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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
MODERN SONG BOOK,

EDITED BY

J. E. CLEPENTER,

(AUTHOR OF "THE SONGS AND BALLADS")

LONDON:

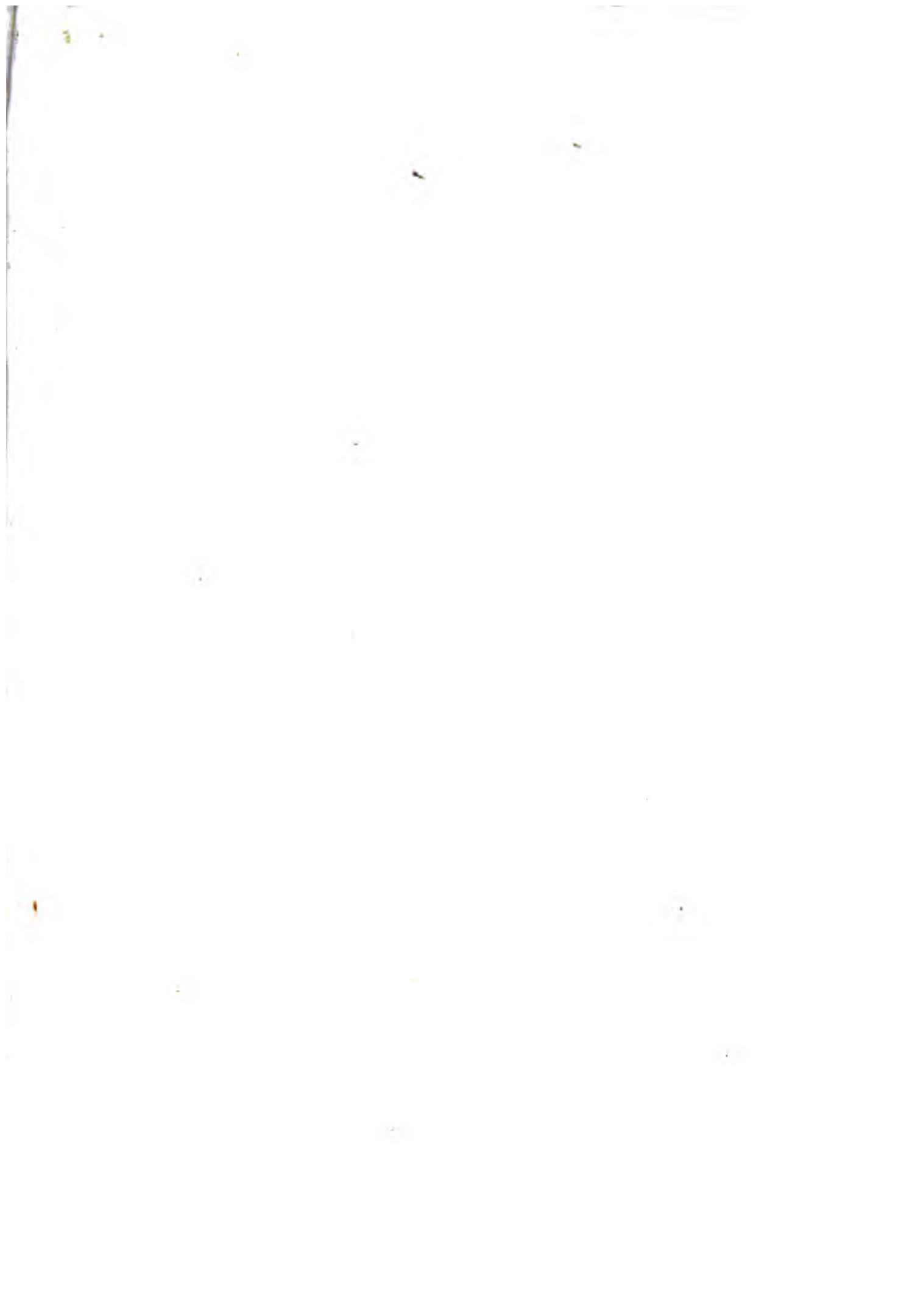
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO.,

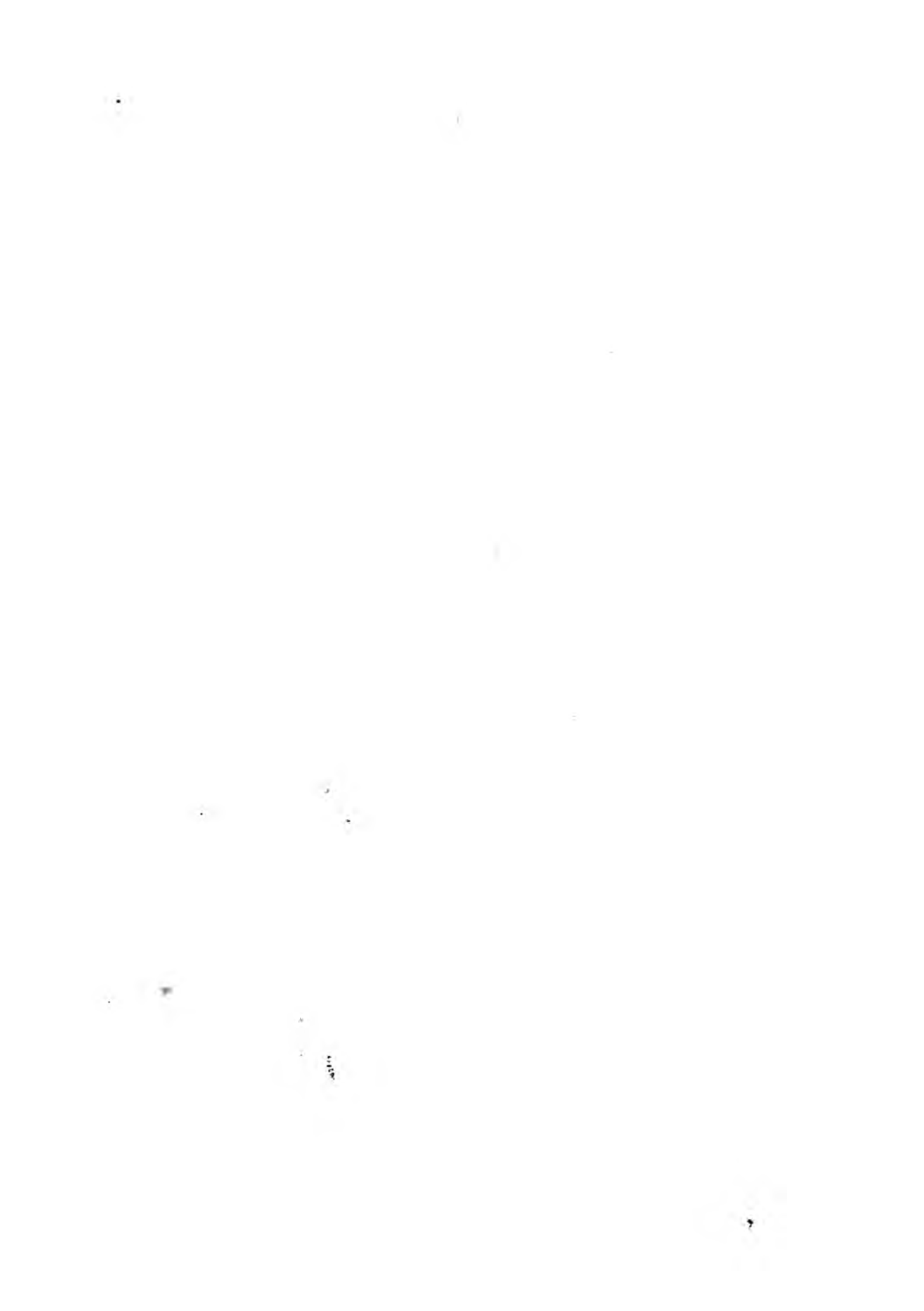
FARRINGTON STREET.



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THE BOOK
OF
MODERN SONGS.

EDITED

BY J. E. CARPENTER.
AUTHOR OF "500 SONGS AND BALLADS."

"Pray, now, buy some: I love a ballad in print."

SHAKSPEARE.

"We'll have this song out anon by ourselves."

IBID.

LONDON:
G. ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN STREET.
1858.

280. S. 214.

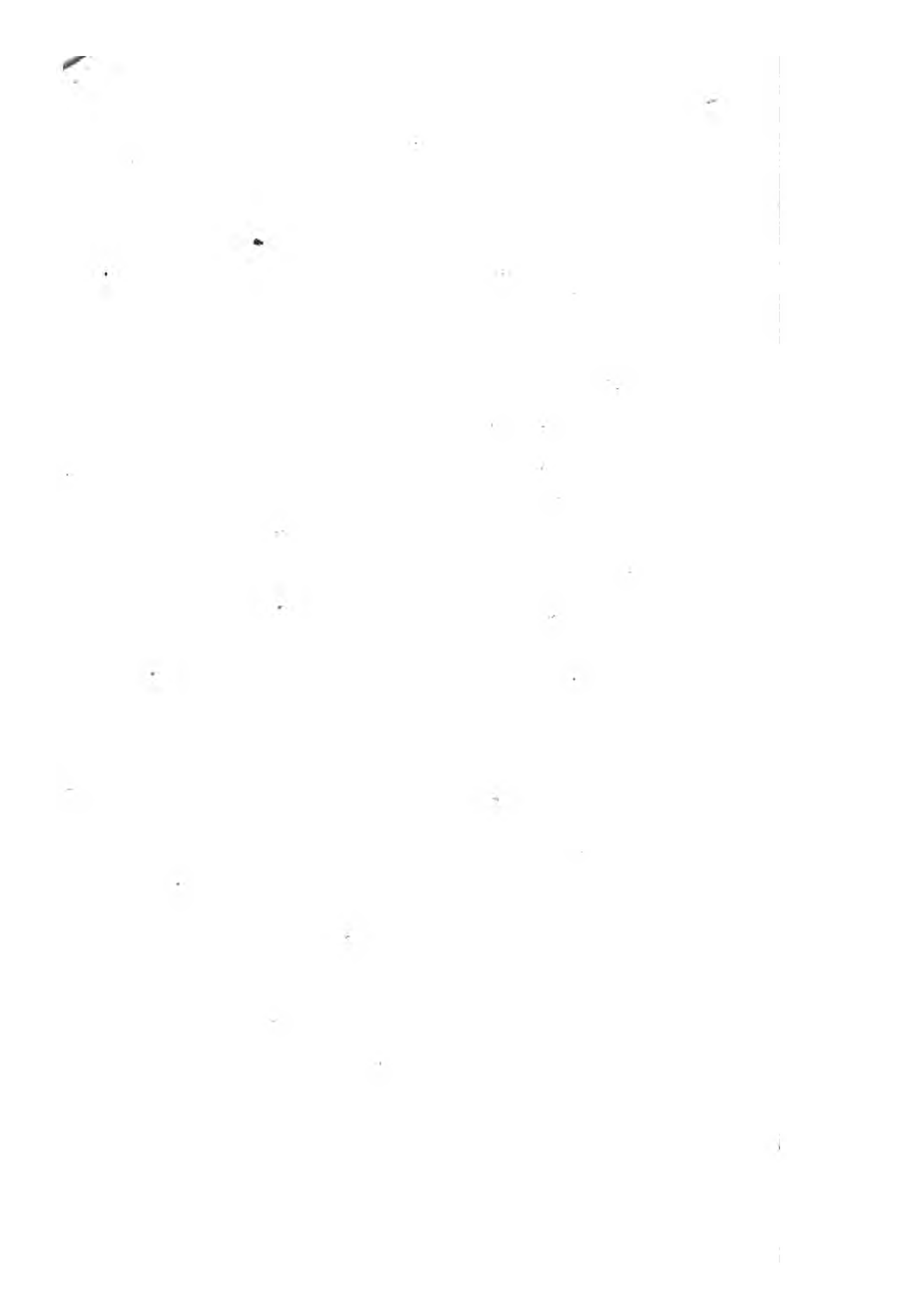
LONDON :
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P R E F A C E.

THE following collection of songs and ballads will, it is hoped, supply a want that has long been manifest—viz., that there was no book of modern songs entirely free from those questionable productions which, though popular enough in the streets and at the lower-class theatres and concert-rooms, are scarcely such as should find a place in a work acceptable alike to age and youth. While poetic merit has been the standard upon which the songs inserted in the following pages have been admitted, the Editor has not hesitated to include such lyrics as have become extremely popular, but which, as poems, would not, perhaps, endure too severe a test. His chief aim has been to render the volume as useful to the vocalist as he trusts it will prove interesting to the general reader. To those music publishers who have so kindly granted him permission to include the songs of which they hold the copyrights, he begs to tender his sincere acknowledgments.

NOTTING HILL, *Dec.* 1857.



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THE BOOK
OF
MODERN SONGS.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

God save our gracious Queen!
Long may Victoria reign: •
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix:
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

RULE BRITANNIA.

JAMES THOMSON.]

[*Music* by Dr. ARNE.]

When Britain, first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain :
 Rule Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to pull thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

(From the Oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus.")

Music by HANDEL.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

Oh, after roving many years,
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling place of early youth,
Our first, our dearest home.
To turn away our weary eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in the summer field
Among the trees and flowers.

But I am changed since last I gazed
On yonder tranquil scene;
And sat beneath the old witch elm
That shades the village green;
And watch'd my boat upon the brook,
As 'twere a royal galley,
And sigh'd not for a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.

I wish I could recall again
That bright and blameless joy;
And summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy.

I look on scenes of past delight
 Without my wonted pleasure;
 As a miser on the bed of death
 Looks coldly on his treasure.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER HOW MY CHILDHOOD FLEETED BY.

W. M. PRAED.] [*Music* by MRS. EDWARD FITZGERALD.]

I remember, I remember
 How my childhood fled by,
 The mirth of its December,
 And the warmth of its July.
 On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
 There are no signs of care;
 But my pleasures are not now, love,
 What childhood's pleasures were.
 I remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers
 Were as blithe as blithe could be,
 And all their radiant flowers
 Were coronals for me.
 Gems to-night, love, gems to-night, love,
 Are beaming in my hair;
 But they are not half so bright, love,
 As childhood's roses were.
 I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry
 When my little lovers came
 With a lily, or a cherry,
 Or some new invented game.
 Now I've you, love—now I've you, love,
 To kneel before me there;
 But you know you're not so true, love,
 As childhood's lovers were.
 I remember, &c.

I SEEK HER ON EVERY SHORE.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.]

I seek her on every shore,
 But seek her, alas, still in vain—
 In the cabin where oft we have met,
 On the waves of the white-crested main.
 I wander alone through the world,
 My anguish I cannot control—
 She is gone—she is lost—she is dead—
 The beautiful maid of my soul.

I see in her desolate bower
 The lute that she loved so to play—
 The vase, too, she treasured is there,
 But the flowers are all faded away.
 So tuneless, so withered my heart,
 Its anguish I cannot control—
 I shall only behold her in heaven,
 The beautiful maid of my soul.

LOVE NOT.

Hon. Mrs. NORTON.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die—
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change,
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! Oh warning vainly said
 In present years as in the years gone by;
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
 Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
Love not, love not!

THE IVY GREEN.

CHARLES DICKENS.] [*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on though he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend the huge oak-tree!
 And slily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
 And nations scatter'd been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

[*Music* by T. ATTWOOD.]

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 'Twas in autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my father, that welcomed me back.
 I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strains that the corn-reapers
 sung.
 Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.
 "Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!"
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

RORY O'MORE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do *that* was to tease.
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,

“With your tricks, I don’t know, in troth, what I’m
about,
Faith you’ve teased till I’ve put on my cloak inside
out.”

“Oh! jewel,” says Rory, “that same is the way
You’ve thrated my heart for this many a day,
And ’tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For ’tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O’More.

“Indeed, then,” says Kathleen, “don’t think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to *soothing* Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I’ll be bound:”
“Faith!” says Rory, “I’d rather love *you* than the
ground.”

“Now, Rory, I’ll cry, if you don’t let me go;
Sure I dream ev’ry night that I’m hating you so!”
“Oh!” says Rory, “that same I’m delighted to hear,
For *dhrames* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear,
Oh! jewel, keep dhraming the same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And ’tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since ’tis all for good luck,” says bold Rory O’More.

“Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you’ve teased me enough,
Sure I’ve thrash’d for your sake Dinny Grimes and
Jim Duff:
And I’ve made myself, drinking your health, quite a
baste,
So I think, after that, I may *talk to the priest*.”*
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he look’d in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss’d her sweet lips—don’t you think he was
right?

“Now Rory, leave off, sir—you’ll hug me no more,
That’s eight times to-day you have kiss’d me before.”
“Then here goes another,” says he, “to make sure,
For there’s luck in odd numbers,” says Rory O’More.

* Paddy’s mode of asking a girl to name the day.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILD !

CHARLES DICKENS.]

[*Music* by JOHN HULLAH.]

The child and the old man sat alone,
 In the quiet peaceful shade
 Of the old green boughs that had richly grown
 In the deep thick forest glade !
 It was a soft and pleasant sound,
 That rustling of the oak ;
 And the gentle breeze play'd lightly round,
 As thus the fair boy spoke :—

“ Dear father, what can honour be,
 Of which I hear men rave ?
 Field, cell, and cloister, land and sea,
 The tempest, and the grave ?
 It lives in all, 'tis sought in each
 'Tis never heard or seen ;
 Now, tell me, father, I beseech,
 What can this honour mean ?”

“ It is a name, a name, my child,
 It lived in other days ;
 When men were rude, their passions wild,
 Their sport thick battle frays :
 When in armour bright the warrior bold
 Knelt to his lady's eyes ;
 Beneath the abbey pavement old
 That warrior's dust now lies.

“ The iron hearts of that old day
 Have mouldered in the grave ;
 And chivalry has passed away
 With knights so true and brave.
 The honour which to them was life,
 Throbs in no bosom now ;
 It only gilds the gambler's strife,
 Or decks the worthless brow.”

THE WIND AND THE BEAM!

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.] [*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

The wind and the beam loved the rose,
 And the rose loved one ;
 For, who seeks the wind as it blows,
 Or loves, or loves not the sun ?
 None knew whence the humble wind stole,
 Poor sport of the skies ;
 None dreamt that the wind had a soul,
 In its mournful sighs.

The wind, &c.

Oh, happy beam, how canst thou prove
 That bright love of thine ?
 In thy light is the proof of thy love,
 Thou hast, thou hast but to shine.
 How else can the wind reveal,
 Unwelcome its sigh ;
 Mute to its rose let it steal,
 Its proof is to die !

The wind, &c.

ORANGES, SWEET ORANGES!

[DOUGLAS JERROLD.]

Oh, oranges, sweet oranges,
 Plumpy cheeks that peep in trees,
 The crabbed'st churl in all the south
 Would hardly let a thirsty mouth
 Gaze at ye, and not long to taste,
 Nor grant one golden kiss at last.
 La, la, la—la sol fa mi—
 My lady look'd through the orange tree.

Yet cheeks there are, yet cheeks there are,
 Sweeter, oh God ! how far !

That make a thirst like very death,
 Down to the heart, through lips and breath ;
 And if you ask a taste of those,
 The kindest owners would turn foes.
 Oh, la, la—la sol fa mi—
 My lady's down the orange-tree.

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

Baron ZEDLITZ.]

[*Music* by Chevalier NEUKOMM.]

At midnight's dreary hour is heard a fearful sound,
 The spectre-drummer's summons, parading round and
 round ;
 With his fleshless hands fast rolling, rolling in wonted
 play
 That awful signal rally, he takes his ghostly way.
 Oh! strange and wild is the 'larum peal that through
 the darkness comes,
 It stirs, it wakens the valiant ones, laid low in their
 grassy tombs ;
 The hearts that lie in the depths congealed of northern
 ice and snows,
 And those o'er whose unnumber'd heaps Italian summer
 glows,
 The brave in the slimy Nile enwrapt, and in Arabia's
 sands,
 They start from their graves, and arms again bedeck
 their glittering hands.
 At the midnight hour, afar and near, th' unearthly
 clamours flow,
 And he who pours the trumpet blast is riding to and fro ;
 On their airy steeds on ev'ry side the thronging dead
 obey
 The blood-stain'd hosts of the battle-field, in all their
 fierce array,
 Ghostly, beneath their gleaming helmets, the grinning
 skulls appear,
 And countless weapons high in air, their bony hands
 uprear.

And at the midnight hour the chieftain leaves his
 grave;
 Slowly he comes, on his charger white, amid his chosen
 brave;
 He wears no tow'ring plume, no mark of kingly pride,
 And small is the sheathed sword that hangs his
 shadowy form beside.
 The boundless plain illuming, the yellow moonbeams
 shine,
 The squadrons form, and the hero there surveys the
 warrior line;
 The ranks salute their silent lord, the stately march
 renew,
 And now, with clanging music, pass before their
 master's view.
 Marshals and generals round him in circling order go,
 And a word to one beside him the chieftain whispers
 low;
 That word with lightning swiftness flies through all the
 wondrous train,
 "France!" 'tis their watchword, and again—the pass-
 word "St. Helen!"
 Thus, at the midnight hour, along th' Elysian shore,
 Wanders a mighty spirit that toils on earth no more.

HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JAMES PEBBING.]

Have faith in one another,
 When ye meet in friendship's name;
 For the true friend is a brother,
 And his heart should throb the same.
 Though your path in life may differ,
 Since the hour when first ye met,
 Have faith in one another,
 Ye may need that friendship yet.

Have faith in one another,
 When ye whisper love's fond vow:
 It will not be always summer,
 Nor be always bright as now.
 And when winter time comes o'er ye,
 If some kindred heart ye share,
 And have faith in one another,
 Ye shall never more despair.

Have faith in one another,
 For should doubt alone incline,
 It would make the world a desert,
 Where the sun would never shine.
 We have all some transient sorrow
 That o'ershadows us to-day;
 But have faith in one another,
 And it soon shall pass away.

Have faith in one another,
 And let honour be your guide,
 And let truth alone be spoken,
 Whatever may betide.
 The false may reign a season,
 And oh! doubt not that it will;
 But have faith in one another,
 And the truth shall triumph still

OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING ?

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

Of what is the old man thinking
 As he leans on his oaken staff?
 From the May-day pastime shrinking,
 He shares not the merry laugh,
 But the tears of the old man flow
 As he looks on the young and gay,

And his grey head moving slow,
 Keeps time to the air they play.
 The elders around are drinking,
 But not one cup will he quaff;
 Of what is the old man thinking
 As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
 That the old man sheds a tear;
 'Tis not for his strength declining,
 He sighs not to linger here.
 There's a spell in the air they play,
 And the old man's eyes are dim,
 For it calls up a past May-day,
 And the dear friends lost to him.
 From the scene before him shrinking,
 From the dance and the merry laugh,
 Of their calm repose he is thinking,
 As he leans on his oaken staff.

OLD ENGLAND IS OUR HOME.

MARY HOWITT.]

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

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we,
 Our tongue is known in ev'ry clime, our flag in ev'ry
 sea.
 We will not say that we alone the right of freedom
 know;
 There's many a land that's free beside, but England
 made it so!
 The thunder of her battle-ship was heard on many a
 shore,
 But her healing words of peace are heard above the
 cannon's roar.
 Then let us shout for England, the world-beloved Eng-
 land:
 Let every true man shout with us, Hurrah! hurrah! for
 England!

Mothers and wives of England, be to your birthright
 true,
 The welfare of the peopled earth is giv'n by Heaven to you.
 Ye bear no common sons—the child who on your breast
 doth lie,
 Though born within a peasant's shed, is meant for
 doings high ;
 And let each child of England rejoice that it has birth,
 For who is born of English blood is pow'rful on the earth !
 Then let us shout for England, and the great, good
 hearts of England ;
 Let wives and children shout with us, Hurrah ! hurrah !
 for England !

THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Row, row, homeward we steer,
 Twilight falls o'er us ;
 Hark ! hark ! music is near,
 Friends glide before us.
 Song lightens our labour,
 Sing as onward we go ;
 Keep each with his neighbour,
 Time as we go.
 Row, row, homeward we steer, &c.

Row, row, sing as we go,
 Nature rejoices ;
 Hark ! how the hills, as we flow,
 Echo our voices.
 Still o'er the dark waters
 Far away must we roam,
 Ere Italy's daughters
 Welcome us home.
 Row, row, sing as we go, &c.

Row, row, see in the west
 Lights dimly burning;
 Friends, in yon harbour rest,
 Wait our returning.
 See now they burn clearer,
 Keep time with the oar;
 Now, now, we are nearer
 That happy shore.
 Home, home, daylight is o'er,
 Friends stand before us;
 Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,
 Once more the chorus.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Irish Melody.*]

Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
 of it!
 Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when in autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There, having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a
 spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so
 awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet, 'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
 What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though now lawless
 and hidden. _____ So drink, &c.

WIDOW MACHREE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone, Widow Machree—
 Faith, it ruins your looks that same dirty black
 gown,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 It's destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone, Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look
 glum?
 Och hone, Widow Machree.
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why even the bears,

Now in couples agree,
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't speak, they wish.
 Och hone, Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone, Widow Machree.
 Why the shovel and tongs,
 To each other belongs,
 And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee,
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone, Widow Machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
 towl'd,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the
 cowl'd?
 Och hone, Widow Machree.
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see,
 Some ghost or sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, Och hone, Widow Machree!

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone, Widow Machree,
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone, Widow Machree.
 You'd have me to desire,
 Then stir up the fire,
 And sure hope is no liar,
 In whispering to me
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone, Widow Machree!

MOLLY BAWN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely waiting here for you ?
 The stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you ;
 But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd in dew.
 Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.

The pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 The pretty stars were made to shine,
 The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And may be you were made for mine.
 The wicked watch-dog is at me snarling,
 He takes me for a thief you see ;
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.
 Oh, Molly Bawn, &c.

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beautiful dream,
 And I seek thee in vain by meadow and stream ;
 Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds floating by,
 But thy sweet voice is mute to my bosom's lone sigh.
 In the stillness of night, when the stars mildly shine,
 My heart fondly holds a communion with thine ;
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

Of the birds in thy bow'r new companions I make,
 Ev'ry simple wild-flower do I prize for thy sake ;
 The deep woods and dark wilds now a pleasure impart,
 For their solitude suits my sad sorrow-worn heart.

Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not repine,
 Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine ;
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er I may be,
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch over me.

BLUE VIOLETS.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.]

Violets, violets, beautiful blue violets!

Laden with perfume, and dripping all with dew,
 By dell and by dingle, by rill and by rivulets,
 Lady, at sunrise, I sought them for you.

Enclos'd in a cluster of green leaves I found them,
 Hiding their heads from the gaze of the day ;
 Betray'd by the sweets they themselves shed around
 them,

I pluck'd the coy blossoms and bore them away.

Violets, violets, &c.

Then slight not—oh! slight not—the shy little flower

It seeks not to vie with the gay garden rose ;
 Tho' humble the incense it brings to your bower,
 If its life is a short one, 'tis sweet to the close.

Violets, violets, &c.

LOVELY NIGHT.

MARK LEMON.]

[*Music* by J. H. TULLY.]

Lovely night, lovely night,

They have called thee dark and drear,
 But the light, but the light,
 Is to me not half so dear.

For though the sunlight gladsome seems,
 Too oft it brings but tears alone,
 But circled with thy fairy dreams,
 How many joys my heart hath known.

Lovely night, &c.

Lovely night, lovely night,
Though the dews may be thy tears,
Yet how bright, yet how bright,
From thy grief the world appears.
The flowers that before the noon,
Had faded with the sun's warm ray,
When smiled on by the gentle moon,
Revive to bless the coming day.
Lovely night, &c.

JESSIE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Sweet Jessie was young and simple,
And mirth beam'd in her eye,
And her smile made a rosy dimple
Where love might wish to lie;
But when lovers were sighing after,
And vowed she was matchless fair,
Her silver-sounding laughter
Said, love had not been there.

The summer had seen her smiling,
'Mong flowers as fair as she,
But autumn beheld her sighing,
When the leaves fell from the tree;
And the light of her eye was shaded,
And her brow had a cast of care,
And the rose on her cheek was faded,
For, oh! love had been there.

When winter winds were blowing,
She roved by the stormy shore,
And looked o'er the angry ocean,
And shrunk at the breakers' roar;
And her sighs, and her tearful wonder,
At the perils that sailors dare,
In the storm and the battle's thunder,
Showed love was trembling there.

No ring is upon her finger,
 And the raven locks are gray,
 Yet traces of beauty linger,
 Like the light of the parting day;
 She looks with a glance so tender,
 On a locket of golden hair,
 And a tear to his ship's defender,
 Shows love's own dwelling there.

MAID OF ATHENS.

Lord BYRON.]

[*Music* by H. R. ALLEN.]

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh give me back my heart!
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest.
 Hear my vow before I go,
 Zoe mou, sas agapo.*

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægeian wind;
 By those lids whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
 By those wild eyes like the roe,
 Hear my vow before I go,
 Zoe mou, sas agapo.*

Maid of Athens, I am gone,
 Think of me, sweet, when alone;
 Though I fly to Istamboul,
 Athens holds my heart and soul.
 Can I cease to love you? No!
 Zoe mou, sas agapo.*

* My life, my life, I love thee.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

WILLIAM JONES.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Many have told of the monks of old,
 What a saintly race they were;
 But 'tis more true that a merrier crew,
 Could not be found elsewhere.
 For they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
 And lived on the daintiest cheer.

And then they would jest at the love confessed
 By many an artless maid:
 What hopes and fears they had breath'd in the ears
 Of those who had sought their aid.
 For they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
 As they told of each love-sick jade.

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
 Was the heartiest of them all;
 And would take his place with a smiling face,
 When refection bell would call.
 When they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
 Till they shook the olden wall.

Then say what you will, we'll drink to them still,
 For a jovial band they were;
 And 'tis most true that a merrier crew
 Could not be found elsewhere.
 For they sung and laughed, and the rich wine quaffed,
 And lived on the daintiest cheer.

MADOLINE.

E. J. GILL.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

I dream of thee, sweet Madoline !
 So beautiful and bright;
 My mem'ry weaves each look of thine
 With ev'ry thought of light.

Thou art the music of my heart,
 That whispers through each day,
 That speaks thy name in ev'ry breeze,
 When far from thee away.
 I dream of thee, &c.

I dream of thee, dear Madoline,
 Through life's sad waste of years;
 Like Spring's sweet breath to flow'rs that droop,
 Thy beaming smile appears.
 Whene'er the world may cast its care,
 When sorrows near I see;
 I fear no shade, for in my grief
 I turn again to thee.
 I dream of thee, &c.

WOULD I WERE WITH THEE.

Hon. Mrs. NORTON.] [*Music* by EDOUARDO SCHULTZ.]

Would I were with thee ev'ry day and hour,
 Which now I spend so sadly far from thee;
 Would that my form possess'd the magic pow'r
 To follow where my heavy heart would be.
 Whate'er thy lot, by land or sea,
 Would I were with thee eternally.

Would I were with thee, when the world forgetting,
 Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown;
 When bright and red the ev'ning sun is setting
 And all thy thoughts belong to heav'n alone;
 When happy dreams thy heart employ,
 Would I were with thee in thy joy.

Would I were with thee, when no longer feigning
 The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh;
 When thy young lip pours forth its sweet complaining,
 And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye;
 When all seems dark and sad below,
 Would I were with thee in thy woe.

I'M AFLOAT, I'M AFLOAT.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, on the fierce rolling tide,
 The ocean's my home and my bark is my bride;
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea;
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free.
 I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law:
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.
 Quick! quick! trim her sail! let the sheet kiss the wind,
 And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gulls behind.
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea!
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard:
 What matter? our vessel skims on like a bird!
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main?
 She has braved it before, and will brave it again:
 The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall—
 They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot
 appal.
 With lightning above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.
 Hurra! my brave boys, ye may drink, ye may sleep,
 The storm-fiend is hush'd, we're alone on the deep,
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea.
 I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and the Rover is free!

