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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
POPULAR SONG BOOK

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

(AUTHOR OF 500 SONGS AND BALLADS.)

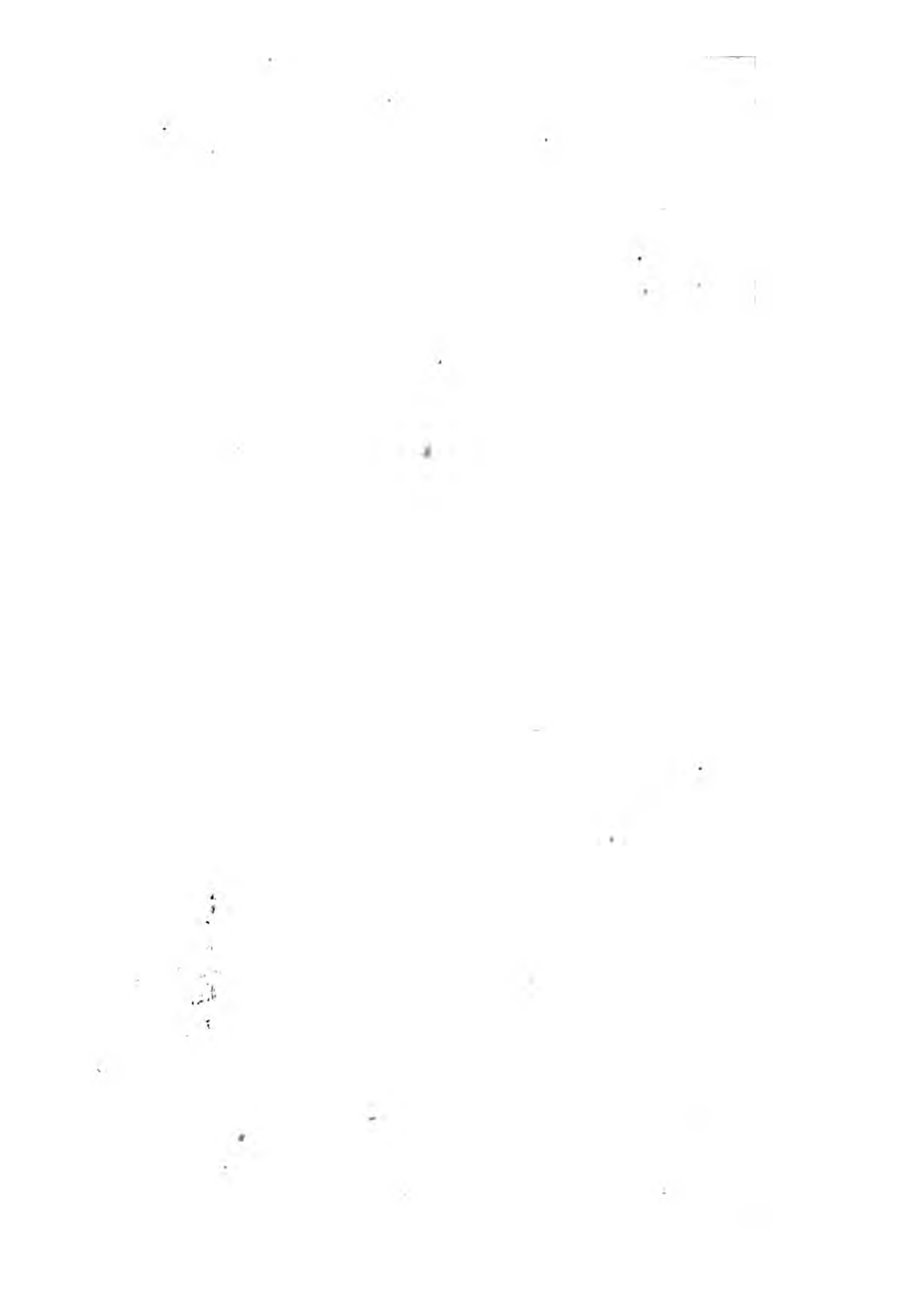
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FARRINGTON STREET.



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THE BOOK
OF
POPULAR SONGS

EDITED

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

SERVANT.—He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves.

PERDITA.—Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

CLOWN.—You have of these pedlars that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

SHAKSPEARE.—*Winter's Tale.*

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

THE present, like its companion volume, "The Book of Modern Songs," will, it is hoped, be equally useful to the Vocalist as it will be acceptable to the admirers of Lyric Poetry. It has been the aim of the Editor to admit nothing into its pages that the most rigid moralist could object to, and at the same time to include as many Songs as have become deservedly popular as the space at his disposal would permit. The two volumes contain nearly Eight Hundred Songs—an offering at the shrine of Apollo that the most zealous of his devotees must consider sufficiently ample; still, should the hopes of Editor and Publishers be fulfilled, the reader may expect to meet them again with a further instalment towards the publication of a complete Library of British Song.

NOTTING HILL, *Dec.* 1857.

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THE BOOK
OF
POPULAR SONGS.

LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER MORNING.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

LIFE is like a summer morning,
When the skies are blue and bright;
While the rosy hours are fleeting,
Little reck we of their flight.
Loving hearts are beating near us,
Loving eyes behold our glee,
Hope and joy are on before us,
And their votaries are we.
We are merry, we are merry,
As the birds that skim the air;
Hope and joy are on before us,
And there's sunshine ev'rywhere.

We have known no touch of sorrow
That a kind word could not quell;
We have never felt the anguish
Of a long and sad farewell.
Through the same green fields we wander,
In the same old house we bide,
With the same dear eyes to watch us,
With the old parental pride.

We are happy, we are happy,
 In the blessings that we share ;
 Hope and joy are smiling on us,
 And there's sunshine ev'rywhere.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Beautiful, beautiful blossoms of spring,
 Heralds of gladness, what rapture ye bring,
 Giving, as round us your incense ye cast,
 Hope for the future and faith in the past ;
 Types of our childhood, now passing away,
 Emblems of happiness though ye decay ;
 Earth would no fruits own, around us to fling,
 But for the beautiful blossoms of spring !

Beautiful buds that in meekness appear,
 First-born of all in the happy new year,
 Wooing us back to the woods and the fields,
 Whence the delight that your innocence yields ?
 'Tis that we feel when the winter is o'er,
 Summer will all that is lovely restore ;
 Proving we still to the future may cling,
 When fading away from the blossoms of spring !

SUMMER ROSES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

They are gath'ring summer roses,
 But I only seek the shade,
 For the sunshine is but fleeting,
 And the flowers too soon must fade ;
 It is sweet to hear their voices
 In the calm, clear summer air,
 Though for me the time is over,
 I might join their frolic there.

Yet I take the flowers they bring me,
 For I would not have them see
 That a wreath of summer roses
 Could bring aught but joy to me.

They are gath'ring summer roses ;
 They are young, and gay, and fair,
 And they think not of the season
 That will leave the branches bare ;
 That each hope they fondly cling to
 Soon must fleet and fade away,
 As the roses they are culling
 Soon will wither and decay.
 Yet when youth is round us smiling,
 Who would bid it seek the shade,
 Though the sunshine is but fleeting,
 And the summer roses fade ?

AUTUMN FRUITS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Come buy my fruit, ripe autumn fruit,
 Why mourn the buds of spring,
 While autumn's bounteous store supplies
 Such fruits as these I bring ?
 Here apples smile whose rosy cheeks
 Your own put in the shade,
 And blushing peaches seem to court
 The lips for which they're made.
 Ah! wherefore mourn the buds of spring,
 For summer roses sigh,
 When autumn trees yield spoils like these ?
 My fruit, ripe fruit, come buy !

Come, buy my fruit, ripe autumn fruit :
 I've melons rich and rare,
 I've plums that seem of velvet made,
 So soft the bloom they wear ;

Sweet pines, and pears so newly pluck'd,
 Still fresh with morning dew;
 I've grapes, too, that might tempt a saint,
 Then, ladies, why not you?
 Ah! wherefore mourn the buds of spring,
 For summer roses sigh,
 When autumn trees yield spoils like these?
 My fruit, ripe fruit, come buy!

WINTER EVERGREENS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The roses long have passed their prime,
 The fruits no more are seen,
 So let us chime a Christmas rhyme,
 To hail the evergreen!
 Though bright may be the summer wreath,
 To mourn it were but folly,
 While friends delight to meet beneath
 The mistletoe and holly.
 Then circle round the ruddy blaze,
 And let but mirth be seen,
 We still can raise a song of praise
 To hail the evergreen!

What though we rove the woods no more.
 Should we not still be gay,
 When winter hoar has leaves in store
 That never fade away?
 Some love to sing the joys of spring,
 With them why need we quarrel,
 While jovial Christmas deigns to bring
 The ivy and the laurel?
 Then let us all each other aid,
 When friendship's wreath is seen,
 'Tis never made of flowers that fade,
 But of the evergreen!

THE SONG OF BLANCHE ALPEN.*

C. JEFFERYS.]

[Music by S. GLOVER.]

You speak of sunny skies to me,
 Of orange grove and bower,
 Of winds that wake soft melody
 From leaf and blooming flower ;
 And you may prize those far-off skies,
 But tempt me not to roam :
 In sweet content my days are spent,
 Then wherefore leave my home ?

You tell me oft of rivers bright,
 Where golden galleys float ;
 But have you seen our lakes by night,
 And sailed in Alpine boat ?
 You speak of lands where hearts and hands
 Will greet me as I come ;
 But though I find true hearts and kind,
 They're kinder still at home.

Had you been rear'd by Alpine hills,
 And loved in Alpine dells,
 You'd prize like me our mountain rills,
 Nor fear our torrent swells :
 It matters not how drear the spot,
 How proud or poor the dome,
 Love still retains some deathless chains
 To bind the heart to home.

* "The young Italian spoke with rapture of the blue and bright skies of his native land: he talked with fervour of the balmy air and blooming flowers of Italy: he praised her gondolas—and the music wafted from them o'er the moonlit seas: but Blanche was little moved by his eloquence:—he paused; and she, in one of her own sweet Alpine airs, gave utterance to her thoughts in artless song."—*Three Weeks in Switzerland.*

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

C. DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

Blow high, blow low, let tempest tear,
 The main-mast by the board;
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stored,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moored with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And surges roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be,
 To think on thee;
 And this shall be my song:
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

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

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

JOHN O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by SHIELD.]

I am a friar of orders grey,
 And down in the valleys I take my way;
 I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,—
 Good store of venison fills my scrip!
 My long bead-roll I merrily chant,
 Where'er I walk, no money I want;

And why I'm so plump, the reason I tell,—
 Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or squire,
 Or knight of the shire,
 Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
 But that is fat pullet and clouted cream;
 Myself by denial I mortify—
 With a dainty bit of a warden pie;
 I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin,
 With old sack wine I'm lined within.
 A chirping cup is my matin song,
 And the vesper-bell is my bowl, ding dong.
 What baron, &c.

THE SONG OF THE ZEPHYR.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

O'er the mountain, through the valley,
 I have wander'd all the day,
 Giving freshness to the flow'ret
 That was fading fast away:
 Hunters on the hill-top met me,
 And they blest the mountain breeze,
 While my wings awoke sweet music
 From the larch and linden trees.
 O'er the mountain, &c.

Just before the hour of twilight,
 All becalm'd, a light bark lay,
 But I gently kiss'd her white sails,
 And she glided from the bay.
 There were two kind hearts within her
 As I wafted her along;
 Their sweet voices to me sounded
 Like the echo of a song.
 O'er the mountain, &c.

Up and down right merrily,
 Bell and bud, and leaf and flower,
 All have hail'd me cheerily,
 All have felt my soothing power.
 O'er the mountain, &c.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

[The Hon. R. W. SPENCER.]

One day when to Jove the black list was presented,
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends,
 At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
 And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and
 friends.

In vain surly Pluto declared he was cheated,
 And justice divine could not compass its ends ;
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
 For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and
 friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded with sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;
 But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of—wife, children, and
 friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends ;
 O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
 Bedew'd with the tears of—wife, children, and friends.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Will nobody come to the mistletoe bough,
 I've waited so long that I fear
 I shan't have a kiss, and if so I shall miss
 The chance to be married this year.

They say that old customs are quite out of date,
 That our young men all wiser get now ;
 But how foolish they look when we bring them to book
 Under the mistletoe bough.

The Druids of old, we're in history told,
 Prized nothing so highly as this,
 So 'tis likely, perhaps, that those clever old chaps
 Hung it up for the sake of a kiss ;
 At least it's quite clear that at this time of year
 'Tis a rite that we all should allow,
 And our mothers can't blame, for they all did the same
 Under the mistletoe bough.

Will nobody come to the mistletoe bough
 That hangs in the hall somewhat low,
 With its berries so white and its leaves green and bright,
 That the blindest must see it, I trow.
 Ah ! yes there is one who, when labour is done,
 Will come to renew his fond vow,
 So no longer I'll fear, but wait patiently near,
 Under the mistletoe bough !

MUSIC HATH A MAGIC.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Music hath a magic,
 For though its sounds depart,
 Touch the chords of feeling,
 Their home is in the heart.
 Who cannot remember
 Some soft and touching theme,
 Which o'er life's December
 Still casts a soothing beam ?
 Young and old may listen,
 As steal the notes along,
 While their bright eyes glisten,
 Spell-bound by a song.
 Music hath a magic,
 For though its sounds depart,

Touch the chords of feeling,
 Their home is in the heart.

If we roam the greenwood,
 And hear the lark's sweet lays,
 How the heart springs upward,
 And joins the song of praise!

If we in our sorrow
 But hear a gentle tone,
 Hope steals o'er our senses,
 And half our griefs are gone.
 Music hath a magic,
 For though its tones depart,
 Touch the chords of feeling,
 Their home is in the heart.

WHEN BIBO THOUGHT FIT.

[SCHROEDER.]

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat;
 He walked in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon replied,
 "You may have forgot—you were drunk when you
 died!"

TOM MOODY.

A. CHERRY.]

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well;
 The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell;
 A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound
 Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.
 No hound ever open'd with Tom near the wood,
 But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere
 good;

And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheered up the pack, "Hark! to Rookwood,
hark! hark!

High! wind him! and cross him!
Now, Rattler, boy!—Hark!

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to "an earth" made for rest;
His horse, which he styled his Old Soul, next appear'd
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd,
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
Nor the welkin resound to his burst in the chase!

With "High over!—now press him!
Tally ho!—tally ho!"

Thus Tom spoke to his friends ere he gave up his breath:
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-halloo thrice over my grave;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the tally-ho cry,

"Tally-ho! hark forward!
Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

HAPPY DAYS AND HAPPY NIGHTS.

C. JEFFEYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Happy days and happy nights,
Come with ev'ry season;
While I sing of joy's delights
You shall know the reason:
Spring and summer bloom for me,
Autumn brings its pleasures.
Winter, stern and cold may be,
But it hath its treasures:

Loving eyes light up the home
 Where kind words endear me,
 And whene'er abroad I roam,
 Loving hearts are near me.
 Oh ! happy days, &c.

If a cloud came o'er my heart,
 Short-lived was its sadness ;
 Tears of sorrow soon gave way
 To some newborn gladness.
 Oft I think how much I owe
 To those lips that taught me,
 Where to seek true pleasure's fount,
 And the peace it brought me.
 Happy days and happy nights,
 More than I can number—
 Days of well-remember'd joys,
 Nights of peaceful slumber.
 Oh ! happy days, &c.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

T. MOORE.]

[*Music* by STEVENSON.]

See you beneath yon cloud so dark,
 Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark ?
 Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
 And there blows not a breath her sail to fill.
 Oh, what does that vessel of darkness bear ?
 The silent calm of the grave is there ;
 Save now and again a death knell rung,
 And the flap of the sails with night fog hung !
 There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
 Of cold and pitiless Labrador,
 Where under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
 Full many a mariner's bones are tost.
 Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
 And the dim blue fire that lights her deck,
 Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
 As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
 To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast,
 By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
 And the hand that steers is not of this world.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

A. CHERRY.]

[*Music* by J. DAVY.]

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers :
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Her opening timbers creak ;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,—
 None stop the dreadful leak ;
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay till the day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

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

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent ;

A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers :
 Now we sail with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

GO, LOVELY ROSE !

E. WALLER.]

[*Music* by H. PHILLIPS.]

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired :
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,—
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

[By HENRY KIRKE WHITE.]

Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;
 And teach the maid
 That goodness Time's rude hand defies,—
 That virtue lives when beauty dies.

THE WOLF.

J. O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by SHIELD.]

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 Every sense and every power,
 Fetter'd lies in downy sleep—
 Then our careful watch we keep,
 While the wolf in nightly prow,
 Bays the moon with hideous howl;
 Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance—
 Females shriek, but no assistance.
 Silence, silence, or you meet your fate!
 Your keys, your jewels, cash, and plate;
 Locks, bolts, and bars, they fly asunder,
 Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

YES, 'TIS A SPELL.

H. DRAYTON.]

[*Music* by J. DUGGAN.]

Yes, 'tis a spell hath o'er me cast
 Its all-absorbing power,
 And thus, for ever, may it last,
 E'en to my latest hour;
 Let those who cannot love forego
 All hopes of future bliss;
 In Paradise they ne'er can know
 More happiness than this.

Her bright eyes now before me shine,
 And, laughing, seem to say—
 Thou lovest me—my heart is thine—
 Be happy while we may.
 We will be happy, nor forego
 Such hope of future bliss;
 In Paradise we ne'er can know
 More happiness than this.

LOVING AND LIKING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

FIRST VOICE.

Dear Fanny, you told me one day
 There a great difference was, rather striking,
 As great as between "yea" and "nay,"
 Between the words "loving" and "liking."

SECOND VOICE.

Dear sister, you can't *love* a rose,
 You may *like* it, to that no objection;
 You may rave about lilies, for those
 You've been told, you say, suit your complexion.

DUET.

Oh! loving and liking, ah me!
 What a fuss does this world make about them:
 But think what we maidens should be,
 Were we left in it lonely without them.

FIRST VOICE.

I love what I like, and I like
 What I love, beyond doubt, and that dearly;
 So, if I the balance must strike,
 I should call them the same very clearly.

SECOND VOICE.

But loving's a different thing,
 Not that I love—the weakness I spurn it;
 But did I, my passion should cling
 Where a heart was, at least, to return it!

FIRST VOICE.

Why, Fanny, you know that you said
 You *liked* very well cousin Harry.

SECOND VOICE.

But *loving* ne'er enter'd my head;
 Did I say that I should *like* to—marry?

FIRST VOICE.

Ah! Fanny, I vow and declare
 My maxim you soon will be proving,
 And find out before you're aware
 'That *liking so much is but loving!*

DUET.

Yes! sister, I vow and declare,
 &c. &c. &c.

 THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.]

And this is the mill-stream that ten years ago
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow;
 Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
 With the glorious dash of a miniature Rhine?
 Can this be its bed? I remember it well
 When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell.

And here was the miller's house—peaceful abode!
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the
 road—
 Where roses and jasmines embower'd the door
 That never was closed to the way-worn or poor—
 Where the miller—God bless him!—oft gave us a
 dance,
 And led off the ball with his soul in his glance.

The mill is in ruins, no welcoming sound
 In the mastiff's quick bark, and the wheels dashing
 round.

The house, too, forgotten, and left to decay;
 And the miller long dead—all I loved pass'd away!
 This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart
 In paradise colours that now must depart.
 The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
 And I wept o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

AUTUMN LEAVES LIE STREW'D AROUND.

C. DICKENS.]

[*Music* by J. HULLAH.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves lie strew'd around me
here—

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold,
how drear!

How like the hopes of childhood's day,

Thick clustering on the bough ;

How like those hopes in their decay,

How faded are they now !

Autumn leaves, &c.

Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves that fly before the
gale—

Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves, ye tell a mournful
tale !

Of love once true, of friends once kind,

And happy moments fled—

Dispersed by every breath of wind,

Forgotten, changed, or dead.

Autumn leaves, &c.

 DEAR SUMMER MORN.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.

How merrily this summer morn

The wind goes singing by,

While gracefully the rustling corn

Nods to the melody.

There's mirth, there's music ev'rywhere,

Above, around, below—

The very streamlet hath an air

Of gladness in its flow.

O summer morn, dear summer morn !

Thou play'st a charmer's part ;

Thy ruddy glow is on my brow,

Thy sunshine in my heart.

While green leaves dance to ev'ry wind
 They give a pleasant sound,
 And half array'd in sun and shade
 Make pictures on the ground.
 My heart is gay, my step is light,
 Birds fly from stem to stem—
 I feel, too, as I watch their flight,
 That I could soar with them.
 O summer morn, dear summer morn!
 Thou play'st a charmer's part;
 Thy ruddy glow is on my brow.
 Thy sunshine in my heart.

THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING.

ELIZA COOK.]

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

Oh! say not the world is lonely,
 Sigh not to pass above,
 The earth is a desert only
 To hearts unfill'd by love.
 Though links of fate may bound us,
 And cold winds dim our flowers;
 Though clouds may come around us
 And shade our Eden bowers;—
 Still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing;
 For while Love is the fairy spirit,
 The world is a fairy ring.

The past may hold its sorrow,
 The present be far from bright,
 But yet who will not borrow
 A ray from the future's light?
 And the broken heart while sighing,
 Is proud in its cheerless dearth,

That it fell on a grave while trying
 Its angel-wings on earth.
 Oh! still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing,
 For while Love is a fairy spirit,
 The world is a fairy ring.

While the young child greets its mother,
 And the bridegroom woos his bride ;
 While sister clings to brother,
 And friends walk side by side ;
 While spring-time brings the flowers,
 And autumn harvests shine ;
 While every human bosom
 Seeks something more divine ;—
 Still, still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing,
 For while Love is a fairy spirit,
 The world is a fairy ring.

'TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE
 BIRDS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

A peacock came, with his plumage gay,
 Strutting in regal pride one day,
 Where a small bird hung in a gilded cage,
 Whose song might a seraph's ear engage ;
 The bird sang on while the peacock stood
 Vaunting his plumes to the neighbourhood ;
 And the radiant sun seem'd not more bright
 Than the bird that bask'd in his golden light ;
 But the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
 " 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds !"

The peacock strutted,—a bird so fair
 Never before had ventured there,
 While the small bird hung at a cottage door,—
 And what could a peacock wish for more ?

Alas! the bird of the rainbow wing
 He wasn't contented—he tried to sing!
 And they who gazed on his beauty bright,
 Scared by his screaming, soon took flight;
 While the small bird sung in his own sweet words,
 " 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds!"

Then prithee take warning, maidens fair,
 And still of the peacock's fate beware.
 Beauty and wealth wont win your way,
 Though they're attired in plumage gay;
 Something to charm you all must know,
 Apart from fine feathers and outward show—
 A talent, a grace, a gift of mind,
 Or else poor beauty is left behind!
 While the small birds sing in their own true words,
 " 'Tis not fine feathers make fine birds!"

THE MUSIC OF THE MILL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

As Jeannie came from market,
 The rain fell from the sky,
 She sought the mill upon the hill
 Until the storm passed by;
 And there sat Jeannie smiling,
 As the miller his sacks did fill,
 While both they sung in chorus
 To the music of the mill.

The storm it soon pass'd over,
 The sun began to shine,
 Said he, "The way that you must stray,
 It happens to be mine."
 Her cheeks they glow'd like roses,
 Her eyes began to fill,
 Whn he vow'd his love should changeless prove,
 As the music of the mill.

She goes no more a-gleaning,
 For he has acres fair,
 And Jeannie is the brightest flower
 Of all that blossoms there ;
 But she bids the village maidens
 Their aprons full to fill
 As the year comes round, and they bless the sound
 Of the music of the mill.

THERE'S A PATH BY THE RIVER.

Col. ADDISON.]

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

There's a path by the river o'ershadowed by trees
 Where people may walk and may talk, if they please,
 And save by a bird not a sound can be heard,
 So do not come there, if you please,
 So do not come there, if you please.
 I feel that I'm lonely, my mind's ill at ease,
 I'm sure it would mend me to feel the soft breeze,
 As it plays on the shore at the hour of four,
 So mind you don't come, if you please,
 So mind you don't come, if you please.

There's a path, &c.

Yet if others should like to enjoy the fresh breeze,
 Some who feel like myself that the mind's ill at ease,
 If yourself you should go, I can't help it you know,
 You've a right to walk there, if you please,
 If you please,—you've a right to walk there, if you
 please.

There's a hive near the walk, and I'm frighten'd of
 bees,

The gipsies might rob, and the urchins might tease,
 And really I fear quite alone to appear,
 So I think you may come, if you please,
 Yes, this once you may come, if you please.

There's a path, &c.

THE RAIN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The rain—rain—rain,
 The gentle, loving rain,
 How it drips, drips, drips,—
 How it glads the earth again ;
 Sighing, singing, music flinging
 Against the window pane ;
 Over fields and over flowers,
 Over gardens, over bowers,—
 Welcome ! welcome are the showers ;
 Welcome thrice the loving rain
 As it drips, drips, drips,
 Till it glads the earth again.

The rain—rain—rain,
 Refreshing, friendly rain ;
 How it pours, pours, pours,
 From the summer clouds amain :
 Leaping, flashing, madly dashing
 To the rivers down again !
 How earth's mighty thirst it stanches—
 How it greens the leafy branches,—
 Splits the hills in avalanches
 As it dashes down amain ;
 As it pours, pours, pours,
 Till it glads the earth again.

LIST, DEAREST, LIST.

E. FITZBALL.]

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

List, dearest, list, 'tis the nightingale calling,
 The soft ev'ning breeze gently steals through the
 grove ;
 All nature seems calm, ere the night mist be falling,
 Hand in hand let us gaze on the picture of love.

Thou shalt take up thy lute in our favourite bower,
 Which looks o'er the glen where the mountain stream
 falls ;
 Away, love, away, 'tis the heart's dearest hour,
 Thine own one awaits thee—the nightingale calls.

Yes, dearest, yes, while the moonbeams are rising,
 Our hearts fill'd with joy, hand in hand let us stray ;
 The rainbows of life for each other despising,
 Truth and love are the blossoms which never decay.
 Thou shalt tell me the tale I so often have heard,
 Still new from thy lips like sweet music it falls ;
 The melody most by this bosom preferr'd,
 Away, love, away—'tis the nightingale calls.
 List, dearest, list, &c.

SLOWLY AND SOFTLY MUSIC SHOULD FLOW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Slowly and softly music should flow,
 Like the light ripples that glide o'er the stream ;
 Whispering melodies faintly and low,
 Heard as from fairy harps struck in a dream.
 Gilding the past with its lingering spells,
 Bringing back memories gentle and dear,
 Soothing the bosom where sympathy dwells,
 Claiming the tribute of many a tear.

Gaily and gladly music should sound
 When at the festal the young and the gay
 Meet in the circle that friendship has crown'd,
 Dance the light hours in gladness away,
 Cheating old Time of his sand as he flies,
 Winging the hours till unnumber'd they roll ;
 Earth had no pleasure for mortal to prize,
 Shed not sweet music its light on the soul.

THE MELODIES OF MANY LANDS.

C. JEFFERYS.]

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

The melodies of many lands
 Erewhile have charmed my ear,
 Yet there's but one among them all,
 Which still my heart holds dear ;
 I heard it first from lips I lov'd,
 My tears it then beguil'd—
 It was the song my mother sang,
 When I was but a child.

