

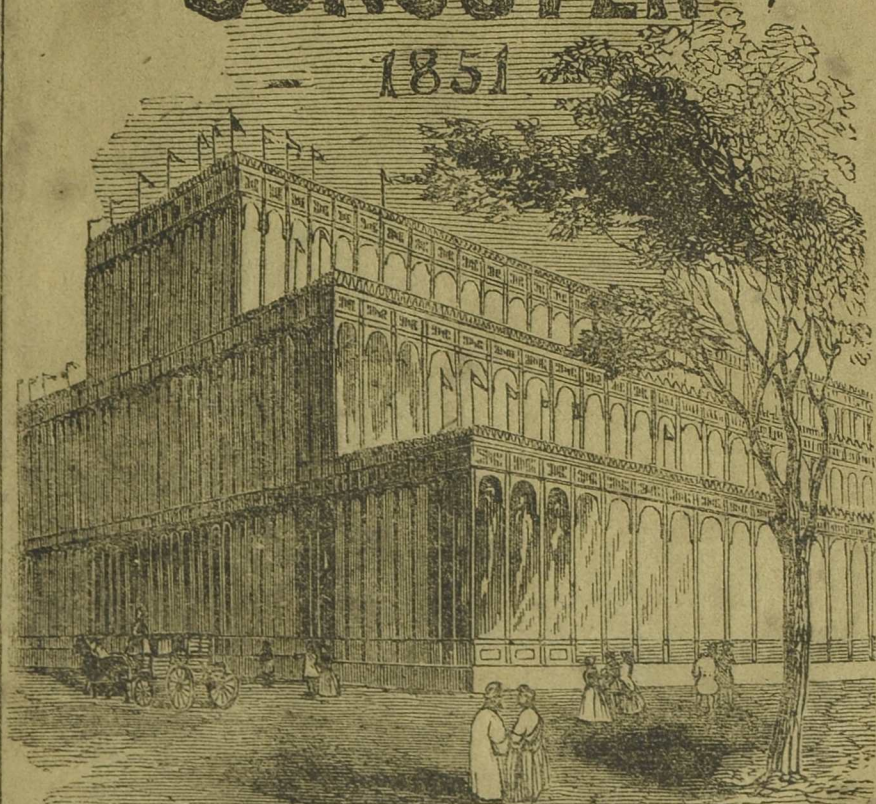
No. 1.

THE

Price 2d.

GRAND NATIONAL SONGSTER

1851

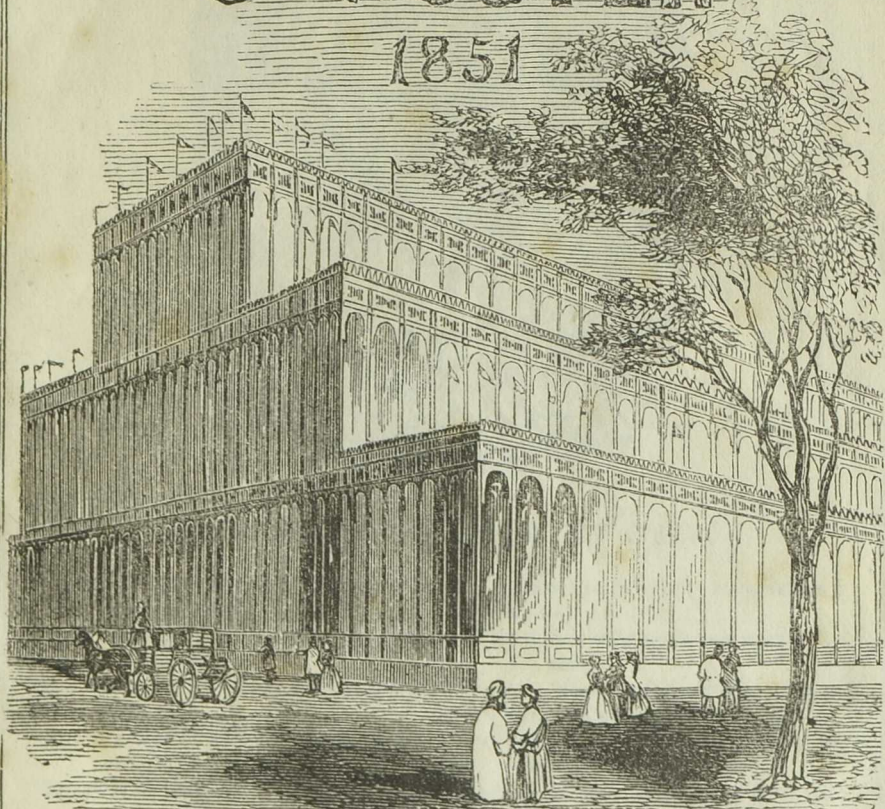


PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON, 60,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

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SONGSTER

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THE GRAND NATIONAL SONGSTER.



THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

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

Of the birds in thy bow'r companions I
 make,
 Ev'ry simple wild-flower do I prize for
 thy sake;
 The deep woods and dark wilds now a
 pleasure impart,
 For their solitude suits my sad sorrow-
 worn heart.
 Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will
 not repine;
 Ere long we shall meet in the home
 that's now thine
 For I feel thou art near, and where'er
 I may be,
 That thy spirit of love keeps a watch
 over me.

THE BOWER OF LOVE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

The bower of love, at moonlit hour,
 The bower of love for me;
 Where lutes are touch'd by ladies'
 hands,
 Under the gossamer tree;
 Where ladies' eyes out-glitter the
 stars,
 And the gay dance chases the
 night
 To the castanets' sound,
 And wine-cups round,
 While the brook bubbles in beauty
 bright.

There joyful hearts with mine must
 throb,
 No sorrow can linger near;
 Where lips more sweet than perfum'd
 flow'rs
 Solace the wanderer's tear;
 There, ladies' eyes more lovely shall
 seem
 Than the glow-worm's golden
 light;
 'Mid the castanets' sound,
 And wine-cups round,
 While the brook bubbles in beauty
 bright.

OYSTERS, SIR.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Many a knight and lady gay
 Will stay me as I cry,
 While roaming through the streets
 each day,
 My native oysters buy!
 I'll please you well with what I sell,
 'Then mark my love-arch'd eye;
 Pray buy of me, I all excel,
 My Milton oysters, buy.
 Oysters, sir! oysters, sir! oysters,
 sir, I cry;
 The finest native oysters that ever
 you did buy.

My father was a seaman brave,
 No cares did him annoy,
 Until he sunk beneath the wave—
 Then farewell every joy!
 Then I got bold, and oysters sold,
 And raised a cheerful cry,
 Who'll buy of pretty Mary Anne?
 My native oysters, buy!
 Oysters, sir! &c.

They squeeze my hand as they pass by,
 And call me pretty maid;
 To this I only do reply,
 According to my trade,
 I'll please you well with what I sell,
 And many an arch reply,
 My oysters they are fresh and good,
 Will you be pleased to try?
 Oysters, sir! &c.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

[Music—at Falkner's.]