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

Mrs. C. B. WILSON.]

[*Music* by J. DE PINNER.]

What fairy-like music steals over the sea,
 Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody,
 'Tis the voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main,
 As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.

The winds are all hushed, and the waters at rest,
 They sleep like the passions in infancy's breast,
 Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark
 cave,
 And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

THE BLIND MAN'S AT THE DOOR.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.]

[*Music* by JOHN PARBY.]

The blind man's at the door,
 And won't you let him in?
 He plays the harp—he'll spare no pains,
 Your favour for to win;
 He'll sing you fits, one, two, or three,
 And he'll ask you a groat—no more;
 And grudge you a groat, he'll be thankful for less,
 The blind man's at the door.

He'll sing you stories sad,
 And he'll sing you stories gay;
 And, call as often as you please,
 He will not say you nay,
 If you fill him a cup, he's a happy blind man,
 As oft he has been before;
 But grudge you that grace, he's contented with none;—
 The blind man's at the door.

The blind man's at the door,
 And shelter none has he;
 The sky doth smile, or it doth frown,
 But which he cannot see.
 If you welcome him in, what cares he for the sky?
 It may shine, or it may pour;
 But grudge you that grace, wet or dry he must on;—
 The blind man's at the door.

THE BLOODHOUND.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by NEUKOMM.]

Rise, Herod, my hound, from the stranger's floor,
 Old friend, we must wander the world once more ;
 For no one now liveth to welcome us back,
 So, come, let speed on our fated track.
 What matter the region—what matter the weather—
 So you and I travel till death together ?
 And in death, why e'en there, I may still be found
 By the side of my beautiful black bloodhound !

What, Herod, old hound, dost remember the day
 When I fronted the wolves, like a stag at bay ?
 When downwards they galloped to where we stood,
 Whilst I staggered from dread in the dark pinewood.
 Dost remember their howlings ? their horrible speed ?
 God ! God ! how I prayed for a friend in need !
 And he came, Ah, 'twas then my dear Herod I found
 That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound !

Men tell us, dear friend, that the noble hound,
 Must ever be lost in the worthless ground ;
 Yet "Courage," "Fidelity," "Love," they say,
 Bear men as on wings to his skies away !
 Well, Herod, go tell them whatever may be
 I'll hope I may ever be found by thee !
 If in sleep, or in heaven, with heaven around,
 Mayst thou follow e'en thither my dear bloodhound !
 My dear, my dear bloodhound.

TUSCAN WINE.

LEIGH HUNT.]

[*Music* by JOHN BARNETT.]

Away with all water wherever I come,
 I forbid it ye gentlemen all, some wine !
 Wine is your only drink,
 Grief never dares to look at the brink ;

Six times a year to be mad with wine,
 I hold it no shame, but a very good sign ;
 Wine ! wine ! wine !

Wine ! wine ! serve me a dozen,
 But let it be frozen and finished with ice,
 And Tuscan wine, for it is nice.
 Fill me a magnum, and reach it me, gods !
 How it glides to my heart by the sweetest of roads ;
 Oh, how it tickles me, kisses me, bites me,
 'To love and deeds of war excites me !
 Wine ! wine ! wine !

THE BEGGAR'S CREST.

[DOUGLAS JERROLD.]

The eagle may wave in a royal court,
 The cormorant, raven, and kite
 May keep with your gentry of honour and port,
 With marquis, earl, baron, and knight.
 What ! there's a bird for the bold beggar too,
 A bird he may wear at *his* crest ;
 Stout as a lion, nor stouter than true :
 This bird is the Robin Redbreast.

No sneak up is he—nor stupidly shy,
 Begs Robin with haws and with hums ;
 He glances full at you his bead-like eye,
 Then falls to, and picks up your crumbs.
 When he has fed, in a thanksgiving note,
 He sings you a song with a zest ;
 Some silver-bell'd birds would fly at your throat,
 But not so the Robin Redbreast.

THE PILOT.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

Ah, Pilot ! 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep ;

I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep.
 Go down! the sailor cried, go down!
 This is no place for thee;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

Ah, Pilot! dangers often met
 We all are apt to slight;
 And thou hast known the raging waves
 But to subdue their might.
 It is not apathy, he cried,
 That gives this strength to me;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

In such a night, the sea engulph'd
 My father's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down,
 In just so wild a storm.
 And such, perhaps, may be *my* fate—
 But still I say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

EVENING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

In the West the sun declining
 Sinks beneath the mountain height,
 Tints the clouds with golden lining,
 Sets the hills with rubies shining:
 Then bids all the world good night.
 Good night! Good night!

In the wind the grass is bending;
 Flowers now slumber in the shade;
 Birds to seek their nest are wending;
 Flocks in fold the shepherds tending;
 Homeward hies the mountain maid.
 Good night! Good night!

Bleaker winds the flowers benumbing ;
 On the hearth the cricket sings ;
 Home the laden bee flies humming,
 And the drowsy bat is coming,
 Darting on his leathern wings.
 Good night ! Good night !

Man now seeks his peaceful dwelling,
 Circles round the ruddy blaze,
 Of the sweets of labour telling,
 Till his heart, with rapture swelling,
 Grateful gives his Maker praise.
 Good night ! Good night !

THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

FANNY E. LACY.]

[*Music* by FANNY E. LACY.]

Have you seen the new cottage just built by the
 squire ?
 And is it not all a fond heart can desire ?
 With its pretty white gate, which half-open doth stand,
 Where the clustering roses seem courting your hand ;
 In its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay
 To gather the freshness, and bear them away ?
 Yes ! often I stroll to the church on the hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage and old water-mill.

Yes ! there it was once stood the old water-mill,
 And through the green meadows there rippled the rill ;
 And welcome were we in the good miller's time,
 When the mill and its master were both in their prime ;
 And oft, as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
 Have we chorused the laugh, as we chorused the song ;
 But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,
 I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
 And Time, I confess, some sad changes has made ;

But Time still, we know, like the mill, goeth round—
 New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound ;
 Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,
 When neither the mill nor the labour was slack,
 As I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
 Where I viewed the old cottage and old water-mill.

JOHNNY SANDS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by J. SINCLAIR.]

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
 Had married Betty Haigh,
 And though she brought him gold and lands,
 She proved a terrible plague ;
 For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
 Full of caprice and whim ;
 He said that he was tired of life,
 And she was tired of him.

Says he, " Then I will drown myself ;
 The river runs below."

Says she, " Pray do, you silly elf !
 I wished it long ago."

Says he, " Upon the brink I'll stand,
 Do you run down the hill,
 And push me in with all your might."

Says she, " My love, I will."

" For fear that I should courage lack,
 And try to save my life,
 Pray tie my hands behind my back."

" I will," replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
 And when securely done,

" Now stand," she says, " upon the brink,
 And I'll prepare to run."

All down the hill his loving bride
 Now ran, with all her force,

To push him in ; he stepped aside,
 And she fell in of course.
 Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
 "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands!"
 "I can't, my dear, though much I wish,
 For you have tied my hands."

OVER THE SEA.

Mrs. GROOME.]

[*Music* by Mrs. GROOME.]

Over the sea, over the sea,
 Hear what a little bird whispered to me—
 Over the sea, over the sea!
 Somebody's coming ere long.
 Then march, march, march!
 Ye lads of the heather,
 Come trooping together,
 Come march, march, march!
 Gallant hearts, valiant and strong!
 Oh, it's over the sea, over the sea,
 Hear what a bonnie bird whispered to me—
 Over the sea, over the sea!
 Somebody's coming ere long!

Over the sea, over the sea,
 Too long my laddie has wandered fra' me—
 Over the sea, over the sea!
 Now he is coming once more.
 Then we'll march, march, march,
 To greet him once more
 On his own native shore!
 Let us march, march, march,
 And bear him in triumph along!
 Oh, it's over the sea, over the sea,
 Hear what a bonnie bird whispered to me—
 Over the sea, over the sea,
 Charlie is coming once more!

BEAUTIFUL VENICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Beautiful Venice!—city of song!
 What mem'ries of old to thy regions belong!
 What sweet recollections cling to my heart,
 As thy fast fading shores from my vision depart!
 Oh, Poesy's home is thy light colonnades,
 Where the winds gently sigh as the sweet twilight
 fades!
 I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me
 Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea!

Beautiful Venice! Queen of the earth!
 Where dark eyes shine brightly 'mid music and
 mirth—
 Where gay serenaders, by light of the star,
 Oft mingle their songs with the dulcet guitar!
 All that's lovely in life—all that's deathless in song—
 Fair Italy's isles—to thy regions belong:
 I have known many homes, but the dwelling for me
 Is beautiful Venice, the bride of the sea!

 THE CHILD AND THE DEWDROPS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

“Oh, father, dear father! why pass they away,
 The dewdrops that sparkled at dawning of day—
 That glittered like stars by the light of the moon,
 Oh, why are those dewdrops dissolving so soon?
 Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness
 away,
 As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
 The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
 But the dew has dried out of their petals again.”

“My child,” said the father, “look up to the skies,
 Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;

There—there are the dewdrops in glory reset,
 'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
 Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
 To mourn not earth's fair things though fleeting away?
 For, though youth of its brightness and beauty be
 riven,
 All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in
 heaven."

Alas, for the father! how little knew he
 The words he had spoken prophetic could be!
 That the beautiful child, the bright star of his day,
 Was e'en then, like the dewdrops, dissolving away!
 Oh, sad was the father, when lo! in the skies
 The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
 And *then* he remembered the maxims he'd given,
 And thought of his child and the dewdrops—in
 heaven!

THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by HENRY PHILLIPS.]

Sing!—Who sings
 To her who weareth a hundred rings?
 Ah, who is this lady fine?
 The Vine, boys! the Vine!
 The mother of mighty Wine.
 A roamer is she
 O'er wall and tree,
 And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
 To her who blusheth and never thinks?
 Ah, who is this maid of thine?
 The Grape, boys! the Grape!
 O, never let her escape
 Until she be turned to Wine!
 For better is she,
 Than vine can be,
 And very, very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
 Of the god who governs a thousand streams?
 Ah, who is this spirit fine?
 'Tis Wine, boys! 'tis Wine!
 God Bacchus, a friend of mine!
 O, better is he
 Than grape or tree,
 And the best of all good company!

SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM—NEVER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

She never blamed him—never,—
 But received him when he came,
 With a welcome kind as ever,
 And she tried to look the same.
 But vainly she dissembled,
 For whene'er she tried to smile,
 A tear unbidden trembled
 In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
 And she dreaded not her doom;
 She never thought of sighing,
 O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
 She knew her cheek was altered,
 And she knew her eye was dim,
 But her sweet voice only faltered
 When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
 From the isle where she was born,
 'Tis true he had inured her
 To the cold world's cruel scorn;
 But yet she never blamed him
 For the anguish she had known,
 And though she seldom named him,
 Yet she thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caress'd her,
 For she knew that they must part,
 She spoke not when he press'd her
 To his young and panting heart;
 The banners waved around her,
 And she heard the bugle's sound—
 They pass'd—and strangers found her
 Cold and lifeless on the ground.

LIFE IS A RIVER.

CHARLES JEFFEYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

Oh, life is a river, and man is the boat,
 That over its surface is destined to float—
 And joy is a cargo so easily stor'd,
 That he is a fool who takes sorrow aboard.

We all have a taste of the ups and downs,
 As Fortune dispenses her smiles and her frowns;
 But may we not hope, if she's frowning to-day,
 That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray?

Would summer be prized for its fruits and its flowers
 If winter ne'er followed with storm, winds, and
 showers?

And does not the brightest of pleasures appear
 Still brighter, when chequered by moments of care?

I ask not for gold, are there treasures in wealth,
 So dear to the heart as contentment and health?
 O, give me but these, nought can add to my store,
 Without them, though riches are mine, I am poor.

“STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT'S HOT.”

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by LOVELL PHILLIPS.]

With the light be up and doing
 For there's danger in delay,

Hope deferred but leads to ruin,
 "Now or never" wins the day.
 With the thought, the deed begin it,
 Act at once,—upon the spot;
 What you'd gain, the way to win it,
 Strike the iron while it's hot!
 Strike the iron, &c.

Good advice ye need not spurn it,
 But the man who'll soonest rise,
 Faces danger but to turn it,
 And upon himself relies.
 Never wait another's aiding,
 You yourself may be forgot,
 Lose no time in vain upbraiding,—
 Strike the iron while it's hot!
 Strike the iron, &c.

Would ye do a kindly action,
 Though your aid be vainly lent,
 There is still the satisfaction
 That the act was kindly meant.
 Pause not then to ask another
 If to do the deed or not,
 Look in each as on a brother,—
 Strike the iron while 'tis hot.
 Strike the iron, &c.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE!

Hon. Mrs. NORTON.]

[*Music* by Mrs. NORTON.]

I do not love thee,—no—I do not love thee,
 And yet, when thou art absent I am sad,
 And envy e'en the bright blue sky above thee,
 Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee,—yet, when thou art gone,
 I hate the sound, though those who speak be dear,
 Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
 The voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee,—yet I know not why,—
 Whate'er thou dost, seems still well done to me ;
 And often, in my solitude, I sigh
 That those I do love are not more like thee.

THE GIPSY KING.

From the German.]

[*Music* by W. WEST.]

Oh, 'tis I am the gipsy king,
 And where is there king like me ?
 No trouble my dignities bring,
 No other is half so free.
 In my kingdom there is but one table,
 All my subjects partake of my cheer,
 We would all drink champagne were we able,
 As it is, we have plenty of beer.
 For I am the gipsy king !

Ha ! ha !

A king, and a true one am I,
 No courtier nor minister fear ;
 I see everything with mine own eye
 And hear everything with mine own ear.
 No conspiracy I apprehend,
 Among brothers and equals I rule ;
 We all help both to gain and to spend,
 And get drunk when the treasury's full.
 For I, &c

I confess that I am but a man,
 My fail'ngs who pleases may know,
 I'm fond of my girl and my can,
 And jolly companions a row.
 My subjects are kind to me,
 They don't grudge me the largest glass,
 Nor yet that I hold on my knee
 At this moment the prettiest lass.
 For I, &c.

Ne'er a king do I envy, nor Keyser,
 Who sits on a golden throne ;
 And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,
 Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
 To sit the night through in a crown,
 I've a notion mine ears 'twould freeze ;
 So I pull my old nightcap down,
 And tipple and smoke at my ease.
For I, &c.

WHY DID SHE LEAVE HIM?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Why did she leave him? they grew up together ;
 In the old church—on the old village green—
 Never apart in the sunshiny weather,
 Ellen and Edward in childhood were seen.
 She had not wealth, but her beauty commanded
 Suitors, alas ! who could riches secure,
 And, when her hand, as his bride, he demanded,
 Why did she leave him because he was poor ?

He who was once 'mid the young and gay-hearted,
 First in the frolic of market and fair ;
 Wan are his cheeks whence the smile has departed,
 Others may revel, but he cannot share.
 Bright are the eyes that around him are beaming,
 Cold is the heart that they strive to allure—
 Save when at night on the past he is dreaming,—
 Why did she leave him because he was poor.

Now she rides by in her pride and her carriage,
 But where is the bloom that once shone on her cheek ?
 Haughty and cold are the friends of her marriage ;
 Now she must feel what she dare not to speak !
 She, perchance, sighs for her earlier hours—
 Grieves for the sorrow that he must endure—
 Would give up the world for a wreath of wild flowers,—
 Why did she leave him because he was poor ?

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
 And the tempest was swelling
 Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!"
 Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
 "Oh, blest be that warning,
 My child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
 "And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
 And say thou wouldst rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father!
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."
 The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
 And closely caressing
 Her child, with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with
 thee."

THE ISLE OF ROSES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by J. W. HOBBS.*

They say there's an isle where but roses grow,
 Where no other flowers are seen;
 That spot did I know, it is there I'd go,
 And be of that island the queen.

I'd whisper farewell to the home where I dwell,
 I'd fly from this cold world of ours :
 That isle it should be the whole world to me,
 And I would be queen of the flow'rs.

They say that the rose, in that fairy isle,
 Has never been known to decay :
 The rose from my cheek, and the light of my smile,
 Ah! there they would pass not away.
 How sweet it would be, for you and for me,
 To pass thus through life's happy hours ;
 Where winds softly sigh, and streams murmur by,
 And me for the queen of the flow'rs.

THE FLOWER GATHERERS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

Gathering flow'rs from the break of morn,
 Ours is no life for the world to scorn ;
 Roving the woods and the meadows green,
 Seeking the nooks where the elves have been ;
 Culling the gems from each mossy bed,
 Where the modest violet hides her head ;
 Or plucking the blooms of the sweet harebell,
 Down in the dells where the fairies dwell.

Ho! for the woods at the dawn of day!
 Up with the sun, and away, away.
 Oh! what a joyous life is ours,
 Shaking the dew from the woodland flow'rs!
 Seeking the spots where the cowslips lie
 Hidden afar from the world's dull eye :
 Scenting the air with their rich perfume,
 Laden we come with the golden bloom.

Lady, arise from your golden sleep ;
 Laden we come from the forest deep :
 Here are the flow'rs of your early dreams,
 Cull'd from the banks of the woodland streams.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

John Anderson, my jo, John, when Nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man ;
 And you among them a', John, so trig from top to toe,
 She prov'd to be nae journeywork, John Anderson,
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
 I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late :
 They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it
 be so,
 Ye're aye the same kind man to me, John Anderson,
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first
 acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was
 brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like
 the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson,
 my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill
 thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
 anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
 we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

FAR, FAR AWAY AT SEA.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

"Far, far away at sea:"

Thus I heard a mother sing,
 With her child upon her knee ;

"Twas a merry, winsome thing.

In its bright blue laughing eye,
 There an angel you might trace;
 But the mother breath'd a sigh,
 As she gaz'd into its face;
 And she listen'd to the wind,
 As she rock'd it on her knee,
 And it told me that her mind
 Was far away at sea.

Far, far away at sea,
 There are many that we love;
 But, wherever they may be,
 There is One who rules above;
 And we breathe a pray'r to Him,
 Who has pow'r alone to save,
 When the night is dark and dim,
 And the tempests loudly rave;
 And the stars that o'er us glide,
 Seem to answer, "Trust in Me,
 For My hand is on the tide,
 Far, far away at sea."

FREE AS THE AIR.

Mrs. W. TAYLOR.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

Free as the air I will be,
 Like a breeze on a sweet summer's day,
 O'er meadows of cowslips I'll trip,
 Where the butterfly wingeth her way.
 To some fairy-grot then I will hie,
 And hide till the close of the day,
 And then, as the golden sun sinks,
 I will dance to his last setting ray.
Free as the air, &c.

Free as the air I will be,
 Like the silver moon closing the day,
 As silently to the deep lake
 I am borne on her pale beams away;

Where the sea-nymph her yellow hair laves,
 As she sails 'neath the moon's mystic ray,
 By her smiles from the flow'ry bank led—
 In her bright car I'll float far away.
 Free as the air, &c.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
 Of Cyprus, and who can say how many more,
 For a chary old soul is he.
 Of sack and canary he never doth fail,
 And all the year round there is brewing of ale;
 Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
 While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.
 But—ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show
 How oft the black jack to his lips doth go.
 Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
 For a matron sage is she;
 From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume—
 She says it is rosemarie.
 But there's a small cupboard behind the backstair,
 And the maids say they often see Margery there;
 Now Margery says that she grows very old,
 And she must take a something to keep out the cold.
 But—ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
 Where many a flask of his best doth go.
 Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
 And talks about taking a wife;
 And Margery often is heard to declare,
 That she ought to be settled for life.
 But Margery has, so the maids say, a tongue,
 And she's not very handsome, nor yet very young.
 So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
 And Simon he brews him a tankard instead;
 With a ho! ho! ho! he doth chuckle and crow,
 "What! marry old Margery! oh, no, no!"

PHILIP THE FALCONER.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Young Philip the Falconer's up with the day,
 With his merlin on his arm,
 And down the mill-meadows has taken his way
 To hawk—and pray where's the harm?
 Philip is stalwart, and Philip is young,
 And Philip, they say, has a musical tongue;
 The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
 And Philip he always is hawking there!
 For he vows and declares, believe it or not,
 There's not in the kingdom, for herons, such a spot;
 And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
 Should be train'd in the morning early.

The miller's to market to buy him some corn,
 For work it should never stand still;
 A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
 In the meadow below the mill;
 And Philip's grown tired of a bachelor's life,
 Thinks the miller's young sister would make a good
 wife;
 And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
 And then a long leave-taking over the stile.
 Oh, when he returns from market, I guess,
 The miller will find he's a sister the less!
 For maidens, they say, do not always say "nay,"
 When they're asked in the morning early.

The miller's returned to a comfortless home,
 No maiden's sweet voice is there;
 He sought o'er the hills, through the valleys and fields,
 For comfort his spirits to cheer.
 But the birds sang less sweetly, the streams murmur'd
 low,
 The winds were all cross, and the mill wouldn't go:
 But he met little Mary just down by the lea;—
 Now they both had long lov'd, when they thought their
 hearts free;—

"Oh, Mary," he said, and her hand press'd the while,
 "Shall we talk of our wedding just down by the stile?"
 She blush'd, turn'd away, but she didn't say "nay,"
 So they married one morning early.

SHE WAS SISTER TO THE ANGELS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

She was sister to the angels,
 For we knew we could not trace,
 In that form of radiant beauty,
 Any stain of earthly race ;
 Like a sunbeam was her laughter,
 And of heav'n's own blue, her eye ;
 And we wonder'd not they took her
 To their home beyond the sky :
 Like a shadow that comes flitting,
 Through some bright and sunny beam ;
 She has pass'd away before us,
 And has left us but a dream.

There are flowers that fade in summer,
 That the spring-time may restore ;
 But the heart grows sad and weary,
 Ere the winter time is o'er.
 In a thousand sunny places,
 We their beauteous forms may view ;
 But they seem not half so lovely
 As the flowers our childhood knew.
 So in all that's fair around us,
 We in part recall that face,
 That had less of earth than Heaven,
 Yet of each had left a trace.

SING ON, SING ON.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. C. CLIFTON]

Oh! give me a sweet and a shady bow'r
 On the banks of a river clear and bright

And let not a ray of the sun have pow'r
 To peep thro' the woodbines from morn till night :
 Then sing me the songs that I used to hear,
 In our own sweet home more fair than this ;
 And if on my cheek you behold a tear,
 Sing on, sing on, for such tears are bliss.

When last we met in that lonely bow'r
 We knew not the meaning of such fond tears :
 We are older now, and weep for some
 Who shar'd in the pleasure of former years.
 Ah ! when I remember how oft they heard
 That song in a shady spot like this,
 Tho' a tear may fall for ev'ry word,
 Sing on, sing on, for such tears are bliss.

A SEA-SIDE SERENADE.

THOMAS MILLER.]

[*Music* by HENRY FARMER.]

On thee while fondly dreaming,
 I see the moonlight gleaming,
 Upon the silver sea ;
 And think her beams resemble
 The tears which I saw tremble,
 When last I looked on thee !

And as the stars lie sparkling
 Or the dim waves roll darkling
 Far out upon the sea,
 So Hope comes faintly shining,
 So memory goes repining,
 When thou art not with me.

Or to the lighthouse turning
 In the far distance burning,
 A watchman on the sea,
 I picture thee while sleeping
 And see some angel keeping
 A silent watch o'er thee.

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

M. G. LEWIS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweet spring-time did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 The fairest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he,
 On the banks of Allan water
 None was so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When brown autumn spreads its store
 Then I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smiled no more ;
 For the summer grief had brought her,
 And the soldier false was he,
 On the banks of Allan Water
 None was so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter ;
 Chilling blew the blast ;
 But the miller's lovely daughter
 Both from cold and care was free,
 On the banks of Allan water
 There a corpse lay she.

 COME DWELL WITH ME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music by A. LEE.*]

Come, dwell with me, come, dwell with me,
 And our home shall be, our home shall be,
 A pleasant cot, in a tranquil spot,
 With a distant view of each changing scene.
 My cottage is a magic scene,
 The sheltering boughs seem ever green,

The streamlet as it flows along
 Seems murm'ring forth a fairy song.
 Come, dwell with me, &c.

The tendrils of the purple vine
 Around the rustic porch will twine,
 The woodbine and the myrtle flower
 Shall make each casement seem a bower.
 I will not make thee once regret
 The gay saloons where first we met.
 'Twill be my pride to hear thee say,
 Love makes this valley far more gay.
 Come, dwell with me, &c.

O LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

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

O let me like a soldier fall
 Upon some open plain ;
 This breast, expanding for the ball
 To blot out every stain ;
 Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
 That gentler ones may tell
 Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
 I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race
 Which ends its blaze in me,
 To die the last and not disgrace
 Its ancient chivalry ;
 Though o'er my clay no banner wave
 Nor trumpet requiem swell ;
 Enough, they murmur at my grave
 He like a soldier fell.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah,
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,

And I say unto thee, that verily, ah,
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
 With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bower,
 And thou longest in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys, which are harmless, what mortal can blame?
 'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
 And to prove that my words and deeds are the same,
 Believe me, thou'lt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

TWILIGHT.

MARTIN CAWOOD.]

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

When lingering sunbeams fade away
 And flowrets drop their heads,
 And twilight o'er departing day
 Its mystic influence sheds :
 When nature sleeps in calm repose
 O'er mountain, brake, and tree ;
 And stars their twinkling light disclose,
 I think of love and thee.

'Tis in that silent, lonely hour
 The soul recalls the past,
 And conjures up with magic power
 Bright days too pure to last ;
 Then fancy paints in vivid rays
 Scenes ever dear to me.
 And, musing o'er those by-gone days,
 I think of love and thee !

LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE
FIND HIM.

JAMES SIMMONDS.]

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

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see,
And should a man blame, let's remind him
That from faults we are none of us free;
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn
Whom we're loading with high honours now.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say;
If he's frail, then a kind word may bind him
Where coldness would turn him away;
For the heart must be barren indeed
Where no bud of repentance can bloom;
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed—
On a frown or a smile hangs its doom.

HARK! 'TIS FAIRY MUSIC.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Hark! 'tis fairy music stealing
Through the woods so soft and clear;
List! those gentle sounds revealing
That the fairy elves are near.
Nearer now, and now retreating,—
Sound and echo! Hark! again;
'Tis some joyous fairy greeting—
None but they could make that strain.
Yes, 'tis fairy music, &c.

All is still, the charm is broken,
They have heard us in the glen,
Or the fairy spell is broken,
And they leave the haunts of men.

Hark again! I hear their voices;
 Hush! our presence you'll betray;
 Echo o'er the strain rejoices
 As it softly dies away.
 Yes, 'twas fairy music, &c.

TELL ME WHERE DO FAIRIES DWELL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

FIRST VOICE.

Tell me where do fairies dwell,
 Where they work each mystic spell;
 Tell me where their home can be,
 Where they sport in fantasie?

SECOND VOICE.

Far removed from human eyes,
 Yet their home is 'neath the skies;
 On the greenwood, in the dell,
 There the fairy creatures dwell.

DUET. Singing so cherrily
 Fairy-like song;
 Dancing so merrily
 All the night long.

FIRST VOICE.

Tell me, gentle sister dear,
 When the moon is shining clear,
 May not merry elves be seen
 Where we know their steps have been?

SECOND VOICE.

No! for we the spell should break;
 They the spot would soon forsake:
 Sometimes heard, but never seen;
 Gentle spirits haunt the green.

DUET. Singing so cherrily, &c.

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music by C. W. GLOVER.*]

Though I mingle in the throng
 Of the happy and the gay,
 From the mirth of dance and song
 I would fain be far away ;
 For I love to use no wile,
 And I can but deem it sin
 That the brow should wear a smile
 When the soul is sad within.
 Though a parent's stern command
 Claims obedience still from me,
 It is hard to give the hand
 Where the heart can never be

I have sighed and suffered long,
 Yet have never told my grief,
 In the hope that for my wrong
 Time itself would bring relief ;
 I will own no rebel thought,
 But I will not wear the chain,
 That with me must still be fraught
 With but misery and pain.
 In all else I will be bland,
 But in this I must be free,
 And I will not give the hand
 Where the heart can never be.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

DYER.]

[*Old English Melody.*]

Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace,
 To faction an end, to wealth increase ;
 Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found,
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew ;
 And they that woman's health deny,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joy I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
 Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
 For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
 And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
 And their united pleasures reign,
 While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
 We'll sing the joys that both afford ;
 And they that wont with us comply,
 Down among the dead men let them lie.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Oh, come to the West, love—Oh, come there with me,
 'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea—
 Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne—
 Oh, come to the West, and I'll make thee my own ;
 I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
 And you'll say there's no land like the land of the West.

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
 But ours are more sweet with Love's own changeful hue ;
 Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
 Oh, what is the South to the beautiful West !
 Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth
 Will be sweeter to me than the flowers of the South.

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
 All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day—

There the Storm King may dwell in the halls he loves
 best,
 But the soft-breathing zephyr he plays in the West.
 Then come to the West, where no cold wind doth blow,
 And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

The sun in the gorgeous East chases the night,
 When he rises refresh'd in his glory and might—
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest—
 Oh, doth he not haste to the beautiful West?
 Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best—
 'Tis the land of my sires—'tis my own darling West.

HAPPY LAND.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music* by Dr. RIMBAULT.]

Happy land! happy land!
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again, still again,
 My thoughts will cling to thee.
 Land of love and sunny skies,
 Rich in joy and beauty,
 Merry hearts and laughing eyes
 Still make affection duty.
 Happy land! happy land!
 Ne'er from thee my heart can stray;
 I would fain hear again
 The merry mountain lay.
 Li, li, la, la, &c.

Happy land! happy land!
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again, still again,
 My thoughts will cling to thee.
 Like that bird of love and song,
 Far from its loved dwelling,
 When into the wild air flung,
 What joy his note is telling!
 Oh, happy land! happy land! &c.

SYLVIA SLEEPS!

ANN FRICKER.]

[*Music* by ANN FRICKER.]

Sylvia sleeps! and tears of night
 Glitter in the silvery light;
 Cowslips hang their heavy heads,
 Slumbering on the verdant beds;
 Silence reigns in wood and grove,
 Mute the warbling notes of love;
 All is hushed, till, by-and-bye,
 Philomel sings Lullaby!
 Sylvia sleeps!

Sylvia wakes! and 'neath her feet
 Myriad buds her presence greet,
 Shaking off their pearly tears
 When the fairest flower appears,
 And in grove or tangled brake
 Notes of joyful welcome wake;
 While the lark, on upward wing,
 To the sky her praise doth sing.
 Sylvia wakes!

THE REIN-DEER.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

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

Rein-deer! Rein-deer! over the snow,
 Let the lightning's speed be thine.
 Haste thee on! thou art all too slow
 For a love so warm as mine.
 Oh! that thou couldst outstrip the wind
 In the path thou lov'st to roam;
 On, on, and win a caress as kind
 As the smile that lights my home.

Rein-deer! swift is thy foot, but ne'er,
 Were thy speed the wild bird's flight,
 Rushing on through the realms of air,
 Couldst thou reach our home ere night;

Another day—and another still—
 And such days to me are years—
 Must thou follow thy master's will
 Ere his distant home appears.

Day is gone, and the night clouds lower,
 Bringing rest to thee awhile ;
 I will watch for the morning hour,
 Then away to thy weary toil.
 Daylight sets, but oh ! not in care,
 Ere the shades of night are come ;
 Rein-deer ! thou for thy speed shalt share
 In the joys of thy master's home.

WILT THOU MEET ME THERE, LOVE!