Its words, I well remember now,
 Were fraught with precepts old ;
 And ev'ry line a maxim held,
 Of far more worth than gold :
 A lesson 'twas, though simply taught,
 That cannot pass away—
 It is my guiding star by night,
 My comfort in the day.

It told me in the hour of need,
 To seek a solace there,
 Where only stricken hearts could find
 Meet answer to their prayer.
 Ah ! much I owe that gentle voice,
 Whose words my tears beguiled ;
 That song of songs my mother sang,
 When I was but a child.

MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

O merry row, O merry row,
 The bonnie, bonnie bark,
 Bring back my love to calm my woe
 Before the night grows dark.

My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
 A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
 A snow white rose upon it, too,
 A Highland lad is he.
 O merry row, &c.

As on the pebbly beach I strayed,
 Where rocks and shoals prevail,
 I thus o'erheard a lonely maid,
 Her absent love bewail.
 A storm arose, the waves ran high,
 The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
 And dark and murky was the sky,
 The billows loud did roar.
 O merry row, &c.

GO ASK THE ROSES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. HARPER.]

Go ask the roses why they bloom,
 The streamlets why they flow,
 They'll say there is one common doom
 For all things here below ;
 The stream must flow towards the sea,
 The stars must duly shine,
 And, even so, it was to be
 My lot is linked to thine.

We do not covet all we see,
 For oft neglected lies
 Some flower that very fair may be
 When seen by other eyes ;
 But there are secret links that bind
 What nature would combine,
 And thus it is that still I find
 My lot is linked to thine.

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.*

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

In the days of creation, when Jove was allotting
 The duty each part should supply,
 To the tongue he gave words to assist us in plotting,
 And vigilance gave to the eye.
 But Juno, Jove's mandates would ne'er be obeying,
 His laws she made woman defy,
 Said, the *tongue* should keep guard over what they
 were *saying*,
 And *speaking* be done by the *eye*.

But the great law of Nature so strongly endued
 The tongue of the woman, dear soul,
 That it would not be quiet, do all that she could,
 And ran quite beyond her control;
 While her eye, flashing brightly, determined to keep
 Its gift from the queen of the sky.
 Till between them, with many an argument deep,
 The quarrel soon ran very high.

At last, 'twas agreed an appeal to the sky
 Should be made in a matter so nice,
 And this compromise sly, 'twixt the tongue and the eye,
 Was agreed on by Jove's own advice ;
 " My daughters, thus nicely the balance I've hung
 'Twixt the rivals," the Thunderer cries,
 " Let woman to woman converse with her tongue,
 But speak to a man with her eyes."

* " "I'm half distracted, Captain Shandy,' said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box ; ' a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into it: it is not in the white.'

" In vain ! for by all the powers which animate the organ,—Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right ;—there is neither mote—nor sand—nor dust—nor chaff—nor speck—nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part, of it, in all directions into thine."—*Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. ch. 24, old edition.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

T. PERCY, D.D.]

[Music by T. CARTER.]

O Nanny, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee—
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,—
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go;
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath—
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

R. B. SHERIDAN.]

[*Irish Air.*]

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have bless'd
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

I have waited for thy coming
 As the flow'ret for the dew,
 As the swallow for the spring-time,
 Or the lark for morn's bright blue ;
 I have waited in the starlight
 On the spot where oft we met ;
 I have linger'd in the noon-tide,
 But I'm lonely, lonely yet.
 By the streamlet and the fountain—
 In the valley, on the hill,—
 I have waited for thy coming,—
 Thou hast left me lonely still.

I have waited for thy coming
 Night by night, and day by day,
 For I'm happy when you're near me,
 But I'm sad when you're away ;
 In my dreams alone I view thee,
 But they only bring me pain,
 For too soon the spell is broken,
 And I wake to watch again.
 By the streamlet and the fountain,
 In the valley, on the hill,
 I have waited for thy coming,—
 Do not leave me lonely still.

PHYLLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

Sir C. SEDLEY.]

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

Phyllis is my only joy,
 Faithless as the wind or seas ;
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,—
 Yet she never fails to please.
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phyllis, smiling
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find
 Nothing can her fancy fix ;
 Yet the moment she is kind
 I forgive her all her tricks ;
 Which though I see
 I can't get free ;
 She deceiving,
 I believing,—
 What need lovers wish for more ?

UNDER THE SNOW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Under the snow, under the snow,
 Primroses, lilies, and violets grow !
 What though the winter be gloomy and drear,
 Soon there'll be sunshine, and then they'll appear.
 Thus may the heart, that seems perish'd and cold,
 In its deep centre affection enfold :
 Pearls may lie hid 'neath the cold water's flow—
 Beauty and truth may lie—under the snow !

Under the snow, under the snow,
 Dwelling in darkness, the spring flowers grow—
 Waiting the time when the sunshine appears,
 E'en as the cold heart is melted by tears !
 So the dark winter of sorrow and care
 Fits us the better the summer to bear :
 Judge yet not, then, by the cold outward show—
 Hearts may beat warm though hid—under the snow !

THE BLOSSOM'S ON THE BLACKTHORN.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The blossom's on the blackthorn,
 The woods are full of song,
 The winds steal o'er the flowers,
 And bear their sweets along :
 Like stars the bright-eyed daisies
 Upon the meadows glow,
 Then up! and through the greenwood
 A-maying let us go.

But hark! what thrilling music
 Is that which sounds on high?
 It is the gay lark soaring
 With song up to the sky:
 Again! it is the robin,
 Perch'd on the bending bough;
 Then up! and through the greenwood
 A-maying let us go.

The bees are gaily humming
 While in the sun's warm glance ;
 Cheer'd by the south wind's whisper,
 The green leaves gaily dance :—
 All Nature seems so happy,
 Above, around, below,
 Then up! and through the greenwood
 A-maying let us go.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

J. BICKERSTAFF.]

[*Old Air.*]

There was a jolly miller once
 Lived on the river Dee,
 He danced and sang from morn till night,
 No lark so blithe as he ;
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be,
 "I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me."

I live by my mill, God bless her !
 She's kindred, child, and wife :
 I would not change my station
 For any other in life :
 No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
 E'er had a groat from me,
 "I care for nobody, no not I,
 If nobody cares for me."

When spring begins his merry career,
 Oh ! how his heart grows gay ;
 No summer's drought alarms his fears,
 Nor winter's cold decay ;
 No foresight mars the miller's joy,
 Who's wont to sing and say,
 "Let others toil from year to year,
 I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing ;
 This song shall pass from me to thee,
 Along the jovial ring,
 With heart and voice, let all agree
 To say " Long live the king."

BELIEVE IT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Oh ! ask not others if I love,
 To no such wild chance leave it ;
 But ask thy heart the truth, and if
 It answers " Yes," believe it.

Why should you doubt you have the power
 To charm my soul or grieve it ?
 Read but my looks, hear but my sighs,
 And they will say—believe it.

The sunshine woos the budding flower
 That opens to receive it ;
 The heart would perish felt it not
 Love's genial warmth—believe it.

E'en so my fond heart turns to thine
 To succour or bereave it ;
 Then judge it only by thine own,
 And that will say—believe it.

COUNTY GUY.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.]

[*Italian Air.*]

O County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea ;

The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour :
 But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
 Now high and low the influence know :
 But where is County Guy ?

THE LYRIC OF LOVE.

[GERALD MASSEY.]

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the Earth
 Her glory-robe of flowers ;
 The grand old woods have music,
 Green leaves, and silver showers ;
 The birds have homes where honey blooms
 In beauty bend above ;
 High-yearning hearts their rainbow dream,
 And we, Sweet ! we have love.

There's sorrow for the suffering poor
 On Misery's bosom nurst,
 Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
 For branded brows Cain-cursed ;
 But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
 Ever about us be,
 And happiest of God's happy things,
 There's love for you and me !

We walk not with the jewelled great,
 Where Love's dear name is sold ;
 Yet we have wealth we would not give
 For all their world of gold.

We revel not in corn or wine,
 Yet have we, from above,
 Manna divine; then we'll not pine,
 Do we not live and love?

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turned
 Life's water into wine;
 The sweet life melting through thy looks
 Hath made my life divine;
 All Love's dear promise hath been kept
 Since thou to me wert given—
 A ladder for my soul to climb,
 And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart! in our bright lot
 May mingle tears and sorrow;
 Well, Love's glad rainbow's built from tears
 To-day, with smiles to-morrow!
 The sunshine from our sky may die,
 The greenness from life's tree;
 But ever, 'mid the scathe and storm,
 Thy nest shall sheltered be!

I see thee! Ararat of my life,
 Thou smil'st the waves above;
 Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,
 And beckon'st me with love!
 The world may never know, dear heart,
 Half what I've found in thee!
 But, though nought to the world, dear heart,
 Thou'rt all the world to me!

DO I FORGET THEE!

[THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.]

Go, in the summer when the morning breaketh,
 And all around is lull'd midst placid light;
 When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
 And softly sighs its perfume exquisite.

Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
 Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes ;
 From his bright speckled breast the dew-drops flinging,
 Away, away, till lost to sight, he floats.
 Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
 Unclosing every leaf to drink the light ?
 Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
 His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height ?
 If flower and bird change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

Go, in the noon-tide, when the sun is gleaming,
 To the deep forest—watch the panting deer
 Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
 Timidly startling at each sound they hear ;
 List to the throstle and the blackbird singing,
 Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves,
 The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
 As light with shade and music interweaves.
 Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading,
 Their wide hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers ?
 The songsters of the grove are serenading,
 Each to its mate the joyful tiding pours :
 If such as these change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

Go, in the evening, watch the streamlet flowing,
 O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads ;
 The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
 Plash in their crystal home as day recedes ;
 And mark the sun-flower, when the west is streaming
 With rainbow clouds of light, as Sol retires,
 Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
 Then bowing to its grave, the earth, expires.
 Do not the sportive fish, when day's descending,
 Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play ?
 Doth not the sun-flower—faithful in its tending,
 Linger to catch the last departing ray ?
 Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
 Do I forget thee ?

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

[ALARIC A. WATTS.]

My own fireside! Those simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
 Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
 What is there my wild heart can prize
 That doth not in thy sphere abide,
 Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now,
 A small white hand is placed in mine;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask, What joys can equal thine?
 A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
 Where may love seek a fitter shrine
 Than thou—my own fireside?

Shrine of my household deities—
 Bright scene of home's unsullied joys!
 To thee my burthened spirit flies
 When fortune frowns or care annoys.
 Thine is the bliss that never cloy,
 The smile whose truth has oft been tried—
 What, then, are this world's tinsel joys
 To thee—my own fireside?

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
 Whate'er my future years may be—
 Let joy or grief my fate betide—
 Be still an Eden bright to me,
 My own—my own fireside!

THE SONG OF THE LAST LEAF.

[RICHARD ROWLEY.]

Oh! why was I thus left companionless, dreary,
 To bear the stark coldness of winter alone—
 To pine on in solitude, hopeless and weary,
 And sigh o'er bright scenes that for ever have flown?

Oh! how sweet was the spring-time, when sunbeams
 were dancing,
 In gold-colour'd raiments our bowers between,
 Till lured by our beauty they ceased from their glancing,
 And slumber'd in peace on our bosoms of green!

Oh! how gay was the summer, when flowers were
 springing,
 Uplifting their heads all bespangled with dew,
 While from bosoms of softness their perfumes were
 flinging,
 As they waved in their splendour of scarlet and blue.

And the breeze as it swept through their bells, meekly
 bending,
 Bore a murmuring sound from their elfin-like throng,
 Like th' sweet dying notes, when young spirits are
 blending
 Their voices and harps in the far land of song.

But the spring and the summer pass'd laughing before
 us,
 Nor paused in the flight their soft rainbow-like wings;
 Then the dark breath of autumn swept blighting
 o'er us,
 And smote to the earth all her loveliest things.

I gazed on them falling, with sorrowful anguish—
 I felt, as each vanish'd, a lonelier doom;
 Oh! how hard 'tis to live when we live but to languish
 O'er friends that in silence have gone to the tomb.

But, companions of spring-time ! 'tis vain thus repining
 My spirit is link'd with your phantom-like band ;
 I feel the last fibre of strength is declining
 That binds me to life in this desolate land.

Farewell to the winter !—too long have I tarried,
 In the grave of my kindred soon, soon shall I be !
 It ceased—on an eddying gust it was carried—
 And thus died with song “ the last leaf of the tree !”

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree—
 Carousing by moonlight, how merry are we !
 Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall,
 But the house of the Gipsy is widest of all.
 We may shout o'er our cups, and laugh loud as we will,
 Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill ;
 No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent
 To the wanderer's life and the Gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot ;
 We have sins, but pray where is the one who has not ?
 We are rogues, arrant rogues—yet remember ! 'tis rare
 We take but from those who can very well spare.
 You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame,
 But if great ones heard truth, you could tell them the
 same ;

And there's many a king would have less to repent
 If his throne were as pure as the Gipsy's tent.

Pant ye for beauty ?—Oh, where would ye seek
 Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek ?
 Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,
 Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
 There are none to control us ; we rest or we roam ;
 Our will is our law, and the world is our home :
 E'en Jove would repine at *his* lot if he spent
 A night of wild glee in the Gipsy's tent.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

T. H. BAYLY.]

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

Oh, never heed, my mother dear!
 The silent tears I shed;
 Indeed I will be happy here,
 But ask me not to wed!
 By day you shall not see me weep,
 Nor nightly murmur in my sleep:
 But ask me not to be a bride,
 For when my own dear Lara died,
 I kiss'd his brow—I breathed a vow—
 Oh, ask me not to break it now!
 Oh, never heed, &c.

He was the first love of my heart,
 My last love he will prove:
 But, mother, we will never part—
 Name not another love.
 At morn I deck'd him for the fight,
 I bathed his blood-stain'd brow at night;
 And now in his cold grave he lies,
 There is no joy for these sad eyes.
 Speak not of bridal robes to me—
 No, mother, no—it cannot be!
 Oh, never heed, &c.

THE OLD MARINER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

There was a brave old mariner
 Kept watch upon the deck,
 The dangers of the deep he'd braved
 And thrice survived the wreck;
 A patriarch of the ocean seem'd
 That mariner to be,
 For his hair was grey, and like the spray
 That dashes o'er the sea.

Yet deem not that he only gazed
 Upon the waters green,
 His heart look'd back to years long past,
 And many a woodland scene,
 He heard, amid the winds aloft,
 And 'mid the raging seas,
 The voices of remember'd friends,
 And the waving of the trees.

Years pass'd away—a merry crowd
 Were gather'd on the strand;
 The absent ship return'd at last,—
 Her sailors sprang to land;
 An old man came amid the crew,
 His eyes were sad and dim,
 There was no friend to greet him there,
 No kind voice call'd for him.

Alas! that brave old mariner,
 He oft had braved the deep,
 But he whom fear could never bow
 Now turn'd aside to weep;
 He saw no more the forms he knew,
 His early friends were gone;
 He only lived to breathe their names—
 The old man stood alone!

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by H. PHILLIPS.]

How gallantly, how merrily
 We ride along the sea!
 The morning is all sunshine,
 The wind is blowing free;
 The billows are all sparkling,
 And bounding in the light,
 Like creatures in whose sunny veins
 The blood is running bright.
 All nature knows our triumph—
 Strange birds about us sweep;

Strange things come up to look at us,
 The masters of the deep:
 In our wake, like any servant,
 Follows even the bold shark.
 Oh, proud must be our admiral
 Of such a bonnie bark!

Proud, proud must be our admiral
 (Though he is pale to-day),
 Of twice five hundred iron men,
 Who all his nod obey;
 Who fought for him, and conquered;
 Who've won, with sweat and gore,
 Nobility!—which he shall have
 Whene'er we touch the shore.
 Oh! would I were our admiral,
 To order with a word—
 To lose a dozen drops of blood,
 And so rise up a lord!
 I'd shout e'en to yon shark, there,
 Who follows in our lee,
 "Some day I'll make thee carry me
 Like lightning through the sea."

The admiral grew paler—
 And paler as he flew:
 Still talked he to his officers,
 And smiled upon his crew;
 And he look'd up at the heavens,
 And he look'd down on the sea,
 And at last he spied the creature
 That kept following in our lee.
 He shook—'twas but an instant;
 For speedily the pride
 Ran crimson to his heart,
 Till all chances he defied:
 It threw boldness on his forehead,
 It gave firmness to his breath;
 And he stood like some grim warrior
 New risen up from death.

That night a horrid whisper
 Fell on us where we lay ;
 And we knew our fine old admiral
 Was changing into clay ;
 And we heard the wash of waters,
 Though nothing could we see.
 And a whistle and a plunge
 Among the billows in our lee !
 Till dawn we watch'd the body
 In its dead and ghastly sleep,
 And next evening, at sunset,
 It was slung into the deep.
 And never from that moment—
 Save one shudder through the sea—
 Saw we or heard the creature
 That had followed in our lee !

THE CURFEW BELL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
 The curfew bell is beginning to toll.
 Cover the embers, and put out the light ;
 Toil comes with the morning and rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows, and quench'd is the fire ;
 Sound fades into silence, all footsteps retire.
 No voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall !
 Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

The book is completed and closed like the day,
 And the hand that has written it lays it away ;
 Dim grow its fancies—forgotten they lie—
 Like coals in the ashes they darken and die.

Song sinks into silence, the story is told,
 The windows are darken'd, the hearthstone is cold ;
 Darker and darker the black shadows fall ;
 Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

C. JEFFERYS.]

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

You are going far away,
 Far away from your Jeannette;
 'There's no one left to love me now,
 And you too may forget;
 But my heart will still be with you,
 Wherever you may go,
 Can you look me in the face
 And say the same, Jeannot?
 When you wear the jacket red,
 And the beautiful cockade,
 I fear that you will then forget
 The promises you've made;
 With your gun upon your shoulder,
 And your bayonet by your side,
 You'll be taking some proud lady,
 And be making her your bride.

When glory leads the way,
 You'll be madly rushing on,
 Never thinking, if they kill you,
 My happiness is gone;
 Should you win the day, perhaps
 A general you'll be,
 Though I should be proud to hear it,
 What would become of me?
 Oh! were I Queen of France, or
 What's better, Pope of Rome,
 I'd have no fighting men abroad,
 No weeping maids at home;
 All the world should be at peace,
 And should kings assert their right,
 I'd have those that make the quarrel
 Be the only men who fight.

I'D BE A GIPSY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

I'd be a Gipsy, merry and free,
 Roving abroad, like a bird or a bee ;
 Nought to control me, sportive and wild,
 All through the summer day free as a child.
 What are the bright halls of splendour and pleasure?
 What the saloons of the brilliant and gay?
 They cannot render the life-giving treasure
 That freedom and health to the Gipsy convey.
 I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

I'd be a Gipsy, 'neath the blue sky,
 Tinged with the stars that shine brightly on high,
 The turf for my pillow, and all the night long
 Lull'd to repose by the nightingale's song ;
 Roving all day where the merry band wander'd,
 Telling the fate of the brave and the fair,
 Shunning the world and the wealth that is squander'd,
 With just coin enough to be free as the air.
 I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

HAPPY AS A KING.

J. DUFF.]

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

See yon happy, rosy boy,
 Full of life and full of joy,
 Smiling now with mirth elate !
 Swinging on the rustic gate.
 Care with him was never known,
 Joyful hours are all his own,
 Chief in every rural play,
 Laughing mates his voice obey ;
 Woodland scenes are his delight,
 There he rules in sylvan might,
 Leading merry games with glee,
 Happy as a king is he.

Monarchs of another sphere
 Have their hours of hope and fear,
 Troubles come to mar their reign,
 Bringing sorrow in their train.
 Stately pomp disturbs their ease,
 Though they strive they fail to please ;
 Such is not our hero's fate
 Swinging on the rustic gate :
 Form and pride, with him unknown,
 Never cloud his sylvan throne ;
 Thus the world may truly see
 Happier than a king is he.

THE HOLLY BRANCH.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN WHITTAKER.]

Hurrah for merry Christmas,
 Though his days be chill and drear,
 I greet his coming gaily
 For his good old English cheer.
 Though his icy hand hath driven
 The leaves from every tree,
 When the sturdy oak is riven,
 The holly branch for me !

The holly branch it clusters
 Its berries bright and red
 When the flowers of the forest,
 Fair, fragile things, are dead.
 But I mourn not simple flowers,
 However bright they be,
 Since they fade with summer hours ;—
 The holly branch for me !

The holly branch it lingers,
 Unmov'd by wintry blast,
 When all its gay companions
 Like summer buds have passed.

Then let us hope our friendships
 As durable may be ;—
 Hurrah ! for merry Christmas,
 The holly branch for me !

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

W. SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by J. R. STEVENS.]

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever ;
 One foot in sea and one on shore—
 To one thing constant never.
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

BRIGHTLY SMILE AND SWEETLY SING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

The roses last their little day,
 Yet smile to greet the sun ;
 The birds sing gaily on the spray,
 Though brief the course they run.
 Since, then, life's not an endless spring,
 And youth's an April day,—
 Why brightly smile and sweetly sing
 Life's summer time away !

The earth has nothing fair or bright
 From which no blessings fall ;
 Should we its countless treasures slight
 Because they're shared by all ?
 We cannot bid Time stay his flight,
 But clip his plumes we may,—
 Then brightly smile and sweetly sing
 Life's summer time away.

THE MEETING OF SPRING AND SUMMER.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The bud is on the bough again,
 The leaf is on the tree ;
 The stream hath burst its icy chain,
 And sings because 'tis free ;
 The south wind bears upon its wing
 The breath of many flowers ;
 And rosy, laughter-loving Spring
 Leads on the merry hours.
 I long to meet the sun's warm glow,
 To breathe the pure, free air ;
 To feel the wind upon my brow,
 Or flaunting with my hair.

Sweet May—the balmy, hopeful May,
 The darling of the year,
 The mother of the blossoms gay
 Will soon be smiling here ;
 The Earth will be a garden vast,
 With day by day new charms,
 Till gentle Spring shall fall at last
 In blooming Summer's arms.
 Then heed not whose the woods may be,
 Nor whose the fields and flowers ;
 For while to you and I they're free,
 We'll rove and think them ours.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

[BEN JONSON.]

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from my soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be ;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

BE WATCHFUL! AND BEWARE!

C. JEFFERYS.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

Seek not to know the future,
 Be happy while you may,
 Nor cloud with dark foreknowledge
 The sunshine of to-day.
 I see that you are hopeful,
 I read it in your eyes,
 And I can learn no more from
 The stars that gem the skies ;
 Trust not the outward seeming
 Of all who speak you fair:
 What *has* been, maiden, *may* be,
 Be watchful! and beware!

I will not cheat you, maiden,
 My gipsy skill you seek,

This only of the future
 The gipsy girl can speak :—
 When flippant worldlings flatter,
 Let then your doubts begin,
 Take, maiden, for your counsel
 The “still small voice within :”
 If weak the heart of woman,
 Her stronghold, too, is there ;
 Guard then the fortress, conscience !
 Be watchful ! and beware !

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.]

[*Music* by GIARDINI.]

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

UP IN THE MORNING OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Up in the morning, over the mountain,
 Blithe as a bird, I take my way :
 Now by the streamlet, now by the fountain,
 Gaily I sing my roundelay.
 Beautiful flowers spring up about me,
 Filling with odours the balmy wind ;
 Care may pursue me, ah, never doubt me,
 Tripping, I'll leave him, the churl, behind.

Autumn and springtime, winter and summer,
 Each, in its turn, hath charms for me ;
 Either may go, I welcome the comer,
 Glad in my heart of its company.
 Bleak winds may wail, tempests may roar,
 Green leaves may wither and flowers decay ;
 Clouds may be dark as if no more
 Sunshine could drive their cold shadows away ;
 Yet in the morning, over the mountain,
 Blithe as a bird I take my way ;
 Now by the streamlet, now by the fountain,
 Gaily I sing my roundelay.

THE ROSE UPON MY BALCONY.

W. M. THACKERAY.]

[*Music* by KURTZ.]

The rose upon my balcony,
 The morning air perfuming,
 Was leafless all the winter time
 And pining for the spring ;
 You ask me why her breath is sweet,
 And why her cheek is blooming,
 It is because the sun is out
 And birds begin to sing.

The nightingale, whose melody
 Is through the greenwood ringing,
 Was silent when the boughs were bare
 And winds were blowing keen,
 And if, mamma, you ask of me
 The reason of his singing,
 It is because the sun is out
 And all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, mamma,
 The birds have found their voices,
 The blowing rose a flush, mamma,
 Her bonny cheek to dye.

There's sunshine in my heart, mamma,
 Which wakens and rejoices,
 And so I sing and blush, mamma,
 And that's the reason why.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

[LORD BYRON.]

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years,
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
 Colder thy kiss!
 Truly that hour foretold
 Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
 Sunk chill on my brow;
 It felt like the warning
 Of what I feel now.
 Thy vows are all broken,
 And light is thy fame;
 I hear thy name spoken,
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear?
 They know not I know thee,
 Who knew thee too well!
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met;
 In silence I grieve
 That my heart would forget,
 Thy spirit deceive!

If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?
 With silence and tears!

VISIONS OF HAPPY DAYS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by G. BARKER.]

I had a dream of beauty,
 I thought the world was fair;
 I saw but youth around me,
 And flowers most sweet and rare;
 Through floods of golden sunshine
 The streamlets seemed to flow,
 And sweet birds sung above me
 Their anthems soft and low.
 But, ah! how sad the waking
 From flower, and bird, and stream,
 But mem'ries of my childhood
 Was that sweet, happy dream.

Again that dream of beauty
 It came to me in sleep,
 I thought that love and friendship
 Could ne'er have cause to weep;
 That truth was only spoken,
 That hearts were ever true,
 And that when beauty faded,
 Love could not perish, too!
 How sad again the waking,
 'Twas hope's delusive beam;
 I found that love and friendship
 Were fleeting as a dream.

OH! SPEAK TO HER IN KINDNESS.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Speak! O speak to her in kindness!
 And thy child will turn to thee;

“More in sorrow than in anger”
 Should the mother’s chidings be ;
 Let her feel when thou reprovest
 ’Tis thy love that makes thee chide,
 And the heart will grow repentant
 Which had else been steel’d in pride.

If again thy child offend thee,
 Be not tardy to forgive—
 For our days are not so many
 We should let resentment live :
 But a word—a look sufficeth,
 If thy kindness do but move ;
 And the mother’s noblest triumph
 Is to win her child with love.

There must come a day of parting,
 And how soon that day may be !
 When her heart shall lose thy guidance,
 Or thy child be lost to thee :
 How ’twill solace then the mourner,
 How ’twill soften her regret,
 That no word was ever spoken
 Which the heart would fain forget.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

ELIZA COOK.]

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

The sailor boasts his stately ship,
 The bulwark of the isle ;
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings
 Of tented plains the while ;
 But we will hang the ploughshare up
 Within our fathers’ halls,
 And guard it as the deity
 Of plenteous festivals.

We’ll pluck the brilliant poppies
 And the far-famed barley-corn,
 To wreathe with bursting wheat-ears
 That outshine the saffron morn ;

We'll crown it with a glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,—
 The ploughshare of Old England
 And the sturdy peasant band!

The work it does is good and blest,
 And may be proudly told;
 We see it in the teeming barns
 And fields of waving gold;
 Its metal is unsullied,
 No blood-stain lingers there:
 God speed it well, and let it
 Thrive unshackled everywhere!