He comes from the 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 cot-
 tager's door:
 Pale, pale, is his cheek, there's a gash
 on his brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distract-
 edly flow;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by
 fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just
 flashes to die.

Rest, warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep, in the cot-
 tager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary
 head;
 Perchance he may dream, but the
 vision shall tell
 Of his lady-love's bow'r, 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 lips the sweet
 warmth of her kiss,
 Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber
 is bliss!

Rest, warrior, rest.

HURRAH! FOR
THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 And wha winna wish guid luck to
 our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa.

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
It's guid to support Caledonia's
cause,
And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Donald, the chief
of the clan,

Although that his hand be sma.
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write,
There's none ever fear'd that the
truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would in-
dict.

Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue,
[&c.]

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Oh, leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light,
And rove with me through forests
green,

Beneath the silent night:
Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,
Which shine from every star;
I'll sing a song of happier days,
And strike the Light Guitar.

And strike, &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 strike, &c.

LOVE FROM THE HEART.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Yes, I will leave my father's halls,
To roam along with thee;
Adieu, adieu, my native walls!
To other scenes we flee.
There we will seek the silent glade,
When we have strayed afar,
And you shall play, my dearest maid,
Songs on your light guitar.

Love, gentle love, shall be our guide,
To a far distant land;
And, whether bliss or woe betide,
This heart you shall command.
I'll tell you tales of older years,
Of hapless love or war;
But should they cause you pearly
tears,
Then sound our gay guitar.

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Day has gone down on the Baltic's
broad billow,
Evening has sigh'd her last to the
lone willow;
The Baltic's broad billow,
Evening has sigh'd her last to the
lone willow;
Night hurries on, earth and ocean to
cover,
Rise, gentle moon, and light me to
my lover!

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth
to woo me,
Brighter since then hast thou ever
seem'd to me;
First stole forth to woo me,
Brighter since then hast thou ever
seem'd to me,
Let the wild waves still the red sun
roll over,
Thine is the light of all lights to a
lover.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

RECITATIVE.

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

AIR.

A hermit who dwells in the solitudes
cross'd me,
As wayworn and faint up the moun-
tain I pressed;
The aged man paused on his staff to
accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my man-
sion of rest.

Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I
rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim
of love.

For the pilgrim of love, for the pil-
grim of love,
No rest but the grave for the pil-
grim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, 'till the burning
noon passes,

Let boughs of the lemon-tree shel-
ter thy head;

The juice of ripe muscadel flows in
my glasses,

And rushes fresh pulled for siesta
are spread.

Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I
rove,

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim
of love.

For the pilgrim of love, for the pil-
grim of love,

No rest but the grave for the pil-
grim of love.

THE SUN HIS BRIGHT RAYS.

[Music—at T. Williams's.]

The sun his bright rays may withhold,
love,

Unreflected the moonbeam may be;
But ne'er till this bosom be cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but
thee.

For thou art the joy of my heart, love,
All beauty thy beauties outvie;
And sooner than with thee I'd part,
love,

Thy lover, thy husband, would die.
And sooner than with thee I'd 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 it cools my fond ardour for you.
For thou art, &c.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

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

I've been roaming, &c.

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

I've been roaming, &c.

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

I've been roaming, &c.

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

Over hill and over plain,
To my bower back again,
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
To my bower back again.

O, MERRY ROW THE BONNY BARK.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

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 snow white rose upon it too,
A Highland lad is he;
Then merry row, O, merry row,
And bring him safe to me.

As on the pebbly beach I strayed,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky,
The wind did loudly roar,
But merry rowed the bonnie bark,
And brought her love ashore.

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

I have pluck'd the sweetest flower
I have dream'd in fancy's bower,
I have bask'd in beauty's eyes,
I have mingled melting sighs:
If all these sweets to have,
I'm the guiltiest man alive.
But, gentle maids, believe
I never can deceive,
Nor cause your hearts to grieve,
With a sad heigho

But to raise in beauty's frame,
The burning blush of shame,
Or bid the tear to start,
Far be it from my heart ;
Such base attempts I scorn,
To honour I was born ;
Then, gentle maidens, spare
The heart you thus ensnare,
Or the willow I must wear,
With a sad heigho.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES
THE SIGH.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flow'r appears
Drooping wet with morning tears,
Till the sunbeams' genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

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

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless, the
free,

But there's something about the
moon's ray

That is sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember, be sure to be there,
For, though dearly a moonlight I
prize,

I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your
eyes.

So meet me by moonlight alone.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE
BORDER.

March, march, Ettrick and Tiviot-
dale,
Why, my lads, dinna ye march for-
ward in order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddes-
dale,

All the blue bonnets are over the
border.

Many a banner spread flutters above
your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount and make ready then, sons of
the mountain glen.

Fight for your King and the old
Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hir-
zels are grazing,

Come from the glen of the buck
and the roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon
is blazing ;

Come with the buckler, the lance,
and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war steeds
are bounding ;

Stand to your arms and march in
good order ;

England shall many a day tell of the
bloody fray,

When the blue bonnets came over
the border.

KELVIN GROVE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie
lassie, O,

Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie
lassie, O,

Where the rose in all its pride,
Decks the hollow dingle's side,
Where the midnight fairies glide,
bonnie lassie, O.

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

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

Where the glens rebound the call
Of the lofty waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall,
bonnie lassie, O.

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

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

With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove,
bonnie lassie, O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie
lassie, O,
To this fairy scene and you, bonnie
lassie, O,
To the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented brier,
E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonnie
lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune low'r, bon-
nie lassie, O,
On the lover at this hour, bonnie
lassie, O,
Ere the golden orb of day
Wake the warblers from the
spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie
lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie
lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bon-
nie lassie, O,
Wilt thou, Helen, when you hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie
lassie, O?

WITH MY VILLAGE FAIR.

[Music—at D'Almaine's.]

With my village fair
No lass can compare,
For innocence and native grace;
She boasts not of wealth,
But the pure bloom of health
Shines forth in her beautiful face.
Such a form ne'er was seen,
As she trips o'er the green,
And her heart's free from guile and
from shame;

She lives near the mill,
At the top of a hill,
But I don't mean to tell you her name.

Her luxuriant hair,
So bewitchingly fair,
As wantonly sports in the wind;
Her mild beaming eye,
Like the blue of the sky,
Is an emblem so pure of her mind.
The sound of her voice
Makes my fond heart rejoice,
My love! oh, what mortal can blame?
She lives near the mill, &c.

The Lord and the Squire,
Although they rank higher,
Endeavour her favour to gain;
Let them try as they may,
They still will have "Nay,"
And find all their labour in vain.

'Twas only last night,
As we walked by moonlight,
That she own'd she felt for me love's
flame,
She lives near the mill, &c.