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by B. HIME.]

Where, as dewy twilight lingers
 O'er the balmy air, love,
 Harps seem touched by fairy fingers,
 Wilt thou meet me there, love ?
 While the rapid swallow's flying,
 And each distant murmur dying,
 Leaves alone around us sighing,
 Wilt thou meet me there, love ?

Where soft gales from beds of flowers
 Fragrant incense bear, love,
 Sweet as Eastern maidens' bowers,
 Wilt thou meet me there, love ?
 While the bird of love is singing,
 Liquid notes around us flinging,
 Rapture to the full heart bringing,
 Wilt thou meet me there, love ?

BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Hey the bonnie, O the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast-knots ;
 Blythe and merry were they a'
 When they put on the breast-knots.
 'There was a bridal in our town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun,
 Wi' mangle facings a' their gowns,
 And some o' them had breast-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' shining buckles i' their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats ;
 Out cam' the wives a' wi' applause,
 And wished the lassie happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' her claes,
 Especially the breast-knots.

The bride was young, the bride was fair,
 Wi' faultless form an' graceful air,
 Her looks they were 'yond a' compare,
 When she put on the breast-knots.
 Singing, Hey the bonnie, O the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast-knots !
 Blythe and merry were they a'
 When they put on the breast-knots.

FAR DOWN A VALLEY LONELY.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music by H. R. ALLEN.*]

Far down a valley lonely,
 Just such as poets deem
 May be made for lovers only,
 When but of love they dream,
 There came a youth and maiden,
 When snow was on the ground,

And every tree was laden
 With glitt'ring frost-pearls round.
 Said he, "By all above thee,
 My heart no change can know!"
 These words, "I swear to love thee,"
 He traced upon the snow.
 Heigho! heigho! heigho!
 It was ever so!
 Lovers' words are ever,
 Ever traced in snow.

The snow he wrote on, purer
 Was not than her fair breast;
 But the words were deeper, surer,
 Upon her heart imprest.
 The maiden soon did languish,
 To find her lover flown;
 And on in bitter anguish
 She pined, and wept alone.
 The words, where he had traced them,
 "I swear to love thee," lo!
 A month had all effaced them,
 The words went with the snow.
 Heigho! &c.

A WORD IN SEASON.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

A word in season spoken
 May calm the troubled breast,
 And hearts by grief half broken
 May find some place of rest;
 Then who would coldly listen
 To sorrow's thrilling tale,
 When eyes with Hope might glisten,
 If kind words but prevail.

If we but gently reason
 When lost is honour's track,

A word of love in season
 May bring the wand'rer back ;
 Then who would lose the pleasure
 A friendly voice may win,
 Nor gather up the treasure
 Of turning hearts from sin ?

HONEST PRIDE.

JAMES SIMMONDS.]

[*Music by N. J. SPOBLE.*

Listen, ye tillers of the soil
 That gave our fathers birth,
 And I will tell you what I feel
 A poor man's pride on earth :
 I'm proud to toil with willing hands,
 And earn my daily bread ;
 Yet prouder still no man can say
 By ill-got gold I'm fed.

I'm proud to see my frugal wife
 Sit smiling by my side ;
 Prouder to think 'twas not for gold
 That she became my bride.
 I'm proud to help a falling friend,
 And do what good I can ;
 Prouder to know the world must say
 That I'm an honest man.

I'm proud to see my children smile
 Upon their mother's knee ;
 Prouder to think, when I'm no more
 They cannot blush for me ;
 Humble, when night is gliding on,
 To read the holy prayer,
 And prove that there's a heavenly balm
 For every earthly care.

I'm proud that all my actions,
 And not my words alone,

- Will help to guide my children
To an everlasting throne.
And proud am I that all the world
Who saw the course I ran,
Must say, while bending o'er my grave,
"Here lies an honest man!"

THE OLD CHIMNEY-CORNER.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

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

In the dear old chimney-corner let us circle round the fire,
For the wind it whistles mournfully—chill falls the
evening dew;
Our fire has life, existence!—heap the blazing faggot
higher,
As warm and bright it kindles will each bosom kindle
too.
'Tis a friend—a glad companion—through the lonely
winter night;
Its creation, how delightful! to neglect it were a
shame!
How it blazes! how it sparkles! as it bursts from
smoke to light!
With life and voice it leaps—it speaks! Feed,
merry hearts, the flame!
In the old chimney-corner let us circle round the
fire.

In the snug old chimney-corner is the offering burnt of
home—
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's own shrine!
The incense of good fellowship we'll raise to all that
come,
From which, as high as smoke ascends, we'll omens
draw divine.
Blithe fire! what fairy visions in thy cheerful front we
trace,
Bright faces, sunny landscapes, that still smile at
ev'ry care!

Thy ashes tell us we must die, but thoughts of sorrow
 chase,
 And with our fireside songs, my merry hearts, defy
 despair!
 In the old chimney-corner let us circle round the
 fire.

THE WANDERER'S ADIEU.

Countess of BLESSINGTON.] [*Music* by J. P. BARRATT.]

Beautiful maiden, as pure as the snow
 On thine own native mountains, wherever I go,
 I'll think of thee, artless and fair as thou art,
 Though soon, ah! too soon, I from thee must depart.

I'll think of thee beaming, as now, with a smile,
 And thine innocent converse that oft did beguile
 The long hours of evening, and of thy sweet song
 That the wild mountain echoes so loved to prolong.

Beautiful maiden, oh! blest be thy lot,
 With the youth who has won thee, though I be forgot;
 My prayer shall ascend to the heavens for thee,
 When distant thy sweet face no more I can see.

MAUD.

[ALFRED TENNYSON.]

This exquisite lyric has been set to music by most of our
 modern composers.

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the roses blown.
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

There has fall'n a splendid tear
 From the passion-flow'r at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;
 The red-rose cries, " She is near, she is near ;"
 And the white rose weeps, " She is late ;"
 The larkspur listens, " I hear, I hear ;"
 And the lily whispers, " I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke :
 " Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be
 broke ;
 So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
 Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up my cup ; come, fill up my can,
 Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men.
 Unhook the West Port, and let us gae free ;
 For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street ;
 The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat.

But the Provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be;
For the town is weel rid o' that deil o' Dundee."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth;

If there are Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the
North.

There are brave Duinhe-wassels, three thousand times
three,

Will cry, "Hey! for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

"Then, awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks!

Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch wi' the fox.

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee;

Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets and me."

Come, fill up my cup, &c.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE ONE'S OWN HOME.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[*Music* by FANNY H. HENSLÓWE.]

Oh, this is not my own home,

Though fair as home may be;

There's nothing like one's own home,

Whatever land we see.

It is not choice nor costly cheer

That real comfort makes—

There's more for which the heart sighs here,

For which it longs and aches.

No, this is not my own home,

Though fair as home may be;

There's nothing like one's own home,

Whatever land we see.

There's something in our own home

That gives the spirit wings,—

A noise within our own home,

Which like an angel sings.

It is not wealth or richer fare
 For which the soul doth pine ;
 Which makes the cottage love doth share,
 Like something half divine.
 No, this is not my own home,
 Though fair as home may be ;
 There's nothing like one's own home,
 Whatever land we see.

FORGET THEE!

REV. H. MOULTRIE.]

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

Forget thee ! if to dream by night,
 And think of thee by day ;
 If all the homage deep and wild,
 A poet's heart can pay ;
 If prayers in absence breath'd for thee,
 To Heaven's protecting power ;
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee,
 Ten thousand in an hour ;
 If busy fancy blending thee
 With all my future lot,—
 If this thou call'st forgetting,
 Then, indeed, thou art forgot !

Forget thee ! bid the forest birds
 Forget their sweetest tune ;
 Forget thee ! bid the sea forget
 To swell beneath the moon ;
 The thirsty flowers forget to drink
 The eve's refreshing dew ;
 Thyself forget thine own dear land,
 With its mountains wild and blue ;
 Forget each old familiar face,
 Each well-remembered spot,—
 When these things are forgot by thee,
 Then thou shalt be forgot !

THE SONG OF THE SAILOR BOY.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.]

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear ;
Oh ! why do you sit and weep ?
Do you think that He, who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep ?
Let Faith and Hope illumine the glance
That sees the bark set sail ;
Look at her now, and see her dance :
Oh ! why do you turn so pale ?
'Tis an English ship, and an English crew,
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh ! wonder not that, next to thee,
I love the galloping wave ;
'Tis the first of coursers, wild and free,
And only carries the brave.
It has borne me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand ;
And a fight with the sea, in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land.
The storm was long, but it found me true ;
So, mother, be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard
A voice in the anchor-chain,
That whisper'd like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come again."
God bless thee, mother ! Adieu ! adieu !
But never weep for your boy in blue.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by Sir HENRY BISHOP.]

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall,
 And their Baron retainers were blithe and gay,
 Keeping their Christmas holiday.

The Baron beheld with a father's pride
 His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
 While she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
 The star of the goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing," now she cried,
 "Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide;
 And Lovel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace
 The clue to my secret lurking-place."

Away she ran, and her friends began
 Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
 And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
 I'm alone without thee, my own dear bride."

Oh! the mistletoe bough.

They sought her that night and they sought her next
 day,

And they sought her in vain when a week passed
 away;

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
 Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.

And years flew by—their grief at last
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
 And when Lovel appeared, the children cried,
 "See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

Oh! the mistletoe bough.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
 And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
 In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Oh, sad was her fate—in sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest ;
 It closed with a spring,—and, dreadful doom,
 The bride lay clasped in her living tomb.
 Oh! the mistletoe bough.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

J. HOWARD PAYNE.]

[*Music* by Sir HENRY BISHOP.]

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
 where.

Home! home! sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
 Give me peace of mind that's dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

ANNIE LAURIE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gied me her promise true;
 Gied me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her throat is like the swan,

Her face it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 That e'er the sun shone on;
 And dark blue is her ee;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet;
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's all the world to me;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me doun and dee.

MY PRETTY JANE.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

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

My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
 Ah, never look so shy,
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,
 When the bloom is on the rye.
 The spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear,
 The summer nights are coming, love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
 Ah, never look so shy,
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,
 While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
 And I will buy the ring;
 The lads and lasses in favours white,
 And the village bells shall ring.
 The spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear,

The summer nights are coming, love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 Then pretty Jane, &c.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

I have heard the mavis singing
 Its love song to the morn,
 I've seen the dew-drop clinging
 To the rose just newly born ;
 But a sweeter song has cheered me
 At the evening's gentle close,
 And I've seen an eye still brighter
 Than the dew-drop on the rose.
 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
 And thy artless, winning smile,
 That made this world an Eden,
 Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,
 And thine eye its brightness too,
 Though thy step may lack its swiftness,
 And thy hair its sunny hue,
 Still to me wilt thou be dearer
 Than all the world shall own ;
 I have loved thee for thy beauty,
 But not for that alone.
 I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
 And its goodness was the wile
 That has made thee mine for ever,
 Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
 Though it is but a little spot ;

I say 'tis first on the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, or song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with the shot-torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can?
The flag of a true-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words—I'm an Englishman.

LITTLE NELL.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

They told him gently she was dead,
And spoke of heaven, and smiled,
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.

'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
 Their pitying looks of sorrow;
 "Hush! hush! he cried, she only sleeps—
 She'll wake again to-morrow!"

They laid her in a lowly grave,
 Where winds blew high and bleak,
 Though the faintest summer breeze had been
 Too rough to fan her cheek.
 And there the poor old man would watch,
 In strange though childish sorrow,
 And whisper to himself the words,
 "She'll come again to-morrow!"

One day they miss'd him long, and sought
 Where most he loved to stray;
 They found him dead upon the turf
 Where little Nelly lay.
 With tott'ring steps he'd wander'd there,
 Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
 And e'en in dying breathed this pray'r,
 "Oh, let her come to-morrow."

THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

ELIZA COOK.]

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

Hail to the night, as we gather once more
 All the forms we love to meet—
 When we've many a guest
 That's dear to our breast,
 And the household dog at our feet:
 Who would not be
 In the circle of glee,
 When heart to heart is yearning?
 When joy breathes out
 In the laughing shout,
 While the Christmas log is burning.

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
 When the world seems of all light,

For the thought of woe,
 Or the name of a foe,
 Ne'er darkens the festive night.
 When bursting mirth
 Rings round the hearth,
 Oh, where is the spirit that's mourning?
 While merry bells chime
 With the carol-rhyme,
 And the Christmas log is burning.

Then is the time when the grey old man
 Leaps back to the days of youth;
 When brows and eyes
 Bear no disguise,
 But flush and gleam with truth:
 Oh, then is the time
 When the soul exults,
 And seems right heavenward turning—
 When we love and bless
 The hands we press,
 And the Christmas log is burning.

GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE.

R. FOLKSTONE WILLIAMS.]

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

The bright stars fade, the morn is breaking,
 The dew-drops pearl each bud and leaf,
 And I from thee my leave am taking
 With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief.

How sinks my heart with fond alarms,
 The tear is bidding in mine eye,
 For time doth thrust me from thine arms—
 Good-bye, sweetheart! good-bye!

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,
 Loud swells the song of chanticleer,—
 The lev'et bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,
 Yet I am here! yet I am here!

For since night's gems from heaven did fade,
 And morn to floral lips doth hie,
 I could not leave thee, though I said,
 Good-bye, sweetheart! good-bye!

THE SMUGGLER KING.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

There's a brave little bark
 Stealing out in the dark
 From her nest in the beetling bay;
 The fresh breeze meets
 On her dingy sheets,
 And swiftly she darts away.
 She never must run
 In the eyes of the sun,
 But along with the owl take wing:
 She must keep her flight
 For the moonlight night—
 For she carries the Smuggler King.
She must, &c.

A monarch is he
 As bold as can be,
 Of a strong and a daring band:
 The bullet and blast
 May go whistling past,
 But he quails neither heart nor hand.
 He lives and dies
 With his fearful prize—
 Like a hunted wolf he'll spring,
 With trigger and dirk,
 To the deadliest work,
 And fight like a Smuggler King.
With trigger, &c.

Back from the wave
 To his home in the cave,
 In the sheen of the torches' glare,
 He reigns the lord
 Of a freebooter's board,
 And never was costlier fare.

Right firm and true
 Are the hearts of his crew—
 There's faith in the shouts that ring,
 As they stave the cask,
 And drain the flask,
 And drink to the Smuggler King.
 As they, &c.

THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

E. FITZBALL.]

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

There is a flower that bloometh,
 When autumn leaves are shed ;
 With the silent moon it weepeth,
 The spring and summer fled.
 The early frost of winter
 Scarce one tint hath overcast,
 O pluck it ere it wither,
 'Tis the mem'ry of the past.

It wafted perfume o'er us,
 Of sweet, though sad regret,
 For the true friends gone before us,
 Whom none would e'er forget.
 Let no heart brave its power,
 By guilty thoughts o'er cast,
 For then a poison flower
 Is the memory of the past.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING ?

"I want to know what it says, the sea—what is it that it keeps
 on saying?"—Paul, in "Dombey and Son."

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

"What are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long,
 That ever, amid our playing,
 I hear but their low, lone song ?

Not by the sea-side only—
 There it sounds wild and free ;
 But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
 In dreams it is still with me."

"Brother! I hear no singing:
 'Tis but the rolling wave,
 Ever its lone course winging
 Over some ocean cave!
 'Tis but the noise of water
 Dashing against the shore,
 And the wind, from some bleaker quarter,
 Mingling with its roar."

No, no! it is something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone:
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone!

"Yes! but the waves seem ever
 Singing the same sad thing;
 And vain is my weak endeavour,
 To guess what the surges sing.
 What is that voice repeating,
 Ever by night and day?
 Is it a friendly greeting?
 Or a warning that calls away?"

"Brother! the inland mountain,
 Hath it not voice and sound?
 Speaks not the dripping fountain,
 As it bedews the ground?
 E'en by the household ingle,
 Curtain'd, and clos'd, and warm,
 Do not our voices mingle
 With those of the distant storm?"

Yes, yes! but there's something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone:
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone!

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

MRS. SOUTHEY.]

[Music by R. TOPLIFF.]

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
 Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they ;
 Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence, and bloom,
 Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures, " they neither toil nor
 spin,"
 Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in ;
 No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more
 bright
 Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never pall,
 Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all ;
 The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
 air,
 Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
 share.

The happy, careless creatures ! of time they take no
 heed,
 Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
 Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light
 away ;
 Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " Would God that it
 were day."

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
 Unconscious of the final doom, on Nature's holy breast ;
 No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,
 Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !

THE WISHING GATE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by N. J. SPORLE.]

'Twas a Michaelmas eve, and rather late,
 Young Fanny went out to the Wishing Gate ·

For often she'd heard the gossips tell
 That was the spot where the fairies dwell;
 The fairies who granted to maidens dear,
 Whatever they asked, at that time of year;
 So Fanny she went her luck to try
 At the Wishing Gate 'neath starlit sky!
 But yet you shall hear, when the tale I state,
 That Fanny repented the Wishing Gate!

"I wish for! I wish for!"—and here she sigh'd;
 "I wish I'd a carriage and grooms beside;
 I wish I had jewels,—a wardrobe fine;—
 Oh! what a dash at the ball I'd shine!
 I'd marry the richest in all the land,
 And nobles and princes should ask my hand;
 And as to young Harry—but never mind,—
 He should think himself lucky to ride behind."
 Oh! little she knew—though the truth I state,—
 Young Harry stood close to the Wishing Gate!

When Fanny went home—as the story's told,
 She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy-gold;
 Her footmen awaited their lady's call,
 And she went in her carriage to grace the ball!
 Young Harry was there, but he knew her not,
 Each youth that approached her soon fled the spot;
 For though all her raiment was rich and gay,
 Her face was be-wrinkled, her hair turned grey!
 So maidens beware of poor Fanny's fate,
 Don't ask for too much at the Wishing Gate!

TAKE HER—SHE HATH LONG BEEN OURS.

F. W. N. BAYLEY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

Take her, she hath long been ours—
 We have loved her long and well;
 Sweetest of our valley's flowers,
 Rose-queen of our peaceful dell!

It hath been our pride to rear her,
 Winning us away from grief;
 Earth holds nothing purer—dearer,
 'Mong its beautiful and brief!

Take her—tears of grief or sorrow
 Have not burned upon her cheek;
 Guard her now, and hail her morrow,
 When you see its beauty break.
 But, oh, fling no shade of sadness
 On a heart as warm as wild;
 This is now her time of gladness—
 Watch, trust, cherish—love our child!

I *will* watch her—I *will* love her;
 She shall be my spirit bride!
 All my heart and thoughts shall hover
 Round her path and at her side!
 Nothing shall she bear severer
 From *my* harshness than a kiss;
 You who love shall still be near her,
 And be happy in her bliss!

Though the world should look unkindly,
 Constancy may laugh at woe;
 Still my heart shall follow blindly
 Where affection bids it go.
 Now for ever I will take her,
 Dear and lovely, pure and mild!
 I, though all the world forsake her,
Will trust, cherish, love your child!

TEN SWEET GLIDING YEARS.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON

Dearest, ten sweet gliding years
 Have floated down Time's stream,
 And all their varied hopes and fears
 Seem like a pleasant dream.

Ten years have passed since first we met,
 That hour with joy is rife—
 It dwelleth in my mem'ry yet,
 The happiest of my life.

The happiest, for it was the source
 Whence all my joys have sprung—
 The streamlet in whose pleasant course
 Those blisses I have sung.
 The transient clouds that since have pass'd,
 Serve but to make the light
 Which thou hast on my pathway cast
 More strongly, purely bright.

But words are vain—oh, could they tell
 What thoughts held sway o'er me,
 My glowing tongue would weave a spell,
 And bare my heart to thee.
 Then wouldst thou read of truth untold,
 And know that nought can sever
 The sweet dominion thou dost hold
 Within this heart for ever!

CHILD OF EARTH WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

GEORGE SOANE, B.A.]

[*Music* by CHARLES HORN.]

Child of earth with the golden hair!
 Thy soul's too pure, and thy face too fair
 To dwell with creatures of mortal mould,
 Whose lips are warm as their hearts are cold!
 Roam, roam, to our fairy home,
 Child of earth with the golden hair?

Thou shalt dance with the fairy queen,
 Through summer nights, on the moonlit green,
 To music murmuring sweeter far
 Than ever was heard 'neath the morning star!

I'll rob of its sweet the humble bee ;
 I'll crush the wine from the cowslip tree ;
 I'll pull the berries, I'll track the bed
 Of downy moss, and the poppies red !

Dim sleep shall woo thee, my darling boy,
 In her mildest moods with dreams of joy,
 And when the morning ends her reign,
 Pleasure shall bid thee welcome again.

THE TWO FOREST NYMPHS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

BOTH VOICES.

We are two forest nymphs, who dwell
 In the depth of the woodland shade ;
 There is not a mortal who can tell
 How bright is the bow'r we've made.
 Two forest, &c.

FIRST VOICE.

We lie all day where the streamlets play,
 Under the waving boughs,
 In a sweet day-dream, by the whispering stream,
 And there we breathe our vows :
 But whom we love, not the birds above,
 Nor the stream below can tell ;
 For the forest maid she is sore afraid
 Of the wiles that with mortals dwell.

BOTH VOICES.

We are two forest sprites, we float
 Unseen in the summer air ;
 We hover around our lover's boat,
 But he little dreams we're there.
 Two forest, &c.

SECOND VOICE.

But oh ! would he come to our fairy home,
 We'd lure him there to stay ;

He never should know the way to go
 From our mazy path away ;
 But love and song through the whole day long
 Should still be his and ours ;
 And a fadeless youth reward the truth
 Of a love in the fairy bowers !
 DUET. We are two forest nymphs, &c.

OVER THE WAVES WE FLOAT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Over the waves we float, we float,
 Fairies two in our fairy boat ;
 Fanned by the breezes, rock'd by the tide,
 In our nautilus bark we glide, we glide.
 When the strong cordage snaps in the gale,
 Safe o'er the surges we sail, we sail ;
 In the bright calm we rest on the deep,
 And, lulled by the zephyrs, we sleep, we sleep.

Cast by the winds from shore to shore,
 A moment ye view us, and then no more
 The nautilus shell, by human eyes,
 Is seen on the waters that sink and rise.
 Over the billows, away and away,
 Ours is a freedom that knows no decay,
 Braving the tempest and stemming the tide,
 In safety for ever we glide, we glide!

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by G. BARBER.]

Why do summer roses fade,
 If not to show how fleeting
 All things bright and fair are made,
 To bloom awhile, as half afraid
 To join our summer greeting ?
 Or, do they only bloom to tell
 How brief a season love may dwell ?

Then, while summer roses last,
 Oh ! let's be friends together :
 Summer time will soon be past,
 The autumn leaves around us cast,
 And then comes wintry weather.
 Surely, as the summer's day,
 Friendship, too, will pass away !

But, though summer roses die,
 And love give place to reason,
 Friendship pass without a sigh,
 And all on earth pass coldly by,
 'Tis but a wintry season ;
 And friendship, love, and roses too,
 The spring-time shall again renew.

SPEAK GENTLY.

G. W. LANGFORD.]

[*Music* by Miss LINDSAY.]

Speak gently ! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear ;
 Speak gently ! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child ;
 Its love be sure to gain :
 Teach it in accents soft and mild,
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear :
 Pass through the world as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not a careworn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

FADING AWAY.

ANN FRICKER.]

[*Music* by ANN FRICKER.]

Rose of the garden, blushing and gay,
 E'en as we pluck thee, fading away!
 Beams of the morning, promise of day,
 While we are gazing, fading away!

Spring's fairest blossom, summer's bright day,
 Autumn's rich cluster, fading away!
 Song of the wild-bird, heart-stirring lay,
 E'en as we listen, fading away!

Hope's fairy promise charms to betray.
 All that is earthly fadeth away!
 But there's a land where nought shall decay,
 Where there's no sorrow, no fading away!

THE BRIDE.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

Oh, take her, but be faithful still,
 And may the bridal vow
 Be sacred held in after years,
 And warmly breathed as now!
 Remember, 'tis no common tie
 That binds her youthful heart,—
 'Tis one that only truth should weave,
 And only death can part.

The joys of childhood's happy hour,
 This home of riper years—
 The treasured scenes of early youth,
 In sunshine and in tears;

The purest hopes her bosom knew,
 When her young heart was free,—
 All these, and more, she now resigns,
 To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
 Its good and ill to share ;
 And well I know 'twill be her pride
 To soothe each sorrow there.
 Then take her, and may fleeting time
 Mark only joy's increase ;
 And may your days glide sweetly on
 In happiness and peace.

THE HOLLY! THE HOLLY!

[DOUGLAS JERBOLD.]

A traveller have I been from birth,
 A traveller must I be ;
 Yet ne'er saw I the tree on earth
 That's like the holly tree.
 Beneath the palm I've found relief,
 And 'neath the great banyan ;
 But nothing's like the holly leaf
 Unto an Englishman.

The holly—the holly with berries red,
 That garlands the snows of old winter's head.

The cedar is a mighty thing,
 It form'd the temple's roof ;
 The oak it is a forest king,
 With trunk of tempest proof.
 The cocoa cures a thirsty grief,
 As well as cup or can ;
 But nought is like the holly leaf
 Unto an Englishman !
 The holly, &c.

The laurel pays the poet's deeds ;
 The laurel soldiers win ;

But lattice panes with holly beads
 Are red as hearts within.
 To make the traveller's sorrows brief,
 Take off the pilgrim's ban ;
 No ! nought is like the holly leaf
 Unto an Englishman !
 The holly, &c.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by H. PHILLIPS.

Oh ! the Lake of Killarney is wide as 'tis deep,
 Where the frolicsome fishes disportingly play ;
 Where at midnight the moonbeams so silently sleep,
 And the sun's golden spangles dance gaily by day ;
 And it's there, dearest Oona, thy lovely face
 Made me blind to all other sweet charms of the place.

Oh ! the mountains of Erin are lofty and high,
 And our bold Giant's Causeway bewitchingly grand ;
 And delighted with joy is the traveller's eye,
 While viewing the gems of our dear native land.
 But let him, dear Oona, behold thy dear face,
 He'll be blind to all other sweet charms of the place.

Oh ! the lake's not so deep as the wound in my breast,
 Nor the mountains so high as the hope of my heart :
 That only with Oona in life can be blest,
 And that only in death with her image will part.
 For rove where I will, when I think of that face,
 Och, I'm blind to all other sweet charms of the place.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.

She wore a wreath of roses
 The night when first we met ;
 Her lovely face was smiling
 Beneath the curls of jet ;

Her footsteps had the lightness,
 Her voice the joyous tone,
 The tokens of a youthful heart
 Where sorrow is unknown.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 With the wreath of summer flowers
 Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers,
 When next we met, she wore ;
 The expression of her features
 Was more thoughtful than before ;
 And standing by her side was one,
 Who strove, and not in vain,
 To soothe her leaving that dear home,
 She ne'er might view again.
 I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 With the wreath of orange blossoms
 Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow—
 No bridal wreath is there—
 The widow's sombre cap conceals
 Her once luxuriant hair.
 She weeps in silent solitude,
 And there is no one near
 To press her hand within his own,
 And wipe away the tear.
 I saw her broken-hearted,
 And methinks I see her now,
 In the pride of youth and beauty,
 With a wreath upon her brow.

IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA?

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

Is my lover on the sea,
 Sailing east, or sailing west?

THE BOOK OF

Mighty ocean, gentle be—
Rock him into rest.

Let no angry wind arise,
Nor a wave with whitened crest;
All be gentle as his eyes
When he is caressed.

Bear him, as the breeze above
Bears the bird unto its nest,
Here—unto his home of love,
And there bid him rest.

 THE WIDOW.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by G. A. HODSON.]

I cannot love another,
I cannot cast aside
The dark weeds of a widow
For white robes of a bride.
I never more may listen
To love's beguiling voice—
The sad heart of a mourner
Can make no second choice.

Oh! offer nought but friendship,
And I will be your friend—
Speak only of the lost one,
And mark how I'll attend!
His portrait hangs above us!
Dare not to breathe love's name;
Those dark eyes, could I listen,
Would frown upon my shame!

And see, my child clings to me,
And looks up in my face—
He has no other parent
To fondle and embrace.

Unconsciously his finger
 My wedding ring hath press'd,
 As if it were to chide me
 For smiling on my guest.

BELLA DONNA.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by H. R. ALLEN.]

Bella Donna, wouldst thou know
 What doth make me love thee so?
 'Tis thine eyes, their beams revealing
 Th' innocence that dwells within;
 Glances from their soft lids stealing,
 All to virtues kin!
 Eyes, sweet purity's fair throne;
 Yet, oh yet, not these alone!

Bella Donna, wouldst thou know,
 What doth make me love thee so?
 'Tis the placid grace reposing
 On thy beauteous lips of coral,
 Parted with a smile, disclosing
 Two sweet rows of pearl;
 Balmy breath and silv'ry tone;
 Yet, oh yet, not these alone!

Bella Donna, wouldst thou know
 What doth make me love thee so?
 'Tis thy breast with faith abounding!
 'Tis a charm no tongue can tell!
 'Tis a spirit pure surrounding
 Thee, with virtue's spell!
 'Tis thy heart, proud honour's throne!
 Yet, oh yet, not these alone!

Bella Donna, wouldst thou know
 What doth make me love thee so?
 Were my breast with anguish swelling,
 Were sad tears upon my cheek,
 I would know the spirit's dwelling,
 Kind, and true, and meek:
 These attributes around thee thrown,
 Have bound me thine alone!

THE SLAVE.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

I had a dream, a happy dream,—
 I thought that I was free ;
 That in my own bright land again
 A home there was for me.
 Savannah's tides dashed bravely on,
 I saw wave roll o'er wave ;
 But when in full delight I woke,
 I found myself a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
 Yet happy were my days,
 For by my own dear father's side
 I sang my simple lays.
 He died, and heartless strangers came,
 Ere closed o'er him the grave :
 They tore me weeping from his side,
 And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land,
 Where men oft kneel and pray,—
 The vaunted home of liberty,
 Where lash and chain hold sway.
 O, give me back my Georgian cot—
 It is not wealth I crave ;
 O, let me live in freedom's light,
 Or die, if still a slave.

TRUTH IN ABSENCE.

HENRY BRANDRETH.]

[*Music* by E. B. HARPER.]

I think of thee at morn, my love, when first I wake
 from sleep,
 And when beneath the thorn, my love, I sit, at eve
 and weep.
 Or on the hill, or where the rill meanders through
 the lea,
 Where'er tis mine to stray, my love, I think, I think
 of thee.

They tell me thou art gay, my love, then why should
 I repine?
 I care not what they say, my love—I know thy heart
 is mine.
 And on the hill, or by the rill, or through the flow'ry lea,
 Where'er 'tis mine to stray, my love, I think, I think of
 thee.

WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE, I PRAY?

JAMES KENNY.]

[*Music* by I. NATHAN.]

“Why are you wandering here, I pray?”

An old man asked a maid one day.

“Looking for poppies so bright and red,
 Father,” she said, “I’m hither led.”

“Fie! fie!” she heard him cry;

“Poppies, ’tis known to all who rove,
 Grow in the field, and not the grove.”

“Tell me,” again the old man said,

“Why are you loitering here, fair maid?”

“The nightingale’s song, so sweet and clear,
 Father,” said she, “I’m come to hear.”

“Fie! fie!” she heard him cry;

“Nightingales all, so people say,
 Warble by night, and not by day.”

The sage look’d grave, the maiden shy,
 When Lubin jump’d o’er the stile hard by;
 The sage look’d graver, the maid more glum,
 Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.

“Fie! fie!” was the old man’s cry;

“Poppies like these I own are rare,
 And of such nightingale’s songs beware.

ALL THINGS ARE BEAUTIFUL.