The bark may rest upon the wave,
 The spear may gather dust;
 But never may the prow that cuts
 The furrow lie and rust.

Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,—
 The ploughshare of Old England
 And the sturdy peasant band!

THE ICE—THE ICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

The ice—the ice has a realm of his own,
 And he reigns a king on his northern throne;
 Full many have tried, but tried in vain
 To force a path through his wide domain;
 There is many a mountain, but never a tree,
 On that dreary and desolate northern sea,
 And the shifting shoals, and the drifting rocks,
 That the mariner scares and the pilot mocks.

Oh! the ice, the ice! o'er land and sea,
 No monarch so mighty reigns as he.

The ice—the ice! when he comes abroad
 His breath is as keen as the sharpest sword,
 And the mightiest despot man e'er made
 Must still succumb to his strong blockade;

For he chains the sea in his firm embrace,
 And the river he binds to its resting-place ;
 And his banners have each a strange device,
 For never alike are the shapes of the ice.

Oh ! the ice, &c.

The ice—the ice ! spite of many a ban
 He is often a stout, staunch friend to man ;
 For he gives him health when the skaters glide
 In mad, wild glee o'er the frozen tide :
 He cools the draught for the fevered lip,
 In the summer heat, when the cup we sip ;
 And he rids us of many a noisome thing
 That would spread like a plague at returning spring.

Oh ! the ice, &c.

KING DEATH.

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music* by NEUKOMM.]

King Death was a rare old fellow,
 He sat where no sun could shine,
 And he lifted his hand so yellow
 And pour'd out his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

There came to him many a maiden
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
 And widows with grief o'erladen,
 For a draught of his coal-black wine.
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

The scholar left all his learning,
 The poet his fancied woes,
 And the beauty her bloom returning,
 Like life to the fading rose.
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

All came to the rare old fellow,
 Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
 And he gave them his hand so yellow,
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.
 Hurrah ! for the coal-black wine !

THE BROWN JUG.

JOHN O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale
 (Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
 Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er crack'd a bottle or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.
 It chanced, as in dog-days he sat at his ease
 In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.
 His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And Time into clay had resolved it again,
 A potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale ;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

 UNDER THE WALNUT TREE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

Under the walnut tree dance with me,
 Gay as fairy elves we'll be,
 In some sylvan shade.
 Trip it lightly o'er the verdant meadow,
 Here no worldly sorrow shall our hearts invade.
 Under, &c.

Oft by the glow-worm's light,
 Elfin's gay and spirits bright
 Meet beneath the branches' height,
 And dance till peep of morn.
 Tripping lightly o'er the verdant meadow,
 Night's pale nectar quaffing
 From the woodbine's horn.

MY BOY TAMMY.

[HECTOR MACNEIL.]

“ Whar hae ye been a’ day,
 My boy Tammy?”
 “ I’ve been by burn and flow’ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o’ this young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.”

“ And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammy?”
 “ I got her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a bonnie knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
 For her poor mammy.”

“ What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy Tammy?”
 “ I praised her een sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou’;
 I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow,—
 She said she’d tell her mammy.

“ I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie;
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I’ve walth o’ plenishen and gear;
 Ye’se get it a’, were’t ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile ga’ed aff her bonnie face—
 ‘ I mauna leave my mammy;
 She’s gien me meat, she’s gien me claise,
 She’s been my comfort a’ my days;
 My father’s death brought monny waes:
 I canna leave my mammy.’

‘ We’ll tak her hame and mak her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie;

We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.'
 The wee thing gies her hand and says,
 'There, gang and ask my mammy.'"

"Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammy?"
 "She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee :
 For, oh, she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy!"

DEAR OLD MOTHER ENGLAND.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

ENGLAND.

Dear old Mother England,
 Happy Mother England,
 To laud thy fame I breathe thy name,
 And that's enough, dear England!
 Let foreign tongues against thee rail,
 And brother strive 'gainst brother,
 Yet ill befall the recreant son
 Who dare traduce his mother.
 Dear old Mother England,
 Happy Mother England,
 To laud thy fame I breathe thy name,
 And that's enough, dear England!

SCOTLAND.

Health to thee, old Scotland,
 Blithe and bonnie Scotland!
 The brave and free on land and sea
 Revere thy name, dear Scotland!
 Twin sisters are our British Isles,
 Both famed in olden story ;
 And side by side each emulates
 And boasts the other's glory.

Health to thee, old Scotland!
 Blithe and bonnie Scotland!
 The brave and free on land and sea
 Revere thy name, dear Scotland!

IRELAND.

Here's to good old Ireland,
 Frank and fearless Ireland!
 The dawning rays of happy days
 Are shining on old Ireland.
 Above her soon, O may the noon
 Its glories be revealing;
 So shall they be, these sisters three,
 But one in heart and feeling.
 Here's to good old Ireland,
 Frank and fearless Ireland!
 The dawning rays of happy days
 Are shining on old Ireland.

THE QUEEN.

Health to Queen Victoria!
 Long life to Victoria!
 On sea and shore all hearts adore
 The name of good Victoria.
 With ready hands and willing hearts
 Our homage now we render;
 And while her kingdoms own a man
 She'll ne'er want a defender.
 Health to Queen Victoria!
 Long life to Victoria!
 On sea and shore all hearts adore
 The name of good Victoria!

DAME DURDEN.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Dame Durden kept five serving girls
 To carry the milking-pail;
 She also kept five labouring men
 To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy
Draggletail,

And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey
with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
And Dick kiss'd Betty,
And Joe kiss'd Dolly,
And Jack kiss'd Katty,
And Dorothy Draggletail,
And Humphrey with his flail.

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking-
pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
She did begin to call ;
To rouse her servants, maids and men,
She then began to bawl.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy
Draggletail,

And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey
with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy
Draggletail,

And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey
with his flail.

'Twas John kiss'd Molly,
And Dick kiss'd Betty,
And Joe kiss'd Dolly,
And Jack kiss'd Katty,
And Dorothy Draggletail,
And Humphrey with his flail,

And Kitty was a charming girl to carry the milking-
pail.

I STILL LOVE THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER,

I still love thee, I still love thee,
 I heed not what they say;
 Though others may have tempted me,
 I must my heart obey:
 They tell me, when they hear thy name,
 That it can never be;
 I only know that, praise or blame,
 I still love thee.

When first I loved I knew not then
 Another claimed thy heart,
 And bitter was the feeling when
 I found that we must part;
 But, though you never can be mine,
 Speak kindly still to me,
 And then my heart will ne'er repine—
 I still love thee!

I still love thee, yet deem not now
 That I thy love would share,
 Or bid thee break thy plighted vow
 To one, perchance, more fair;
 I ask thee only to retain
 Some gentle thoughts of me,
 For I can never love again
 As I love thee!

I'LL SING SWEET SONGS TO THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.

When the summer sun is shining,
 As the woods we rove along,
 Hand-in-hand—like flowers entwining—
 I will cheer thee with my song;
 When the autumn winds are sighing,
 And the leaves fall from the tree,
 As we watch them round us lying
 I will sing sweet songs to thee.

When thy brow looks pale with sorrow,
 When thine eye lets fall the tear,
 I will strive to cheer thy morrow,
 For thou *then* wilt be more dear ;
 From thy brow each cloud shall vanish,
 Clinging fondly still to me,
 Every care my lays shall banish,
 For I'll sing sweet songs to thee.

Of the past I'll weave a story
 That shall still to thee be dear,
 Songs of love and lays of glory,
 Lofty dame and Cavalier ;—
 True hearts met that long had parted,
 Legends old of land and sea,
 Of the brave and gentle-hearted,—
 I will sing sweet songs to thee.

THE GRASP OF FRIENDSHIP'S HAND.

J. M. MARTIN.]

[*Music* by W. WILSON.]

Give me the grasp that is warm, kind, and ready,
 Give me the grasp that is calm, true, and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me—
 Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
 Soft is the palm of the delicate woman ;
 Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman :
 Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never,
 Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harm'd not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never foreswore it ;
 Give me its grasp, that I aye may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-eyed maiden ;
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen ;
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never,
 Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
 Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party ;
 Let Friendship give me the grasps that become her,
 Close as the twine of the vines in the summer.
 Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another ;
 Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never,
 Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

OH, YE TEARS! OH, YE TEARS!

CHARLES MACKAY.]

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

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! that have long refus'd to
 flow,
 Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing like the snow ;
 The ice-bound clod has yielded, and the early snow-
 drops spring,
 And the healing fountains gush, and the wilderness
 shall sing.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! I am thankful that ye
 run,
 Though ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glitter
 in the sun ;
 The rainbow cannot cheer us, if the showers refuse to
 fall,
 And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of
 all.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! ye relieve me of my
 pain,
 And the barren rock of Pride has been stricken once
 again ;
 Like the rock the prophet open'd, 'mid the desert's
 burning sand,
 It shall yield the living stream to make gladness in the
 land.

Oh, ye tears! oh, ye tears! there is sunshine in my
 heart,
 And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
 Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long
 ago.
 Oh, ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

I heard the trailing garments of the night
 Sweep through the marble halls!
 I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
 From the celestial walls!
 I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above:
 The calm majestic presence of the night,
 As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
 The manifold soft chimes,
 That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
 Like some old poet's rhymes.
 From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
 My spirit drank repose;
 The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
 From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
 What man has borne before!
 Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of care,
 And they complain no more.
 Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this pray'r!
 Descend, with broad-wing'd flight,
 The welcome, the thrice pray'd for, the most fair,
 The best beloved night.

THERE IS SOMETHING YE MAY DO !

[FREDERICK ENOCH.]

Brethren, in this life's existence,
 Though but humble be your parts,
 Let not fear upbuild resistance,
 To the dictates of your hearts.
 Fear of ridicule and scorning,
 Of oppression's thralling band ;
 For a better time is dawning,
 Brighter moments are at hand.
 Come they fast, or come they slowly,
 It depends alone on you ;
 If ye are but somewhat lowly,
 There is something ye may do.

Something while one tithes of grieving
 Through the land its shadows casts,
 While one burden wants relieving,
 While one hungry being fasts.
 While there is one spirit striving
 Truth's progression to resist,
 Or a varnish'd cheat is living,
 Or a blazon'd wrong exist.
 Single hand would move but slowly,
 Many are begot of few ;
 Though ye are but somewhat lowly,
 There is something ye may do.

Something, if your hand is willing,
 While they robe fair Truth in shame,
 While Oppression's wholesale killing
 'Taints and blots a nation's name.
 Waves combined create an ocean,
 Forests are but single leaves,
 Gather'd winds a tempest's motion,
 Single ears make harvest's sheaves.
 Thus each deed shall prove—though slowly,
 Time may give its work to view,—
 Thus, in fellowship, though lowly,
 There is something ye may do.

Every little act is telling,
 In the giant scale of time ;
 And, however small, is swelling
 High each bulwark against crime.
 Every truthful deed is tending,
 In its moving, still to prove
 The all-linking, all-defending
 Power and majesty of love.
 Speed ye then ! and let the holy
 Zeal for right, each deed imbue,
 Ye shall be, however lowly,
 Working good in what ye do.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY,
 MOTHER.

[ELIZA COOK.]

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
 And merry games we had ;
 We led him on our way, mother,
 And every step was glad.
 But when we found a starry flower,
 And praised its varied hue,
 A tear came trembling down his cheek,
 Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
 Where falling waters made
 A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
 As golden sun-rays played ;
 But when we shouted at the scene,
 And hailed the clear blue sky,
 He stood quite still upon the bank,
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
 Whene'er we found the spots
 Where periwinkle crept, mother,
 O'er wild forget-me-nots :

“Ah, me!” he said, while tears ran down
 As fast as summer showers,
 “It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers.”

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
 Has taught me I am blest,
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best.
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white,
 I'll kneel upon the meadow sod;
 And thank my God for sight.

I WOULD NOT FORGET.

[FREDERICK ENOCH.]

I would not forget the dear scenes of my youth,
 For all the relief that forgetfulness gives,
 But cling to each dream of that season of truth,
 Although with a semblance of sorrow it lives;
 I know that through sorrows the bright pathway lies,
 As beams on that pathway I look back to them;
 Each thought that I see from those moments arise,
 But turns every tear, with its light, to a gem.

I would not forget the dear scenes of my youth,
 Though each vision, new-gazed on, is dim with my
 tears,
 For I know o'er the tempest of anguish the truth
 Has built up an azure no cloud ever sears:
 Thus finding that sorrow but chastens—not mars—
 I would not give life, by one soft'ning of pain,
 An eve with no sunbeams to thread the first stars,
 Or token the rise of its lustre again.

THEY SAY I'M OLD.

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT.]

They say I'm old ; because I'm grey,
 The aged bard, they now call me !
 But grey or green, I boldly say
 We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom
 Tired men to rest with worms and me ;
 With sixty gone, and ten to come,
 We're not old yet, but mean to be.

My eyes flash flame, my heart is glad,
 When poor men shake their sides with glee ;
 And though they cry, "Come on, old lad !"
 We're not old yet, but mean to be.

While soars the skylark high and higher,
 And bids the mountains wake to see
 How morn can fill my veins with fire,
 We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Thou brightening cloud, that sail'st afar
 Where screams the falcon, wheeling free !
 Tell yonder fading, winking star,
 We're not old yet, but mean to be.

 IF I HAD KNOWN THOU COULDST
 HAVE DIED.

[The Rev. CHARLES WOLFE.]

If I had known thou couldst have died,
 I might not have wept for thee :
 But I forgot when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be :
 It never through my mind had past,
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 That I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 'twill smile again;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain!
 But when I speak thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
 All cold, and all serene—
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been!
 While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own;
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me;
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
 In thinking, too, of thee!
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

SONG TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

A. TENNYSON.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going—let him go—
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 - For those that here we see no more ;
 / Ring out the feud of rich and poor—
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right—
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease—
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old—
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land—
 Ring in the Christ that is to be !

THE WINTER TREE.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

What a happy life was mine,
 When the sunbeams used to twine
 Like golden threads about my summer suit !
 When my warp and woof of green
 Let enough of light between
 Just to dry the dew that lingered at my root.

What troops of friends I had
 When my form was richly clad,
 And I was fair 'mid fairest things of earth !
 Good company came round,
 And I heard no rougher sound
 Than Childhood's laugh in bold and leaping mirth.

The old man sat him down
 To note my emerald crown,
 And rest beneath my branches thick and bright ;
 The squirrel on my spray
 Kept swinging all the day,
 And the song-birds chattered to me through the night.

The dreaming poet laid
 His soft harp in my shade,
 And sung my beauty, chorused by the bee ;
 The village maiden came,
 To read her own dear name
 Carved on my bark, and bless the broad green tree.

The merry music breathed,
 While the bounding dancers wreathed
 In mazy windings round my giant stem ;
 And the joyous words they poured,
 As they trod the chequered sward,
 Told the green tree was a worshipped thing by them.

Oh! what troops of friends I had
 To make my strong heart glad,
 What kind ones answered to my rustling call !
 I was hailed with smiling praise,
 In the glowing summer days,
 And the beautiful green tree was loved by all.

But the bleak wind hath swept by,
 And the grey cloud dimmed the sky,
 My latest leaf has left my inmost bough ;
 I creak in grating tones,
 Like the skeleton's bleached tones,
 And not a footstep seeks the old tree now.

I stand at morning's dawn,
 The cheerless and forlorn ;
 The sunset comes and finds me still alone ;
 The mates who shared my bloom
 Have left me in my gloom ;
 Birds, poet, dancers, children—all are gone.

The hearts that turn'd this way
 When I stood in fine array
 Forsake me now as though I ceased to be ;
 I win no painter's gaze—
 I hear no minstrel's lays—
 The very nest falls from the leafless tree.

But the kind and merry train
 Will be sure to come again,
 With love and smiles as ready as of yore ;
 I must only wait to wear
 My robe so rich and fair,
 And they will throng as they have throng'd before.

Oh! ye who dwell in pride,
 With parasites beside,
 Only lose your summer green leaves, and ye'll see
 That the courtly friends will change
 Into things all cold and strange,
 And forget ye as they do the winter tree !

THE LARK.

[JAMES HOGG.]

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Bless'd is thy dwelling-place ;
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee !

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud ;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth !
 Where on the dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day :
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub—hie, hie thee away !

Then when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be ;
 Bird of the wilderness,
 Bless'd is thy dwelling-place :
 Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee !

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

H. CABBY.]

[*Music* by H. CABBY.]

Of all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There's ne'er a lady in the land
 That's half so sweet as Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets doth cry 'em,
 Her mother, she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em.
 But sure such folks could never own
 So sweet a girl as Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work—
 I love her so sincerely,
 My master comes, like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely.
 But let him bang me till he's tired,
 I'll bear it all for Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that're in the week
 I dearly love but one day,
 And that's the day that comes between
 The Saturday and Monday,
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 Oh, then I shall have money—
 I'll hoard it up, and box and all
 I'll give it to my honey.
 And would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally—
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And but for her I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley.
 But when my seven long years are out,
 Oh! then I'll marry Sally;
 Oh! then how happy we shall be,
 But not in our alley.

FLAG OF BRITANNIA.

Capt. CHAMIER.]

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

Land of the loyal and isle of the free,
 The bulwark of freedom and Queen of the Sea—

Hark! hark! to the sound of the cannon afar,
The cry of invaders—the bloodhounds of war.

Arm, arm, and advance, boys,
Nor e'er look askance, boys;

Our bulwarks at foreign invasion may smile,
Whilst the flag of Britannia still waves o'er our isle.
Whilst the flag, &c.

From the Tay to the Tweed, from the south to the north,
Arise, ye brave people—come daringly forth;
Arm, arm the brave yeomen! the tyrant may come,
To strike at your freedom and pillage your home!

Arm, arm, and advance, boys, &c.

Hail, Liberty, hail! may thy torch, ever bright,
Illumine the nations in slavery's night!
May they learn from the land of the brave and the free
What freedom with loyalty ever should be!

Arm, arm, and advance, boys, &c.

I LOVE TO FOLLOW THE HONEY BEE.

J. P. DOUGLAS.]

[*Music* by G. GLOVER.]

I love to follow the honey-bee
In lonely summer bowers,
And watch the wings, so light and free,
As they glance among the flowers.
A reveller bold, without a care,
It trolls its merry lay,
And drinks a vintage bright and rare
The livelong summer day.

When first I follow'd the honey-bee
A reveller bold was I;
A step more light, a heart more free,
Were not beneath the sky.
The wine of hope I gaily quaff'd
In wild, unthinking glee:
I sung, I play'd, I danced, I laugh'd—
Oh, life was bright to me!

Far away in heathery dells,
 By music-haunted streams,
 Whose banks of fern and wild bluebells
 Bloom freshly in my dreams.
 These were my old familiar haunts,
 The dearest yet to me,
 And ever, as then, my spirit pants
 To follow the honey-bee.

THE WINDS WHISTLE COLD.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music* by BISHOP.]

The winds whistle cold,
 And the stars glimmer red;
 The flocks are in fold,
 And the cattle in shed.
 When the hoar-frost was chill
 Upon moorland and hill,
 And was fringing the forest bough,
 Our fathers would troll
 The bonny brown bowl,
 And so will we do now,
 Jolly hearts!
 And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
 Upon milk in the pail;
 'Twill be long ere he freeze
 The bold brandy and ale!
 For our fathers so bold,
 They laugh'd at the cold,
 When Boreas was bending his brow;
 For they quaff'd mighty ale,
 And they told a blithe tale,
 And so will we do now,
 Jolly hearts!
 And so will we do now

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

[FREDERICK ENOCH.]

The heart has many a dwelling spot
 On lifetime's pilgrim way,
 In many a land where human lot
 Leads human foot to stray ;
 But time, nor change, can e'er efface
 This truth, where'er we roam—
 That the heart has many a dwelling-place,
 But only once a home.

The cot may for a palace change
 By Fortune's golden spell ;
 But this can ne'er our love estrange
 From what the past can tell ;
 That truth, which memory loves to trace,
 Still lives beneath the dome—
 That the heart has many a dwelling-place,
 But only once a home.

Young filial love, all given by time
 To be our help and stay,
 With sunny beam and voiceful chime
 May light and cheer our way ;
 But from the past each voice and face,
 Dear, sacred proofs will come—
 That the heart has many a dwelling-place,
 But only once a home.

IS THERE A HEART.

S. J. ARNOLD.]

[Music by J. BRAHAM.]

Is there a heart that never loved,
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh ?
 Is there a man can mark unmoved
 Dear woman's tearful eye ?
 Oh, bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deigned to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear;
 And he who can resist her smiles
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by L. PHILLIPS.]

Bear and forbear, whatso'er be your station;
 Some there must be both to give and receive.
 What could avail all the wealth of the nation,
 Were it not meant to assist and relieve?
 Some there must be to produce by their labour,
 Some to consume when the seed ripens fair.
 Is there a man but depends on his neighbour?
 All nature teaches us—bear and forbear!

Bear and forbear—what's the use of oppression?
 The spirit of truth it can never be crush'd?
 Why should we covet mere worldly possession?
 The loud voice of justice can never be hush'd.
 Be sure, in good time, there will come restitution—
 Was not the earth made for all men to share?
 And He who made, wisely, the first distribution,
 Still teaches us all we should bear and forbear.

DROWN IT IN THE BOWL.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by GEARY]

The glasses sparkle on the board,
 The wine is ruby bright,
 The reign of pleasure is restor'd—
 Of ease and fond delight.

The day is gone, the night's our own,
 Then let us feast the soul;
 If any care or pain remain,
 Why, drown it in the bowl.

This world, they say, 's a world of woe;
 But that I do deny:
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
 Or pain from beauty's eye?
 The wise are fools with all their rules,
 When they would joys control;
 If life's a pain, I say again,
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings;
 Then surely it is wise
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 And seize him as he flies.
 This night is ours; then strew with flowers
 The moments as they roll:
 If any care or pain remain,
 Why, drown it in the bowl.

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

C. SWAIN.]

[*Music* by W. PALMER.]

The little lane, the greenwood lane,
 Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing;
 For brook and bird in many a strain
 Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;
 But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
 No longer she her tears could smother;
 For she had learnt at last 'twas wrong
 To say one thing and mean another.

'Tis right, 'tis due, when hearts are true,
 To show that heart without deceiving,
 And not to speak in idle freak
 To try if one's the power of grieving.

In Mary's heart and Mary's mind
 She loved one youth and loved no other;
 But Mary's tongue was oft inclined
 To say one thing and mean another.
 Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
 If truth alone their words directed:
 How many a day might then be gay
 That passeth now in tears dejected!
 Would all might learn and all discern
 That truth keeps longest friend or brother!
 Then maids be kind and speak your mind,
 Nor say one thing and mean another.

THE BARRING O' THE DOOR.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Scotch Air.*

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife got puddings to mak',
 And she boil'd them in the pan.
 The wind sae cauld blew east and north,
 It blew into the floor:
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."
 "My hand is in my hussy'f skap,
 Gudeman, as ye may see;
 An' it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
 It's no be barr'd for me."
 They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.
 Then by there came twa gentlemen
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candle light.

“ Now whether is this a rich man’s house,
 Or whether is it a poor ?”
 But never a word wad ane o’ them speak,
 For barring o’ the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black ;
 Though muckle thought the gudewife to hersel’,
 Yet ne’er a word she spak’.

Then said the one unto the other,
 “ Here, man, tak’ ye my knife ;
 Do ye tak’ aff the auld man’s beard,
 And I’ll kiss the gudewife.”

“ But there’s nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than ?”
 “ What ails ye at the puddin’ broo
 That boils into the pan ?”

Oh, up then started our gudeman,
 And an angry man was he :
 “ Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi’ pudding bree ?”

Then up and started our gudewife,
 Gied three skips on the floor :
 “ Gudeman, ye’ve spoken the foremost word,—
 Get up and bar the door.”

THE WHISPERED WORD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Where the breeze with the blossom was playing,
 And the bee woo’d the flowers in the dell,
 How I ventured alone to be straying
 Is a secret I don’t mean to tell ;
 Who came there by *chance* is another
 That some day admitted may be,
 But the secret of all is, dear mother,
 The word that he whisper’d to me.

Did we ask of the wind, softly sighing,
 What it whisper'd at eve to the flowers,
 Don't you think that the breezes, replying,
 Would say—that's a secret of ours?
 So vows that in silence are spoken
 If true, ne'er repeated should be,
 And I know that 'twill never be broken,
 The word that he whisper'd to me.



YOUTH'S FIRST LESSON.

E. L. BLANCHARD.]

[*Music* by L. PHILLIPS.]

Laughing in the sunshine
 Came a merry child,
 Bee, and bird, and blossom,
 Each in turn beguiled;
 'Kerchief full of flowers,
 Features full of joy,
 Lightly o'er the meadows
 Ran this happy boy.

Sporting in the sunshine,
 Elfin of the spring,
 Came a glittering butterfly
 On its gauzy wing;
 Swift the child pursued it,
 And tripp'd, through heedless look:
 All his scatter'd flowers
 Went drifting down the brook.

Dreaming in the sunshine
 Sat a gentle sage,
 Watching youth's first lesson
 In life's varied page;
 "Thus," he said, "do mortals
 Gather bitter fruit,
 What is in possession
 Losing in pursuit."

WISDOM, BEAUTY, LOVE, AND HOPE.

J. STONEHOUSE.]

[*Music* by F. THIBLWALL.]

The morning sun shone bright above,
 As Beauty, Wisdom, Hope, and Love
 Engaged a boat with jest and glee
 To sail upon life's shining sea.
 Love handed beauty in with grace
 And took himself the steersman's place,
 Then Hope sat down to ply the oar,
 When lo! the boat could hold no more ;
 So Wisdom stay'd behind.

On, on they sped, the merry crew,
 Until the land was lost to view ;
 Nor did they heed the daylight's close
 Until the winds and waves arose.
 Before the gale the boat was borne,
 And from the mast the sail was torn ;
 Alone did Hope look calm above ;
 Poor Beauty wept, and blamed young Love
 That Wisdom stay'd behind.

The storm increased, but still the boat
 By Love and Hope was kept afloat,
 And when the peril seem'd the most,
 Brave Beauty took the helmsman's post ;
 Oh ! pale and sad, no words of blame
 Fell from her lips till daylight came ;
 Day found them on a friendly shore,
 Resolved to put to sea no more
 If Wisdom stay'd behind.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

C. SWAIN.]

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

The peasantry of England,
 The merry hearts and free,
 The sword may boast a braver band,
 But give the scythe to me !

Give me the fame of industry
 With all your classic tomes ;—
 God guard the English peasantry
 And grant them happy homes.

The sinews of old England,
 The bulwarks of the soil !
 How much we owe each manly hand
 Thus fearless of its toil ;
 Oh ! he who love's the harvest free
 Will sing, where'er he roams,
 God bless the English peasantry
 And grant them happy homes !

God speed the plough of England !
 We'll hail it with three cheers ;
 And here's to whose labour planned
 The all which life endears.
 May still the wealth of industry
 Be seen where er man roams ;
 God bless the English peasantry
 And grant them happy homes !

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

H. S. VANDYK.]

[*Music* by J. BARNETT.]

O, leave the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light,
 And rove with me through forests green,
 Beneath the silent night :
 There as we watch the lingering rays
 That shine from every star,
 I'll sing a song of happier days,
 And strike the light guitar.
 And strike the light guitar, &c.

