laughing eye,  
 He lurks in a laughing eye.  
 No adage more true,  
 Than this I tell you,  
 Love lurks in a laughing eye.

Love may dwell in the mind,  
 Like a debtor confin'd,  
 But in vain to secure him you try :  
 His captivity ends  
 When he writes to his friends,  
 His postman a laughing eye,  
 For he lurks in a laughing eye,  
 He lurks in a laughing eye.  
 No adage more true  
 Than this I tell you,  
 Love lurks in a laughing eye.



Youths and maidens take care,  
 I would have you beware  
 Of a little wing'd urchin so sly ;  
     For if it should prove  
     You have harboured this love,  
 'Twill peep forth in a laughing eye,  
 Yes, he lurks in a laughing eye,  
 He lurks in a laughing eye.  
     No adage more true  
     Than this I tell you,  
 Love lurks in a laughing eye.

---

### THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND ME.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Air*—"Brighton Camp."]

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hill,  
     And o'er the moor and valley ;  
 Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,  
     Since parting with my Sally.  
 I seek no more the fine and gay,  
     For each does but remind me  
 How swift the hours did pass away  
     With the girl I left behind me.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget the night,  
     The stars were bright above me,  
 And gently lent their silv'ry light,  
     When first she vow'd to love me.  
 But now I'm bound to Brighton camp,  
     Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,  
 And send me safely back again  
     To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the heart to sing her praise  
     With all the skill of Homer,  
 One only theme should fill my lays, .  
     The charms of my true lover.

So let the night be e'er so dark,  
Or e'er so wet and windy,  
Kind Heaven send me back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
Her eyes like diamonds shining,  
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,  
May leave the swain repining.  
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,  
To my beauteous fair to bind me,  
And send me safely back again  
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,  
The dove become a ranger,  
The falling waves shall cease to roar,  
E'er I shall seek to change her.  
The vows we register'd above  
Shall ever cheer and bind me  
In constancy to her I love,  
The girl I've left behind me.

My mind her form shall still retain  
In sleeping or in waking,  
Until I see my love again,  
For whom my heart is breaking.  
If ever I return that way,  
And she should not decline me,  
I evermore will live and stay  
With the girl I've left behind me.

---

## IT IS THE HAPPY SUMMER TIME.

HENRY C. WATSON.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

It is the happy summer time!  
The fruits are ripening fast,  
The glad earth clothed in brightest green  
Forgets the snowy past.

The quick'ning sun shines bright on all,  
 The flowers sweet odours bear ;  
 The streamlets flow through leafy bowers,  
 And joy is everywhere.

It is the happy summer time,  
 O beating heart be still,  
 Bound not with such ecstatic joy—  
 With such a rapturous thrill !  
 All living things seem to rejoice,  
 The spirit soars on wings,  
 And nature with exultant voice,  
 The praise of summer sings.

---

## THE LADY OF THE MAY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by W. H. MONTGOMERY.]

OH ! the Lady of the May !  
 She was fair as she was gay,  
 For a sweetheart all too young,  
 Yet had she a winning tongue ;  
 Innocent, yet sweetly wild,  
 Though she was a very child  
 She made all the village wait  
 Near her floral throne of state.  
 Thine was then a happy day,  
 Little Lady of the May !

Oh ! the Lady of the May !  
 Few the years that passed away  
 Ere she was a maiden bright,  
 Still her step was free and light ;  
 No one ventur'd then to sip—  
 Honey from her cherry lip,  
 Still her bright and laughing eyes  
 Caused around a world of sighs ;  
 But a lover came one day  
 To wed the Lady of the May !

Oh ! the Lady of the May !  
 Now her golden locks are grey ;  
 Yet her smile like sunset beams  
 When upon the past she dreams :  
 Sweet to her that early time  
 When the May was in its prime,  
 Now to us so old and strange,  
 Yet she sighs not o'er the change.  
 Thine was still a happy day,  
 Gentle Lady of the May !

---

### THE GREY-EYED AURORA.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

THE grey-eyed Aurora, in saffron array,  
 'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep ;  
 And though broader and broader still brightened the  
 day,  
 Nought could wake me, so sound did I sleep.  
 At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,  
 Full and fervent, but nothing would do,  
 Till the dogs yelp'd, impatient, and longed for the  
 chase,  
 And shouting appeared the whole crew.

Come on, yoics, honeys ! hark forward, my boys,  
 There ne'er was so charming a morn ;  
 Follow, follow ! wake, Echo ! to share in our joys,  
 Now the music, now Echo,—mark ! mark !  
 Hark ! hark !

The silver-mouthed hounds, and the mellow-toned  
 horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew  
 health,  
 My companions are ranged on the plain,  
 Blest with rosy contentment, that's nature's best  
 wealth,  
 Which monarchs aspire to in vain :

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,  
 And now we in order set out,  
 While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland, and  
 glade,  
 Re-volleys the air-rending shout.  
 Come on, yoics, &c.

Now Renard's unearthed, and runs fairly in view,  
 Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,  
 But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,  
 While each object impatiently burns :  
 Hark ! Babbler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver, and  
 Sly,  
 The fox now the covert forsakes ;  
 Again he's in view, let us after him fly,  
 Now, now to the river he takes.  
 Come on, yoics, &c.

From the river poor Renard can make but one push,  
 No longer so proudly he flies,  
 Tired, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,  
 And, conquered, like Cæsar he dies ;  
 And now in high glee to the board we repair,  
 Where sat, as we jovially quaff,  
 His portion of merit let every man share,  
 And promote the convivial laugh.  
 Come on, yoics, &c.

---

## GENTLE YOUTH, AH! TELL ME WHY?

[*Music by DR. ARNE.*]

GENTLE youth, ah! tell me why  
 Still you force me thus to fly?  
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,  
 Speak not what I must not hear.  
 To my heart its ease restore,  
 Go! and never see me more!

## 'TIS PLEASANT TO BE YOUNG.

ANSON G. CHESTER.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

A BOY amid the blossoms played,  
 With rosy lip and golden curl,  
 He lay beneath their fragrant shade,  
 And listened to the streamlet's purl :  
 And while he wove a garland fair,  
 His childish accents sweetly rung  
 Upon the breeze that stirred his hair,—  
 'Tis pleasant to be young.

Youth fled away ; the snows of age  
 Were sprinkled on his locks of gold,  
 And on his forehead's truthful page  
 The tales of dreary years were told,  
 That careless scene returned again,  
 And 'mid his tears the old man sung,  
 Rolled back on memory's noiseless main,—  
 'Tis pleasant to be young.

---

 THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN  
 KYLE.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[*Tune*—"Daintie Davie."]

'THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But whatna day, o' whatna style,  
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.  
 For Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 A rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin',  
 Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 O rantin', rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane  
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'  
 Blew hansel in on Robin.  
 For Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be nae coof ;  
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.  
 For Robin was, &c.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
 But aye a heart aboon them a' ;  
 He'll be a credit till us a' ;  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.  
 For Robin was, &c.

---

## WITH JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* ANONYMOUS.]

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May day  
 When nature painted all things gay,  
 Taught birds to sing and lambs to play  
 And decked the meadows fair,  
 Young Jockey early in the morn  
 Arose and tripp'd it o'er the lawn ;  
 His Sunday coat the youth put on,  
 For Jenny had vowed away to run  
 With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
 With eager steps he trudg'd along ;  
 Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung  
 Which shepherds used to wear :  
 He tapp'd the window,—“ Haste, my dear,”  
 Jenny, impatient, cried, “ Who's there ?”  
 “ 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
 With Jockey to the fair.”

“ My dad and mammy's fast asleep,  
 My brother's up and with the sheep,  
 And will you still your promise keep  
 Which I have heard you swear ?

And will you ever constant prove?"  
 "I will by all the powers above,  
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
 Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,  
 With Jockey to the fair."

"Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,  
 "Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
 And Hymen meet us there!"  
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
 He would be constant, would be true,  
 His word was pledged; away she flew  
 With cowslips sparkling with the dew,  
 With Jockey to the fair.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,  
 Their gay companions blithe and young;  
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
 To hail the happy pair.  
 What two were e'er so fond as they?  
 All bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn and blooming May  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
 With Jockey to the fair.

---

## WHEN THE WIND IS BLOWING FREE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WHEN the wind is blowing free, boys,  
 What a jovial life is ours,  
 Who would care on the land to be, boys,  
 With its forest, fruit, and flowers?  
 When our forests of masts are sweeping past,  
 Such sights can the landsmen see?  
 As our sailing fleets with their swelling sheets,  
 When the winds are blowing free!



Our life is a life of freedom,  
 We're borne by the fresh'ning gale ;  
 And for storms—we never heed 'em,  
 If we've plenty of room to sail ;  
 For we know that the power above us,  
 Our guide in the storm will be,  
 For the sake of the girls who love us,  
 When the winds are blowing free !

And then, when the sails are righted,  
 And night draws her gloaming screen,  
 We think of the vows we plighted  
 On the far-off village green ;  
 We drink to our wives and sweethearts,  
 And fancy their forms we see,  
 As the vessel glides through the swelling tides,  
 And the wind is blowing free !

---

## THE SHIP.

[JOHN MALCOLM.]

HER mighty sails the breezes swell,  
 As fast she leaves the lessening land,  
 And from the shore the last farewell  
 Is waved by many a snowy hand ;  
 And weeping eyes are on the main  
 Until its verge she wanders o'er ;  
 But, from that hour of parting pain,  
 Oh ! she was never heard of more !

In her was many a mother's joy,  
 And love of many a weeping fair ;  
 In her was wafted, in its sigh,  
 The lonely heart's unceasing prayer ;  
 And oh ! the thousand hopes untold  
 Of ardent youth, that vessel bore ;  
 Say, were they quenched in ocean cold,  
 For she was never heard of more.

When on her wide and trackless path  
 Of desolation, doom'd to flee,  
 Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath  
 Of racking cloud and rolling sea?  
 Or, where the land but mocks the eye,  
 Went drifting on a fatal shore?  
 Vain guesses all!—her destiny  
 Is dark;—she ne'er was heard of more.

The moon hath twelve times changed her in,  
 From glowing orb to crescent wan:  
 'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,  
 Since from her port that ship hath gone;  
 But ocean keeps its secret well;  
 And though we know that all is o'er,  
 No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell  
 Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

---

### WRITE ON THE SAND.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WRITE on the sand when the tide is low,  
 Seek the spot when the waters flow,  
 Whisper a name when the storm is heard,  
 Pause, that echo may breathe the word;  
 If what you wrote on the sand should last,  
 And echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,  
 Then believe, and not till then,  
 That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream at morn,  
 Watch at eve for the flower's return;  
 Drop in the ocean a golden grain,  
 Hope 'twill shine on the shore again;  
 If the rose you again behold,  
 If you gaze on your grain of gold,  
 Then believe, and not till then,  
 That there's truth in the vows of men.

## DON'T LET THE ROSES LISTEN.

JESSICA RANKIN.]

[Music by M. W. BALFE.]

DON'T let the roses listen,  
 Don't let the night-star wink,  
 Don't let the dew-drops glisten  
 Whilst I tell thee of whom I think ;  
 I will whisper softly, lowly,  
 Not e'en zephyr's self shall hear,  
 Echo shall not catch a murmur  
 To tell the babbling streamlet near.

Stars would show the sweet rose blushing,  
 Zephyrs come with gentle sighs,  
 Quickly steals the cherish'd secret,  
 Then to other loves he flies ;  
 Echo hears the faintest murmur,  
 Whispers "I will never tell,"  
 But the world will soon discover  
 The name I love so well.

Don't let the roses listen,  
 Don't let the night-star wink,  
 Don't let the dew-drops glisten  
 Whilst I say, 'tis of thee I think.

## NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

MADRIGAL.

Now is the month of maying,  
 When merry lads are playing,  
 Each with his bonny lass,  
 A dancing on the grass.  
 Fa, la, la, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladness,  
 Doth laugh at winter's sadness,  
 And to the bagpipe's sound,  
 The nymphs tread out their ground.

## 'T WAS DOWN IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.

'T WAS down in Cupid's garden  
 For pleasure I did go,  
 To see the fairest flowers  
 That in that garden grow.  
 The first it was the jessamine,  
 The lily, pink, and rose,  
 And surely they're the fairest flowers  
 That in that garden grow.

I'd not walk'd in that garden  
 The part of half an hour,  
 When there I saw two pretty maids  
 Sitting under a shady bow'r ;  
 The first was lovely Nancy,  
 So beautiful and fair,  
 The other was a virgin,  
 Who did the laurels wear.

I boldly stepp'd up to her  
 And unto her did say,  
 Are you engaged to any young man,  
 Do tell to me, I pray ?  
 I'm not engaged to any young man,  
 I solemnly do swear,  
 I mean to live a virgin  
 And still the laurel wear.

Then hand in hand together  
 This lovely couple went ;  
 Resolved was the sailor boy  
 To know her full intent.  
 To know if he would slighted be,  
 When to her the truth he told :  
 Oh no ! oh no ! oh no ! she cried,  
 I love a sailor bold.

## THE SORROWS OF THE HEART.

ALFRED BUNN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

THY beauty, while it thrills my soul,  
 Cannot dispel its gloom,  
 But beams with a deceptive light,  
 Like roses on a tomb.  
 And yet by thee beguil'd, enchain'd,  
 I still would at its shrine,  
 To win thy love, lay down my life,  
 My fame to call thee mine.  
 Oh! Bianca, oh! Bianca,  
 Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul,  
 Cannot dispel its gloom,  
 But beams with a deceptive light,  
 Like roses on a tomb.  
 Then lady, while thy radiant smiles  
 Each stricken sense subdue,  
 Oh, may they, as they rend the heart,  
 Allay its sorrow too !

---

## THE BEAR HUNT.

HENRY PHILLIPS.]

[*Music* by H. PHILLIPS.]

THE forest we enter, silently and slow,  
 Let not a leaf be turn'd—soft, breathe low.  
 Thicker, more gloomy the deep forest grows ;  
 Look for the track where the streamlet flows.

Hush ! hush ! hush ! 'tis a rustling noise !  
 Steady, my lads ! steady ! be silent, my boys !  
 Fire ! what is that ? an old racoon ?  
 Miss'd him ! I guess, lad, you fired too soon.

Onward we bend, and the fern grows high,  
 We cannot be far off, a bear must be nigh.  
 Hark ! hark ! a growl ! then each take his tree,  
 Let the old woodman go forth now and see.

A bear and her cubs ! she's up in her lair !  
 Fire ! you have hit her ! Again, boys, prepare.  
 Hit again ! now then she runs to the tree.  
 Hit again ! bravo ! she flies now to thee.

Another shot ! down she goes ! seize on your prey,  
 And then on our shoulders we'll bear her away.  
 Then praise to the woodman whose feast we prepare,  
 Whose shot kill'd the brute in her secret lair ;  
 And sing the old song of the shot that is best,  
 By our wood fires bright in the far, far West.

### THE FAIRY'S SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.

[It is generally understood that the Fairies reward those who listen to their fairy-tunes with respect and attention, and that they have power to punish those who disturb, or who treat them with disrespect and neglect.]

If you hear a sound at night  
 Borne upon the breeze,  
 Like the voice of seraph bright,  
 Like the whispering trees ;  
 If it flow, though faint and low,  
 Like a stream along,  
 Hush ! your lightest breath forego,  
 'Tis the fairies' song.  
 And bless'd are they by mystic throng  
 Who calmly hear the fairies' song.

If the sound be like a voice  
 Whispering to your heart,  
 If it makes your soul rejoice  
 Like Kathleen's when apart :  
 If ye pause and wonder why  
 Such to earth belong,  
 Do not breathe your lightest sigh,  
 'Tis the fairies' song.  
 And they are bless'd by mystic throng  
 Who ne'er disturb the fairies' song.

Then, if after many a year  
 Some bard of Erin's isle,  
 Sings the songs ye love to hear,  
 And your heart beguile ;  
 If that bard your soul has stirred,  
 Be his passion strong,  
 Oh ! be sure that he has heard,  
 And caught the fairies' song.  
 Oh, Erin's bards sing sweet and strong,  
 For they have heard the fairies' song.

---

### THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE.

[*Tune*—"The Carman's whistle." 16th Century.]

YOUNG Tom the carman's tongue was slow,  
 A sorry gift of speech had he ;  
 He'd rather let his horses know

His secret thoughts than you or me.  
 He whistled, whistled, whistled daily,  
 Whether good or ill befell ;  
 He whistled sadly, whistled gaily,  
 While his horses mark'd him well.

Fair Susan's glance was proud and cold,  
 The carman's heart she nearly broke ;  
 But still his face was bluff and bold,  
 And not a single word he spoke.

He whistled, whistled, whistled sadly,  
 Whistled, whistled all the day ;  
 But though he whistled, whistled madly,  
 Could not whistle care away.

Fair Susan's glance was kind and bright,  
 She own'd her love, that buxom maid ;  
 Young Tom was crazy with delight,  
 He stammer'd, blush'd, but nought he said.  
 He whistled, whistled, whistled gaily,  
 His joy by whistling he would tell,  
 And while he whistled, whistled daily,  
 The knowing beasts rejoic'd as well.

## BUXOM NAN.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE wind was hushed, the storm was over,  
Unfurled was ev'ry flowing sail,  
From toil released, when Dick, of Dover,  
Went with his messmates to regale ;  
All danger o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,  
Drown care then in the smiling can ;  
Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,  
And first I'll give my Buxom Nan.

She's none of those that's always gigging,  
And stem and stern made up of art—  
One knows a vessel by her rigging—  
Such ever slight a constant heart :  
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,  
How oft to meet me has she ran ;  
While for dear life would I be rowing,  
To meet with smiles my Buxom Nan.

Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies—  
To see him stare when he came back,  
The girls were so all off the hinges,  
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :  
Taut-masted all, to see who's tallest,  
Breast-works, top-ga'ant sails, and a fan—  
Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast,  
Ah ! still give me my Buxom Nan.

None in life's sea can sail more quicker,  
To show her love or serve a friend ;  
But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor,  
This one word, then, and there's an end :  
Of all the wenches whatsomdever,  
I say, then, find me out who can,  
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,  
Sweet, trim, and neat as Buxom Nan.



## THE MAID AND HER MOORISH KNIGHT.

McMURRAY.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

A MAIDEN so fair loved a Moorish knight,  
 And bravest of knights was he,  
 His heart was the treasure—his look the light,  
 That led her o'er land and sea.  
 And prized he the maiden as life-blood dear,  
 And nought could her brightness dim ;  
 The dream of her happiness he was here,  
 And she was the world to him !

She followed her love to the field of death,  
 With her knightly love was slain ;  
 She sighed on his bosom her parting breath,  
 And woke she never again !  
 In beauty of maidenhood fell she there,  
 And he in his armour bright ;  
 So sleep they together, the faithful pair,  
 The maid and her Moorish knight !

---

## IS THERE TRUTH IN FAIRY SPELLS ?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

Is there truth in fairy spells,  
 In the tales we heard of yore ?  
 If the heart in fondness dwells,  
 On the dear old fairy lore,  
 If those memories we retain  
 Still the gloomy hour repels,  
 If we may feel young again,  
 Then there's truth in fairy spells !

If in sorrow's dark'ning hour  
 A human voice can cheer,  
 If some kind words have such power  
 From the lips we love so dear ;

If for one bright form alone  
 The heart responsive swells,—  
 Oh ! 'tis then that all must own  
 There is truth in fairy spells !

If thy lot in life be cast  
 Away from splendour's shrine ;  
 If amid misfortune's blasts,  
 Two faithful hearts entwine ;  
 If love, and hope, and truth,  
 Ev'ry doubt and grief dispels ;  
 Oh ! then wrinkled age and youth  
 Own the truth of fairy spells.

---

## WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL.

ONS ! neighbours, ne'er blush for a trifle like this,  
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss ?  
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace,  
 Would do the same thing were they in the same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free,  
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee ;  
 What power, resistless, no strength can oppose,  
 We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

---

## GOOD NIGHT.

GLEE.

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

GOOD night, good rest, ah ! neither be my share,  
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away,  
 And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubt of my decay.  
 "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow,"  
 Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

## FAREWELL, MY FATHERLAND.

C. JEFFREYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

FAREWELL ! I go to the far off land ;  
 But tho' bright that land may be,  
 There is not a home in the wide, wide world,  
 That can win my heart from thee.  
 In the courtly throng of the strangers' halls  
 I shall think of the happy band,  
 And the many joys I have shar'd with them  
 In the homes of my fatherland.  
 The many joys, &c.

I shall count the days till the hour returns  
 That shall bring me back to thee, —  
 To the home I love, and the kindly hearts  
 That have made it dear to me.  
 Oh ! what joy will burst on my raptur'd sight  
 When I see the waving hand,  
 And hear the song I have lov'd so well  
 In the homes of my fatherland.  
 And hear the song, &c.

---

 THE OLD SEXTON.

CHARLES MACKAY.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL]

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,  
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade :  
 His work was done, and he paus'd to wait  
 The funeral train through the open gate.  
 A relic of bygone days was he,  
 And his locks were white as the foamy sea ;  
 And these words came from his lips so thin,  
 " I gather them in, — I gather them in !  
 " I gather them in ! For man and boy,  
 Year after year of grief and joy,  
 I've builded the houses that lie around,  
 In ev'ry nook of the burial-ground ;

Mother and daughter, father and son,  
 Come to my solitude, one by one;  
 But come they strangers, or come they kin,  
 I gather them in,—I gather them in!

“Many are with me, but still I’m alone,  
 I’m king of the dead, and I make my throne  
 On a monument slab or a marble cold,  
 And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.  
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,  
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all.  
 Let them toil in pleasure or joyfully spin,  
 I gather them in,—I gather them in!

“I gather them in, and their final rest  
 Is here, down here in the earth’s dark breast!”  
 And the sexton ceased, for the fun’ral train  
 Wound mutely over that solemn plain.  
 And I said to myself,—“When time is old,  
 A mightier voice than this sexton’s bold  
 Will sound o’er the last trump’s dreadful din,  
 ‘I gather them in,—I gather them in!’”

---

## A SAILOR’S PHILOSOPHY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WHAT argufies pride and ambition?  
 Soon or late death will take us in tow;  
 Each bullet has got its commission,  
 And when our time’s come we must go.  
 Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,  
 The halter was made for the neck;  
 He that’s now alive and lusty—to-morrow  
 Perhaps may be stretched on the deck.  
 There was little Tom Linstock, of Dover,  
 Got kill’d, and left Polly in pain;  
 Polly cried, but her grief was soon over,  
 And then she got married again.  
 Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-used by Bet Crocker,  
 And so took to guzzling the stuff,  
 Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,  
 And there he got liquor enough.  
 Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,  
 Take of joy while 'tis going our freak ;  
 For what argufies calling the doctor  
 When the anchor of life is apeak.  
 Then drink, &c.

---

## OH! SAILOR BOY, PEACE TO THY SOUL.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,  
 His hammock swang loose at the sport of the wind,  
 But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind :  
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,  
 Whilst mem'ry stood sideways, half covered with  
 flowers,  
 And restored ev'ry rose, but secreted a thorn.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from the nest in the  
 wall,  
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,  
 And the voice of beloved ones reply to his call :  
 A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's fond tear,  
 And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

Oh ! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again  
 Shall peace, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;  
 Unblest and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,  
 Full many score fathom thy form shall decay.

Days, months, years and ages, shall circle away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;  
 Earth loosens thy body for ever and aye,  
 Oh ! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

---

## WHERE SHALL WE MEET ?

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

OH, not by the river, though bright be its tide,  
 And fragrant the blossoms that fringe its fair side,  
 Nor yet in the lime grove, although its deep shade  
 Seems a shelter for lovers by Love himself made.  
 Not there be our meeting, the stream and the bower  
 Have witnessed fond vows falsehood broke in an hour ;  
 The murmuring wave and the whispering tree  
 Are full of sad warnings, not there let it be.

And not in the valley, its emerald green,  
 With the tears of repentance oft watered have been,  
 Nor yet on the cliff, for its forehead so bare,  
 Hath rung with the shriek of a lost one's despair.  
 "Then where," dost thou ask me, "oh, where shall we  
 meet,  
 Where shall solitude render Love's sweet voice more  
 sweet ?"  
 "Go find me the spot upon mountain or glade,  
 Where woman hath listened and man not betrayed !"

---

## MARK'D YOU HER EYE OF HEAVENLY BLUE ?

[*Music* by SPOFFORTH.]

MARK'D you her eye of heavenly blue ?  
 Mark'd you her cheek of roseate hue ?  
 That eye in liquid circles moving ;  
 That cheek abash'd at man's approving ?  
 The one, love's arrows darting round,  
 The other blushing at the wound.

## GRIST TO THE MILL.

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.] [Music by P. E. VAN NOORDEN.

It's all very fine for us schoolgirls to cry,  
 For Love we could live, and for Love we could die ;  
 The saucy young rogue only laughs in his sleeve,  
 And launches his arrows their traces to leave :—  
 Saying, "Grist to the mill !" come, yield then who  
 will,  
 That Cupid may prosper through foolish things still.

What ! yield on such terms ? No ! we thank you the  
 same,

But we're not the moths to be caught in your flame ;  
 Our wings are too choice to be singed with its glow,  
 And that, boastful Cupid, we'd have you to know :  
 Saying, "Grist to the mill !" come, yield then who  
 will,  
 That Cupid may prosper through foolish things still.

Yet to live and not love, while the gay cavaliers  
 Protest we are all irresistible dears,  
 Will a courage demand that must certainly fail,  
 So we'll compromise matters and let Cupid rail :  
 Tho' 'tis grist to the mill, our fate we'll still fulfil,  
 Nor care to be reckoned 'mong foolish things still.

---

 MY HEART IS OVERWEARY, DEAR.

MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.] [Music by P. H. ATKINSON.

'Tis years since we two parted,  
 Then the bloom was on my cheek,  
 But now 'tis whiter than the snow—  
 For I am worn and weak ;  
 I thought that thou would'st come again,  
 Such fond belief to me,  
 For my heart is overweary, dear,  
 In waiting still for thee.

I count the hours, I count the days,  
 I count the months and years,  
 And very sad and mournful, dear,  
 That counting time appears ;  
 For baffled hope and wasted youth  
 It tedious makes to me ;—  
 Oh ! my heart is overweary, dear,  
 In waiting still for thee.

Hark ! hark ! I hear a well-known step,  
 Oh ! life, ebb not away !  
 I did not mean it, when I chid  
 Death for its slow delay.  
 He comes—he comes ! oh, let me live  
 Once more thy face to see,  
 For my heart is overweary, dear,  
 In waiting still for thee.

---

## WONT YOU TELL ?

**J. E. CARPENTER.**]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

WHY not tell me if you love me,  
 Be it more or be it less,  
 Not more distant stars above me,  
 Why thus leave me still to guess ?  
 Sometimes cold and sometimes pleasant,  
 Tho' you frown you smile as well,  
 You a riddle are at present,—  
 Do you love me—wont you tell ?

When I sigh, your smile provoking  
 Buoy me up on hope's bright wings,  
 When I'm gay you say " I'm joking,  
 Lovers are such silly things."  
 I would rather you'd abuse me,  
 Than 'twixt hope and fear thus dwell,  
 So we'll say that you refuse me ;  
 Ah ! you're silent—wont you tell ?



## OLD ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Air*—"The British Grenadiers."]

No love of conquest fires them, no false ambition  
snares,

No step aggressive marks them; a holier cause is  
theirs.

Defenders of their Queen and homes, of all that life  
endears,

Against invasion's hostile bands, arise the Volunteers!