ANDREW PARK.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The diamond stars above,
 That deck the brow of night,
 Look down with love,
 And yield intense delight.
 And so the lovely flowers,
 That scent the dewy air,
 And bud in nature's bowers,
 Appear enchanting fair!
 All things are beautiful!

On sea—in shady grove—
 The moonbeams trembling shine:
 These but resemble love
 In this fond breast of mine.
 And when, on verdant hill,
 Sunshine and shadows stray
 In freedom at their will,
 Oh! what can be more gay.
 All things are beautiful!

SOMETHING TO LOVE ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Something to love me, something to bless,
 Something to smile upon—and to caress;
 Something to fill up the void in my heart,
 That will not, when sorrow comes o'er me, depart.
 Something that loves not as summer friends love,
 As true as the stars in the blue realms above;
 Something with instinct enough to believe,
 That will not, like most of earth's proud ones, deceive.
 Something, &c.

Something to love me—something to pet,
 Something that kindness can never forget;
 Something that clings to me—even a bird,
 In whose sweet music reproach is not heard;

Something to cheer me, and stay by my side,
 That will not leave me, whate'er may betide;
 That I may still in this hollow world see,
 In spite of its falsehoods, there's *something* loves me.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNY LASSIE.

JOHN PARRY, sen.]

[*Music* by JOHN PARRY, sen.]

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

Fare thee well, my bonny lassie,
 Lassie, fare thee well;
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
 More than tongue can tell.
 Though we're doom'd by fate to sever
 (And 'tis hard to part),
 Still believe me thou shalt ever
 Own my faithful heart.
 Then smile, &c.

HERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

JOHN O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dared to entwine;
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built its nest in the pine.

Could I trace back the time—'tis a far distant date—
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;

And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by G. W. RODWELL.]

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Over moor and mountain hath passed the war sign;
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing!
Wha heeds not its summons is nae son o' thine!
The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering!
The clans they are gathering, by loch and by lea!
The banners they are flying, flying, flying!
The banners they are flying, that lead to victory!
Then draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!
Charge as you have charged in days lang syne!
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset!
He who now falters is nae son o' thine.

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

THE ROSE OF AFFECTION.

[BENSON.]

Of all the sweet flowers that bloom in the spring,
Of all the gay birds that float on the wing,
Give me the pure violet and lily so pale,
The thrush and the linnet, the pride of the vale ;
But the queen of all flowers, whose worth I'll impart,
Is the rose of affection that blooms in the heart.

Then give me a girl with a heart that's sincere,
And the eye that can drop an affectionate tear :
Thus the rose and the lily shall gracefully twine,
An emblem of beauty, where virtues combine ;
For the queen of all flowers, whose worth I'll impart,
Is the rose of affection that blooms in the heart.

THE OAK AND THE IVY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

In the depth of the forest an old oak grew,
The pride of the greenwood there ;
O'er his branches the ivy her mantle threw,
When the forest boughs were bare.
She clung like a bride to his sturdy side,
And her shining leaves so green
Made him blithe and gay through the live-long day,
In the midst of a winter scene.

Oh ! long may the oak and the ivy stand
The pride and the boast of our native land !

Oh ! the oak of the forest told me true,
And I echo his tale in song,
That the ivy his branches made fair to view,
While the oak made the ivy strong ;
'Twas a union good, in the old deep wood
Had each, for itself, grown there,
The plant, alone, had no beauty shown,
And the boughs of the tree 'd been bare.
Then long may the oak and the ivy stand,
The pride and the boast of our native land !

Then let's copy the oak and the ivy-green,
 And like Britons go hand in hand ;
 And firm as our oaks may our sons be seen,
 In the cause of their native land ;
 May our daughters fair, like the ivy, share
 The arms of the parent tree ;
 While we all unite in our strength and might
 For our homes and for liberty.
 As long as the oak and the ivy stand
 The pride and the boast of our native land !

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER SHALL
 WEATHER THE STORM.

D. A. O'MEARA.]

[*Music* by THOMAS WILLIAMS.]

Old England ! thy stamina never has yielded
 To the ills that have menaced abroad and at home ;
 And while all your energy nobly is wielded,
 Triumphant you still shall support Freedom's dome ;
 Distress for a moment may dim your bright glory,
 But the cloud shall pass over—no care shall deform :
 Thy councils and people shall tell the proud story—
 Old England for ever shall weather the storm.
 Old England, &c.

Thy force, single-handed, has e'er been victorious ;
 The friend of the suff'ring, the pride of the brave !
 Thy struggles, privations, have ever been glorious—
 The birthplace of liberty—home of the slave.
 Yes, yes, there's a spirit within thee proclaiming,
 No blast of misfortune—no blast shall disarm,
 Like thy own native oak, the rude tempest disdaining,
 Old England for ever shall weather the storm !
 Old England, &c.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Charlie is my darling,
 My darling—my darling!
 Charlie is my darling,
 The young cavalier!

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When first I saw my brave Monteith,
 The young cavalier.

As he came marching up the brae
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,
 And a' the clan came running out
 To meet the cavalier.

Wi' Highland bonnet on his head,
 And claymore long and clear,
 He came to fight for Scotland's rights,
 My brave cavalier.

Oh! Charlie, &c.

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY NATIVE SHORE!

[LORD BYRON.]

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell, awhile, to him and thee!
 My native land, good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine,
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
 And when ye fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native land, good night!

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

J. A. WADE.]

[*Music* by J. A. WADE.]

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale—
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.
 You must promise to come, for I said
 I would show the night flowers their queen,
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
 Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
 But there's something about the moon's ray
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh! remember, be sure to be there;
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

THE BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the border!

Many a banner spread flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story ;
 Mount and make ready, then, sons of the mountain
 glen,
 Fight for your Queen, and the old Scottish glory.
 Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding—
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order !
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border !

THE BANNER OF WAR.

PRINCE HOARE.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAHAM.]

Behold the "Britannia," how stately and brave
 She floats on the ambient tides ;
 For empire designed, o'er the turbulent wave
 How trim and how gallant she rides !
 Yet love in a true Briton's heart
 With glory contends for a part,
 And the fair cheek of beauty with tears is impearl'd
 When the banner, the banner of war, is unfurl'd !
 On the shore how alert, how intrepid her crew—
 How firm at their sovereign's command ;
 Or dauntless o'er oceans her foes to pursue,
 And die for the cause of our land !
 Yet one tear ere the heroes depart,
 One sigh shall be drawn from the heart ;
 One kiss on the cheek which sweet sorrow's impearl'd,
 When the banner, the banner of war, is unfurl'd.
 Now, forth to the contest ! the battle swells high,
 And fierce round the vessel it roars :
 Hark ! the sons of Britannia "To victory!" cry,
 And victory sounds to our shores.

Then peaceful again to their home
 Shall the patriot warriors come,
 No more the fair cheek shall with tears be impearl'd,
 But the banner of peace stand for ever unfurl'd.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.]

[*Music* by T. WILLIAMS.]

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The turf with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And our lanterns glimly burning.
 By the struggling moonbeam's, &c.

Few and short were the pray'rs we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
 No useless coffin confined his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
 But he lay like a warrior, &c.

We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
 But nothing he'll reck, &c.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour of retiring,
 And we heard by the distant and random gun
 That the foe was suddenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.
 We carved not a line, &c.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

W. DIMOND, jun.]

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

RECITATIVE.

Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain !
 Orynthia Echo hears, and calls again !
 A mimic voice repeats the name around ;
 And with Orynthia all the rocks resound.

AIR.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
 As wayworn and faint up the mountain I press'd ;
 The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
 And proffered his cell as the mansion of rest.
 Ah ! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,—
 No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

“ Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
 Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy head ;
 The juice of ripe muscadel flows in my glasses,
 And rushes, fresh pulled, for siesta are spread.”
 Ah ! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,—
 No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

GEORGE SOANE.]

[*Music* by CHARLES HOEN.]

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the meadow dew is sweet,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its pearls upon my feet.
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 O'er the rose and lily fair,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With their blossoms in my hair.
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the honeysuckle creeps,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its kisses on my lips.
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Over hill and over plain,
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 To my bower back again.
 I've been roaming, &c.

 OLD CUNWELL, THE PILOT.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Old Cunwell, the pilot, for many a year
 Had plenty of vessels in charge,
 And knew of each sandbank and shoal to steer clear,
 Whether sailing close haul'd or at large ;
 At last safely moor'd with a well-timber'd purse,
 Heart and house open'd wide to his friend,
 With old Poll, once a dasher, now turn'd to a nurse,
 He had bought a snug berth at Gravesend.

From a kind of poop lantern, placed over the Thames,
 Where he took with his messmates his prog,
 Bound outward or homeward, the ships and their names
 They'd spy as they guzzled their grog.
 Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,
 Why, Jack, there they come without end;
 There's the "Neptune," the "Glory," and further in
 shore
 "Fame" and "Liberty," making Gravesend.

And see, where the river in branches divides,
 Cut in two all the same as a fork,
 How proudly the "Commerce" with "Industry" rides,
 Then the "Blarney"—Oh, she's bound to Cork.
 There's the homeward-bound fleet from the Downs,
 only see,
 So stored their top-gallant masts bend;
 There's the "Silkworm," the "Beaver," the "Ant,"
 and the "Bee,"
 And all standing on for Gravesend.

There's the "Fortitude" yonder, at danger that mocks,
 The "Nimble," that swims like a tench;
 The bold "Resolution," that steers clear of rocks;
 The "Britannia," that laughs at the French.
 Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth,
 To which all sorts of merchandise tend;
 And the trade of all nations—west, north, east, and
 south,
 Like the needle, points still to Gravesend.

MY POOR DOG TRAY.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 "Oh! remember your Sheelah, when far, far away,
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
 And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken, and blind,—
 Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

WOULD YOU REMEMBER ME!

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Would you remember me!—take for a token
 A flower from the garden—a rose from the tree,
 And when the blossom lies scentless and broken,
 Wither'd and dead—'twill remind you of me.

Would you remember me!—walk by the ocean,
 When the rich sunset falls over the sea,
 The weeds at your feet, cast ashore by its motion,
 The sport of the waves—they'll remind you of me.

Would you remember me!—let it be only
 Where in the summer I wandered with thee;
 Then, if you feel in the world you are lonely,
 Check not the tear—'twill remind you of me.

Would you remember me when we are parted—
 Never, perchance, more each other to see !
 Mingle once more 'mid the young and light-hearted,
 The mirth and the song will remind you of me.

POOR TOM.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry,
 Oars, and coat, and badge farewell ;
 Never more at Chelsea ferry,
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I'll go ;
 Where, exposed to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering
 With the news my messmates come,
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh, may cry—Poor Tom !

THE TROUBADOUR.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow :
 " My arm is in my country's right,
 My heart is in my true love's bower,
 Gaily for love and fame to fight
 Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head,
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As faithful to his favourite maid
 The minstrel-burden still he sung :

“My arm is in my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;
 Resolved for love and fame to fight,
 I come a gallant Troubadour.”

Ev’n when the battle’s roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hew’d his way,
 ’Mid splintering lance and falchion’s sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior lay :

“My life it is my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas ! upon the bloody field
 He fell beneath the foeman’s glaive,
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring, sung the exulting stave :
 “My life is in my country’s right,
 My heart is in my lady’s bower ;
 For life and fame to fall in fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

GIPSY TRIO.

JOANNA BAILLIE.]

[*Music* by Sir H. BISHOP.]

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hush’d wind wails with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.

The wild-fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray ;
 Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op’ning day.

Up-rouse ye, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is every flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep,
 High from my lady’s bower ;

Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way,
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.
 Up-rouse ye, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 No roof nor latchèd door,
 Nor kind mate bound by holy vow
 To bless a good man's store:
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day,
 Up-rouse ye then, my merry men,
 And use it as you may.
 Up-rouse ye, &c.

HURRAH! FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 And wha winna wish good luck to our cause,
 May never good luck be their fa'.
 It's good to be merry and wise,
 It's good to be honest and true,
 It's good to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
 It's good to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief of the clan,
 Although that his band be sma'.
 Here's freedom to those that can read,
 Here's freedom to those who can write,

There's none ever fear'd that the truth should be
heard

But they whom the truth would indict.

Hurrah for, &c.

MY VILLAGE FAIR;

OR, I DON'T MEAN TO TELL YOU HER NAME.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[*Music* by R. GUYLOT.

To my village fair no lass can compare

For innocence and native grace ;

She boasts not of wealth, but the pure bloom of health
Shines forth in her beautiful face.

Such a form ne'er was seen as she trips o'er the green,

And her heart free from guile and from shame ;

She lives near the mill at the top of the hill,

But—I don't mean to tell you her name ;

Oh, no, no, I don't mean to tell you her name.

Her luxuriant hair so bewitchingly fair,

At it sportively plays in the wind ;

Her mild beaming eye, like the blue of the sky,

Is an emblem, so pure, of her mind ;

The sound of her voice makes my fond heart rejoice ;

My love,—oh, what mortal can name :

She lives near the mill at the top of the hill,

But—I don't mean to tell you her name ;

Oh, no, no, I don't mean to tell you her name.

The lord and the squire, although they rank higher,

Endeavour her favour to gain ;

Let them try how they may, they still will have nay,

And they'll find all their labour in vain.

It was only last night, as we walked by moonlight,

She owned she for me felt love's flame ;

Yet she lives near the mill at the top of the hill,

But—I don't mean to tell you her name ;

Oh, no, no, I don't mean to tell you her name.

THE MINUTE-GUN AT SEA.

R. B. SHARPE.]

[*Music by M. P. KING.*

When in the storm on Albion's coast
The night-watch guards his dreary post,
From thoughts of danger free ;
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm
The minute-gun at sea.

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

But, oh ! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd,
When landed safe, what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befel.

Then is heard no more,
By the watch on shore,
The minute-gun at sea.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.]

[*Irish Air.*

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee!
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime, in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate
 But all their music spoke nought to thine !
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
 With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly !
 Oh ! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko,
 In Saint Sophia, the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me—
 It's the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

[Sir WALTER SCOTT.]

Where shall the lover rest
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted for ever ?

Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow;
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow,
Eleu lo ro!—Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer's day,
 Cool streams are laving;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving.
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake—
 Never! oh, never!
Eleu lo ro!—Never! oh, never!

Where shall the traitor rest—
 He, the deceiver?
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.
Eleu lo ro!—There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever,
 Blessing shall hallow it
 Never! oh, never!
Eleu lo ro!—Never! oh, never!

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.] [Music by Sir H. R. BISHOP.

Crabbèd age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasure—
 Age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn—
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer, brave—
 Age like winter, bare;
 Youth is full of sport—
 Age's breath is short;
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold—
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame;
 Age, I do abhor thee—
 Youth, I do adore thee!
 Oh, my love—my love is gone!
 Age, I do defy thee!
 Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee;
 Methinks thou stay'st too long.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

J. W. LAKE.] [Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

I love the merry sunshine,
 It makes the heart so gay
 To hear the sweet birds singing
 On their summer holiday,
 With their wild-wood notes of duty,
 From hawthorn-bush and tree;—
 Oh, the sunshine is all beauty,—
 The merry sun for me.

I love the merry sunshine,
 Through the dewy morning's show'r,
 With its rosy smiles advancing,
 Like a beauty from a bow'r.

It charms the soul in sadness,
 It sets the spirits free ;—
 Oh, the sunshine is all gladness,—
 The merry sun for me.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

JOHN LEGGE.]

[*Music* by EDWARD LAND.]

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
 Since you and I were young ;
 Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
 What merry lays we've sung.
 We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
 And cull'd the bright-topp'd heather :
 Methinks it seems but yesterday
 Since we were boys together.
 Since we were boys, merry, merry boys, &c.

There's gladness in remembrance, John,
 Our friendship has been true ;
 In all the weal and woe of life,
 No change that friendship knew.
 We've miss'd some loved ones, one by,
 And turn'd our wreaths of heather
 In fancy, as we deck'd their tombs,
 Since we were boys together.
 Since we were boys, merry, merry boys, &c.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
 You know our prime is o'er ;
 The flower, the nest, the humming-bee
 For us will charm no more.
 And our frail forms are fading fast,—
 We could not bound the heather,
 As, hand in hand, with gladsome brows,
 We did when boys together.
 When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
 When we were boys together ;
 Through many sunny years, friend John,
 May we live yet together.

COME FERRY ME O'ER.

MRS. GROOME.]

[*Music* by MRS. GROOME.]

“Come ferry me o'er, come ferry me o'er ;
 Fain would I be wi' my love once more,
 For many a day he has been away,
 And oh! but I've mourn'd for him sairly.
 Then ferry me o'er, ferry me o'er
 Safe to my laddie on yonder shore ;
 Ferry me o'er, ferry me o'er ,
 Thou shalt be fee'd for it rarely.”

“If I ferry you o'er, if I ferry you o'er,
 Will you bring back the laddie we all adore ?
 There's a gallant band ready with sword in hand
 To win back his ain for him fairly !”
 “Oh! ferry me o'er, ferry me o'er,
 I'll bring the bonnie lad hame once more.
 Oh! ferry me o'er, ferry me o'er,
 I'll soon return wi' our Charlie.”

OH! WILT THOU BE MY BRIDE?

MARK LEMON.]

[*Music* by FRANK ROMER.]

Oh! wilt thou be my bride, Kathleen?
 Though lowly I may be,—
 My only wealth is this poor heart,
 Which beats alone for thee.
 The gems that others bring, Kathleen,
 Upon thy brow to shine,
 Oh, do they speak of love and truth
 Like this poor gift of mine?

I've not rich robes for thee, Kathleen—
 Thy beauty needs no dress ;
 The pride of queenly splendour fades
 Before thy loveliness.

I have no banquet hall, Kathleen,
 To grace thy bridal day,
 But I've a heart where thou wilt live
 Till life hath passed away.

EVER OF THEE.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by FOLEY HALL.]

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming ;
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer ;
 Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,
 Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.
 Still in my heart thy form I cherish ;
 Ev'ry kind thought like a bird flies to thee.
 Ah, never, till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar, my soul's joy, to dwell,—
 Ah, then I felt I love thee only :
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish—
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
 Ah, never till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

THE FIRESIDE SONG.

H. F. CHORLEY.]

[*Music* by V. WALLACE.]

When the children are asleep, and the early stars
 retire,
 What a pleasant world comes back, in the toil of
 day forgot,

And the shadows of the past, how they gather round
 the fire,
 With the friends beloved in years, when the fear of
 death was not.
 Then we see the hawthorn hedge newly silver'd o'er
 by May,
 And the ash-tree, lithe and tall, where the mavis
 loved to sing;
 And the orchard on the slope, with its rosy apples gay,
 And the elder, dark with fruit, that was mirrored
 in the spring.
 When the children, &c.

And the angels of our youth, that so long in earth are
 cold,
 They are calling us again, with their voices mild
 and low,
 Till our minds refuse to dwell by the coffin in the
 mould,
 And arise with them to heaven, where in glory they
 are now.
 Then with thoughts of rest at eve, be so ever hard the
 day,
 On our spirits cometh down a contentment calm and
 deep;
 O! better than the joys of the noisy and the gay,
 Is our quiet hour of dreams, when the children are
 asleep.
 When the children, &c.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*

What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
 Jamie he is landed, and soon he will be here;
 Gae lace your boddice blue, lassie, lace your boddice
 blue,
 Put on your Sunday claes, and trim your cap anew,

For I'm right glad o' heart, kimmer, right glad o'
 heart,
 I hae a bonnie breast-knot, and for his sake I'll wear't.
 Sin' Jamie has come hame, I hae no cause to fear;
 Bid the neebours all come down and welcome Jamie
 here.

For I'm right glad, &c.

Where's Roland Todd, lassie? run and fetch him
 here,—
 Bid him bring his pipes, lassie,—bid him tune 'em
 clear;—
 For we'll taste the barley-mow, and we'll foot it to
 and fro;
 Sin' Jamie has come hame, we'll gie him hearty cheer.
 What's a' the steer, kimmer, what's a' the steer?
 Jamie he is landed, and soon he will be here.
 Bid Allen Ramsey run, bid him kill the fatted deer—
 Oh, the neebours little ken how we'll welcome Jamie
 here.

What's a' the steer, &c.

THE GOLD MINERS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Hurrah! hurrah! for the yellow gold,
 Hurrah! for the sunny land,
 Teeming with treasures still untold,
 That wait for the miner's hand:
 Who'd barter or buy in the busy marts
 Of the over-peopled town,
 Plotting and plodding till youth departs,
 And in age still breaking down.
 Then merrily ply the pick and spade,
 And rock the cradle fast;
 Here we pursue no idle trade,
 For we may be rich at last.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the countless heaps,
 For the nuggets and the dust ;
 The rich red gold in the mountain sleeps,
 But yield to our strength it must.
 What though it hath lain in stream and plain,
 For ages that none can scan ;
 The earth but yields up her wealth again,
 Subdued by her master—man.
 Then merrily ply the pick and spade, &c.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the bright red gold,
 Yet not for itself we sing ;
 For are not its blessings still untold,
 And the comforts it may bring ?
 The rich alone they have gold to spare,
 But he is poor indeed
 Who'd not with his fellow-creatures share
 In the hour of his care and need.
 Then merrily ply the pick and spade, &c.

LOOK ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

STUART FARQUHARSON.]

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

Look always on the sunny side—
 'Tis wise and better far ;
 And safer through life's cares to glide
 Beneath hope's beaming star.
 The springs of rosy laughter lie
 Close by the well of tears,
 Yet why should merry fancies die
 Drown'd in a flood of tears ?
 Look always on the sunny side—
 'Tis wise and better far ;
 And safer through life's cares to glide
 Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
 The guiltless bosom can ;
 Nor tremble midst life's roughest tide—
 It is not worthy man.

Why should the heart with vain regret
 Break joy's enchanted spell?
 Though age be come, love lingers yet
 In ev'ry flow'ry dell.
 Look always on the sunny side—
 'Tis wise and better far;
 And safer through life's cares to glide
 Beneath hope's beaming star.

Look always on the sunny side—
 Earth's not forlorn nor drear;
 Hope, ever be through life our guide,
 Thy friend nor shadow fear.
 The clouds around the setting sun
 Add glory to the skies—
 Thus, shadows round us darkly flung
 Make brighter days arise.
 Look always on the sunny side—
 'Tis wise and better far;
 And safer through life's cares to glide,
 Beneath hope's beaming star.

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

SAMUEL LOVEB.]

[*Music* by S. LOVEB.]

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
 'Twas on a market-day,
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
 Upon a truss of hay;
 But when that hay was blooming grass,
 And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
 No flow'r was there that could compare
 With the blooming girl I sing.
 As she sat in the low-back'd car,
 The man at the turnpike bar
 Never asked for his toll,
 But just rubbed his old poll,
 And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
 Has strings of ducks and geese ;
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters
 By far out-number these,
 While she among her poultry sits,
 Just like a turtle-dove,
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,
 Of the blooming god of love.
 While she sits in her low-back'd car,
 The lovers come near and far,
 And envy the chicken
 That Peggy is picking
 As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
 With Peggy by my side,
 Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
 And a lady for my bride ;
 For the lady would sit fornenst me,
 On a cushion made with taste,
 While Peggy would sit beside me,
 With my arm around her waist.
 While we drove in the low-back'd car
 To be married by Father Maher,
 Oh, my heart would beat high
 At her glance and her sigh,
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

RICHARD JOHNS, R.N.]

[*Music* by GEORGE BARKER.]

The sea was bright and the bark rode well,
 And the breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell.
 'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave,
 As ever launch'd on the heaving wave.
 She shone in the light of declining day,
 And each sail was set and each heart was gay.
 They near'd the land where in beauty smiles
 The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles ;

All thought of home, and that welcome dear
 That soon should greet each wanderer's ear,
 And in fancy join'd the social throng,
 And the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud flies through the azure sky,
 What means that wild despairing cry?
 Farewell the vision'd scenes of home,
 That cry is "Help!" where no help can come;
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
 And the bark is 'gulph'd in an ocean grave.

ALL'S WELL.

THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAHAM.]

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground
 The sentry walks his lonely round;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way,
 "Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell."
 "A friend" — "The word" — "Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
 "What cheer, oh, brother, quickly tell."
 "Above—below—good night! all's well."

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

'Tis said that ever round our path
 The unseen angels stray,
 That give us blissful dreams by night,
 And guard our steps by day.

But there's an angel in the house,
 Meek, watchful, and sincere,
 That whispers words of hope to us
 When none beside are near ;
 It is the one, the chosen one,
 That's link'd to us for life,
 The angel of the happy home,
 The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth.
 I'm sure it must be so,
 When round our path, scarce seen by us,
 Such bright things come and go.
 Are there not beings by our side
 As fair as angels are,
 As pure, as stainless, as the forms
 That dwell beyond the star ?
 Yes! there are angels of the earth,
 Pure, innocent, and mild,
 The angels of our hearts and homes,
 Each loved and loving child.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Oh! I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 I'm not myself at all!
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing,
 'Tis afther you I'm going,
 Faith your shadow 'tis I'm growing,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all!
 Th' other day I went confessin',
 And I ask'd the father's blessin',
 "But," says I, "don't give me one intirely,
 For I fretted so last year ;
 But the half o' me is here,
 So give the other half to Molly Brierly."
 Oh! I'm not myself at all!

Oh! I'm not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 My appetite's so small.
 I once could pick a goose,
 But my buttons is no use—
 Faith my tightest coat is loose,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all.
 If thus it is I waste,
 You'd better, dear, make haste
 Before your lover's gone away intirely;
 If you don't soon change your mind,
 Not a bit of me you'll find.
 And what 'd you think o' that, Molly Brierly.
 Oh, I'm not myself at all.

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Isn't like myself at all!
 For I've got so very thin,
 Myself says "'t isn't him,
 But that purty girl so slim,"
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 And I'm not myself at all!
 If thus I smaller grow,
 All frettin, dear, for you,
 'Tis you should make up the deficiency,
 So just let Father Taaffe
 Make you my better half,
 And you will not the worse of the addition be.
 Oh, I'm not myself at all.

I'll be not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,
 Till you my own I call.
 Since a change o'er me there came,
 Sure you might change your name,
 And 'twould just come to the same,
 Molly dear, Molly dear,—
 Oh, 'twould just come to the same

For if you and I were one,
 All confusion would be gone,
 And 'twould simplify the matther intirely—
 And 'twould save us so much bother
 When we'd both be one another—
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly!
 Oh, I'm not myself at all!

KATE KEARNEY.

[LADY MORGAN.]

O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
 She lives on the banks of Killarney,
 From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
 For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
 Yet oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 There's mischief in every dimple;
 Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

"Sure, now, what are you crying for, Nelly?
 Don't be blubbering there like a fool,
 With the weight of the grief, faith, I tell ye,
 Ye'll break down the three-legged stool.

I suppose, now, you're crying for Barney,
 But don't b'lieve a word that he'd say:
 He tells nothing but big lies and blarney;
 Sure you know how he served poor Kate Kearney—"

"But mother!"—"Oh, bother!"

"But mother, he's going away,
 And I dream'd t'other night
 Of his ghost all in white;—
 Oh, mother! he's going away."

"If he's going away, all the better,—
 Blessed hour when he's out of your sight;
 There's one comfort, you can't get a letter,
 For yer neither can read nor can write.
 Why, 'twas only last week you protested,
 When he courted fat Biddy Macree,
 That the sight of the scamp you detested,—
 Wid abuse, sure, your tongue never rested."

"But mother!"—"Oh, bother!"

"But mother, he's going away;
 And I dream'd that his ghost
 Walk'd round my bed-post;—
 Oh, mother, he's going away."

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

DESMOND RYAN.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was
 snarling,

The snow like a sheet cover'd cabin and sty,
 When Barney flew over the hills to his darling,
 And rapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.

"Arrah, jewel," says he, "are you sleepin' or wakin'?"

It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,—
 The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
 O, Katty avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then Barney," says Kate, and she spoke through
 the window,

"How could you be takin' us out of our bed?"

To come at this time it's a shame and a sin too,—
 It's whisky, not love, has got into your head.
 If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender ;
 Consider the time, and there's nobody in ;
 What has a poor girl but her name to defend her ?
 No, Barney avourneen, I wont let you in."

"A-cush-la," says he, "it's my eye is a fountain
 That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door ;
 Your name is more white than the snow on the moun-
 tain,
 And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
 I'll go to my home though the winter winds face me—
 I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
 And the words of my Katty shall comfort and bless
 me,—
 No, Barney avourneen, I wont let you in."

MY HEART AND LUTE.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Irish Melody.*

I give thee all, I can no more,
 'Though poor the offering be ;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.
 A lute, whose gentle song reveals
 The soul of love full well,
 And better far, a heart that feels
 Much more than lute can tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas !
 To keep life's clouds away,
 At least, 'twill make them lighter pass,
 Or gild them if they stay.
 If ever Care his discord flings
 O'er life's enchanted strain,
 Let Love but gently touch the strings,
 'Twill all be sweet again.

CHARMING MAY.

J. P. HATCH.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.]

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May!
 Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
 Thou com'st from thy bow'rs
 'Mid perfume and flowers,—
 Charming, charming, charming May!
 Thou art spring with its wintry days gone by,
 And summer without its scorching sky;
 The sun may be bright, the storm may be free,
 But the tranquil beauty of May for me.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May!
 Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
 Thou com'st from thy bow'rs
 'Mid perfume and flow'rs,—
 Charming, charming, charming May!
 There is gladness and joy in thy genial face,
 Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and grace;
 There is peaceful delight, to me ever dear,
 In charming May, the green month of the year.

IT WAS DUNOIS, THE YOUNG AND BRAVE.

Air—"Partant pour la Syrie."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

[*French Air.*]

It was Dunois, the young and brave,
 Was bound for Palestine,
 But first he made his orisons
 Before St. Mary's shrine.
 "And grant, immortal Queen of heav'n,"
 Was still the soldier's pray'r,
 "That I may prove the bravest knight
 And love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine,
 He graved it with his sword,
 And follow'd to the Holy Land
 The banner of his lord.

Where, faithful to his noble vow,
 His war-cry fill'd the air,
 "Be honour'd, aye, the bravest knight,
 Be loved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm,
 And then his liege lord said,
 "The heart that has for honour beat
 By love must be repaid.
 My daughter Isabel and thou
 Shall be a wedded pair,
 For thou art bravest of the brave,
 She fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot
 Before St. Mary's shrine,
 That makes a paradise on earth,
 If hearts and hands combine.
 And every lord and lady bright
 That were in chapel there,
 Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight,
 Be loved the fairest fair."

KITTY TYRRELL.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

You're looking as fresh as the morn, love,
 You're looking as bright as the day,
 But while on your charms I'm dilating,
 You're stealing my poor heart away.
 But keep it, and welcome, mavourneen,
 Its loss I'm not going to mourn;
 Yet one heart's enough for a body,
 So pray give me yours in return.

Mavourneen, mavourneen! &c.

I've built me a neat little cot, love,
 I've pigs and potatoes in store,
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
 And may-be a pound or two more.

It's all very well to have riches,
 But I'm such a covetous elf,
 I can't help still sighing for something,
 And, darling, that something's yourself.
 Mavourneen, &c.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, love :
 Say "Yes," and you'll never repent,
 Or if you would rather be silent,
 Your silence I'll take for consent.
 That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale ;
 Now all that I have is your own,
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.
 Mavourneen, &c.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by T. COOKE.*

SOLDIER.

Oh ! give me the tented field,
 With martial colours flying,
 As long as my arm can wield
 The sword in my girdle lying.

SAILOR.

Let *me* have the rolling tide,
 The chase and the raging battle ;
 The roar of the bold broadside,
 And the sound of the cannon's rattle.

SOLDIER.