I'll tell thee how a maiden wept
 When her true knight was slain,
 And how her broken spirit slept,
 And never woke again :

I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 And left his lord afar.
 But if my tale should make thee sigh,
 I'll strike the light guitar.
 I'll sing a song, &c.

THE WELSH HARPER.

J. S. KNOWLES.]

[*Music* by T. SMITH.]

Over the sunny hills I stray,
 Tuning many a rustic lay ;
 And sometimes in the shadowy vales
 I sing of love and battle tales :
 Merrily thus I spend my life,
 Though poor, my breast is free from strife :
 A blithe old harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales, 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes before a castle-gate,
 In song a battle I relate ;
 Or how a lord, in shepherd's guise,
 Sought favour in a virgin's eyes.
 With rich and poor a welcome guest,
 No cares intrude upon my breast :
 The blithe old harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales, 'mid mountains high.

When Sol illumes the western sky,
 And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
 Oft time on village green I play,
 While round me dance the rustics gay ;
 And oft, when veil'd by sable night,
 The wand'ring shepherds I delight :
 The blithe old harper call'd am I,
 In the Welsh vales, 'mid mountains high.

THINE IMAGE I CAN NE'ER FORGET.

LORD BYRON.]

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

Sweet girl! though only once we met,
 That meeting I shall ne'er forget ;
 And though we ne'er may meet again,
 Remembrance will thy form retain.
 In vain I check the rising sighs,
 Another to the last replies ;
 Perhaps this is not love, but yet
 Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,
 Our eyes a sweeter language spoke ;
 The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
 And tells a tale it never feels.
 Whate'er may be my future fate,
 Should joy or woe my steps await—
 Beguiled by love—by storms beset—
 Thine image I can ne'er forget.

 THOU ART LOVELIER.

R. HOWITT.]

[*Music* by Mrs. MERRITT (Miss HAWES).]

Thou art lovelier than the coming
 Of the fairest flowers of spring,
 When the wild bee wanders humming
 Like a blessèd fairy thing ;
 Thou art lovelier than the breaking
 Of the Orient crimson'd morn,
 When the gentlest winds are shaking
 The dewdrops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
 In wood, and field, and glen,
 Where a thousand birds were singing,
 And my thoughts were of thee then ;

For there's nothing glad some round me—
 Nothing beautiful to see—
 Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
 But is eloquent of thee!

TELL ME, MY HEART.

MORTON.]

[*Music* by BISHOP.]

Tell me, my heart, why morning prime
 Looks like the fading eve?
 Why the gay lark's celestial chime
 Shall tell, shall tell the soul to grieve?
 The heaving bosom seems to say,
 Ah, hapless maid! your love's away.

Tell me, my heart, why summer's glow
 A wintry day beguiles?
 Why Flora's beauties seem to blow,
 And fading Nature smiles?
 Some Zephyr whispers in my ear,
 Ah, happy maid! your love is near.

I LOVE, BUT I MUSTN'T SAY WHO.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by H. FARMER.]

The bee loves the flower, the wind loves the sea,
 The birds fly in pairs to their nest;
 The lark loves the sky, and the robin the tree,
 And the flowers love the sunshine best.
 All nature is loving!—Ah, then why not I,
 If the heart that's within me is true?
 Perhaps you may know, but 'twill be by-and-bye,
 If I love, if I love, since I mustn't say who.

The butterfly loves for a day, then it dies;
 The primrose the beautiful spring;
 The rose loves the smile of the midsummer skies,
 The nightingale then loves to sing;

But I, if I love, would love all the year round,
 And the one that I love must be true;
 I'll own who it is when my secret he's found—
 Yes I love, yes I love, but I mustn't say who.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

[ANONYMOUS.]

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

I then walk'd beside her, and gently did chide her
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
 A kiss then I gave her, and ere I did leave her
 She blush'd and consented to meet me again.
 'Twas haymaking season—I can't tell the reason—
 Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain;
 For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
 Sure every maiden got wed in Coleraine.

O MARIAN THE MERRY!

C. DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

"O Marian the merry! who gave you that fairing
 The lasses all envy, lads jealously view?
 That truelover's knot on your bosom, too, wearing,—
 Oh say, blushing Marian, who gave 'em to you?"
 "Oh, the knot and the fairing were given to me
 When the golden-hair'd laddie came over the lea."

“O Marian the merry! why now sad and sighing?
 Your tresses, neglected, are sport for the breeze;
 The villagers' pastimes why foolishly flying?
 Oh say, silly Marian, what symptoms are these?”
 “Oh, the knot and the fairing no longer please me,
 For the golden-hair'd laddie's gone over the lea.”

“O Marian the merry! again sweetly smiling—
 Again like the fawn tripping lightly along,
 What innocent hope, all your sorrows beguiling,
 Oh say, happy Marian! enlivens your song?”
 “Oh, the knot and the fairing again pleasure me,
 For the golden-hair'd laddie's come over the lea.”

GO!—FORGET ME!

Rev. C. WOLFE.]

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

Go!—forget me! why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?
 Go!—forget me! and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
 Smile, though I shall not be near thee;
 Sing, though I shall never hear thee.
 May thy soul with pleasure shine,
 Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
 Clothes the meanest things in light;
 And when thou, like him, art going,
 Loveliest objects fade in night.
 All things look'd so bright about thee,
 That they nothing seem without thee:
 By that pure and lucid mind
 Earthly things were too refined.

Go! thou vision, wildly gleaming,
 Softly on my soul that fell!
 Go! for me no longer beaming—
 Hope and beauty, fare ye well!

Go! and all that once delighted
 Take, and leave me all benighted—
 Glory's burning, gen'rous swell,
 Fancy, and the poet's shell.

SHOULD HE UPBRAID.

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by Sir H. BISHOP.]

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he'd prevail,
 And sing as sweetly as the nightingale;
 Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
 As morning roses newly tipp'd with dew;
 Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
 And dance, and play, and wrinkled care beguile.

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

A. TENNYSON.]

[*Music* by Mrs. ARKWRIGHT.]

You must wake and call me early,
 Call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow'll be the happiest time
 Of all the glad new year;
 Of all the glad new year, mother,
 The maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May!

There's many a black black eye, they say,
 But none so bright as mine,
 There's Margaret and Mary,
 There's Kate and Caroline;
 But none so fair as little Alice
 In all the land, they say:—
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May!

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
 That I shall never wake
 If you do not call me loud
 When the day begins to break;
 But I must gather knots of flowers,
 And buds and garlands gay:
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me
 To-morrow to the green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother,
 To see me made the Queen.
 The shepherd lads on ev'ry side
 Will come from far away,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, will be
 Fresh and green and still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot
 Are over all the hill,
 And the violet in the flowery dale
 Will merrily glance and play:
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,
 Call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow'll be the happiest time
 Of all the glad new year,
 To-morrow'll be of all the year
 The maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen of the May.

SECOND PART.

If you're waking, call me early,
 Call me early, mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise
 Upon the glad new year,

It is the last new year, mother,
 That I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould,
 And think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set;
 He set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time,
 And all my peace of mind;
 And the new year's coming up, mother,
 But I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn,
 The leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flow'rs;
 We had a merry day:
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green,
 They made me Queen of May;
 And we danced about the maypole,
 And in the hazel copse,
 Till Charles's Wain came out above
 The tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flow'r on all the hills;
 The frost is on the pane:
 I only wish to live till
 The snowdrops come again:
 I wish the snow would melt, and
 The sun come out on high:
 I long to see a flower so
 Before the day I die.

When the flowers come again, mother,
 Beneath the waning light,
 You'll never see me more in
 The long grey fields at night;
 When from the dry dark wold
 The summer airs go cool,
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass,
 And the bulrush in the pool.

Good night, sweet mother: call me
 Before the day is born,—
 All night I lie awake, but
 I fall asleep at morn:
 But I would see the sun rise
 Upon the glad new-year,—
 So, if you're waking, call me,
 Call me early, mother dear.

TUBAL CAIN.

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.]

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
 And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
 Hurrah for the spear and sword!
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire;
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
 And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew!
 Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
 And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind ;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low ;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high ;
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !"
And the red sparks lit the air—
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made ;"
And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship join'd their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall
And plough'd the willing lands ;
And sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Our stanch good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

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

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
 The village smithy stands ;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.
 His hair is crisp, and black and long ;
 His face is like the tan ;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

 Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow ;
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
 Like a sexton ringing the village bell
 When evening sun is low.
 And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door—
 They love to see the flaming forge
 And hear the bellows roar,
 And catch the sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

 He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits amongst his boys ;
 He hears the parson pray and preach ;
 He hears his daughter's voice
 Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice ;
 It sounds to him like her mother's voice
 Singing in Paradise ;
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies,
 And with his hard rough hand he wipes
 A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees its close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earn'd a night's repose,
 Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught;
 Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed, each thought.

KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN.

Mrs. CRAWFORD.]

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

Kathleen, mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
 Kathleen, mavourneen, what, slumbering still!
 Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever!
 Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part!
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
 Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart!

Kathleen, mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
 Ah! where is the spell that once hung on thy numbers,
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
 Mavourneen, mavourneen, my tears are fast falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou joy of my heart!

THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Oh! do you remember the old soldier's daughter?
 Fair as the morning in spring time was she,
 And many a lover all vainly had sought her—
 To all she was distant as maiden may be.
 "Dear father," she cried, "with thee let me tarry,
 Though lowly our cottage, a home 'tis to me;
 A vow I have made that I never will marry,
 Oh! let me live happy, dear father, with thee."

But vain was the vow of the old soldier's daughter:
 Young Patrick he woo'd her, though humble was he,
 He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he caught her,
 And whisper'd, "Oh! say when our bridal shall be."
 "Dear father," she cried, "'twere a pity to tarry,
 A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me;
 So dearly he loves me, I'm tempted to marry,
 And both will be happy, dear father, with thee."

And calm was the home of the old soldier's daughter—
 Her Patrick beside her, her babe on her knee;
 The aged they bless'd, and the youthful they sought her,
 For none were so cheerful, so happy as she.
 And fain was the soldier beside her to tarry,
 Till death gently called him, then calmly slept he.
 She still bless'd the day she was tempted to marry,
 Saying, "Patrick, thou'rt now all the world, love,
 to me!"

I LOVE A DEAR OLD COUNTRY FACE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

I love a dear old country face,
 Well brown'd with wind and sun;
 For in those features I can trace
 Life's task was bravely done.

I love to press the open hand
 That's hard with daily toil,
 Because it owns the honest heart
 That flattery ne'er can spoil.

I love a dear old country voice,
 Though rough and harsh it rings,
 Because it only speaks the thought
 That from the feeling springs.

I love the open, manly heart,
 That ne'er to falsehood leans,
 And prize indeed the honest tongue
 That speaks but what it means.

I love a dear old country house,
 Its sweet, but humble fare ;
 But most I love it for the true
 And hearty welcome there ;
 The love of home that ne'er deserts
 Our good old Saxon race,—
 And all those good old country ways
 That fashion can't efface.

ALICE GRAY.

[MRS. P. MILLARD.]

She's all my fancy painted her—
 She's lovely, she's divine !
 But her heart it is another's—
 She never can be mine ;
 Oh ! few have loved as I have loved—
 My love cannot decay ;
 Oh ! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray !

Her dark brown hair is braided
 O'er a brow of spotless white ;
 Her soft blue eye now languishes,
 Now sparkles with delight ;

The hair is braided not for me,
 The eye is turn'd away ;
 Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
 For the love of Alice Gray !

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
 And shiver'd in the blast ;
 But now my pilgrimage is done,
 The weary conflict's past ;
 When laid within my peaceful grave,
 May pity haply say,
 Oh ! his heart, his heart was broken
 For the love of Alice Gray !

TO THE WEST!

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.]

To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
 Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil ;
 Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
 Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast ;
 Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,—
 Away, far away, to the land of the west !

To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
 Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
 Away, far away, to the land of the west !

To the west! to the west! where the rivers that flow
 Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go ;
 Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
 As wide as old England, and free to us all ;
 Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have
 roll'd,
 Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old ;
 And the lakes are like oceans, in storm or in rest,
 Away, far away, to the land of the west !

To the west! &c.

To the west! to the west! there is wealth to be won,
 The forest to clear is the work to be done;
 We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
 While there's light in the sunshine or breath in the air.
 The bold independence that labour shall buy
 Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh;
 Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
 And build up a home in the land of the west!
 To the west! &c.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

Somewhat back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashion'd country seat;
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
 And from its station in the hall
 An ancient timepiece says to all,
 "For ever! never! never! for ever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
 And points and beckons with its hands;
 From its case of massive oak,
 Like a monk, who under his cloak,
 Crosses himself, and sighs "Alas!"
 With sorrowful voice, to all who pass,
 "For ever! never! never! for ever!"

There, groups of merry children play'd,
 There, youths and dreaming maidens stray'd;
 O precious hours! O golden prime!
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told
 "For ever! never! never! for ever!"

* "L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux: Toujours! Jamais! Jamais! Toujours!"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

From that chamber, cloth'd in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding night ;
 There in that silent room below
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;
 And in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,

“ For ever ! never ! never ! for ever ! ”

Never here, for ever there !
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time, shall disappear ;
 For ever there, but never here !
 The horologe of eternity,
 Sayeth this incessantly,

“ For ever ! never ! never ! for ever ! ”

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[*Irish Melody.*

So, my Kathleen, you're going to leave me
 All alone by myself in this place ;
 But I'm sure you will never deceive me,
 O, no, if there's truth in that face.
 Though England's a beautiful city,
 Full of illigant boys, O what then,
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence !
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again.

Oh, those English deceivers by nature,
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere :
 They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
 But don't you believe them, my dear.
 O, Kathleen, agra! don't be minding
 The flattering speeches they'd make ;
 But tell them a poor lad in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It's folly to keep you from going,
 Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case ;
 For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowing
 When next I shall see your swate face.

And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
 None the better will I be off then ;
 You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
 Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

Aye now, where's the need of this hurry !
 Don't fluster me so in this way ;
 I forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was maning to say.
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye ;
 Can I talk if you bother me so ?—
 Oh, Kathleen, my blessings go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that you go.

WHY CHIME THE BELLS SO MERRILY ?

J. P. PHILLIPPS.]

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

Why chime the bells so merrily ?
 Why seem ye all so gay ?
 Is it because the New Year's come,
 And the old has passed away ?
 Oh ! can ye look upon the past,
 And feel no sorrow now,
 That thus ye sing so joyously,
 And smiles light every brow ?
 Oh ! if ye can, be blithe and gay,
 The song troll gaily on,
 And the burden be the New Year's come,
 And the Old Year's gone.

The old man gazes on the mirth,
 He smiles not like the rest ;
 He sits in silence by the hearth,
 And seems with grief oppressed :
 He sees not in the merry throng
 The child that was his pride ;
 He listens for her joyous song,
 She is not by his side !

But scarce a twelvemonth she was there,
 And now he is alone !
 Yet still ye sing, the New Year's come,
 And the Old Year's gone.

Dance on, dance on ! be blithe and gay,
 Nor pause to think the while,
 That ere this year has passed away,
 Ye, too, may cease to smile :
 For time, in his resistless flight,
 Brings changes sad and drear,
 The many hopes of youth to blight,
 With every coming year :
 But still be happy while ye may,
 And let the dance go on,
 Sing, gaily sing, the New Year's come,
 And the Old Year's gone.

I LOVE MY LITTLE NATIVE ISLE.

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music* by F. MORI.]

I love my little native isle,
 Mine em'rald in a golden deep ;
 My garden where the roses smile,
 My vineyard where the tendrils creep.
 How sweetly glide the summer hours
 When twilight shows her silver sheen,
 And youths and maids from all the bow'rs
 Come forth to play the tambourine.
 Ah ! I love my little native isle, &c.

At morn the fisher spreads his sail
 Upon our calm encircling sea ;
 The farmer labours in the vale,
 Or tends his vine and orange tree :
 But soon as ling'ring sunset throws
 O'er woods and fields a deeper green,
 And all the west in crimson glows,
 They gather to the tambourine.
 Ah ! I love my little native isle, &c.

My native isle, my land of peace,
 My father's home, my mother's grave,
 May evermore thy joys increase,
 And plenty o'er thy corn-fields wave.
 May storms ne'er vex thine ocean surf,
 Nor war disturb thy valleys green ;
 Nor fail the dance upon thy turf,
 Nor music of the tambourine.
 Ah ! I love my little native isle, &c.

THE WORTH OF TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. PERRY.]

An old man and a little child
 Together went their way,
 Amid the blossoms of the wild
 The child oft paused to play ;
 " Ah ! trifle not amid the flowers,"
 The grey-hair'd teacher said ;
 " For precious are the passing hours,
 And mourn'd as soon as fled."

The old man took the little child,
 And led him by the hand,
 But still where'er a blossom smiled
 The boy contrived to stand.
 " Ah ! linger not, although the flowers
 To thee a joy may bring ;
 They but remind *me* of the hours
 I lost in my life's spring."

The child went on—the old man fled,
 But ne'er the boy forgot
 The words that gray-hair'd teacher said
 Through all his future lot :
 And wisely are *his* children taught
 When in some olden rhyme
 He tells them how he first was brought
 To know the worth of time.

THE BRIDAL RING.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.

I dreamt last night of our earlier days,
 Ere I sigh'd for sword and feather,
 When we danced on the hill, in the moon's pale rays,
 Hand in hand, hand in hand, together ;
 I thought you gave me again that kiss,
 More sweet than the perfume of spring.
 When I press'd on your finger love's pure golden pledge,
 The bridal ring ! the bridal ring !

I dreamt I heard, then, the trumpet sound,
 And at once was forced to sever,
 That I fell on the heath with my last death-wound,
 Lost to thee, lost to thee, for ever !
 I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
 Empearl'd like a flower in spring,
 'Neath its warmth I awoke, on this dear hand to press
 The bridal ring ! the bridal ring !

EXCELSIOR!

[H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

The shades of night were falling fast
 As through an Alpine village pass'd
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner, with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad, his eye beneath
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone ;
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

"Try not the pass," the old man said,
 "Dark low'rs the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide."
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast."
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answer'd with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch,
 Beware the awful avalanche."
 This was the peasant's last good-night.
 A voice replied far up the height,
 Excelsior!

A trav'ler, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow, was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and grey,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
 And from the sky serene and far
 A voice fell like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[*Music* by G. BARKER.]

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride:
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,
 And the love light in our eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then ;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,—
I see the spire from here ;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But oh ! they love the better far
The few our Father sends ;
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride !
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there ;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

THE BRITISH ANCHOR.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Fill up, fill up your mystic fires,
 A noble work is thine
 Who forge the British anchor—
 The dweller of the brine!
 It seemeth round the lurid flame
 Some magic rite ye keep,
 Creating from that shapeless mass
 The diver of the deep.
 No sound is in the old dockyard—
 All hearts are in one spot,
 Where now the living, liquid fire
 Is raging white and hot;
 The signal's given—strike! stalwart men,
 Your lion prowess keep!
 Hurrah! they've forged the anchor—
 The diver of the deep!

They've launch'd a huge and mighty hull
 In ocean's firm embrace;
 They've shipp'd the heavy anchor
 To keep her in her place;
 But the war-cry's on the billow,
 And the call must be obey'd,
 And with many a gallant struggle now
 The iron monster's weigh'd.
 There's danger on the angry deep—
 There's sound of breakers near,—
 "All hands aloft!" the boatswain cries,
 "For ye have much to fear."
 The storm is o'er, the ship once more
 Her onward course may keep;
 In vain old ocean struggled with
 The diver of the deep!

Oh! the anchors of our navy are
 The emblems of the free.

They guard our giant ships from wreck
 On many a stormy sea ;
 They tell the brave and gallant hearts
 That dwell upon the main
 What joys shall greet them when they sleep :
 Off British shore again.
 Then honour to the anchor !
 Though it never shall abide
 In its home beneath the billow
 While there's war upon the tide ;
 For the ploughers of the ocean
 Their name and fame shall keep
 As strong, as firm, as faithful,
 As the diver of the deep !

I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

A. BUNN.]

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

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
 With vassals and serfs at my side,
 And of all who assembled within those walls,
 That I was the hope and the pride.
 I had riches too great to count—could boast
 Of a high ancestral name ;
 But I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
 That you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
 That knights upon bended knee,
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
 They pledged their faith to me.
 And I dreamt that one of that noble host
 Came forth my hand to claim ;
 But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.

ENGLAND.

V H. BELLAMY.]

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

My ancestors were Englishmen,
 An Englishman am I,
 And 'tis my boast that I was born
 Beneath a British sky ;
 I prize my peerless birthplace for
 Its freedom and its fame ;
 In it my father lived and died ;
 I hope to do the same.
 I've heard of foreign countries that
 Are very fair to see ;
 But England, " dear old England," is
 Quite fair enough for me ;
 And he that on its happy soil
 Is not content to stay,
 May leave it when he likes, and find
 A better where he may.

We may not have the mountains which
 Some other lands may show,
 Their sides adorned with vineyards, and
 Their summits crown'd with snow ;
 We may not boast the grandeur, or
 The melancholy grace,
 Which tells of Time's destroying hand,
 Or war's terrific trace ;
 But we have fertile valleys—we
 Have hills, and dales, and dells,
 Where peace and plenty smile around,
 And sweet contentment dwells ;
 And we have cliffs that beetle o'er,
 And battle with the spray
 Of a thousand waves that roll around
 A shore as free as they.

There's not a sea that on its breast
 A hostile fleet can bear,
 But England's flag is seen to fly
 In stern defiance there ;

The stars their midwatch keeping,
 Shine out in yonder skies,
 Ah! why art thou still sleeping,
 Sweet lady mine, arise.
 All, all, &c.

WOULD YOU BE HAPPY?

R. BENNETT.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Oh! would you be happy, to others be kind,
 The bounties of Providence share;
 The blest hand of charity ever will find
 Enough for itself and to spare.
 In the time of your sadness, the day of your grief,
 What a solace 'twill be if you know
 That by word or by deed you have given relief
 To the sons and the daughters of woe.

Oh! would you be happy, think kindly of all,
 Nor to your own failings be blind;
 The great have their follies as well as the small,
 Not any all good-will you'll find.
 Take the world as it is, and help all that you can,
 And when 'tis your time to depart,
 The thought that you've been of some service to man,
 Will give comfort and peace to your heart.

THE GIFT FROM O'ER THE SEA.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

“What shall I bring thee, maiden, say—
 What gift from o'er the sea,
 To prove, when I am far away,
 I fondly think of thee?
 A costly gem, a pearly shell,
 A bird of plumage rare,
 Or flower unknown to us who dwell
 Where blossom none so fair?”

"I ask no gem, no pearl I crave,"
 The weeping maid replied :
 "Thy bird would only find a grave,
 Thy flower fade in its pride ;—
 A worthier gift thou canst bestow,—
 Then bring me o'er the main,
 If thou afar from me must go,
 My own heart back again !"

A COURSING SONG.

EDWARD FARMER.]

[*English Air.*

Let dukes keep their racers, my lord have his stud,
 And the 'squire sport his pack, and his prime bit of
 blood ;

Give me a good kennel of greyhounds, and let
 The BEST dog always win, when for coursing we're met.
 Singing, gently, so ho ! halloo, let 'em go,—
 They're off like gun-shot, how like racing they go !

See stripped of their clothing,—look, look ! what a
 treat—

What muscular haunches, what small cat-like feet ;
 With a tail like a rat, and an eye like gazelle,
 Long-neck'd and deep-chested, they're safe to run well.
 Singing, gently, so ho ! halloo, let 'em go,—
 They're beautiful creatures,—I'll pound 'em to go.

Come, where is your starter, your judge, where is he ?
 Put a brace into slips, and some sport you shall see ;
 Hold hard there, you horsemen ! don't ride o'er the
 ground ;

I ne'er saw this beaten but "pussy" was found.
 Singing, gently, so ho ! halloo, let 'em go,—
 We're sure of a find in this stubble, I know.

So ho, there ! I told you ;—now give her fair play ;
 It shall all be fair coursing,—no murder to-day.

The hares, perhaps, in weight may have lost half an
 ounce,
 But after this frost, just see how they'll bounce.
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo, let 'em go,—
 Look, she slouches one ear—she's a fizzer, I know.

They're running like wildfire; the black dog's a turn :
 Now the blue un's a go-by : she's off for the fern.
 He has thrown, and has miss'd her : the black dog
 is in ;
 He's a mortal good judge that can tell which will win.
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo, let 'em go,—
 Each goes like an arrow just shot from a bow.

The black dog is leading the blue dog a nose ;
 She makes for the spinney—my heart, how she goes.
 The black dog, a thousand! a-done, sir—a-done!
 He has her! he hasn't! my soul, what a run!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go ;
 Poor "pussy" in each has a death-meaning foe.

They're getting the slows on, they're all of them beat—
 It's rarely a sportsman enjoys such a treat ;
 Now, Topper! now, Bugle! they'll kill her!—they
 won't;—
 They have her!—they haven't!—she beats 'em!—she
 don't!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go ;
 I ne'er saw better mettle than all the three show.

See, the judge takes his hat off, and gets from his
 horse,
 And so, UNDECIDED's this wonderful course ;
 They've managed to kill her, but no man can tell
 Which won it,—they both ran so HONEST and WELL!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,—
 To see such another, I'd fifty miles go!

Come, fill up your glasses, whatever you drink
 (I shall hold him a *muff* who endeavours to slink),—

Here's success to the "long tails," their owners,
 and all,
 Who are fond of the sport, whether great folks or small.
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,
 There's nothing can stop 'em except *frost* or *snow*.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

When at the social board you sit,
 And pass around the wine,
 Remember, though abuse is vile,
 That use may be divine:
 That heaven in kindness gave the grape
 To cheer both great and small—
 That little fools will drink too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
 You roam the earth alone,
 And have not sought some loving heart
 That you may make your own;
 Remember woman's priceless worth,
 And think, when pleasures pall,
 That little fools will love too much,
 But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
 Absolve poor human kind,
 Nor rail against your fellow-men
 With malice in your mind:
 But in your daily intercourse,
 Remember, lest ye fall,
 That little fools confide too much,
 But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe, be truthful still,
 And in the deepest care
 Be bold and resolute, and shun
 The coward foe—Despair.

Let work and hope go hand in hand,
 And know, whate'er befall,
 That little fools will hope too much,
 But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
 Your rule be still the same—
 Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
 Your love a steady flame ;
 Your drink not maddening, but to cheer:
 So shall your bliss not pall,
 For little fools enjoy too much,
 But great ones not at all.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

W. H. LONGFELLOW.]

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

There is a reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he—
 “ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay,”
 The reaper said, and smiled ;
 “ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by his care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The reaper came that day ;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock
 In all the fairy dells,
 And if I find the charmèd leaf,
 Oh, how I'll weave my spells !
 I would not waste my magic might
 On diamond, pearl, or gold,
 For treasure tires the weary sense—
 Such triumph is but cold ;
 But I will play the enchanter's part
 In casting bliss around ;
 Oh ! not a tear, nor aching heart,
 Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honour,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lip recall
 The smile of happier years ;
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 And friends that had grown cold,
 Should meet again like parted streams,
 And mingle as of old.

Oh ! thus I'd play, &c.

The heart that had been mourning
 O'er vanished dreams of love.
 Should see them all returning,
 Like Noah's faithful dove.