No serf or conscript swells their ranks, whose banner  
freedom rears;

Spontaneously, then rally round, "Old England's  
Volunteers."

Their watchword is "Be ready;" and "the flag a  
thousand years

That's brav'd the battle and the breeze," waves o'er  
the Volunteers.

No pride of rank or station, the peasant and the peer—  
One common band of Englishmen—all meet as equals  
here;

Hearts beat with hearts, hand joins in hand, more  
firm as danger nears;

The bravest is the noblest of "Old England's Volunteers."

Old jealousies and private griefs, the rancourings of  
years,

Are buried in the fellowship of England's Volunteers;

All discord vanishes, and naught but unity appears

Among the holy brotherhood of England's Volunteers.

No bickerings of party can their solid ranks divide,—  
There, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals are number'd side  
by side;

United in their country's cause, all faction disappears;

They recognise no politics, the patriot Volunteers?

Impell'd by love, at duty's call, amidst their country's  
 cheers,  
 Your husbands, brothers, sires, come forth, in might,  
 as Volunteers !  
 Then, wives and maids of Albion, dispel invasion's  
 fears,—  
 No hostile foot shall tread the shore where all are  
 Volunteers !

“ Arm, Britons, arm !” “ Defend the land !” “ Your  
 country's flag's unfurl'd,”  
 And answering guns and rifles bid defiance to the  
 world ;  
 Then pledge them in a bumper, up-standing, with  
 three cheers,  
 To the safeguard of our hearths and homes, “ Old  
 England's Volunteers.”

---

## I DREAM OF THEE.

J. E. CARPENTEE.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

I DREAM of thee when all is still,  
 At each dear return of night,  
 For when sweet sleep mine eyelids fill  
 Thy presence glads my sight ;  
 I shun the open glare of day,  
 Earth has no charms for me,  
 I cannot live and thou away—  
 Save when I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, and then I dwell  
 By wood, and fount, and stream,  
 Nor would I break the fatal spell,  
 Though life prove but a dream.  
 For in those calm and blissful hours  
 Thy gentle form I see,  
 Again we rove earth's sunny bowers ;  
 Oh ! then I dream of thee.

I dream of thee, I live in dreams—  
 The sunshine broad and high,  
 That lights the woods, and gilds the streams,  
 But shows thou art not nigh ;  
 But when the first sweet shades of night  
 Fall o'er the earth and sea,  
 My sun appears in splendour bright,  
 For then I dream of thee.

---

### DULCE DOMUM.

[J. R., in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for March, 1796.]

SING a sweet melodious measure,  
 Waft enchanting lays around ;  
 Home's a theme replete with pleasure :—  
 Home ! a grateful theme resound.

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure ;  
 Home ! with ev'ry blessing crown'd ;  
 Home ! perpetual source of pleasure ;  
 Home ! a noble strain resound.

Lo ! the joyful hour advances,  
 Happy season of delight !  
 Festal songs and festal dances  
 All our tedious toils requite.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning ;  
 Leave thy task so hard to bear .  
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,  
 Leave, my bosom, all thy care.

See the year, the meadow, smiling ;  
 Let us then a smile display :  
 Rural sport our pain beguiling,  
 Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,  
 And no longer loves to roam :  
 The example thus impelling,  
 Let us seek our native home !

Let both men and steeds assemble,  
 Panting for the wide champaign ;  
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,  
 While we scour along the plain.

Oh, what raptures ! oh, what blisses !  
 When we gain the lovely gate ;  
 Mothers' arms and mothers' kisses,  
 There our blest arrival wait.

Greet our household gods with singing ;  
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray !  
 Why should light, so slowly springing,  
 All our promised joys delay ?

Founded upon the Winchester School-boys' Latin song,  
 " Dulce Domum."

---

## WHILE WOMAN LIKE SOFT MUSIC CHARMS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WHILE woman like soft music charms,  
 So sweetly bliss dispenses,  
 Some favourite part each fair performs,  
 In the concert of the senses.  
 Love, great first fiddle in the band,  
 Each passion quells and raises,  
 Exploring, with a master's hand,  
 Nice modulation's mazes ;  
 Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,  
 Beams brightly in each feature,  
 And lovely woman stands confessed  
 The harmony of nature.

Hark ! with the pensive, in duet,  
 The sprightly how it mingles !  
 The prude's the flute, and the coquette  
 The lively harp that tinkles.

One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,  
 While plaintive t'other prates it ;  
 Like Cæsar, this to victory springs ;  
 Like Fabius, that awaits it.  
 With various gifts, to make us blest,  
 Love skills each charming creature :  
 Thus lovely woman stands confessed  
 The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,  
 Widows the growling tymbal,  
 Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,  
 Flirts are the wiry cymbal.  
 All wives piano-fortes are,  
 The bass, how old maids thump it !  
 The bugle-horn are archers fair ;  
 An amazon's a trumpet.  
 Thus, with rare gifts, to make us blest,  
 Love skills his favourite creature ;  
 And thus sweet woman stands confessed  
 The harmony of nature.

---

## A NORTH COUNTRY LASS, OR THE OAK AND THE ASH.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Air*—Old English.]

A NORTH country lass up to London did pass,  
 Although with her nature it did not agree,  
 Which made her repent, and so often lament,  
 Still wishing again in the North for to be.  
 Oh, the oak and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,  
 Do flourish at home in my own country.

Fain would I be in the North country,  
 Where the lads and lasses are making of hay ;  
 There should I see what is pleasant to me ;  
 A mischief light on them entic'd me away !  
 Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

I like not the court nor the city resort,  
 Since there is no fancy for such maids as me ;  
 Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,  
 Because with my humour it doth not agree.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

How oft have I been in the Westmoreland green,  
 Where the young men and maidens resort for to play ;  
 Where we with delight, from morning till night,  
 Could feast it and frolic on each holiday.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

The ewes and their lambs, with the kids and their  
 dams,

To see in the country how finely they play ;  
 The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,  
 And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

At wakes and at fairs, being void of all cares,  
 We there with our lovers did use for to dance ;  
 Then hard hap had I, my ill-fortune to try,  
 And so up to London my steps to advance.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

But still I perceive I a husband might have,  
 If I to the city my mind could but frame ;  
 But I'll have a lad that is North-country bred,  
 Or else I'll not marry in the mind that I am.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

A maiden I am, and a maid I'll remain,  
 Until my own country again I do see,  
 For here in this place I shall ne'er see the face  
 Of him that's allotted my love for to be.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

Then farewell my daddy, and farewell my mammy,  
 Until I do see you I nothing but mourn ;  
 Rememb'ring my brothers, and sisters, and others,  
 In less than a year I hope to return.

Oh, the oak and the ash, &c.

## I DREAMT I WAS AT HOME.

C. BLAMPHIN.]

[*Music by C. BLAMPHIN.*

I DREAMT I was at home,  
 With mother dear again,  
 Whose voice to me alone  
 Would banish every pain ;  
 My sister dear was there,  
 And noble father too,  
 Oh, how I long to share  
 Their loves again so true,  
 At home, sweet home,  
 What joy to dream of home !

I dreamt I was at home,  
 Though in a distant land,  
 And vow'd I ne'er would roam  
 Upon a foreign strand.  
 They bless'd me with a sigh,  
 And holy thought serene,  
 That woke my tearful eye,  
 And found it but a dream  
 Of home, sweet home,  
 What joy to dream of home !

## TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED ?

SHAKESPEARE.]

[*Music by BISHOP.*

TELL me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?  
 How begot, how nourished ?  
 Reply, reply.  
 It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies ;  
 Let us all ring fancy's knell ;  
 I'll begin it—ding, dong, bell.

## THE JOY OF THE MEAD-CUP.

T. OLIPHANT.]

[*Music* by JOHN THOMAS.

FILL, fill the bright mead-cup, and let it go round,  
Your voices attune to the harp's merry sound,  
Not boist'rous or rude let our revelry be,  
But softened by friendship, light-hearted and free.

### CHORUS.

In summer or winter, in rain or in snow,  
In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,  
Dear Cambria, to thee shall the mead-cup o'er-  
flow.

Fill, fill it again, boys, until it run o'er ;  
We'll toast in a bumper the girls we adore,  
And while, like this goblet, our sorrows they cheer,  
Ah ! ne'er may their bright eyes be dimm'd by a  
tear.

In summer or winter, &c.

Amid the dear scenes of our childhood and youth  
May virtue long flourish with freedom and truth ;  
And as we revisit each time-hallow'd spot,  
"The joy of the mead-cup" shall ne'er be forgot.  
In summer or winter, &c.

---

## THE SILVER SWAN.

### ROUND.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.] [*Music* by ORLANDO GIBBONS.

THE silver swan who living had no note,  
When death approach'd unlock'd her silent throat ;  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sang her first and last, and sang no more ;—  
"Farewell all joys ! O ! Death, come close my eyes ;  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise !"



## WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN ?

[*Music* by HORSLEY.]

WHEN shall we three meet again ?  
Oh ! when shall we three meet again ?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky ;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls ;  
Still, in fancy's rich domain,  
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead ;  
When, in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, power, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we three meet again.

---

## PRETTY THINGS YOUNG LOVERS SAY.

J. OXFORD.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

Two lovers sat on the green hill side,  
Merrily pass the hours away ;  
No jot they cared for the world so wide,  
Would that the year were always May.  
"Our hearts are bound," thus said the youth,  
"By firmest bonds of love and truth,  
Together we will live and die,  
And in one grave we both shall lie."  
Pretty things young lovers say,  
Would that the year were always May.

An old man sat on the bare hill side,  
 Drearly pass the hours away ;  
 The leaves so yellow he sadly eyed,  
 Autumn will come as well as May.  
 "Methinks," he said, "I once sat here,  
 And by me was a maiden dear ;  
 I see her smiling on me yet,  
 But oh, her name I quite forget."  
 Pretty things young lovers say,  
 Would that the year were always May.

Two tombs were standing not side by side,  
 Swiftly the hours have passed away,  
 Between them tosses the ocean wide ;  
 Gone is December, gone is May.  
 The weary wights who sleep beneath,  
 Were strange in life, were strange in death,  
 But they were once that happy pair  
 Who talked of love when youth was fair.  
 Pretty things young lovers say,  
 Would that the year were always May.

---

## SWEET NANCY PAGE AND I.

M. WATSON.]

[*Music* by M. WATSON.]

WE lived and loved as little ones,  
 Did Nancy Page and I,  
 Unconscious of the fleeting hours  
 That then were passing by ;  
 We little thought, in our young hearts,  
 That youth like ours would die ;  
 But years roll'd on and still we loved,  
 Did Nancy Page and I.

One day it happen'd so to pass,  
 That Nancy Page and I  
 Were walking by the village church,  
 Recalling years gone by ;

I ask'd her then if she'd be mine ;  
 And this was her reply :  
 "I'm yours till death !" Oh, happy then,  
 Were Nancy Page and I.

And since that day that made us one,  
 No sorrow have we seen,  
 Myself as happy as a king,  
 And Nancy as a queen.  
 And never from our humble home  
 May peace and comfort fly,  
 For happiest of the happy ones  
 Are Nancy Page and I.

---

## THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS, OR THE BUGLE SONG.

ALFRED TENNYSON.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

THE splendour falls on castle walls,  
 And snowy summits old in story,  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;  
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark ! oh, hear ! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going ;  
 Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and sear,  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;  
 Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky !  
 They faint on hill, on field, on river ;  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## OLD FRIENDSHIP'S SMILE.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

WHILE on my home once more I gaze,  
 From this how well remembered steep,  
 And dream the dream of early days,  
 Come, memory, with me weep.  
 How changed am I, yet how unchanged  
 Appears this tranquil view ;  
 The meads, the groves so often ranged,  
 Still smiling through the dew.

Still there the cotter's early fire,  
 Wreathing serene its column white,  
 Still there the old church dawnlit spire,  
 The warder's beacon light.  
 And thus when grief and adverse years  
 Leave nothing but a name,  
 Old friendship's smile, although in tears,  
 Will welcome us again.

---

 WOULD YOU GAIN THE TENDER  
 CREATURE?
[*Music* by G. F. HANDEL.]

WOULD you gain the tender creature?  
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her.  
 Suffering is the lover's part ;  
 Beauty by constraint possessing,  
 You enjoy but half the blessing,  
 Lifeless charms without the heart.

---

 WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The fox's sleep."]

WHEN he who adores thee has but left the name  
 Of his fault and his sorrow behind,  
 O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame  
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,  
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;  
 For heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,  
 I have been but too faithful to thee !

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;  
 Every thought of my reason was thine :—  
 In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !  
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,  
 The days of thy glory to see ;  
 But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

---

### IT WAS TO BE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music by G. LINLEY.*

It was to be—regret is vain—  
 Hope's dream hath pass'd away,  
 Like cliffs that have been rent in twain,  
 We're sever'd now for aye.  
 My heart, like some poor blighted rose  
 That withers on the tree,  
 Is left to brood o'er all its woes,  
 And perish loving thee.

It was to be—regret is vain—  
 Hope's dream hath pass'd away ;  
 Was this the fate reserved for me ?  
 Alas, it was to be !  
 I watch night's ling'ring shadows flee,  
 The hours wear darkly on ;  
 The morning hath no charms for me,  
 Now thy sweet smile is gone.

The timid bird in yonder grove  
 Still chants his lay once dear ;  
 But ah ! each note I used to love  
 Falls coldly on mine ear.

I weep for thee—regret is vain—  
 Hope's dream hath pass'd away ;  
 Was this the fate reserved for me ?  
 Alas, it was to be !

---

## WHO WOULD NOT BE A GIPSY FREE ?

G. J. O. ALLMAN.]

[*Music* by ALEX. LEE.]

WHO would not be a gipsy free ?  
 Unfetter'd each thought, each whim ;  
 Ah ! who would not roam through the merry green-  
 wood  
 With bounding step like him ?  
 Is the wind more free than the gipsy's foot ?  
 It can roam wherever it will,  
 Though the wind blow east or the wind blow west,  
 Oh, free is the gipsy stil !

He maketh his home 'neath the sheltering boughs,  
 Above him the clear blue sky ;  
 But his sleep is more sound and sweet  
 'Neath that leafy canopy.  
 He courts not state, nor honours, nor wealth,  
 He envies not, nor doth despond,  
 And so that he lives at his ease to-day,  
 He hath not a care beyond.  
 Then who would not be, &c.

---

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

[T. MOORE.]

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,  
Every note which he loved awaking.

Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died ;  
They were all that to life had entwined 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 loved island of sorrow.

---

## DEAREST, THEN I'LL LOVE THEE MORE.

S. GLOVER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,  
Words but faintly can express !  
This fond heart beats too sincerely,  
E'er in life to love you less !

No, my fancy never ranges,  
Hopes like mine can never soar ;  
If the love I cherish changes,  
It will be to love thee more.

Though the world has many sorrows,  
And perchance they may be ours,  
Love from tears a brightness borrows,  
Like the earth from summer showers.

We will share our grief and gladness,  
In the future as of yore,  
And in all your hours of sadness,  
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whether  
When you're old I'll love as true ;  
Shall we not grow old together,  
And time's changes mark me too ?

Life may cease, but then to heaven  
 Will my pure affection soar ;  
 Yet, when freed from earthly leaven,  
 Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

---

### XARIFA.

J. G. LOCKHART.]      [*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion  
 down ;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the  
 town ;

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,  
 And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's  
 lordly blowing ;

And banners bright from lattice light are waving  
 everywhere,

And the tall, tall plume of the bridegroom floats  
 proudly in the air.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down,  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the  
 town.

Arise, arise, Xarifa, arise, I see Andalla's face,  
 He bends him to the people with a calm and princely  
 grace,

Through all the lands of Xeres, and banks of Guadal-  
 quiver,

Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and  
 lovely ? never ;

Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mix'd  
 with white,

I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-  
 night.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down,  
 Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the  
 town.



The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her golden cushion  
 down,  
 Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the  
 town ;—  
 And tho' her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her  
 fingers strove,  
 And tho' her needle press'd the silk, no flow'r Xarifa  
 wove ;  
 One lovely rose-bud she had trac'd before the noise  
 grew nigh,  
 That rose-bud now a tear effaced slow dropping from  
 her eye.  
 "No, no," she cries, "bid me not rise, nor lay my  
 golden cushion down,  
 To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town."

What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thy lovely eyes  
 look down ?  
 Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all  
 the town ?  
 Hark ! hear the trumpets how they swell, and how  
 the people cry.—  
 He stops at Zara's palace gates ;—why sit ye still, oh,  
 why ?  
 At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate : in him shall I dis-  
 cover  
 The dark eyed youth pledg'd me his truth, and was  
 my lover.  
 "No, no," she cries, "I will not rise, nor lay my  
 golden cushion down,  
 To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."

---

### DEAR NATIVE ISLE.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by W. EAVESTAFF.]

DEAR native isle, the summer's sun is glowing  
 O'er thy wide vales in calm tranquillity ;  
 From thy blue hills the cool fresh breeze is blowing,  
 Speaking to the soul of health and liberty.

Dear native isle,—  
 Dear to me,  
 Thou'lt ever be,  
 My own native isle.

Dear native isle, the days of childhood glided,  
 In thy calm bosom peacefully away ;  
 There when the storms of life have all subsided,  
 In safety moor'd my little bark shall stay.

Dear native isle,—  
 Dear to me,  
 Thou'lt ever be,  
 My own native isle.

---

### THE ARAB.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

THE noontide blaze on the desert fell,  
 As the traveller reached the wish'd-for well ;  
 But vain was the hope that had cheered him on,  
 His hope in the desert—the waters were gone.

Fainting, he called on the Holy Name,  
 And swift o'er the desert an Arab came,  
 And with him he brought of the blessed thing,  
 That failed the poor traveller at the spring.

“ Drink !” said the Arab—“ tho' I must fast,  
 For half of my journey is not yet past,  
 'Tis long ere my home and my children I see,  
 But the crystal treasure I'll share with thee.”

“ Nay,” said the weary one, “ let me die,  
 For thou hast even more need than I ;  
 And children hast thou that are watching for thee,  
 And I am a lone one—none watch for me.”

“ Drink !” said the Arab ; “ my children shall see  
 Their father returning ;—fear not for me :—  
 For He who hath sent me to thee this day  
 Will watch over me on my desert way !”

## TRUE LOVE.

ANDREW PARK.]

[*Music* by JOHN SINCLAIR.]

THERE is a lovely brilliant star  
 Attends the moon on high,  
 And seems to guide her shining car,  
 In beauty through the sky :  
 So true love leads my trusting heart  
 For ever on to thee ;  
 'Twill be as hard for us to part,  
 So dear thou art to me.  
 So true love, &c.

I knew thee first in early years,  
 When earth seem'd strewn with flowers ;  
 When hope was unalloyed by fears,  
 And sunshine crown'd the hours ;  
 'Mong festal halls of mirth and song,  
 That win the soul from care,  
 To me such scenes were dull and long,  
 If thou, love, wert not there.  
 So true love, &c.

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

OH, slumber thou my darling,  
 Though stormy seas we brave !  
 The land that rock'd thy cradle,  
 We leave beyond the wave,  
 Another home we crave.  
 My tears, my tears are falling,  
 And thou, too young to know  
 How much in all my grieving  
 Thou hast thy share of woe.  
 Thou know'st not that the mother  
 Who rocks thee on her knee,  
 Is weeping for the father  
 Who hath forsaken thee !

But slumber thou, my lone one,  
 On this aching breast,  
 The heaving of its sorrow  
 Shall lull my babe to rest.  
 Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child.

Oh, lone, unconscious dear one,  
 When thou a man shalt be,  
 And far away in England  
 Thy father's face shalt see,  
 Bid him remember me!  
 And say when winds were raging  
 And dashed wild and high,  
 In lurid darkness shrouded  
 I fear'd not then to die!  
 With patient heart I waited  
 The will of heaven above,  
 Life's value had departed  
 The day I lost his love.  
 My arms around thee folding,  
 On thee I fixed my gaze,  
 The one dear link remaining  
 To home and happy days.  
 Sleep, sleep, slumber soft, my child.

---

## YES, WE WILL MEET.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. A. RAWLINGS.]

YES, we will meet as the coldest have met—  
 Yes, we will part with no sigh of regret ;  
 Oh ! if those eyes dare to look upon me,  
 Why should I shrink from a meeting with thee ?

Come with the smile of a saint on thy brow,  
 Come with the friends who are dear to thee now ;  
 If in my soul lurks no thought of deceit,  
 Say, is it I that should blush when we meet ?

## WHEN TIME, WHO STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.

[T. MOORE.]

WHEN time, who steals our years away,  
Shall steal our pleasures too,  
The memory of the past will stay,  
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
Shall fill the wintry air,  
Remembrance will recall the hour  
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,  
Our joys will always last,  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past.

Chloe, fill the genial bowl,  
I drink to love and thee :  
Thou never canst decay in soul,  
Thou'lt still be young to me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,  
Which on my cheek they find,  
So hope shall steal away the trace  
Which sorrow leaves behind.

Then fill the bowl, away with gloom,  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years,  
When love shall lose its soul,  
My Chloe drops her timid tears,  
They mingle with my bowl.

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,  
Our loving life shall fleet !  
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,  
The draught will still be sweet.  
Then fill the bowl, &c.

---

### TURN ON, OLD TIME.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

TURN on, old Time, thine hour-glass,  
The sand of life why stay ?  
Quick ; let the gold-grain'd moments pass,  
'Tis they all debts must pay.  
Of what avail are grief and tears,  
Since life which came must go ?  
And brief the longest tide of years,  
As waves that ebb and flow.

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,  
The tide of life, oh, stay,  
Nor let the golden moments pass  
Like worthless sand away.  
For him, oh, be there many years,  
Apart from ev'ry woe,  
The blue serene which heaven wears,  
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,  
Turn quickly as it may,  
His sand of life not yet shall pass  
If he my wish obey.  
Of life there are full happy years,  
If well the die we throw,  
For May-day smiles and autumn tears  
Are waves that ebb and flow.

## COME, SMILE AGAIN!

E. J. GILL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

COME, smile again! as though our years  
 Had been one path of sun and light;  
 So fresh with joy, undimmed by tears,  
 Where all had been, like thee, most bright.  
 Some withered leaves will drop around  
 In summer and with sunshine fair,  
 And yet thou weep'st because we've found  
 Amid joy's flowers one drooping there.

I would but ask how many days  
 Have left sweet memories o'er thy mind!  
 And yet so bright the future plays,  
 We need not cast one look behind.  
 As evening sunbeams o'er the west,  
 Look back with grief when parting there,  
 We'll let some joy thus sink to rest,  
 And hope for one more bright and fair.

---

## MY SISTER DEAR.

GEORGE SOANE, B.A.]

[*Music* by AUBER.]

MY sister dear, o'er this rude cheek  
 Oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing,  
 When those mute looks have told the feeling  
 Heaven denied thy tongue to speak;  
 And thou hadst comfort in that tear,  
 Shed for thee, my sister dear!

And now, alas, I weep alone,  
 By thee, my youth's dear friend, forsaken,  
 'Mid thoughts that darken'd fears awaken,  
 Trembling for thy fate unknown:  
 And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
 Shed for thee, my sister dear!

## OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.'

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Thady, you gander."]

OH! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove,  
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear;  
 And that when we're far from the lips we love,  
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.  
 The heart, like a tendril accustom'd to cling,  
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone;  
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing  
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.  
 Then, oh! what pleasure where'er we rove,  
 To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,  
 And to know when far from the lips we love,  
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flow'rs around us rise,  
 To make light of the rest, if the rose be not there;  
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,  
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.  
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,  
 They're both of them bright, but they're changeable  
 too;  
 And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,  
 It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.  
 Then, oh! what pleasure where'er we rove,  
 To be doom'd to find something still that is dear,  
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

## EACH BOWER HAS BEAUTY FOR ME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

*Music* by ALEX. LEE.

EACH bower has beauty for me,  
 There's a charm in each blossom that blows,  
 And if absent the lily should be,  
 I shall do very well with the rose;



And if roses are not in the way  
 I'll fly to a hyacinth soon,  
 And I never will quarrel with May  
 For wanting the roses of June.  
 No ! no ! 'tis my pleasure to chase  
 Each pretty bud under the sun ;  
 Why should I insult the whole race  
 By a silly selection of one ?

I love each exotic that deigns  
 In a climate like this to expand ;  
 And my heart its affection retains  
 For the bloom of my dear native land ;  
 In summer's gay mansions I dwell,  
 And since summer so soon will be past,  
 Though I love her first bud very well,  
 I have love in reserve for her last.  
 Yes, yes, 'tis my pleasure, &c.

---

## SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by HAYDN.]

SHE never told her love,  
 But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
 Feed on her damask cheek.  
 She sat like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.

---

## ROLAND THE BRAVE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

[*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.]

THE brave Roland ! the brave Roland !  
 False tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand  
 That he had fall'n in fight :  
 And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,  
 Oh, loveliest maiden of Allémayne,  
 For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta'en the veil  
 In yon Nonnenwerder's cloister's pale?  
 For her vow had scarce been sworn,  
 And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,  
 When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung,  
 'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed, shall break!  
 She would have hung upon his neck,  
 Had he come back but yester even;  
 And he had clasped those peerless charms  
 That shall never, never fill his arms,  
 Or meet him but in heav'n.

Yet Roland the brave, Roland the true,  
 He could not bid that spot adieu;  
 It was dear still midst his woes;  
 For he lov'd to breathe the neighb'ring air,  
 And to think she blest him in her pray'r  
 When the hallelujah rose.

She died! he sought the battle plain;  
 Her image fill'd his dying brain,  
 When he fell, and wished to fall:  
 And her name was in his latest sigh,  
 When Roland the flower of chivalry  
 Expired at Ronceval.

---

## THE TIGER COUCHES IN THE WOOD.

CHORUS.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music by* SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

THE tiger couches in the wood,  
 And waits to shed the trav'ler's blood,  
 And so couch we.  
 We spring upon him to supply  
 What men to our wants deny,  
 And so springs he.

## THE BUSHRANGER'S HOME.

H. LESLIE.]

[*Music* by H. LESLIE.]

LEAVE behind each idle sorrow,  
 Dry that flowing tear,  
 Home will be forgot to-morrow,  
 Life is gloomy here !  
 Blue the sky above our heads,  
 Soft as down our mossy beds,  
 Ever sweet the wild wind sheds,  
 O'er the bushranger's home !  
 Then hasten to join our merry band,  
 Come, be the queen of our forest land ;  
 We'll loyally kiss that fairy hand,  
 In the bushranger's home !

Merrily through nature's dwelling  
 Your sweet voice will float ;  
 I shall love your wild strains swelling  
 As the song-bird's note ;  
 Ours a life no law can bind,  
 Free as air our wayward mind,  
 Yet the heart is true and kind,  
 In the bushranger's home !

Then hasten to join our merry band,  
 Come, be the queen of our forest land ;  
 We'll loyally kiss that fairy hand,  
 In the bushranger's home !

## HOPE DEFERRED.

HENRY LOVELL.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.]

FULL many griefs the past has found to crush the  
 blighted heart,  
 And time alone can heal the wound that rankles from  
 the dart ;  
 But there is yet a deeper grief than those the past  
 hath stirred,  
 It is whene'er the sicken'd heart is racked by hope  
 deferred.

With every coming dawn our eye will turn its weary  
 gaze,  
 And fashion, out of hopeless things, the form for which  
 it stays.  
 It cometh not ! it cometh not ! deep sorrow in that  
 word,  
 Whene'er the mourner's sicken'd heart is rack'd by  
 hope deferred.