Oh ! a soldier's life for me !
 The march and the bugle sounding ;

SAILOR.

But a sailor's bold and free
 As the bark o'er the ocean bounding.

THE BOOK OF

SOLDIER.

Though the same green turf we tread
 May be the soldier's pillow ;

SAILOR.

Though the blue sky's overhead,
 And beneath the trackless billow,—

BOTH.

Still a sailor }
 And a soldier } knows no fears
 When the signal calls to battle,
 And the music that he hears
 Is the sound of the cannon's rattle.

SOLDIER.

We'd die for our native land,
 As our sires of old before us,
 In the fame of their patriot band,
 And the banner that waves o'er us.

SAILOR.

And while woman's voice can cheer,
 Will Britain's bold defenders
 Make Britain's foes still fear
 The flag that ne'er surrenders !

SOLDIER.

Oh ! a soldier's life for me,
 And a soul with ardour burning.

SAILOR.

Give me the rolling sea,
 Yet for some bright smile returning.

SOLDIER.

'Mid the brave I'd take my stand
 In Britain's ARMY ever,—

SAILOR.

In the cause of our native land,
From the NAVY who could sever?

BOTH.

For a sailor }
For a soldier } knows no fears, &c.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. HEMANS.]

[Music by Mrs. OWEN.]

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glist'ning pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea,
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts, and brave, are gather'd to thy breast,
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle's thunders will not break their rest;
Keep thy red gold, and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back, give back, the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The pray'r went up through midnight's breathless
gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song;
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy tow'rs o'erthrown,
But all, but all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flow'ry crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,—
Restore, restore the dead, thou sea!

'T WAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[*Music* by FRANK MORR.]

'Twas on a Sunday morning
 Before the bells did peal ;
 A note came through my window
 With Cupid on its seal.
 And soon I heard a whisper
 As soft as seraphs sing ;
 'Twas on a Sunday morning
 Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy,
 My heart had caught its gloom ;
 But now a sudden sunlight
 Fill'd all my little room.
 I kiss'd the note—'twas guarded
 With ribbon, flower, and string ;
 'Twas on a Sunday morning
 Before the bells did ring.

Oh! good was he, and handsome
 As any in the land,
 That vow'd to me his true heart—
 His heart and faithful hand.
 I hurried through the garden,
 And back the gate did swing ;
 'Twas on a Sunday morning
 Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turn'd the field-path,
 And on the turf did rest,
 When in his arms he caught me,
 And strained me to his breast.
 A tear was on his fond cheek—
 Sweet tears that love can bring :
 'Twas on a Sunday morning
 Before the bells did ring.

YOUNG ELLEN LORAINÉ.

Mrs. CRAWFORD.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.

When I parted from Erin, heart-broken to leave thee,
 I dreamt not of falsehood, young Ellen Lorainé ;
 I thought, though but woman, thou wouldst not deceive
 me,

Oh ! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Lorainé ?
 I loved thee in sorrow—I sought thee in danger—
 And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain ;
 But now is thy look as the look of the stranger,
 Oh ! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Lorainé ?

Oh ! thou wert the vision that brighten'd my pillow,
 The star of my darkness, young Ellen Lorainé ;
 As the bloom on the rose—as the sun on the billow—
 That came to my slumber, young Ellen Lorainé.
 Thou'lt think of me yet, when the false world deceive
 thee,

And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane ;
 When the sheen on thy cheek, like the summer light,
 leaves thee.

Thou'lt think how I loved thee, young Ellen Lorainé.

Oh ! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover
 The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Lorainé ;
 Go rest in the arms of a happier lover ;
 Go, lovely but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé !
 The moments of rapture—the vow and the token—
 They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain ;
 Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast broken ;
 Go, lovely but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé !

 THE BLIND GIRL TO HER HARP.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.

My harp ! my own belovèd harp !
 My fingers o'er thee stray,
 And wake the sounds that bear my thoughts
 To brightest realms away.

In sorrow unto thee I turn,
So touching is thy tone,
That list'ning to thy fitful woes
Makes me forget my own.

I cannot see thee—but thy touch
Thrills through my ev'ry vein ;
And feelings, half-forgotten, start
Back, back to life again !
I sing of skies, both blue and bright,
Of flow'rs of varied hues—
Of sunny smiles—of beaming eyes—
And diamond-glist'ning dews.
All meaningless would be my song,
And were it not for thee ;
But thou dost well interpret all
Their thousand charms to me.

My heart from sorrow passes
To glory's proudest theme,
And in thy martial music
Ten thousand warriors gleam :
I hear their falchions clashing,
I see their banners wave ;
I join the shout of victory,
And triumph with the brave.

But then a low dull moaning
Falls from thy tuneful strings,
And Sympathy awaketh
Her sad imaginings.
I hear the vanquish'd flying,
I see the wounded dying ;
And pity learns to mourn too late
The orphan's and the widow's fate.

My harp, my harp—Oh ! never more
Awake thy stirring thunder ;
Nor nerve the warrior's arm to tear
Our dearest ties asunder ;

But be it thine, with gentlest tone,
 O'er sorrow's bosom stealing,
 To wake the ruthless heart to love,
 And kindle human feeling.

I'LL NOT THROW AWAY THE FLOWER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

I'll not throw away the flower,
 Though 'twas never cull'd for me ;
 Though a rival sought the bower
 When it bloom'd upon the tree !
 I could scorn it, I could scorn it,
 When his favour'd gift I see ;
 Thou hast worn it, thou hast worn it,
 And it must be dear to me.

I'll not spurn the rose he gather'd,
 No, from thee the gift I take ;
 And, when every leaf is wither'd,
 Still I'll prize it for thy sake !
 I could scorn it, I could scorn it,
 When his favour'd gift I see,
 Thou hast worn it, thou hast worn it,
 And it must be dear to me.

KATHLEEN O'MORE!

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Irish Melody.*]

My love, still I think I see her once more,
 But alas ! she has left me alone to deplore ;
 My own little Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair was dark brown, her eyes were deep blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new.
 My own little Kathleen, &c.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the birds whistle, and gaze at the moon ;
 So pensive was Kathleen, &c.

Cold—cold was the night-breeze that blew round the
 bower,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from that hour ;
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, &c.

The bird of all birds that I love the best
 Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest ;
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
 Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More!

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE SUNBEAM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by G. F. TAYLOR.]

There is beauty in the sunbeam
 As it gilds the summer sea,
 But thy bright eyes, love, have one beam,
 Dearer, dearer far to me.
 There is perfume in the roses,
 There is bloom upon the trees ;
 But thy coral lip discloses
 Beauty far surpassing these.

Early blossoms love the shower,
 Op'ning buds the dew-drops bear ;
 But I love the mountain flower
 'Mid the tresses of thy hair.
 Let the perfume scent the roses,
 Breathing fragrance to the breeze ;
 For thy coral lip discloses
 Beauty far surpassing these.

TAKE A BUMPER AND TRY.

Altered from an older song, }
 by JOHN PARRY.] } [Music by JOHN PARRY.]

They tell me I'm false and unkind to my lass,
 Deserting poor Chloe, to stick to my glass ;
 Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair.
 My Chloe had dimples, and smiles, too, I own ;
 But though she could smile, yet, in truth, she could
 frown.

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?
 In wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
 If you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
 But lilies and roses are conquer'd by time ;
 But in wine, from its age, such benefit flows,
 That we like it the better the older it grows.
 Let murder and battles in history prove
 The danger that waits upon rivals in love.
 But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
 But the more we love liquor, the more we have friends.
 In wine, &c.

THE THORN.

JOHN O'KEEFE.] [Music by W. SHIELD.]

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
 A sprig, her fair breast to adorn ;
 No, by heavens ! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
 I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implored her to marry,
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn ;
 Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll promise
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by heavens ! I exclaim'd, may I perish, if ever
 I plant in that bosom a thorn.

MY BOYHOOD'S LOVE.

REYNOLDSON.]

[*Music by* FLOTOW.]

My boyhood's love—enchanting theme!
 I could for ever on it dwell,
 While cheering hope with radiant beam
 A happy future doth now foretell.
 And as the rising sun
 Makes glad the heavens above,
 So doth it cheer my heart
 With the fondest truth and love.
 My boyhood's love—enchanting theme!
 I could for ever on it dwell.

My boyhood's love—the fitting dream!
 That o'er me beam'd is passed away;
 And once again sweet mem'ry's theme
 Returns to bless each dawn of day.
 So passing clouds obscure
 The sun's refulgent light,
 Till through the shadows dark
 It breaks with radiant light.
 My boyhood's love—enchanting theme!
 I could for ever on it dwell.

 THE STORM.

[GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.]

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea:
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 Where the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.
 Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By topsail-sheets and halyards stand;
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling—
 Down your stay-sails—hand, boys, hand!

Now it freshens, set the braces—
 Now the top-sail sheets let go—
 Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces—
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you at home in safety,
 Shelter'd from the howling storm,
 Tasting joys by heaven vouchsafed ye,
 Of our state faint notions form.
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fear our minds enthrals;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course—
 Let the fore-sheet go—don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse;
 Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear—
 Hands up—each preventer-brace set—
 Man the fore-yard—cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal, contending, clash!
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue light'nings flash;
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky;
 Different deaths at once surround us—
 Hark!—what means that dreadful cry!

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
 A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out—
 Call all hands to clear the wreck!
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces—
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well—the leak increases—
 Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives and children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! to them there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choked below ;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys—
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown—
 To the pump come every hand, boys—
 See ! our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found—it cannot pour fast ;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury-foremast—
 She rights ! she rights ! boys, we're off shore.

Now, once more, peace round us beaming,
 Since kind Heaven has saved our lives,
 From our eyes joy's tears are streaming
 For our children and our wives ;
 Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
 To Him who thus prolongs our days ;
 Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
 Every voice bursts forth His praise.

THE EMIGRANTS' SHIP.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.]

[*Music* by HENRY PHILLIPS.]

Far away ! far away !
 The emigrants' ship must sail to-day ;
 Cruel ship to look so gay,
 Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad and sore—sad and sore—
 Many a fond heart bleeds at the core.
 Cruel dread, to meet no more,
 Ah ! the exile's heart is sore.

Many years, many years,
 At the best he will struggle with perils and fears;
 Cruel pilot, for he steers
 The exiles far away for many years!

Fare ye well, fare ye well,
 To joy and to hope it sounds as a knell;
 Cruel tale it were to tell
 How the emigrant sighs farewell!

Far away, far away,
 Is there indeed no hope to-day!
 Cruel and false it were to say
 There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away,
 Every night and every day,
 Kind and wise it were to pray;
 God be with them far away!

CEASE YOUR FUNNING.

JOHN GAY.]

[*Music by W. SHIELD.*

Cease your funning,
 Force or cunning
 Never shall my heart trepan;
 All these sallies
 Are but malice
 To seduce my constant man.
 'Tis most certain
 By their flirting
 Women oft have envy shown;
 Pleased to ruin
 Other's wooing;
 Never happy in their own.

THE BOOK OF
BEN BOLT.

[*American.*]

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown;
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown.
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And poor Alice lies under the stone.

They have fitted, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide-spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around;
See the old rustic porch, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground.

See the old, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true;
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gather'd the flowers as they grew!
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the running little brook is now dry;
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remain, Ben, but you and I.

And of all, &c.

OH! NATIVE SCENES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by BELLINI.*

Oh! native scenes, where'er I roam,
No place is like my own dear home;
No fairer spot beneath the sky,
To glad the heart—to charm the eye.

Give me my cot, where woodbine clings,
 And jessamine flower sweet incense flings;
 There is no spot where'er I've been
 Can charm me like that native scene.

Oh! native scenes, where'er I stray,
 Though all around be fair and gay,
 I love my own dear land the more
 Whene'er I rove on foreign shore.
 Its skies may be less blue and fair,
 But all I love on earth is there;
 There is no spot where'er I've been
 Can charm me like that native scene.

FOLLOW, FOLLOW THROUGH THE SEA.

[D. TERRY.]

Follow, follow through the sea,
 To the mermaid's melody!
 Safely, freely shalt thou range
 Through things dreadful, quaint, and strange!
 And through liquid walls behold
 Wonders that may not be told:
 Treasures, too, for ages lost—
 Gems surpassing human cost.
 Fearless follow, follow me
 Through the treasures of the sea.

Thou shalt hear sea-music swell
 From the triton's curlèd shell;
 Sea-nymphs shall, with dance and song,
 Draw thy charmèd steps along
 To the palace glory-dight
 Of the white-armèd Amphitrite,
 Whose coral throne and amber roof
 Ocean monsters guard aloof.
 Fearless follow, follow me,
 Through the wonders of the sea.

COME, LIVE WITH ME.

MARLOWE.]

[*Music* by GEORGE BARRETT.]

Come, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Woods, and rocky mountain yield.
 And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Then come, live with me, and be my love.

And I shall make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.
 A gown of wool for thee I'll make,
 Which from the pretty lambs we take;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

Then come, live with me, and be my love.

MARY MAY.

JOHN DUFF.]

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

They have chosen the proud stranger
 Because a lord was he
 Who could boast of wealth and riches,
 And a line of high degree.
 They have left me here to languish,
 To fade, and pine away,—
 They have made the world a desert,
 Bereft of Mary May.

When I met her in the valley,
 And wander'd by her side:
 She told me that she loved me,
 And vow'd to be my bride.

They have torn the tie asunder,
 She now is far away :
 They have left me broken-hearted,
 Bereft of Mary May.

She is happy with the stranger,
 While I am left alone,—
 There's nought remains to cheer me
 Since Mary May has gone.
 I'll seek some distant dwelling,
 And bear my grief away :
 You'll hear that I am dying
 For thee, my Mary May.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and too brief
 To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.
 Your cup may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
 The fool that would quarrel for difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave Briton who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds disagree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek, somewhere else, a more orthodox kiss ?
 No ! perish the hearts and the laws that would try
 Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

H. F. CHORLEY.]

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

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight
 When the storm through his branches shout.
 Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold
 Had brighten'd his branches grey,
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
 They frolick'd with lovesome swains—
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree it still remains.
 Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Was a merry sound to hear—
 When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
 Were fill'd with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he—
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be toss'd on the stormy sea.
 Then here's, &c.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

ALFRED BUNN.]

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

The light of other days is faded,
 And all their glories past,
 For grief with heavy wing hath shaded
 The hopes too bright to last.
 The world with morning's mantle clouded,
 Shines forth with purer rays,
 But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
 The birds which then take wing,
 When winter's winds are past, come hither,
 To welcome back the spring.
 The very ivy on the ruin
 In gloom full life displays,
 But the heart alone sees no renewing
 The light of other days.

JENNY JONES.

CHARLES MATHEWS.]

[*Music* by J. PARBY, sen.]

My name's Edward Morgan, I live at Llangollen,
 The vale of St. Tafyd, the flower of North Wales ;
 My father and mother, too, live at Llangollen,
 Good truth I was born in that sweetest of vales.
 Yes, indeed, and all countries so foreign and beautiful,
 That little valley I prize far above,
 For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love !

For twenty long years I have ploughed the salt ocean,
 And served my full time in a man-o'-war ship ;
 And 'deed, goodness knows, we had bloodshot en-
 gagements,
 And many a dark storm on the pitiless deep.

And I've seen all the lands that are famous in story,
 And many fair damsels to gain me have strove ;
 But I said in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love.

I've seen good King George, and the Lord May'r of
 London,
 With kings of far countries, and many a queen,
 The great Pope of Rome, and the Duchess of D'Angou-
 lême,
 Up from King George, to Sir Watkin I've seen.
 But no, not princesses, kings, dukes, nor commis-
 sioners,
 No, goodness knows it, my envy could move ;
 For indeed in my heart I do love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Jones, too, in truth I do love.

I parted a lad from the vale of my fathers,
 And left Jenny Jones then a cockit young lass ;
 But now I'm returned a storm-beaten old mariner,
 Jenny from Jones into Morgan shall pass.
 And we'll live on our cheese and our ale in content-
 ment,
 And long through our dear native valley we'll rove ;
 For indeed in our hearts we both love that Llangollen,
 And sweet Jenny Morgan with truth will I love.

SHE LEANS UPON HER MOTHER'S ARM.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by Sir H. BISHOP.]

She leans upon her mother's arm—
 Might not a mother well be proud
 To hear sweet whispers of her child,
 That on the heart fall loud—
 Aye, loud, when only one deep tone
 Of praise goes murm'ring round—
 A tone that in its feeling seems
 A soul breathed sound.

How young!—how bright!—how beautiful!—
 Such are the words they speak,
 As she glides by them tremblingly,
 With blushes on her cheek.
 Half loved already by one sex,
 Half envied by her own!
 While yet her voice is all unheard,
 Her name is all unknown!

Soon from the tender mother's hand,
 Gay, graciously, and mild,
 A smiling lady patroness
 Receives the gentle child;
 And 'twill be well if, on the course
 Where now we see her start,
 Years fling no dimness on her eye!
 No shadows on her heart!

OH, HERE'S TO THE HOLLY.

W. M. LOGAN.]

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

Oh, here's to the holly that kills melancholy;
 And hangs in the hall at Christmas time,
 When wit sparkles out, and wassailers shout
 A stave of Christmas rhyme.
 With berries red he smiles on high,
 Enthroned with his mistletoe bride—
 While love lights up each maiden's eye
 Who blushes her swain beside.
 Oh, the holly's the tree—youth doats upon thee,
 Thine innocent folly age glories to see—
 All ages love thee—all ages love thee—
 'The holly's the tree for me!

Oh, here's to the holly that kills melancholy,
 And makes the board merry at festive time;
 When old English cheer awakes the new year,
 And bells at midnight chime.

May all our friends in health survive
 The year that to-morrow shall be ;
 May kindness keep that love alive
 Men's hearts e'er delights to see.

Oh, the holly, &c.

Oh, here's to the holly that kills melancholy,
 That gladdens each heart with twelfth-night rhyme—
 When each takes a part with right merry heart,
 To make the most of time.
 How many meet by chance to-night,
 To sport 'neath the mistletoe bough—
 Whose hearts will speak and breasts unite,
 Ere whisper'd a word or vow.

Oh, the holly, &c.

FLOW THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

JOHN O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

Flow thou regal purple stream,
 Tinted by the solar beam ;
 In my goblet sparkling rise,
 Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
 My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
 'Noint me wine a jovial king !
 While I live I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say
 A month he reigned, but that was May.

THE NORMANDY MAID.

H. S. VANDYK.]

[*Music* by J. BARNETT.]

I once knew a Normandy maid,
 Whose sire was a testy old elf—
 And he was most sadly afraid
 The maiden would choose for herself.

He kept her safe under control,
 By means of a strong lock and key—
 This maiden one evening, poor soul!
 Look'd down from her lattice on me.

Her window with irons was barr'd;
 To none could she utter a word—
 I thought it was really too hard
 This maid should be caged like a bird.
 One night when sleep conquer'd her sire,
 I stole with a heart full of glee,
 And said, "Should the house be on fire,
 Sweet maiden, come down unto me!"

Some branches I burn'd, and the smoke
 By the wind to the house was conveyed—
 I cried "Fire!" till her father awoke,
 And let down this poor trembling maid.
 He was nearly half dead with affright,
 But no flames, nor a spark could he see;
 So this maiden came down with delight,
 And quickly was wedded to me.

OLD KING TIME!

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by Mr. JOHN BARNETT.]

King Time! old Time! we gaily sing,
 For, ne'er was known so rare a king:
 Faster than lightning's flash he flies;
 Though daily killed, he never dies:
 In ev'ry clime his hand we feel,
 No matter whom—to him all kneel.

In bygone years, who now can tell
 By old King Time how many fell?
 Ere sea and earth their millions yield,
 From op'ning wave, and battle-field;
 On ev'ry rampart of the world
 His flag is seen, and waves unfurled.

The monarch oak to Time still bends,
 O'er tomb and tower his grasp extends;
 Where'er we go we meet King Time,
 He pushes his craft in ev'ry clime.
 From pole to pole his jav'lin flung,
 Strikes in its course both old and young.

When will thy reign, King Time, be o'er?
 Thou'st lived five thousand years, and more!
 Thy hours and days, thy wondrous band,
 Have conquered long on sea and land!
 Eternity thy death shall be,
 When meet the noble and the free!

FAIR GENEVIEVE!

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The summer's glow was on thy brow, joy's fire flashed
 from thine eye;
 Thy step was light as fairy sprite beneath a moonlit
 sky;
 Thy witching smile, devoid of guile, shone never to
 deceive,
 The artless truth of trusting youth was thine, fair
 Genevieve!

Too soon, alas! life's pleasures pass—the rose we prize
 to-day
 The morrow's dawn shines coldly on, and hastens its
 decay.
 Thus fall chill showers on human flowers, in silence left
 to grieve—
 Their joy is flown—their hope is gone—like thine, fair
 Genevieve!

Mayst thou have birth, fair child of earth, where suns
 for ever shine!
 Thou'rt gone before, where grief no more shall touch a
 heart like thine!

A coward's shame, a traitor's name, be his who could
 deceive,
 By falsehood lure, a heart so pure as thine, fair Gene-
 vieve!

THE MAID OF CASHMERE.

CHARLES SLOMAN.]

[*Music* by C. SLOMAN.]

Dost remember the maiden of sunny Cashmere,
 With a smile for joy's feelings—for sorrow a tear!
 But the smile renewed ever—the tear chased away,
 As the winter snow melts 'neath the Gheber god's ray;
 With a voice like the bulbul, to charm ev'ry feeling,
 Or, soft as the eve breeze, through rose bowers steal-
 ing;
 To the heart, to the soul, to the mind ever dear,—
 Dost remember the maiden of sunny Cashmere?

Oh, yes, I remember the maid of Cashmere,
 Fond mem'ry recalls her my lone heart to cheer,
 As the sun-bird's sad song on the cold, leafless bough
 Reminds us of summer, though winter is now.
 Oh, well I remember that creature of light,
 From whose radiant pleasure dark sorrow took flight!
 Oft, oft would I listen her footfall to hear—
 My heart's with the maiden of sunny Cashmere.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

W. SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by Dr. ARNE.]

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude!
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
 Then heigh, ho! the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh, ho! &c.

O, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

THOMAS MOORE.]

[*Music* by Sir J. STEVENSON.]

O, could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost do with thy garden bowers,
 Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
 So bright a dwelling should be our own,
 So warranted free from sigh or frown,
 That angels soon would be coming down,
 By the week or the month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
 And in themselves a lustre bear,
 A stock of light still steady there,
 Whenever they wish to use it,
 So, in this world I'd make for thee,
 Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
 And the flash of wit or poesy
 Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere
 Hath still some shadow hovering near,
 In this new world of ours, my dear,
 Such shadows will be omitted.

Unless they're like that graceful one
 Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
 Still near thee leaves a charm upon
 Each spot where it hath flitted!

THE MOON! THE MOON!

EDMUND SMITH.]

[*Music* by JOHN BARNETT.]

The moon! the moon! what rapture she brings,
 When the bright stars shine, and the night-bird sings;
 When she flingeth her fire o'er the sea-built fort,
 Or guides the ship to her destined port;
 When climbing the heavens she sinks to rest,
 Her pillowed head on the billow's breast!

The moon! the moon! what a joyous sight
 While shedding her rays of refulgent light;
 As, sweetly smiling, she kisses the waves
 From freedom's home to the land of slaves;
 While her beauteous gleam of silv'ry hue
 Lighteth the flowers to drink the dew!

The moon! the moon! when her glittering beams
 Are fondly embracing the summer streams;
 When creation is sleeping, all hushed in the night,
 Save the spangled waves, as they dance with delight;
 Or the mariner's light bark skimming along,
 As wildly, yet sweetly, sounds his song!

THE WRECKED BARK.

C. JEFFERYS.]

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

Over the mighty ocean bound,
 Like a sea-bird haste thy flight;
 Mariner, ho! from the topmast, say,
 Is our native land in sight?

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

The flaunting flag of liberty,
 Of Gallia's sons the boast,
 Oh! never may a Briton see
 Upon the British coast.
 The only flag that Freedom rears,
 Her emblem on the seas,
 Is "the flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!"

To aid the trampled rights of man,
 And break oppression's chain;
 The foremost in the battle's van,
 It never floats in vain.
 The mariner where'er he steers,
 In every clime he sees
 "The flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!"

If all unite as once we did,
 To keep her flag unfurl'd,
 Old England still may fearless bid
 Defiance to the world.
 But fast will flow a nation's tears
 If lawless hands should seize
 "The flag that's braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!"

 MY HELEN IS THE FAIREST FLOWER.

T. KIRBY.]

[*Music* by T. KIRBY.]

My Helen is the fairest flower
 That ever graced the sun or shade,
 Or decked with charms the lover's bower,
 The desert wild, or mountain glade.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

T. FRICKER.]

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

Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy gay and
 jocund face,
 Let holly-branch and mistletoe thy ruddy temples grace,
 Come, circle round the festive board, while winter's
 snows do fall,
 Thou'rt still a welcome visitor in cottage and in hall;
 And when we hail thy coming joy, on every brow we
 trace
 Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy gay and
 jocund face.

Old Christmas, sober Christmas—there is many a
 vacant seat
 Around the piled and crackling hearth where friends
 were wont to meet;
 And while we greet thy presence with a seeming merry
 state,
 We sigh to think how many an ingle nook is desolate;
 And 'midst our glee and frolicking, some sorrow do we
 trace,
 Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy frozen pallid
 face.

Old Christmas, beaming Christmas, banish sorrow from
 thy brow,
 Let's drink oblivion to the past—we cannot heed it
 now;
 Then take the chair we've placed for thee, and drain
 the brimming glass,
 'Twill cheer thy cold and aged heart—nay, never let it
 pass!
 And you must sing a song, old boy, and join us in our
 glee,
 We cannot let old Christmas pass without a lay from
 thee.

MEET ME IN THE WILLOW GLEN.

Mrs. C. B. WILSON.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

Meet me in the willow glen,
 When the silver moon is beaming,
 Songs of love I'll sing thee then,
 When all the world are dreaming.
 Songs of love I'll sing thee then,
 If you'll meet me in the willow glen.

No prying eye shall come, love,
 No stranger foot be seen,
 And the distant village hum, love,
 Shall echo through the glen.
 Meet me, &c.

To melodious mandolins
 My songs I'll softly blend, love,
 While to thee my melody
 A soothing balm shall lend, love.
 Meet me, &c.

THE BATTLES OF SEBASTOPOL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

'Twas twice three hundred noble ships
 Bore down upon the main,
 Swift as the greyhound from the slips
 They strove the shore to gain;
 One pulse in every proud breast beat
 That gallant sight to see,
 One thought alone ran through the fleet,
 And that was—Victory!
 Secure the dastard foeman lay
 Behind his granite wall,
 But courage yet shall win the day—
 Sebastopol must fall!

Then well each gallant seaman plied
The swift but steady oar,
And soon our troops in martial pride
Stood on the Crimean shore—
Near sixty thousand valiant men—
But ne'er a foe they met,
The battle-cry was "Onward!" then,
"We'll find the Russian yet."
What though he couches in his lair,
We'll raze his granite wall;
There's honour for the brave to share—
Sebastopol must fall!"

Now side by side the hosts advance—
Two nations but as one;
Hurrah for England! Vive la France!
At last the work's begun.
From Alma's heights the desp'rate foe
Pour dreadful volleys down,
But on the breathless heroes go
To gather fresh renown.
Hurrah! their ranks begin to reel—
One gallant charge—they run—
They can't withstand the British steel—
The victory is won!

At Inkermann the Russian sought
The mastery there to gain,
In vain, the brave allies he fought
Still masters of the plain;
Outnumber'd, still they would not yield—
They knew not how to fly,
Resolved on that dread battle-field
To conquer or to die!
The flags of France and Britain still
Shall wave on those proud towers,
The sword shall ne'er be sheath'd until
Sebastopol is ours!

COURAGE — COURAGE, HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Courage—courage, hearts of England,
 And be not yet dismay'd,
 Your dearly-purchased laurels
 Are destin'd *not* to fade;
 The same old martial spirit
 Our brave forefathers knew
 Has to our sons descended,
 And they shall conquer too!

Courage—maids and wives of England,
 Though fast your tears may flow,
 Think they but sleep in glory
 Who fell beneath the foe;
 Weep on—but still remember
 Brave hearts now proudly swell,
 Who nobly will avenge them
 Who in the battle fell.

Courage—courage, men of England,
 And pour your legions forth;
 The star of glory lights them
 To honour, in the North!
 Send forth your best and bravest,
 Nor furl the flag again,
 That, as of old, triumphant,
 Still floats upon the main!

THE BRITISH LIGHT BRIGADE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Old Air.*]

'Twas when the fight was at the height,
 Nor yet the battle won,
 The Russian horde their volleys pour'd,
 And thunder'd every gun.

When day seem'd night, and might seem'd right,
 And past all human aid,
 To Britain true that gallant few
 Was then the Light Brigade.
 We've read of old of heroes bold,
 But all their deeds must fade,
 As time records and fame rewards
 The British Light Brigade.

But what were they to win the day?
 They stood six hundred then,
 While down below, a mile or so,
 Were twenty thousand men;
 And on their flank rode many a rank—
 In front the cannon play'd—
 But Raglan knew how brave and true
 He'd find the Light Brigade.
 We've read of old, &c.

The order came—"The guns reclaim!"
 Each leader held his breath;
 What men *could* dare they'd brave and share,
 But there was certain death!
 'Twas waste of life—unequal strife,—
 "No matter," Nolan said;
 "There stands your foe!"—away they go—
 The gallant Light Brigade.
 We've read of old, &c.

As lightning's stroke brings down the oak,
 So through their foes they pass:
 They strew'd the ground with dead around,
 They mowed them down like grass.
 Upon the plain they came again—
 The order was *obey'd*,—
 One laurel more then Britain wore,—
 But where the Light Brigade?
 We've read of old, &c.

When Cambridge scann'd his broken band,
 The gallant soldier wept,
 And more than man felt Cardigan,
 As from his steed he leapt ;
 Then who dare say, that come what may,
 Of numbers they're afraid,
 When ten to one the Russians run
 From the British Light Brigade.
 We've read of old, &c.

WHAT SHALL THE SOLDIER'S WATCHWORD BE?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVEE.]

What shall the soldier's watchword be,
 Fighting afar o'er the distant sea?
 What are his thoughts when he's forced to roam—
 Are they not all of his own dear home?
 Yes, but his courage fails not there,
 Hard though the lot that he's forced to bear;
 "The grave of a hero or victory!"
 This shall the soldier's watchword be!

What shall the soldier's watchword be,
 Pacing the trenches with tired knee?
 Weary and footsore, while still he keeps
 Watch while each gallant comrade sleeps?
 Does he not think that those starry skies
 Shine o'er the cot where his loved one lies?
 Yes! but he told her how brave was he!
 Her name shall the soldier's watchword be.

What shall the soldier's watchword be?
 Worthy the land whose sons are free!
 When the shrill trumpet calls to arms,
 Duty! for doubt ne'er his breast alarms;
 Charging the foe o'er the rugged ground,
 With heart like a lion's that chain ne'er bound,
 "Onward! to death or to victory!"
 This shall the soldier's watchword be!

THE SOLDIERS' BATTLE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

In bygone days—what thoughts they raise—
 When you and I were young,
 About brave Hood and Collingwood
 How many a stave we sung.
 Each hero's name then dear to fame
 We cheer'd with all our might,
 Because they cared for those who shared
 The dangers of the fight.
 I don't mean now to disallow
 That chieftains brave have we,
 When I sing the soldiers' battle,
 The soldiers' victory!

'Twas from the heights of Inkermann,
 All hid by mist and rain,
 The Russian pour'd a countless horde
 Of troops across the plain.
 There was not light to see to fight,
 But they their way could feel,
 And soon the foe was made to know
 The force of British steel.
 Won inch by inch they did not flinch,
 At last they made them flee;
 That was the soldiers' battle,
 The soldiers' victory!