And Hope should launch her blessed bark
 On Sorrow's darkening sea,
 And Misery's children have an ark,
 And saved from sinking be.
 Oh! thus I'd play, &c.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

"They tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
 That sparkles at night is a star;
 But why do they dwell in those regions so high,
 And shed their cold lustre so far?
 I know that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
 That it gives to the flow'rets their birth;
 But what are the stars? do they nothing but fling
 Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky
 Are worlds that are fashion'd like this,
 Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die
 Assemble together in bliss;
 And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
 Of His glory whose throne is above,
 That tells us, who dwell in these regions of night,
 How great is His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
 Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
 If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
 Dear mother, I know, must be there."
 "Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,
 "Thy wisdom is greater by far;
 We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
 While we gaze on each beautiful star."

SWEET MAY.

[D. F. MCCARTHY.]

“ The summer is come ! the summer is come !
 With its flowers and its branches green,
 Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,
 And the sun-light struggles between ;
 And like children over the earth and sky,
 The flowers and the light clouds play ;
 But never before to my heart or eye
 Came there ever so sweet a May
 As this—
 Sweet May ! sweet May !

Oh ! many a time have I wander'd out
 In the youth of the opening year,
 When Nature's face was fair to my eye,
 And her voice was sweet to my ear !
 When I number'd the daisies, so few and shy,
 That I met in my lonely way ;
 But never before to my heart or eye
 Came there ever so sweet a May
 As this—
 Sweet May ! sweet May !

If the flowers delay'd, or the beams were cold,
 Or the blossoming trees were bare,
 I had but to look in the poet's book,
 For the summer is always there !
 But the sunny page I now put by,
 And joy in the darkest day !
 For never before, to my heart or eye,
 Came there ever so sweet a May
 As this—
 Sweet May ! sweet May !

For, ah ! the belovèd at length has come,
 Like the breath of May from afar ;
 And my heart is lit with her gentle eyes,
 As the heavens by the evening star.

'Tis this that brightens the darkest sky,
 And lengthens the faintest ray,
 And makes me feel that to heart or eye
 There was never so sweet a May
 As this—
 Sweet May! sweet May!

I HAVE LISTENED TO YOUR SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

I have listen'd to your song
 Till my heart was like to break,
 But they knew not, 'mid the throng,
 That you sung it for my sake,
 When we did not dare to speak
 What in song we could impart,
 And when words seem'd all too weak
 For the language of the heart.
 I have listen'd, &c.

I have listen'd to your song
 Since then, in happier days,
 When the winter nights were long,
 By our own fire's cheerful blaze;
 And no other voice or tone
 Can for me such music make,
 Now your songs are all mine own,
 And you sing them for my sake.
 I have listen'd, &c.

TO ARMS ONCE MORE!

Dr. J. R. WREFORD.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

To arms, once more, to arms! the cry
 Throughout the list'ning land is heard;
 It sweeps the sea—it rends the sky,
 And Britain's mighty soul is stirr'd.

O not for conquest or for gain
 We draw to-day the glittering blade ;
 But when did justice call in vain
 For English hearts and English aid ?

Long, long has peace our people blest,
 And smiled upon our happy shore ;
 And if the sword no more may rest,
 If drums must beat, and cannon roar—
 Woe, woe to him whose maniac pride
 The dogs of war has loosed again !
 May shame his crafty arts betide,
 And ruin with his flag remain.

To arms, to arms ! come forth in might,
 The stirring call our hearts obey ;
 For freedom and for peace we fight,
 For these we hasten to the fray.
 Then forward with the true and brave !
 We go to seek a field of fame ;
 Prepared to find a warrior's grave,
 Or bear through life a glorious name.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

ELIZA COOK.]

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

The red moon is up o'er the moss-cover'd mountain,
 The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
 With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
 And tell her how truly her Donald can love.
 I ken there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
 Would fain win a glance from her beautiful ee ;
 But my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary,
 Keeps a' her sweet smiles and saft kisses for me

'Tis lang sin' we first trod the Highlands together,
 Twa frolicsome bairns gaily starting the deer ;
 When I ca'd her my life, my ain bonnie wee wife !
 And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near ;

And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom—
 A blossom I'll cherish and wear till I dee!
 For my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary,
 She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fou o' care!
 Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That wanton through the flowery thorn;
 Ye mind me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 While ilka bird sang o' its luv,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
 The sweetest on its thorny tree;
 But my fawse love has stown the rose,
 And left the thorn behind wi' me.

FAIR IS THE MILLER'S MAID.

UPTON.]

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

Fair is the miller's maid,
 And crimson red her cheek;
 Black are her sparkling eyes,
 And sweetly do they speak.
 "Oh yes, dear lad!" she cries to me,
 "In willow grove I'll come to thee
 Soon as the moon is up
 And all the village still,
 While round, round, round goes the mill!"

Fair is the miller's maid,
 Her tresses auburn bright ;
 Soft are her coral lips,
 Her bosom snowy white.
 "Oh yes," &c.

Fair is the miller's maid,
 And dulcet is her song ;
 Dear is she to my heart,
 And we shall wed ere long.
 "Oh yes," &c.

THE LUGGER.

J. B. WALKER.]

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

List ! list to the storm ! see the dark frowning sky,
 The breakers are foaming, the billows run high.
 Hark ! hark how the minute gun booms o'er the wave !
 'Tis a signal for help from the bold and the brave.
 Bear a hand, my brisk lads ! see a sail through the mist,
 Standing up 'gainst a sea she can never resist ;
 The gale is o'erwhelming—her storm-beaten crew
 Can ne'er keep her off, boys !—there's work now for you !

Still wilder the blast, and the sea mountains high—
 She strikes !—my brave hearts, to our lugger we fly !
 Heave-a-ho ! we're afloat—trust your skipper's tried
 skill ;

His heart knows no danger, and yours fear no ill.
 Pull away ! pull away !—o'er the breakers we ride,
 Our arms full of strength and our hearts full of pride.
 Pull, pull, boys, together ! she'll soon make the wreck,
 And cheer ev'ry heart on that storm-stricken deck.

See, see ! now her mainmast is gone by the board—
 She rights !—pull away, boys ! our help quick afford.
 Now, now every hand, every heart do its best,
 And Heaven will be with us—our toil shall be blest !

Stand by now, my hearts! heave a line from your
bow—

Be cool, boys, be steady! we're well by you now.
Veer away—set the foresail! for shore now we run—
Hurrah, boys! we've saved them—our duty is done.

EVERY LAND MY HOME!

H. LOVELL.]

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

Life is not all a desert waste,
As those would have us think
Who sorrow's cup too often taste—
Of joys too rarely drink;
For we whose pulses warmly beat
Toward all whose hands we've press'd,
Can make the waste a garden sweet
By succouring the distress'd.
No bound to me of earth and sea
To bid me not to roam;
My nation all mankind shall be,
And every land my home

The dearest place shall be the spot
Where first I drew my breath;
Oh! ne'er be that first home forgot
Till I forget in death!
The sweetest music that I hear
Still seems a village chime,
And where the warmest smiles appear
Is still the warmest clime.

No bound, &c.

HOPE SHALL WHISPER HAPPY DAYS.

J. STONEHOUSE.]

[*Music* by W. SHEPPARD.]

I have said that I would love thee
As long as life remains,
And I will keep my plighted word
Through pleasure and through pains.

If fortune beams upon my path,
 The sunshine thou shalt share;
 If thine be dimmed by sorrow,
 Each grief with thee I'll bear.

Should worldly ills come o'er us,
 And fickle friends depart,
 Thy smile shall be the rainbow
 That rises o'er my heart;
 Thy gentle voice shall cheer me,
 And bid me grieve no more,
 While hope shall whisper happy days,
 For both are yet in store.

Though distance now divide us,
 The time I know will come
 When thou and I shall share, love,
 One happy, peaceful home;
 Then chase away each sorrow,
 And all thy doubts and fears,
 And look beyond with firmness
 Through life's long vale of years.

LIGHT OF HEART AM I.

C. SWAINE.]

[*Music* by J. BARNETT.]

Light of heart am I,
 Nothing more shall grieve me,
 Wherefore should I sigh!—
 Sighing can't relieve me.
 When the blight is shed
 Tears cannot efface it,—
 When the bloom hath fled
 Weeping can't replace it.

Wherefore feel for those
 Who feel not for others?—
 Hearts that will be foes
 When they should be brothers.

Those we loved are gone,
 Who love us we find not;
 Let the world frown on
 As it will, we mind not!

THE HEART'S DESIRE FOR HOME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by C. HODGSON.]

The river flows through pleasant vales,
 Yet longs to reach the sea;
 The bird in golden cage confined
 Still struggles to be free;
 The swallow for the summer waits,
 And pines again to roam;
 But earth has not a longing like
 The heart's desire for home.

The laughing brook the sunshine loves,
 The sunshine loves the rose,
 The flowers the song of summer birds
 To sing them to repose;
 The ocean loves the joyous wind
 To kiss the billow's foam,
 But still there's not a longing like
 The heart's desire for home.

WHO'LL BUY MY ROSES?

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Who'll buy my roses?—they're fresh and they're fair;
 They grew 'mid green fields and were fed on fresh air;
 They are more lasting than many you'll see,
 Who buys my roses must surely love me;
 Unlike the roses that fashion bespeaks,
 They're nature's alone, though they bloom on my cheeks;

Yet take them not to your gilded saloon—
 There nature's roses would perish too soon.
 Who'll buy my roses?—in sunshine and shower
 Long have they bloom'd in my own garden bower;
 They are more lasting than any you'll see,—
 Who buys my roses will surely love me.

Who'll buy my roses?—they're not to be sold
 To those who would purchase for jewels or gold,
 Nor would I wish from them ever to part,
 Yet would I sell—in exchange for a heart;
 One that would ever be constant and true,
 And ne'er cause a tear-drop their bloom to bedew;
 Make me an offer, and if we agree,
 Who buys my roses *must also take me!*
 Who'll buy my roses, &c.

GO BREEZE THAT SWEEPS.

Go breeze that sweeps the orange grove,
 And breathe a sigh to him I love,
 But whose pray do not tell.
 Go, limpid river, let him know
 Tears with your silver waters flow,
 But not from whom they fell.

Go bird that makes the groves so gay,
 Still let him hear the tender lay,
 But say not it was mine;
 Sleep whisper softly in his ear,
 The heart that hides his image here,
 But do not say 'tis mine.

FORGET HIM.

E. FARMER.]

[*Music* by G. SIMPSON.]

Forget him! oh, how little they
 Who counsel thus can know the feeling
 Which graved his image on this heart,
 And through its inmost core is stealing.

Forget him! they have never felt
 The wild and throbbing pulse which tells
 Where Love hath o'erturned reason's throne,
 And monarch of the bosom dwells.

Forget him! yes, should madness pluck
 Fond memory from this tortur'd brain,
 Perchance, in mental darkness lost,
 The vision ne'er may come again.

But while, as now, each varied sense
 True to its idol, worships on,
 This faithful heart shall be its shrine
 When every other feeling's gone!

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND A WELCOME HERE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

You'll always find a welcome here,
 Though humble be the fare;
 'Tis not alone my frugal board
 I ask my friend to share—
 I would not in my household mirth
 That he should take a part,
 Unless I felt he held as well
 A place within my heart.
 Oh! better far than all that wealth
 Or pamper'd pride can boast—
 The friendly roof, the chimney-nook,
 Where we are welcome most;
 Such mine, whatever chance or change
 The coming years may see,
 While faithful friendship links our hearts,
 Shall ever be to thee.
 Thy hand I'd clasp in mine no more
 Were not my words sincere;
 Then never pass my friendly door
 But find a welcome here.

You'll always find a welcome here.
 In anger or in grief,
 The solace of a faithful friend
 Oft gives the soul relief;
 And though by darkest care oppress'd,
 Think he may point the way
 To light beyond, unseen by thee,
 Where shines Hope's brightest ray.
 In joy thou'lt doubly welcome be,
 For then our mirth we'll blend;
 But in misfortune's darkest hour
 I still will be thy friend.
 And by the lasting ties that time
 Has bound around each heart,
 We will not yield our friendship up
 Till life itself depart.
 Thy hand I'll warmly press once more,
 And thou wilt be sincere,
 And never pass my friendly door,
 But find a welcome here.

I LOVE, I LOVE THE NIGHT.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

I love, I love the night;
 Night is the time for me,
 When every heart is light,
 And every spirit free;
 Let the sleeper slumber,
 Time will have its flight,
 Therefore 'tis I number
 The joys, the joys of night.
 I love, &c.

I love, I love the night;
 Night is the time to love.
 When cloudless skies are bright
 In starry realms above.

When dewdrops gem the flower,
 And deck the trysting tree,
 Love and a moonlight bower
 Are joys, are joys for me.
 I love, &c.

love, I love the night;
 Night is the time to drink,
 When love's fond joys invite
 To wreath the wine-cup's brink;
 The banquet and the bower,
 By day a lonely sight;
 But at the midnight hour
 What joys they both invite.
 I love, &c.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED
 TOGETHER.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Italian Air.*]

We have lived and loved together
 Through many changing years,
 We have shared each other's gladness,
 And wept each other's tears.
 I have never known a sorrow
 That was long unsoothed by thee!
 For thy smiles can make a summer
 Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
 In autumn's fading hours,
 Are the traitor's smiles, that darken
 When the cloud of sorrow lowers;
 And though many such we've known, love,
 Too prone, alas! to range,
 We both can speak of one, love,
 Which time can never change.

And let us hope the future,
 As the past has been, will be,
 I will share with thee my sorrows,
 And thou thy joys with me.
 We have lived and loved, &c.

THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOSELLE.

E. FITZBALL.]

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

When the glowworm gilds the elfin bower
 That clings round the ruin'd shrine,
 Where first we met, where first we loved,
 And I confess'd me thine ;
 'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still,
 At sound of vesper bell ;
 In the starry light of a summer's night,
 On the banks of the blue Moselle.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
 Yes, yes, in our native bowers,
 My lute and harp might best accord,
 To tell of happier hours ;
 'Tis there I'd soothe thy grief to rest,
 Each sigh of sorrow quell :
 In the starry light of a summer's night,
 On the banks of the blue Moselle.

THE SAILOR'S FUNERAL.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by A. LEE.]

The moonbeams cast a holy light
 Upon the sailor's grave,
 As in the mid-watch of the night
 They cast him to the wave ;
 They sadly paced the silent deck,
 And slowly breathed the prayer
 Ere to the deep they cast the wreck
 Of him once gayest there.

While on the deck his corse remain'd,
 The funeral dirge they sung,
 The flag—whose honour he ne'er stained,
 Upon his corse they flung ;
 They thought of those he'd left behind
 On the dim and far off shore,
 And of her who pray'd that ev'ry wind
 The lost one would restore.

At length the funeral prayer was read,
 I saw his comrades weep,
 As they lower'd him down to his ocean bed
 In the lone and trackless deep ;
 One ripple stirr'd the waveless sea,
 One splash—and all was o'er ;
 And where the sailor's grave may be,—
 There's none can mark it more.

UNDER THE ROSE.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

If a secret you'd keep there is one I could tell,
 Though I think, from my eyes, you might guess it as
 well,
 But as it might ruffle another's repose,
 Like a thorn let it be—that is, under the rose.

As Love, in the garden of Venus, one day
 Was sporting where he was forbidden to play,
 He fear'd that some sylph might his mischief disclose,
 So he slyly concealed himself—under a rose.

Where the likeness is found to thy breath and thy lips,
 Where honey the sweetest the summer bee sips,
 Where Love, timid Love, found the safest repose,
 There our secret we'll keep, dearest—under the rose.

The maid of the east a fresh garland may wreath,
 To tell of the passion she dares not to breathe ;
 Thus, in many bright flowers she her flame may disclose,
 But in one she finds secrecy—under the rose.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music by H. RUSSELL.*]

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battle by its aid ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger :
 The proper impulse has been given :—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm stronger,
 The happier he, the more he has—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Little children shall not toil
 Under or above the soil,
 In the good time coming.

But shall play in healthful fields,
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger,
 And every one shall read and write—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The people shall be temperate,
 And shall love instead of hate,
 In the good time coming.
 They shall use and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger ;
 The reformation has begun ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
 Wait a little longer.

THE KISS.

[P. B. SHELLEY.]

The fountains mingle with the river,
 And the river with the ocean ;
 The winds of heaven mix for ever
 With a sweet emotion ;
 Nothing in the world is single,
 All things, by a law divine,
 In another's being mingle ;—
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another !
 No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdain'd to kiss its brother ;

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
 What are all those kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me?

DEAR IS THE BLUSH.

Dear is the blush of early light
 To him who ploughs the pathless deep,
 When winds have raved throughout the night,
 And roaring tempests banish'd sleep:
 Dear is the dawn which springs at last,
 And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day
 Which thus thy bended eye illumes,
 And chasing fear and doubt away,
 Scatters the night of mental glooms;
 And bids my spirit hope at last,
 A rich reward for perils past.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

T. HUDSON.]

[Air—"The last Shilling."]

I had knock'd out the dust from my pipe t'other night,
 Old Time towards midnight was creeping;
 Th' last smoke from its ashes had taken its flight,
 I felt neither sleeping nor waking.
 A voice, loud and hollow, and seemingly near,
 (You'll say 'tis a dream or a fable)
 Directed towards me, said audibly clear,
 "List to me, list to me, thy oak table.

"I was once of the forest the monarch so bold,
 Nor tempest nor storm made me tremble;
 And oft, very oft, the famed Druids of old
 Would under my branches assemble;

THE HARDY NORSEMAN'S HOUSE OF YORE.

R. L. PRARSALL.]

[*Ancient Norse Melody.*]

The hardy Norseman's house of yore
 Was by the foaming wave!
 And there he gather'd bright renown,
 The bravest of the brave.
 Oh, ne'er should we forget our sires,
 Wherever we may be;
 They bravely won a gallant name,
 And ruled the stormy sea.

Too narrow was their native land
 For hearts so bold and free;
 From bay and creek they sailèd forth,
 And conquer'd Normandy.
 Then let their glory oft be sung,
 In thrilling harmony;
 And let it aye be borne in mind,
 They ruled the stormy sea.

A thousand years are nearly past,
 Since erst a Norman band
 At Hastings fought, and won the crown
 Of Saxon *Engle-land*.
 The sceptre of the main they left
 To their posterity,
 Who, mindful of their ancient fame,
 Have ruled the stormy sea.

The Norman and the Saxon foe
 Are long since dead and gone;
 Their language and their races both
 Are blended into one:
 And we, their children, still maintain
 Their old supremacy;
 Wherever vessel spreads a sail
 We rule the stormy sea.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend,
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree the storm still brave,
 And woodman leave the spot,
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER

C. MACKAY.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.]

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
 Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way;
 Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow:
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
 So farewell, England, much as we may love thee,
 We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
 Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
 So farewell, England—farewell for evermore!
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
 Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
 To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
 The world shall follow in the track we're going,
 The star of empire glitters in the west.
 Here we had toil and little to reward it,
 But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
 And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
 Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
 And dash'd his beard with wine,
 "I'd rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Suabian land of thine;
 The goodliest land on all this earth,
 It is the Saxon land;
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on my hand!"
 "Hold your tongues, both Suabian and Saxon!"
 A bold Bohemian cries;
 "If there's a heaven upon the earth,
 In Bohemia it lies;
 There the tailor blows his flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain, gorge, and bourn."
 And then the landlord's daughter
 Up to heav'n raised her hand,
 And said, "Ye may no more contend,
 There lies the happiest land!"

PESTAL.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

[*Italian Air.*]

Yes! it comes at last! ♯
 And, from a troubled dream awaking,
 Death will soon be past!
 And brighter worlds around me breaking.
 Hark! methinks I hear sweet voices sing to me—
 "Soon thou wilt be free, child of misery;
 Rest, and endless joys in heaven are waiting thee;
 Spirit, spread thy wings and flee!"

Yes! the strife is o'er,
 With all its pangs, with all its sorrow;
 Hope shall droop no more,
 For endless day will dawn to-morrow.

Proud oppressor, vain thy utmost tyranny;
 Come and thou shalt see I can smile at thee;
 Mine will be the triumph—mine the victory—
 Death but sets the captive free!
 Yes! it comes at last!
 And, from a troubled dream awaking,
 Death will soon be past,
 And brighter worlds around me breaking.

I'LL KEEP THEE IN REMEMBRANCE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

I'll keep thee in remembrance still,
 I'll treasure every word you say;
 Thy ev'ry look my soul shall fill,
 Through many a future day:
 There *cannot* come a time when I
 May cease to fondly think of thee,
 Nor be a place beneath the sky,
 Where thou'lt forgotten be!
 I'll keep thee in remembrance till
 My life's last sigh has pass'd away;
 For memory is undying still,
 Though love itself decay.

I'll keep thee in remembrance, thou
 Art still to me a guiding star;
 But one that I must worship now
 Alone—unseen—afar!
 I do not ask thee still to view
 This lone and wayward course of mine,—
 Enough if I may still pursue
 The path o'er which you shine!
 I'll keep thee in remembrance till
 My life's last sigh has pass'd away;
 For memory is undying still,
 Though love itself decay.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

EPPS SARJEANT, M.S.A.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.

A life on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scatter'd waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep.
 Like an eagle caged, I pine,
 On this dull unchanging shore :
 Oh, give me the splashing brine,
 The spray and the tempest's roar.
 A life, &c.

Once more on the deck I stand
 Of my own swift gliding craft,
 Set sail! farewell to the land!—
 The gale follows far abaft.
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,
 Like an ocean bird, set free—
 Like the ocean bird our home
 We'll find far out in the sea.
 A life, &c.

The land is no longer in view,
 The clouds have begun to frown ;
 But with a stout vessel and crew
 We'll say, let the storm come down.
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea,
 A home on the bounding wave!
 A life, &c.

THE FLOWER OF ELLERSLIE.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL.

She's sportive as the zephyr
 That sips of every sweet,
 She's fairer than the fairest lily,
 In nature's soft retreat ;

Her eyes are like the crystal brook,
 As clear and bright to see ;
 Her lips outshine the scarlet flower
 Of bonny Ellerslie.

Her lips, &c.

Oh ! were my love a blossom,
 When summer skies depart,
 I'd plant her in my bosom,
 And wear her near my heart ;
 And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
 So beautiful to see,
 Which far outshine the scarlet flower
 Of bonny Ellerslie.

Which far, &c.

MYNHEER VANDUNCK.

G. COLMAN.]

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

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,
 Sipp'd brandy and water gaily,
 And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first
 To a pint of the latter daily :
 Singing, " O that a Dutchman's draught could be
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee."

Water well mingled with spirits good store,
 No Hollander dreams of scorning ;
 But of water alone he drinks no more
 Than a rose supplies when a dewdrop lies
 On its bloom, in a summer morning ;
 For a Dutchman's draught should potent be,
 Though deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

OH! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

S. LOVER.]

[*Irish Air.*]

Oh ! don't you remember the beautiful glade,
 Where in childhood together we playfully stray'd,
 Where wreaths of wild flowers so often I made,
 Thy tresses so brightly adorning?

Oh, light of foot and heart were then
 The happy children of the glen :—
 The cares that shade the brows of men
 Ne'er darken childhood's morning.

Oh! who can forget the young innocent hours
 That were pass'd in the shade of our home's happy
 bow'rs,
 When the wealth that we sought for was only wild
 flow'rs,
 And we thought ourselves rich when we found
 them?
 Oh! where's the tie that friends e'er knew,
 So free from stain, so firm, so true,
 As links that with the wild flowers grew,
 And in sweet fetters bound them?

THE BRITON'S HOME.

Sir E. B. LYTTON.]

[*Music* by BLOCKLEY.]

Where is the Briton's home?
 Where the free step can roam,
 Where the free sun can flow,
 Where a free air can blow,
 Where a free ship can bear
 Hope and strength everywhere.
 Wave upon wave can roll—
 East to west—pole to pole.
 Where is the Briton's home?
 Where the free step can roam,
 Where a brave heart can come,
 There is the Briton's home!

Where is the Briton's home?
 Where the brave heart can come,
 Where labour wins a soil,
 Where a stout heart can toil,
 Where, in the desert blown,
 Any fair seed is sown;

Where gold or fame is won,
 Where never sets the sun.
 Where is the Briton's home?
 Where the free step can roam,
 Where a brave heart can come,
 There is the Briton's home!

Where is the Briton's home?
 Where the mind's light can come,
 Where our God's holy word,
 Breaks on the savage herd;
 Where the church-bell can toll,
 Where soul can comfort soul;
 Where, from his angel-hall,
 God sees us brothers all.
 Where is the Briton's home?
 Where a free step can roam,
 Where light and freedom come,
 There is the Briton's home!

OLD TOWLER.

JNO. O'KEEFE.]

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn,
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn:
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry,
 Arise the burden of my song,—
 This day the stag must die.
 With a hey, ho, chevy!
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
 Hark! hark! tantivy!
 This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale:

The upland wilds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly ;
 The game is roused ; too true the song—
 This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor stag ! the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face,
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chace ;
 Alike the gen'rous sportsman burns
 To win the blooming fair,
 But yet he honours each by turns,
 They each become his care.

With a hey, ho, &c.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are
 begun,

What confusion,—but hear!—"I'll bet you, sir!"—
 "Done, done!"

A thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tired ear ;
 While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his
 breast,

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Next Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
 rush

Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
 They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
 And by scent or by view cheat a long tedious day ;
 While alike born for sports in the field or the course,
 Always sure to come thorough—a staunch and fleet
 horse ;

And when fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
 The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some
 blood;
 While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire won that
 race;
 And what matches he'd won too the ostlers count o'er,
 As they loiter their time by some hedge-alehouse door;
 Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides
 goad,
 The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
 Bow'd down by diseases, he bends to his fate;
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands
 still;
 And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
 Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds.

FOR A' THAT.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by;
 We dare be puir for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,—
 A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that;
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

MARTIN, THE MAN AT ARMS.

W. H. BELLAMY.]

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

Martin, the man at arms, stalwart and strong,
 Keeps watch on the turret high,
 Now humming the snatch of a rude bower song,
 Gazing now on the star-lit sky;

He looks to windward, he looks o'er the lea,
 All around is calm and still,
 Save the kine in the fold, lowing, lazily,
 And the tinkle of the rill,
 While full and low floats down below,
 The sentinel's deep "Good-night!"

He halts and hearkens, a quick, light step
 Is heard on the turret stair,
 What flutters so white in the clear star-light?
 'Tis the veil of a damsel fair.
 "Who goes there? Lady fair, so please you declare,
 Why here at this lonely hour?"
 Oh! it's only Nanette, the pretty coquette
 That waits in my lady's bow'r,
 Speak low, speak low, if you'd not have her go,
 Before you can say, "Good night."

He has shorten'd his stride, and she trips by his side,
 With the starry sky above,
 And Martin once more tells o'er and o'er
 The tale of his long-tried love,
 Grave, sly and demure, she listens, be sure,
 And then looks him through with a glance,
 But all he can get from the cruel coquette
 Is "Man at Arms, shoulder your lance!"
 Then it's ah! and it's oh! there now, do let me go,
 For my mistress is calling, "Good night! Good
 night!"

A SONG OF THE VALLEY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

Come to the valley—the mountain may be
 The joy of the hunter, the home of the free;
 There's peace in the valley, there's calm and repose,
 Unknown on the hills where the stormy wind blows.