---

THE ONLY CHILD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT

I WOULD I had a sister,  
 For I feel myself alone—  
 A silent lute without a hand  
 To wake its soothing tone ;  
 A bird without its tender mate,  
 A bough wrenched from a tree ;  
 Yes, these and all things desolate,  
 Are types, alas ! of me !  
 I cannot laugh as others laugh,  
 With none to share my mirth ;  
 I pine alone, for in my mind  
 No pleasant thoughts have birth.  
 I've often turn'd away to weep,  
 Where others sat and smiled ;  
 For oh, it is a cheerless thing  
 To be an only child !

I have a gentle mother,  
 She is very kind to me ;  
 A father, whose delight is still  
 My youthful form to see ;  
 But yet they treat me as their child,  
 When o'er my form they bend ;  
 But one I feel to want, at once  
 The sister and the friend,  
 Such as I often meet in those  
 Who seem so light and glad,

Whose very mirth and cheerfulness  
 It is that makes me sad.  
 I love my parents, who so oft  
 My sorrows have beguiled ;  
 But still it seems a cheerless thing  
 To be an only child !

I wish I had a sister  
 Who could kneel with me in pray'r,  
 Whose little griefs I could assuage,  
 With whom my joys to share ;  
 Who still would linger by my side,  
 When slighter friends had flown,  
 Whose sighs and tears, whose hopes and fears,  
 Were shared with me alone.  
 I should be more the child, and less  
 The thoughtful girl than now ;  
 For happy would the days pass by  
 And bright would be my brow.  
 I then should seem as others seem,  
 As happy and as wild ;  
 But now I own a lonely heart,  
 And am an only child !

---

## HARK! THE GODDESS DIANA.

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 !

## THE MINSTREL OF THE TYROL.

J. B. PHILIPS.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

FROM his mountain land, with his harp in hand,

Came a minstrel youth right merrily ;

And he sang the lays of his boyhood days,

When the light of hope shone cheerily.

He sang the tales of his native vales,

And of his father's bravery ;

Then with pride he told how his kinsmen bold

Fell nobly, ere yield to slav'ry.

Oh ! from his mountain land, with harp in hand,

Came a minstrel youth right merrily ;

And he sang the lays of his boyhood days,

When the light of hope shone cheerily.

'Mid a gallant throng did that son of song

Tune his harp, but not so merrily ;

For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,

To the green hills smiling cheerily.

With trembling hand, of his fatherland

He sang with such deep emotion ;

And a tear-drop came as he breath'd the name

Of the maid of his soul's devotion.

Oh ! 'mid a gallant throng did that son of song

Tune his harp, but not so merrily ;

For his thoughts would roam to his distant home,

To the green hills smiling cheerily.

## I AM WEARY.

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[*Music* by LADY DUFFERIN.]I AM weary ! I am weary of the green earth and the  
sun,They are joyful things to look upon when life is but  
begun !In the young days, when a flower's breath or wild  
bird's thrilling tone,

Or the sweet, fresh air of heaven, were happiness alone !

I am weary! I am weary! but the long night comes  
 at last!  
 And the sleep that brings no 'wild'ring dreams, no  
 voices from the past!  
 The peaceful sleep! when vain regrets and vainer  
 hopes are o'er,  
 And the looks and tones of other days shall haunt my  
 soul no more!  
 But the green earth in its beauty hath a mournful  
 look to me,  
 And a dream of sadness dwells within the voice of  
 stream and tree;  
 Gone are the kindly looks that made my home a  
 paradise!  
 Oh, the glorious sunshine is not worth the light of  
 loving eyes!  
 Who calls thee lone and dark, thou grave! thou art  
 the quiet home,  
 The holy tryst where parted friends shall meet no  
 more to roam!  
 Where the sad ones left on this dim earth their long  
 lost dead shall see;  
 Not lone! Oh no, my well beloved, ye will be there  
 with me!

---

### THE FALLING STAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.

[It is believed that a wish expressed while we see a star falling is fulfilled.]

I SAW a star that was falling,  
 I wish'd the wish of my soul,  
 My heart on its influence calling  
 To shed all its gentle control.  
 Hope whisper'd my wish would be granted,  
 And Fancy soon waved her bright wand,  
 My heart in sweet ecstasy panted,  
 At the visions were smiling beyond.

Oh ! like the meteors, —sweeping,  
Thro' darkness their luminous way,  
Are the pleasures too worthless for keeping,  
As dazzling, but fleeting as they.

I saw a star that was beaming,  
Steady and stilly and bright,  
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming  
To keep through the darkness of night :  
Like those two stars in the heaven  
Are the joys that are false and are true,  
I felt as a lesson 'twas given,  
And thought, my own true love, of you.  
When I saw the star that was beaming,  
Steady and stilly and bright,  
Unwearied its sweet watch 'twas seeming  
To keep through the darkness of night.

---

## I WILL KISS THEE INTO REST.

[LORD BYRON.]

THIS rose, to calm my brother's cares,  
A message from the bulbul bears ;  
It says, to-night he will prolong,  
For Selim's ear, his sweetest song ;  
And though his note is somewhat sad,  
He'll try, for once, a strain more glad ;  
With some faint hope his altered lay,  
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

What ! not receive my foolish flower ;  
Nay, then I am indeed unblest :  
On me, can thus thy forehead lower,  
And know'st thou not who loves thee best ?  
Oh ! Selim, dear, oh, more than dearest,  
Say, is it I thou hat'st or fearest ?  
Come lay thy head upon my breast,  
And I will kiss thee into rest.



## MARION'S SONG.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

ONCE in the cool of early morn,  
 The lark was singing aloud,  
 Like a king in state he was high upborne,  
 His throne was a crimson cloud ;  
 While thro' the air his song was ringing,  
 Came the sweet sound of Marion's singing,  
 The echoes listened and caught the strain,  
 I heard them singing the song again.

Then in the turf the violet sweet  
 Look'd up at the music rare,  
 The sunbeams crept to my darling's feet,  
 And worship'd the singer there.  
 The lark came down from his cloud to hear her,  
 The linnet flew up to a briar near her,  
 The dew-drops clung to her garment's hem,  
 She sings not now for any of them.

Angels who sing in the heav'ns above  
 Bent over their harps and smiled ;  
 For me their love was a cruel love,  
 They robb'd me of my child.  
 In vain may the lark and linnet listen,  
 In vain may the sun on the dew-drops glisten,  
 Now Marion sings to them never,  
 The angels will keep her for ever.

---

 THE EXILE'S DREAM.

LANGTON WILLIAMS.]

[*Music* by L. WILLIAMS.]

RECITATION.

FAR from the cherished country of his birth,  
 The exile sleeps beneath a foreign sky ;  
 He dreams—and fancy on her fairy wings  
 Has borne him back to days, long, long pass'd by.

## AIR.

He sees again his childhood's happy home  
 (The sweet abode of calmness and content),  
 And hears the voices of those early friends,  
 With whom life's first and brightest hours were spent.

He feels the breezes from his native hills  
 Fanning his cheek, as they were wont of yore,  
 And all the vanish'd hopes of youthful days,  
 Come back to him, in that fair dream, once more.

He hears again the well-known battle-cry,  
 That call'd him forth to join the true and brave  
 Who in the strife, e'en nobly dared to die,  
 From tyrant's pow'r their fatherland to save.

But when the east proclaims returning day,  
 The exile wakes—and that bright vision's gone :  
 " 'Twas thus," he sighs, " that all my glittering hopes,  
 Like fleeting dreams, have faded one by one."

---

 THE THRASHER.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

CAN any king be half so great,  
 So kind, so good as I ?  
 I give the hungry food to eat,  
 And liquor to the dry.  
 My labour's hard ; but still 'tis sweet,  
 And easy to endure ;  
 For, while I go to thrash the wheat,  
 I comfort rich and poor.  
 And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,  
 My reward, when work's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from wheat the bread is born,  
 Our miseries to cheer,  
 'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn  
 Supplies us with the beer.

Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,  
 Our pleasures to insure,  
 I for my neighbour's good was born  
 A baker and a brewer ;  
 For I bake and I brew, as I swing round my flail,  
 To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,  
 I work thus with such glee ;  
 For if for others I make bread,  
 My labour's bread to me.  
 For other mouths I must provide,  
 My children must be fed ;  
 My wife, and some sick friend beside,  
 Who cannot earn his bread.  
 With these notions I merrily swing round my flail,  
 My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

And when my mortal race is run,  
 All toil and labour vain,  
 A jolly thrasher shall my son  
 His crazy dad maintain.  
 Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,  
 And at my thrashing toil ;  
 Unless I'm called on by my king  
 To guard my native soil ;  
 Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round the  
 flail,  
 And thrash the proud foe, to secure my brown ale.

---

### THE LISTENING MOTHER.

HAMILTON AIDE.]

[*Music* by MISS V. GABRIEL.]

A GIRL and her blind old mother  
 Sat under the sea-cliffs white—  
 "What is that sound I hear, lassie ?  
 Is there ever a sail in sight ?"

“There is never a sail in sight, mother,  
And the only sound I hear,  
Is the sea-mew’s cry on the lonely shore,  
And the hoarse waves murmuring near.”

They went through the woods together,  
Under the shine and shade ;  
“Hear you ne’er a horse’s hoof, lassie,  
Riding a-down the glade ?”  
“There is never a horse’s hoof, mother ;  
But under the branching trees,  
And over the bracken a-down the glade,  
Come the steps of the evening breeze.”

They stood on a plain wide stretching,  
And the night closed round them fast ;  
“He is coming, coming, lassie !  
And I hear his voice at last !”  
The spirit straightway answer’d,  
That angel’s call o’erhead,  
For while the girl stood listening,  
The mother’s spirit had fled.

---

## THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, which a smile  
Devoid of all guile,  
Half opens to view,  
Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morning that blows,  
Impearl’d with the dew.

More fragrant her breath  
Than the flow’r-scented heath,  
At the dawning of day—  
The hawthorn in bloom,  
The lily’s perfume,  
Or the blossoms of May.

## MARAQUITA.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

WHEREFORE, dearest, my suit denying,  
 Through days fast flying of hope and youth,  
 Cloud my hours with frequent sighing,  
 Proudly scorning my fervent truth?  
 Wherefore teach me to doubt and fear thee?  
 Through thine eyelids love shineth now,—  
 Oh! bend thou near me, that I may hear thee  
 Swear to love me, and keep thy vow.  
 Maraquita!—Maraquita!—ay!—ay!

Oh! then when passion and youth are over,  
 Though bloom and beauty may fade away;  
 On dove-like pinions shall mem'ry hover,  
 And fondly hallow this bygone day;  
 Words long since spoken shall still deliver  
 The echoed sweetness of love's dear tone,  
 And float like music o'er life's wide river,  
 Thro' sunsets bright as the sunrise gone.  
 Maraquita!—Maraquita!—ay!—ay!

## THE VETERAN'S SON.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

OH! weep not that I leave the shore,  
 Dear mother, for the raging sea;  
 The fame my father won of yore,  
 Why should it not be shared by me?  
 Remember 'tis my country's call—  
 Then where our banners proudly wave  
 I'll bravely stand, or nobly fall  
 In glory's field—in honour's grave!  
 Then weep not that I leave the shore,  
 Dear mother, for the raging sea;  
 The fame my father won of yore,  
 Why should it not be shared by me?

The quiet of thy peaceful cot  
 I lov'd—but 'twas in boyhood's days—  
 Dear mother, tell me, have I not  
 The courage you were wont to praise ?  
 Too long my father's sword hath lain  
 To tell but of some olden fight ;  
 But I must gird it on again  
 In honour's cause to guard the right !  
 Then weep not that I leave the shore,  
 Dear mother, for the raging sea ;  
 The fame my father won of yore,  
 Why should it not be shared by me ?

---

### THE BRITISH NAVY.

HAIL to the flag ! the gallant flag, Britannia's proudest  
 boast,  
 Her herald o'er the distant sea, the guardian of her  
 coast ;  
 Where'er 'tis spread, on field or flood, the blazonry of  
 fame,  
 And Britons hail its mastery, with shouts of loud  
 acclaim.

Hail to the flag ! the gallant flag, in battle or in blast,  
 Whether 'tis hoisted at the peak, or nail'd to splinter'd  
 mast ;  
 Though rent by service or by shot, all tattered it may be,  
 Old England's tars shall still maintain its dread  
 supremacy.

Hail to the flag ! the gallant flag, that Nelson proudly  
 bore,  
 When hostile banners waved aloft amid the cannon's  
 roar ;  
 When France and Spain in unison the deadly battle  
 close,  
 And deeper than its own red hue—the vital current  
 flows.

Hail to the flag! the gallant flag, for it is victory's  
 own,  
 Though Trafalgar re-echoes still the hero's dying groan;  
 The Spaniards dowsed their jaundiced rag on that  
 eventful day,  
 And Gallic eagles humbly crouched, acknowledging  
 our sway.

Hail to the flag! the gallant flag! come, hoist it once  
 again,  
 And show the haughty nations round our throne is on  
 the main;  
 Our ships are crowns and sceptres, whose titles have  
 no flaw,  
 And legislators are our guns—dispensing cannon law.  
 Once more, then, hail the gallant flag, the seaman's  
 honest pride,  
 Who loves to see it flaunt the breeze, and o'er the ocean  
 ride:  
 Like the genius of his country, 'tis ever bold and free;  
 And he will prove where'er it flies, we're sovereign of  
 the sea.

---

## WIT AND BEAUTY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

As Wit and Beauty, for an hour,  
 The other day were jarring,  
 Which held o'er man superior power,  
 They almost came to sparring:  
 Cried Reason,—Wit, you're grown a fool;  
 You look quite ugly, Beauty;  
 Come, take me with you, both be cool,  
 Sure mortals know their duty;  
 To them submit,  
 Whether 'tis Wit  
 They most admire, or Beauty.

So said, so done, out they both set,  
 With Reason to protect 'em ;  
 Resolv'd, that the first men they met  
 Should to the truth direct 'em.  
 Instant they asked a midnight throng,  
 Who to Bacchus paid their duty ;  
 Wit, cried out they, teems in our song,  
 But 'tis inspired by Beauty !  
     Learn wisdom, Wit,  
     Like us, submit  
 To the sweet power of Beauty.

Cried Wit, No tricks on travellers here,  
 I saw you smile, you gipsy ;  
 'Twas bribery and corruption clear,  
 Besides the rogues were tipsy :  
 Yon bard the truth will quickly hit,—  
 Come, Poet, do your duty ;  
 Do you not owe your fame to Wit ?  
 To Wit, fool ! no, to Beauty.  
     Adieu to Wit,  
     When men submit  
 To be the slaves of Beauty.

Quaint rogue, with his satiric page,  
 The fellow is a lover :  
 If I'm condemned by yonder sage,  
 I'll give the matter over.  
 Didst not the world, say, Hermit, quit,  
 Imposing this hard duty,  
 Better to contemplate on Wit ?  
 No,—to reflect on Beauty.  
     Then, in fond fit,  
     He turned from Wit,  
 And squeezed the hand of Beauty.

Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,  
 Friend one, and wite the other ;  
 Thus, cleaving to the better part,  
 Men leave friend, father, brother ;



Hence, cried the sage, my presence quit,  
 Adieu, friend, know thy duty ;  
 Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,  
 Was left alone with Beauty.  
       Since when, poor Wit,  
       Glad to submit,  
 Has owned the power of Beauty.

---

### WHEN WOMAN PLIGHTS HER TROTH.

R. McMURRAY.]

[*Music by M. W. BALFE.*

WHEN woman plights her troth to him  
 To whom her heart is given,  
 And, to her fancy, homeliest scenes  
 Seem tinged with hues of heaven ;  
 Oh, how that happy time survives  
 Through many an after year—  
 Ling'ring with long-remember'd things,  
 To sadden or to cheer !

Be mine that blissful hour to keep,  
 From trace of care or woe,  
 Enshrined amid those gladsome hopes  
 So pure an hour should know !  
 Nor gems I ask—nor rich attire—  
 Nor wealth—nor high degree ;  
 But, oh, the truthful, constant heart  
 My bridal portion be !

---

### THERE'S NO DECEIT IN WINE.

QUARTETTO.

[*Music by WEBBER.*]

THE mighty conqu'ror of hearts  
 His power I here deny ;  
 With all his flames, his fires, and darts,  
 I champion-like defy.  
 I'll offer all my sacrifice,  
 Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,  
 The merry god ne'er tells us lies,  
 There's no deceit in wine.

## ONCE UPON MY CHEEK.

GLEE.

[*Music* by CALCOTT.]

ONCE upon my cheek he said the roses grew,  
 But now they're wash'd away with the cold ev'ning  
 dew ;  
 For I wander through the night, when all but me have  
 rest,  
 And the moon's soft beams fall piteously upon my  
 troubled breast.

---

## SILENT RIVER.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
 Thro' the meadows bright and free,  
 Till at length thy rest thou findest  
 In the bosom of the sea !  
 Oft in sadness and in illness,  
 I have watch'd thy current glide,  
 Till the beauty of its stillness  
 Overflow'd me like a tide.

Ah ! thou hast taught me, silent river !  
 Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
 Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,  
 I can give thee but a song.  
 Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
 And thy waters disappear,  
 Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
 And have made thy margin dear.

Friends with joy my soul remembers !  
 How like quiv'ring flames they start,  
 When I fan the living embers  
 On the hearth-stone of my heart !  
 Ah ! 'tis for this, thou silent river !  
 That my spirit leans to thee ;  
 Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,  
 Take this idle song from me.

## QUEEN OF THE STARRY NIGHT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. M. JOLLY.]

QUEEN of the starry night! beautiful moon!  
 Lighting the forest and gilding the stream,  
 Dearer by far than the fulness of noon,  
 The silv'ry splendour that's shed by thy beam;  
 Silently pouring thy radiance on earth,  
 Shedding a splendour where darkness would be,  
 Even the ruin sits smiling in mirth,  
 Robed in the glory it borrows from thee!

Queen of the silent realm! empress of night!  
 Watcher of all that lies sleeping below;  
 The waves, when they're bathed in thy silvery light,  
 Lovelier seem as they ripple and flow;  
 Steeping the flowers in thy mystical beam,  
 Tinging the leaves of the tall forest tree,  
 Even the earth but a desert would seem,  
 But for the glory it borrows from thee?  
 Shine on in thy splendour! thou'rt heav'n's best boon,  
 Mystical—eloquent—beautiful moon!

---

## PRAY FOR THOSE AT SEA.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

OH, lone, and wide, and trackless,  
 Lies the waste and dreary main;  
 By its waves dear friends are parted,  
 On its rocks are death and pain!  
 Where the long pale shores are gleaming,  
 What solemn thoughts may be!  
 Forgive the dead, the absent,  
 And pray for those at sea.

On land a taper burneth,  
 By the sick man's fevered bed,  
 By his side a woman kneeleth,  
 And in tears her prayers are said.

Her children slumber calmly,  
Who orphans soon shall be ;  
One son alone is absent,  
Oh, pray for those at sea !

The wild north wind is wailing  
O'er the drear and darkened land,  
The waves are madly foaming,  
As they roll towards the strand ;  
In the crash and roar of tempests,  
What helpless men may be !  
Oh, kneel, for heaven is angry,  
And pray for those at sea.

---

### THE FAIRY BELL.

HON. MRS. NORTON.] [Music by HON. MRS. NORTON.  
I DREAMT, 'twas but a dream, thou wert my bride, love !  
I dreamt that we were wandering side by side, love !  
I earth's happiest son—and thou her loveliest daughter,  
While fairy bells came tinkling o'er the water,  
Merrily, merrily it fell,  
The echo of that fairy bell.

That vision pass'd away, and thou hast left me  
To mourn the hopes thy falsehood hath bereft me ;  
No more I claim thy promised hand,  
No more in dreams I see thee stand,  
While soft, sweet and low it fell,  
The echo of that fairy bell.

Now when I'm musing, sad and lonely,  
With but my harp and my remembrance only,  
In vain as o'er those chords I bend,  
One joyful note I try to send,  
For sad, sad and changed they seem,  
The fairy bells of that dear dream.

## FLY FROM THE WORLD, O BESSY.

T. MOORE.]

[Irish air.]

FLY from the world, O Bessy ! to me ;  
 Thou wilt never find any sincerer ;  
 I'll give up the world, O Bessy ! for thee :  
 I can never meet any that's dearer !  
 Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,  
 That our loves will be censur'd by many ;  
 All, all have their follies, and who will deny  
 That ours is the sweetest of any ?

When your lip has met mine in abandonment  
 sweet,  
 Have we felt as if virtue forbid it ?  
 Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet ?  
 No ! rather 'twas heaven that did it !  
 So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,  
 So little of guilt is there in it !  
 That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,  
 And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his shed,  
 From a world which I know thou despisest ;  
 And slumber will hover as light on our bed,  
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest !  
 And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,  
 And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,  
 I'll teil thee—"It is not the chiding of heaven,  
 'Tis only our lullaby, dearest !"

And, oh ! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,  
 Looking back on the scene of our errors,  
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead them above,  
 And death be disarmed of his terrors !  
 And each to the other embracing will say,  
 "Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiv'n !"  
 Thy last fading glance shall illumine the way,  
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

## THE GIPSY'S LAUGHING SONG.

W. JONES.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

WHAT a merry life we gipsies lead,  
 Who rove 'neath the greenwood tree,  
 No care we know, no law we heed,  
 But wander gay and free.  
 By the sloping wood where the wild deer bound,  
 Are the tents of the wandering gipsy found ;  
 By the sparkling fire we'll gaily quaff,  
 The song we'll troll, and merrily, merrily laugh.  
 We'll laugh ha, ha, ha !

I am your king, ye joyous band,  
 Then raise for me each voice and hand,  
 May many a night like this be spent,  
 With the gipsy band in the gipsies' tent !  
 Then by the sparkling fire, &c.

## I HAVE LEFT MY QUIET HOME.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

I HAVE left my quiet home  
 With thee through the world to roam,  
 All was not so dear as thou,  
 Do not frown upon me now.  
 Far away my mother keeps  
 Vigil in her lonely cot,  
 And gazing from the lattice, weeps  
 To think upon my wandering lot.

Tell me not I am to blame,  
 That I am no more the same ;  
 Changed in form I well may be,  
 But I never changed to thee !  
 True, my rosy bloom is past,  
 Worn with many a sense of ill,  
 And my cheek is fading fast,  
 But my heart is faithful still.

## I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

YOU deem me cold and heartless,  
 You think I cannot feel,  
 Because with smiles I greet you,  
 And graver thoughts conceal ;  
 But though I seem so happy,  
 And bask in pleasure's beam,  
 Ask those who know me better ;—  
 I am not what I seem.  
 'Tis not the gayest features  
 That marks the brightest lot ;  
 The one you deem so happy  
 Has loved—and been forgot.

When no gay friends are near me  
 To praise my harp's sweet tone,  
 The eye you see so beaming  
 Oft weeps, and weeps alone ;  
 'Tis pride that strives to conquer  
 That futile, idle dream ;  
 'Tis scorn that makes me careless ;—  
 I am not what I seem.  
 I only strive to banish  
 The past—but I cannot ;  
 The one you deem so happy  
 Has loved—and been forgot.

---

 THE BUTTERFLY WAS A GENTLE-  
 MAN.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by ALEX. LEE.]

THE butterfly was a gentleman,  
 Of no very good repute ;  
 And he roved in the sunshine all day long  
 In his scarlet and purple suit ;

And he left his lady-wife at home  
In her own secluded bower,  
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about  
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,  
And seldom from home she'd stir ;  
She loved him better than all the world,  
Though little he cared for her.  
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew  
Her lord was a rover then ;  
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp  
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,  
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray ;  
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,  
And flew with her far away ;  
Then beware, ye butterflies all, beware,  
If to you such a time should come ;  
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish  
You had cherished the lamp at home.

---

## GIVE ME A FACE THAT MAKES SIMPLICITY A GRACE.

[BEN JONSON.]

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed  
As you were going to a feast ;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet—all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,  
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me  
Than all the adulteries of art, —  
They strike my eye, but not my heart.



## THE FARMER'S SON.

[ANONYMOUS, 1800.]

GOOD people, give attention, while I do sing in praise  
Of the happy situation we were in in former days ;  
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milk'd  
her cow,

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would  
spin,

And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean ;  
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to  
plough,—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

My brother gave assistance in tending of the sheep ;  
When tired with our labour, how contented we could  
sleep !

Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

Then to market with the fleece, when the little herd  
were shorn,

And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of  
corn ;

For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then, I vow,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

I never knew at that time, go search the country round,  
That butter ever sold for more than four-pence per  
pound,

And a quart of new milk for a penny from the cow,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,  
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load !  
They'd drop into an alehouse, and drink "God speed  
the plough,"—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,  
 And well he entertain'd us when my father paid his  
 rent ;  
 With flagons of good ale he'd drink, " Farmer, speed  
 the plough,"—  
 How happily we lived then to what we do now !  
 At length the squire died, sir—oh, bless his ancient  
 pate !—  
 Another fill'd with pride came as heir to the estate ;  
 He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,  
 Which brought us to the wretched state that we are  
 in now.

May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest  
 heart  
 The poor for to disburden, who long have felt the  
 smart ;  
 To take the larger farms and divide them into ten,  
 That we may live as happy now as we did then.

---

## THE GOLDEN LUCY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

["I see the golden hair and the innocent face now, between  
 me and the driving clouds, like an angel going to fly away."—  
 CHARLES DICKENS'S "*Wreck of the Golden Mary*."] ]

THE *Golden Mary* sailed from port,  
 A vessel stanch and true ;  
 No bark a braver captain owned,  
 None e'er a braver crew ;  
 Forth from their native land she bore,  
 Across the ocean wild,  
 An exile band, and 'mid them stood  
 A bright-eyed fairy child.  
 They deemed no harm could ever come  
 To one so pure and fair,  
 And they called her "Golden Lucy,"  
 With her waving, sunny hair.

The *Golden Mary* proudly stemmed  
 The trackless waves afar,  
 And all, the "Golden Lucy" deemed  
 To be their guiding star ;  
 But darkness came—the storm swept by,  
 And 'mid the tempest wild  
 The bark was wreck'd—but none more brave  
 Than that pure lovely child.  
     No laud in sight, for days and days  
     They drifted o'er the tide ;  
     And they watch'd poor "Golden Lucy,"  
     They watch'd her till she died.

'Twas at the midwatch of the night  
 They laid her in the deep,  
 And even there her spirit seemed  
 Its watch o'er them to keep ;  
 For 'twixt them and the driving clouds,  
 An angel pure and fair  
 Seemed looking with a radiant smile,  
 And Lucy's shining hair.  
     To listening ears now oft they tell,  
     That crew so true and brave,  
     How the lovely "Golden Lucy"  
     Shared the *Golden Mary's* grave.

---

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

G. H. FRENCH.]

[Music by INGLIS BEBVON.]

In battle's field, 'mid cannons' roar,  
 A brave young soldier's there,  
 Defending nobly with his sword,  
 His country's colours dear !  
 "Still, still fight on !" the warriors cry,  
 Till night o'ershades the day ;  
 Then, in redoubt, on knapsack rough,  
 The tired soldier lay.

Fatigued, careworn, sweet, welcome sleep  
His fancy leads to roam,  
Near to his loving wife and child,  
And happy native home.  
He hears the mother's angel-voice  
Lull their first-born to rest ;  
He feels affection's fond embrace,  
And thinks again he's bless'd.