THE PILOT.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee
I do not dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down.
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

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

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

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

The moon's on the lake, and the
mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is
nameless by day,
Our signal for fight, which from
monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our
vengeful halloo.
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gre-
galach!

If they rob us of name, and pursue
us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and
their flesh to the eagles,
Then gather, gather, gather,
Gregalach!

While there's leaves in the forest,
and foam on the river,
Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever;
Glenorchy's proud mountains, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours,—
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine
the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

COME WHERE THE ASPENS
QUIVER.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

Come where the aspens quiver,
Down by the flowing river,
Bring your guitar,
Bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love,
Sing me of fame and glory,
Sing of the poor maid's story,
When her true love must leave her,
Call'd to the holy war,
Come where the aspens, &c.

Come to the wild rose bower,
Come at the vesper hour,
Bring your guitar,
Bring your guitar,
Sing me the songs I love.
Sing of affection slighted,
Sing me of fond hopes blighted,
Sing of the dewy flower,
Sing of the evening star,
Come where the aspens, &c.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE
FIELD.

[Music—at T. Williams's.]

March to the battle field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is freedom's shield,
And heav'n is smiling o'er us.
The woes and pains, the galling chains,
Which kept our spirits under,
In proud disdain we've broke again,
And tore each limb asunder.
March to the battle field, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
Would fly from the 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, &c.

THE HUNTER'S HORN.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

The hunter's horn the dogs are cheering,
To mountaineers a sound endearing;
The silver lake is brightly gleaming;
The mountain rill is gaily streaming;
Haste then, my love, and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
Fa, la, la!

But see the angry clouds propelling
The snow-drift to our humble dwelling,
The timid flock, with lowly bleating,
Back to their sheltered fold retreating,
Haste then, my love, and come away,
The signal is our native lay.
La, la, la!

BAVARIAN GIRL'S SONG.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

From Teutschland I came, with my
light wares all laden,
To dear happy England, in summer's gay bloom;
Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty maiden,
Oh! buy, of the wand'ring Bavarian, a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom,
Oh! buy, of the wand'ring Bavarian, a broom!

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you,
You'll find it quite handy to use night and day,
And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?
Buy a broom, buy a broom, &c.
Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,
My toils for your favour again I'll resume;

And while gratitude's tear in my
eyelid is starting,
Bless the time that in England I
cried, Buy a broom,
Buy a broom, buy a broom,
Bless the time that in England I
cried, Buy a broom.

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

My Highland home, where tempests
blow,
And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy mountains crown'd with driven
snow,
And ice-bound are thy brooks!
But colder far the Briton's heart,
However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,
My native highland home!
Then gang wi' me to Scotland dear,
We ne'er again shall roam;
And with thy smiles, so bonny, cheer
My native highland home.
When summer comes, the heather
bell
Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
The cushet dove, within the dell,
Invites to peace and love!
For blythesome is the breath of May,
And sweet the bonny broom,
And blythe the dimpling rills that
play
Around my highland home!
Then gang wi' me, &c.

THERE IS A FLOWER.

[Music—at Rotheram's.]

There is a flower which oft unheeded
blows
Amidst the splendour of the sum-
mer ray,
And though this simple flower no
sweets disclose,
Yet would it tell thee all I wish to
say:
And when we're parted by the foam-
ing sea,
And thou art heedless what may
be my lot,
I'll send that flower a messenger to
thee,
And it shall whisper thus—Forget
me not!
And when, retir'd from pleasure's
giddy round,
My wearied heart rests on itself
alone,

Thou'lt feel how vain the world's
bright dreams are found,
How false the light by mirth's
wild flashes thrown:
Then to thy mind if home in fancy
rise,
And all the friends that circled
that lov'd spot,
This flower may haply meet thy tear-
ful eyes,
And whisper softly thus—Forget
me not!

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me
so,—Oh, oh, oh,
Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me
so,—Oh, oh, oh;
Her face is round, and red, and
fat,
Like a pulpit cushion, or redder
than that;
Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me
so,—Oh, oh, oh,
Sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me
so,—Oh, oh, oh!
Sweet Kitty in person is rather low
—Oh, oh, oh,
Sweet Kitty in person is rather low
—Oh, oh, oh,
She's three feet high, and that
I prize,
As just a fit wife for a man of
my size,
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh,
Yes, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh.
Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go,
—Oh, oh, oh,
Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go,
—Oh, oh, oh;
One moon-light night, ah me,
what bliss,
Through a hole in the window
she gave me a kiss;
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh,
Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, you bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh;
If Kitty to kirk with me would go,
—Oh, oh, oh,
If Kitty to kirk with me would go,
—Oh, oh, oh;
I think I should never be wretch-
ed again,
If, after the parson, she'd say
Amen;

Then Kitty would ne'er again bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh,
No, Kitty would ne'er again bother
me so,—Oh, oh, oh.

OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S
HEART IS BOUGHT.

[Music—at L. Lee's.]

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
With vain and empty treasure;
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,
She loves—and loves for ever.
Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and
rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah no! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves—and loves for ever.

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's windows came,
And thus he sung his last good
morrow:

“My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight,
Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he marched with helm on
head,

And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel burthen still he sung:

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

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his
way,

'Mid splintering lance and falchion
sweep,

And still was heard his warrior lay:
“My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the gallant Troubadour.”

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

O! SOFTLY SLEEP, MY BABY
BOY.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

O! softly sleep, my baby boy,
Rock'd by the mountain wind;
Thou dream'st not of a lover false,
Nor of a world unkind.

O! sweetly sleep, my baby boy,
Thy mother guards thy rest;
Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,
Shall soothe her aching breast.

Wake, wake, and smile, my baby boy,
My heavy heart to cheer:
The wint'ry blast howls on the hill,
The leaf grows red and sear.

Oh! tell me, tell me, baby boy,
How shall I bear thy cry,
When hunger gnaws thy little heart,
And death lights on thine eye?

Oh! was it meet, my baby boy,
That thou such weird should dree?
Sweet Heav'n forgive thy father false,
His wrong to thee and me.

BE MINE, DEAR MAID.

[Music—at D'Almaine's.]

Be mine, dear maid, this faithful heart,
Can never prove untrue;

'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you.

Then turn thee not away, my love,
Oh! turn thee not away,

For, by the light of truth, I swear
To love thee night and day.

To love thee, &c.

The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I by change, or coldness, wring
Thy fond confiding breast.

Then turn thee not away,
Oh! turn thee not away,

For, by the light of truth, I swear
To love thee night and day.

To love thee, &c.

THE GALE FRESHLY BLEW.

[Music—at Hawes's.]

The gale freshly blew o'er the wide-
swelling main,
And proudly the vessel danc'd
through the white foam,
And high beat my bosom 'twixt
pleasure and pain,
When, ling'ring, I quitted my
dear native home.
Dear kindred and friends on the
shore were met,
And many a tear of love there
fell;
My glowing heart can ne'er for-
get
That first—that fond farewell!