All that's lovely and bless'd in creation is there ;
 There the bright flowers are flinging their sweets to
 the air ;
 'Tis the fairy-like home of the bird and the bee,
 I've a cot in the valley, come share it with me.

Come to the valley, the mountain has not
 The many fair blossoms that grow round my cot,
 The rivulet gushing yet silently still,
 Meand'ring in peace by the foot of the hill.
 Oh, come, while the valley is fragrant and green,
 And the distance around adds its charm to the scene,
 The mountain's too bleak for a flow'ret like thee,
 I've a home in the valley, come share it with me.

ENGLAND, THE HOME OF THE WORLD.

[O'MEARA.]

Hail to thee, England!—blest isle of the ocean,
 Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion ;
 Whose name shall for ever live famous in story,
 The watchword of freedom—the birthplace of glory.
 Thy sons they are brave, and are true to their duty,
 Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty ;
 The joys that surround
 But in England are found !
 In England—the home of the world.

Couch'd is her lion—Britannia reposes
 Encircled by laurels and her bright roses ;
 Her warriors at rest, and her banners all furl'd ;
 Hail to thee, England!—blest isle of the ocean,
 The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion ;
 The joys that surround
 In England are found !
 Dear England—the home of the world !

Ye who inveigh 'gainst the land of the stranger,
 Who would, by disunion, its blessings endanger,

Go seek foreign climes for a country so glorious
 As England, old England, for ever victorious ;
 Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,
 When nations opprest call'd on England to aid them.

Her clarion she blew,
 Stood steadfast and true !

And spread her shield over the world !

Long may her navy, triumphantly sailing,
 And her army still conquer with courage unfailing,
 Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd ;
 Hail to thee, England !—blest isle of the ocean !
 The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion.

The joys that surround
 In England are found !

Dear England,—the home of the world !

MY SWEET GIRL, MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

[O'KEEFE.]

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer ?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning's sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher ;
 If that, when I came home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her ;
 With all my heart, can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher ?
 My friend so rare, &c.

CRAZY JANE.

[M. J. LEWIS.]

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
 Are such signs of fear exprest?
 Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
 With such horror fill thy breast?
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
 Shun not, then, poor crazy Jane!

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe;
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false:—I found them so!
 For I loved, ah! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again;
 But the youth I loved so dearly
 Stole the wits of crazy Jane!

Fondly my young heart received him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one;
 He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believed him:
 He was false, and I'm undone.
 From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain,
 Henry fled,—with him for ever
 Fled the wits of crazy Jane!

Now, forlorn, and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset;
 On that spot where last we parted—
 On that spot where first we met;
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,—
 Still I slowly trace the plain,
 While each passer-by, in pity,
 Cries, "God help thee, crazy Jane!"

WILL WATCH THE BOLD SMUGGLER.

[CORY.]

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

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

Took helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.

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

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

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

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

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

"The Philistines are out," cries Will, "well, take heed
on't,
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun;

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

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

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now
appearing,

"Oh! no!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear
down,
Bear-a-hand, my tight lads, ere we think about
sheering

One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys
drown.

“But should I be popp’d off, you, my mates, left behind
me,
Regard my last words, see ’em kindly obey’d,
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch will
be laid.”

Poor Will’s yarn was spun out—for a bullet next
minute
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more ;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain’d
in it,
Then sheer’d—and Will’s hulk to his Susan they
bore.

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

Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly
bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold
bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
lawless fellow,
Once fear’d, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the
dead.

FARE THEE WELL.

Air—“Ah Perdona.”

BYRON.]

[*Music* by MOZART.]

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well !
Even though unforgiving, never
’Gainst thee can my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought might show,
 Then thou wouldst at length discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.
 But 'tis done, all words are idle,
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way against the will.

Fare thee well, thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this,—I scarce can die.

LIFE'S A BUMPER.

G. COLMAN.]

[*Music* by WAINWRIGHT.]

Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 Let us guests enjoy the treat,
 Nor, like silly mortals, pass
 Life as 'twere but half a glass;
 Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
 Let the glee and catch go round;
 All the sweets of life combine,
 Mirth and music, love and wine.

ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU !

Adieu, my native land, adieu !
 The vessel spreads her swelling sails,
 Perhaps I never more may view
 Your fertile fields, your flowery dales ;

Delusive hope can charm no more,
 Far from the faithless maid I roam,
 Unfriended seek some foreign shore,
 Unpitied leave my peaceful home!
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

Farewell, dear village, oh! farewell,
 Soft on the gale thy murmur dies,
 I hear thy solemn evening bell,
 Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes;
 Though frequent falls the dazzling tear,
 I scorn to shrink at fate's decree,
 And think not, cruel maid, that e'er
 I'll breathe another sigh for thee.
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,
 Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
 Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,
 I view thy beacons now no more.
 Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!
 (Nor night, nor storms, nor death, I fear),
 Be friendly, bear me hence to find
 That peace which fate denies me here.
 Adieu, my native land, &c.

DULCE DOMUM.

REYNOLDS.]

[*Music* by JNO. BRAHAM.]

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by travellers weary,
 And oft it proved the blest abode
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he'd chase the mountain-goat
 O'er Alps and glaciers bounding,
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 Dark horrors all surrounding;

But evening come, he sought his home,
 While anxious lovely woman,
 She hailed the sight, and every night
 The cottage rung
 As they sung,
 Oh, dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
 Was changed to prospects dreary,
 For war and honour roused each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary,
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd
 'Gainst Gallia's force contending;
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died, his land defending.
 The evening come, he sought not home,
 Whilst she (distracted woman),
 Grown wild with dread, now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell,
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum.

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Oh! the moments were sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourneen deelish ielen oge,
 I kiss'd off the tear, and was nigh broken-hearted,
 Savourneen, &c.
 Wan was her cheek, as it hung on my shoulder;
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;
 I felt that I never again should behold her,
 Savourneen, &c.
 When the word of command set our troops into motion,
 Savourneen, &c.
 I buckled on my knapsack, to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourneen, &c.
 Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost rent asunder,
 Savourneen, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
love,

Savourneen, &c.

All my pay and my plunder I hoarded for you, love,

Savourneen, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd; escaped from the slaughter,—

Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought her;

But sorrow, alas! to the cold grave had brought her,

Savourneen, &c.

WHEN VULCAN FORGED THE BOLTS OF JOVE.

[C. DIBDEN.]

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,

In Etna's roaring glow,

Neptune petition'd he might prove

Their use and power below.

But finding in the boundless deep

Such thunders would but idly sleep,

He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,

To guard from foes our native land.

Long may she hold the awful right.

And when, through circling flame,

She darts her vengeance in the fight,

May justice guide her aim:

And when engaged in future wars,

Our heroes bold, and gallant tars,

Shall launch her fires, from every hand,

On every foe to Britain's land,

TO-MORROW.

[COLLINS.]

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,

May my fate no less fortunate be,

Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow ;
 And, blithe as the lark, that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade,
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too ;
 With a barn for the use of my flail :
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse, when a friend wants to borrow :
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Or what honours may 'wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow ;
 With my friends let me share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I, at last, must throw off this frail covering,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten ;
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And, with smiles, count each wrinkle and furrow ;
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

JOHN CLARE.]

[*Italian Air.*

Here we meet too soon to part,
 Here to leave will raise a smart,
 Here I'll press thee to my heart,
 Where none have place above thee!

Here I vow to love thee well,
 Could but words unseal the spell,
 Had but language strength to tell,
 I'd say how much I love thee.
 Here we meet too soon, &c.

Here the rose that decks thy door,
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
 Here the willow on the moor,
 The birds at rest above thee.
 Had they light of life to see,
 Sense of soul like me and thee,
 Soon might each a witness be,
 How doatingly I love thee.
 Here we meet too soon, &c.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

[T. CAMPBELL.]

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight repairing,
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

O, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me!
 Ah! never again, in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore:
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;
 And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire! did weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is my bosom-friend,—dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
 And the harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavoureen! sweet Erin go bragh!

HARRY BLUFF.

Pocock.]

[*Music* by WELCH.]

When a boy, Harry Bluff, left his friends and his home,
 And his dear native land, on the ocean to roam:
 Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 And was true British oak, boys, when older he grew;
 Though his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
 When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft,
 And veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
 For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
 And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
 Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same;
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,—
 The flag shot away, fell in tatters around:
 The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung, avast!
 And the colours of England he nail'd to the mast.
 Then he died like a true British sailor.

GAFFER GREY.

[T. HOLCROFT.]

- “ Oh! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Grey?
 And why doth thy nose look so blue?”
 “ 'Tis the weather that's cold,
 'Tis I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day!”
- “ Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Grey,
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.”
 “ Nay, but credit I've none,
 And my money's all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass,
 Well-a-day!”
- “ Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Grey,
 And knock at the jolly priest's door.”
 “ The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor.
 Well-a-day!”
- “ The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Grey?
 Warmly fenced both in back and in front.”

“ He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,
 Should he evermore find me in want.
 Well-a-day !”

“ The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Grey,
 And the season will welcome you there.”
 “ His fat beeves and his beer,
 And his merry new year,
 Are all for the flush and the fair.
 Well-a-day !”

“ My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Grey.
 What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live.”
 “ The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give.
 Well-a-day !”

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

Here's a health to all good lasses,
 Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
 Let the bumper toast go round ;
 May they live a life of pleasure,
 Without mixture, without measure,
 For in that true joys are found.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

[*Music by S. WEBBE.*]

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us
 Wandering to find a temple for his praise,
 Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
 Whilst we ourselves such a structure might raise.
 Thus, then, combining,
 Hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we, in harmony, Apollo's praise.

Here, every generous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy,
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humour our hours employ.
 Thus, then, combining,
 Hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

[C. DEBDIN.]

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted,
 At six she linger'd on the shore,
 With uplift hands and broken hearted.
 At seven, while taughtening the forestay,
 I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy,
 At eight we all got under weigh,
 And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
 While careless sailors ever cheery,
 On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
 With tempers labour cannot weary;
 I, little to their mirth inclined,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increased the wind,
 Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
 When every true-bred tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog, all hands delight
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:
 Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
 And when, in turn, it came to me,
 I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 At six, the elements in motion,
 Plunged me and three poor sailors more
 Headlong into the foaming ocean:
 Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
 For me, it may be only fancy,
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves,
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appear'd,
 And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
 And now, while some loved friend or wife,
 Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life,
 Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 The crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three A.M. discover'd day
 And England's chalky cliffs together.
 At seven up channel how we bore,
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
 At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

[O'MEARA.]

March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is shining o'er us!
 The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 That kept our spirits under,
 In proud disdain we've broke again
 And torn each link asunder

March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us!
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us!

Who for his country brave
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her?
 Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant Power sustaining;
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die, our rights maintaining!
 March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is Freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us!

HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES.

Sir W. SCOTT.]

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

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine;
 Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow:
 While ev'ry Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"
 Ours is no saplin, chance sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock;

Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow ;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;
 Glen Luss and Ross dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
 And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe ;
 Lenox and Leven glen
 Shake, when they hear agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine !
 Oh that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !
 Oh that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honour'd and bless'd, in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan Alpine, then,
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe !"

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

MORTON.]

[*Music* by BISHOP.]

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 Cold are thy wintry looks ;
 Thy mountains crown'd wi' driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks :
 But colder far's the Scotsman's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart—
 My native Highland home !

CHORUS.

Then gang with me to Scotland, dear,
 We ne'er again will roam ;
 And with thy smile, sae bonnie, cheer
 My native Highland Home !

When simmer comes, the heather-bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove ;
 The cushat dove within the dell
 Invites to peace and love ;
 For blithesome is the breath of day,
 And sweet's the bonnie broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 Around my Highland home.

Then gang, &c.

 GATHER YE ROSEBUDS.

R. HERRICK.]

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

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may ;
 Old Time is still a flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

Then gather, &c.

That age is best, which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer,
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.
 Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime
 You may for ever tarry.

Then gather, &c.

THE MINSTREL AND THE SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. WALLERSTEIN.]

Amid the city's busy throng
 I heard the minstrel sing his lay :
 But few would listen to his song,
 The world, neglectful, turn'd away ;
 The music floated from the crowd
 And mingled with the upper air ;
 I traced its measure, deep not loud,
 And heard it melting sweetly there.

I saw the minstrel turn away,
 But more in sorrow than disdain ;
 Too oft it was his lot to play
 The music that he loved in vain.
 'Tis thus that all that pleasure gives
 Must know neglect, must suffer wrong ;
 The poet in the future lives,
 The minstrel dies, but *not* the song.

THE FROST UPON THE PANE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. WALLERSTEIN.]

One winter morn in careless mood
 I turn'd to gaze upon the sky,
 But when I by my window stood,
 What dreamlike fancies met mine eye ?
 The glass was changed to fields and trees
 With feathery clouds, and waving grain,
 And fairy ships on mimic seas ;—
 It was the frost upon the pane.

I thought, while gazing on the view,
 What houseless forms beyond it lay,
 And then the sun came shining through,
 And soon the scene dissolved away.

'Tis thus in sorrow's darkest hours,
When most we doubt, hope comes again,
And yielding then to brighter powers,
Grief melts like frost upon the pane.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience,
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance."

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think, how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

“ I'll wed another like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse Nancy.”

NOT FOR THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Not for thee—thou false one, never,
 Not for thee these tears that flow,
 Anguish though 'twere once to doubt thee,
 Not for thee my present woe;
 Better, thy false heart revealing,
 'Twere to say, at once, we part,
 Than to go on still deceiving,
 While another claims thy heart.

Not for thee these tears are falling;
 Who would what is worthless grieve?
 But that in my utter blindness
 I could so myself deceive;
 Do not deem you have the power
 Still to trifle more with me,
 Though my heart is wildly beating,
 Though I weep—'tis not for thee.

NEVER DESPAIR.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Oh, never despair, for our hopes oftentime
 Spring swiftly as flow'rs in some tropical clime,
 Where the spot that was barren and scentless at night
 Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light;
 The mariner marks where the tempest sings loud,
 That the rainbow is brighter the darker the cloud,
 Then up! up! Never despair!

The leaves which the sibyl presented of old,
 Though lessen'd in number, were not worth less gold;
 And though Fate steal our joys, do not think they're
 the best,
 The few she hath spared may be worth all the rest;
 Good-fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
 And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.
 Then up! up! Never despair!

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
 Sublime o'er the deluge the patriarch stood;
 Though destruction around him in thunder was hurl'd,
 Undaunted he look'd on the wreck of the world;
 For high o'er the ruin hung Hope's blessed form,
 The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of the
 storm.

Then up! up! Never despair!

THE SINGERS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

God sent his singers upon earth
 With songs of sadness and of mirth,
 That they might touch the hearts of men,
 And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
 Held in his hand a golden lyre;
 Through groves he wander'd, and by streams,
 Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
 Stood singing in the market-place,
 And stirr'd with accents deep and loud
 The hearts of all the list'ning crowd.

A grey old man, the third and last,
 Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
 While the majestic organ rolled
 Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
 Disputed which the best might be;
 For still their music seem'd to start
 Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
 No best in kind, but in degree;
 I gave a various gift to each,
 To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of night,
 And he whose ear is tuned aright
 Will hear no discord in the three,
 But the most perfect harmony."

WE WATCHED HER BREATHING IN THE NIGHT.

T. HOOD.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

THE MID-WATCH.

R. B. SHERIDAN.]

[*Music* by W. LINLEY.]

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far-distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again ;
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,
 Think only, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts to hear
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you ;
 Or, when the fight's begun,
 You, serving at your gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her old companion he was one.

THE GENTLE HOUR.

C. JEFFREYS.]

[*German Air.*]

The last faint ray hath left the flow'r,
 The bird hath wing'd his homeward flight ;
 The day hath lost its wonted power,
 Yet dear to me its lessening light.
 What kindly feelings now have birth,
 What gentle thoughts my fond heart swell,
 While memory wanders o'er the earth
 To scenes remember'd well.

My fancy peoples many a home
 With loving friends, by me beloved ;
 O'er all there's but one starry dome,
 Though from each other far removed.
 It may be that the hearts I prize
 Feel now the self-same soothing power.
 O, welcome then, sweet evening skies,
 And twilight's gentle hour.

HEARTS OF OAK.

D. GARRICK.]

[*Music* by DR. ARNE.]

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year:
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Gallant tars are our men;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady!

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away;
 If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore,
 For if they wont fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
 Her standard is justice—her watchword, "Be free!"
 Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king."

Hearts of oak, &c.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by G. BARKER.]

I shot an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where,
 For so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke,
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

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

Witlaf, a king of the Saxons,
 Ere yet his last he breathed,
 To the merry monks of Croyland
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—
 That whenever they sat at their revels,
 And drank from the golden bowl,
 They might remember the donor,
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
 And bade the goblet pass,
 In their beards the red wine glisten'd
 Like dewdrops in the grass.
 They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
 They drank to Christ the Lord,
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the saints and martyrs
 Of the dismal days of yore,
 And as soon as the horn was empty
 They remember'd one saint more;
 And the reader droned from the pulpit,
 Like the murmur of many bees,
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac
 And Saint Basil's homilies,

Till the great bells of the convent,
 From their prison in the tower,
 Guthlac and Bartholomaus,
 Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
 And the yule-log crack'd in the chimney,
 And the abbot bow'd his head,
 And the flamelets flapp'd and flicker'd,
 But the abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
 He clutch'd the golden bowl,
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.
 But not for this their revels
 The jovial monks forbore,
 For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
 We must drink to one saint more!"

THE OPEN WINDOW.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

The old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravell'd pathway
 The light and shadow play'd.

I saw the nursery window
 Wide open to the air;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door;
 He look'd for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walk'd not under the lindens,
 They play'd not in the hall;
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
 With sweet familiar tone;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walk'd beside me
 He could not understand
 Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
 I press'd his warm soft hand.

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Meet me to-night in the path which lies
 By the side of the woodland hollow;
 The moon will have open'd her silver eyes,
 And tell thee which path to follow.
 And tell thee, &c.

Then tripping along to thy footstep's sound,
 Thy lip to thy heart will be humming;
 If thy glance for a moment turn around,
 'Twill assure thee, love, I'm coming.
 Meet me, &c.

Oh, do not fear, do not fear, not a tone will break,
 On earth or in air, that can chide thee;
 If a lonely rose perchance to awake,
 'Twill droop its bloom beside thee.
 Meet me, &c.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

[*Music* by J. BLOCKLEY.]

Stars of the summer night!
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

 THE STAR OF THE DESERT.

[S. LOVER.]

In the depths of the desert, when lonely and drear,
 The sands round the desolate trav'ler appear;
 The splendour of day gives no aid to his path,
 For landmark nor compass the traveller hath.
 But when night sheds her shadow and coolness around,
 Then hark, how the bells of the camel resound;
 For the trav'ler is as when the star sheds its ray,
 'Tis the light of his hope, 'tis the guide of his way.

And what is this world but a wilderness vast,
 Where few leave a trace o'er the waste they have pass'd;
 And many are lost in the noonday of pride,
 That shines forth to dazzle, but seldom to guide?
 Oh, bless'd is the fate of the one who has found
 Some loved star to guide through the wilderness round;
 And such have I found, my beloved, in thee,
 For thou art the star of the desert to me.

SISTER, I HAVE LOVED THEE WELL.

[SOANE.]

Sister, I have loved thee well,
 More than poet's verse can tell,
 When it sings with golden tongue,
 And the harp with gold is strung.
 Yet, though dear to me as sight,
 Though I prize thee as the light,
 Check me not, or find too late
 Warmest love can keenest hate.

Beauty's eye is ne'er so bright
 As when mildness lends it light;
 Beauty's voice is ne'er so sweet
 As when love and duty meet.
 Sister, though I have loved thee well
 More than a poet's verse can tell,
 Check me not, or find too late
 Warmest love can keenest hate.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

D. TERRY.]

[*Music* by BISHOP.]

Be mine, dear maid; my faithful heart
 Can never prove untrue;
 'Twere easier far from life to part,
 Than cease to live for you.

My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
 Lives only, love, in thine ;
 There is its only home of rest,
 Its dear, its chosen shrine.
 Then turn thee not away, my dear,
 Oh ! turn thee not away, love ;
 For by the light of truth I swear
 To love thee night and day, love.

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves,
 Mine ear thy tuneful voice ;
 But 'tis my heart thy heart approves,
 A life enduring choice.
 The lark shall first forget to sing,
 When morn unfolds the east,
 Ere I by chance or coldness wring
 Thy fond confiding breast.
 Then turn thee not away, my dear, &c.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied,
 And sped to the glassy river's side,
 Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
 And the willows waved in the silver light.
 On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
 He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
 That he charm'd the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
 While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,
 He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh,
 And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.
 So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
 He charm'd her tender soul to pity,
 And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd,
 That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.

MY BRIGHT SAVOY.

[SHIRLEY BROOKS.]

My bright Savoy, my bright Savoy,
 Thy rills are leaping fresh and clear,
 Undimm'd thy smile of tranquil joy;
 But I am wandering lonely here.

With many a slighted tear to shed,
 To toil through many a weary day,
 To crave the chiding stranger's bread,
 And sigh for those far, far away.

Oh, when to yonder distant cot,
 Where mountain roses linger round,
 Where streamlets creep through silent grot,
 And spring in light with joyous bound ;

Where loving faces round me smiled,
 Oh, when shall I return to stay ;
 Renew thy course, poor wandering child,
 And sigh for those far, far away.

COME O'ER THE MOONLIT SEA.

G. JEFFERYS.]

[*Italian Air.*]

Come o'er the moonlit sea,
 The waves are brightly glowing,
 The winds have sunk to their evening rest,
 And the waves are brightly glowing.
 Yes, I'll roam o'er the moonlit sea,
 For the waves are brightly glowing.
 The winds have sunk to their evening rest,
 And the tide is gently flowing.
 My bark is in the bay, love,
 And it only waits for thee ;
 When its silken sails will throw, love,
 Their shadows o'er the sea.

All is still, save the echoed song
 Of Italia's dark-eyed daughters,
 Or the distant sound of the boatman's oar
 As it dips in the sparkling waters.
 For all is still, save the echoed song
 Of Italia's dark-eyed daughters,
 Or the distant sound of the boatman's oar
 As it dips in the sparkling waters ;
 Though bright the morn may beam, love,
 Along the smiling sea,
 Oh! dearer far than morn, love,
 Are moonlit waves to me.

THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Mrs. GEO. SHARPE.]

[*Music* by C. HORN.]

Oh! come and be my love,
 And our fairy home shall be
 Where the water spirits rove
 In the deep, deep sea.
 In the deep, deep sea, in the deep, deep sea.
 There are gems rich and rare
 In the caverns of the deep,
 And to braid thy raven hair
 There the pearly treasures sleep.
 In a tiny man-of-war
 Thou shalt stem the ocean's tide,
 Or in a crystal car,
 Sit a queen in all her pride.
 Oh, come and be my bride,
 And our fairy home shall be
 In the deep, deep sea, &c.

Ah, believe that love may dwell
 Where the coral branches twine,
 And that every wreathed shell
 Breathes a tune as soft as thine
 Hopes as fond as thou would prove,
 Truth as bright as e'er was told,

Hearts as warm as those above,
 Dwell under the waters cold.
 Under the waters cold, under the waters cold,
 Oh, come and be my love, &c.
 Come and be my love,
 And our fairy home shall be
 Where the water spirits rove
 In the deep, deep sea.
 Come, come, &c.

I HEARD THY FATE WITHOUT A TEAR.

LORD BYRON.]

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

I heard thy fate without a tear,
 Thy loss with scarce a sigh;
 And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
 Too loved of all to die:
 I know not what has sear'd mine eye,
 The tears refuse to start;
 But ev'ry drop its lids deny
 Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes, deep and heavy, one by one,
 They sink and turn to care;
 As cavern'd waters wear the stone,
 Yet, dropping, harden there:
 They cannot petrify more fast
 Than feelings sunk remain,
 Which, coldly fix'd, regard the past,
 But never melt again.

THE ENGLISH FIELDS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

A song for the fields, for the merry green fields,
 Let who will praise bright Italy's sky,
 Dear England alone is the land that I own;
 And what spot can its beauties outvie?

How countless its flowers—through the long summer hours,
 How sweet through the meadows to stray,
 Where freedom and health may be found that the wealth
 Of the proud never gain'd far away!
 Though others may roam from their own native home,
 For me it still happiness yields,
 And say what they will of each vine-cover'd hill,
 Can they match me our merry green fields?

A song for the fields, for the merry green fields,
 Though our skies oft are darken'd with showers;
 If sunshine alone o'er our pathway were thrown,
 Could we boast of such beautiful flowers?
 Our hedgerows are green, and our meadows are seen
 Fill'd with daisies and buttercups wild,
 And to me they're as gay as on each sunny day
 I gather'd them when but a child.
 Though others may dream of the mountain and stream,
 While my wild harp its melody yields,
 My song it shall be of the land of the free,
 And the charms of its merry green fields!

THE SCOTTISH HEATH.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Of all the spots sae bonnie,
 The sunny skies beneath,
 The sweetest one of any
 Is my ain dear Scottish heath;
 There the wind blows fra' the north,
 And the laverock wanders forth.
 There's health in every blossom that scents the morn-
 ing air,
 But I hae nae cause to sigh,
 If I tell the reason why
 I loe the blooming heather—'tis my laddie meets me
 there!

'Tis ere the flocks are roaming
 I loe to wander there,
 'Tis often at the gloaming
 That thither I repair ;
 For the heather's purple bloom
 Sheds around such sweet perfume ;
 Beyond the rose I prize it, be the blossom e'er sae fair,
 But for more than all the rest,
 For the truth must be confess'd,
 I loe the blooming heather—'tis my laddie meets me
 there !

THE IRISH LAKE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

One day by that lake I was straying
 In whose waves, as they placidly flow,
 'Tis said that the old towers of Erin
 May be seen there reflected below ;
 I thought I might venture to peep in,
 When what in the wave should I trace
 But the form of that spalpeen Tim Doolan
 Looking up like a thief in my face.
 'Twas Tim looking over my shoulder,
 Though I thought I was dreaming awake,
 "Sure," said he, "there's no ghost of a creature
 Save myself in your Irish lake."

Oh ! it's sweet are the waters of Ireland,
 Of many a minstrel the dream ;
 But I think that her bards have been given
 To mingle romance with the theme ;
 The towers they speak of had vanish'd,
 And, save for a trout or a perch,
 There was nothing below I might fairly
 Mistake for a house or a church !
 Except as Tim looked o'er my shoulder,
 And laughed at my little mistake,
 He show'd me the steeple—*inverted*,
 Of a church 'neath the Irish lake.

— THE CAMBRIAN VALE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

They may talk as they please of their far-spreading
waters,

Their lakes and their prairies, majestic and grand,
There is not a spot that fair Cambria's daughters
Would love half so well as their own native land ;
'Tis there, when the goats on the hill-side are browsing,
We sit round the harper and list to his tales,
While the song that he sings, ev'ry feeling arousing,
Tells of deeds that were done in our own flow'ry vales.

Our sons may be rough as the crags of the mountain,
But, look you, they've hearts that are tender and
true,

Their silver songs flow like the voice of the fountain,
Then what can the poor maids of Cambria do ?
From market and fair when at eve we're returning,
Perchance o'er the heart some soft accent prevails ;
Then our wants are but few, so all bashfulness spurning,
We soon find a home in our own flow'ry vales.