The morn dawns cold, the visions pass,  
'Mid trumpets' warlike sound ;  
For waking finds 'tis but a dream,  
On frantic gazing round.  
Soon fatal shot has pierced his breast,  
He knows life's fleeting fast ;  
So, blessing wife and child, he prays  
To meet in heaven at last.

---

## OUR FLAG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

OLD England's the home of the brave and the free,  
No matter what nation or race,  
And wherever her ships on the ocean may be,  
They're the same as their own native place ;  
Though to humble our flag the rash Yankee now tries,  
We'll give him a pill for his pains,  
"By heav'n we wont stand it," each true Briton cries,  
"While a shot in the locker remains."

Then hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
If the cry must be "war,"  
Whoever our foeman may be,  
While there's left but a rag  
Of the old British flag,  
It still shall wave first on the sea.

Old England's the soil where no foeman can stand,  
 And a part of that land is each deck  
 Of her ships that with true-hearted sailors are manned,  
 Who will fight while there's left but a wreck ;  
 They must eat their foul words who thus bully and  
 boast,  
 Or we know how to wipe out the stains,  
 For we'll stand by our flag and our dear native coast,  
 While a shot in the locker remains.

Then hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
 If the cry must be " war,"  
 Whoever our foeman may be,  
 While there's left but a rag  
 Of the old British flag,  
 There are none shall insult it at sea.

## MERRILY OVER THE OCEAN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT

MERRILY, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;  
 Oh ! for a breeze to give speed to thy motion,  
 To bear me to one who is watching for me :  
 Stately and slow when you, outward bound, glided,  
 Fair and majestic I deemed thee, proud ship,  
 As loathing to leave where my loved one abided,  
 Now—thou shouldst fly like a hound from the slip !  
 Merrily, &c.

Merrily, merrily—faster and faster,—

Oh ! hadst thou life, as thou seem'st to have wings,  
 How wouldst thou fly at the word of thy master,  
 But thou must wait till the western wind springs ;  
 Far tho' the isle where my loved one's reposing,  
 Soon we shall enter its beautiful bay :—  
 The breeze freshens now as the daylight is closing,—  
 It fills the white sails—we're away, boys, away !

Merrily, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;  
The breeze freshens now and gives speed to thy motion,  
Oh ! bear me to her who is waiting for me !

---

## OVER THE BOUNDING WATERS.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by LINLEY.]

OVER the bounding waters,  
Speed, gallant bark, away !  
Fleet as the fleetest falcon,  
Dash through the foam and spray.  
The breeze is strong, ev'ry sail is set,  
The shore fades from our sight,  
And soon nor mark or sign we'll leave—  
To track our vessel's flight.

Bark ! with thy pennant streaming,  
Mann'd by the brave and free,  
Well may'st thou bear thee proudly,  
Over the dark blue sea.  
The land's no place for the rover bold,  
His home is on the main ;  
No joy he knows till we pace the deck  
Of his gallant bark again.

---

## OH, STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

OH, I have roamed o'er many lands,  
And many friends I've met !  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget.  
But I'll confess that I'm content,  
No more I wish to roam,  
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,  
 And bosoms pure as snow,  
 In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,  
 And hearts that ever flow.  
 In Erin's isle I'd pass my time,  
 No more I wish to roam,  
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
 For Erin is my home.

If England were my place of birth,  
 I'd love her tranquil shore ;  
 If bonny Scotland were my home,  
 Her mountains I'd adore.  
 But pleasant days in both I've past,  
 I'll dream of days to come ;  
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
 For Erin is my home.

---

## IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—Old English.]

It was a maid of my country,  
 As she came by a hawthorn tree,  
 As full of flowers as might be seen,  
 She marvell'd to see the tree so green ;  
 At last she asked of the tree,  
 How came this freshness unto thee,  
 And ev'ry branch so fair and clean ?  
 I marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by-and-by,  
 I have cause to grow triumphantly,  
 The sweetest dew that ever be seen,  
 Doth fall on me to keep me green.  
 Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow  
 You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,  
 Of every man for to be seen,  
 I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me  
 And many a branch out of my tree ;  
 I have such store they will not be seen,  
 For more and more my twigs grow green.  
 But how, an they chance to cut thee down,  
 And carry thy branches into the town ?  
 Then they will never more be seen  
 To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do it is no boot,  
 Although they cut me to the root,  
 Next year again I will be seen  
 To bud my branches fresh and green.  
 And you, fair maid, cannot do so ;  
 For "when your beauty once doth go,"  
 Then will it never more be seen,  
 As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,  
 And turned her from the hawthorn bush ;  
 She thought herself so fair and clean,  
 Her beauty still would ever grow green.  
 But after this never I could hear  
 Of this fair maiden anywhere,  
 That ever she was in forest seen  
 To talk again with hawthorn green.

---

## ON MUSIC.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The banks of Banna."]

WHEN through life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we us'd to love,  
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,  
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,  
 Kindling former smiles again,  
 In faded eyes that long have wept.



Like the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 In the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier hours ;  
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music!—oh ! how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell!  
 Why should feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;  
 Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

---

## HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return  
 Where once we've happy been,  
 Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,  
 And years have roll'd between ;  
 And if the eyes beam welcome yet  
 That wept our parting then,  
 Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met  
 We live whole years again !

They tell us of a fount that flow'd  
 In happier days of yore,  
 Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd ;  
 Alas! the fount's no more.  
 But smiling memory still appears,  
 Presents her cup, and when  
 We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,  
 We live those years again.

## THE ANGEL VOICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

I HEAR it, I hear it,—the voice of the past,  
 It comes in my loneliest hours,  
 When the shadows of midnight are over me cast,  
 As I wander alone 'mid the flowers :  
 In the song of the bird—when the breeze stirs the tree,  
 And all that is human's at rest,  
 I hear the sweet voice that once whispered to me,  
 An angel-voice, now, with the blest.

I hear it, I hear it,—it comes in my dreams ;  
 Oh ! well I remember the tones,  
 The voice that once sung by the side of the streams,  
 That now but fond memory owns :  
 It seems like a message that comes from above,  
 As light as a zephyr its breath,  
 Rewarding my constancy—proving that love  
 Like ours can endure after death.

## I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

I CANNOT sing the old songs  
 I sang long years ago,  
 For heart and voice would fail me  
 And foolish tears would flow ;  
 For bygone hours come o'er my heart,  
 With each familiar strain—  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Their charm is sad and deep ;  
 Their melodies would waken  
 Old sorrows from their sleep.

And tho' all unforgotten still  
 And sadly sweet they be—  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 For visions come again  
 Of golden dreams departed  
 And years of bitter pain ;  
 Perhaps when earthly fetters  
 Shall have set my spirit free—  
 My voice may know the old songs  
 For all eternity.

---

## THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

[THOMAS DIBDIN.]

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,  
 If ever I live upon dry land,  
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain.  
 Says Freedom, why that's my own island ;  
 O what a snug little island !  
 A right little, tight little island !  
 Search the globe round,  
 None can be found,  
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,  
 Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;  
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their  
 backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island !  
 O what a snug little island !  
 They'd have a touch at the island !  
 Some were shot dead,  
 Some of them fled,  
 And some stay'd to live on the island !

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,  
 Cried, d—n it, I never liked my land ;  
 It would be more handy, to leave this Normandy,  
 And live on yon beautiful island !  
 Says he, 'tis a snug little island !  
 Shan't us go visit the island !  
 Hop, skip, and jump,  
 There he was plump,  
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,  
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;  
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should be lick'd,  
 Had they stuck to the king of their island.  
 Poor Harold, the king of the island !  
 He lost both his life and his island :  
 That's very true,  
 What could he do ?  
 Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade her,  
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,  
 They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
 And take their full swing in the island !  
 Oh, the poor Queen and the island !  
 The Dons came to plunder the island !  
 But snug in the hive,  
 The Queen was alive,  
 And buzz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks  
 and drakes  
 Of our wealth ; but they could hardly spy land,  
 When our Drake had the luck to make their pride  
 duck,  
 And stoop to the lads of the island !  
 Huzza for the lads of the island !  
 The good wooden walls of the island !  
 Devil or Don,  
 Let 'em come on,  
 But how would they come off at the island !

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,  
 In each saying, this shall be my land ;  
 Should the army of England, or all they could bring,  
 land,  
 We'd show 'em some play for the island ;  
 We'll fight for our right to the island,  
 We'll give them enough of the island,  
 Invaders should just  
 Bite once at the dust,  
 But not a bit more of the island.

---

### A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

COME, listen to a seaman's ditty,—  
 Tom Taffrail was the hero's name ;  
 His tale shall start that tear of pity  
 The brave and good from virtue claim.  
 Tom went to sea ; duty inclined him  
 His king and country to defend ;  
 But how in grief to leave behind him  
 A lovely wife and faithful friend !  
 Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely ;  
 Nothing can virtue's impulse check :  
 At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,  
 Tom met his friend upon the deck ;  
 And see his wife, by love directed,  
 In man's attire Tom's steps attend :  
 Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,  
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.  
 True pleasures are for no one mortal :  
 A storm arose no skill could mock ;  
 Tore masts away, strain'd every portal,  
 And bilg'd the vessel 'gainst a rock.  
 Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,  
 His own life ebbing near its end,  
 He smil'd, in death, that he had perished  
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.

## ANNA'S URN.

GENERAL BURGoyNE.]

[Music by JACKSON.]

ENCOMPASSED in an angel's frame  
An angel's virtues lay ;  
Too soon did heaven assert the claim,  
And called its own away.  
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
Must never more return ;  
What now shall fill these widowed arms ?  
Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined  
Which blest when her I knew,  
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,  
Were bound by love too true ?  
The rural train, which once were used  
In festive dance to turn,  
So pleased when Anna they amused,  
Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,  
She clasped me to her breast ;  
To part with thee is all my pain,  
She cried—then sank to rest.  
While memory shall her seat retain,  
From beauteous Anna torn,  
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain  
Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
Laments her murdered mate ;  
There, Philomela, lost to love,  
Tells the pale moon her fate.  
With yew and ivy round me spread,  
My Anna there I'll mourn ;  
For all my soul, now she is dead,  
Concentres in her urn.

## THEY DEEM IT A SORROW GONE BY.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by CHARLES H. PURDAY.]

THEY deem it a sorrow gone by,  
 A passion effaced from my heart,  
 But rankling, the poison may lie  
 When time has extracted the dart:  
 Again, to the dance I have gone,  
 They think that my spirits are high ;—  
 They see not my tears when alone,  
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

'The smile is again on my cheek,  
 The jest is again on my tongue,  
 I see them exult when I seek  
 The haunts of the gay and the young ;  
 They think a new love will atone  
 For one that but blossomed to die ;—  
 They see not my tears when alone,  
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

## TO LIVE WITH THEE, MY LOVE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

IF all the world and love were young,  
 And truth on every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pleasures might my passion move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,  
 To winter floods their treasure yield ;  
 A honied tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Are all soon withered, broke, forgotten,  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
 Can me with no enticements move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, had age no need,  
 Then those delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

---

### ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[*Air*—"O'er the hills, &c."]

How can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad?  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?  
 Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my love;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,  
 As weary flocks around me pant,  
 Haply in this scorching sun  
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:  
 Bullets, spare my only joy!  
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
 Fate, do with me what you may,  
 Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power;  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,



Listening to the doubling roar,  
 Surging on the rocky shore,—  
 All I can—I weep and pray,  
 For his weal that's far away.  
                                   On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild War his ravage end,  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet:  
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,  
 To my arms their charge convey,  
 My dear lad that's far away.  
                                   On the seas, &c.

---

## I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.

[*Music* by B. MOLIQUE.]

I KNOW thou dost love me,  
           Ay, frown as thou wilt,  
 And curl thy beautiful lip,  
 Which I never can gaze on  
           Without the guilt  
           Of burning its dew to sip ;  
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,  
 And, like flow'rs that o'er a brook incline,  
           They towards each other dip.

Tho' thou lookest so cold  
           In the halls of light,  
 'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,  
 I will steal like a thief,  
           In thy heart at night,  
           And pilfer its thoughts away !  
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,  
 And thy soul shall in secret own the pow'r  
           It dares to mock by day.

WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.]

It was written on the sand,  
 "Love cannot know decay ;"  
 The waves rose o'er the strand,  
 And Love had passed away.  
 It was written on the sand,  
 "How firmly friends are tied ;"  
 Yet, traced by friendship's hand,  
 How soon the impress died !  
 Written on the sand !

It was written on the sand,  
 "The world is full of truth,"  
 By a happy sportive band,  
 Go search the spot, oh ! youth !  
 They are written on the sand,  
 Our hopes, our joys, our fears ;—  
 As the shores of life expand,  
 The waves are but our tears,  
 Falling on the sand !

---

OH ! TELL ME HOW TO WOO ?

[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1640.]

If doughty deeds my layde please,  
 Right soone I'll mount my steed,  
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,  
 That bears frae me the meed ;  
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
 Thy picture next my heart ;  
 And he that bends not to thine eyes  
 Shall rue it to his smart :  
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love,  
 For thy dear sake no care I'll take,  
 Although another trow me.

If gay attire thy fancy please,  
 I'll deck thee in array,  
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,  
 And squire thee all the day !  
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;  
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,  
 That voice which none can match.  
 Then tell me how to woo, &c.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
 I never broke a vow ;  
 No maiden lays her skaith on me,—  
 I never loved but you !  
 For you alone I ride the ring,  
 For you I wear the blue,  
 For you alone I strive to sing—  
 Oh ! tell me how to woo, &c.

---

### VARIETY IN ONE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

“IN one thou couldst find variety,”  
 Cried Dick, “wouldst thou on wedlock fix ?”  
 “I rather should expect,” cried I,  
 “Variety in five or six ;”  
 “But never was thy counsel light,  
 I'll do't, my friend !—So said, so done,  
 I'm noosed for life, and Dick was right,  
 I find variety in one.

“Her tone has more variety  
 Than music's system can embrace ;  
 She modulates through every key,  
 Squeaks treble, and growls double-bass ;  
 Divisions runs, and trills, and shakes,  
 Enough the noisy spheres to stun :  
 Thus, as harsh discord music makes,  
 I find variety in one.

“ Her dress boasts such variety,  
 Such forms, materials, fashions, hues ;  
 Each animal must plunder'd be,  
 From Russian bears to cockatoos ;  
 Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,  
 Now she's a gipsy, now a nun ;  
 To change, like the cameleon, prone—  
 En't this variety in one ?

“ In wedlock's wide variety,  
 Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,  
 If she's a thunderstorm to me,  
 So I'm an April day to her :  
 Devil and angel, black and white,  
 Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,  
 And kiss and scold, and love and fight,  
 Each finds variety in one.

“ Then cherish love's variety,  
 In spite of every sneering elf ;  
 We're Nature's children, and en't she,  
 In change, variety itself ?  
 Her clouds and storms are willed by fate,  
 More bright, to show her radiant sun :  
 Hail then, blest wedlock, in whose state  
 Men find variety in one.”

---

## THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

PART SONG.

F. BENNOCH.]

[*Music* by F. MOBL.]

THE bud is on the bough,  
 And the blossom on the tree,  
 But neither bud nor blossom  
 Bring a thrill of joy to me.  
 Walled up within the city's gloom,  
 No pleasure can I know,  
 But like a caged linnnet sing  
 To chase away my woe.

The bud will grow a blossom,  
 The blossom will grow pale,  
 And as they die, the fruit will spring,  
 But fall when o'er the vale  
 Stern winter marches with his train  
 In every wind that blows :  
 And I unripe, with ripest fruit,  
 May in the dust repose.

And spring upon the seed will breathe  
 The seed become a tree ;  
 And on the tree so beautiful  
 Will bud and blossom be.  
 And shall I know a second spring ?  
 Yes, brighter far than they ;  
 Where age puts on the blush of youth,  
 And never more decay.

---

## ROSE, THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

**T. MOORE.]**

[*Music by* MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.]

ROSE, thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower ;  
 E'en the gods that walk the sky,  
 Are am'rous of thy scented sigh,  
 Cupid too in Paphian shades,  
 His hair with rosy fillets braids ;  
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

Rose, thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled spring, the wood nymph wild !  
 Buds of roses, virgin flowers,  
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
 Till with crimson drops they weep ;  
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

## FAIR HEBE.

[By LORD CANTALUPE, about 1720.]

[This song, adapted to the old English melody of "Pretty Polly Oliver," is an answer to Shenstone's, "When forced from dear Hebe to part," the music by Dr. Arne.]

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design  
To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine :  
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, entreating her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;  
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair !

"That's a truth," replied I, "I've no need to be  
taught ;

I came for your counsel to find out a fault."

"If that's all," says reason, "return as you came,  
For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name."

What hopes, then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
When like lightning she darts through each throbbing  
vein ;

My senses surprised, in her favour took arms,  
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

## THE HARVEST-HOME SONG.

EDWIN RANSFORD.]

[Music by E. RANSFORD.]

THE harvest-home's come round again,

Then let each heart be gay ;

And let us all with one accord

Our grateful homage pay

To Him who sends the glorious sun

To fill the ears with grain,

And makes the golden waves to roll

O'er hill and fertile plain.

God bless the tillers of the soil,  
 The sowers of the seed,  
 The reapers of the harvest field,  
 And help them in their need ;  
 God bless the worthy master,  
 God bless the peasant band,  
 May agriculture flourish  
 Throughout our favour'd land !

Success to dear old England  
 For ages yet to come,  
 And long may we thus celebrate  
 Our English harvest-home ;  
 May rich and poor alike rejoice  
 To see the barns well stor'd,  
 And sing in joyous harmony  
 Around the festive board :  
 God bless the tillers of the soil, &c.

---

## I SEE AGAIN MY HAPPY HOME.

EDWARD J. GILL.]

[*Music* by BLANCHI TAYLOR.]

I SEE again my happy home,  
 Sweet love of childhood's day,  
 And all the changing scenes I've met,  
 Ne'er chased that love away.  
 I heard the streamlet wander by,  
 Tho' 'midst the halls of mirth,  
 And thy sweet vale my heart would own,  
 The loveliest spot on earth.

I've gaz'd upon rich summer bloom,  
 In other lands afar,  
 But all thy beauty then came near,  
 My memory's cherish'd star.  
 I wandered, tho' in fancy dear,  
 And marked thy flow'rets wear  
 Their bright soft hues, and now I find  
 Them blooming still as fair.

## THE EVENING STAR.

[DR. JOHN LEYDEN, died 1811.]

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
 Fair star ! to love and lovers dear ;  
 While trembling on the falling dew,  
 Like beauty shining through the tear ;

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream  
 To mark each image trembling there,  
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine  
 As far as thine each starry light—  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flow'rs,  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh ;  
 And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;  
 Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—  
 But sweeter to be loved again.

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"O, Patrick, fly from me."]

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,  
 There shone such truth about thee,  
 And on thy lip such promise hung,  
 I did not dare to doubt thee.



I saw thee change, yet still relied,  
 Still clung with hope the fonder,  
 And thought, though false to all beside,  
 From me thou couldst not wander.  
 But go, deceiver ! go,—  
 The heart, whose hopes could make it  
 Trust one so false, so low,  
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it !

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,  
 I fled the unwelcome story ;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,  
 Some gleams of future glory.  
 I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;  
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends,  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
 But go, deceiver ! go,—  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee ;  
 The few who lov'd thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,  
 No genial ties enwreath it,  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it !  
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever ;  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.  
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

---

### WHEN I DRAIN THE ROSY BOWL.

From Anacreon, Sappho, by the }  
 REV. FRANCIS FAWKES. 1761. }

[*Music* by BAILDON.]

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
 Joy exhilarates the soul ;  
 To the Nine I raise my song,  
 Ever fair and ever young.  
 When full cups my cares expel,  
 Sober counsel, then farewell !  
 Let the winds that murmur sweep  
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
 Leads me to delightful bowers,  
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.  
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
 And my locks with roses twine ;  
 Then I praise life's rural scene—  
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound  
 (Richest fragrance flowing round)  
 And some lovely nymph detain,  
 Venus then inspires the strain.  
 When from goblets deep and wide  
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
 All my soul unbends—I play  
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

## WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The song of sorrow."]

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more !  
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;  
 Oh, freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days '  
 They'll learn to love your name ;  
 And many a deed may wake in praise,  
 That long hath slept in blame !  
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?  
 "'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 You never join'd in love ;  
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,  
 And man profan'd what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
 Where others knelt to heaven !"

---

## FALSE TO ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

LAST night I passed you in the dance,  
 You knew not I was near,  
 I saw the brightness of your eye,  
 Your voice I could not hear ;  
 But in your eye such pleasure beamed,  
 They asked, "Did I not see ?"  
 What I till then would not believe,  
 That thou wert false to me.

You deemed that I was absent still,  
 When her bright looks you met,  
 Yet in your features I could trace  
 No sadness—no regret ;  
 Though many lovely forms were there,  
 But one you seemed to see,—  
 Too well those loving glances proved  
 That thou wert false to me.

---

### THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music by* HON. MRS. NORTON.]

In life's delightful morn,  
 When love and hope were born,  
 To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came ;  
 Thy smile of welcome made  
 A sunbeam in the shade,  
 And spring and winter bloom'd for me the same.  
 Tho' stormy winds blew loud,  
 And the snow hung in the cloud,  
 I reck'd not all my sunshine was to come,  
 My heart was blithe and gay,  
 I went singing on my way  
 In the path across the hills to thy home !

The spring, with gentle rain,  
 Hath woke the buds again,  
 And the summer clothes the leafy woods once more,  
 But Love's sweet life is fled,  
 And Hope's bright flowers are dead,  
 And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore !  
 To some less lov'd abode,  
 By some more dreary road,  
 Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come,  
 But never blithe and gay  
 To sing along the way  
 As in the path that led me to thy home !

## OH! FOR A HUSBAND.

[*Tune*—"Oh! for a husband." Early in the 17th century.]

THERE was a maiden, well-a-day!  
 Thus mourn'd her hapless lot:—  
 "A wife may be merry and gay,  
 But maids, alas! may not.  
 Full eighteen years have pass'd," she said,  
 "All lonely and forlorn,  
 Oh, if I chance to die unwed,  
 Would I had ne'er been born.  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."  
 Still this was her song,  
 "I will have a husband,  
 I'll have a husband  
 Be he old or young!"

An ancient suitor to her came,  
 His head was very gray;  
 He talked to her of Cupid's flame,  
 And stole her heart away.  
 Her mother said, "Don't wed too fast,  
 Lest you should soon repent."  
 Quoth she, "Dear mother, I'm in haste."  
 And thus the ditty went,  
 "Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."  
 Still this was her song,  
 "I will have a husband,  
 I'll have a husband,  
 Be he old or young!"

When she had been a wedded wife  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 She found her dear, her lord, her life,  
 Was mean as well as gray.

He grudg'd the price of cap and gown,  
 Of velvet and of lace ;  
 On trinkets he would grimly frown,  
 'Twas such a piteous case.  
 "Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
 What a life lead I,  
 Plague take such a husband,  
 Take such a husband,  
 Husband, fie, fie, fie !"

Another twelvemonth slowly pass'd,  
 A widow she became ;  
 But soon the weeds aside she cast,  
 Pray don't the lady blame.  
 A second lover sought her hand,  
 Young, gen'rous, brave and free,  
 She did not shilly-shally stand,  
 But joyously said she,  
 "Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 This is still my song,  
 I will have a husband,  
 I'll take a husband,  
 But he must be young !"

---

## SORROWFUL TREES.

GEORGE CAYLEY.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

CYPRESS and yew,  
 Sorrowful trees !  
 Tears are your dew,  
 Sighs are your breeze !  
 Sad is your shade,  
 Gloomy and cold,  
 Where she is laid,  
 Under the mould !

Nothing she needs,  
 Sadly I strew  
 Funeral weeds,  
 Myrtle and rue,  
 Over the tomb  
 Worn by my knees  
 Under your gloom,  
 Sorrowful trees.

Winters may freeze,  
 Summers may burn,  
 Sorrowful trees,  
 Sombre and stern ;  
 Seasons may range,  
 Ages may roll,  
 Nought can estrange  
 Grief from my soul :  
 Still my heart bleeds,  
 Therefore I strew  
 Funeral weeds,  
 Myrtle and rue,  
 Where she is laid,  
 Sleeping at ease  
 Under your shade,  
 Sorrowful trees.

---

## YE MARINERS OF SPAIN.

JOHN G. LOCKHART.] [*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.]

YE mariners of Spain  
 Bend strongly on your oars,  
 And bring my love again,  
 For he lies among the Moors.  
 Ye galleys fairly built  
 Like castles on the sea,  
 Oh, great will be your guilt  
 If ye bring him not to me !

The wind is blowing strong,  
 The breeze will aid your oars,  
 O swiftly fly along,  
 For he lies among the Moors !  
 The fresh breeze of the sea  
 Cools every cheek but mine,  
 O hot is its breath to me  
 As I gaze upon the brine !

Lift up, lift up your sail  
 And bend upon your oars,  
 O lose not the fair gale,  
 For he lies among the Moors !  
 It is a narrow strait,  
 I see the blue hills over,  
 Your coming I'll await,  
 And thank you for my lover.  
 To Mary I will pray  
 While ye bend upon your oars,  
 'Twill be a blessed day  
 If ye fetch him from the Moors.

---

## ROW, GALLANT COMRADES, ROW.

[Tune—"Row well, ye mariners." 16th century.]

Row, gallant comrades, row,  
 The sun is near his western bed ;  
 Upon the waters glow  
 Unnumber'd gems of gorgeous red ;  
 The stars that peer to usher night,  
 Scarce reveal their trembling light ;  
 Before the silver moon we see,  
 Safe at home we all should be.  
 Then row well, row well,  
 No breath upon the water stirs,  
 Then row well, row well,  
 With all your might, ye mariners.



Row, gallant comrades, row,  
 The log is crackling on the hearth,  
 Kind voices, well we know,  
 Will greet us with the sound of mirth.  
 The cares that fill the anxious breast,  
 Soon we'll lull to happy rest,  
 And drooping spirits we shall cheer :  
 Row ! the welcome shore is near.  
 Then row, &c.

---

### BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

C. H. HITCHINGS.]

[*Music* by E. F. RIMBAULT.]

BRIGHT things can never die,  
 E'en though they fade,  
 Beauty and minstrelsy  
 Deathless were made.  
 What though the summer day  
 Passes away,  
 Doth not the moon's soft ray  
 Silence the night ?  
 Kind words can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy ;  
 Deep in the soul they lie,  
 All know how dear.

Like childhood's simple rhymes  
 Said o'er a thousand times,  
 Ay, in all years and climes,  
 Distant and near.  
 Childhood can never die ;  
 Wrecks of the past,  
 Float on our memory,  
 E'en to the last.  
 Sweet fancies never die,  
 They leave behind  
 Some fairy legacy  
 Stored in the mind.

## AND HAVE I LOST THEE?

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[*Music* by LADY DUFFERIN.]

AND have I lost thee ?  
 Is thy love a dream of other days ?  
 Can act of mine no longer move  
 Thy censure or thy praise ?  
 I miss thee from the lonely hearth—  
 I miss thy quiet smile !  
 Thy voice with its melodious mirth,  
 Thy lips that knew not guile !  
 I gaze on thine accustom'd place,  
 But strangers fill it now ;  
 Alas ! and is there left no trace  
 Of one so lov'd as thou ?  
 And have—have I lost thee ?