'Twas Wellington, at Waterloo,
 The Frenchman's valour tried;
 Now, strange to see what things may be,
 We're fighting side by side.
 Well! we forget and they forgive,
 For both have bravely done,
 And friends again must so remain,
 Since Inkermann was won.
 'Tis hard to say, on that proud day,
 Which fought most gallantly,
 But 'twas the soldiers' battle,
 The soldiers' victory!

How well and bravely Raglan fought,
 How gallant Cathcart fell,
 How Cambridge then led on his men,
 Let fame's loud trumpet tell ;
 How Evans struggled to the last,
 What brave Sir Colin did—
 On history's page, each future age,
 Ne'er let their deeds be hid.
 But when they tell of Inkermann,
 Let *this* the record be—
 That was *the soldiers'* battle,
 The soldiers' victory !

MOTHER, CAN THIS THE GLORY BE?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

FIRST VOICE.

Mother, can this the glory be
 Of which men proudly tell,
 When speaking of the fearless ones
 Who in the battle fell ?
 Where is the light that cheer'd our home,
 Its sunshine and its joy ;
 Ours was, they say, the victory—
 But, mother, where's thy boy ?

SECOND VOICE.

My boy ! I see him in my dreams—
 I hear his battle-cry,
 I know his brave and loyal heart—
 He does not fear to die.
 E'en now methinks I see him still
 His country's banner wave :
 On—on ! and win a deathless fame,
 My beautiful, my brave !

BOTH.

God of the Battle, shield him still,
 And yet Thy will be done,
 A sister for a brother prays,
 A mother for her son ;

We seek to share no glory now—
 We ask Thee but to save
 The noble hearts of England,
 Our beautiful and brave.

FIRST VOICE.

Mother! I know thy courage well—
 Thine is an ancient race,
 Yet while thy heart so proudly swells,
 A tear steals down thy face;
 E'en now you guess the fearful truth—
 Still, still our banners wave,
 But on that dreadful battle-field
 Where sleeps thy young and brave?

SECOND VOICE.

Yes—yes, I knew it must be so—
 I told not all my dream,
 I saw my gallant boy ride forth
 Where crimson flow'd the stream;
 I hear the shouts of victory—
 Cease, cease those sounds of joy,
 They cannot glad a mother's heart,
 Nor give me back my boy!

BOTH.

God of the Battle, hear us now,
 And yet Thy will be done,
 A sister for a brother mourns,
 A mother for her son;
 We cannot share the glory now—
 But ask thee still to save
 The noble hearts of England,
 The beautiful and brave!

THREE CHEERS FOR OUR SOLDIERS
 ABROAD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by T. BROWNE.]

Come fill, fill the goblet, and then let us give
 Three cheers for our soldiers abroad;

The deeds they have done will in memory live,
 While the arm of the brave wields a sword.
 Should they live to come back to their dear native
 land,
 We'll cheer them again and again,
 For we know ev'ry one in that patriot band
 For his land his last life-blood would drain.

CHORUS.

Then fill high the goblet, and toast them again,
 May each gallant brave meet his reward ;
 Here's "The heroes of Britain who're o'er the wide
 main—
 Three cheers for our soldiers abroad !"

By danger surrounded, 'mid storm and in rain,
 Through the cold and the pitiless snow ;
 They've fought and they've conquer'd again and again,
 Three to one though the desperate foe ;
 For the bold and the brave who in death calmly sleep,
 There's the tribute of many a tear ;
 While for those who untarnished our glory still keep,
 Ev'ry true English heart has a cheer !
 Then fill high, &c.

 THE GRAVE AT THE ALMA.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

No stone marks the spot where the young hero sleeps,
 No bright flowers bloom o'er his grave,
 No sentinel there now his weary watch keeps,
 Where slumbers the young and the brave.
 They bore him away from the red battle fray,
 Where first 'mid the foremost he fell,
 And the spot they deem'd best for a hero to rest
 Was the field that he fought in so well !

Oh ! brief was the grief that his comrades might show,
 As they hurriedly laid him to rest,

But fast fell the tears, and the hearts filled with woe,
 In the home where they loved him the best.
 They read now his name on the proud scroll of fame,
 And they list to his story with pride;
 But a mourner still weeps for the hero who sleeps
 On the field where so nobly he died.

THE MAIDS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

R. WYNNE.]

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

Oh, the maids of merry England, so beautiful and fair,
 With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing
 hair;

Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits
 ever gay,

The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that
 bloom,

On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and
 sweet perfume,

Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,
 The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they
 sigh;

When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently
 dry;

Oh, happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,
 The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and
 hand,

To protect the lovely maidens of this our fatherland;
 And that Heaven may ever bless them we all devoutly

pray,
 Oh, the maids of merry England, how beautiful are
 they!

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

R. TANNAHILL.]

[*Music* by R. A. SMITH.]

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier wi' its soft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dum-
 blane.

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

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

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane,

 THE CAVALIER.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

'Twas a beautiful night, the stars shone bright,
 And the moon o'er the waters play'd,
 When a cavalier to a bower drew near,
 A lady to serenade.

To tend'rest words he swept the chords,
 And many a sigh breathed he ;
 While o'er and o'er he fondly swore,
 " Sweet maid ! I love but thee."
 Sweet maid, sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee.
 Sweet maid, &c.

He raised his eye to her lattice high,
 While he softly breathed his hopes ;
 With amazement he sees swing about with the bre
 All ready a ladder of ropes.
 Up, up he has gone, the bird is flown,
 " What is this on the ground ?" quoth he ;
 " Oh it's plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's
 gloves,
 She's off, and it's not with me ;
 For these gloves, these gloves, they do not belong to
 me."
 For these gloves, &c.

Of course, you'd have thought he'd have follow'd and
 fought,
 As that was a duelling age ;
 But this gay cavalier, he quite scorn'd the idea
 Of putting himself in a rage.
 More wise by far, he put up his guitar,
 And as homeward he went, sung he :
 " When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
 She may go to Hong-kong for me."
 She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong-kong
 for me."
 She may go, &c.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

Mrs. JOHN HUNTER.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

My mother bids me bind my hair
 With bands of rosy hue,
 Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare
 And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
 While others dance and play?
 Alas! I scarce can go or creep
 While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
 When those we love were near:
 I sit upon this mossy stone,
 And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
 And sing my simple lay,
 The village seems asleep, or dead,
 Now Lubin is away.

THE FAIRY BOY.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

A mother came when stars were paling,
 Wailing round a lovely spring;
 Thus she cried while tears were falling,
 Calling on the fairy king,
 "Why with spells my child caressing,
 Courting him with fairy joy;
 Why destroy a mother's blessing,
 Wherefore steal my baby boy!

O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
 Where his childhood loved to play;
 Where the flow'rs are freshly springing,
 There I wander day by day.
 There I wander—growing fonder
 Of the child that made my joy,
 On the echoes wildly calling
 To restore my fairy boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
 Tears are falling all in vain;
 He now sports with fairy pleasure,
 He's the treasure of their train.

Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
 In this world I've lost my joy,
 But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
 There I'll find my angel boy.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

R. BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low;
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow;
 Let us do or die!

HAME, HAME, HAME!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
 Oh, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! oh, hame fain wad I be!
 Oh, hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning now to fa';
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an a';
 But we'll water't wi' the bluid of usurping tyrannie,
 And fresh it shall blaw in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! &c.

Oh, there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can save,
 But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! &c.

The great now are gane wha attempted to save,
 The green grass is growing abune their grave;
 Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame! &c.

 THERE CAME A MINSTREL OLD AND
 GREY.

[ANONYMOUS.]

There came a minstrel old and grey,
 All weary, worn, from far away;
 He tuned his harp at evening's fall
 In proud Sir Hubert's banner'd hall.
 He sang of love a tender lay,
 Of battle field and deadly fray;
 He struck the chord of joy and pain,
 Of young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

One lay was of a high-born dame,
 And well Sir Hubert knew her name,—
 So happy once, but mourning now,
 A broken or forgotten vow.
 Yet still she loved him—ah, too well :
 Hers were the passion and the pain ;
 Words may not speak, but tears could tell
 Young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

Sir Hubert mounts his fleetest steed,
 And spurs him to his swiftest speed ;
 Far from the bright romantic Rhine,
 He lowly kneels at a holy shrine.
 And there's a maiden by his side,
 Who long hath loved, nor loved in vain,
 For she is vow'd proud Hubert's bride,
 The young Leonore, of sweet Lorraine.

THE GOOD RHINE WINE.

J. GREY.]

[*Music* by J. GREY.]

Pour out the Rhine wine, let it flow
 Like a free and flowing river,
 Till sadness sinks, and every woe
 Lies drown'd beneath its waves for ever ;
 For nought can cheer the hearts that pine
 Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
 Like a deep, &c.

Pour out the Rhine wine evermore,
 Let the goblet ne'er be tiring,—
 The poet's song, and the sage's lore,
 And the patriot's lofty soul inspiring ;
 For an off'ring meet at Freedom's shrine
 Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
 Like a deep, &c.

Pour out the Rhine wine, when each hand
 Doth grasp a brimming measure ;

The pledge shall be our fatherland,
 And freedom, friendship, love, and pleasure.
 Then hurrah for the land of the purple vine,
 And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhine wine.
 Like a deep, &c.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by J. PERCY (1790).]

Your Molly has never been false she declares
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs,
 When I swore that I still would continue the same,
 And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name.
 When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with
 you,
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
 To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I stayed;
 For his trousers I washed, and his grog, too, I made.
 Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
 Why should Sal, or should Susan, than me be more
 prized?
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be
 despised.
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll make.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Every lassie has her laddie,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysell;
 But whaur his hame or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Every lassie has her laddie,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.
 Amang the train, &c.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

[ELIZABETH HAMILTON.]

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
 Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
 At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,
 Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my
 een;
 But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 Oh, cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside!
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 Oh, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside!

Ance mair, Gude be thanket, round my ain heartsome
 ingle

Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer:
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my ain:
 Care's down on the wind—it is clean out of sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;
 Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ane fireside.
 My ain fireside, &c.

THE MERRY ZINGARA.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

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

I'm a merry, merry Zingara,
 From a golden clime I come;
 My passport is my light guitar,
 Wheresoe'er my footsteps roam.
 I sing of love at the castle gate,
 And happy fortunes tell;
 I read in the stars the coming fate
 Of bachelor and belle.
 Tra la la la, ha! ha!
 Where'er I call I've a smile for all,
 The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

From my Fatherland I'm far away,
 And my couch is in some bower,
 Where calm I sleep till dawn of day,
 My pillow the wild flower.
 By twilight's grey at cottage-door,
 When lovers I surprise,

I tell how two young hearts adore,
 And read it in their eyes.
 Tra la la la, ha ! ha !
 Where'er I call I've a smile for all,
 The merry Zingara has a smile for all.

MAID OF LLANGOLLEN.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Though lowly my cot, and though poor my estate,
 I see without envy the wealthy and great,
 Contented, and proud a poor shepherd to be,
 While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

My way o'er the mountain I cheerfully take
 At morn, when the song-birds their melody wake ;
 And at eve I return with a heart full of glee,
 For the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

Glenarvon's rich lord passes scornfully by,
 But wealth ne'er can make him as happy as I ;
 And prouder than even the proudest I'll be,
 While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly on me.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

They wiled me from my greenwood home,
 They won me from the tent,
 And slightingly they spoke of scenes
 Where my young days were spent.
 They dazzled me with halls of light,
 But tears would sometimes start ;
 They thought 'twas but to charm the eye,
 And that might win the heart.

They little knew what ties of love
 Had bound me in their spell,
 The greenwood was my happiest home,
 And there I long to dwell.

Though flowers deck'd the mountain's side,
 And fragrance fill'd the vale,
 By far the fairest flower there
 Was the Rose of Allandale.

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

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd
 On Afric's burning sand,
 She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
 And tales of distant land.
 My life had been a wilderness,
 Unblest by fortune's gale,
 Had fate not link'd her fate to mine—
 The Rose of Allandale.

THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

ALLAN RAMSAY.]

[*Scotch Air.*

The lass o' Patie's mill,
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of a' my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When teddin out the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'mid her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart
 Whene'er she spake or smiled:

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguiled ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh, had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will,
 I'd promise and fulfil
 That nane but bonnie she,
 The lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

ELIZA COOK.]

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

The noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
 Our palms are all shining and hard,
 And close is our work with the wain and the fork,
 And but poor is our daily reward.
 But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark,
 That skims whistling away over head ;
 Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
 And there's peace with a meal of brown bread.
 We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod,
 Far away from the city's dull gloom,
 And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
 Than the pale faces over the loom.
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun wide and high—
 For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,
 And lend us your presence awhile ;
 Your garments will gather no stain from the burrs,
 And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.

Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet
 Than the pile of your velveteed floor,
 And the scent of our greensward is surely as sweet
 As the perfume of Araby's shore.
 Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
 Where freshness and health may be found,
 Where the wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed
 And the clover-bloom falleth around.
 Then a song, &c.

"Hold fast!" cries the waggoner, loudly and quick;
 And then comes the hearty "Gee wo!"
 While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
 A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
 The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
 And bravely they scatter the heap,
 Till the tiniest one, quite outspent by the fun,
 Is curled up with the sheep-dog asleep.
 Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,
 At the close of our labouring day,
 And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
 May be pure at its passing away.
 Then a song, &c.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

R. BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam' to see;
 Three blither hearts that leelang night
 Ye wadna find in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're na that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw',
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.
 Here are we met three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mair we hope to be.
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my troth, she'll wait a wee.
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he;
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He shall be king amang us three.
 We are na fou, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

Upon the hill he turn'd,
 To take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village church,
 And the cottage by the brook.
 He listen'd to the sounds
 So familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword,
 And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft her snow-white scarf,
 Which flutter'd in the breeze.
 She breath'd a prayer for him—
 A prayer he could not hear—
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
 And he wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot—
 Ah, do not deem him weak—
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek.
 Go, watch the foremost ranks
 In danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there
 Has wiped away a tear.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

Hon. Mrs. NORTON.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

We have been friends together,
 In sunshine and in shade,
 Since first beneath the chesnut tree
 In infancy we play'd ;
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,
 A cloud is on thy brow—
 We have been friends together,
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been friends together,
 We have laughed at little jests,
 For the fount of hope was gushing
 Warm and joyous in our breasts ;
 But laughter now has fled thy lip,
 And sullen glooms thy brow—
 We have been friends together,
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together,
 We have wept with bitter tears
 O'er the grass-grown graves where slumber'd
 The hopes of early years.
 Those voices which are silent
 Would bid thee clear thy brow—
 We have been sad together,
 Oh ! what shall part us now ?

 SALLY, SALLY.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

“Sally, Sally ! shilly shally,
 Sally, why not name the day ?”
 “Harry, Harry ! I will tarry,
 Longer in loves flow'ry way.”

“Sally, why not make your mind up,
Why embitter thus my cup.”

“Harry, I’ve so great a mind,
It takes a long time making up.”

“Sally, Sally, in the valley
You have promised many’s the time,
On the summer Sunday morning,
As we heard the matin chime,
List’ning to those sweet bells ringing,
Calling grateful hearts to pray,
I have whisper’d, oh, how sweetly,
They’ll proclaim our wedding day.”

“Harry, Harry! I’ll not marry
Till I find your eyes don’t stray,—
At Kate Riley you so sily
Stole a wink the other day—”

“But, Kate Riley, she’s my cousin—”
“Harry, I have cousins, too;
If you will have close relations,
I’ll have cousins close as you.”

“Sally, Sally, do not rally,
Do not mock my tender woe;
Play me not thus shilly shally;
Sally, do not tease me so.
Whilst you’re smiling, hearts beguiling,
Doing all a woman can,
Think, though you’re almost an angel,
I am but a mortal man.”

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O!

R. BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O;
The sweetest hours that e’er I spent
Were spent among the lasses O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In every hour that passes O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An 'twere na for the lasses O?
 Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them O;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.
 Green grow, &c.

Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie O;
 An' warly cares an' warly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O;
 The wisest man the world e'er saw
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses O.
 Green grow, &c.

LET US ROAM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Where the woodside shadows play
 At the sweet decline of day,
 And the honey-laden bee goes murm'ring home;
 When the mill-stream is at rest
 With the lilies on its breast,
 Through the meadows, in the twilight, let us roam.

When the birds their vespers sing,
 And the moth is on the wing,
 And the drowsy bat is flitting round the dome ;
 When the breezes, lightly borne,
 Sing amid the ripen'd corn,
 Through the meadows, in the twilight, let us roam.

When the grass with dew is damp,
 Where the glow-worm hangs her lamp,
 To light the fays and fairies when they come ;
 And the nightingale's clear song,
 Sweetly steals our path along,
 Through the meadows, in the twilight, let us roam.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

R. B. SHERIDAN.]

[*Music* by LINLEY.]

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Now to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty ;
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the damsel with none, sir ;
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And now to the nymph with but one, sir :
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry :
 Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
 So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together :
 Let the toast pass, &c.

TRUE RICHES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by LOVELL PHILLIPS.]

I had gold, I had gems, I had houses and land,
 I had all that mere wealth could secure ;
 I could scatter my gifts with a bounteous hand,
 And yet, with all this, I was poor.
 The birds that, in pairs, sung their songs in the grove,
 Were richer, far richer, than me :
 For what is the home that's not lighted by love ?
 What, dear Bessie, the world without thee ?

All my gold, and my gems, and my houses and land
 Were claim'd by another—what then ?
 I had nerve in my heart, I had strength in my hand,
 And I now am the richest of men !
 For is not the worth of affection above
 What all worldly treasures may be ?
 My home is still happy and lighted by love,
 For, dear Bessie, my wealth is in thee.

MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND.

T. DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by J. DAVY.]

Since the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind
 And taught me how favour'd by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune I still was inclined,
 And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him ;
 And my motto, though simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him !"

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
 Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils the least,
 The smiles of a friend may invite to content,
 And we all know content is an excellent feast.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to ev'ry one's praise
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him ;
 And my motto, though simple, means more than it says,—
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him!"

I DREAMT I WAS ENCHANTED.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by G. A. MACFARREN.]

I dreamt I was enchanted,
 That in some fairy isle
 I reign'd o'er elfin creatures,
 That own'd me queen ere while ;
 They brought a crown of flowers,
 And placed them on my brow,
 They sung sweet solemn music,
 That charms me even now ;—
 But I was very lonely,
 Although the dream was fair ;
 I miss'd the dear kind voices,
 The sweet home-music there.

I dreamt I was enchanted,
 That nymphs my call obey'd ;
 I lodged within a palace
 Of pearl and amber made.
 The sweetest flowers they brought me,
 To dream-land that belong,
 And then to sleep they lull'd me
 With some lone fairy song ;—
 But still I long'd for some one
 My seeming joys to share ;
 For there was nothing human,
 No loved home-voices there.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile ;
 Morn, alas ! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle.
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots were friends may dwell ;
 Darker shadows round us hover,—
 Isle of beauty, fare the well !

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light ;
 Who will fill our vacant places ?
 Who will sing our songs to-night ?
 Through the mist that floats above us
 Faintly sounds the vesper-bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye is vainly seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon,—
 When on that dear land I ponder,
 Where my old companions dwell,
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
 Isle of beauty, fare thee well !

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Oh, Tibbie, I hae seen the day
 Ye wad na been sae shy ;
 For lack o'gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by :
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure ;
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.
 Although, a lad were e'er so smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head another airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice
 The deil a ane wad speer your price,
 Were you as poor as I.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

J. W. LAKE.]

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

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
 I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft in heedless infant sport
 I gather'd shells in days before.
 The plashing waves like music fell
 Responsive to my fancy wild;
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand
 To cull the toys that round me lay,
 But as I took them in my hand
 I threw them one by one away.

Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage
 By toys our fancy is beguiled,
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them like a child.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye—
 Why weep ye by the tide?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye shall be his bride;
 And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
 Sae comely to be seen:"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley dale;
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen:"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
 And you, the foremost o' them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen:"
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight were there:

They sought her baith by bower an na ;
 The lady was not seen !
 She's o'er the Border and awa
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean !

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

C. SLOMAN.]

[*Music* by C. SLOMAN.]

“ No more shall the children of Judah sing
 The lays of a happier time,
 Nor strike the harp with the golden string
 'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.”
 This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
 But not in her father's bowers :
 So sweetly she sang as in sadness she stray'd
 O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.

No more, &c.

“ Oh, where are the sons of mine ancient race
 That were born but the jav'lin to bear ?
 Oh, where is that city whose wreck I trace,
 Which once was so lovely and fair ?
 The green grass grows on that fertile spot
 Where once grew sweetest flowers ;
 Land of my kindred ! thou'lt ne'er be forgot
 While a ruin remains of thy towers.”

No more, &c.

THE GIPSY PRINCE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

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

No more, no more shall the notes of love
 Inspire my minstrel lay ;
 The song of the harp and the voice of the dove
 Must yield to the battle fray.
 The foe is up, and the knights are met
 In their proudest and best array ;
 And the trumpet sounds “ To arms ! to arms ! ”
 And the clarion calls away.

No more, &c.

Thus sung a youth in whose dark eye flash'd
 The soul of true chivalry ;
 Whose bosom had ne'er been vanquish'd by fear,
 And whose arm, like his soul, was free.
 On, on he rush'd to the battle-field,
 Follow'd fast by a daring band,
 Who heard the cry, "To arms! to arms!
 And strike for your native land!"
 No more, &c.

The strife was o'er, and the youth return'd
 In joy to his greenwood bride ;
 But glory was his, and the trumpet of fame
 Re-echoed it far and wide ;
 And he who fought in the forest garb,
 And led on the Gipsy band,
 Now wears on his brow a proud warrior's wreath,
 And is prince of his native land.
 No more, &c.

BELLS UPON THE WIND.

Col. ADDISON.]

[*Music* by A. LEB.]

That heavenly voice, that heavenly voice,
 When every joy has fled,
 In accents soothing brings relief
 When all, save hope, is dead.
 Those melting sounds, those melting sounds
 Alone can calm the mind ;
 Like dying sunbeams gild the scene,
 Or bells upon the wind.
 Bells upon, &c.

Those mellow tones, those mellow tones
 The soul desponding cheer ;
 Reviving joys the bosom fill,
 Fresh budding hopes appear.

The drooping heart, the drooping heart
 In friendship's voice shall find
 A balm whose cheering accents thrill
 Like bells upon the wind.
 Bells upon, &c.

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

[Hon. Mrs. NORTON.]

They saw that I was fair and bright,
 And bore me far away,
 Within the Sultan's halls of light,
 A glittering wretch to stay.
 They bore me on the dreary sea,
 Where the dark wild billows foam;
 Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,
 My own, my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare
 That glitter in the sun,
 And braid with pearls my long black hair:
 I weep when all is done.
 I'd give them all for one bright hour,
 Free and unwatch'd to roam;
 I'd give them all for one sweet flower
 From thee, my childhood's home!

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

R. A. MILLIKEN.]

[*Irish Air.*

The groves of Blarney they look so charming,
 Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks;
 All graced by posies that spontaneous grow there,
 And planted in order in the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there the daisy and sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink and rose so fair,
 The daffodowndilly, besides the lily,
 Flowers that scent the sweet open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
 Like Alexander, or Helen fair;
 There's no commander in all the nation
 For regulation could with her compare.
 Such walls surrounded her, that no nine-pounder
 Could ever plunder her place of strength,
 Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
 And made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave, where no daylight enters,
 But cats and badgers are for ever bred,
 And moss'd by nature, makes it completer
 Than a coach and six or a downy bed.
 'Tis there the lake is well stored with fishes,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud,
 Besides the leeches and groves of beeches
 Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are gravel walks there for recreation
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove or
 The gentle plover in the afternoon.
 There's Biddy Murphy, the farmer's daughter,
 A washing the praties before the door,
 With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet Killarney,
 All blood relations of Lord Donoghmore.

There's statues gracing this noble mansion,
 All heathen gods and goddesses so fair ;
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
 All standing in the open air.
 So now to finish this bold narration,
 That my poor genii could not entwine ;
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar
 In every feature I'd make it shine.

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

[By the Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY (Father Prout).]

There is a boat on the lake to float on,
 And lots of beauties which I can't entwine ;

But were I a preacher or a classic teacher,
 In every feature I'd make 'em shine.
 There is a stone there that whoever kisses,
 Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent;
 In he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
 Or become a member of Parliament.

A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or
 An out-and-outer "to be let alone;"
 Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilder him,
 Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney stone!

THE CARRION CROW.

[W. H. AINSWORTH.]

The carrion crow is a sexton bold,
 He raketh the dead from out the mould,
 He delveth the ground like a miser old,
 Stealthily hiding his store of gold.
 Caw! caw! the carrion crow,
 Dig! dig! in the ground below.

The carrion crow hath a coat of black,
 Silky and sleek, like a priest's, to his back;
 Like a lawyer he grubbeth—no matter what way—
 The fouler the offal, the richer his prey!
 Caw! caw! &c.

The carrion crow hath a dainty maw,
 With savoury pickings he crammeth his crow;
 Kept meat from the gibbet it pleaseth his whim,
 It never can hang too long for him.
 Caw! caw! &c.

The carrion crow smelleth powder, 'tis said,
 Like a soldier escheweth the taste of cold lead;
 No jester or mime hath more marvellous wit,
 For wherever he lighteth he maketh a hit.
 Caw! caw!

THE PRIDE OF MY HEART.

Capt. CHAMBER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.

The fresh'ning breeze swells the canvas again,
 And the bold vessel dashes her bows through the main ;
 Our cares are all left with our sweethearts behind,
 And on Saturday night to the howl of the wind
 We fill up the glass,
 And we drink to the lass,
 The girl from whom duty has forced us to part.
 Here's a health to dear Susan, the pride of my heart.
 Here's a health, &c.

Wherever we steer, from the South or the North,
 When the cold winds of winter come cheerlessly forth,
 Our heart's ever constant, wherever we roam,
 For affection still turns to our sweethearts at home.
 Then fill every glass, &c.

On each breeze, as the gale passes rapidly by,
 Susan's name shall be heard as I waft her a sigh.
 No distance shall change me, unalter'd I'll prove,
 And, true to my Queen, as I'm constant in love.
 Then fill up the glass, &c.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Music* by C. HORN.

Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
 Search every hollow, and dingle, and dell ;
 I leave not a print of a footstep behind me,
 So those who would see me must seek for me well.
 Look in the lily bell, ruffle the rose,
 Under the leaves of the violet peep ;
 Lull'd by a zephyr, in cradles like those,
 All the day long you may find me asleep.
 Through the, &c.

When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me,
 Singing farewell to his rays as they fade,

But as soon as the step of a mortal is near me,
 I take to my wings and fly off to the shade.
Through the, &c.
 Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find
 me,
 Look in the lily bell, ruffle the rose ;
 Through the woods, through the woods, seek till you
 find me,
 Haste, for at nightfall the blossoms will close,
Follow, follow, follow and find me.

WHEN CROWNED WITH SUMMER ROSES.

H. BRANDRETH.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

When crown'd with summer roses,
 Hope and pleasure lead along ;
 Through meads of sunlit beauty,
 All that's bright and sweet in song.
 Though others may be fairer,
 So dear art thou to me
 As to the lark is sunrise,
 Or the blossom to the bee.
When crown'd, &c.

Doth sorrow o'er thy path, love,
 Its darkling shadows fling ?
 Has cold neglect to winter turn'd
 Thy bosom's leafy spring ?
 In sorrow as in gladness
 Thou alone art dear to me,
 As sunshine to the swallow,
 Or the blossom to the bee.
When crown'd, &c.

MY COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE.

E. FITZBALL.]

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

When I beheld the anchor weigh'd
 And with the shore thy image fade,

I deem'd each wave a boundless sea,
 That bore me still from love and thee ;
 I watch'd alone the sun decline,
 And envied beams on thee to shine ;
 While Anguish painted 'neath her spell
 My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'Mid every clime would mem'ry trace
 In every scene that gentle face,
 That mute pale lip, that parting sigh,
 That one sad tear that fill'd thine eye !
 Till fancy's dream with sweet control,
 Or magic wings would lift my soul,
 And waft me home with thee to dwell,
 My love and cottage near Rochelle.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

[SUSANNA BLAMIRE.]

“ And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare ;
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Donald mair !”

“ Oh, wha would wear a silken gown,
 Wi' a puir broken heart ?
 Or, what's to me a silver crown,
 Gin frae my love I part ?”

And ye, &c.

“ I wadna walk in silk attire,
 Nor braid wi' gowd my hair ;
 Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine,
 Were wrang'd and grieving sair.
 Frae infancy he loved me still,
 And still my heart shall prove
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,
 Which first repaid his love !”

I wadna, &c.

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

“ Oh, if you love me, furl your sails,
 Draw up your boat on shore ;
 Come, tell me tales of midnight gales,
 But tempt their might no more.
 Oh, stay,” Kate whisper'd, “ stay with me.”
 “ Fear not,” the rover cried ;
 “ Yon bark shall be a prize for thee,
 I'll seize it for my bride !”

The boat was in pursuit, it flew,
 The full sails bent the mast :
 Poor Kate well knew the rover's crew
 Would struggle to the last.
 And ceaselessly for morning's light
 She pray'd upon her knees:
 For all the night the sounds of fight
 Were borne upon the breeze.

And morning came, it brought despair,
 The rover's boat was gone ;
 Kate rent her hair, one bark was there,
 Triumphant, but alone.
 She sought the shore, she braved the storm,
 A corpse lay by her side ;
 She strove to warm the rover's form,
 Then kiss'd his lips and died.

 QUEEN OF MY SOUL.

RIZZIO'S LAST SONG.

Miss COSTELLO.]

[*Music* by Miss WOLLASTON.]

Queen of my soul, whose star-like eyes
 Are all the light I seek ;
 Whose voice in sweetest melodies
 Can love or pardon speak,

I bow me to thy love's control,
 Queen of my soul ;
 Mary, Mary, queen of my soul !

The mountains of my native shore
 Are cold, and dim, and grey ;
 Ah ! linger midst their clouds no more,
 Thy home is far away,
 Where Italy's blue waters roll,
 Queen of my soul ;
 Mary, Mary, queen of my soul !

The perfumed rose for thee is 'twined,
 The lute awakes its strain ;
 Then shall the withering northern wind
 Steal all thy sweets in vain ?
 No, fly beyond thy fate's control,
 Queen of my soul !
 Mary, Mary, queen of my soul !

WOMAN.

G. WITHER.]

[*Music* by H. PHILLIPS.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair,
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 Because another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads of May,
 If she be not kind to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love ?
 Or, her well deservings known,
 Make me quite forget mine own ?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 The turtle dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be ?

Be she meek, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go ;
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

[W. M. PRAED.]

Fare thee well, love, fare thee well,
From the world I pass away ;
Where the brightest things that dwell,
All deceive and all decay !
Cheerfully I fall asleep,
As by some mysterious spell ;
Yet I weep to see thee weep.
Fare thee well, love, fare thee well !

'Tell of me, love, tell of me,
Not amid the heartless throng ;
Not where passion bends the knee,
Not where pleasure thrills the song !
But when some most cherish'd one
By your side at eve shall be ;
Ere your twilight tales are done,
Tell of me, love, tell of me !

Leave me now, love, leave me now,
Not with sorrow, not with sighs ;
Not with clouds, love, on thy brow,
Not with tears, love, in thine eyes.
We shall meet, we know not where,
And be blest we dream not how ;
With a kiss, and with a prayer,
Leave me now, love, leave me now !