HERMINE.

J. H. DUFFY.]

[*Music* by T. C. REYNOLDS.]

Fast and fair the stars were springing
In the deep calm summer sky,
Soft the bulbul bird was singing
To a clump of roses nigh ;
And through the grass a little stream
Went murmuring in a happy dream,
While, leaning on my breast, Hermine
Sigh'd low " My heart for aye is thine !"

But e'er since grey-beard Time was young,
Love 'gainst the yellow gold was weak,
And oft for this hath woman flung
True hearts away to live or break ;

So now with one who loved not more,
 Who won her with the glittering ore,
 Dwells in the summer land of Rhine,
 My life's lost Pleiad—false Hermine!

SING! SING! SING!

A. PARK.]

[*Music* by H. FARMER.]

Sing!—sing!—sing!
 The brightest spirits sing!
 Let murm'ring creatures weep,
 The wise do no such thing;
 Contentment shows the heart
 Is rich in wisdom's lore,
 Care kills with dastard art,
 Then let him reign no more.
 Sing, sing, sing!

Sing!—sing!—sing!
 As David sung of old,
 Who thrill'd each silver string
 Upon his lyre of gold.
 Since man is born to woe,
 And life he can't prolong,
 Shall not the bosom glow
 When touch'd by syren song?
 Sing, sing, sing!

Sing!—sing!—sing!
 For music rules the spheres,
 Let hope extend her wing,
 And gladness dry our tears;
 Song rules the mood of mind,
 The gloomy and the gay;
 Song breathes with accents mild
 What lovers dare not say!
 Sing, sing, sing!

OLD FRIENDS MET TOGETHER.

C. SWAIN.]

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

Oh! Time is sweet when roses meet,
 With spring's sweet breath around them;
 And sweet the cost when hearts are lost,
 If those we love have found them;
 And sweet the mind that still can find
 A star in darkest weather;
 But nought can be so sweet to see,
 As old friends met together.

Those days of old when youth was bold,
 And Time stole wings to speed it,
 And youth ne'er knew how fast they flew,
 Or knowing, did not heed it;
 Though grey each brow that meet us now,
 For age brings wintry weather,
 Yet nought can be so sweet to see
 As old friends met together.

The few long known that years have shown
 With hearts that friendship blesses,
 A hand to cheer—perchance, a tear
 To sooth a friend's distresses!
 That helped and tried, still side by side,
 A friend to face hard weather,
 Oh! thus may we yet joy to see
 Our old friends met together.

 THE GLORIOUS BRITISH OAK!

B. GOUGH.]

[*Music* by W. GRANTHAM.]

Fill a goblet, merry folk,
 And quaff a toast with me,
 Here's the glorious British oak,
 Old England's lordly tree!

The oak, the monarch oak,
 Is ours o'er hill and lea,
 Beneath the woodman's stroke,
 Or sweeping o'er the sea.
 Then fill a goblet, &c.

The oak it is a noble tree,
 It hath no living peers,
 For it reigneth firm and free
 A thousand rolling years ;
 'Twas made for British land,
 Where every man is free !
 What tree can foes withstand,
 Or age, old oak, like thee ?
 Then fill a goblet, &c.

Fill a goblet, merry folk,
 And be a bumper thine,
 Who would toast the British oak
 Should drink the best of wine ;
 Our fathers loved its shade,
 Our kings have climb'd its boughs ;
 Huzza ! the garland cannot fade
 That wreathes around its brows !
 Then fill a goblet, &c.

NEVER DESPAIR.

J. W. LAKE.]

[*Music* by J. BRAHAM.]

Never despair !—let the feeble in spirit,
 Bow like the willow that stoops to the blast ;
 Droop not in peril—'tis manhood's true merit
 Nobly to struggle and hope to the last.
 When, by the sunshine of fortune forsaken,
 Faint sinks the heart of the feeble with fear,
 Stand like the oak of the forest unshaken,
 Never despair, boys ! never despair !

Never despair, though adversity rages
 Fiercely and fell as the surge on the shore;
 Firm as the rock in the ocean for ages,
 Stem the rude torrent till danger is o'er!
 Fate, with its whirlwind, our joys may all sever,
 True to ourselves we have nothing to fear,
 This be our hope and our anchor for ever:—
 Never despair, boys! never despair!

SOME POETS PRAISE.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Some poets praise the violet's hue,
 And some the lily's whiteness,
 Some Scotland's bells of bonny blue,
 And some the rose's brightness.
 But oh! give me the heather bloom,
 In simple beauty blowing,—
 So sweet it scatters its perfume,
 Upon the wild heath growing.

Some poets praise the mignonette,
 And some the honey-flower;
 But there's a sweeter fragrance yet
 Within a jasmine bower;
 That flower it blooms alone for me,
 Though gazed upon by many,
 In all the world they ne'er could see
 So sweet a flower as Annie!

MERRILY GOES THE MILL.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

Merrily rolls the mill-stream on,
 Merrily goes the mill,
 And merry to-night shall be my song
 As ever the gay lark's trill.

While the stream shall flow,
 And the mill shall go,
 And my garners are bravely stored:
 Come all who will,
 There's a welcome still
 At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
 Well may his song be gay,
 For the rich man's smile and the poor man's pray'r
 Have been his for many a day.
 And they bless the name
 Of the miller's dame
 In cots where the lowly mourn;
 For want and wee
 At her coming go,
 And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
 With her locks of golden hair,
 With her laughing eye and sunny brow;
 Still better is she than fair.
 She hath lighten'd toil
 With her winning smile;
 And if ever his heart was sad,
 Let her sing the song
 He hath loved so long,
 And the miller's heart was glad.
 Merrily rolls the mill-stream on, &c.

MOLLY CAREW.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Och hone! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis dhrames and not sleep that comes into my
 head,

And 'tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature,
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
 Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
 And by this and by that
 For the matter o' that,
 You're more distant by far than that same!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
 Though there's one Burke, he says, that would call it
snub-lime;—
 And then, for your cheek!
 Troth, 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
 Then your lips! oh, machree!
 In their beautiful glow,
 They a pattern might be
 For the cherries to grow.
 'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
 For apples were scarce, I suppose, long ago;
 But at this time o' day,
 'Pon my conscience I'll say,
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
 Och hone! weirasthru!
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
 You taze me all ways
 That a woman can plaze,

For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat
Magee,

As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the old chate

Wouldn't play you your favourite tune;
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew,

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep.

Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it

The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,

Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,

And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,

Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise

To think 'twasn't you was come to it!

And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say

“Katty Naile, name the day.”

And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day,

Yet, if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent

Is over, I'll marry for spite!

Och hone! weirasthru!

And when I die for you,

My ghost will haunt you every night!

THE CHILD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

An old man saw a little child
 A butterfly pursuing,
 That flutter'd gaily in the sun,
 Each bud and flow'ret wooing ;
 " Oh trifle not with time," he said,
 " Life's fleeting moments treasure,
 Nor waste youth's bright and rosy hours
 In vain and idle pleasure."
 'Twas vain—the merry boy went on
 Through meadow, vale, and wildwood ;
 For what has youth to do but play,
 And what is time to childhood ?

The laughing boy to manhood grew,
 Life's battle bravely doing ;
 But what is oft the noblest aim
 But butterflies pursuing ?
 Some false light glitters in our path,
 Some phantom flies before us,
 And, ere we've snatch'd the wish'd-for prize,
 Old age comes creeping o'er us.
 Ah ! chide not then each idle sport
 In valley, mead, or wildwood,—
 Let youth be happy while it may,
 Nor talk of time to childhood !

WHAT WILL TO-MORROW BRING.

W. E. STAITE.]

[*Music* by J. W. HOBBS]

What will to-morrow bring ?
 Strife or repose ?
 Pleasure or sorrowing ?
 Nobody knows !
 Fortune is fickle,
 May smile or may frown,

Time with his sickle
 May mow us all down ;
 Though life in security
 See the day close,
 Yet what its futurity,
 Nobody knows !
 What will to-morrow bring ?
 None may disclose !
 Where will it find us ?
 Oh ! nobody knows !
 Here ! where life's histories
 Time but unrolls ;
 There ! where no mysteries
 Darken our souls ;
 Though earth be "no more" for us
 Ere the day close !
 The bliss then in store for us
 Nobody knows

SMILE ON, YOUNG BRIDE.

R. W. ROWLEY.]

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

Smile on, young bride, smile on, smile on,
 Though the flowers that deck thy brow
 May wither ere an hour be past,
 Heed not their fading now ;
 Let brighter hopes and sweeter thoughts
 Thy fluttering bosom fill ;
 Thy life has been a dream of love,
 Oh ! dream on, dream on still.
 Earth is to thee all gladness now,
 No cloud of sad'ning care
 Has swept across youth's sunny sky,
 But all is bright and fair ;
 And though perchance a change may come
 When these sweet dreams have flown,
 Heed not the thought, be happy now,—
 Smile on, young bride, smile on !

CHANGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

We mark it in the fleecy clouds
 That, ghost-like, wander by,
 The brightest flower has but its hour
 To bud and bloom—then die.

'Tis read in old familiar things
 As in the new and strange,
 Where'er we go, whate'er we know,
 'Tis change—for ever change.

'Tis written on the tranquil waves,
 Oh! fearfully and strong,
 The rivers that now calmly glide
 In torrents gush along;
 The birds that glad our summer woods
 Have still their hour to range;
 The leaves must fall—the doom of all
 Is change—for ever change.

But oh! not only in the woods,
 The streams, the flowers, the trees,—
 Do we appear from year to year
 Less changed than aught of these?
 Old loves we leave, old links we break,
 Old friends to us grow strange,—
 The saddest emblem of the heart
 Is change—for ever change!

SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

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

Sleep, gentle sleep! around my pillow
 Ye guardian angels spread your wings,
 The moonlight sleeps upon the billow,
 A sweet good-night the cricket sings;
 The dreamy flowers their eyes are closing,
 The stars their midnight vigils keep,
 The waves in slumber are reposing,
 Yet not to me comes gentle sleep!

Sleep, gentle sleep, my limbs are weary,
 But the soft languor comes not yet,
 Through the still hours, so long and dreary,
 Oh! that I could awhile forget.
 Forget, though but for one brief hour,
 This grief I dare not, may not weep;
 The parch'd earth pines not for the shower
 As I for thee, oh, gentle sleep.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Mrs. WILLARD.]

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

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep
 I lay me down in peace to sleep,
 Secure, I rest upon the wave,
 For Thou, oh! Lord, hast power to save.
 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
 For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
 And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Roused me from slumber to wreck and death!
 In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
 The germ of immortality!
 And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

OH! SHE WAS GOOD AS SHE WAS FAIR.

S. ROGERS.]

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

Oh! she was good as she was fair,
 None, none on earth above her;
 As pure in thought as angels are:
 To know her was to love her.

When little, how her eyes, her voice,
Her every gesture said rejoice;
Her coming was a gladness.

And, as she grew, her modest grace,
Her downcast look, 'twas heaven to trace,
When shading with her hand her face
She half inclined to sadness.

Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted;
Like music to the heart it went;
And her dark eyes how eloquent!
Ask what she would, 'twas granted.
Her father loved her as his fame,
And Bayard's self had done the same.
Oh! she was good as she was fair,
None, none on earth above her;
As pure in thought as angels are;
To know her was to love her.

THEY HAVE GIVEN THEE TO ANOTHER.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

They have given thee to another,
They have broken every vow,
They have given thee to another,
And my heart is lonely now.
They remember not our parting,
They remember not our tears,
They have sever'd in one fatal hour
The tenderness of years.
Oh! was it well to leave me?
Thou couldst not so deceive me;
Long and sorely I shall grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have given thee to another,—
Thou art now his gentle bride;
Had I loved thee as a brother
I could see thee by his side.

But I know with gold they've won thee,
 And thy trusting heart beguiled;
 Thy mother, too, doth shun me,
 For she knew I loved her child.
 Oh! was it well to sever
 Two fond hearts for ever?
 I can only answer, Never!
 Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have given her to another,—
 She will love him, too, they say;
 If her memory do not chide her,
 Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may.
 But I know that she hath spoken
 What she never can forget,
 And, though my poor heart be broken,
 It will love her, love her yet.
 Oh! 'twas not well to sever
 Two fond hearts for ever;
 More I shall see her never,
 Lost, lost Rosabel!

THE OUTLAW.

H. CARL SCHILLER.]

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

Oh! I am the child of the forest wild,
 Where the red-deer boundeth free,
 And the mavis sings with uncaged wings
 To his mate in the greenwood tree.
 I range at will o'er mead or hill,
 Or deep in the woodland shade,
 With my good yew bow in my hand I go,
 As free as the bird or the wild red roe,
 And the woods ring out with song and shout,
 For I'm king of the forest glade.

The sparkling brooks they mirror the looks
 Of the bright blue laughing sky;
 And sweet flowers spring and the gnarl'd oaks fling
 Their mighty limbs on high.

Oh! I love to roam in my fresh green home
 With our nut-brown maids, our forest maids,
 Or my bold, bold frères, who doff the cares
 Which the hollow worldling seeks and shares;
 Then woods ring out with song and shout,
 For I'm king of the forest glade.

The franklin and priest, oh! they love to feast
 On the prime of the stalled steer;
 But I am the lord of the free green sward,
 And the best of the king's fat deer,
 And the abbot should fast when Lent is past,
 And the mass is sung or said,
 Ere my frères and me lack malvoisie
 To quaff a deep draught 'neath the greenwood tree,
 When the woods ring out with song and shout,
 For I'm king of the forest glade.

I CANNOT CHANGE AS OTHERS DO.

Earl of ROCHESTER.]

[*Music* by W. MAYNARD.]

I cannot change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn;
 Since that poor youth who sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Emma, no; a surer way
 To gain your heart I'll try,
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

When kill'd by grief your lover lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall,
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain;
 For such a faithful, tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

[ALEXANDER BOSWELL.]

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange,
 To live at a court, yet never to change;
 To faction or tyranny equally a foe,
 The good of the land's the sole motive I know
 The foes of my country and king I have faced;
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced.
 I've done what I could for my country's weal,
 Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!
 And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you.
 For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife,
 For myself I seek peace and an innocent life.
 I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
 With Maggy, my love, in her rockley o' green;
 On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I feel,
 While she shares of my bannock o' barleymeal.

And if it chance Maggy should bring me a son,
 He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride,
 Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side!
 I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face,
 I'll aff to the Highlands as fast 's I can reel,
 And feast upon bannock o' barleymeal.

 THE GIPSY BAND.

J. BRUTON.]

[Music by A. FRY.]

List to the lay of the Gipsy band,
 Merrily roaming from land to land;
 Free as the skylark's wing above,
 Fearing no hate, nor courting love;
 We borrow from all, yet none we owe,
 Laughing at law where'er we go,

The fattest deer, in park or wood,
 Of knight and peer, supply us food;
 Our drink's the best of contraband,—
 Then shout for the merry Gipsy band.

The townsman may boast that one house hath he,
 But we have a hundred all rent-free;
 Nothing we pay for coal or clothes,
 Yet we've a fire where hedge-wood grows;
 The rich man's larder hath not better fare,
 Dainties of brook, of earth, and air!
 In our abode we do not writhe
 Beneath a load of tax or tithe;
 No care in head, no coin in hand,—
 Then shout for the merry Gipsy band.

The wealthy may boast of stately halls,
 Streaming lights from pictured walls;
 Of moulded ceilings, gilded domes,
 Flower'd carpets o'er their rooms;
 But we're rich as they, below—aloof—
 The grass our floor, the sky our roof;
 The bonny rays of yonder moon
 Can match the blaze of their saloon;
 We've healthier cheeks, although they're tann'd;
 Then shout for the merry Gipsy band.

HOHENLINDEN.

T. CAMPBELL.]

[*Music* by T. COOKE.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly!
 But Linden show'd another sight
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry!
 Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flash'd the red artillery!

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly!
 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 When furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

The combat deepens ; on, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry.
 Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

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

Oh ! bold Robin Hood is a forester good
 As ever drew bow in the merry greenwood ;
 At his bugle's shrill singing
 The echoes are ringing,
 The wild deer is springing for many a rood :
 Its summons we follow
 Through brake, over hollow,
 The shrilly-blown summons of bold Robin Hood.

And what eye hath e'er seen
 Such a sweet maiden queen
As Marian, the pride of the foresters' green?
 A sweet garden flower,
 She blooms in the bower
Where alone to this hour the wild rose hath been.
 We hail her, in duty,
 The queen of all beauty!
We will live, we will die by our sweet maiden queen!
 And we've a grey friar,
 Good as heart may desire,
To absolve all our sins, as the case may require;
 Who with courage so stout
 Lays his oak plank about,
And puts to the rout all the foes of his choir;
 For we are his choristers,
 We merry foresters,
Chorusing still with our militant friar:
Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
 Drink to them one by one, drink while you sing;
Robin and Marian! Robin and Marian!
 Long with their glory old Sherwood shall ring.

A GARDEN IS MY LADY'S FACE.

[*Music* by R. ATTERBURY.]

A garden is my lady's face,
 Where roses and white lilies blow;
 A heav'nly paradise is that place,
 Wherein the fairest fruits do grow.
 There cherries be that none may buy,
 'Till "cherry ripe" themselves do cry.
 Those cherries fairly do disclose,
 Of orient pearls, a double row;
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
 'Till "cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
 All that approach, with eye or hand,
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
 'Till "cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

MY MISTRESS IS AS FAIR AS FINE.

[*Music* by JOHN BENNET.]

My mistress is as fair as fine,
 With milk-white hands and golden hair ;
 Her eyes the radiant stars outshine,
 Lighting all things far and near.
 Fair as Cynthia, not so fickle :
 Smooth as glass, though not so brittle.
 My heart is like a ball of snow,
 Fast melting at her glances bright ;
 Her ruby lips like night-worms glow,
 Sparkling through the pale twilight.
 Neat she is, no feather lighter ;
 Bright she is, no daisy whiter.

KING CANUTE.

GEO. MACFARREN.]

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

In the merry old time of our ancestors,
 When the Saxons and Danes ruled here,
 They feasted right well, as their chronicles tell,
 And got drunk every day in the year,
 In the merry old times,
 In the merry old times,
 In the merry, merry, merry old times.
 One day when the king was royally drunk,
 They throned him upon the sea-shore,
 And commanded the waves like infidel slaves
 To be humble their master before ;

But the billows were all so rolling drunk,
 They scared the whole court from Dover,
 And they foam'd and roar'd, "We scorn such a lord,
 He's a king only half-seas-over!"
 Then his majesty summon'd both Commons and Lords,
 "Let's be merry and wise," quoth he;
 "And to quell this commotion, let's drink up the ocean,
 And so be lords of the sea."
 In the merry old times,
 In the merry old times,
 In the merry, merry, merry, old times.

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

[*Music by W. HORSLEY.*]

When the wind blows in the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows on the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows all bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,
 'Tis not for any one here, I trow.
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below.
 Oh! the Spring, the bountiful Spring,
 She shineth and smileth on ev'ry thing.

Where come the sheep? To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep? To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep, and kings endure;
 That's a fate that none can cure.
 Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow.
 She brings the bright hours,
 She weaves the sweet flowers,
 She dresseth her bowers
 For all below.
 Oh! the Spring, the bountiful Spring,
 She shineth and smileth on ev'ry thing.

OH! WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE?*

R. L. PEARSALL.]

[*Music* by R. L. PEARSALL.]

O who will ride o'er the Downs so free,
O who will with me ride,
O who will up and follow me,
To win a blooming bride?

Her father he has lock'd the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me.

I saw her bow'r at twilight grey,
'Twas guarded safe and sure;
I saw her bow'r at break of day,
'Twas guarded then no more.

The varlets they were all asleep,
And none was near to see,
The greeting fair that passèd there
Between my love and me.

I promised her to come at night,—
With comrades brave and true,
A gallant band with sword in hand,
To break her prison through.

I promised her to come at night,
She's waiting now for me;
And ere the dawn of morning light,
I'll set my true love free.

* The words of this song are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickers Stirn, as he is called by the common people), who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbour's daughter, won her affections, was refused by her parents, but, with the assistance of his friends, carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the middle ages.

O, BY RIVERS.

SHAKSPHARE.]

[*Music* by Dr. WILSON.]

O, by rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals,
 The shepherd swains shall dance and play,
 For thy delight on each May-day.
 With a fa, la, la.

Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the spring,
 There shall you pass the welcome night
 In sylvan pleasure and delight.
 With a fa, la, la.

LO! WHERE WITH FLOWERY HEAD.

[*Music* by T. MORLEY.]

Lo! where with flow'ry head, and hair all brightsome,
 Rosy-cheek'd, crystal-eyed, e'en weeping lightsome,
 The fair Aurora springeth,
 And wanton Flora flingeth
 Amorous odours
 Unto the winds delightsome.
 Ah! for pity and anguish,
 Only my heart doth languish!

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

[*Music* by CALCOTT.]

Blow, warder, blow thy sounding horn,
 And thy banner wave on high,
 For the Christians have fought in the holy land
 And have won the victory!

Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
 And his banner waved on high;
 Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast, and the feast eat merrily.

SOLO.

The warder look'd from his tower on high
 As far as he could see ;
 I see a bold knight, and by his red cross,
 He comes from the east country.

SOLO.

Then loud the warder blew his horn,
 And call'd till he was hoarse,
 "I see a bold knight, and on his shield bright
 He beareth a flaming cross."

SOLO.

Then down the lord of the castle came,
 The red-cross knight to meet ;
 And when the red-cross knight he espied,
 Right loving he did him greet.

BASS SOLO.

"Oh ! I am come from the Holy Land,
 Where saints did live and die ;
 Behold the device I bear on my shield,
 A red-cross knight am I !
 And we have fought in the Holy Land,
 And have won the victory ;
 For with valiant might
 Did the Christians fight,
 And made the proud Pagans fly."

"Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-cross knight ;
 Come, lay thy armour by,
 And for the good tidings thou dost bring
 We'll feast right merrily, merrily ;
 For all in my castle shall rejoice
 That we've gain'd the victory ;
 And the bells shall be rung,
 And the mass shall be sung,
 And the feast eat merrily."

SLEEP, GENTLE LADY.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

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

Sleep, gentle lady, the flowers are closing,
 The very waves and winds reposing ;
 Oh ! may our soft and soothing numbers
 Wrap thee in sweeter and softer slumbers.
 Peace be around thee, lady bright ;
 Sleep while we sing good night, good night.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

“ Oh ! where, and oh ! where is your Highland laddie
 gone ? ”
 “ He’s gone to fight the Russ for our Queen upon the
 throne.
 And ’tis oh ! in my heart, I wish him safe at home.”
 “ Oh ! where, and oh ! where did your Highland laddie
 dwell ? ”
 “ He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue-
 bell.
 And ’tis oh ! in my heart, I love my laddie well.”
 “ Suppose, and suppose your Highland lad should die ? ”
 “ The bagpipes shall play o’er him, I’d lay me down
 and cry.
 And ’tis oh ! in my heart, I wish he may not die.”

APRIL SHOWERS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

H. W. LONGFELLOW.]

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

Patter, patter ! Let it pour ;
 Patter, patter ! Let it roar.
 Down the steep roof let it rush,
 Down the hill-side let it gush.
 ’Tis the welcome April show’r
 Bringing forth the sweet May flow’r.
 Patter, patter ! Let it pour ;
 Patter, patter ! Let it roar.

Let the glancing lightning flash,
 Let the pealing thunder dash.
 'Tis the welcome April show'r
 Bringing forth the sweet May flow'r.
 Patter, patter! Let it pour;
 Patter, patter! Let it roar.
 Soon the clouds will burst away,
 Soon will come a bright spring day.
 'Tis the welcome April show'rs,
 Which bring forth the sweet May flow'rs.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

T. MOORE.]

[*Irish Melody.*]

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on thy stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.
 So soon may I follow,
 When friendship decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone!

IN GOING TO MY LONELY BED.

[*Music* by R. EDWARDS.]

In going to my lonely bed,
 As one that would have slept,
 I heard a wife sing to her child,
 That long had moan'd and wept.
 She sighed sore, and sang full sweet,
 To lull the babe to rest;
 That would not cease, but crièd still
 Upon its mother's breast.

She was full weary of her watch,
 And grievèd with her child;
 She rock'd it, and rated it,
 'Till that on her it smiled.
 Then did she say, " Now have I found
 This proverb true doth prove:
 The falling out of faithful friends
 Renewing is of love."

 WHO IS SYLVIA?

SHAKSPEARE.]

[*Music* by BISHOP.]

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heavens such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness:
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits here.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling.

DOWN IN A FLOWERY VALE.

[*Music by C. FESTA.*]

Down in a flow'ry vale, all on a summer morning,
 Phillis I spied, fair Nature's self adorning;
 Swiftly on wings of love I flew to meet her,
 Coldly she welcomed me, when I did greet her.

I warbled thus my ditty:—

“O, shepherdess! have pity,
 And hear a faithful lover
 His passion true discover.

Ah! why art thou to me so cruel?”

Then straight replied my jewel:—

“If gold thou hast, fond youth, 'twill speed thy suing;
 But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a wooing.”

THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER.

UPTON.]

[*Music by W. SHIELD.*]

Jack Steadfast and I were both messmates at sea,
 And plough'd half the world o'er together,
 And many hot battles encounter'd have we,
 Strange climates, and all kind of weather.
 But seamen, you know, are inured to hard gales,
 Determined to stand by each other;
 And the boast of a tar, wheresoever he sails,
 Is the heart that can feel for another.

When often suspended 'twixt water and sky,
 And death yawn'd on all sides around us,
 Jack Steadfast and I scorn'd to murmur or sigh,
 For danger could never confound us.

Smooth seas and rough billows to us were the same,
 Convinced we must brave one and t'other ;
 And like jolly sailors in life's chequer'd game,
 Give the heart that can feel for another.

Thus smiling at peril at sea or on shore,
 We boxed the old compass right cheerly ;
 Toss'd the can, boys, about—and a word or two more,
 Yes, drank to the girls we loved dearly ;
 For sailors, pray mind me, though strange kind of fish,
 Love the girls just as dear as their mother ;
 And, what's more, they love, what I hope you all wish,
 'Tis the heart that can feel for another.

THE LOVER'S PROMISE.

[T. DIBDIN.]

The sun its bright rays may withhold, love,
 Unreflected the moonbeams may be,
 But ne'er, till this bosom is cold, love,
 Shall its pulse throb for any but thee
 For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
 Thy beauty all beauties outvie ;
 And ere with thine image I'll part, love,
 Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
 To autumn's sad colourless hue ;
 The winter like summer may burn, love,
 Ere my ardour it lessens for you :
 For thou art the joy, &c.

THE KISS.

[BYRON.]

The kiss, dear maid, thy lips have left,
 Shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift
 Untainted back to thine.

The parting glance that fondly gleams,
 An equal love may see,
 The tear that from the eyelid streams
 Can weep no change in me.
The kiss, &c

I ask no pledge to make me blest,
 In gazing when alone ;
 Nor one memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.
 By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart no longer free,
 Must hear the love it cannot show,
 And silent ache for thee.
The kiss, &c.

JUST LIKE LOVE.

Lord STRANGFORD.]