And have I lost thee ?  
 Must I learn to live through lonely years ?  
 To seek for love in eyes that turn  
 All coldly from my tears ?  
 Thy silent home !—none greet me there,  
 None speak to me of thee !  
 Our ancient haunts no longer wear  
 Familiar looks to me !  
 Restore, thou silent tomb, restore  
 The young hopes thou hast slain !  
 Give back the lov'd and lost once more !  
 Give me mine own again !  
 And have I lost thee ?

## MAYST THOU BE HAPPY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

MAYST thou be happy each coming day,  
 Some gleam of sunshine still round thee play,  
 True hearts to greet thee and meet thy caress,  
 Friends to adore and one loved one to bless ;

Though I have proffered my friendship in vain,  
 Striven, but vainly, thy young heart to gain ;  
 Why should I not wish thee well in my heart ?—  
 Mayst thou be happy although we must part.

Mayst thou be happy—it was not to be  
 Thy future lot should be centred in me,  
 Tho' I was true as the earth to the sun,  
 Love, to be perfect, is two hearts in one ;  
 All that I ask is, remember me still  
 As one who'd have bow'd to thy wish or thy will,—  
 Who sought not thy wealth, but thy hand and thy  
 heart ;—  
 Mayst thou be happy, although we must part.

---

### TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Dermot."]

TAKE back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still ;  
 Some hand more calm and sage  
 The leaf must fill.  
 Thoughts come as pure as light,  
 Pure as even you require ;  
 But, on : each word I write,  
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you.  
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;  
 Like you, too bright and fair  
 To let wild passions write  
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away, I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Towards you and home,

Fancy may trace some line  
 Worthy those eyes to meet;  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as the records are,  
 Which wand'ring seamen keep,  
 Led by their hidden star  
 Through winter's deep;  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell through what storms I stray,  
 You still the un-seen light  
 Guiding my way!

---

### THE ANGEL'S WING.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.]

WHEN by the evening's quiet light  
 There sit two silent lovers,  
 They say, while in such tranquil plight,  
 An angel round them hovers;  
 And further still old legends tell,—  
 The first who breaks the silent spell,  
 To say a soft and pleasing thing,  
 Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd  
 By the summer ocean,  
 Gazing on a lovely maid,  
 With a bard's devotion:—  
 Yet his love he never spoke,  
 Till now the silent spell he broke;—  
 The hidden fire to flame did spring,  
 Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

"I have loved thee well and long,  
 With love of heaven's own making !—  
 This is not a poet's song,  
 But a true heart's speaking.  
 I will love thee, still, untired !"  
 He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—  
 The words did from truth's fountain spring,  
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing !

Silence o'er the maiden fell,  
 Her beauty lovelier making ;—  
 And by her blush, he knew full well  
 The dawn of love was breaking.  
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart !  
 He felt that they should never part,  
 She spoke—and oh !—the lovely thing  
 Had felt the passing angel's wing.

---

## THE HAUNTED SPRING.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

[It is said, fays have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into fairyland. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady-fairies' fancies.]

GAILY through the mountain glen  
 The hunter's horn did ring,  
 As the milk-white doe  
 Escaped his bow,  
 Down by the haunted spring ;  
 In vain his silver horn he wound,—  
 'Twas echo answer'd back ;  
 For neither groom nor baying hound  
 Were on the hunter's track ;  
 In vain he sought the milk-white doe  
 That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,  
 For, save himself, no living thing  
 Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-hells, blooming fair,  
 Their fragrance round did fling,  
 As the hunter lay,  
 At the close of day,  
 Down by the haunted spring.  
 A lady fair, in robe of white,  
 To greet the hunter came ;  
 She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,  
 And pledged him by his name ;  
 "Oh, lady fair," the hunter cried,  
 "Be thou my love, my blooming bride,  
 A bride that well might grace a king !  
 Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stoop'd,  
 And forth she drew a ring ;  
 And that bold knight  
 His faith did plight,  
 Down by the haunted spring.  
 But since the day his chase did stray,  
 The hunter ne'er was seen ;  
 And legends tell, he now doth dwell  
 Within the hills so green.\*  
 But still the milk-white doe appears,  
 And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
 While di-tant bugles faintly ring  
 Around the lonely haunted spring.

\* Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling-places within old green hills.

## OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.] [*Air*—"John O'Reilly, the active."]

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,  
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now ;  
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;  
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs  
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns !  
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile ;  
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,  
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,  
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !  
 If it were not with friendship and love interwin'd ;  
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose  
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my  
 mind ;  
 But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,  
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;  
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.  
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth  
 Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine :  
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

---

### WHEN GENTLE MUSIC.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

WHEN gentle music's sounding—  
 Such as this ;  
 'Tis sweet when friends surrounding  
 Share our bliss :  
 But love them as we may,  
 We love them less, when near,  
 Than when, through mem'ry's tear  
 We view them—far away.

When over deserts burning,  
 Far we roam,  
 'Tis sweet, at last, returning  
 To our home :

Be 't happy as it may,  
 That home no bliss bestows  
 So fairy-bright, as those  
 We fancied when away.

And when fond hearts are meeting,  
 Beating high ;  
 How sweet the brilliant greeting  
 Of the eye !  
 But tho' so bright its ray,  
 To lovers far more dear  
 Is the sad, the secret tear  
 Shed for one—who's far away.

---

### CHERRY CHEEK PATTY.

[C. DIBDIN.]

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, I cry ;  
 My work being done, to the lawn then I fly,  
 Where the lads and 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 ever  
 did see,  
 O cherry cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy mayn't be,  
 As poor simple Giles, the ploughman's boy ;  
 No matters of State ever addle my pate,  
 But I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I  
 cry.

Now cherry cheek Patty, she lives in the vale,  
 Whom I help o'er the stile with her milking pail ;  
 And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true ;  
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you ;  
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.



I'ze able and strong and willing to work,  
And when the lark rises off trudges I ;  
The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,  
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I cry.  
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,  
And a lad's not to be grinned at that's gotten so much ;  
And when that I'm married to Patty so true,  
I know what I know, but I munna tell you.  
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.

---

## THE CHAIN I GAVE WAS FAIR TO VIEW.

[LORD BYRON.]

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound,  
The heart that offered both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine ;  
And they have done their duty well ;  
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch ;  
That lute was sweet,—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound  
The chain, when shivered in his grasp ;  
Who saw that lute refuse its sound,  
Re-string the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too ;  
The chain is broke, the music mute :  
'Tis past,—to them and thee adieu !—  
False heart,—fraud chain,—and silent lute !

## FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

FOLLOW, follow over mountain,  
 Follow, follow over sea,  
 And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,  
 If you'll follow, follow me.  
     Follow, follow me, &c.

With the waters of the fountain,  
 Will I ease thy aching heart,  
 And the roses of the mountain  
 Shall to thee a balm impart.  
     Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,  
 If bought with peace of mind ;  
 But taste the fount, and not a thought  
 Of love is left behind.  
     Follow, follow, &c.

## TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.

THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by CORRI.]

IN England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef  
 Raised high on prosperity's wings,  
 Saw wealth and good-humour beyond all belief ;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
     Strange things, strange things,  
     Travellers see strange things.

That you'll doubt my narration I feel pretty sure,  
 Though I soar not on fabulous wings :  
 I've seen honest lawyers, and doctors that cure ;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
     Strange things, &c.

Believe me no falsehood I wish to advance,  
 From truth my authority springs ;  
 I've seen England can never be conquered by France ;  
 But travellers see strange things.  
     Strange things, &c.

## WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

FREDERICK ENOCH.]

[*Music* by HENRY SMART.]

ALL the fields were silent, sleeping,  
 All the woods were bleak and bare,  
 But I knew each bough was keeping  
 Bloom to meet the sunshine there ;  
 For the stream that seem'd to listen,  
 And the bird that long'd to sing,  
 And the flow'r to burst and glisten,  
 All were waiting for the spring !

Like the fields and woodlands sleeping  
 Oft the heart in sadness lies,  
 While the germ of hope is keeping  
 Promise-bloom for brighter skies :  
 And that hope foretels elating  
 There are joys that time may bring,  
 So the heart is ever waiting,  
 Ever waiting for the spring !

## 'TIS TIME TO FLY.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

BEWARE the chain love's wreathing,  
 When some sweet voice you hear,  
 Whose gentlest, simplest breathing  
 Is music to thine ear ;  
 And when, in glances fleeting,  
 Some deep and speaking eye  
 With thine is often meeting,  
 Oh then—'tis time to fly !

If there be form of lightness  
 To which thine eyes oft stray,  
 Or neck of snowy brightness—  
 Remembered—when away ;

These symptoms love resemble,  
 And when some hand is nigh,  
 Whose touch doth make thee tremble,  
 Oh then—'tis time to fly !

But if that voice of sweetness,  
 Like echo, still return ;  
 And if that eye of brightness  
 With fascination burn ;  
 To 'scape thou art not able,  
 No effort vainly try,  
 For, like the bird in fable,  
 Alas ! thou canst not fly !

---

## HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN HUGO ?

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

WHO has here, far or near, seen Hugo ?  
 Since the dawn he's been gone, sad Hugo,  
 Not to chase the buck or doe,  
 For he's left his spear and bow,  
 And his bugle, in a row, false Hugo.  
 Oh, false Hugo ! Oh, sad Hugo !  
 If you've gone to hunt, I fear  
 I can guess what kind of deer—  
 Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

In the night, long ere light, rose Hugo,  
 Sprucely dress'd in his best, vain Hugo,  
 In a silver button'd hood,  
 In his hat a new plume stood,  
 For a baron's son too good, vain Hugo.  
 Oh, vain Hugo ! Oh, false Hugo !  
 Did you e'er so smart appear  
 For the maid you call your dear—  
 Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

So at last, not so fast, friend Hugo !  
 Not a kiss—eh ? what's this ? oh, Hugo !  
 When I thought you on the wing,  
 You had been to buy the ring ;  
 You're a darling and a king, my Hugo.  
 Oh, dear Hugo ! oh, my Hugo !  
 I've been asking for you here,  
 I was certain you'd appear ;  
 Was there ever such a dear as Hugo ?

---

### I THINK OF THEE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

I LOVE to roam at night  
 By the deep sea,  
 When the pale moon is bright,  
 And think of thee :  
 And as the beacon's light  
 Gleams o'er the sea,  
 Shedding its guardian light,  
 I think of thee.

When o'er some flow'ry ground  
 Night winds breathe free,  
 Wafting fresh fragrance round,  
 I think of thee !  
 Then if some trembling star  
 Beaming I see,  
 Brighter than others far !—  
 I think of thee.

Though love by fate forbid  
 Thou art to me,  
 Yet, like a treasure hid,  
 I think of thee :  
 And though thy plighted kiss  
 Mine ne'er can be,  
 Next is the secret bliss  
 To think of thee !

## WHEN THEY TOLD ME HE WAS MARRIED.

J. E. CARPENTRE.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WHEN they told me he was married,  
How I wept to hear his name !  
For I lived but in his presence,  
And was happy when he came ;  
Had he spoken of another,  
Had he spared my aching brow,  
I had loved him as a brother,  
But I dare not love him now.

It is true no vows were spoken,  
But his words were soft and kind ;  
Ev'ry gift I deemed a token  
That he strove our love to bind ;  
There are hearts, where truth ne'er enter'd,  
That such falsehood ne'er could bow,  
But my hopes in him were centred,  
Yet I dare not love him now !

They deem not when they name him  
Of the pangs that wring my soul,  
And yet I ne'er shall blame him,  
For could I my heart control ?  
Had I known that to another  
He had breathed the fatal vow,—  
I had loved him as a brother,  
But I dare not love him now !

---

## CUPID'S GOLDEN ARROW.

• ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by H. C. GRIFFITHS.]

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day  
And besought him to look at his arrow ;  
"Tis useless, he cried, you must mend it, I say,  
"Tis not fit to let fly at a sparrow.

There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,  
 For it flutters quite false to my aim,  
 'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
 And the world really laughs at my name.

I've straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all I declare,  
 I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs,  
 'Tis feather'd with ringlets that Venus might wear,  
 And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;  
 But it falls without touching, I'll break it, I vow,  
 For there's Hymen beginning to pout,  
 He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,  
 That Zephyr might puff it right out.

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
 Till Vulcan the weapon restored,  
 There, take it, young Sir, try it now, if it fail  
 You shall grant me no fee or reward.  
 The u. chin shot out and rare havoc he wrought,  
 The wounded and dead were untold ;  
 But no wonder the boy had such slaughtering sport,  
 For the arrow was laden with gold.

---

### THEY CHIDE ME FOR REPINING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

THEY chide me for repining,  
 They mark my altered brow,  
 No wreath of flow'rs entwining  
 Amid its tresses now.  
 For me no earthly pleasure  
 This stern, cold world can give :  
 Remembrance is the treasure,  
 For which alone I live.

His home was with the stranger,  
 Upon some distant shore :  
 Oh, had I shar'd his danger,  
 He could not have lov'd me more.

His grave no stone revealing,  
 Our friendship can outlive ;  
 His mem'ry is the feeling,  
 For which alone I live.

---

## AS I WALKED FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by PLAYFORD, 1676.]

As I walk'd forth one summer's day  
 To view the meadows green and gay,  
 A cool retreating bower I spied,  
 That flourish'd near the river's side,  
     Where oft in tears a maid would cry,  
     "Did ever maiden love as I?"

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk,  
 And nipping flowers low by the stalk,  
 Such flowers as in the meadow grew,—  
 The deadman's thumb and harebell blue ;  
     And as she pull'd them, still cried she,  
     "Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scent  
 She bound about with knotty bent ;  
 And as she bound them up in bands,  
 She sigh'd, and wept, and wrung her hands ;  
     "Alas, alas !" still sobbed she,  
     "Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

When she had fill'd her apron full  
 Of all the flowers that she could cull,  
 The tender leaves serv'd for a bed,  
 The scented flowers to rest her head ;  
     Then down she laid, nor sigh'd, nor spake,—  
     With love her gentle heart did break.



## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Gang fane."]

'TIS believ'd that this harp which I now wake for thee,  
 Was a syren of old who sung under the sea,  
 And who often at eve through the bright billow rov'd,  
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
 And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,  
 Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,  
 And chang'd to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the  
 same—  
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the  
 frame ;  
 And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright  
 rings,  
 Fell over her white arms, to make the gold strings !

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been  
 known  
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;  
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
 To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away !



## BEGONE, DULL CARE.

[ANONYMOUS, 1687.]

BEGONE, dull Care,—I prithee begone from me ;  
 Begone, dull Care,—thou and I shall never agree.  
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
 And fain thou wouldst me kill ;  
 But i'faith, dull Care,  
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey ;  
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.  
     My wife shall dance, and I will sing,  
     So merrily pass the day ;  
 For I hold it still the wisest thing  
     To drive dull Care away.

---

### IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU NEAR.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by CHARLES DIBDIN.]

If 'tis love to wish you near,  
 To tremble when the wind I hear,  
     Because at sea you floating rove ;  
 If of you to dream at night,  
 To languish when you're out of sight,—  
     If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,  
 To ask of every tender power  
     That you may kind and faithful prove ;  
 If void of falsehood and deceit,  
 I feel a pleasure when we meet,—  
     If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,  
 Determin'd never to forsake,  
     Though low in poverty we strove ;  
 If, so that me your wife you'd call,  
 I offer you my little all,—  
     If this be loving, then I love.

---

### ILL OMENS.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Paddy's resource."]

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,  
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her  
soul in,  
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;  
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,  
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,  
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.  
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,  
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—  
“ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,  
For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease  
was growing,  
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;  
And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing,  
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;  
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning  
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost :  
“ Ah ! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh'd at its  
meaning),  
“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !”

---

## THE PULLET.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

YOUNG Guillot, a poor simple swain,  
Yet with some little cunning at least,  
When his conscience no more would contain,  
To relieve it would hie to his priest.  
“ Well, son, what d'ye care to confess ?  
These young sinners are always in harm !”  
“ Why, sir, I'm in mighty distress—  
I have pilfer'd some eggs from a farm.”

“ Oh ! shameful ! and where were they laid ! ”

“ In the hen-house, upon the high shelf. ”

Cried the priest, “ I must stop this vile trade ; ” —

So the next time took the eggs for himself.

When again to confession he went —

“ Well, my son, what has happen'd afresh ? ”

“ Why, you know, sir, we all should repent,

When we're carnal, and giv'n to the flesh ; —

Now, my neighbour's sweet daughter ” — “ Oh ! oh !

This sweet daughter ! — Well ? ” — “ when I would see,

Unknown to her father I go ;

For I love her — and, sir, she loves me. ”

“ And pray, is she handsome ? ” — “ Oh, dear !

She's an angel ! — has plenty of pelf ! ”

“ I charge you, no more interfere ; ”

For, thought he, — “ I'll have her to myself. ”

“ These crimes from your heart you must wean,

You must penance perform, and let blood : —

What's her age ? ” — “ Sir, she's just seventeen. ”

“ Seventeen, and an angel ! — that's good !

Oh ! you wicked young dog ! for this fault

Absolution I never can give,

Till to proper repentance you're brought : —

And, pray, whereabouts does she live ? ”

“ A good joke, ” cried out Guillot, “ Ifegs !

Master Priest, I'm not quite such an elf ; —

You must e'en be content with the eggs, —

For the pullet I'll keep for myself. ”

## HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

DUET.

[*Music by HARRINGTON.*]

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and  
horn,

To awaken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn ;  
But hard is the chance my fond heart must pursue,  
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain  
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,  
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

---

THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S  
 TOWER.

[*Music by KNYVETT.*]

MERRILY, merrily, rang the bells,  
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,  
 When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife,  
 Arrived at the church door.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,  
 Cheerful, frank, and free,  
 But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,  
 For a terrible shrew was she.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,  
 Till patience availed no longer,  
 Then Richard Penlake a crabstick would take,  
 And show her that he was the stronger.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

---

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE  
 ME.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The rose tree."]

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too ;  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 Hadst thou been like them untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me,  
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long and endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me,  
 Along the path I've yet to roam ;  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted  
 The traveller at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks around in fear and doubt.  
 But soon the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which heaven sheds !

---

## FORETOP MORALITY.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

Two real tars, whom duty called  
 To watch in the foretop,  
 Thus one another overhauled,  
 And took a cheering drop :  
 I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,  
 Of conduct what's your sort,  
 As through the voyage of life you go,  
 To bring you safe to port ?

Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know ?  
 Our passions close to reef,  
 To steer where honour points the prow,  
 To hand a friend relief :  
 These anchors get but in your power,  
 My life for that's your sort ;  
 The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,  
 Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,  
 Tom cried out blunt and rough,  
 Be good, be honest, serve a friend,  
 Be maxims well enough ;  
 Who swabs his bows at other's woe,  
 That tar's for me your sort ;  
 His vessel right a-head shall go  
 To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,  
 Misfortunes make me reel,  
 Why, damme, what's my own distress ?  
 For others let me feel.  
 Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale  
 To heaven, this is your sort,  
 A handkerchief is the best wet sail  
 To bring you safe to port.

---

## WE SHALL HAVE OUR MOONLIGHT YET.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Tho' days are gone when you and I  
 First wove the links of pleasure's chain,  
 Tho' youthful joys be all gone by  
 We never more shall see again ;  
 Yet in those eyes, oft dimm'd with tears,  
 For me both light and love remain,  
 To make unfelt the blight of years,  
 To bid my heart be young again !  
 Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

Our morn is gone, the day is past,  
 The ev'ning closes round us now,  
 Long shadows o'er the vale are cast,  
 But light still gilds the mountain's brow ;  
 And when at last the sun goes down,  
 And ev'ry ling'ring ray has set,  
 The night assumes her silver crown,  
 And we shall have our moonlight yet.  
 Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

---

OH, LET ME ONLY BREATHE THE  
 AIR.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! let me only breathe the air,  
 The blessed air that's breathed by thee !  
 And whether on its wings it bear  
 Healing or death—'tis sweet to me.

There drink my tears while yet they fall,  
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 And well thou know'st I'd shed it all  
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face,  
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride,  
 The one—the chosen one, whose place,  
 In life or death, is by thy side ?

Think'st thou that she whose only light  
 In this dim world from thee hath shone  
 Could bear the long and cheerless night,  
 That must be hers when thou art gone ?

That I can live and let thee go  
 Who art my life itself? No—no !  
 When the stem dies the leaf that grew  
 Out of its heart must perish too.



## IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.\*

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The sixpence."]

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 friend that's fled,  
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;  
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
 Kept alive in 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 fresher flowers the sod perfume,  
 Where buried saints are lying,  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying!

---

## A DOUBT RESOLVED.

DR. R. HUGHES.]

[Music by HENRY LAWES.†]

FAIN would I love, but that I fear  
 I quickly should the willow wear ;  
 Fain would I marry, but men say,  
 When love is tied, he will away :  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

\* This song was occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative of the author's, who died at Madeira.

† Henry Lawes, born in 1600, was the composer of the original music of Milton's "Comus," produced in 1634.

The fair one she's a mark to all,  
 The brown each one doth lovely call,  
 The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,  
 The rest will stoop at any prize :  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

Young lover, know it is not I  
 That wound with fear or jealousy ;  
 Nor do men ever feel these smarts  
 Until they have confined their hearts ;  
 Then, if you'll cure your fears, you shall  
 Love neither fair, black, brown,—but all.

---

## SHE CAME TO US IN SUMMER-TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN FULCHER.]

SHE came to us in summer-time  
 When fragrance fill'd the bow'rs,  
 And, in her dazzling beauty, seem'd  
 A queen amid the flow'rs ;  
 Her cheeks—they wore the roses' hue,  
 Her brow was lily white ;  
 Her eyes they shamed the violets' blue,  
 They shone so softly bright.  
 She came to us in summer-time  
 When all was bright and fair,  
 But earth own'd not a beauteous flow'r,  
 That with her could compare.

She came to us in summer-time,  
 And as the years depart,  
 Oh ! never may she cease to feel  
 The sunshine of the heart ;  
 And when life's sunset hour arrives,  
 Still rosy may it beam,  
 O'er her whose life was like a bright  
 And joyous summer-dream !  
 She came, &c.

## MY NAME IS FOND DESIRE.

[EARL OF OXFORD, 1560.]

COME hither, shepherd-swain ;  
 Sir, what do you require ?  
 I prithee show to me thy name ?  
 My name is fond desire.

Tell me who was thy nurse ?  
 Fresh youth in sugar'd joy ;  
 What was thy meat and daily food ?  
 Sad sighs with great annoy.

What lulled thee asleep ?  
 Sweet speech, which likes me best :  
 Tell me where is thy dwelling-place ?  
 In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth either time or age  
 Bring thee unto decay ?  
 No, no ! desire both lives and dies  
 Ten thousand times a day.

Then fond desire farewell !  
 Thou art no mate for me ;  
 I should be loth, methinks, to dwell  
 With such a one as thee.

---

 HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS  
 SHADED ?

F. MOORE.]

[Air—"Sly Patrick."]

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That even in sorrow were sweet ?  
 Does Time with his cold wings wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear ?  
 Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine?  
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree  
 With the talisman's glittering glory—  
 Has hope been that bird to thee?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light,  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear;  
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

---

## THE MAY-DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[To gather the dew from the flowers on May-morning, before the sun has risen, is reckoned a bond of peculiar power between lovers.]

COME with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs;

Its pearls are more precious than those they find  
 In jewell'd India's sea ;  
 For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind  
 Thy heart, for ever, to me !  
 Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

Haste, or the spell will be missing,  
 We seek in the May-dew now ;  
 For soon the warm sun will be kissing  
 The bright drops from blossom and bough :  
 And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds  
 O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,  
 That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,  
 The mystical influence flies.  
 Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

---

## ROME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. J. LODER.]

I STOOD in Rome's deserted streets,  
 And from the depths of time  
 A voice came forth—that seemed to speak  
 Of Rome when in her prime ;  
 The spirits of the heroes were  
 Awakened by the strain ;  
 The living dead around me stood,  
 The Cæsar lived again !  
 Methought a thousand torches blazed  
 And lit th' imperial dome,  
 While myriad forms their voices raised  
 And hailed the Eternal Rome !

I stood in Rome's deserted walls !  
 The vision passed away :  
 The grandeur of her princely halls  
 Was changed to cold decay.  
 Upon the Tiber's silent wave  
 I marked no galley's prow,  
 The very tombs that shroud thy brave,  
 Oh ! Rome—are ruins now !  
 Yet mightiest in thy fall, thou still  
 Art grandeur's proudest home,  
 A thousand spells thy temples fill  
 Thou great—Eternal Rome.

---

### THEY TALK OF DALES.

THEY talk of dales and hills in Wales,  
 By nature sweetly dress'd,  
 But there's a cot within one spot  
 Surpassing all the rest ;  
 There Gwineth dwelt when Owen felt  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 For look ye now, 'tis he knows how  
 To pierce the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

The maid was proud, a splendid crowd  
 Of nobles sought her hand ;  
 While Owen's wealth was heart and health,  
 And skill to till the land ;  
 But Gwineth frown'd until she found  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 For look ye now, he best knows how  
 To touch the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

Report had told that Gwineth's gold  
 Through treachery had fail'd,  
 Her fickle train no more remain,  
 But Owen's truth prevail'd :

Thus Gwineth found tho' fortune frown'd  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 Who look ye now, alone knows how  
 To touch the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

---

## LOVELY NIGHT.

FOUR PART SONG.

LOVELY night, oh ! lovely night,  
 Spreading over hill and meadow,  
 Soft and slow thy hazy shadow,  
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,  
 And slumber in thy blest repose.]  
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,  
 And slumber in thy blest repose.

Holy night, oh ! holy night,  
 Placing brighter worlds before us ;  
 Happiness thou shed'st o'er us ;  
 Oh ! that we might ne'er return,  
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn !  
 Oh that we might ne'er return,  
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn !

---

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower,  
 The lord of the valley with false vows came ;  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the heavens that night,  
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.  
 The clouds past soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,

And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;  
 But none will see the day  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow pathway,  
 Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor ;  
 And many a deep print  
 On the white snow's tint,  
 Showed the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.  
 The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away  
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came ;  
 But there's a light above  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

---

## LISTEN.

SAMUEL LOVER.] [*Music* by S. LOVER.]  
 How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell  
 Of the friend that we love and remember so well,  
 While, 'midst the soft pleasure, we wonder if thus  
 The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us ;  
 While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten,  
 How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen !  
Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats  
 O'er the calm lake below, in some favourite notes,  
 Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thought,  
 And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought ;  
 While the soul-melting moonlight o'er calm waters  
 glisten,  
 How sweet, but how fatal it may be to listen !  
Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !



How sweet 'tis to listen, with too willing ear,  
 To words that we wish for, yet tremble to hear,  
 To which 'No' would be cruel, and 'Yes' would be  
     weak,  
 And an answer is not on the lip, but the cheek ;  
 While in eloquent pauses the eyes brightly glisten,—  
 Take care what you say, and take care how you listen.  
     Take care how you listen—take care !

---

## THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

[“There is in the west of Ireland a lake called the ‘Enchanted Lake,’ whose depths are the supposed habitations of the ‘good people.’ In this lake many young men had at various times been drowned, and what made the circumstance more remarkable was that their bodies were never found.

“People at length wondered at this, and at last it was supposed that the young men were not drowned at all, but that they were taken by the fairies and kept there for sweethearts—at any rate it was believed they were endowed with perpetual youth, and the place still bears the name of the Enchanted Lake.”—*Irish Legends.*

OH ! linger not by that gloomy shore,  
 The treasures beneath it come back no more,  
 I know the beloved of thy heart is there,  
 That he sunk in the wave, but why despair ?  
 They do not die who have sunk below,  
 'Tis but to the fairy-realm they go,  
 Then, Norah dear, for thy lover's sake,  
 Mourn not, he dwells in the fairy-lake.