MANHOOD.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

Shall manhood, unmoved, mark a brother's distress,
 And nature's kind feeling of pity repress?
 Can manhood recoil from the care-stricken form
 Because it is blighted by winter's stern form?
 Remember the cares that another hath known,
 Though now we are joyous, may soon be our own.
 Then let us inspire, while sunshine is ours,
 That friendship which fades not in sorrow's dark hours.

Tell me not of titles, of rank, and of birth,
 The best and the proudest distinction on earth
 To that heart which feels for another belongs,
 Who shelters its rights, and revenges its wrongs.
 The high and the low are but links of one chain,
 Which sever'd, may ne'er be united again.
 Then let us, &c.

THE GIPSY'S CAROL.

[W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

Liberty! liberty!
 Search the world round;
 'Tis with the Gipsy
 Alone thou art found.
 Then in the gay greenwood
 We worship thee now;
 The free, oh, the free,
 Still live under the bough!

Trarah! Trarah!
 Hark! the deep dingles ring;
 Free hearts with the bird
 And the deer are on wing.
 Joy claims in the greenwood,
 The Gipsy's glad vow;
 The blithe, oh, the blithe,
 Still live under the bough!

SOGGARTH AROON.

[JOHN BANIM.]

Who in the winter's night,
 Soggarth aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth aroon,
 Came to my cabin dour,
 And on my earthen flure
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth aroon!

Who as friend only, met
 Soggarth aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon:
 And when my heart was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth aroon!

I NE'ER WILL SEE THEE MORE.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

I welcome give to danger—
 I'll brave the ocean's roar;
 To foreign lands a stranger,
 I seek a foreign shore!
 To linger here were madness,
 Since thou art false to me;
 I'll hail the hour with gladness
 Which bears me far from thee!

Thou scorn'st the pure affection
 Of one devoted heart;
 But think not my dejection
 Shall tell how false thou art.

Go, cruel, fickle maiden,
 And count thy conquests o'er;
 With grief my heart is laden,—
 I ne'er will see thee more!

THE PIPER, OR TERRY O'ROON.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

Och ! there ne'er was a piper like Terry O'Roon,
 Sure he bother'd them all with his wonderful tune ;
 And the like of that same, when it came in his head,
 It never was equalled by living or dead.
 And this is the reason—a long time ago,
 As Terry's own family histories show,
 A fairy once brought to his grandfather's cot,
 The very same pipes that now Terry has got ;
 " And sure," said his father, who took up the trade,
 " St. Patrick himself on the same may have play'd ;"
 But none of the pipe-playing house of O'Roon,
 Like Terry could strike up the wonderful tune,
 Och bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roon,
 He charm'd every heart with his wonderful tune.

'Tis said when he struck up his pipes by the shore
 That the fishes danced jigs, and the sea ceased to roar,
 That the rocks split with laughing, that herring and
 sprats
 Should foot it with shell-fish, and round fish, and flats.
 Be that as it may, Terry swears that its true,
 But he might have been dreaming, betwixt me and
 you ;
 On a taste of the creature—that caused him to think,
 (For pipers have ever been jewels to drink,)
 And Terry himself, when the whisky was strong,
 He ne'er play'd so well, nor so loud, nor so long,
 Till he set them all dancing—sly Terry O'Roon,
 And whatever he play'd 'twas a wonderful tune,
 Och bothering, wheedling, &c. &c.

There was never a wake, nor a fight, nor a fair,
 But Terry O'Roon he was sure to be there;
 And many's the match that was made I'll be bound
 When his wonderful pipes drew the lasses around;
 But Terry himself was a rogue, and its true
 It was all one to him whether black eyes or blue,
 For when his flirtations some beauty would vex,
 "Arrah, Honey!" he says, "aint I true to the sex."
 And so he went on with his wheedling ways
 And his pipe-playing tricks to the end of his days;
 But there ne'er was a piper like Terry O'Roon,
 That was gifted, like him, with a wonderful tune!
 Och bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roon,
 Sure he won ev'ry heart with his wonderful tune!

THE HARP'S WILD NOTES.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music by A. LEE.*

A zephyr breath of wind is playing
 So softly, none can trace its wings;
 And, lone and fitful in its straying,
 It falls upon the silver strings.
 They pour an answ'ring stream that never
 Could be awaked by minstrel skill;
 The rarest melody that ever
 Stirr'd from the chords to bless and thrill.
 So rich, so full, so pure, so deep,
 The air in magic sweetness floats;
 But spirit hands alone can sweep
 The strings, to gain the harp's wild notes.

So many a breast where music liveth
 May yield a store of measured tone;
 Full many a burning lay it giveth,
 Yet are its richest sounds unknown.
 The throb of strange and holy feeling,
 The deepest joy, the saddest sigh,
 Will fill the soul with high revealing,
 But, like the harp-strain, it must die.

None can record the tuneful theme,
 That with the mystic wind-kiss floats,
 And none can learn the poet's dream,
 That singeth in his heart's wild notes.

OH, LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by Sir J. A. STEVENSON.]

Oh, leave me to my sorrow,
 For my heart is oppress'd to-day!
 Oh, leave me, and to-morrow
 Dark shadows may pass away.
 There's a time when all that grieves us
 Is felt with a deeper gloom;
 There's a time when hope deceives us,
 And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter from the mountain
 The stream like a torrent flows,
 In summer the same fountain
 Is calm as a child's repose.
 Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
 And tears of despair gush on—
 Time brings forth new flow'rs around us,
 And the tide of our grief is gone.

Then heed not my pensive hours,
 Nor bid me be cheerful now—
 Can sunshine raise the flowers
 That droop on a blighted bough?
 The lake in the tempest wears not
 The brightness its slumber wore;
 The heart of the mourner cares not
 For joys that were dear before.

DREAMS OF EARLY DAYS.

J. W. LAKE.]

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

There are feelings that benighted
 Sleep like verdure 'neath the snow,
 Which, again by memory lighted,
 In their summer beauty glow.
 Time our fondest joys will sever,
 Hope each fairy wish betrays,
 But the spirit lingers ever
 O'er the dreams of early days.

There are joys that, when they perish,
 Leave a fragrant wreck behind;
 Flowers that in their balm we cherish
 With our fondest thoughts entwined.
 And though Time's relentless finger
 May efface them from our gaze,
 Still the spirit loves to linger
 O'er the dreams of early days.

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

Mrs. CRAWFORD.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

It may not be, it cannot be,
 That such a gem was made for me;
 But oh! gin it had been my lot,—
 A palace, not a Highland cot,
 That bonnie simple gem had thrown
 Bright lustre round a jewell'd crown:
 For oh! the sweetest lass to me
 Is Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

I love her for her artless truth;
 I love her wi' the heart o' youth,
 When a' the golden dreams o' love
 Bring wingèd angels from above:

A stolen glance from Annie snares
 My heart away from all its cares ;
 For oh ! the sweetest lass to me
 Is Annie o' the banks o' Dec.

ALINE O'NEAL.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. BARKER.]

Oh ! my heart is in Ireland, in dear little Ireland,
 And often my thoughts o'er the wide waters steal
 To the moss-cover'd cabin, beside the green valley,
 Where, blooming in beauty, dwells Aline O'Neal.
 The dew is not brighter than her sparkling glances,
 The fawn is not fleetier than her footsteps light ;
 In fancy I see her wherever I wander ;
 Oh ! she is my dream through the silence of night ;
 Aline, darling ! sweet Aline O'Neal !

Oh ! long years I've been roaming in the land of the
 stranger,
 For Fate to my lot then unkind seem'd to be ;
 But now on my pathway Hope's glad star is beaming,
 And Plenty has shower'd her blessings o'er me,
 I fly to dear Ireland with love still unchanging ;
 Oh ! who knows the pleasure and pride I shall feel
 To see the old cabin beside the green valley,
 And clasp to this heart gentle Aline O'Neal—
 Aline, darling ! sweet Aline O'Neal !

WINNING EYES.

R. B. BROUGH.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

Thou hast winning eyes, Mary,—
 Glad, and passing bright ;
 Ever by their gentle fire
 Setting hearts alight ;

Beaming, gleaming, fairly streaming
 Forth with lightsome glee!
 They must shine on somebody;
 Oh! let them shine on me.

Thou hast pouting lips, Mary,
 Red as ruby gem,
 Tempting as the autumn cherry
 Drooping on its stem;
 Glowing, showing dimples knowing,
 Dangerous to see!
 They must smile on somebody;
 Oh! let them smile on me.

But thou hast a heart, Mary,—
 Well its worth I know;
 How it bounds at others' pleasure,
 Melts at others' woe;
 Fairest, rarest charm thou bearest,
 Rich though others be!
 It must beat for somebody;
 Oh! let it beat for me.

SUNLIGHT ON THE SEA.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Sunshine on the wave is lying,
 Through the shrouds the breezes sing;
 Onward speeds our good ship, flying
 Like a bird upon the wing.
 By the stars no longer steering,
 Now our flight is bold and free,
 Doubt dispell'd, no danger fearing,
 While there's sunlight on the sea.
 Sunshine on the wave is lying, &c.

Bright the dancing waters glisten,
 As our vessel speeds along;
 Sweet it is once more to listen
 To the breeze's joyous song.

Far before and far behind us
 Is the land, but what care we!
 Where's the chain that now can bind us,
 While there's sunlight on the sea?
 Sunshine on the wave is lying, &c.

WESTWARD HO!

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by G. A. HODSON.]

Brothers, sisters, ye who toil,
 Ply the loom, or till the soil,
 From o'ercrowded cities come,
 Seek with me a forest home.
 There shall labour win its way,
 Toiling, thriving, day by day,
 Strong in heart and hope let's go
 Through the prairies—Westward ho!

Where the giant pine now reigns
 We will have our smiling plains;
 Rude our first log hut may be,
 But from care it shall be free.
 Linger not, no more delay,
 Heaven itself points out the way;
 Strong in heart and hope then go
 Through the prairies—Westward ho!

OUR GOOD SHIP.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by L. LAVENU.]

Our good ship flies before the gale
 Like a falcon, bold and free;
 The wind, that fills each snow-white sail,
 Whistle's loud o'er the foaming sea.
 But what care we, though the tempest rave,
 And the tall masts bend from on high?
 We have breasted oft the angry wave
 'Neath a dark and frowning sky,

'Mid the thunder's peeling crash,
 And the lightning's vivid flash;
 Then quail not, mariner! drown ev'ry fear,
 Let hope inspire each lip;
 The Hand that rules the storm will steer
 In safety our good ship.

See! see! aloft, yon guiding star
 Foretels that the danger is o'er,
 And mem'ry points to our homes afar,
 To the hearts that we left on shore.
 If thinking of those whom we fondly love
 Hath chill'd one manly breast,
 Breathe a prayer to Him who reigns above,
 Who hath lull'd the waves to rest.
 When yawns a watery grave
 His arm is nigh to save.
 Then never despair, though peril be near,
 Let Hope inspire each lip;
 The hand that rules the storm will steer
 In safety our good ship.

LAUGH! LAUGH!

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Laugh! laugh! in youth why should sorrow
 Dare to intrude on the realms of the free;
 Joy for to-day, let old Care come to-morrow:
 He never shall be companion to me!
 Why should we grieve when all nature is glowing,
 And earth's lovely verdure is smiling and gay?
 'Tis but awhile that the roses are blowing,
 Laugh, ere their brightness has wither'd away.
 Laugh! laugh! &c.

Laugh! laugh! for all nature is laughing:
 There's laughter abroad when the waves kiss the wind;
 There's joy in the breeze that the flow'rets are quaffing,
 And mirth in the voice of the song-bird we find.

Then laugh while ye may, for the hours are but fleeting,
 Of sunshine and flowers, of youth and delight ;
 We cannot have always so happy a meeting,
 We cannot be always so bless'd and so bright. !
 Laugh! laugh! &c.

BRING ME WILD FLOWERS. \

E. J. GILL.]

[*Music* by L. LAVENTU.]

Bring me wild flowers, happy young flowers,
 Blooming and sweet in the bright sunny air ;
 Let their soft lips woo'd by the breeze,
 Speak to me still of all things fair.
 They'll whisper of blue and sunlit streams,
 Whose murmuring strains went floating by,
 Through valleys of light, like joyous dreams,
 Whose blissful memories will never die.
 Oh! fair young flowers! Oh! sweet young flowers!
 Bring me wild, &c.

Bring me wild flowers, sunny wild flowers,
 Each fairy bud has a soft tale to tell
 Of pleasant times I've often pass'd
 In the lone dark woods where they dwell:
 They'll tell of bright smiles, a warm, glad home,
 In youth when we loved these nurslings wild ;
 Ere hope's fleeting visions made me roam,
 Or time came over the happy child.
 Oh! fair young flowers! Oh! sweet young flowers!
 Bring me wild, &c.

OCH KATTIE, MY DARLIN'.

A. PARK.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

Och Kattie, my darlin', I'm dyin'
 Because of your cruel delay ;
 My heart in my bosom is sighin',
 And soon will be all burnt away :

My father has left me some money,
 And mother she promises more ;
 Then say will you have me, my honey !
 You'll find me below at the door.
 Och Kattie, &c.

You know that from kings I'm descended,
 That long in ould Ireland held rule ;
 And though born on the first day of April,
 You know I'm no April fool :
 I've got a purlite edication,
 Can handle the pick or the spade ;
 And can lick any boy in the nation,
 Whatever his callin' or thrade.

For grammar and writin' and readin',
 Or any of them little rules,
 Let these bother the boys who want breedin',
 But genius cares nothin' for schools ;
 For love I can bate all Killarney,
 And that is a great gift you see,
 And for singin', and dancin', and blarney,
 I'd like to see any like me.

Then Kattie, dear Kattie ! be clever,
 And give me a glance of your eye,
 I'll love you for ever and ever,
 As long as the sun shines on high :
 You know that the lark loves the mornin',
 You know the sweet flowers love the dew,
 Then don't my entreaties be scornin',
 For, Kattie, you know I love you.

MY FRIEND AND OLD COMPANION.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

My friend and old companion
 Is the man I've prized through life,
 A helping hand he has for all,
 His tongue ne'er harbour'd strife ;

Who cared not what the world might say,
 For that may be untrue,
 But judged by what he saw himself,
 And spoke by what he knew.
 Who fail'd not friends in evil days,
 But drew them closer still,
 And gave what he could little spare,
 Yet gave with right good will.
 Oh ! few and rare such friendships are,
 Then greater my delight
 When friends and old companions meet
 As we have met to-night.

My friend and old companion ;—
 Still the thought my bosom cheers,
 Some links remain of that bright chain
 We wove in other years ;
 The stream may wander from its source,
 As friend from friend must part,
 But bright and clear those waves will flow
 Whose fount is in the heart ;
 And that pure stream and that bright chain
 Have both been dear to me,
 For from his heart the feeling flows
 Whose clear pure depth I see ;
 And friendship's links, like burnish'd gold,
 By age but get more bright,—
 When friends and old companions meet
 As we have met to-night !

LOVE WILL BLOOM WHEN SUMMER DIES

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

Say not love is like a rose,
 Which in summer beauty blows,
 Breathing fragrance on the air,
 But as fleeting, too, as fair ;
 Just as sweet, though storms arise,
 Love will bloom when summer dies.

Say not love is like a dream,
 But a moment meteor gleam ;
 Deck'd with hues by fancy made,
 Which like beauty soon must fade.
 Dreams may vanish as they rise ;
 Love will bloom, though fancy dies.

Say not love's a summer thing,
 Like a swallow on the wing,
 Sporting in the summer ray,
 Which from winter flies away.
 Fate may frown, and storms arise
 Love will bloom, though summer dies.

SONG OF THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLER

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER

England, though I call thee mother,
 A kind one thou wert not to me,
 Yet I love thee, and no other
 Shall win my heart from loving thee ;
 While at home and discontented,
 Both want and toil made me their prey ;
 When I left thee, fate relented,
 And hope lit up the wand'rer's way.
 As I cross'd the stormy ocean
 I sometimes thought of thee and thine,
 Wond'ring in my heart's emotion
 Why so sad a lot were mine.

But our troubles all departed,
 I found the strong and willing hand
 Could soon make me feel light-hearted
 In this bright and happy land.
 Fruitless toil no more oppress'd me,
 Each day contented I began ;
 Want no more at night distress'd me
 And then I felt once more a man.

England, *now* I call thee mother,
 And proud I am thy son to be,
 For I love thee, and no other
 Shall win my heart from loving thee.

STAY, GENTLE MORN, AWHILE.

Lord LEIGH.]

[*Music* by Mrs. HYDE CLARKE.]

Stay, gentle morn, awhile,
 Thy odours let me breathe :
 Heaven seems above to smile ;
 'Tis Paradise beneath.

Flow'rs, freshly gemm'd with dew,
 In tears entreat thy stay,
 And birds of ev'ry hue
 Sing, Why so soon away ?
 Then, gentle morn, awhile, &c.

Thy rose-hues, lovely morn,
 Yet linger on the lake ;
 Then why, as soon as born,
 Wilt thou the world forsake ?
 Then, gentle morn, awhile, &c.

MARY ASTORE.

Mrs. CRAWFORD.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Cold blows the winter wind,
 Mary Astore !
 Colder those hearts unkind,
 Mary Astore !
 They that have power to save
 Thus send us forth to brave
 Death on the stormy wave,
 Mary Astore !

Pale is thy cheek to see,
 Mary Astore!
 Come hide thy tears on me,
 Mary Astore!
 Though scant thy cov'ring be,
 These arms shall shelter thee—
 O! thou art dear to me,
 Mary Astore!

Altar nor priest have we,
 Mary Astore!
 Yet on this stormy sea,
 Mary Astore!
 We can our vespers say,
 We can for Ireland pray
 God wipe her tears away,
 Mary Astore!

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Beautiful leaves in their midsummer splendour,
 Clothing the forest in emerald green,
 Where are the blooms that such beauty can render,
 Or shed such a fulness or grace o'er the scene?
 Ev'ry gay tint of the sweet garden flowers,
 Ev'ry bright garland that innocence weaves,
 Though cull'd from the fairest of Nature's gay bowers,
 Looks cold if not blended with beautiful leaves.

Beautiful leaves, in the winter time falling,
 Oft have I thought, as they dropped one by one,
 That they were obeying some mystical calling,
 That lured them away when the summer was gone.
 And knowing the spring will their brightness restore us,
 I've felt, though the cold earth their ashes receives,
 That we, too, must fade like the dead leaves before us,
 And bloom once again like those beautiful leaves.

ART THOU IN SMILES?

Mrs. CRAWFORD.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

Art thou in smiles while I am sad?
 It was not so with me;
 When thou wert grieved my soul forbade,
 One smile unshared by thee.
 Thine eyes look beautiful to-night,
 As stars in azure deep;
 But yet, methinks, I'd have their light
 More soft, like stars that weep.

Art thou in smiles? the time draws on,
 The time we two must part;
 I know thou'lt weep when I am gone
 With all thy maiden heart.
 Then let not worldly forms control
 Thy parting looks to me,
 But give me in one glance the soul
 That won me first to thee.

Art thou in smiles? not now—oh no!
 Within thine eyes I see
 Sweet tears at last begin to show
 They're gath'ring pearls for me.
 Now thou art mine, all mine thou art,
 My own Helena dear!
 Oh! nothing moves the manly heart
 Like beauty's parting tear.

DECK NOT WITH GEMS.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by W. TURNBULL.]

Deck not with gems that lovely form for me,
 They in my eyes can add no charm to thee:
 Braid not for me the tresses of thy hair,
 I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

How oft, when half in tears, hast thou beguiled
 The sorrow from my heart, and I have smiled.
 Oh! formed alike my tears and smiles to share,
 I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

Time on that cheek his with'ring hand may press ;
 He may do all but make me love thee less ;
 The mind defies him, and thy charm lies there—
 I must have loved thee hadst thou not been fair.

CHERRY RIPE.

R. HERRICK.]

[*Music* by C. E. HORN.]

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry ;
 Full and fair ones, come and buy.
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There's the land, or Cherry Isle ;
 There plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow.

LIFE'S FIRST WREATH.

S. O. MOORE.]

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

The flowers that bloom round childhood's path
 Fade early in its day ;
 How soon from life's first wreath of love
 The blossoms die away.
 The voices that were musical
 Within our early home,
 Where are they?—only memory
 Hears now each vanish'd tone.

Oh ! what were love unless its flowers
 Should blossom forth again ;
 A gem flung on an ocean wild,
 A sunshine born in vain.

But hope still smiles amid our tears,
 The voices from us riven
 Shall warble in our dying ears,
 And speak to us in heaven.

THE LONELY BIRD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Poor bird, thy mate is far away;
 I know it by thy song,
 That fainter grows from day to day,
 Less musical and strong.
 I would the fair green fields were thine,
 The woods, the hawthorn tree—
 Thy cage a gilded prison is,
 But not a home for thee.

Thou wouldst not seek the greenwood shade—
 Thou couldst not find her now;
 Her low, sweet voice thou couldst not hear
 Upon the forest bough.
 As much a home as those bright realms
 From which thy mate hath flown,
 These prison bars, if thou must seek
 Their silent glades alone.

'Tis ever thus—the human heart
 Is like that lonely bird,
 When only echoes of the past
 Among its chords are stirr'd;
 It pines away in silent grief
 O'er joys long past and flown,
 And then, neglected, breaks at last,—
 It cannot live alone.

Poor lonely bird! our world, like thine,
 Hath many a weary heart,
 Hath many a ruin'd shrine, from which
 The shade will not depart;

I would not bid thee seek the woods,
 For now I feel, like thee,
 Without a kindred heart to love
 I could not happy be.

I WILL LOVE THEE TO THE LAST.

C. JEFFERYS.]

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

When the moon is on the waters
 I will hasten, love, to thee ;
 For, of all earth's fairest daughters,
 Thou the dearest art to me.
 Though rude winds may ruffle ocean,
 Still my bark shall tempt the sea,
 And in strains of pure devotion
 I will sing love's song to thee.
 When my star of hope was waning
 There was one, *but* one heart true,
 And which shared, without complaining,
 All the ills my bosom knew ;
 It was thine, my gentle Mary,
 Thou wert all the world to me,
 And however fortune vary,
 I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,
 When the rosebud on its tree,
 As it blossom'd in the wild wood,
 Was an emblem, love, of thee.
 In thy youth thou wert still dearer ;
 With the dawn of reason came
 Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,
 Though they bore not yet love's name.
 But thy womanhood unfolding
 Won the secret from my heart,
 And my life was in thy holding,
 For 'twas death from thee to part.

I have loved thee, gentle Mary,
 I have loved thee through the past,
 And however fortune vary,
 I will love thee to the last.

THE QUEEN AND NAVY FOR EVER!

JACOB BEULER.]

[*Music* by R. GUYLOTT.]

The boast of Old England, the pride of our Queen,
 The shield of her freedom and glory,
 Her gallant defender—the Navy, I mean—
 Whose deeds are recorded in story.
 Her race on the ocean has won every prize,—
 No foe could her strength e'er dissever;
 Then fill up a bumper—Britannia, arise!
 Here's the Queen and the Navy for ever!

When war spread destruction and terror on earth,
 And fill'd every heart with commotion,
 Free from carnage and spoil was the land of our birth,
 Through the brave British tars on the ocean.
 Long life to their glory! may time from their brows
 The evergreen laurel ne'er sever;
 And this be the toast, when Britons carouse,
 The Queen and the Navy for ever!

A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Oh! if there's a pleasure on earth that's more pure,
 Or more blest than another, say is it not this—
 To lighten the sorrows that others endure?
 To hold out a hand to "a friend in distress?"
 'Tis a pleasure that selfishness never can know,
 A joy that no language, no pen can express;
 Ah! who can forget, that has once felt the glow
 That the heart gives while helping "a friend in
 distress?"

Since each has his trials and troubles to bear,
 While as pilgrims we journey along the same road?
 When we meet with a brother with more than his share,
 'Tis "humanity" bids us to "lighten his load."
 The richest to-day may to-morrow be poor,
 If we've little, how many there are who have less;
 Oh! when should the heart then, the hand, or the door
 Be closed to the claims of "a friend in distress?"

I'LL WHISPER TO THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

When the sweet breath of Spring
 Sighs again through the bowers,
 And the birds softly sing
 Songs of love to the flowers;
 When the sun's setting ray
 Falls on flow'ret and tree,
 At the sweet close of day,
 Then I'll whisper to thee.

I have something to tell
 That I cannot impart,
 Half so truly or well,
 To thy fond trusting heart,
 Till the soft twilight falls
 Over mountain and sea:
 When the nightingale calls
 Then I'll whisper to thee.

See, the light fades away,
 All is hush'd in yon grove,
 And the last golden ray
 Now invites us to rove.
 Hand in hand, ne'er to part,
 Will you mine ever be?
 'Tis the wish of my heart
 That I whisper to thee.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.]

[*Music* by H. TENDALL.

Oh! let's look if we can to the bright side,
 Though the dark one be nearest us still,
 For be sure that that side is the right side,
 If it help us through sorrow and ill!
 Though the cloud that has threatened may blind us,
 When we'd hoped to have seen it go past!
 It will not be the worst if it find us
 Still trying to hope to the last.

Oh! let's look if we can, &c.

Oh! the heart that with manful endeavour
 Still hopes in the midst of its woes,
 Is the heart of a hero, and ever
 Makes sunny the path where it goes.
 Then each cloud, though it angrily lowers,
 Has a silvery lining beneath;
 And the thorns that lie hid in the flowers
 Only heighten the charm of the wreath.
 So let's look if we can, &c.

COME LET US BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by DONIZETTI.*Air*—"Il segreto per esser felice."

Come, let us be happy together,
 For where there's a will there's a way,
 And the heart may be light as a feather,
 If maxims like mine hold their sway;
 First pack up a store of contentment,
 Who knows not the way is a dunce;
 If wrong'd, never dream of resentment,
 Get rid of such folly at once.
 Be kind, 'tis the way to meet kindness,
 If not, what's the use of regret!
 Rail not at the world for its blindness,
 But pity, forgive, and forget.

Our old friends, no doubt, will be true friends,
 The longer we love them, the more ;
 But shut not your heart against new friends,
 Though one be but true in a score :
 Prize the one you have proved as a jewel
 With which it were madness to part ;
 Who would carelessly throw by the fuel
 That keeps up the warmth of the heart ?
 Of *true* souls how good the communion
 Throughout the wide world as we roam ;
 To preserve, then, the strong chain of union,
 Let us rivet the fond links at home.

ART THOU IN TEARS ?

E. J. GILL.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.]

Art thou in tears ? and yet thou'st been
 The very gayest of the gay :
 And have I lived to see thy smile
 In gush of anguish pass away ?

Thou once to me wert all the light
 That gave its glory to my heart,
 And hope sprung up, like winds that waft
 Their perfumes round, and then depart.

Art thou in tears ? doth mem'ry fold
 Its spirit wings above thy dreams ?
 Perhaps thou'rt with the days of old,
 Wand'ring beside our sunny streams.

Are murmuring sounds around thee now ?
 Are dew-lipp'd flow'rets breathing there ?
 Have gentle words renew'd the time
 When thou to me wert all too fair !
 Art thou in tears, &c.

CAN I E'ER FORGET THE VALLEY ;

OR, MY GOOD OLD FATHER'S MILL.

A FRY.]

[*Music* by A. FRY.]

Can I e'er forget the valley,
 Or the gently rippling rill,
 Whose unwearied waters wander'd
 Through my good old father's mill?
 Where oft in happy childhood
 The limpid brook I'd leap,
 Or roam at will the wild wood,
 Or climb the craggy steep.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
 Or those friends to mem'ry dear,
 Who at eventide surrounded
 The easy elbow chair?
 The group of happy faces
 In fancy still I see,
 But ah! their vacant places
 Alone remain for me.

Can I e'er forget the valley,
 Or the ivy-mantled pile,
 Where those much-loved forms now moulder
 Within its sacred aisle?
 Though fortune's choicest treasure
 Be mine where'er I roam,
 Can that restore the pleasure
 Of childhood's happy home?

 THE IRON SLAVE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by G. A. HODSON.]

We wait not now for wind and tide,
 As our fathers did of yore,
 We spread no canvas to the breeze,
 We toil not at the oar,

And yet our ship flies merrily ;
 Right onward now we go,
 For we've a giant-hearted slave
 To do our bidding now.
 With water quench his burning thirst,
 And feed him well with fire,
 His giant strength will never fail,
 His limbs will never tire ;
 But watch him well, lest he rebel,
 And till his work be done,
 A hundred or a thousand hours
 Are all the same as one.
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, he sings
 All night as well as day,
 And what the master wills, the slave
 Is ready to obey.

We bind him to a noble ship,
 And he wrestles with the wind,
 He triumphs in his mastery,
 And leaves the storm behind.
 On shore behold him gallantly,
 With hundreds in his train,
 Awaking joy where but for him
 Joy might but seldom reign.
 He traverses a kingdom through,
 And in a single day
 A host of loving hearts combine
 To laud his potent sway.
 He brings together sever'd friends,
 And where's the heart can fail
 To thrill with gladness, and invoke
 A blessing on the rail.
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, he sings
 All night as well as day,
 And what the master wills, the slave
 Is ready to obey.

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A. HODG

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I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by T. H. BAYLY.]

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bow'r,
 Where roses and lilies and violets meet ;
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 I'd never languish for wealth or for pow'r ;
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet.
 I'd be a butterfly, born in a bow'r,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings ;
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary ;
 Power, alas ! nought but misery brings.
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day ;
 Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.
 Some, in life's winter, may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay.
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THE CAPTIVE GREEK GIRL.

Miss PARDOE.]

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

Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
 A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing ;
 A riderless steed o'er the desert plain bounding,
 A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding :
 It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
 Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free.

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
 From the eye or the lip of a beautiful one,
 But the frown and the force with its impulse con-
 tending,
 Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending:
 It may break, it may bend, but its tyrants will see
 That even in ruins it dares to be free!

YES AND NO.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

There are two little words that we use
 Without thinking from whence they both came,
 But if you will list to my muse,
 The birthplace of each I will name.
 The one came from Heaven, to bless,
 The other was sent from below;
 What a sweet little angel is "Yes,"
 What a demon-like dwarf is that "No."

And "No" has a fiend he can bid
 To aid all his doings as well;
 In the delicate arch it lies hid
 That adorns the bright eye of the belle;
 Beware of the shadowy FROWN
 That darkens her bright brow of snow,
 As, bent like a bow to strike down,
 Her lips give you death with a "No."

But "Yes" has a twin sister sprite,—
 'Tis a SMILE, you will easily guess,
 That sheds a more heavenly light
 On the doings of dear little "Yes;"
 Increasing the charm of the lip
 That is going some lover to bless;
 Oh, sweet is the exquisite smile
 That dimples and plays around "Yes!"

BLANCHE AND LISETTE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

"You ask me why I look so pale,
 And wonder why I pine,
 You think I should be happy, for
 You know that wealth is mine;
 But ah! Lisette, a coronet
 May glisten o'er the brow,
 Yet doubt and care be lurking there,
 Despite of pomp and show.
 I see you merry as a lark,
 It is not so with me;
 But I might be as joyous too,
 If I were half as free.
 You wear your bridal garb to-day,
 You give both hand and heart,
 While I, who riches wanted not,
 With liberty must part.

"I would I were a Gipsy girl
 To wander at my will,
 Or but a village serving-maid,
 I might be happy still;
 Or anything but what I am,
 If I could have my way;
 I'd rather toil as shepherdess
 Or dairy-maid all day."
 "Ah, Lady Blanche, forgive me, but
 You'd tell another tale,
 If only for a little while
 Your wishes might prevail;
 Oh, learn to be contented; if
 The world be full of care,
 The duchess and the dairy-maid
 Be sure has each her share!"