Though distant the land, though un-
genial each clime,
Which fate may compel me in turn
to explore,
In fancy's blest dream I shall call
back the time
When, sighing, I gaz'd on the fast
fading shore.
And while for the scenes of my
youth I burn,
My memory with delight shall
dwell
(Till welcome smiles greet my
return)
Upon that fond farewell!

THEY TELL ME SHE IS HAPPY
NOW.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

They tell me she is happy now,
The fairest of the fair,
And o'er her bright and sunny brow
No sorrow lingers there.
Her light blue eyes have still the smile
Of joy and happiness,
Such eyes as haunt us for awhile,
In our rich dreams of bliss.

Her voice hath still the joyous tone
Of gaiety and mirth,
So innocently sweet, that none
Could think that voice of earth.
From care and grief her bosom's free
(At least they tell me so),
And tranquil as a moonlit sea,
When no rude wind doth blow.

They tell me she is gay and light
As silver clouds above,
That glide along in sunshine bright,
Like fairy isles of love:

But oft beneath the sparkling eye,
A fount of tears will sleep,
And when no other gaze is nigh,
In silence, then, will weep.

MY JAMIE, THOU WERT KIND
TO ME.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

My Jamie! thou wert kind to me,
When we were bairns together,
And 'tis but right this hand should be
Thine ain, and that for ever!
But whilst 'tis press'd upon thy lips,
Oh, think ye frae this hour,
That where the bee the honey sips,
It leaves, unbroke, the flow'r.

Remember, that I leave my all,
And trust me to thy keeping;
And let whatever may befall,
I'm thine through joy or weeping.
Thro' weal or woe, whate'er betide,
The vow for aye I've taken,
That binds me ever to thy side,
'Then leave me not forsaken.

My sisters gather round me now,
Their tears for me are falling;
I can but kiss each saddened brow,
For, Jamie, thou art calling.
I leave my happy home for thee,
The home we lov'd together:
For, Jamie, thou wert kind to me,
And I will love thee ever.

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE
DEEP.

[Music—at Lawson's.]

There's beauty in the deep—
There's beauty in the deep—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the light shine bright
on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depth below.
The rainbow tints are only made,
When on the waters they are laid;
And sun and moon most sweetly
shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty, &c.

There's music in the deep—
There's music in the deep—
It is not in the waves' wild roar,
Nor in the whisp'ring pebbly shore;
They are but earthy sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,

That sounds its loud clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness thro' the flood,
Thro' echo'd groves of coral gay,
And dies, on mossy banks, away.

There's music, &c.

There's quiet in the deep—
There's quiet in the deep—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the
wave;

Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end—
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.

There's quiet, &c.

THE KING OF THE LYRE.

[Music—at Jefferys and Nelson's.]

Come, drink to the King of the Lyre,
Come, bow to his magical sway,
For his is the true attic fire,
That can only with nature decay;

He has won all the gems from the
mine,
Earth and ocean have yielded their
store,

Till his brow is as bright as the shrine
That the worshipping pilgrims
adore.

Come, drink, &c.

When he comes, in the pride of his
song

To wake all the echoes of earth,
He sweeps, like, a meteor, along,
From the cloud of its mystical
birth.

Oh, he is the wizard to weave
The spell of the magical tone;
He speaks, and we hardly believe
That he breathes the same tongue
as our own.

Come, drink, &c.

In the web his bright fancy has spun,
He has mingled the hues of the
skies,

And his metaphors glow, like the
sun,

In the depth of their beautiful
dyes;

Like the strains of his own lovely
isle

He mixes the sad with the gay,
He can rainbow our hearts with a
smile,

Or melt them, in softness, away!
Then drink, &c.

THE PILOT'S GRAVE.

[Music—at B. Williams's.]

Trust not the wave, my only boy,
Go where thou wilt beside,
Though winds be hush'd, and blue
the sky,

Yet danger will betide:
Thy father was a Pilot bold,
And skill'd, well skill'd to save,
Yet 'neath the wild blue waters cold
Was all the Pilot's Grave.

What tho' thy bark's career may be
Swift as the eagles' flight,
From lightning canst thou hope to
flee,

Or tempest black as night?
No honour gain'd can aid thee then,
Nor valiant arm can save—
How many Britain's bravest men
Have shar'd the Pilot's Grave!

I know thee daring as thy sire,
As thou his look dost wear,
Thine eye beams forth the same
keen fire,

And thine his raven hair:
Oh go not, lest his fate be thine.
Beneath the dark blue wave,
Think on the joys thou must resign,
Think on the Pilot's Grave!

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales—
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours.
Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could
find

A girl like blithesome Sally,
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From nestling in each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free:
Yet though the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me, like her that cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd (of late discharg'd)
To use my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:
I care not which (with either pleas'd)
So I possess my Sally,
The little merry nymph that cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

YANKEE DOODLE.

America I've not left long,
 Where I was called the darling
 The pretty ladies all among,
 For each knew Billy Barling.
 As thro' the streets I chance to walk,
 Some call out, There's a noodle!
 Other folks would of me talk,
 Saying, There goes Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

The first I loved was Betty Wade,
 So tall and perpendicular,
 Her hair was black, in short, well
 made

In every particular.
 She used to look at me and squint,
 'Cause I was her loving noodle,
 She gave to me a gentle hint,
 She'd be Mrs. Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

For Betty dear I used to pine,
 She called me her dear Billy,
 I've loved her too, a long, long time,
 It's almost drove me silly;
 I went to sup with her, oh, la,
 Her tender loving noodle,
 Behind the door 'twas there I saw,
 A little Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

To Lunnon town I made my way,
 Where the lasses are so pretty,
 I came by water all the way,
 Unto fam'd Lunnon city;
 A sailor jok'd me like a dog,
 Saying there's a stupid noodle,
 Says I, You knows you are a hog,
 Then he wallop'd Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

Quite strange I felt in Lunnon town,
 As you might well suppose,
 One gentleman he knocked me down,
 Another broke my nose.
 My pockets they turned inside out,
 Saying, There's a stupid noodle,
 Get up, they cried, you foolish lout,
 And robb'd poor Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

Three years in Lunnon town I've
 been,
 I'm getting rather funny,
 Unless some lady's heart I win,
 With a pocket full of money;
 One I found to suit my plan,
 A widow called O'Roodle,
 But she said she'd have a proper man,
 And not a Yankee Doodle.
 Doodle doodle, &c.

My money's gone all but ten pounds,
 So back I must be going,
 Of pleasure I've had many a round;
 My wild oats I've been sowing.
 Unless some pretty lady here,
 Not like to Mrs. Roodle,
 Will come and whisper in my ear,
 I'll be Mrs. Yankee Doodle,
 Doodle doodle, &c.