NORAH ! thy Dennis, young and brave,  
 When his boat went down in the closing wave,  
 But under that wave, as the old wives say,  
 Is the land of youth, where's no decay ;  
 Then, Norah, think that his young bright form  
 Shall never decay 'mid time and storm,  
 And mourn no more for his own dear sake,  
 He dwells below—in the fairy-lake.

## RIVALRY IN LOVE.

WILLIAM WALSH.]

[Music by Dr. BOYCE.]

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst ;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst !  
By partners of each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow ;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
Are labouring in my breast,  
I beg not you would favour me,  
Would you but slight the rest.  
How great soe'er your rigours are,  
With them alone I'll cope :  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

---

## BARBARA ALLEN.

[Old English ditty.]

IN Scarlet-town, where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made ev'ry youth cry "well-a-way,"  
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.  
All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barb'ra Allen.  
Then slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said, when there she came,  
"Young man, I think ye're dying."

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow ;  
 " O mother, mother, pity me,  
 For I shall die to-morrow."  
 She on her death-bed as she lay,  
 Begg'd to be buried by him,  
 And sore repented of the day  
 That she did e'er deny him.  
 " Farewell," said she, " ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in ;  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

---

## LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by T. COOKE.]

GENTLE Zitella, whither away ?  
 Love's ritornella, list while I play.  
 No, I have lingered too long on the road,  
 Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad.  
 Lovely Zitella hath 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 starry 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, oh, beware !  
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer ;  
 To thy light footsteps let terror add wings,  
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings.  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
 Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

## THE ALBION.

[CHARLES DIBDIN, the younger.]

THE Albion is a noble ship,  
 Her colours are true blue,  
 Her hull is royal heart of oak,  
 And heart of oak her crew;  
 Her rigging's tight for every tack,  
 Her plank without a starter,  
 The gallant union is her jack,  
 Her sheathing Magna Charta.

How gallantly she bears her port,  
 The ocean's pride and dread ;  
 The envied cap of liberty  
 Adorns her glorious head :  
 Her pride is commerce to increase,  
 In war she is no starter ;  
 But may she anchor long in peace,  
 Secured by Magna Charta !

## MY OLD MATE JACK.

J. P. ALFORD.]

[Air—"My old friend John."]

'TIS many years, my old mate Jack,  
 Since you and I set sail ;  
 On board the trim built seventy-four,  
 We've weathered the stormy gale.  
 We've served our country, king and queen,  
 With hearts light as a feather ;  
 And yet it seems not long ago,  
 Since we were tars together.

## CHORUS.

Since we were tars, jolly Jack tars,  
 Since we were tars together :  
 And yet it seems not long ago,  
 Since we were tars together.

We did our duty, old mate Jack,  
 When we had both our legs ;  
 But now we are reduced to one,  
 Except our wooden pegs.  
 And yet we both can stump about,  
 In spite of wind or weather ;  
 As jovial as we did, mate Jack,  
 When we were tars together.  
 When we were tars, &c.

If called upon again, mate Jack,  
 True courage we will show ;  
 We'll do our best to cut them down,  
 The hostile daring foe.  
 For tho' we're growing aged, Jack,  
 We've stout hearts tough as leather ;  
 And ready as in days of yore,  
 When we were tars together.  
 When we were tars, &c.

---

### THE SEA-SAND GRAVE.

G. RANSOME.]

[*Music* by E. F. ALLEN.]

HE sleeps beneath the ocean shore,  
 But who can tell his grave ?  
 No marble monument is o'er ;  
 His dirge the foaming wave ;  
 Nought but the sea-bird's piercing cry,  
 The angry billows' roar,  
 Is heard around his destiny,  
 Or sounded on the shore.  
 Ye crested billows, gently roll ;  
 He lies entomb'd beneath ;  
 Ye made his lonely sepulchre,  
 And form'd his bed, sweet heath !  
 Should e'er a friend come nigh his tomb,  
 Tho' all around be drear,  
 Then pretty flower, in kindness bloom,  
 To tell he sleepeth here.

## THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

W. WEST.]

[*Music* by W. WEST

THE flag of old England is waving,  
 Once more o'er the wide rolling sea,  
 Stem by stem with brave France, our bold  
 neighbour,  
 Unite, we can thrash any three.  
 We spin no yarns nor palaver,  
 But go steady on to our work,  
 And can fight, though for peace we had rather,  
 And in friendship meet Russian and Turk.

But if neither will listen to reason,  
 And will argufy, wrangle, and brawl,  
 On the great Bear we'll soon put a muzzle,  
 And make him his colours down haul.  
 If our Lion should roar, how he'd tremble,  
 Or the Eagle of France flap her wing ;  
 Side by side we will stand till we conquer,  
 While the war-cry and tocsin will ring.

Long, long may our nations e'er flourish,  
 In concord, in peace ever be ;  
 May their power remain undiminished,  
 The rulers by land and by sea.  
 While the bright star of peace sheds her blessing,  
 On the ploughshare and clustering vine,  
 No discord or anarchy 'll sever,  
 The hands and the hearts that combine.

---

 THE BALTIC.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.

To the Baltic's broad billows we go, boys,  
 To pull crafty Old Nicholas down ;  
 And the braver and stronger the foe, boys,  
 Why the greater will be our renown.

We have gallant old Charley to lead us,  
 To the hearts of true sailors he's dear ;  
 And whenever our country may need us,  
 May we fight 'neath the flag of Napier.

Do you think we shall ever forget, boys,  
 How the Queen came to bid us good-bye,  
 And she knew by the shouts that she met, boys,  
 Ev'ry man there would conquer or die.  
 Why there isn't a press'd man among us,  
 So Old England has nothing to fear ;  
 For our maxim is " don't go to wrong us,"  
 And we'll fight to the death with Napier.

Let 'em say not, You shall serve, but Will you  
 And whenever Old England's a foe,  
 There are jolly Jack-tars by the thousand  
 Ever ready and willing to go.  
 And the heart and the arm will be stronger,  
 When like us, boys, they both volunteer,  
 And the laurels will last all the longer,  
 As you'll hear from old Charley Napier.

---

## CONSTANCY REWARDED.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,  
 The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,  
 Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,  
 When she her sailor from her bosom tore.  
 To his fill'd heart, a little Nancy pressing,  
 Whilst a young tar the ample trousers eyed,  
 In need of firmness, in this state distressing,  
 Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,  
 Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,  
 Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain ;  
 Sweet love, take heart, for we but part  
 In joy, in joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow,  
 Where the dear name of William printed stood,  
 Nancy, she saw upon a faithless billow,  
 A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood.  
 Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,  
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore ;  
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,  
 'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more !  
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean ?  
 Sorrow's now my portion, and misery and pain ;  
 Break, break, poor heart, for now we part,  
 Never, no never to meet again !

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,  
 Four tedious years had Nancy passed in grief ;  
 Whilst with her children the sad hours beguiling,  
 She saw her William fly to her relief ;  
 Sunk in his arms ! with bliss she quickly found him,  
 Soon she return'd to life, to love, and joy ;  
 Whilst his grown young ones anxiously surround him,  
 And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.  
 Did not I say, tho' it was a fickle ocean,  
 Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain ?  
 My joy, how sweet ! for now we meet,  
 Never, no never, to part again.

---

## FOR ENGLAND AND THE QUEEN.

[*Music* by T. WILLIAMS.]

OUR gallant ship has righted, spread her canvas to the  
 gale,  
 For right astern fair breezes blow, and loose the  
 flowing sail ;  
 We've got a trusty helmsman, a pilot stanch and true,  
 And hearts of British oak, my boys, are old Britannia's  
 crew !  
 Huzza ! huzza ! for old Britannia's crew, my boys,  
 huzza ! huzza !



Long live our noble admiral, who taught the foreign  
 foe  
 The inborn might of heart and hand that strikes a  
 British blow ;  
 For now who'll dare in east or west to raise a hostile  
 hand  
 Against the Prince of Heroes, or against his patriot  
 band !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Then hoist the royal standard, upraise the Union Jack,  
 Strike, strike the traitor's bunting, the pirate's rag of  
 black !  
 And let the true blue pennon on her mainmast head  
 be seen,  
 And give three hearty cheers, my boys, for England  
 and the Queen !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Again we'll rule the waters as we ruled them once of  
 yore,  
 Again we'll bear the ancient flag, that old Britannia  
 bore ;  
 She's bravely mann'd at every point, with men that  
 know not fear,  
 Then give three hearty British cheers for Admiral  
 Napier.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

---

## HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

[JOHN GAY.]

How happy could I be with either,  
 Were t'other dear charmer away !  
 But while you thus tease me together,  
 To neither one word can I say.

## THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

[Air—Scotch.

COME, busk you gallantlie,  
 Busk and make you ready,  
 Maiden, busk and come,  
 And be a sailor's lady.  
 The foamy ocean's ours,  
 From Hebride to Havannah,  
 And thou shalt be my queen,  
 And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,  
 So stately and so steady ;  
 Thou shalt be my queen,  
 And the main be my lady :  
 The west wind in her wings,  
 The deep sea all in motion,  
 Away she glorious goes  
 And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,  
 From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon :  
 The Bourbon flowers grow pale  
 When I hang out my pennon ;  
 I'll win thee gold and gems  
 With pike and cutlass clashing,  
 With all my broad sails set  
 And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see  
 The golden islands glowing,  
 Come with me and hear  
 The flocks of India lowing ;  
 Thy fire shall be of spice,  
 The dews of eve drop manna,  
 Thy chamber floor of gold,  
 And men adore thee, Anna.

## THE NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

EPES SARGEANT.]

[*Music* by DEMPSTER.]

'TIS a dreary thing to be  
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,  
When the sun has set in clouds,  
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,  
With a voice and with a tone  
Like a living creature's moan !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge  
Round the black horizon's verge !  
See the giant billows rise  
From the ocean to the skies !  
While the sea-bird wheels his flight  
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List ! the wind is wakening fast !  
All the sky is overcast !  
Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail  
In the pathway of the gale,  
As it strikes us with a shock  
That might rend the deep-set rock !

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast !  
Spars are scatter'd by the blast !  
And the sails are split asunder,  
As a cloud is rent by thunder ;  
And the struggling vessel shakes,  
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah ! what sudden light is this,  
Blazing o'er the dark abyss ?  
Lo ! the full moon rears her form  
'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,  
And athwart the troubled air  
Shines, like hope upon despair !

Every leaping billow gleams  
 With the lustre of her beams,  
 And lifts high its fiery plume  
 Through the midnight's parting gloom ;  
 While its scatter'd flakes of gold  
 O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father ! low on bended knee,  
 Humbled, weak, we turn to thee !  
 Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight  
 Of the raging winds to-night !  
 Guide us o'er the threatening wave :  
 Save us ! Thou alone canst save !

---

## OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Sheela Na Guira."]

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone ;  
 Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bow'rs,  
 And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs ;  
     Where the sun loves to pause  
     With so fond a delay,  
 That the night only draws  
     A thin veil o'er the day ;  
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime  
 We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time ;  
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !  
     With affection as free  
     From decline as the bowers ;  
 And with hope, like the bee,  
     Living always on flowers,  
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

## UP, QUIT THY BOWER.

UP ! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ;  
 Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower ;  
 On flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
 The wilding kid sports merrily :  
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
 Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up ! lady fair, and braid thy hair,  
 And rouse thee in the breezy air ;  
 The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,  
 Is dancing in the sunny beam ;  
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
 Will waft good fortune on its way.

## BOATMAN'S SONG.

[ANNA BLACKWELL.]

SOFTLY, oh, softly the shadows are falling  
 Over the stream as our bark glides along ;  
 Sweetly, oh, sweetly the echoes are calling,  
 Around us, above us, repeating our song.  
 " Daylight is ending, our labour is o'er ;  
 Our homes and our loved ones we seek on the shore ;  
 Even and strong be the sweep of our oar !  
 Our homes and our loved ones we'll find on the shore ! "

Brightly, oh, brightly, the silver stars gleaming,  
 Lighten the wave as our bark shoots along ;  
 Nearer, oh, nearer, the watchfires are beaming ;  
 Raise we in chorus our glad even-song !  
 " Daylight is ended, our labour is o'er !  
 Swiftly, O, loved ones ! we row to the shore !  
 Even and strong was the sweep of our oar,  
 And light are our hearts as we leap on the shore !

THE MATIN CALL.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

AH ! is it not the matin bell, dear mother, that I hear ?  
Yes, hark, it sweetly sounds again, now louder and  
more clear.

Ope wide the window, for I love each soft and soothing  
tone,

It minds me of a joyous time, alas ! for ever gone.

Draw back the curtain, let me see the green and waving  
trees,

My heart will be revived to share the sunshine and  
the breeze.

I heard the sound of rustling leaves, and wild birds  
gaily sing ;

I feel the breath of op'ning flow'rs a fragrance round  
me fling :

But I must part from all I love, this pain will soon be  
past.

Oh, kneel beside me, mother dear, and let me look my  
last !

When next you hear the matin bell, this heart at peace  
will be ;

Then listen to its solemn chime, and breathe a pray'r  
for me.

OH ! WHEN THE TIDE WAS OUT.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

OH ! when the tide was out last night

In yonder bay we roved,

We gather'd shells, and on the sand

We wrote the names we loved ;

And now we wander forth to find

No friendly records there ;

The morning tide effaced the words

We wrote with so much care.

'Tis thus with all whose glory rests  
 Upon the sands of earth ;  
 In vain is all the pomp of pride,  
 As vain the smiles of mirth ;  
 The ceaseless tide at intervals  
 Will rush o'er all the scene ;  
 'Twill pass—and not a record then  
 Will tell where they have been.

---

## OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

[ELIZA COOK.]

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her  
 way ;  
 Her white sails spreading full and bright beneath the  
 gleaming ray !  
 The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind  
 may come ;  
 Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.  
 She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-  
 horse freed from rein ;  
 She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of  
 the main ;  
 All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon  
 their lips ;  
 And cry “ Old England, who shall match thy sailors  
 and thy ships ? ”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell  
 upon the deck ;  
 True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in  
 wreck.  
 No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing  
 eye :  
 They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or  
 die.

The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's victor  
name  
Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven  
shame.  
Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall  
eclipse  
The glory of old England's Cross, her sailors and her  
ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings  
of despair,  
Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face  
and bear :  
The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur,  
blood, and smoke,  
And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of  
oak.  
Oh ! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful,  
safe, and free—  
Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the  
sea.  
“God and our Right !” those are the words e'er first  
upon our lips ;  
But next shall be, “Old England's flag, our sailors  
and our ships !”

---

## TELL ME NO MORE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAHAM.]

TELL me no more that hearts less warm,  
Feel not the sorrows felt by me ;  
Passing unmoved by sun and storm  
Over a tranquil sea :  
Mine be the heart which feeling sways ;  
Tho' like the ocean's varied form—  
Tranquil and bright in sunny days,  
Ruffled in hours of storm.



Dark as a stream whose waters run  
 Under the earth in hidden caves,  
 Where the warm rays of summer's sun  
 Never illumed the waves ;  
 Such is the calm of those who rove,  
 Link'd to no being truly dear,  
 While not a cheering ray of love  
 Brightens their cold career.

---

### THE NAUTILUS.

PARK BENJAMIN.]

[Music by H. RUSSELL.

THE *Nautilus* ever loves to glide  
 Upon the crest of the radiant tide.  
 When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,  
 Look over the sea for a lovely sight !  
 You may watch, and watch for many a mile,  
 And never see *Nautilus* all the while,  
 Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,  
 Lo ! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd !

“Sail, ho ! and whither away so fast ?”  
 What a curious thing she has rigg'd for a mast !  
 “Ahoy ! ahoy ! don't you hear our hail ?”  
 How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail !  
 The good ship *Nautilus*—yes, 'tis she !  
 Sailing over the gold of the placid sea ;—  
 And though she will never deign reply,  
 I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where *Nautilus* can be bound ;  
 Or does she always sail round and round,  
 With the fairy queen and her court on board,  
 And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde ?  
 Does she roam and roam till the evening light ?  
 And where does she go in the deep midnight ?  
 So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,  
 Or weather the blow of “a fine stiff gale.”

O, the self same hand that holds the chain,  
Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—  
Which guards from the wreck when the tempest raves,  
And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—  
Directs the course of thy little bark,  
And in the light of the shadow dark,  
And near the shore, or far at sea,  
Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

---

## BOAT SONG.

[C. F. HOFFMAN.]

WE court no gale with wooing sail,  
We fear no squall a-brewing ;  
Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,  
Alike our course pursuing.  
For what to us are winds, when thus  
Our merry boat is flying,  
While bold and free, with jocund glee,  
Stout hearts her oars are plying ?

At twilight dun, when red the sun  
Far o'er the water flashes,  
With buoyant song, our bark along  
Her crimson pathway dashes.  
And when the night devours the light,  
And shadows thicken o'er us,  
The stars steal out, the skies about  
To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,  
While beauty's sleep invading,  
To watch the beam through her casement gleam,  
As she wakes to our serenading ;  
Then with the tide we floating glide  
To music soft, receding,  
Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up  
For whom those notes are pleading.

Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,  
 And the garish dawn is breaking,  
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep  
 The soul of frolic waking.  
 And though cheerless then our craft look, when  
 To her moorings day hath brought her,  
 By the moon amain she is launch'd again  
 To dance o'er the merry water.

---

### SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

SCENES that are brightest  
 May charm awhile,  
 Hearts that are lightest,  
 And eyes that smile ;  
 Yet o'er them above us,  
 Though nature beam,  
 With none to love us,  
 How sad they seem !

Words cannot scatter  
 The thoughts we fear,  
 For though they flatter,  
 They mock the ear ;  
 Hopes still deceive us  
 With tearful cost,  
 And when they leave us,  
 The heart is lost.

---

### SLUMBER, DEAREST, SWEETLY SLUMBER.

W. H. GODFREY.]

[*Music* by INGLIS BERVON.]

SLUMBER, dearest, sweetly slumber,  
 Rest secure, no danger fear ;  
 Joys and blessings without number  
 Wait thy waking, lady dear.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the silent hours be thine.  
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine.

Gently o'er thy pillow blending,  
 Stars their softest light disclose ;  
 Moonlit rills, melodious blending,  
 Woo thee, dearest, to repose.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the silent hours be thine.  
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine.

Placid slumber's chain hath bound thee  
 With her rosy fetters light ;  
 Thoughts of love are all around thee, —  
 Guardian spirits of the night.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the lonely hours be thine.  
 Peace be with thee, lady mine.

---

## LIFE'S ROSY HOURS!

A. BUNN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFH.]

### RECITATIVE.

**THE** rosy hours of this life are but few,  
 For they die in their birth e'en ; as showers  
 Which the morning's first dew  
 Weeps on the earth as the sun displays  
 His rising ray.

### AIR.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,  
 Over the pangs their absence leaveth,  
 Which there is no preventing ;  
 When after all 'tis doubtful whether  
 Their pleasures, blended altogether,  
 Are even worth lamenting.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,  
 Over the pangs their absence leaveth,  
 Which there is no preventing,  
 Which there is no preventing.

---

## A L O F T.

JAMES COBB.]

[*Music* by STORACE.]

FROM aloft the sailor looks around,  
 And hears below the murmuring billows' sound :  
 Far off from home he counts another day,  
 Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away !  
     His courage wants no whet,  
     But he springs the sails to set,  
 With heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;  
     And caring nought  
     He turns his thought  
 To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

Now to heaven the lofty topmast soars,  
 The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars ;  
 Now ocean's deepest gulfs appear below,  
 The curling surges foam, and down we go !  
     When skies and seas are met  
     They his courage serve to whet,  
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;  
     And dreading nought  
     He turns his thought  
 To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

---

## THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

[ELIZA COOK.]

MERRILY oh ! merrily oh !  
 The nets are spread out to the sun !  
 Merrily oh ! the fisher boy sings,  
 Right glad that his labour is done.

Happy and gay with his boat in the bay,  
 The storm and the danger forgot ;  
 The wealthy and great may repine at their state,  
 And envy the fisher boy's lot.  
 Merrily oh ! merrily oh !  
 This is the burden he gives :  
 "Cheerily oh ! though the blast may blow,  
 The fisher boy jollily lives !"

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !  
 He sleeps till the morning breaks ;  
 Merrily oh ! at the seagull's scream  
 The fisher boy quickly awakes :  
 Down on the strand he is plying his hand,  
 His shouting is heard again ;  
 The clouds are dark but he springs to his bark,  
 With the same light-hearted strain.  
 Merrily oh, &c.

---

## SAFELY FOLLOW HIM.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music* by T. COOK.]

FOLLOW him, nor fearful deem  
 Danger lurks in gipsy guile ;  
 Rude and lawless though we seem,  
 Simple hearts we bear the while.  
 Then, no robber fierce nor thief we fear,  
 Who's roused by night in savage den ;  
 Fearless, then, o'er mosses drear,  
 Barren wilds, and lonesome glen,  
 Safely follow him, safely follow him,  
 Safely, safely follow him.

From rustic swains the petty bribe,  
 Petty spoil from cot or farm,  
 Content the wandering gipsy tribe,  
 Who the traveller never harm.  
 Then, no robber fierce, &c.

## THE WOLF IS OUT.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music* by T. COOKE.]

ARM, brothers, arm ! the wolf is out,  
 The country's up and the bowmen shout !  
 The shepherd leaves his fleecy care,  
 The glorious sport of the day to share ;  
 Night is fled, and the morn is grey—  
     Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !  
     Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !

In yonder thicket, close and dark,  
 Softly tread, and careful mark :  
 'Tis there the wolf is wont to prowl—  
 And, hark, I hear the savage howl !  
 Often, in the dead of night,  
 When to sleep our toils invite,  
 His horrid yell fond mothers hear,  
 And closer press their infants dear.

Hence to the field, and the savage soon  
 Shall cease to bay the cloudless moon ;  
 No more to range our fields for food,  
 Or welter in the trav'ler's blood.

No more to range, &c.

## THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Air*—Old English.]

IN England, when the curfew bell  
 Proclaim'd the Norman sway,  
 Oh, then it rang the parting knell  
 Of freedom pass'd away.  
     For the yeoman then,  
     With his trusty men,  
 Oft ploughed the battle-plain ;  
     And his flocks were kept  
     Where the warrior slept—  
 May we ne'er see the like again !

Those iron days are past and gone ;  
 Then came the sunny days,  
 When all the royal favour shone  
 On good old English ways.  
 Then the days were blest,  
 For the land had rest,  
 Nor labour toil'd in vain :  
 Both in cot and hall,  
 They were merry all—  
 May we soon see the like again !

Then hope the farmer's cares beguiled,  
 His flocks were on the hill,  
 His crops around the valley smiled,  
 And merry went the mill.  
 Then the peasant sang,  
 Till the echoes rang,  
 As he reap'd the golden grain ;  
 For a feast to come  
 Was the harvest-home—  
 May we soon see the like again !

May peace be still the yeoman's lot,  
 His garners well be stored ;  
 May peace be in the peasant's cot,  
 And plenty crown his board.  
 May England flourish great and free,  
 Her commerce long maintain ;  
 And the good old ways  
 Of the bygone days,  
 May we soon see the like again !

---

## OUR BONNY ENGLISH ROSE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

OLD England's emblem is the rose :  
 There is no other flower  
 Hath half the graces that adorn  
 This beauty of the bower ;



And England's daughters are as fair  
 As any bud that blows :  
 What son of hers who has not lov'd  
 Some bonny English Rose ?

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,  
 The first among the fair,  
 For whose welfare a British heart  
 Hath breath'd a fervent prayer?  
 Oh, may it never be her lot  
 To lose that sweet repose,  
 That peace of mind, which blesses now  
 The bonny English Rose !

If any bold enough there be  
 To war 'gainst England's isle,  
 They soon shall find, for British hearts,  
 What charms hath woman's smile !  
 Thus nerv'd, the thunder of their arms  
 Would teach aspiring foes  
 How vain the power that defies  
 The bonny English Rose !

Now heaven decrees her to the throne ;  
 'Twill be the nation's prayer  
 That in each joy she hath not known,  
 Her heart may ever share ;  
 That health may long light up her brow,  
 And, as time onward flows,  
 It still may be our pride to sing,  
 "The bonny English Rose !"

Beneath her sway may every land,  
 Where she dominion holds,  
 Be happy as the glorious isle  
 Where freedom's flag unfolds ;  
 From sea to shore, from shore to sea,  
 The song of gladness flows :  
 And oh, may heaven for ever bless  
 The bonny English Rose !

## WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Garryowen."]

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,  
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;  
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;  
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
 We need never leave our native isle,  
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept  
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;  
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.  
 Oh ! they want the wild sweetbriary fence  
 Which round the flower of Erin dwells ;  
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,  
 Nor charms us least when it most repels  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail  
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,  
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye,  
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,  
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then, remember, wherever the goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh ! remember the smiles that adorn her at home.

---

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Thy fair bosom."]

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
 Where those who lost that dreadful day  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !  
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—  
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,  
 When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,  
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam  
 Should rise and give them light to die.  
 There's yet a world where souls are free,  
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;  
 If death that world's bright opening be,  
 Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

---

### A SPELL IS HANGING O'ER ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—Italian.]

A SPELL is hanging o'er me,  
 A fate seems on me now ;  
 Joys fleet away before me,  
 Some curse hangs on my brow.  
 The path is dark and dreary  
 That my steps must wander o'er,  
 Like a pilgrim faint and weary,  
 To a bleak, unfriendly shore.

But thy form is ever near me,  
Though I wander far away ;  
Like a star of hope to cheer me  
With its soft and glad'ning ray,  
And when my spirit ponders  
On each passing scene of pain,  
That light around me wanders,  
And calms my soul again.

---

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM MOORE.

[LORD BYRON.]

MY boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea ;  
But ere I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh for those I love,  
And a smile for those I hate ;  
And, whatever sky's above,  
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roars around me,  
It still shall bear me on ;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirits fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink !

In that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be " Peace to thee and thine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

## THE WAVING GREENWOOD TREE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by LINLEY.]

Now by the waving greenwood tree  
 We merry, merry warriors roam ;  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,  
 We hail our native home !  
 We roam beneath fair Cynthia's light,  
 Or, hiding in the shade,  
 Telling soft tales of true delight  
 To some lovely woodland maid.  
 Now by the waving, &c.

Now by the waving greenwood tree  
 We merry, merry warriors roam ;  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,  
 We hail our native home !  
 We quaff not, we quaff not the red, red wine,  
 But our nut-brown ale is good ;  
 For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,  
 While the rough winds are our choristers rude.

---

## WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

SHENSTONE.]

[*Music* by DR. ARNE.]

WHEN forced from dear Hebe to go,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart !  
 And I thought, but it might not be so,  
 She was sorry to see me depart ;  
 She cast such a languishing view,  
 My path I could scarcely discern,  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

I thought she might like to retire  
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;  
 For whatever I heard her admire,  
 I hasten'd and planted it there.

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now ere I haste to the plain,  
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways :  
I could lay down my life for the swain  
That would sing me a song in her praise ;  
While he sings may the maids of the town  
Come flocking and listen awhile ;  
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,—  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,  
Some hermit peep out of his cell :  
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well !  
On him she may smile if she please,  
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;  
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh ! cease,—  
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow  
To paint the dear charms I approve,  
For what can a blossom bestow,  
So sweet, so delightful, as love ?  
I sing in a rustical way,  
A shepherd and one of the throng ;  
Yet, Hebe approves of my lay ;  
Go poets, and envy my song.