[*Music* by JOHN DAVY.]

Just like love is yonder rose,
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws.
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like love.

Cull'd, to bloom upon the breast,
 Since rough thorns the stem invest ;
 They must be gather'd with the rest,
 And with it must the heart be press'd,
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
 They die—and they shall blossom never,
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love.

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

SHAKESPEARE.]

[Music by Sir H. BISHOP.]

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,
 With a grove of myrtles made;
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring,
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone;
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Leaned her breast against a thorn;
 "Fy, fy, fy," now would she cry,
 "Tereu, tereu, tereu," by-and-by, by-and-by.
 That to hear her thus complain,
 Scarce could I from tears refrain,
 For her griefs so lovely shown
 Made me think upon my own.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

DIMOND.]

[Music by MICHAEL KELLY.]

He comes from wars, from the red field of fight;
 He comes through the storm, and the darkness of night;
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale, pale is his cheek; there's a gash on his brow;
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.

Rest, warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
 Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell!
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms;
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his arms;
 He shall feel on his lip the sweet warmth of her kiss,
 Nay, warrior, wake not, such slumber is bliss!

Rest, warrior, rest!

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

[BURNS.]

Oh, my love's like the red red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 My love is like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I :
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Though a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.

But, fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel awhile :
 And I will come again, my dear,
 Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[BURNS.]

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?—
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love ?

Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,—
 Thy image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade,
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

BURNS.]

[*Scotch Air.*]

Wilt thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie.
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Sa na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be.

Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

[BYRON.]

She walks in beauty like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face:
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure—how dear the dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent.

SOLDIER, WAKE—THE DAY IS PEEPING.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
 Honour ne'er was won in sleeping;
 Never when the sunbeams still,
 Lay unreflected on the hill;
 'Tis when they are glinted back
 From axe and armour, spear and jack,

That they promise future story ;
 Many a page of deathless glory,
 Shields that are the foeman's terror,
 Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and cup—the morning beam
 Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
 Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
 Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake ;
 The early student ponders o'er
 His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
 Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame,
 Thy study, conquest—war thy game ;
 Shield that should be a foeman's terror,
 Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain,
 More paltry still the sportsman's gain ;
 Vainest of all the student's theme,
 Ends in some metaphysic dream ;
 Yet each is up, and each has toil'd,
 Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,
 And each is eagerer in his aim
 Than he who barter's life for fame :
 Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror,
 Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

OLD WINTER COMES ON WITH A FROWN.

[BLOOMFIELD.]

Dear boy, throw that icicle down,
 And sweep this deep snow from the door ;
 Old Winter comes on with a frown,
 A terrible frown for the poor.
 In a season so rude and forlorn,
 How can age, how can infancy, bear
 The silent neglect and the scorn
 Of those who have plenty to spare ?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
 Well timed now the frost has set in
 Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
 We'll make him at home to a pin ;
 While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
 The roll of the seasons will prove
 That time may diminish desire,
 But cannot extinguish true love.

Oh! the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
 If you can but keep scandal away ;
 To learn what the world has been at,
 And what the great orators say ;
 Though the wind through the crevices sing,
 And hail down our chimney rebound,
 I'm happier than many a king,
 While the bellows blows bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot,
 But, out of the trifle that's given,
 That no curse may alight on my cot,
 I'll distribute the bounty of heaven ;
 The fool and the slave gather wealth,
 But, if I add nought to my store,
 Yet, while I have conscience in health,
 I've a mine that will never grow poor.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Sir W. Scott.]

[*Music* by MAZZINGHI.]

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkendale side

The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade be as
 bright;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty bold yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
 Who at Rere-cross or Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
 The mother she ask'd of his house and his home;
 'Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall, quoth bold Allen, stands gallanter still:
 'Tis the blue vaulted heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles, said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone:
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry!
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye.
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

THE SAILOR'S LULLABY.

[COBB.]

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh,
 The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby—
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Soothes them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing,
 Still no danger they descry;
 The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
 Soothes them with its lullaby—
 Lullaby, &c.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

[T. H. BAYLY.]

A fond youth serenaded his love,
 Who, sleeping,—“Love never should sleep!”
 Her father was peeping above,—
 “O, fathers, you never should peep;”—
 To his daughter's balcony he brought
 Her monkey, in muslins array'd;
 The youth was o'erjoyed, for he thought
 'Twas the form of his beautiful maid.

He gazed on the figure in white,
 Whose nods gave new life to his hopes;
 His heart throbb'd with hope and delight
 As he threw up the ladder of ropes;
 His charmer hopped down it, and then
 The happy delusion was o'er!
 Girls often meet monkey-like men,
 But man never wooed monkey before.

From the window, enjoying the joke,
 Her father fear'd danger no more;
 And she, by the bustle awoke,
 Soon made her escape at the door!
 “Come, come to your Rosa,” she said,
 “Unless you prefer my baboon;
 And, pray, let your next serenade
 Take place at the full of the moon!”

HER SMILE I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

JESSE HAMMOND.]

[Air, “Jessie of Dumblane.”]

Farewell, my dear Mary, the beam of thy beauty
 No longer shall brighten the path I pursue,
 For loud on the blast rolls the mandate of duty,
 And glory bid pleasure and Mary adieu;

But though, lovely maid, it seems madness to lose
thee,

Yet absence shall soften the sigh of regret,
For memory pledges, when fondly it wooes thee,
Thy smile, thy sweet smile, I shall never forget.

Farewell, my first love, but the tear that's now falling
Preserve as a relic, a relic from me,
And each lonely hour my affection recalling,
That heart-drop of sorrow thy lover shall be ;
And when thou hast brought my lost image before
thee,

Let memory soften the sigh of regret,
For the tear shall declare I must ever adore thee,
And thy smile, thy sweet smile, I shall never forget.

Farewell, then, for ever, the night-star that listens,
My vows may record in the temples above,
And the last parting tear, in the moonbeam that
glistens,

Shall stamp as a seal, the sweet bond of my love ;
For I swear, till the night of the tomb overtake me,
And the sun of my life shall for ever be set,
My fondness for Mary shall never forsake me,
And her smile, her sweet smile, I shall never forget.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

[JOHANNA BAILLIE.]

No fish stir in our evening net,
And the sky is dark, and the night is wet,
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore ;
And sad are they whose faggots burn
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
And nought is heard but the lashing waves,

And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
 And the wild winds piping drearily ;
 Yet sea and tempest rise in vain ;
 We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates ! our guiding star
 Now from its tow'rlet streameth far ;
 And now, along the nearing strand,
 See swiftly moves yon flaming brand ;
 Before the midnight watch is past
 We'll quaff our bowl, and mock the blast.

LOVE'S WEALTH.

[ALABIC A. WATTS.]

Well, what if Fortune frown, love,
 Heed not her fickle ray,
 There are joys our hopes will crown, love,
 That cannot thus decay !

Talk not of gems and gold, love ;
 What are gold and gems to me,
 Whilst my shringing arms enfold, love,
 A prize—a prize like thee !

The wealth for which I pant, love,
 Is a heart, a form like thine ;
 The only gems I want, love,
 May soon, may soon be mine !
 The diamonds of thine eyes, love,
 All brilliants else eclipse,
 And no other gems I prize, love,
 Save the rubies of thy lips.

Then, I prithee, no delay, love,
 Lest Hope fall sick the while ;
 Let's tie the knot to-day, love,
 Nor wait for Fortune's smile.

The heavens are blue and bright, love,
 Our hearts and hopes are gay ;
 Then a fig for Fortune's spite, love,
 We'll tie the knot to-day.

WHEN ADAM DELVED AND EVE SPAN, WHO WAS THEN THE GENTLEMAN?

[R. SOUTHEY.]

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

Wretched is the infant's lot
Born within the straw-roof'd cot!
Be he generous, wise, or brave,
He must only be a slave.
Long, long labour, little rest,
Still to toil to be oppress'd;
Drain'd by taxes of his store,
Punish'd next for being poor;
This is the poor wretch's lot
Born within the straw-roof'd cot.

While the peasant works—to sleep;
What the peasant sows—to reap;
On the couch of ease to lie,
Rioting in revelry;
Be he villain, be he fool,
Still to hold despotic rule,
Trampling on his slaves with scorn;
This is to be nobly born.

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

TOM TACKLE.

[DIBDIN.]

Tom Tackle was noble—was true to his word,—
If merit bought titles, Tom might be a lord;
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would sail!
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad,—

He was paltry, and pitiful, scurvy, and mean,
 And the snivelingest scoundrel that ever was seen,
 For so said the girls, and the landlord's long score,—
 Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tackle
 was poor.

'Twas once on a time, when they took a galleon,
 And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,
 Tom a trip took to jail, an old messmate to free,
 And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee :
 Then Tom was an angel, downright from heaven sent,
 While they'd hands, he his goodness should never
 repent.

Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case
 To find his dear friend shut the door in his face !
 "Why, d'ye wonder?" cried one, "you're served right,
 to be sure,—
 "Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is poor."

I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sich,
 But don't this same honour concern poor and rich ?
 If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where
 from,

And if ever tar had a good heart, it was Tom ;
 Yet, somehow or 'nother, Tom never did right ;
 None knew better the time when to spare or to fight ;
 He, by finding a leak once, preserved crew and ship,
 Saved the commodore's life—then he made such rare
 flip ;

And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure,
 I fancy, as how, 'twas because he was poor.

At last, an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
 Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
 In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
 Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the
 wind ;

He gave him enough through life's ocean to steer,
 Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near ;

His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
 What he can to his friends; and may all honest hearts,
 Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the
 door,
 Just enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

LOVE'S HOLIDAY.

[R. BLOOMFIELD.]

Thy favourite bird is soaring still,
 My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale;
 The stream's set loose, and from the mill
 All silent comes the balmy gale;
 Yet so lightly on its way,
 Seems to whisper holiday.

The pathway-flowers, that bending meet,
 And give the meads their yellow hue;
 The may-bush, and the meadows sweet,
 Reserve their fragrance all for you:
 Why, then, Lucy, why delay?
 Let us share love's holiday.

Since, then, thy smiles, my charming maid,
 Are with unfeignèd raptures seen;
 To beauty be the homage paid,—
 Come, claim the triumph of the green.
 Here's my hand, come, come away,
 Share, oh! share love's holiday.

A promise, too, my Lucy made,
 And shall my heart its claim resign?
 That ere May flowers again should fade,
 Her heart and hand should both be mine.
 Hark ye, Lucy, this is May,
 Love shall crown the holiday.

Masonic Songs.

THE ENTERED APPRENTICE.

[Brother MATTHEW BIRKHEAD.]

Come let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled on merry occasion;
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing:
 Our wine has a spring:
 Here's a health to an accepted Mason!

The world is in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on;
 Till they're shown the light,
 They'll ne'er know the right
 Word or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes, and lords
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
 And ne'er been ashamed
 To hear themselves named
 With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 And it maketh men just in their station:
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere
 And just to the fair ;
 They'll trust us on any occasion :
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
 By each brother firm stand ;
 Let's be merry, and put a bright face on :
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast
 As a free and an accepted Mason.

MASONIC ANTHEM.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

God save our gracious Queen !
 Long live our noble Queen !
 God save the Queen !
 May peace and plenty reign
 Through all her wide domain ;
 May we her laws sustain.
 God save the Queen !

Oh, Lord above, who sees
 Our hidden mysteries,
 On Thee we call.
 So rule our hearts that we
 May, in freemasonry,
 Faithful and loyal be.
 Oh ! save us all.

Thou, heav'n's great Architect,
 Our gracious Queen protect.
 Long may she reign !
 O'er her thine arm extend,
 May she the craft befriend,
 And we her throne defend !
 God save the Queen !

THE FAREWELL.

[Bro. R. BURNS, P.M.]

Adieu ! a heart-warm, fond adieu,
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy.
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light ;
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw ;
 Strong memory of my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious Architect divine !
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear.
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assembled are,
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the bard that's far awa'.

BELIEVE ME IF EVERY STRANGE SYMBOL AND SIGN.

—[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

Believe me if every strange symbol and sign
Which we gazed on so fondly to-night
Convey'd not some moral, some lesson divine,
We would banish them all from our sight :
As they ever have been, may they still be adored,
Though the world, un-masonic, condemn,
While to us they such precepts of virtue afford,
Or our actions are govern'd by them.

'Tis not the mere form of the compass and square
That to us does such rapture impart ;
No ! 'tis the deep moral inculcated there
That is stamp'd on each Freemason's heart.
Oh ! a lodge of Freemasons, where'er it may be,
Is the dwelling of brotherly love ;—
There are none who in thought or in action can flee
From the all-seeing Eye that's above !

THREE TIMES THREE.

Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

{ [*Music* by the late
Bro. J. HARROWAY.

Oh ! three times three is a mystery
That none but a Mason's allowed to see,
But three times three is a mighty thrall
That an echo meets in the breast of all ;
Then fill the cup and I'll give the test
Of a Mason's craft—you know the rest ;
Here's a health to all Masons wherever they be,
With a loud huzza ! and a three times three !
Come join with me, let the toast go free,
Here's a health to all Masons with three times
three.

Three times three ! is there one would shrink
 From a temperate glass to his Queen to drink ?
 May her mind be as pure and her soul as blest
 As the tenets enshrined in a Mason's breast ;
 May the One who rules even queens above,
 Instruct her in virtue, in peace, and love ;
 For a Mason's prayer and his toast shall be
 A health to his Queen with three times three !
 Come join with me, &c.

Oh ! three times three shall the token be
 Of friendship—obedience—fidelity ;
 For 'tis friendship that brother to brother should
 bear,
 And obedience a Mason show everywhere :
 Fidelity—virtue the purest, the best,
 By Providence planted in every breast,
 While these are combined, in full glasses with me
 Drink to our Grand Master with three times three !
 Come join with me, &c.

THE NEW ENTERED APPRENTICE'S SONG.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

Come let us be gay
 And join in the lay,
 I have one that will suit the occasion,
 While the temperate glass
 Is permitted to pass
 In this lodge of the mystic persuasion.

Here's a health to the last
 Who the portal has pass'd,
 Let him find that we love one another,
 For, if worthy our choice,
 Should we not rejoice
 That to-day we may claim a new brother ?

To show him our plan
 As far as we can,
 Let each strive to vie with his neighbour,
 And cause him to feel
 The joys we reveal
 When repose has succeeded to labour.

Perchance he has laugh'd
 Ere he enter'd the craft
 At the apron, the square, and the gavel;
 But now he's found out
 What they all are about,
 At our symbols no longer he'll cavil.

The world he will view
 In a different hue,
 And ev'rything put a bright face on;
 But he doesn't know yet
 All the knowledge he'll get
 In the secrets that make a Freemason.

An apprentice is he,
 But he'll presently see
 If he'll steadfastly work in his station;
 The wherefore and why
 The humble may vie
 With the noble and great of the nation.

In a Mason's estate,
 To be *good's* to be *great*,
 Abjuring the world and all evil.
 We banish all care,
 For we meet *on the square*,
 And we all of us part *on the level*,

In charity's cause
 We Masons ne'er pause,—
 'Tis our maxim to serve one another;
 So, all who're distress'd
 May, *if worthy*, be bless'd,
 For we never desert a true brother.

If those who're in pain
 Our secrets to gain,
 Should ask him what good we've been doing,
 He may point to our rules,
 Our asylums and schools,
 And our aged and poor kept from ruin.

Then join hands again,
 One more link in the chain
 Is the enter'd apprentice before us ;
 May he long bless the night
 That he first saw the light,
 And long live to join in our chorus.

OH! BANQUET NOT IN THIS FESTIVE SCENE.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

Oh! banquet not in this festive scene,
 Where craftsmen meet in bright array,
 Unless, remembering what they've been,
 Ye think of those who're far away ;
 For many but know " a feast of tears."
 And while the gen'rous wine we pour,
 Our guests and friends of former years
 May meet like us in lodge no more.

Then, that the cup the sweeter be,
 Nor thorns beset our festal flowers,
 Forget not heaven-born charity
 Befits a Mason's lodge like ours.
 The giver and the gift is bless'd
 If what we give be freely given,
 But he who *pities* the distress'd
 And *gives not*, mocks the truths of Heaven!

THE JUNIOR WARDEN'S SONG.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

The junior warden calls
 The Masons from their labour,
 And each is free
 To join with me,
 And drink unto his neighbour.
 Fill the glass,
 Let it pass,
 Beaming with a temperate glow,
 Till the clocks
 And the knocks
 Tell us it is time to go !

The sun in heaven's high arch
 Beams somewhere or another,
 For, though 'tis night,
 We know his light
 Sets never on a brother.
 Fill the glass, &c.

And though we work by rule,
 All work would be but folly.
 A time for play
 Comes every day,
 And we may now be jolly !
 Fill the glass, &c.

We know no civil broils
 To mar our social greetings,
 The mason kicks
 All politics
 Away from all his meetings.
 Fill the glass, &c.

And ere we part to night,
 No Mason here afraid is
 To drink the toast
 He loves the most,
 So, here's unto the ladies !
 Fill the glass, &c.

Should any fair one ask
 Our secrets, her we'll bow to,
 A Mason's zeal
 Her lips will seal,
 The best way he knows how to.
 Fill the glass, &c.

And if she's wiser then,
 This fact her mind will dwell in,
 A Mason proves
 To her he loves
 There is no "kiss and *telling*."
 Fill the glass, &c.

Then here's a health to all
 Who're in this circle seated;
 May all meet here
 For many a year,
 To hear this song repeated.
 Fill the glass, &c.

INSTALLATION SONG.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

Our lodge it is squared,
 And our master is chair'd,
 Let us hail him once more in his station;
 Now the banquet is stored,
 And the wine it is pour'd,
 To do honour to his installation.

An apprentice at first
 In the craft he was nursed,
 And taught in morality's college,
 That the best way to rise,
 Was to, early, be wise,
 And that truth was the right road to knowledge.

As fellow craft, too,
 Soon his wages he drew,
 By experience put a good face on;
 His progress was praised,
 And thus he got raised,
 And turn'd out a good master Mason.

Your warden he's been
 Where he ever was seen,
 At home in the west every meeting;
 The level display'd,—
 How well he obey'd
 Every sign, every summons and greeting.

And now the reward
 That past labours afford,
 He has gain'd,—and how few gain it faster!
 Thus all brothers who please,
 May get on—*by degrees*,
 And in time may become a past master.

May he long live to grace
 His position and place,
 Doing honour to his exaltation;
 And we'll ne'er rue the day
 That we vow'd to obey
 And to celebrate his installation.

THE TRUTHS OF MASONRY.

[Bro. J. E. CARPENTER, P.M.]

When first I hail'd the sacred craft,
 I knew no cheering ray
 To guide me through life's mazy path
 Or warn me on my way;
 A pilgrim through the realm of gloom
 With careless steps I pass'd,
 And little cared I for my doom,
 Till light was o'er me cast.

I stood alone and friendless there,
And helpless as a child,
A wanderer on an alien shore,
Forsaken and reviled.
A lonely lot I often knew,
But lonelier felt I then,
Till found I Masons, brothers too,
And found those brothers—men !

The mystic veil was drawn aside,
And to my view display'd
The symbols that true Masons guide,
That precepts wise pervade.
And never since that blessed dawn
Of sacred light to me,
Did e'er I seek to slight or scorn
The truths of Masonry.

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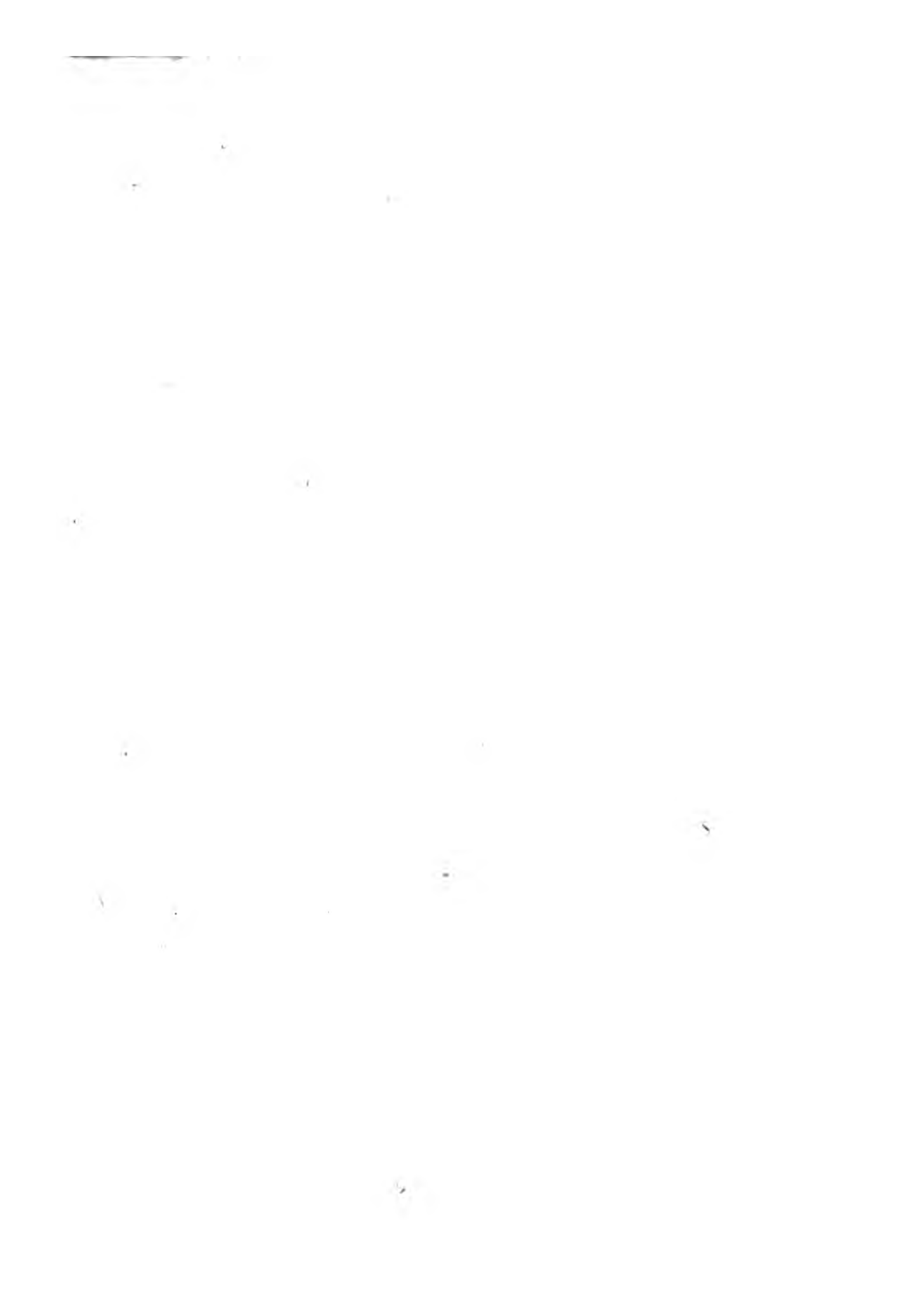
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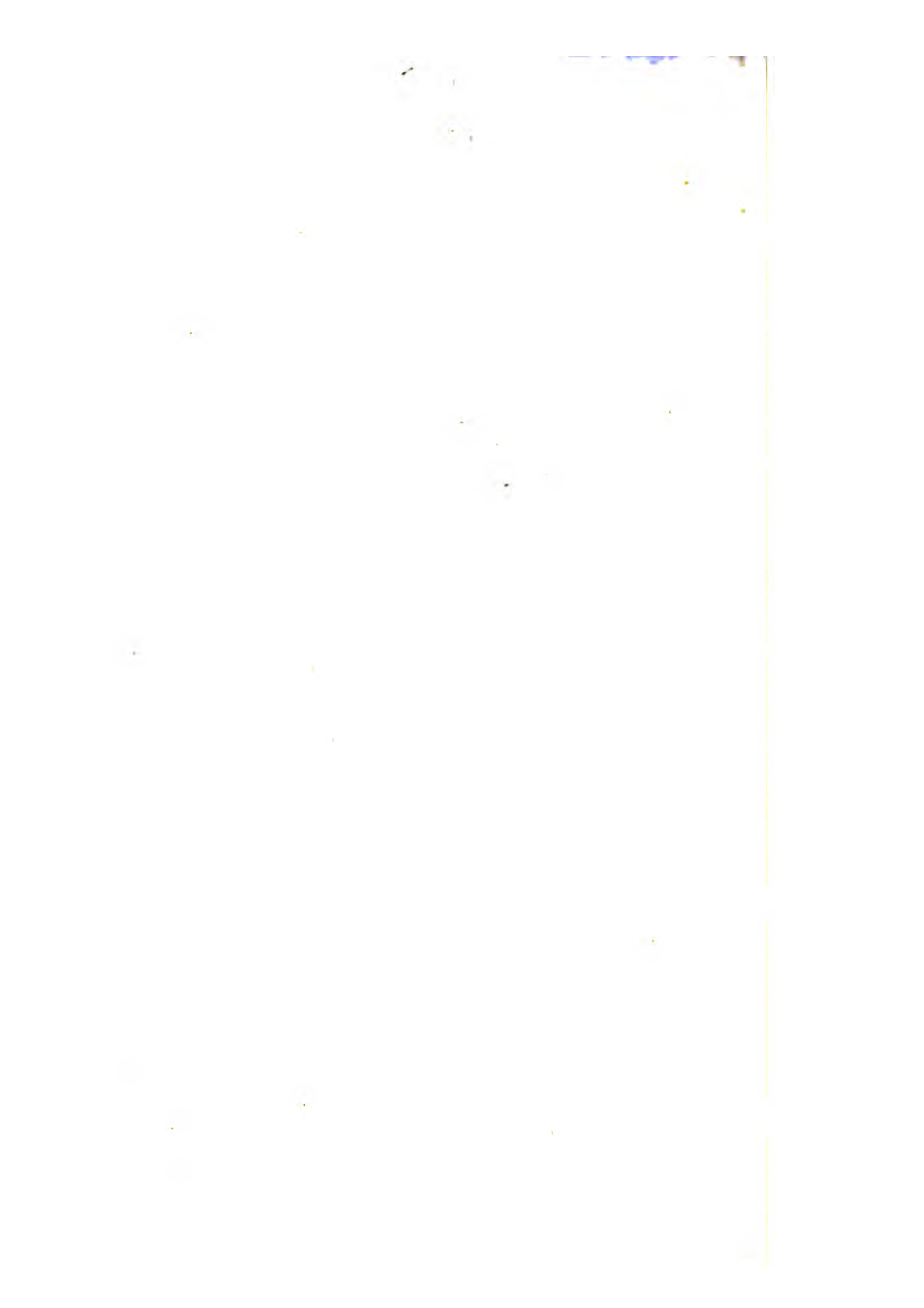
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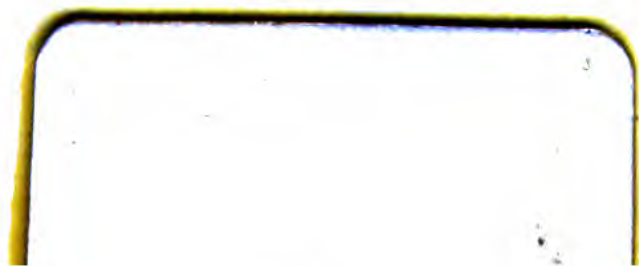
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