THE PILGRIM'S RETURN.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

When the pilgrim returns from a far
 distant shrine,
 To the home that he loves, as I
 dearly love mine,
 To the home that he loves,
 As I dearly, I dearly love mine;
 Tho' way-worn, expiring, he sinks
 to the earth,
 He sinks to the earth,
 With rapture he'll cry, 'tis the land
 of my birth!

To my own humble shed, like the
 pilgrim I turn,
 And if death be my lot, all its terrors
 I spurn:
 And if death be my lot,
 All its terrors I spurn;
 And with ecstasy cry ere I sink to
 the earth,
 Ere I sink to the earth,
 I at least find a grave in the land of
 my birth!

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

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

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

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

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

[Music—at Lonsdale's.]

The boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring
 blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice
 little maids,
 They'll kiss 'em, and coax 'em, and
 spend their money free,
 For of all the towns in Ireland, Kil-
 kenny for me.
 Fal de ral, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs
 a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives
 a fair dame;
 Her lips are like roses, her mouth
 much the same,
 Like a dish of sweet strawberries
 smother'd in cream.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's
 large coal,
 Which through my poor bosom have
 burnt a big hole.
 Her mind, like its river, is mild,
 clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than is
 marble, I'm sure.
 Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines
 where it stands,
 And the more I think on it the more
 my heart warms,
 For if I was in Kilkenny I'd think
 myself at home,
 For 'tis there I get sweethearts, but
 here I get none.
 Fal de ral, &c.

WHAT CAN A POOR MAIDEN
 DO?

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

Were it not for these men, we should
 ne'er do amiss,
 Nor papas nor mamas disobey;

But, alas! when, with sighs, they
 demand but a kiss,
 Why—what can a poor maiden say?
 She cries no—then cries hush,
 Then looks down with a blush,
 While he swears to his vows he'll
 be true;
 And with one by your side,
 Who will not be denied—
 Why—what can a poor maiden do?

While they guess there's a heart
 pleading for them within,
 'Tis in vain that our lips tell them
 nay:
 For, alas! if they once are determined
 to win—
 Why—what can a poor maiden say?
 She cries no—with a blush,
 He persists, she cries hush;—
 If she fly, still these lovers pursue;
 Though the men we may fear,
 Yet, without them, oh, dear!
 Why—what can a poor maiden do?

I WANT MONEY.

I want money, I want money, think-
 ing makes me very funny,
 I want money, I want money, think-
 ing makes me very funny
 Once I lov'd a pretty maid,
 But to court her was afraid,
 She was a vixen I found out,
 At me she'd leer, and jeer, and flout,
 'Cause I want money, &c.

One night I went to meet my love,
 Says I, my sweet, my turtle dove;
 Then what d'ye think she said to me,
 Why hang yourself or go to sea,
 'Cause you want money, &c.

I thought that ere was rather rum,
 So says I to her, good night, mum:
 Then home I went as I should seem,
 To bed I got and dream'd a dream,
 That I had money, &c.

When I waked, I found myself,
 I look'd about, but found no pelf,
 And then I did, without much stir, see
 I'd only been in the arms of Murphy,
 'Cause I want money, &c.

Next week I heard my uncle was
 A stiff stone corpse, and that is poz,
 To see him, then, I set about,
 When I got there, why I found out
 I had money, &c.

MORAL.

Young men who love the ladies dear,
 A good long purse be sure to wear,
 When they find that you've got cash.
 Then they'll cut a mighty flash,
 With your money, &c.

MY OWN BLUE BELL.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

My own blue bell, my pretty blue
 bell,
 I never will rove where roses dwell;
 My lips you view, of your own bright
 hue,
 And oh, never doubt that my heart's
 true blue.
 Though oft, I own, I've foolishly
 flown
 To peep at each bud that was newly
 blown,
 I now have done with folly and fun,
 For there's nothing like constancy
 under the sun.
 My own blue bell, &c.
 Some belles are blues, invoking the
 muse,
 And talking of vast intellectual views;
 Their crow-quill's tip in the ink they
 dip,
 And they prate with the lore of a
 learned lip;
 Blue belles like these may be wise as
 they please,
 But I love my own blue bell that
 bends in the breeze;
 Pride passes her by, but she charms
 my eye,
 With a tint that resembles the
 cloudless sky.
 My own blue bell, &c.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Nelson's.]

While the lads of the village shall
 merrily, ah,
 Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee
 along,
 And I say unto thee, that merrily, ah,
 Thou and I will be first in the
 throng.
 While the lads, &c.
 Just then, when the youth who last
 year won the dower,
 And his mate shall the sports have
 begun,

When the gay voice of gladness re-
 sounds from each bower,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to
 make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless what
 mortal can blame?

'Tis my maxim that youth should
 be free;

And, to prove that my words and my
 deeds are the same,

Believe thou shalt presently see.
 While the lads, &c.

REAL HAVANNAH.

[Parody on "Love's Ritornella."]

Real Havannah! precious cigar!
 Gentle as manna, bright as a star;
 Pleasant at fireside, cheery on road,
 Best of all perfumes at home or
 abroad;

Real Havannah!

Puff away care—

Blow my misfortunes
 Into thin air.

Real Havannah! O, who would dare,
 Meerschaum or hookah with thee to
 compare?

When thy bright tip any mortal may
 see.

Thou art his choice, and a smoker is
 he;

Real Havannah, &c.

Real Havannah! primest of stuff,
 Sell me no humbug, vender of snuff;
 Think not on me you can cut any
 jokes,

'Tis Toper Thomas himself who now
 smokes;

Real Havannah, &c.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A
COASTING SHIP.

Bound 'prentice to a coasting-ship I
 weather'd many a gale,

But, bless your heart, I never
 know'd no fear;

And to treat my pretty Sue on shore
 to foreign climes I'd sail,

Where I learnt to box the compass,
 tippie grog, hand reef,
 and steer.

[Spoken.] Box the compass!—
 aye, that's one of the first accom-

plishments a British sailor has to
larn. Lord love you! it comes as
A B C. — N. by E. N.N.E. N.E.
by N.N.E. N.E. by E. E.N.E.
E. by N.E.

And sing—Ri tol, &c.

When sailing to Spitzbergen, or
crossing of the line,
The cold or heat was all as one to
Mike;

For lubberly enjoyments he was
never known to pine,
Nor in a close engagement to an
enemy he'd strike.

[Spoken.] But sing—no, d—n it,
we could not sing! the lee-scuppers
were drenched, and too many brave
fellows have lost the number of their
mess, and gone to Davy Jones's
locker. Never mind — chance of
war! we must all slip our cable some
time or other, as our chaplain says;
so to it we goes—we tip it her as hot
as she can sup it!—Another broad-
side, my boys!—My eyes, what a
crash!—her mainmast's gone by the
board!—the lubbers cry peccavi!—
we grapple, and tow her into port!—
I mount the main chain for sound-
ings, heaves the lead under the lee
bow, catches its dip upon the quar-
ter, and sings out, "By the mark,
seven."—And sing—

Ri tol, &c.