---

## JOE OF THE BELL.

AROUND the face of blue-eyed Sue  
Did auburn ringlets curl ;  
Her coral lips seem'd dipped in dew ;  
Her teeth two rows of pearl.

Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said  
 Was new in cask as he in trade,  
 Espoused this nonpareil.  
 "You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,  
 But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,  
 And prove to all who love good cheer  
 They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanced to slip  
 Behind the bar to dine,  
 And found sweet Susan's yielding lip  
 Much mellower than her wine.  
 As Joe stept in, he stampt, and swore  
 He'd dust his jacket well ;  
 "Hey-day !" says Sue, "what's this, I trow ?  
 You bade me be obliging, Joe !—  
 I'm only proving to the beau  
 He's welcome to the Bell."

---

### I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by HENRY FARMER.]

I'LL follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
 Wherever thou mayst go,  
 To the land of burning sunshine  
 Or the realm of winter snow ;  
 For the world is not as boundless  
 As a woman's heart can be,  
 So, wherever thou mayst wander,  
 I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
 Whatever thou may'st prize,  
 Of fame or grandeur to be won  
 Beneath the alien skies ;  
 For the world owns no such treasure  
 As a faithful heart can be,  
 Then, wherever thou may'st wander,  
 I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
Whatever thou mayst bear,  
For there cannot be a danger  
That a true heart would not share ;  
Then whate'er of joy or sorrow  
In thy future lot may be—  
Love shall haunt you like your shadow,  
For I'll follow, follow thee !

---

### THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

[ELIZA COOK.]

OUR bark was out—far, far from land,  
When the fairest of our gallant band  
Grew sadly pale, and waned away  
Like the twilight of an autumn day.  
We watched him through long hours of pain ;  
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain,  
Death brought for him no coward alarm ;  
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,  
But we placed a round shot at his feet ;  
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound  
As a king in his lawn shroud, marble-bound.  
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest  
With the English flag about his breast ;  
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,  
And then he was fit for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turned weak—  
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—  
And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,  
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.  
A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er ;  
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before ;  
But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave  
That closed above the sailor's grave.



## O, RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY.

[*Music* by G. F. HANDEL.]

## RECITATIVE.

I RAGE ! I melt ! I burn !  
 The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart !  
 Thou trusty pine, prop of my godlike steps,  
 I lay thee by.  
 Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth  
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth ;  
 In soft, enchanting accents let me breathe  
 Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

## AIR.

O, ruddier than the cherry !  
 O, sweeter than the berry !  
 O nymph, more bright than moonshine night,  
 Like kidlings blithe and merry.  
 Ripe as the melting cluster,  
 No lily has such lustre,  
 Yet hard to tame as raging flame,  
 And fierce as storms that bluster.

## VOICE OF MUSIC.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

VOICE of music sweetly falling,  
 Oh, how deep and true thy spell !  
 Songs of welcome, songs of triumph,  
 Tender lays of fond farewell.  
 Manhood loves thy martial measure,  
 Age would fain thy notes prolong,  
 And the child's first sense of pleasure,  
 Is the mother's cradle song.  
 Soldiers worn and weak and weary,  
 Marching on a foreign foe,  
 Exiles faint and lone and dreary,  
 Bending 'neath a weight of woe :

Would ye rouse those hearts desponding ?  
 Touch the harp with friendly hand ;  
 Sound the airs they knew in boyhood,  
 Music of their native land.

At the rich man's dazzling banquet.  
 In the poor man's cottage dim,  
 In the church whose solemn stillness,  
 Echoes back the chanted hymn,  
 When the blind with sweet notes waken,  
 One joy in their life of pain,  
 And in heaven mid quires of angels,  
 Voice of music sound again.

---

### FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Bob and Joan."]

FILL the bumper fair !  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care,  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses.  
 Fill the bumper fair !  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care,  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starr'd dominions ;  
 So we, sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the heav'n of wit  
 Drawn down all its lightning !  
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's celestial spirit?  
 It chanced upon that day  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us.  
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

The careless youth, when up  
 To glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—  
 But oh ! his joy, when round  
 The halls of heaven spying,  
 Amongst the stars he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.  
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the sparks of soul  
 Mix'd their burning treasure !  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us,  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that flame within us.  
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

---

## HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDSMEN KNOW.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.

How little do the landsmen know  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow,  
 But we have hearts of steel :

No danger can affright us ;  
 No enemy shall flout ;  
 We'll make our foes to right us,  
 So toss the can about.

Stick to our orders, messmates ;  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink !  
 Then let them bring their first-rates  
 For Britons never shrink :  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 Will bring them in or sink,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall revel in the chink.

While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more.  
 In peace we'll drink and sing boys,  
 In war we'll never fly,  
 But, whatever fate may bring, boys,  
 We'll nobly do or die !

---

## AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

As fortune's billows heav'd me,  
 When shipwreck'd, on this shore  
 A little bark received me,  
 Without a mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,  
 Hope, love, and life my freight ;  
 While ev'ry effort trying  
 To baffle with my fate.

This store so dearly cherish'd,  
 One single breaker cross'd :  
 I sunk ! my cargo perish'd,—  
 Hope, love, and life were lost.

## COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Lough Sheeling."

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still  
here ;

Here still is the 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 not if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd 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 !

---

## WHO CARES ?

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

IF lubberly landmen, to gratitude strangers,  
Still curse their unfortunate stars,  
Why what would they say did they try but the dangers  
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars ?  
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack  
her,

Or whether bound here or there,  
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and tobacker,  
Well then, d— me, if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all clatter,  
The devil can't tell you what for,  
Though they don't know a gun from a marline-spike,  
chatter  
About and consarning of war !

While for king, wife, and friend, he's through every-  
 thing rubbing,  
 With duty still proud to comply,  
 So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his en-  
 deavours,  
 And he comes home with shiners galore ;  
 Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours  
 On ev'ry poor object 'long shore ?  
 Since money's the needle that points to good-nature,  
 Friend, enemy, false or true,  
 So it goes to relieve a distressed fellow-creature,  
 Well then, d— me, if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's  
 twigging,  
 To take the command of a rib ;  
 Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the  
 rigging,  
 And some for the cut of her jib ;  
 Though poor, some will take her in tow to defend her ;  
 And again, some are all for the rich ;  
 As for I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,  
 My eyes, why a little will sarve :  
 Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,  
 And who in this nation can starve ?  
 Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,  
 The wind on the beam or the bow,  
 So honestly he can splice both ends together,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring up, d'ye see about dying,  
 On which such a racket they keep,  
 What argufies if in a churchyard you're lying,  
 Or find out your grave in the deep ?

Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,  
 Death will bring us all up ; and what then !  
 So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares when.

---

### CHRISTMAS TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—"Smile again."

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain ;  
 Fill the window-pane with holly,  
 Deck the room with mistletoe,—

Cynics may call this a folly ;  
 Folly reigns ! then be it so !  
 'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For awhile let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time, and household places  
 Once again are all restored,  
 Re-uniting absent faces  
 Round the happy household board ;  
 Childhood's passed—and boys have started  
 Suddenly, it seems, to men ;  
 But they still are merry-hearted,  
 So—let's all be boys again !

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time,—I well remember  
 How, years back, some well-known song  
 Cheered the dreary, dark December,  
 When the winter nights were long :

Dearer than each new-formed measure,  
 Still that song of home shall be,  
 Bringing back each bygone pleasure,  
 When winter-time was spring to me !  
 'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time—the snow is clinging  
 To the branches stripped and sere,  
 And the wintry winds are singing  
 Dirges for the dying year ;  
 But we'll pile the yule log higher,  
 'Till it sparkle clear and bright,—  
 And thus, around our cheerful fire,  
 With song and wassail crown the night !  
 'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For awhile let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

---

## DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

AGAIN the willing trump of fame  
 Receives from bounteous heav'n a claim  
 Around glad nature's sons to call,  
 And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball :  
 Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,  
 With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,  
 Confirm'd anew her empire o'er the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,  
 Union, content, and gratitude to heav'n.

October the eleventh, at nine,  
 Neptune beheld the British line :  
 And lest his honours, so long worn,  
 Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,



Dismay to France, horror to Spain,  
 Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign  
 Proclaim anew—the sov'reign of the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—  
 Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay :  
 Vain Holland's dream of pow'r's no more !  
 Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.  
 Droop, fearful France,—sink, trembling Spain,  
 Duncan in thunder great Britannia's reign  
 Proclaims anew—the sov'reign of the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

---

## HAPPINESS AND HOME.

[RICHARD HOWITT.]

TIME that's gone, none may restore it :  
 Love, all hearts must bow before it :  
 Goodness, we must still adore it,  
 Whencesoe'er it come ;  
 Whilst the heart in a heart  
 Only finds a home.

Fires may be shining bright,  
 Yet may be without delight:  
 Only cheered by woman's sight  
 There will gladness come :  
 Only woman's love and light  
 Make a hearth a home.

Then do thou, O youthful dame  
 So thy soul in meekness frame  
 That the whisper of thy name  
 Fraught with gladness come :  
 That both words may mean the same  
 Happiness and home.

## LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

[THOMAS MOORE.]

LOVE thee, dearest, love thee !  
 Yes, by yonder star I swear,  
 Which thro' tears, above thee  
 Shines so sadly fair,  
 Though too oft dim  
 With tears like him,  
 Like him my truth will shine ;  
 And love thee, dearest, love thee !  
 Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee !  
 No—that star is not more true ;  
 When my vows deceive thee  
 He will wander too.  
 A cloud of night  
 May veil his light,  
 And death shall darken mine ;  
 But leave thee, dearest, leave thee !  
 No—till death I'm thine.

## BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

[CHARLES SWAIN.]

BE kind to each other !—  
 The night's coming on,  
 When friend and when brother  
 Perchance may be gone !—  
 Then 'midst our dejection  
 How sweet to have earned  
 The blest recollection  
 Of kindness—returned !—  
 When day hath departed,  
 And memory keeps  
 Her watch, broken hearted,  
 Where all she loved sleeps !—

Let falsehood assail not,  
 Nor envy disprove,—  
 Let trifles prevail not  
 Against those ye love !—  
 Nor change with to-morrow  
 Should fortune take wing ;  
 But the deeper the sorrow  
 The closer still cling !—  
 Oh, be kind to each other !—  
 The night's coming on,  
 When friend and when brother  
 Perchance may be gone !

---

### HOW PLEASANT IS THE FARMER'S LIFE.

W. C. BENNETT.]                      [*Air*—"The British Grenadiers."]

How pleasant is the farmer's life ! away from smoky  
 towns

He breathes the pleasant country air of meadows, hills,  
 and downs,

And with a hale, old hearty age a healthy life he  
 crowns ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

No prison'd life the farmer lives, bent over desk and  
 book,

Or cribb'd within a shop all day, till white and wan's  
 his look,

Till less like to a man he grows, and weaker than our  
 Suke ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

As to your white-faced tradesman who fawns and  
 smirks and smiles,

Who cannot whirl a flail, boys, or walk a score of miles,  
 What is his life to ours, we who leap the gates and  
 stiles,

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Our arms are strong with labour, our cheeks are red  
with health,  
We never gain a penny'sworth by lying, trick or  
stealth,  
Yet cowhouse, sty and stackyard, show we have our  
share of wealth ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the spring-time ! 'tis then we plough  
and sow,  
And through the shining mornings, beside our teams  
we go,  
While in the fields the lambkins leap and frisk their  
joy to show ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the summer-time ! 'tis then we make  
our hay,  
And scythe and rake and fork and cart are busy all  
the day,  
'Tis then we shear our bleating sheep with laugh and  
joke and play ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Then comes the pleasant autumn-time when sheaves  
are reap'd and bound.  
And, at our happy harvest-homes, the song and ale  
go round,  
And through the calm and quiet days our busy flails  
resound ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

And when our fields are stripp'd and bare, and white  
with sleet and snow,  
When work is done, beside the fire what merry nights  
we know,  
With Christmas cheer and New Year's games we set  
our hearts aglow ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer— a farmer I would be.

Then luck to all good farmers ! God send them still,  
 I say,  
 Good seasons, plenteous harvests, and all they want  
 each day,  
 Full barns, and folds and stackyards, and thankful  
 hearts, I pray ;  
 And its O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

---

### THE BROKEN VOW.

From the German.]

{ *Air*—"Has sorrow thy young  
 days shaded?"—MOORE.

BRIGHT hopes o'er his heart were stealing,  
 As she whispered a parting vow ;  
 With joy was his bosom swelling,  
 And a smile was upon his brow.  
 He cross'd o'er the waste of waters,  
 With a bosom light as the wave—  
 The fairest of Baden's daughters  
 Had smiled on the vows he gave.

In the lands of the foe and stranger,  
 Long away from his home he roved ;  
 He heeded no toil, no danger,  
 When he thought on the maid he loved.  
 With honour at length he sought her ;  
 He came but to find her changed—  
 For a miser's gold had bought her,  
 And her love was from him estranged.

She had broken the vow she plighted,  
 And his hopes all faded away,  
 As flowers by the cold wind blighted,  
 When the sun has withdrawn his ray.  
 He fled from his home for ever,  
 For the dreams of his youth were o'er ;  
 But the fame of his deeds will never  
 Be unsung on a distant shore !

## HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[*Music* by BLEWITT.]

OH, there's a power to make each hour  
 As sweet as heaven designed it ;  
 Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
 Though few there be that find it !  
 We seek too high for things close by,  
 And lose what nature found us ;  
 For life hath here no charm so dear  
 As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy  
 For future hopes—and praise them ;  
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
 If we'd but stoop to raise them !  
 For things afar still sweetest are  
 When youth's bright spell hath bound us ;  
 But soon we're taught that earth had nought  
 Like home and friends around us !

The friends that speed in time of need,  
 When hope's last reed is shaken,  
 To show us still, that come what will,  
 We are not quite forsaken :—  
 Though all were night: if but the light  
 Of friendship's altar crown'd us,  
 'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—  
 Our home and friends around us !

## MUSIC FOR MACBETH.

THOMAS MIDDLETON and }  
 W. SHAKSPEARE. }[*Music* by MATTHEW LOCKE.]

*1st Witch.* SPEAK, sister, speak ! is the deed done ?

*2nd Witch.* Long ago, long ago ; above twelve glasses  
 since have run.

Ill deeds are seldom slow or single,  
 But following crimes on horrors wait :  
 The worst of creatures fastest propagate.

*1st Witch.* Many more, many more murders must  
                   this one ensue ;  
 Dread horrors still abound  
 In every place around,  
 As if in death were found propagation, too.  
 He must—he will—he shall  
 Spill much more blood,  
 And become worse, to make his title good.

*Chorus.* He must, he will, &c.

*1st Witch.* Now let's dance.

*2nd & 3rd Witch.* Agreed ! Agreed !

*Chorus.* Agreed !  
 We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

*2nd Witch.* When cattle die, about, about we go ;  
 When lightning and dread thunder  
 Rend stubborn rocks asunder,  
 And fill the world with wonder,  
                   What should we do ?

*Chorus.* Rejoice ! rejoice ! we should rejoice !

*1st Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,—  
 We gain more life by Duncan's death :  
 Sometimes like brindled cats we show,  
 Having no music but our mew,  
 To which we dance in some old mill,  
 Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,  
 To some old saw or Bardish rhyme,  
 Where still the mill clock doth keep time.  
                   Where still the mill clock, &c.

*2nd Witch.* Sometimes about a hollow tree,  
 Around, around, around dance we :  
 Thither the chirping crickets come,  
 And beetles sing in drowsy hum.  
 Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,  
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs :  
 Or if none of these we meet,  
 We dance to the echoes of our feet.

- Chorus.* We dance, &c.  
 At the raven's dismal voice,  
 When others tremble, we rejoice ;  
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
 To the echo of some hollow hill.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate, come away !
- Hecate.* Hark ! hark ! I'm called,  
 My little airy spirit, see, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate !
- Hecate.* Thy chirping voice I hear, so pleasing to  
 mine ear,  
 At which I haste away, with all the speed  
 I may.  
 Where's Puckle ?
- 3rd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* Where's Stradling ?
- 2nd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* And Hopper, too ? and Hellway, too ?
- 1st Witch.* We want but you ! we want but you !
- Chorus.* Come away ! come away ! make up the  
 account !
- Hecate.* With new-fallen dew from churchyard yew,  
 I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.  
 Now I'm furnish'd, now I'm furnish'd for  
 my flight.  
 Now I go ; now, now I fly,—  
 Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.  
 Oh ! what a dainty pleasure is this,  
 To sail in the air,  
 When the moon shines fair,  
 To sing, to dance, to toy, and kiss !  
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
 Over hills and misty fountains,  
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets,  
 We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits !
- Chorus.* We fly by night, &c.



## THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE signal to engage shall be  
 A whistle and a hollo !  
 Be one and all but firm like me,  
 And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand ;  
 Thus, thus, boys—steady, steady ;  
 Till right a-head you see the land,  
 Then, soon as we are ready,  
 The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out—d'ye hear,  
 'Tis for Old England's honour :  
 Just as you've brought your lower tier  
 Broadside to bear upon her,  
 The signal, &c.

All hands then, boys, the ship to clear,  
 Load all your guns and mortars ;  
 Silent as death th' attack prepare,  
 And when you're all at quarters,  
 The signal, &c.

## THE SABLE KNIGHT.

J. BRUTON.]

[Music by BLEWITT.]

A WARRIOR came from the far off fight,  
 To his home on a summer's day !  
 His golden helmet glittering bright,  
 In the sun's retiring ray !  
 Why trembles the heart of that warrior bold,  
 Like the plume on his casque above ?  
 Does he not bring with him fame and love,  
 For the Lady Ella—his love ?  
 Why should his breast with doubts be torn ?  
 And why is that eye not bright ?  
 For has not the fair Lady Ella sworn  
 To wed none but the Sable Knight ?

The warrior's mettlesome steed draws near  
 To the home where his Ella dwells !  
 But sounds of revelry mar his ear  
 For they come from bridal bells !  
 O! better it were had Sir Huon fell  
 In fight by the foeman's blade,  
 Than perish by one whom he loved so well,  
 And who his trust so betray'd !  
 Yet peace that frail one ne'er shall know,  
 But quail in the dark or light :  
 For her plighted vows made long ago,  
 To wed none but the Sable Knight !

---

### THE CUCKOO SONG.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

TELL me, O bird ! of the merry green wold !  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Shall I grow old ? tell me, shall I grow old ?  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 “ Ah ! years but two or three : ”  
 Falsely, sayst thou to me ;  
 Falsely, to me.  
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,  
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.  
 La, la, la,—cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

Sing away, bird ! I shall not let thee rest,  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Thy tender note ever makes me feel blest :  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Ah ! if sad thoughts me fill,  
 Sweet bird ! thou then art still,  
 Thou then art still.  
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,  
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.  
 La, la, la, cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

---

## GOOD MORNING.

From the German, by  
J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

WAKING as from balmy sleep,  
Flow'ret fair and blue,  
Ope thy loving eyes that weep,  
Fresh with morning dew.  
Sleep as calm, as bright as thine,  
Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,  
Good morning, good morning, good morning.  
Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,  
Good morning, good morning.

Bird that from your secret nest  
Carols blithe and gay,  
Singing anthems pure and sweet,  
Praises of the May.  
Still each joyous note prolong,  
I will join your matin song,  
Good morning, good morning, good morning,  
I will join your matin song,  
Good morning, good morning.

Golden sun whose radiant light,  
Banner-like unfurl'd,  
Shineth out in splendour bright,  
O'er the waken'd world :  
Let me 'neath thy cheering rays  
Offer up my songs of praise ;  
Good morning, good morning, good morning.  
Offer up my songs of praise.  
Good morning, good morning.

---

## THE LIQUID GEM.

J. STREAKS.]

[*Music* by W. T. WRIGHTON.]

LITTLE drop of beaming dew,  
Fairy globe of azure hue,  
Glist'ning in the morning's ray,  
Fading at the dawn of day.

Dweller of the flowery sphere,  
 On each plant dost thou appear ;  
 Star-like in the mossy rose,  
 Bright on every bud that blows.  
 Little drop, &c.

Trembling orb of changing sheen,  
 Offspring of the humid e'en ;  
 Smiling o'er the dying flower,  
 Sparkling in the fragrant bower.  
 Priceless gem from nature's shrine,  
 Nature's ever wealthy mine !  
 Never gem was half so bright,  
 Or pure as thy sweet liquid light.  
 Little drop, &c.

---

## TOL DE ROL; OR, WELL IT'S NO WORSE.

[CHARLES DIDDIN.]

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,  
 Broach'd my grog all so carelessly ;  
 By-and-by, in a brush, I lost my arm,  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 " 'Twas well 'twas no worse harm,—  
 Man's but man, and there's an end ;  
 And since 'tis so,  
 E'en let it go ;  
 I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend."

Next a squall a tempest led off,  
 Enough to blow the devil's head off ;  
 I got spilt, and that way lost my leg :  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 " I must now be forc'd to beg :

Well, man's but man,—that's all I say ;  
 So in this plight,  
 If I can't fight,  
 For certain I can't run away."

So, as if Old Nick was in it,  
 Something happen'd ev'ry minute ;  
 Till at last poor I! they dous'd my glims ;  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs :  
 Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd.  
 'Twas fate's decree,  
 That I mayn't see  
 The treach'ry of this wicked world."

Things grew worser still, and worser ;  
 Fortune, I had cause to curse her ;  
 Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife :  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "I'd rather lost my life ;  
 But we're all mortal—she was old :  
 Then why take on ?  
 If so be she's gone.  
 I ne'er again shall hear her scold."

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter,  
 Chatham chest my right by charter,  
 Being old, I've lost all but my tongue ;  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "'Twas not so when I was young ;  
 But then," says I again, "you dunce !  
 Be fear afar  
 From ev'ry tar,—  
 Damme ! a man can die but once."

## DEAR NANCY, ADIEU.

UNFURLED were the sails, bearing William afar  
From the shore where his Nancy had lingered in  
view ;

While the tears for the fate of her generous tar  
From her bosom escaped, as she cried, "Love, adieu !"  
Endeared to the spot by sweet sympathy's tie,  
Where last her fond William had vowed to be true,  
O'er the ocean's expanse she would range with her eye,  
As the waves gently, murmured,—“ Dear Nancy,  
adieu !”

Three years have elapsed and the beach Nancy sought,  
As a vessel appeared with her streamers displayed ;  
“ 'Tis my love,” she exclaimed, but sad tidings were  
brought,

Which struck with despair the affectionate maid !—  
For who can describe her keen pangs when she found  
That her tar, to his country and king ever true,  
Had fallen, alas ! but by victory crowned,  
While the crew, wrapped in grief, sighed, “ Brave  
William, adieu !”

The portrait from Nancy which hung from his neck,  
To his messmate he gave with a heartrending sigh,  
Then, raising himself on the blood streaming deck,  
While softness ineffable beam'd from his eye,  
A wish he expressed that his true love might have  
The pledge he received of affection so true ;  
In death he embraced it, then sunk to his grave,  
And his last falt'ring accents breathed, “ Nancy,  
adieu !”

## CRIPPLED JACK.

WITH shatter'd limbs Jack came from sea,  
'Cause how he stood the tether ;  
With heart as firm as oaken tree,  
That stands the wind and weather :

What though his timbers they are gone,  
 And he's a slave to tippie,  
 No better sailor e'er was born,  
 Than Jack the honour'd cripple.

A grape-shot lopt his starboard wing,  
 That chill'd not his endeavour ;  
 But while he fought for England's king,  
 His daylights clos'd for ever.  
 Though lame and blind, and but one arm,  
 To raise the magic tippie,  
 He's gain'd in war the noble palm,  
 For Jack's an honour'd cripple.

With rudder gone, and rigging torn,  
 A wreck in port he's towing ;  
 Yet while he bled at ev'ry pore,  
 His dauntless heart was glowing.  
 One joy on earth alone he craves,  
 Which is the magic tippie :  
 And when at last pale death he braves,  
 He'll die an honour'd cripple.

---

## HOW PLEASANT A SAILOR'S LIFE PASSES.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main !  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true ;  
 And would not commit a bad action,  
 For power or profit in view.

### CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toy ?  
 A light heart and thin pair of breeches  
 Goes through the world, my brave boy.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Where plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright ;  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we who're to politics strangers,  
 Thus escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In different nations we try :  
 No mortal than us can be greater  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
 Then why should, &c.

---

## THOUGH FATE, MY GIRL, MAY BID US PART.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

THOUGH fate, my girl, may bid us part,  
 Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;  
 The heart will seek its kindred heart,  
 And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?  
 Is all our dream of rapture over ?  
 And does not Julia's bosom bleed  
 To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does she too mourn ?—Perhaps she may,  
 Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting.  
 But why is Julia's eye so gay,  
 If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating ?



I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow  
 Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—  
 But can the bosom bleed with woe  
 While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! yet, love, I will not chide,  
 Although your heart were fond of roving,  
 Nor that, nor all the world beside,  
 Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,  
 And with you all that's worth possessing;  
 Oh! then it will be sweet to die,  
 When life has lost its only blessing.

---

### JACK'S GRATITUDE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I'VE sail'd round the world without fear or dismay;  
 I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair;  
 I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of  
 my pay;  
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,  
 With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,  
 In a dungeon instead of in battle to die,  
 Was dismal I own, but I did not despair.

But, Lord! this is nothing—my poor upper works  
 Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair;  
 I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the  
 Turks;  
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,  
 Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,  
 If the agent had not run away with the cash,  
 And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,  
 I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care?  
 Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the  
     wars,  
 And if how he would right me I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, “Such ill treatment as  
     thine  
 Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune’s my care:”  
 So now blessings on him sing out me and mine;  
 And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,  
 That each tar of his rhino should have his full share;  
 And so agents, d’ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,  
 For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the whole  
     world,  
 Let our royal tar’s pennant but fly in the air,  
 And the sails of our navy again be unfurl’d,  
 We’ll strike wond’ring nations with awe and despair.

---

### THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,  
 Alas ! I mayn’t see him again,  
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,  
 To help it I’m sure was in vain ;  
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,  
 Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it wont do :  
 So, d’ye hear, avast whining, and sobbing, my girl,  
 ’Tis all foolish nonsense in you.  
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,  
 From a something that whisper’d, d’ye see,  
 There’s a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

While he's at a distance each thought is employ'd,  
 And nought can delight me on shore ;  
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,  
 And Jack I shall never see more.  
 But then 'tis but fancy ; that angel above,  
 Who can do such wonders of things,  
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,  
 And so to myself I thus sings :—  
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,  
 For a something that whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,  
 Forget to look out for poor Jack ;  
 Why then he may never return unto me,  
 O, never ! no, never ! come back ;  
 But oh ! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,  
 To make the salt water his grave ;  
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,  
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ?  
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight ;  
 For something still whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

---

## MOORINGS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

“I've heard,” cried out one, “that you tars tack and  
 tack,  
 And at sea what strange hardships befall you ;  
 But I don't know what's moorings.”—“What ! Don't  
 you ?” said Jack ;  
 “Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you :—  
 Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,  
 And, in spite of her pray'rs and implorings,  
 Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,  
 Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

“ In life’s voyage should you trust a false friend with  
the helm,

The top-lifts of his heart all a-kimbo,  
A tempest of treach’ry your bark will o’erwhelm,  
And your moorings will soon be in limbo :  
But if his heart’s timbers rear up against pelf,  
And he’s just in his reck’nings and scorings,  
He’ll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,  
And you’ll find in his friendship safe moorings.