I AM BLAMED BECAUSE I LOVE THEE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

I am blamed because I love thee,
 And the world condemns my choice,
 But its coldness cannot move me,—
 In my passion I rejoice.
 Though the sordid mind deride thee,
 And the selfish on thee frown,
 I have yet no cause to chide thee
 For the fondness thou hast shown;
 And though many may reprove thee,
 Though the world condemns my choice,
 Yet I love thee, I do love thee,—
 In my passion I rejoice.

Couldst thou be what some profess thee,
 Cold, capricious, and unkind,
 I might weep while I caress thee,
 Such a change in thee to find;
 But I know thy faith unshaken,
 Thou art ever kind to me,
 And I would not wish to waken
 From my blissful dreams of thee.
 No! though many may reprove thee,
 Though the world condemns my choice,
 Yet I love thee, I do love thee,—
 In my passion I rejoice.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK.

W. SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by Dr. COOKE.]

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 As Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes,
 With every thing that pretty bin,—
 My lady sweet, arise;
 Arise, arise.

IT IS NOT SO!

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by PIO BELLINI.]

'Tis said that absence day by day
 Makes love grow cold, and colder yet,
 Until the feeling fades away,
 Nor leaves at last one fond regret.

I cannot tell when friends may part,
 What change the fickle few may know;
 For me, I can say from my heart,
 It is not so! It is not so!

My faith, 'tis happiness to hold,
 I'll not believe what worldlings say,
 That time can make the heart grow cold,
 Or absence steal its truth away.

What though some few may faithless prove,
 It is a blessed thing to know,
 With all that's worthy of our love,
 It is not so! It is not so!

 IN THIS OLD CHAIR MY FATHER SAT.

E. FITZBALL.]

[M. W. BALFE.]

In this old chair my father sat,
 In this my mother smiled;
 I hear their blessings on me wait,
 And feel myself a child.
 I feel the kiss of their fond love—
 Joy, joy too bright to last!
 Oh, why will cruel Time remove,
 Or memory paint the past?

And here, alas! when they were gone,
 In beauty's own array,
 A pitying angel on me shone,
 To chase each grief away;

But oh! it was delusive love,
 Too sweet, too pure to last;
 Ah! if such dream Time must remove,
 Mem'ry, why paint the past?

TOM BOWLING.

C. DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

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

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

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

KELVIN GROVE.

THOMAS LYLE.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie O ;
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie O,
 Where the rose in all her pride
 Paints the hollow dingle's side,
 Where the midnight-fairies glide, bonnie lassie O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie O ;
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie O,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the roaring waters' fall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie O.

Oh ! Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie O,
 When in simmer we are there, bonnie lassie O ;
 There the May-pink's crimson plume
 Throws a soft but sweet perfume
 Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie O,
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie O ;
 Yet with fortune on my side
 I could stay thy father's pride,
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie O ;
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers on the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie O.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie O,
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie O ;
 To the river winding clear,
 To the fragrant-scented brier,
 Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie O,
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie O,
 Then, Helen, shouldst thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie O.

FLOATING ON THE WIND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Floating on the wind,
Songs of other years
Freshly come to mind,
Melting me to tears ;
Every breeze that blows
Seems a haunted tone
Whispering words like those
But to spirits known.

Oh ! ye mystic songs,
Blending with the air,
How my spirit longs
In your joy to share ;
Where from harps unseen,
Music of the mind,
Earth and heaven between,
Floats upon the wind.

STARLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

Starlight on the quiet river,
Oh ! how sweet it is to glide
Where the flickering moonbeams quiver
Broken by the rippling tide :
List'ning as the plaintive water
Sings against the vessel's prow,
Songs as if some fairy daughter
Sung unseen beneath us now.
Where the flickering moonbeams quiver
Broken by the rippling tide,
When 'tis starlight on the river,
Oh ! how sweet it is to glide.

Starlight on the quiet river,
 Looking down in light and love,
 Sweet 'twould be to glide for ever,
 Heaven below and heaven above.
 Sweet to ever fondly listen
 To the songs the ripples sing,
 Thus, while stars above us glisten,
 Sailing on with fairy wing.
 When the flickering, &c.

THERE IS A NAME I NEVER BREATHE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

There is a name I never breathe,
 A name I may not tell;
 They deem it is forgotten now,
 It haunts me like a spell:
 To other hearts a household word
 Familiar it may be,
 But none may ever know how sweet,
 How dear it was to me!

There is a voice I never hear,
 And yet its echo seems
 To haunt the places where 'twas heard,
 To come to me in dreams;
 They sing to me the same sweet songs
 In sadness and in glee;
 I only think of that loved voice
 That was so dear to me!

There is a form I never see,
 And yet, where'er I stray,
 A shadow seems to cross my path
 Of one long pass'd away;
 They seek to know why I am sad,
 But that may never be;
 'Twould break my heart to speak to them
 Of one still dear to me.

COLD, OH! THE MARCH WINDS BE.

A. B. RICHARDS.]

[*Music* by A. B. RICHARDS.]

Cold, oh! cold the March winds be;
 High up in a leafless tree
 The little bird sings and wearily twits
 The woods with perjury.
 But the Cuckoo knave sings bold his stave,
 Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.

The spring comes ever merrily,
 And oh! poor fool sings he—
 For this is the way in the world to live,
 To mock when a friend has no more to give,
 Whether in hall or tree.

THE CURFEW.

TOBIN.]

[*Music* by T. ATTWOOD.]

Hark! the curfew's solemn sound,
 Silent darkness spreads around:
 Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
 Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told.
 The poring monk and his book must part;
 And fearful the miser locks up his gold,
 Now, whilst labour sleeps, and charmed sorrow.
 O'er the dewy green,
 By the glowworm's light,
 Unheard, unseen,
 Dance the elves of night;
 Yet where their midnight pranks have been
 The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

BLOW, GENTLE GALES.

MORTON.

[*Music* by Sir H. B. BISHOP.]

Blow, gentle gales, and on your wing
 Our long-expected succour bring.
 Look, look again.
 'Tis all in vain.

Lo! behold a pennant waving.
 'Tis the sea-bird's pinions laving.
 Hark! a signal fills the air.
 'Tis the beetling rock rebounding,
 'Tis the hollow wave resounding,
 Wild as our hope and deep as our despair.

THE FALSE GONDOLIER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by C. W. GLOVER.*]

A lover one day—'twas in Venice they say—
 (In beautiful Venice I mean)
 Half suspected his love to be less of a dove
 Than for his sake she ought to have been ;
 So he thought he would go one fine night for a row,
 And he forth to her dwelling did steer,
 O'er the waters so far, with his Spanish guitar,
 Disguised as a gay Gondolier.

When he got to the spot his fair lady knew not
 Her beau in his boatman's disguise ;
 But she hired the boat, and they soon were afloat,
 Gliding on 'neath the bluest of skies.
 "Oh! where shall I row?" said this indiscreet beau,
 "To the chapel that stands very near!"
 So he put her ashore, and for two hours more
 Waited there like a sad Gondolier.

Then he took his guitar and sang songs to the star ;
 Had he sung to his lady instead,
 He'd not seen on the land, coming forth hand in hand,
 That couple who'd been to get wed.
 "That's cool!" he exclaim'd, "'tis myself must be
 blamed,
 Oh! I see I've no business here,
 For one ought to beware how one parts with *the fare*,
 When a gentleman turns Gondolier."

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Upon a simmer afternoon,
 A wee before the sun gaed down,
 My lassie, in a braw new gown,
 Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.
 The rosebud, tinged with morning show'r,
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bow'r ;
 But Katie was the fairest flow'r
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arms I flang,
 And said, " My dearie, will ye gang
 To see the carse o' Gowrie ?
 I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green fields beside the shaw ;
 I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
 The brawest wife in Gowrie."

" A silken gown o' siller grey
 My mither coft last New-year's-day,
 And buskit me fra top to tae,
 To keep me out o' Gowrie.
 Daft Will short syne cam' courting Nell,
 And wan the lass ; but what befel,
 Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel',
 She stay'd na' lang in Gowrie."

" Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
 Wi' beauty rare and wit like thine ;
 Except yoursel', my bonnie quean,
 I care for nought in Gowrie.
 Since first I saw you in the sheal,
 To you my heart's been true and leal ;
 The darkest night I fear nae deil,
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,
 "O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!"
 The auld folks soon gae their consent,
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tied them to their heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

A fair girl was sitting in the greenwood shade
 Listening to the music the spring birds made,
 When, sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,
 A voice murmur'd near her, "Oh, come, love, with me!
 In earth or air a thing so fair I have not seen as thee;
 Then come, love! come, love! oh, come, love, with me!"

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,
 Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night;
 Or if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,
 I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold,
 And pearly caves beneath the waves, all these, all these
 are thine,
 If thou wilt be mine, love, if thou wilt be mine."

Thus whisper'd a Fairy, to tempt a fair girl,
 But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl,
 For she said, "Though thy gifts to a poor girl were
 dear,
 My father, my mother, my sisters, are here;
 Oh, what would be thy gifts to me, of earth, and sea,
 and air,
 If my heart were not there, if my heart were not there?"

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.]

[*Scotch Air.*

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his
bride,

But saving a crown he had naething else beside ;
To mak that crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had na been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown
awa,

My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courting to me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mither cou'dna spin ;
I toil'd baith day and night, but their bread I cou'dna
win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee

Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh, will you marry me?"
My heart it said "Nay;" I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it proved a
wreck ;

The ship it proved a wreck,—why didna Jenny die ?
And why do I live to say, "Oh, wae's me !"

Auld Robin argued sair ; though my mither didna
speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;
So they gied him my hand, though my heart was at
the sea,

And auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae day at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Until he said, "Jenny, I'm come to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away :

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die ;
 And why do I live to say, "Oh, wae's me !"
 I gang like a ghaist, I carena to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife for to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

AULD LANG SYNE.

R. BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And the days o' lang syne ?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup of kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou't the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine ;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

THE SPELL OF SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by VERDI.]

Can they then so soon forget
 She who charm'd them with her lays?
 Brief the time since last we met,
 Yet another's song they praise;
 In their halls the spell of song
 Falls as oft it fell of yore,
 She who there reign'd Queen so long,
 Now the throng may charm no more:
 Let them from my memory fade,
 Dreams of fame, too bright to last,
 What cared they who sung and play'd,
 So the spell was round them cast?
 The spell of song!

Could they know what once I felt
 When their wreaths they flung to me,
 Mine the shrine at which they knelt,
 Now, I know in mockery;
 Fickle as the changeful wind,
 List they to another's lay,
 She too soon herself will find
 But the idol of a day:
 Take me from this cheerless shore
 Where too long I've loved to roam,
 Let me fondly weave once more,
 In my own dear native home,
 The spell of song!

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

S. J. ARNOLD.]

[*Music* by J. BRAHAM.]

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd,
 Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
 Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
 We saw the Frenchman lay;
 Each heart was bounding then.
 We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
 Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.

Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home and beauty.
 Along the line the signal ran,—
 "England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty!"

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore;
 Brave Nelson led the way:
 His ship the "Victory" named;
 Long be that "Victory" famed!
 For victory crown'd the day.

But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty.
 He cried, as midst the fire he ran,
 "England shall find that every man
 This day will do his duty!"

At last the fatal wound
 Which shed dismay around,
 The hero's breast received.
 "Heav'n fights on our side;
 The day's our own!" he cried:
 " Now long enough I've lived.

In honour's cause my life was pass'd,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty!"
 Thus ending life as he began;
 England confess'd that every man
 That day had done his duty.

THE WATER-DRINKER.

A. FRY.]

[*Music* by A. FRY.]

“Drink! drink! drink!
 Thou pale-eyed, moody thinker—
 Bacchus-hater, water-drinker,—
 Drink, drink, drink, drink the ruby wine!
 ’Twill give thee more years and jolly,
 And ’twill chase away pale melancholy
 From those cheeks of thine.”
 Drink, &c.

“See,” the water-sot replieth,
 “Water in its brightness vieth,
 Vieth with the wine-tree’s soul—
 And longer liveth, wiser thinketh
 The sober sage that never drinketh
 Of the boasted bowl.”
 Drink, &c.

“Well, give me the wine-god’s berry,—
 They that are more wise than merry,
 Let them drink—let them drink with thee.
 Water seasons not my dishes,
 ’Tis a tippie for the fishes,
 Not a drink for me.”
 Drink, &c.

NEARER AND DEARER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by C. W. GLOVER.]

Nearer and dearer
 Each returning day,—
 Dear when thou’rt with me,
 Near when far away.
 Though oft I languish
 Far from home and thee,
 Nearer and dearer
 Still thou art to me.

Why, then, at parting,
 Shouldst thou shed one tear?
 Think that our meeting
 Will but be more dear.
 Absent or present,
 I but think of thee,—
 Nearer and dearer
 Still thou art to me.

Nearer and dearer
 Every day and hour,
 O'er my fond heart,—
 Oh, doubt not thou thy power.
 Thy fond affection
 Shall my solace be;
 Nearer and dearer
 Still thou art to me.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

T. CAMPBELL.]

[*Old English Air.*]

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow,—
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow!

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave,
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow,—
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow!

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep:
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy winds do blow,—
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow!

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return;
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

R. NICOLL.]

[*Music* by C. HODGSON.]

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
 If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree—
 And ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage and ha',
 "Come, gie me your hand, we are brethren a'."
 I ken nae why ane wi' anither should fight,
 When to 'gree would make a'body cosie and right;
 When man meets wi' man 'tis the best way of a'
 To say, "Gie me your hand, we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, and yours may be fine,
 And I may drink water, and you may drink wine—
 But we baith hae a true heart unspotted to shaw,
 Sae gie me your hand, we are brethren a'.
 We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
 And hame! oh, how we love it, and all that are there!"
 Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw,
 Then gie me your hand, we are brethren a'.

THE SONG OF THE SUMMER BREEZE.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

O is there a roamer beneath the blue sky,
 That is half so welcome, so merry as I?
 I play with the flowers, I toy with the trees,
 And I ruffle the face of the slumbering seas;
 I'm up on the hill with the first blush of day;
 I'm down in the valley when twilight is gray;
 I'm here and I'm there, and wherever I go,
 "How sweetly," 'tis said, "doth the summer breeze
 blow!"

I creep to the lattice half opened, and there
 Give a glow to the cheeks that were pale with despair;
 I roam round the room, and before I depart
 I know that I've cheer'd up the poor drooping heart.
 Then off to the mountain and over the moor,
 I pause and I play at the cottager's door;
 And as I go onward I oft hear behind
 How the children are pleased with the sweet summer
 wind.

I dance on the waters from morning till night,
 And the ripple I make seems to laugh with delight;
 I fly to the woods, and their leaves sing with glee,
 For their musical welcome is waken'd by me.
 I've many rich dainties wherever I roam,
 In the grove, in the garden, in field, and on foam;
 But the daintiest pleasure I ever can find
 Is on sweet lips that doat on the soft summer wind.

I MISS THY KIND AND GENTLE VOICE.

L. WILLIAMS.]

[*Music* by L. WILLIAMS.]

I miss thy kind and gentle voice—
 I miss thy cheerful smile,
 That could with happy hearts rejoice,
 Or lonely hours beguile.
 Amid our favourite haunts alone
 And sad at heart, I stray,
 The scene is changed since thou art gone—
 Its charms have pass'd away ;
 And every bird and every flower
 That in my path I see,
 But brings to mind some happy hour
 That here I pass'd with thee.

And when the summer days are o'er,
 And winter's winds blow shrill,
 I sit beside the hearth once more,
 And there I miss thee still.
 That sunny smile is far away—
 I seek it now in vain!
 That voice, sweet as the song-bird's lay,
 I ne'er shall hear again.
 E'en as the dove at evening strays
 Home to its resting tree,
 So mem'ry turns to those bright days
 That here I pass'd with thee.

 COME O'ER THE TIDE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Come o'er the tide, come o'er the tide,
 Somebody's waiting and would be your bride ;
 What though she said you for ever must roam,
 Somebody's weary of waiting at home ;
 If maidens are bashful, and lovers are proud,
 There are faults upon both sides it must be allow'd ;

But maidens don't always their lovers forego,
If the *first* time they're asked they *by chance* should
say "No!"

Then come o'er the tide, &c.

Come o'er the tide, come o'er the tide,
Somebody's foolish it can't be denied;
But somebody's willing the past to atone,
For somebody's weary of waiting alone.
Though scarcely worth having is he, she's afraid,
Who takes a refusal at once from a maid;
'Tis not always certain she loves him the less—
So ask her again—and perhaps she'll say "Yes."
Then come o'er the tide, &c.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS."*

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Above the sparkling waters,
Where Venice crowns the tide,
Behold the home of sorrow
So near the home of pride;
A palace and a prison
Beside each other rise,
And dark between a link is seen—
It is "The Bridge of Sighs."
Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast,
Until that fatal bridge be past.

But not alone in Venice
Are joy and grief so near,
To-day the smile may waken,
To-morrow wake the tear;

* The mystery attendant upon the Councils of Venice increased the terror of their rule. A covered bridge between the Ducal Palace and the state prison served as a private passage, by which suspected or condemned persons were transferred, at once, from examination to the dungeon—hence it was called "The Bridge of Sighs."

"Tis next the "House of mourning"
 That pleasure's palace lies,
 'Twixt joy and grief, the passage brief—
 Just like "The Bridge of Sighs."
 Row, gondolier, row fast, row fast,
 Until that fatal bridge be past.

Who seeks for joy unclouded
 Must never seek it here ;
 But in a purer region—
 And in a brighter sphere ;
 To lead the way before us,
 Bright hope unfailing flies :
 To Eden's bowers—this earth of ours—
 Is but a "Bridge of Sighs."
 Fly, fly sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast,
 Until that Bridge of Sighs be past.

BLACK EYES OR BLUE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Black eyes or blue, black eyes or blue,
 Which the most lovely, most brilliant and bright?
 Those softly beaming with heavenly hue,
 Or those shining out like the stars of the night?
 Each in its turn plays a mischievous part,
 Why then dispute what its colour may be ;
 Both own a language that speaks to the heart,
 Give me the eyes that speak only to me.

Some love the blue for their temperate glow,
 Some love the black for their brilliance and fire ;
 If but for me, when their tears gently flow,
 What is there more that I need to desire?
 Love from the eyes shoots his mischievous dart,
 Nor heeds he what colour his arrows may be ;
 From black eyes or blue they go straight to the heart,
 Then give me the eyes that look kindly on me.

OH ! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

Pocock.]

[*Music* by J. WHITTAKER.]

Oh ! say not woman's heart is bought

With vain and empty treasure ;

Oh ! say not woman's heart is caught

By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows

Love's flame, it wanders never ;

Deep in her heart the passion glows,—

She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh ! say not woman's false as fair,

That like the bee she ranges ;

Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,

As fickle fancy changes.

Ah, no ! the love that first can warm

Will leave her bosom never ;

No second passion e'er can charm,—

She loves, and loves for ever.

THE FALCONER'S SON.

[L. WILLIAMS.]

As down through the meadows I wander'd one eve,

'Twas the close of a midsummer day,

All was silent around, and you'll scarcely believe

'Twas by chance quite I wandered that way.

The birds were asleep, and the stars faintly peep'd

From the clear azure sky one by one,

When who should I see coming over the lea

But young Harry, the falconer's son.

Now was it not strange that the very next day

We should meet near the very same spot !

Well ! wonders are never to end, so they say,

But that did seem most strange, did it not ?

For myself I can say (ah! smile at it you may),
 Of all persons the very last one
 That I thought to see, coming over the lea,
 Was young Harry, the falconer's son.

And when in the evening I sometimes repair
 To join in the sports on the green,
 Though maidens are there, who perhaps are more fair,
 Still he always proposes me queen.
 And a secret I'll tell, but be sure keep it well—
 'Tis my heart he already has won,
 And before the spring-tide you may guess who'll be
 bride
 Of young Harry, the falconer's son.

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Old English Air.*

I'll sing you a good old song,
 Made by a good old pate,
 Of a fine old English gentleman
 Who had an old estate,
 And who kept up his old mansion
 At a bountiful old rate;
 With a good old porter to relieve
 The old poor at his gate,
 Like a fine old English gentleman
 All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
 With pikes, and guns, and bows,
 And swords, and good old bucklers,
 That had stood against old foes;
 'Twas there "his worship" held his state
 In doublet and trunk hose,
 And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
 To warm his good old nose,
 Like a fine, &c.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow
 He open'd house to all ;
 And though threescore and ten his years,
 He featly led the ball ;
 Nor was the houseless wanderer
 E'er driven from his hall,
 For while he feasted all the great,
 He ne'er forgot the small,
 Like a fine, &c.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
 And years roll swiftly by,
 And autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
 The old man—he must die !
 He laid him down right tranquilly,
 Gave up life's latest sigh,
 And mournful stillness reign'd around,
 And tears bedew'd each eye,
 For this good, &c.

Now surely this is better far
 Than all the new parade
 Of theatres and fancy balls,
 " At home," and masquerade ;
 And much more economical,
 For all his bills are paid.
 Then leave your new vagaries quite,
 And take up the old trade
 Of a fine old English gentleman, &c.

STIR THE FIRE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

In the dreary winter weather,
 When the winds without are cold,
 When old friends meet all together,
 Songs are sung and tales are told ;

Round the hearth, a joyous greeting,
 Is there more that you require
 To make up your merry meeting?
 Stir the fire—stir the fire!

Words of welcome may be spoken,
 Hands in kindness may be press'd,
 But of ev'ry friendly token
 Hospitality's the best;
 Then when mirth is at the strongest,
 (Good old customs never tire)
 Let the one who's known you longest
 Stir the fire—stir the fire!

When there comes a time of sorrow
 And your friends look dark and cold,
 Never strive of them to borrow,
 Friends are parted oft by gold;
 On your own heart be relying
 To obtain what you desire,
There some embers must be lying,—
 Stir the fire—stir the fire!

But when old friends prove kind-hearted,
 Oh! how sweet it is to meet
 Once again the long departed
 In his old accustom'd seat;
 Then when mirth is at the strongest
 (Good old customs never tire)
 Let the one who's known you longest
 Stir the fire—stir the fire!

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

J. GAY.]

[*Music* by LEVERIDGE.]

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 "Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as the well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eye below ;
 The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

“ O Susan, Susan—lovely dear,
 My vows shall always true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“ Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find ;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer she must stay on board—
 They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 “ Adieu !” she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

A SONG OF THE PAST.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

It seems to me but yesterday,
 When at my mother's knee,
 I bow'd my head, and breath'd the prayer
 She whisper'd first to me :
 Her gentle voice is on my ear,
 And oh ! how sweet its tone ;
 Yet knew I not how great her love
 Until that love was gone.

It seems to me but yesterday,
 When at my father's side,
 I conn'd the books he kindly gave,
 Or bounded in my pride :
 I well remember how his smile
 Oft kindled up my own ;
 Yet knew I not how great his love
 Until that love was gone.

Ah ! may we from experience learn
 Our present joys to prize,
 So that when banish'd, Time shall leave
 No mournful memories.
 Let kindness be by kindness met,
 No self-upbraiding tone
 Shall then commingle with the sigh
 For Love and Friendship gone.

THE VACANT PLACES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by ANN FRICKER.]

Summer dies and leaves no traces,
 Flow'rets bloom, then fade away,
 Winter comes, and vacant places,—
 But the loved ones, where are they ?
 Spring returns as bright as ever,
 Bud and blossom fill the bough,
 In those vacant places never
 May the loved ones greet us now.
 Yet we would not lose the traces
 That fond mem'ry can restore ;
 Few can fill the vacant places
 Like the dear ones loved of yore.

Not alone within our dwelling,
 Pictured by the empty chair,
 Ask the heart, 'twill answer, telling
 There are vacant places there :

Left by those that once we cherish'd,
 Made by friends once deem'd sincere,
 Caused by hopes that early perish'd,
 And but left the heart more drear.
 Yes! the heart has many traces
 That fond mem'ry can restore,
 Leaving there but vacant places
 That the loved ones filled of yore.

WINTER.

W. SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by Dr. ARNE.]

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in the pail;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo!

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo!

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by BIANCHI TAYLOR.]

I'm the queen of the flowers,
 And though brief is my reign,
 All the bright summer hours
 I my kingdom retain;

My subjects are many,
 My realm it is wide,
 And spot there's not any
 But where I abide.

Gladd'ning the earth as they bloom in the sun,
 The flowers are beautiful, every one !

Earth's weary ones come
 To my roseate bowers,
 And many a home
 I make glad by the flowers ;
 For every sweet bloom
 Owns a power within,
 From care and from gloom
 The crush'd spirit to win !

Gladd'ning the earth as they bloom in the sun,
 The flowers are beautiful, every one !

I'm the queen of the flowers,
 And the young and the free
 Seek the bright sunny bowers
 And pay homage to me :
 I wreath the rich chalice,
 And where flow'rets are not,
 In cot or in palace,
 Beware of the spot !

Who loves not the flowers loves not the sun,
 They bloom for the innocent, every one !

OH, NO ! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

Oh, no ! we never mention her,
 Her name is never heard ;
 My lips are now forbid to speak
 That once familiar word :
 From sport to sport they hurry me,
 To banish my regret ;
 And when they win a smile from me,
 They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
 The charms that others see ;
 But were I in a foreign land,
 They'd find no change in me.
 'Tis true that I behold no more
 The valley where we met,
 I do not see the hawthorn-tree ;
 But how can I forget ?

For oh ! there are so many things
 Recal the past to me,—
 The breeze upon the sunny hills,
 The billows of the sea ;
 The rosy tint that decks the sky
 Before the sun is set ;—
 Ay, every leaf I look upon
 Forbids that I forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
 The gayest of the gay ;
 They hint that she forgets me too,—
 But I heed not what they say :
 Perhaps like me she struggles with
 Each feeling of regret ;
 But if she loves as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

THE SEA.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by NEUKOMM

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free :
 Without a mark, without a bound ;
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies.
 I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea ;
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.

If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide,
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune;
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west wind doth blow.
I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the deep sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean child.
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought or sigh'd for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded sea!

THE BRAVE OLD "TEMERAIRE."*

J. DUFF.]

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

Behold! how changed is yonder ship,
The wreck of former pride;
Methinks I see her as of old,
The glory of the tide—

* "She was the second ship in Nelson's line at the Battle of Trafalgar, and having little provisions or water, she was what sailors call 'flying light,' so as to be able to keep pace with the fast sailing 'Victory.' When the latter drew upon herself all

As when she came to Nelson's aid,
The battle's brunt to bear,
And nobly sought to lead the van,
The brave old "Temeraire."

When sailors speak of Trafalgar,
So famed for Nelson's fight,
With pride they tell of her career,
Her onward course, her might,
How when the victory was won,
She shone triumphant there.
With noble prize on either side,
The brave old "Temeraire."

Our friends depart, and are forgot,
As time rolls fleetly by ;
In after years none, none are left
For them to heave a sigh :
But hist'ry's page will ever mark
The glories she did share,
And gild the sunset of her fate,
The brave old "Temeraire."

the enemy's fire, the 'Temeraire' tried to pass her, to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed her to keep astern. The 'Temeraire' cut away her studding sails and held back, receiving the enemy's fire into her bows without returning a shot. Two hours later she came out with an enemy's seventy-four ship on each side of her, both her prizes, one lashed to her mainmast and the other to her anchor."—*Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery.*

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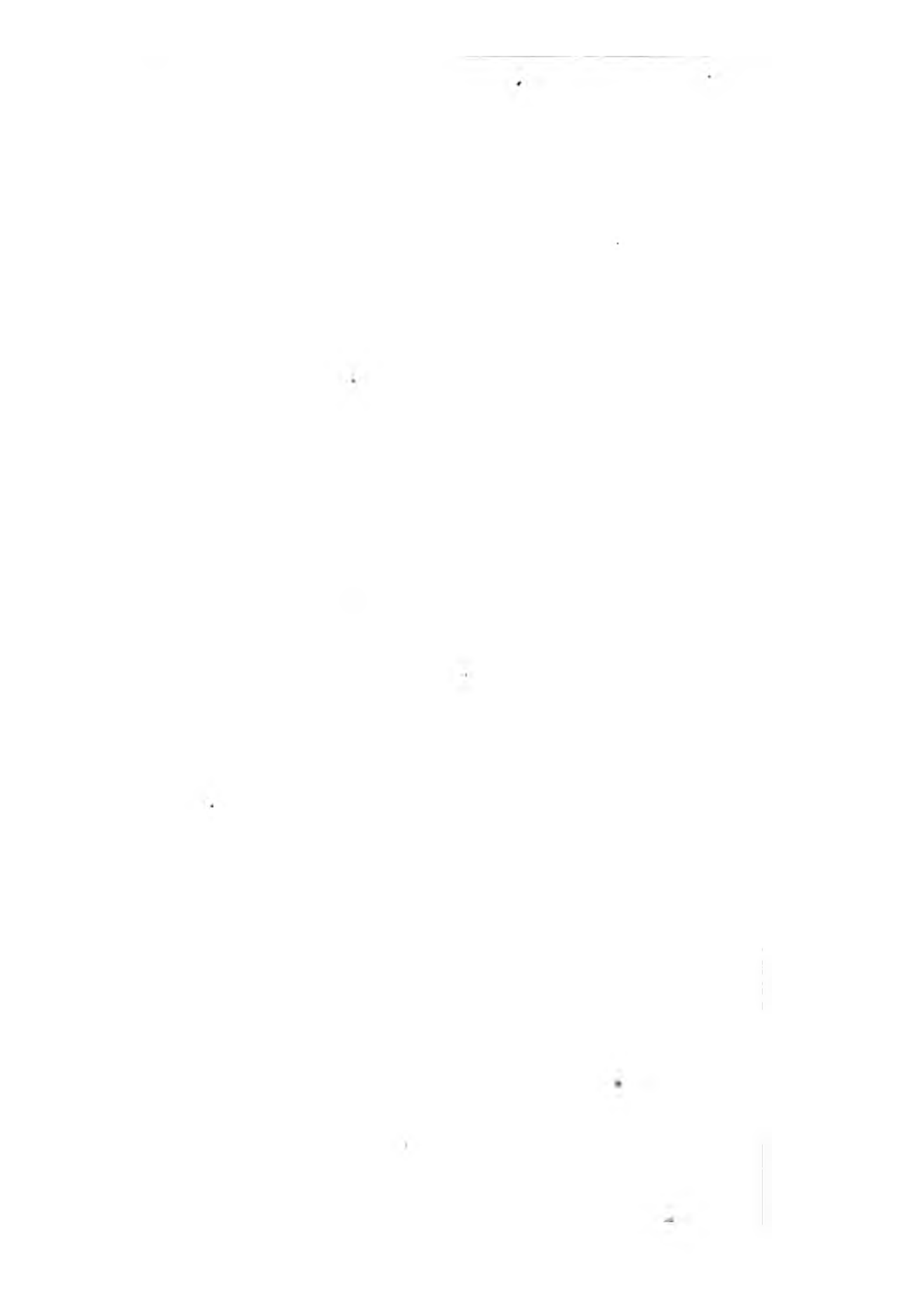
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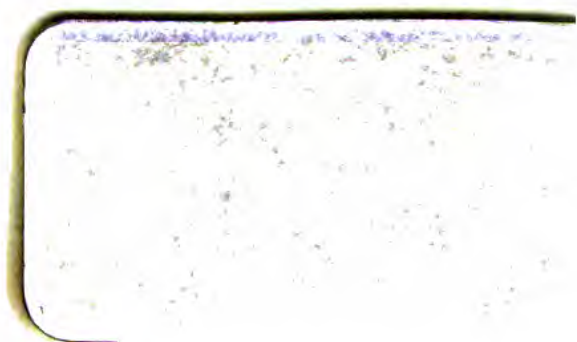
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