But when the war 's concluded, and
lots of cash in store,

No one can say they ever knew
him finch;

But full of fun and frolic, among his
friends on shore.

He'll prove himself, in peace or
war, a sailor, every inch.

[Spoken.] Well, we goes ashore,
and there we sees the beach lined
with pretty girls, ready to receive
us; I spies my Sue among them,
with tears in her eyes, upon the
look-out for her weather-beaten
Will. What cheer, my lass? how
does the land lay? We rushes into
each other's arms. D—n me, there
is a go! what signifies a parcel of
palaver about happiness and that
ere—can any thing equal a return to
the girl we love after a long absence?
so we steers into the first grog shop
—the bowl goes round—Old Scrape
tunes his fiddle in the corner—Sue
axes me for that ere old hornpipe

what I've danced a thousand times
—I consents; and off I goes, for the
honour of Old England and the dear
girl I love. And sing—

Ri tol, &c.

RETURN, O! MY LOVE.

[Music — at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Return, O! my love, and we'll never,
never, part,

While the moon her soft light shall
shed,

I'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,
And my bosom shall pillow thy
head.

The breath of the woodbine is on my
lip,

Empearl'd in the dews of May,
And none but thou of its sweetness
shall sip,

Or steal its honey away,

No, no, no, never no,

Or steal its honey away.

Return, O! my love, and we'll never,
never, part,

While the moon her soft light shall
shed,

I'll hold thee fast to my virgin heart,
And my bosom shall pillow thy
head,

Yes, yes,

And my bosom shall pillow
thy head.

THE DASHING WHITE SER-
JEANT.

If I had a beau, for a soldier who'd
go,

Do you think I'd say no?—Oh, no,
not I!

When his red coat I saw, not a sigh
would it draw,

But I'd give him 'eclat' for his
bravery!

If an army of Amazons e'er came in
play,

As a dashing white serjeant I'd
march away!

When my soldier was gone, d'ye
think I'd take on,

Sit moping forlorn? No, no, not I!

His fame my concern, how my bosom
would burn,

When I saw him return crown'd
with victory!

If an army of Amazons e'er came in
play,
As a dashing white serjeant I'd
march away.

OH! WHY DID I GATHER.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

Ah! why did I gather this delicate
flower,
Why pluck the young bud from
the tree?
'Twould there have bloom'd lovely
for many an hour,
And how soon will it perish with
me!
Already its beautiful texture decays,
Already it fades on my sight;
'Tis thus that chill rancour too often
o'erpowers
The moments of transient delight.
When eagerly pressing enjoyments
too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste;
How oft thus we mourn with a peni-
tent tear,
O'er the joys which we lavish'd in
waste;
This elegant flower, had I left it at
rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes;
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd
in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and dies.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN HORN.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

Come, my gallant soldier, come!
Leave the proud embattled field,
Sbrilly fife and rolling drum,
All the pleasures war can yield,
Quickly come—again behold
The happy land where thou wert
born,
And hear its music, sweet and bold,
The merry mountain horn.
Yhucio—cio—yhu!
In thy native valley fine,
Far away from pomp or pow'r,
Constant love and peace of mind,
Here in bright affection's bow'r,
Quickly come—again behold
The happy land where thou wert
born,
And hear its music sweet and bold,
The merry mountain horn.
Yhucio—cio—yhu!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

'Mid pleasures and palaces though
we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no
place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to
hallow it there,
Which, go through the world, you
will not meet elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home!
There is no place like home,
There is no place like home.
An exile from home, pleasure daz-
zles in vain,
Ah! give me my lowly thatched
cottage again;
The birds singing sweetly, that came
to my call,—
Give me them, and that peace of
mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, &c.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSE- HOOD FRAMED.

[Music—at Walker and Son's.]

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For though your tongue no promise
claimed,
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.
But when they learn that you have
blest
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.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

[Music—at Z. T. Purday's.]

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, dashed upon the billow,
Her op'ning 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 wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky ;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved the bitter sigh ;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

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

TIPITYWICHET.

This morning very handy,
My malady was such
I in my tea took brandy,
But took a cup too much.
(Hiccups) tol de rol.

But stop, I mus'nt mag hard,
My head aches, if you pleas
One pinch of Irish blackguard
I'll take to give me ease.
(Sneezes) tol de rol.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,
For this very morning,
I rose when cock was crowing,
Excuse me if I yawn.
(Yawns) tol de rol.

I'm not in cue for frolic,
Can't up my spirits keep,
For love's a windy cholick,
'Tis that which makes me weep.
(Cries) tol de rol.

I'm not in mood for crying,
Care's a silly calf,
If to get fat you're trying,
The only way's to laugh.
(Laughs) tol de rol.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING
TALE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Hope told a flatt'ring tale,
That joy would soon return,
Ah ! nought my sighs avail,
For Love is doom'd to mourn.

Oh ! where's the flatt'rer gone ?
From me for ever flown,
The happy dream of love is o'er,
And life, alas ! can charm no more.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young love flew to the Paphian bow'r,
And gather'd sweets from many a
flow'r,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
Young love, &c.
The Graces they were culling posies,
The Graces, &c.
And found young Love among the
roses.

O happy day ! O joyous hour !
Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r ;
Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for
ever.
Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses.
Young Love, &c.

TELL ME MY HEART.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

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

Tell me, my heart, why summer's
glow
A wint'ry 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.
Some zephyr, &c.

I HAVE FRUIT, I HAVE
FLOWERS.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

I have fruit, I have flow'rs,
That were gather'd in the bow'rs,
Amid the blooming hills so high, so
high:

I have fruit, I have flow'rs,
The daughters of the show'rs,
Of the dews and the rills, will you
buy?

I've a young nightingale,
That by moonlight in the vale,
So fondly to a rose his love did sigh;
I stole within their bow'r,
Caught the silly bird and flow'r;
Will you buy the pretty lovers, will
you buy?

I have fruit, &c.

CHERRY RIPE.

[Music—at Willis's.]

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry;
Full and fair ones come and buy.
Cherry ripe, &c.

If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land or cherry isle.
Cherry ripe, &c.

Where the sunbeams sweetly
smile,
There's the land or cherry isle.
There plantations fully show,
All the year where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, &c.

MERRY I'VE BEEN, AND
MERRY I'LL BE.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

I can never be sad while the world
is so bright,
With its sunbeams by day, and its
stars in the night.

There's pleasure for me in the tran-
quil blue sky,
And a sport in the stream that runs
merrily by.

I can never be sad, while the world
is so bright,
With its sunbeams by day, and its
stars in the night.

Then ladies, ladies, imitate me,
Merry I have been, and merry
I'll be.

I can never be sad when I see the
green trees,
As they wave to and fro when at play
with the breeze;

There's a pleasure for me in the
tranquil blue sky,
And a sport in the stream that runs
merrily by.