“ If wedlock’s your port, and your mate true and kind,  
In all weathers will stick to her duty,  
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,  
Safe moor’d in the haven of beauty :  
But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,  
That listens to vows and adorings,  
Shape your course how you will, still you’ll make  
Cuckold’s Point,  
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

“ A glutton’s safe moor’d, head and stern, by the gout ;  
A drunkard’s safe moor’d under the table ;  
In straws, drowning men will hope’s anchor find out ;  
While a hair’s a philosopher’s cable :  
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,  
Of fate’s billows where all hear the roarings,  
Where for one calm of pleasure we’ve ten storms of pain,  
Till death brings us all to our moorings.”

---

## FOR HER SAILOR BRAVES THE DEEP.

[REYNOLDS.]

SAYS Ella to her love, “ Remember,  
Tho’ doom’d to part, you constant view  
That moon which rises in such splendour—  
I, too, will look and think of you ;  
Anxious Ella shall not sleep  
Whilst her sailor braves the deep.”

But most tempestuous is the weather,  
 And lovely Ella's wish is cross'd ;  
 Vain her watching nights together—  
 Successive moons in clouds are lost,  
 Stormy winds the forests sweep  
 Whilst her sailor braves the deep.

Swift to the shore she flies complaining,  
 The tempest to her pray'r is deaf ;  
 When, lo ! that orb she's so arraigning,  
 Shines forth and shows her lover safe.  
 Now no more shall Ella weep  
 For her sailor braves the deep.

---

### ON BOARD OUR TRIM VESSEL.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,  
 And the glass circl'd round with full glee,  
 King and country to give my old shipmate ne'er fail'd,  
 And the toast was soon toss'd off by me.

Billows might dash,  
 Lightning might flash,  
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but pass,  
 We resolv'd both to live and die free,  
 Quick we number'd our guns, and for each took a glass,  
 Then a broadside we gave her with three.

Cannons might roar,  
 Echo'd from shore,  
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

But a cannon ball one day in a fight,  
 From the deck knock'd him into the sea,  
 So he died as he lived for his country and right,  
 And may this be the end too of me.

Cannons let roar,  
 Echo'd from shore,  
 For the grave of a sailor's the sea.

## BOXING THE COMPASS.

[PEARCE.]

BLUE PETER at the mast-head flew,  
 And to the girls we bade adieu,  
 Weigh'd anchor, and made sail :  
 The boatswain blew his whistle shrill  
 The reefs shook out began to fill,  
 We caught a fav'ring gale,  
 And with a can of flip,  
 To cheer the honest tar,  
 Thus gaily may he trip,  
 Lara lar, lara lar.

We cruis'd along the coast of France,  
 But not a mounseer gave us chance ;  
 We tried on every tack,  
 We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,  
 We kept the sea, nor cared for weather,  
 'Twas all the same to Jack.  
 And with a can, &c.

Sometimes while squalls have o'er us swept,  
 High at the mast-head watch I've kept ;  
 We did, my lads, the best ;  
 Still on the look-out for the rumpus,  
 At every corner of the compass,  
 The north, south, east, and west,  
 And with a can, &c.

## BEN BACKSTAY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

BEN BACKSTAY loved the gentle Anna :  
 Constant as purity was she ;—  
 Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,  
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.

One fatal morning saw them parting :  
 While each the other's sorrow dried,  
 They by the tear that then was starting,  
 Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,  
 While howling winds the sky deform,  
 Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,  
 And braves for love the frightful storm :  
 Alas ! in vain—the vessel batter'd,  
 On a rock splitting, open'd wide,  
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,  
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,  
 That Ben had worn around his neck,  
 Where art stood substitute for nature,  
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.  
 In fervent hope while Anna burning,  
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,  
 The portrait came—joy turned to mourning—  
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

---

## WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM!

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WE tars have a maxim, your honours, d'ye see,  
 To live in the same way we fight ;  
 We never give in, and, when running lee,  
 We pipe hands the vessel to light.  
 It may do for the lubber to snivel and that,  
 If by chance on a shoal he be cast ;  
 But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,  
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last,  
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, tol de rol, &c.

This life as we're told is a bit of a cruise,  
 In which storms and calms take their turn ;  
 If it's storm, why we bustle, if calm, then we booze,  
 All taut from the stem to the stern.

Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,  
 Would say "To the cable stick fast ;  
 And whether the anchor be cast or apeak,  
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last !"  
 With a yeo, &c.

---

## THE WATERY GRAVE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,  
 That tears from a stone might provoke ;  
 'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,  
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :  
 His name was Ben Block, of all men  
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave :  
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben  
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;  
 His heart was all kindness and love ;  
 Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
 His nature had most of the dove.  
 He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate ;  
 His father, to int'rest a slave,  
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate  
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !  
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd,  
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,  
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd :  
 That she never had truly been kind ;  
 That false were the tokens she gave ;  
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find  
 In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure from this cankerous elf  
 The venom accomplish'd its end :  
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,  
 Suspected no fraud in his friend.



On the yard while suspended in air,  
 A loose to his sorrows he gave ;  
 "Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair,"  
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

---

## WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

[CHARLES DIDDIN.]

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,  
 Or ventures on the yard,  
 The landsman, who no better knows,  
 Believes his lot is hard.  
 But Jack with smiles each danger meets,  
 Casts anchor, heaves the log,  
 Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,  
 And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell,  
 The vessel rudely bear,  
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,  
 Now quiv'ring in the air—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,  
 You ne'er hear him repine ;  
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,  
 Or burning near the line—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word.  
 To quarters all repair,  
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,  
 And shot sing through the air—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

## INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

---

	PAGE
<b>A boy amid the blossoms played...</b> ... ..	73
<b>A famous man was Robin Hood</b> ... ..	35
<b>Again the willing trump of fame</b> ... ..	243
<b>Ah! it is not the matin bell</b> ... ..	217
<b>A girl and her blind old mother</b> ... ..	126
<b>A lyre its plaintive music poured</b> ... ..	21
<b>Along the lonely mountain side...</b> ... ..	23
<b>All hail to the shrine, for the spot must be holy</b> ... ..	51
<b>All the fields were silent, sleeping</b> ... ..	182
<b>A maiden so fair loved a Moorish knight</b> ... ..	84
<b>A maiden bright loved a gay young knight</b> ... ..	8
<b>A north country lass up to London did pass</b> ... ..	96
<b>And have I lost thee</b> ... ..	173
<b>Arm, brothers, arm, the wolf is out</b> ... ..	226
<b>Around the face of blue-eyed Sue</b> ... ..	233
<b>As a beam on the face of the waters may glow</b> ... ..	56
<b>A stalwart lad is the blacksmith's son...</b> ... ..	47
<b>As I walked forth one summer's-day</b> ... ..	187
<b>A spell is hanging o'er me</b> ... ..	230
<b>As fortune's billows heaved me</b> ... ..	239
<b>As wit and beauty for an hour</b> ... ..	130
<b>A warrior came from the far-off fight</b> ... ..	252
<b>A wind came up out of the sea</b> ... ..	7
<b>Begone, dull care, I prithee begone from me</b> ... ..	188
<b>Bell that soundest merrily</b> ... ..	50
<b>Be kind to each other</b> ... ..	245
<b>Ben Backstay loved the gentle Anna</b> ... ..	265
<b>Beware the chain love's wreathing</b> ... ..	182
<b>Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy</b> ... ..	210
<b>Blue Peter to the mast-head flew</b> ... ..	265
<b>Brightly, brightly hast thou fled</b> ... ..	29
<b>Bright things can never die</b> ... ..	172
<b>Bright hopes o'er his heart were stealing</b> ... ..	448
<b>Can any king be half so great</b> ... ..	125
<b>Child of the sun, unhappy slave</b> ... ..	50
<b>Come, busk you gallantlic</b> ... ..	213

	PAGE
Come hither, shepherd swain ... ..	198
Come, listen to a seaman's ditty ... ..	152
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer ... ..	240
Come, smile again, as though our years... ..	114
Come with me, love, I'm seeking ... ..	199
Cypress and yew, sorrowful trees ... ..	169
Daddy Neptune one day to freedom did say ... ..	150
Dear native isle, the summer sun is glowing ... ..	108
Dearest, I never loved but thee ... ..	17
Down by the Avon's flowing stream ... ..	42
Down in yon village I live so snug ... ..	179
Don't let the roses listen ... ..	78
Dream, baby, dream, the stars are glowing ... ..	45
Drink to her who long ... ..	24
Each bower has beauty for me ... ..	115
Encompassed in an angel's frame ... ..	153
Far from the cherished country of his birth ... ..	124
Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design ... ..	161
Fair Gertrude at her lattice sighed ... ..	18
Fain would I love but that I fear ... ..	196
Farewell! I go to the far-off land ... ..	86
Fill, fill the bright mead-cup, and let it go round ... ..	99
Fill the bumper fair ... ..	237
Five months ago the stream did flow ... ..	26
Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me ... ..	136
Follow, follow over mountain ... ..	181
Follow him, nor fearful deem ... ..	225
Foresters sound the cheerful horn ... ..	61
From aloft the sailor looks around ... ..	224
From his mountain land with his harp in his hand ... ..	121
Full many griefs the past has found ... ..	118
Gaily through the mountain glen ... ..	176
Gentle youth, ah! tell me why ... ..	72
Gentle Zitella, whither away? ... ..	206
Give me the sweet delights of love ... ..	63
Go, gentle breeze, to yon verdant grove ... ..	57
Good night, good rest—ah! neither be my share ... ..	85
Good people, give attention, while I do sing in praise... ..	140
Hark! hark, the bells! the merry bells ... ..	6
Hark to my lute sweetly ringing ... ..	36
Hark! the Goddess Diana ... ..	120
Hail to the flag! the gallant flag ... ..	129
Haste, my boys, haste, my boys ... ..	11
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee ... ..	61
Has sorrow thy young days shaded ... ..	198
Her mighty sails the breezes swell ... ..	76
Her mouth, which a smile ... ..	127
He sleeps beneath the ocean shore ... ..	208

	PAGE
Hey, the dusty miller ... ..	49
How can my poor heart be glad ... ..	155
How dashing in sun and light ... ..	218
How happy could I be with either ... ..	212
How little do the landsmen know ... ..	238
How pleasant is the farmer's life ... ..	246
How pleasant a sailor's life passes ... ..	258
How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return ... ..	148
How sweet thy modest light to view ... ..	163
How sweet in the woodlands ... ..	191
How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell ... ..	203
How sweet the hour of closing day ... ..	52
I am in truth a country youth ... ..	17
I am weary, I am weary ... ..	121
I cannot sing the old songs ... ..	149
I dream of all things free ... ..	1
I dreamt I was at home ... ..	98
I dream of thee when all is still ... ..	93
I dreamt, 'twas but a dream ... ..	135
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me ... ..	192
If all the world and love were young ... ..	154
If lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers ... ..	240
If you hear a sound at night ... ..	81
If doughty deeds my lady please ... ..	157
If 'tis love to wish you near ... ..	189
I hear it, I hear it—the voice of the past ... ..	149
I have left my quiet home ... ..	137
I know thou dost love me ... ..	156
I love the night when the moon streams bright ... ..	23
I loved thee once, with heart as true ... ..	44
I love to roam at night ... ..	184
I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee ... ..	234
I'm Jolly Dick, the lamplighter ... ..	59
I'm lonesome since I crossed the hill ... ..	68
In days of old the monks, we're told ... ..	15
In a cottage I live, and the cot of content ... ..	32
In my own dearest land ... ..	58
In childhood, mother, on thy tender breast ... ..	62
In that happy, happy time ... ..	60
In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay ... ..	88
In battle's field, 'mid cannons' roar ... ..	142
In Scarlet town, where I was born ... ..	205
In one thou couldst find variety ... ..	158
In life's delightful morn ... ..	167
In England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef ... ..	181
In England when the curfew bell ... ..	226
I only ask a home with thee ... ..	14
I rage, I melt, I burn ... ..	236
I saw a star that was falling ... ..	122
I see again my happy home ... ..	162

	PAGE
Is there truth in fairy spells? ... ..	84
I sing the days, the merry days ... ..	3
I stood in Rome's deserted streets ... ..	200
It was a maid of my country ... ..	146
It was to be—regret is vain ... ..	104
It is the happy summer-time ... ..	69
It's all very fine for us school girls to cry ... ..	90
It is not the tear at this moment shed ... ..	196
It was written on the sand ... ..	157
I've heard, cried out one, that you tars ... ..	262
I've sailed round the world without fear or dismay ... ..	260
I've watched for thee, my ain kind Jamie ... ..	56
I went to sea all so fearlessly ... ..	255
I would I had a sister ... ..	119
I would we had not met again ... ..	64
I wander by my dear one's door each night ... ..	4
Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman ... ..	21
Joan to the may-pole away, let us on ... ..	46
Just at twilight's dusky close ... ..	33
Last night I passed you in the dance ... ..	166
Leave behind each idle sorrow ... ..	118
Let my care be no man's sorrow... ..	52
Light as thistle-down moving ... ..	46
Little drop of beaming dew ... ..	254
Love sounds the alarm ... ..	38
Love may dwell in a sleek or a dimple cheek ... ..	67
Love thee, dearest, love thee ... ..	245
Lovely night! oh lovely night ... ..	202
Love wakes and weeps ... ..	20
Marked you her eye of heavenly blue ... ..	89
Mayst thou be happy each coming day ... ..	173
Merrily, merrily over the ocean ... ..	144
Merrily, merrily rang the bells ... ..	192
Merrily oh! merrily oh! ... ..	224
My boat is on the shore ... ..	230
My bonny lass she smileth ... ..	12
My loved home I ne'er shall see more ... ..	11
My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek ... ..	114
Near Woodstock town in Oxfordshire ... ..	5
Nigh to a grave that was newly made ... ..	86
Night closed around the conqueror's way ... ..	230
No love of conquest fires them ... ..	92
No, never shall my soul forget ... ..	7
Noreen, darling! don't look shy ... ..	62
Now by the waving greenwood tree ... ..	232
Now is the month of maying ... ..	78

	PAGE
Of all the brave birds that e'er I did see ... ..	2
Of all the torments, all the cares ... ..	205
Oh! art thou still on earth, my love? ... ..	16
Oh! ask me not with thee to dwell ... ..	25
Oh! come with me to the old kirk-yard ... ..	39
Oh! dear! what can the matter be ... ..	47
Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle ... ..	9
Oh! how great the power of music ... ..	15
Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own... ..	215
Oh! I have roamed o'er many lands ... ..	145
Oh! let me only breathe the air... ..	195
Oh! linger not by the gloomy shore ... ..	204
Oh! lone, and wild, and trackless ... ..	134
Oh! not by the river, tho' bright be its tide ... ..	89
Oh! slumber thou my darling ... ..	110
Oh! the bonnie, bonnie Yeo! ... ..	64
Oh! the lady of the May ... ..	70
Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove ... ..	115
Oh! think not my spirits are always as light ... ..	177
Oh! there's a power to make each hour ... ..	249
Oh! weep for the hour ... ..	102
Oh! when the tide was out last night ... ..	217
Oh! would I were a bird ... ..	13
Oh! weep not that I leave the shore ... ..	123
Oh! you that have the charge of love ... ..	41
Old England's emblem is the rose ... ..	227
Old England's the home of the brave and the free ... ..	143
Once in the cool of early morn ... ..	124
Once upon my cheek he said the roses grew ... ..	133
Oons! neighbours, ne'er blush for a trifle like this ... ..	85
O peaceful lake! upon thy silent shore... ..	39
O sweet simplicity, flow in my veins ... ..	53
O thou breeze of spring ... ..	48
Our gallant ship has righted ... ..	211
Our bark was out, far, far from land ... ..	235
Over the bounding waters ... ..	145
O ye voices round my own hearth singing ... ..	10
 Peter White, who never goes right ... ..	 56
 Queen of the starry night, beautiful moon ... ..	 134
 Rise up, rise up, Xarifa ... ..	 107
River, that in silence windest ... ..	133
Robin Hood is forth at break of day ... ..	19
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower ... ..	160
Row, gallant comrades, row ... ..	171
 Says Ella to her love, "Remember" ... ..	 263
Scenes that are brightest ... ..	222

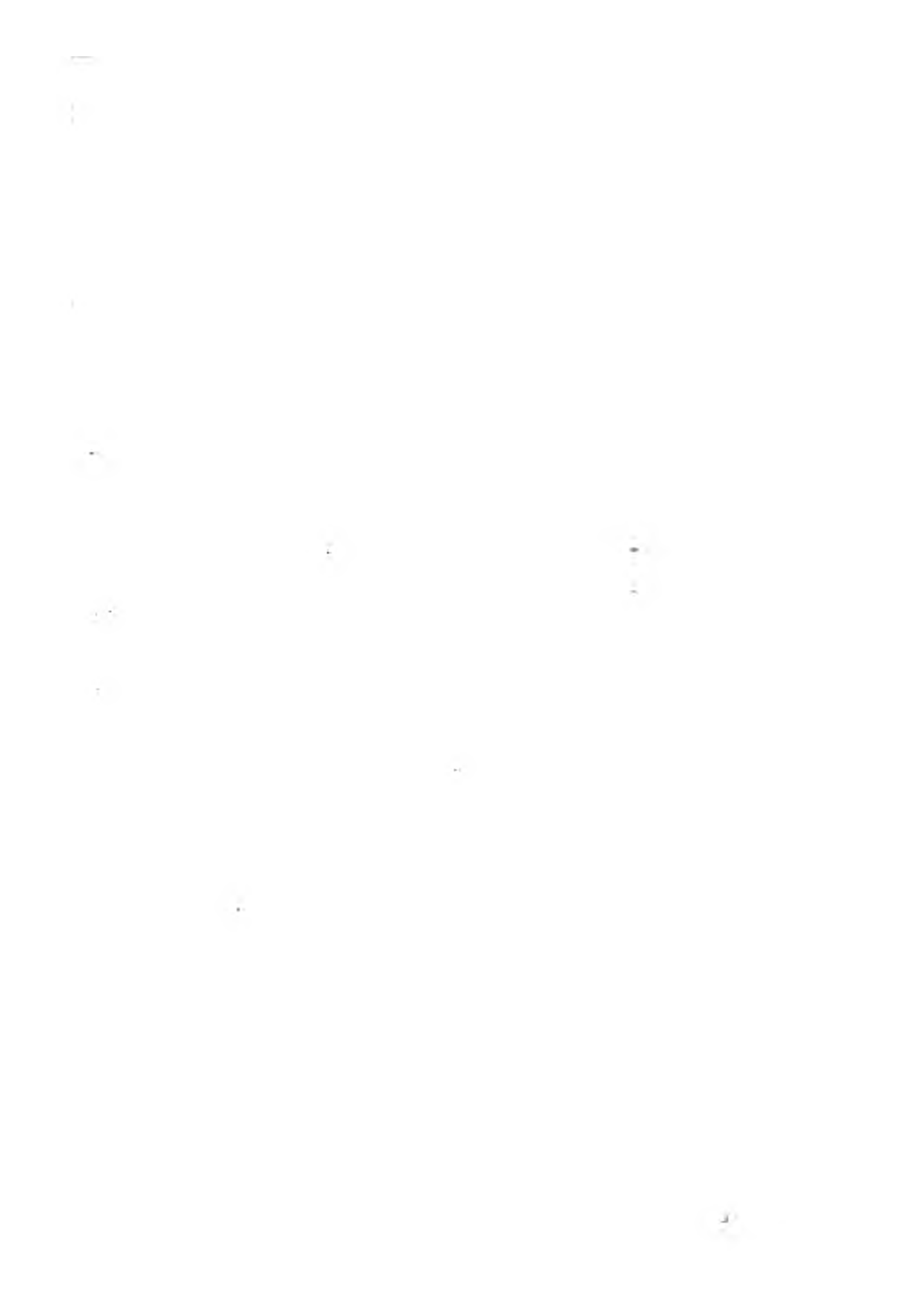
	PAGE
See yon lark in ether floating ... ..	27
She smiles, and from her beaucous face ... ..	37
She never told her love ... ..	116
She is far from the land ... ..	105
She came to us in summer-time ... ..	197
Since the days of happy childhood ... ..	13
Sister, since I met thee last ... ..	53
Sing a sweet melodious measure ... ..	94
Slumber, dearest, sweetly slumber ... ..	222
Softly, oh! softly the shadows are falling ... ..	216
Speak, sister, speak! is the deed done?... ..	249
Still to be neat, still to be dressed ... ..	139
Sweet evening star, whose dewy blessings fall... ..	43
Sweet is true love tho' given in pain ... ..	4
Swifter than the swallow's flight ... ..	26
Take back the virgin page [... ..	174
Tell me where is fancy bred ... ..	98
Tell me no more that hearts less warm... ..	219
Tell me, O bird! of the merry green wold ... ..	253
The Albion is a noble ship ... ..	207
The butterfly was a gentleman ... ..	138
The bud is on the bough... ..	159
The busy crew the sails unbending ... ..	2
The brave Roland! the brave Roland!... ..	116
The chain I gave was fair to view ... ..	180
The castled crag of Drachenfels ... ..	37
The forest we enter, silently and slow ... ..	80
The flag of old England is waving ... ..	209
The grey-eyed Aurora, in saffron array ... ..	71
The Golden Mary sailed from port ... ..	141
The harvest-home's come round again... ..	161
The hardy sailor braves the ocean ... ..	63
The light from loving eyes... ..	58
The motto of Britons is "On, boys, on"... ..	22
The mighty conqueror of hearts ... ..	132
The Nautilus ever loves to glide ... ..	220
The noontide blaze o'er the desert fell... ..	109
The Rhine is gently flowing ... ..	28
The rosy hours of this life are but few ... ..	223
The silver swan who living had no note ... ..	99
The splendour falls on castle walls ... ..	102
The summer wind lightly was playing ... ..	34
The signal to engage shall be ... ..	252
The tiger couches in the wood ... ..	117
The uphill of life we must all of us tread ... ..	57
The wind was hushed, the storm was over ... ..	83
There's an old farm-house at the foot of the hill ... ..	29
There came three travellers over the Rhine ... ..	31
There was a lad was born in Kyle ... ..	73

	PAGE
There is a lovely brilliant star ... ..	110
There was a maiden, well-a-day!	163
They deem it a sorrow gone by ... ..	154
They chide me for repining ... ..	186
They talk of dales and hills in Wales ... ..	201
This is the bird that sweeps o'er the sea ... ..	54
This rose, to calm my brother's cares ... ..	123
Though fate, my girl, may bid us part ... ..	259
Thy beauty, while it thrills my soul ... ..	80
Tho' days are gone when you and I ... ..	194
'Tis gone—the past was all a dream ... ..	54
'Tis years since we two parted ... ..	90
'Tis believed that this harp which I now wake for thee ... ..	188
'Tis many years, my old mate Jack ... ..	207
'Tis a dreary thing to be ... ..	214
'Tis Christmas-time! away with reason ... ..	242
Time that's gone, none may restore it ... ..	244
To the Baltic's broad billows we go, boys ... ..	209
Turn on, old Time, thine hour-glass ... ..	113
'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day ... ..	74
'Twas down in Cupid's garden ... ..	79
Two gentle words, two loving words ... ..	66
Two lovers sat on the green hill-side ... ..	100
Two real tars, whom duty called... ..	193
Unfurled were the sails bearing William afar ... ..	257
Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ... ..	216
Voice of music, sweetly falling ... ..	236
Waking as from balmy sleep ... ..	254
We've long sung the praise of old English roast beef ... ..	40
We lived and loved as little ones... ..	101
We court no gale with wooing sail ... ..	221
Weep on, weep on, your hour is past ... ..	166
We tars have a maxim, your honours, d'ye see ... ..	266
We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast... ..	229
What argufies pride and ambition ... ..	87
What a merry life we gipsies lead ... ..	137
Whate'er our lot in life may prove ... ..	55
When by the evening's quiet light ... ..	175
When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow ... ..	189
When evening's twilight gathers round ... ..	35
When first I met thee warm and young ... ..	163
When forced from dear Hebe to go ... ..	232
When gentle music's sounding ... ..	178
When he who adores thee has left but a name ... ..	103
When I drain the rosy bowl ... ..	165
When Jack parted from me ... ..	261
When other lips and other hearts ... ..	42



	PAGE
When on board our trim vessel we joyously sailed ...	26
When shall we three meet again... ..	100
When the breath of English meadows ... ..	30
When Time was entwining the garland of years ...	40
When the wind is blowing free, boys ... ..	71
When Time, who steals our years away ... ..	111
When through life unblest we rove ... ..	147
When they told me he was married ... ..	185
When Venus first rose from the wave ... ..	44
When woman plights her troth to him ... ..	132
While woman like soft music's charms ... ..	95
While on my home once more I gaze ... ..	103
While up the shrouds the sailor goes ... ..	268
Who would not be a gipsy free? ... ..	105
Wherefore, dearest, my suit denying ... ..	128
Who has here, far or near, seen Hugo?... ..	183
Why not tell me if you love me ... ..	91
Why throbs this heart with rapture new ... ..	66
Within a bower, a lady gay ... ..	65
With shatter'd limbs Jack came from sea ... ..	257
Would you hear a sad story of woe ... ..	267
Would you gain the tender creature? ... ..	103
Write on the sand when the tide is low ... ..	77
Ye shepherds, tell me have you seen ... ..	10
Ye mariners of Spain ... ..	170
Yes, we will meet as the coldest have met ... ..	111
Yes, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly ... ..	106
You deem me cold and heartless ... ..	138
Young Cupid went storming to Venus one day ...	185
Young Guillot, a poor simple swain ... ..	190
Young Tom the carman's tongue was slow ... ..	82

THE END.







# ROUTLEDGE'S SONG BOOKS.

---

In 24mo, price 2s. 6d. each, cloth,

Selected and Edited by J. E. CARPENTER.

- THE MODERN AND POPULAR SONG BOOK.
- THE NATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL SONG BOOK.
- THE COMIC AND HUMOROUS SONG BOOK.
- THE NEW BRITISH & STANDARD SONG BOOK.

Each containing 800 Songs.

---

Price ONE SHILLING, each, 24mo, boards,

SELECTED AND EDITED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

- THE MODERN SONG BOOK.
  - THE POPULAR SONG BOOK.
  - THE NEW UNIVERSAL SONG BOOK.
  - THE COMIC SONG BOOK.
  - THE NATIONAL SONG BOOK.
  - THE HUMOROUS SONG BOOK.
  - THE NEW BRITISH SONG BOOK.
  - THE NEW STANDARD SONG BOOK.
- 

Price SIXPENCE each, 24mo, fancy covers,

SELECTED AND EDITED BY J. E. CARPENTER.

- THE FIRESIDE SONG BOOK.
  - THE HOME SONGSTER.
  - THE BRITISH SONG BOOK.
  - SONGS FOR ALL AGES.
  - THE SELECT SONGSTER.
  - THE CONVIVIAL SONGSTER.
  - MERRY SONGS FOR MERRY MEETINGS.
  - THE FUNNY MAN'S SONGSTER.
  - THE FASHIONABLE SONG BOOK.
  - THE DRAWING-ROOM SONG BOOK.
  - THE LAUGHABLE SONG BOOK.
  - THE SENSATION SONGSTER.
  - EVERYBODY'S SONG BOOK.
  - THE SOCIAL SONGSTER.
  - THE FAMILY SONG BOOK.
  - THE AMUSING SONGSTER.
- 

LONDON. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.