I can never be sad, while the world
is so bright,

With its sunbeams by day, and its
stars in the night.

Then ladies, ladies, imitate me,
Merry I have been, and merry
I'll be.

MEET ME TO NIGHT.

[Music—at Cramer & Co's.]

Meet me to-night in the path which
lies

By the side of the woodland hol-
low,

The moon will have open'd her silv'ry
eyes,

And tell thee which way to follow.
And tell thee, &c.

Then tripping along to thy footsteps'
sound,

Thy lip to thy heart will be hum-
ming,

If thy glance for a moment turn
around,

'Twill assure thee, love, I'm com-
ing.

Meet me to-night, &c.

O, do not fear, do not fear, not a
tone will break

On earth or in air, on earth or in
air that can chide thee,

If a lonely rose perchance to awake,
'Twill droop its bloom beside thee.

Meet me to-night, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO
BLOW.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

The rose will cease to blow,

The eagle turn a dove,

The stream will cease to flow,

Ere I will cease to love.

The sun will cease to shine,

The world will cease to move,

The stars their light resign,

Ere I will cease to love.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

[Music—at T. Williams's.]

He was a knight of low degree,
A lady high and fair was she;
She dropp'd a ring—he rais'd the
gem,
'Twas rich as eastern diadem;—
"Nay, as your mistress' trophy take
The toy, when next a lance you
break."
He to the tourney rode away,
And bore off glory's wreath that day.
And bore, &c.

How did his ardent bosom beat,
When hastening to that lady's feet,
The ring and wreath he proudly laid,
"Oh! keep the ring," she softly said.
"A ring so rich I may not wear,
Howe'er return a gift so rare."
"Dear youth, a plain gold ring,"
she sigh'd,
"From you, were worth the world
beside."

From you, &c.

THE CHIMES OF ZURICH.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

The sun his parting ray had cast,
O'er verdant hills and dells,
And o'er the lake sweet music pass'd
From Zurich's evening bells.
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were ringing, I hear
them yet;
Sweet ev'ning chimes,
Sweet evening chimes, I can ne'er
forget.

The shades of eve were on the wave,
And twilight's fairy dells,
Whilst echo answer'd from her cave
Those distant evening bells:
Wild birds were singing,
Flow'rets were springing,
Sweet chimes were singing, I hear
them yet,
Sweet ev'ning chimes,
Sweet ev'ning chimes, I can
ne'er forget.

LOVE WAS ONCE A LITTLE
BOY.

[Music—at Chappell's.]

Love was once a little boy,
Heigho! heigho!

Then with him 'twas sweet to toy,
Heigho! heigho!
He was then so innocent,
And not, as now, on mischief bent,
Free he came, and harmless went,
Heigho! heigho!

Love is now a little man,
Heigho! heigho!
And a very saucy one,
Heigho! heigho!
He walks so stiff, and looks so smart,
As if he own'd each maiden's heart;
I wish he felt his own keen dart,
Heigho! heigho!

Love will soon be growing old,
Heigho! heigho!
Half his life's already told,
Heigho! heigho!
When he's dead, and buried too,
What shall we poor maidens do?
I'm sure I cannot tell—
Heigho! heigho!

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

I saw (what seem'd) an artless child,
With wings and bow, and aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and
pin'd;
And begg'd I would some boon
bestow
On a poor little boy, stone blind.
And begg'd, &c.

Not aware of the danger too soon I
complied;
For exulting then the urchin cried,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
"My pow'r you soon, you soon shall
know,"
And wounded me right in the
heart.
"My power," &c.

YOUNG SUSAN HAD LOVERS.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Young Susan had lovers so many
that she
Hardly knew upon which to de-
cide;
They all spoke sincerely, and pro-
mised to be
So worthy of such a sweet bride.
In the morning she'd gossip with
William, and then
The noon would be spent with
young Harry;

The evening with Tom, so amongst
all the men,

She never could tell which to
marry.

Heigho! I'm afraid

Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous, and so
went away—

Harry got tired of wooing;

And John, having teas'd her to fix
on the day,

Received but a frown for so doing.

So amongst all her lovers, quite left
in the lurch,

She pin'd ev'ry night on her pil-
low;

And meeting a pair one day going to
church,

Turn'd away, and died under a
willow.

Heigho! I'm afraid,

Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

BID ME DISCOURSE.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

Bid me discourse, I will enchant
thine ear,

Or like a fairy trip upon the green;

Or, like a nymph with bright and
flowing hair,

Dance on the sands, and yet no
footing seen.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

All in the Downs the fleet was
moored,

The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on
board,

"Oh! where shall I my true-love
find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me
true,

If my sweet William sails among
your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he
heard,

He sigh'd, and cast his eyes
below,

The cord glides swiftly through his
glowing hands,

And, quick as lightning, on the deck
he stands,

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his
breast,

If, chance, his mate's shrill call he
hears,

And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British
fleet

Might envy William's lips those
kisses sweet.

"Oh, Susan! Susan! lovely dear,

My vows shall ever true remain,

Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds! my
heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points
to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt, with doubts, thy con-
stant mind:

They tell thee, sailors, when at sea,
In every port a mistress find!

Yes, yes, believe them when they
tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoc'er
I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in diamonds
bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus every beauteous object that I
view

Wakes in my soul some charm of
lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy
arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from
harm,

William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round
me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from
Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful
word,

The sails their swelling bosoms
spread;

No longer must she stay on board,—
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung
his head;

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to
land,

"Adieu!" she cried, and wav'd her
lily hand.

O! NEVER FALL IN LOVE.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
 O, never fall in love,
 Better lead apes—you know where,
 Than ever fall in love;
 For men, their ends to gain,
 Are cruel when most kind,
 Their tears are false as rain,
 Their vows are only wind.
 And if you say them no,
 They swear their hearts are
 broke,
 Yet, when half dead with woe,
 How nice and plump they
 look!

Fall not in love, &c.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
 O, never fall in love,
 Better lead apes—you know where,
 Than ever fall in love;
 For if a rake you wed,
 For better or for worse,
 When honey-moons are fled,
 O, how he'll squeeze your
 purse.

And if you scold all night,
 Quite easy, by the bye,
 Your husband, grown polite,
 Snores most melodiously!
 Fall not in love, &c.

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY
 BRED.

[Music—at Cramer & Co's.]

Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head;
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes;
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle, where it lies.
 Let us all ring fancy's knell:
 I'll begin it—ding dong dell.

MYNHEER VON DUNCK.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Mynheer Van Dunck,
 Tho' he never got 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, Oh 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'll drink no
 more
 Than the rose supplies,
 When the dew-drop flies,
 As it blooms on a summer's morn-
 ing.
 A Dutchman's draught should po-
 tent be,
 As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

THE BIRD IN YONDER CAGE
 CONFINED.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

The bird in yonder cage confined
 Sings but to lovers young and true,
 Then pray approach, if you can find
 The picture suits—ah, no, not you.
 Good nature only wakes the lay,
 A father kind the feat may do;
 Then, pray approach, if you can say
 The picture suits—ah, no, not you.

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE DEER.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

My love's like the deer in the fores:
 that skip,
 Like the bright coral's hue are his
 cheek and his lip;
 His spirit sits by me at night when
 I sleep,
 But when I awake, it is gone! and I
 weep.
 I love him, oh! how I love him!
 But his bride, his own bride, I never
 shall be,
 He loves, but I'm wretched—he
 loves not me;
 When he's near me, I'm sad, and I
 wish him away,
 And when he is gone, I could bless
 him to stay.
 I love him, oh! how I love him!

NOW HOPE, NOW FEAR.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Now hope, now fear, my bosom
 rending,
 Alternate bid each other cease;
 Soon shall death—my terrors ending,
 Calm each transient thought to
 peace.

Hark! a murmuring sound repeating,
 Every stifled sigh I hear!
 What can set this bosom beating?
 Alas! 'tis mingled hope and fear!

Now they cease, this way retiring,
 And all is awful silence round!
 Ah! sure those notes, dear maid,
 were thine,
 The echoing sounds alone were mine;
 'Tis her voice that meets my ear;
 Say, where art thou — whose
 voice I hear?

Oh, quickly speak, no longer
 roam,
 To give thee liberty I come.

Soft, love, 'tis I: relief is near;
 Where art thou now? — I am
 here;
 This way, advance, and you are
 free,
 This way, to life and liberty!

IS THERE A HEART.

[Music—at D'Almaine & Co's.]

Is there a heart that never loved,
 Or felt soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark, unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where none 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 ev'ry sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear;
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone shall live,
 Nor taste that joy which care be-
 guiles,
 That joy her virtues give.

I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW.

[Music—at Walker & Sons.]

As I walk'd last night
 In the dim twilight,
 Some one whisper'd soft and low,
 Whisper'd soft and low,
 What a pretty girl is she,
 Now whoever this can be,
 I should very much like to know,

I should very much like to know;
 Whoever it was said so,
 I should very much like to know,
 I should very much like to know.

Last Valentine's day
 Came a letter so gay,
 With hearts above, around, and be-
 low,
 With hearts above and below,—
 "O, I love you, dearest maid,
 But to tell you I'm afraid!"
 Now, whoever so has said,
 I should very much like to know, &c.

A gipsy in the wood
 Said she 'd tell me something
 good,
 For his name began with O,
 His name began with O;
 And he'd surely marry me,
 For it was his destiny;
 Now, whoever this can be,
 I should very much like to know,
 Whose name began with O,
 I should very much like to know, &c.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and
 high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow,
 There shall be his pillow.
 Where shall the traitor rest?
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win the maiden's breast,
 Ruin and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying,
 There shall he be lying.

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

BILLY LACKADAY.

Sure mortal man is born to sorrow,
Grief to-day and grief to-morrow,
Here I'm snubb'd, and there I'm
rated,
Ne'er was youth so sitti-vated;
There's Mrs. Bell swears none shall
nick her,
And if I steeps my nose in liquor,
For ev'ry drop I take she charges,
And our small ale's as sour as
warges.

Lackaday! oh, lackaday!
Pity Billy Lackaday!

Oh! Susan scolds; and when I've
heard her,
I dreams all night of love and murder;

I sighs and groans like any paviour,
Forgetting all genteel behaviour.
Miss Fanny, she has quite undone
me,
Like any queen looks down upon
me,

And when I kneels to sue for marcy,
It does no good, but wicy warcy.

Lackaday! oh, lackaday!
Pity Billy Lackaday!

NO JOY WITHOUT MY LOVE.

Fly swift, ye Zephyrs,
Who waft the sighs of love,
Oh, say how I languish,
What pain for her I prove.

Fly swift, ye Zephyrs,
As fleet as fancy move,
Oh, tell all my anguish,
No joy without my love.

Oh, tell her, o'er my mind
She bears the softest sway,
Oh, tell her all my ardour,
My fondness all display.

And, if an ear she deign,
And if a smile reply,
Oh, haste to ease my pain,
And soothe my anxious sigh.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI'
WALLACE BLEED.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led—
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower!
See approach proud Edward's power!
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'—
Caledonians! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall, they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward!—let us do—or die!

THE KNIGHT OF THE
GOLDEN CREST.

[Music—at T. Williams's.]

The banner way'd on the castle walls
'Mid the shouts of a trusty band,
When a knight return'd to his
princely halls,

From the wars of the holy land.
His lady left her harp, and stood
To gaze on the smiling west,
Whence came a dark steed from the
distant wood,
With her knight of the goldez
crest.

The silken scarf her true knight
display'd,
Which in earlier days she wove,
When he breath'd his vows in the
twilight shade,
And was blest with her maiden
love;
She welcom'd her lord with accents
bland,
And the scarf to her lips she
press'd,
And thought of the time when she
gave her hand
To the knight of the golden crest.

I CANNOT MARRY KROUT.

[Music—at Alexander Lee's.]

Excuse, sir, this intrusion,
But I've thought it well about,
And I've come to this conclusion,
That I cannot marry KROUT.

He does nothing, sir, but scold one,
But scold one ;

He's old and ugly too,
Old and ugly too,
And as jealous as the old one,
That is no offence to you.

Excuse my agitation,
But, indeed, sir, I've found out,
After due consideration,
That I cannot marry Krout,
I cannot marry Krout, &c.

Besides, sir, I discover,
What alone should me deter,
That there's another lover
I should very much prefer.
So handsome, sir, the rogue is,
The rogue is,

So merry, young, and true,
Merry, young, and true,
He laughs at all old fogies,
That is no offence to you.
Excuse my agitation,
But indeed, sir, I've found out,
After due consideration,
That I cannot marry Krout,
've come to this conclusion,
That I cannot marry Krout.

THE MYRTLE AND ROSE.

The blue-bell, the myrtle, the rose,
And lily, together I'll twine,
And, with them, a garland compose,
To offer at Beauty's bright shrine.
Truth's emblem shall be the blue-
bell,

For Love have I gathered the rose ;
And—Oh ! may the first ever dwell
Where the leaves of the second
unclose.

And Oh ! may the first, &c.

The lily is fairest of all,
And therefore most valued must
be,

So Virtue, this flower I'll call,
And Beauty be it ever thee.
The myrtle, wherever 'tis seen,
In summer and winter the same,
Can boast of its bright-tinted green,
So call it by constancy's name,
So call it by Constancy's, &c.

Love's rose, and Truth's ever blue
bell,

The lily, too, pure as the snow,
With Constancy's myrtle should
dwell,

For ever, round Beauty's fair
brow.

Together then let them be twined
In gladness about thy bright hair,
For Flowers like these, tell, com-
bin'd,
That Beauty's own emblems are
there.

AULD LANGSYNE.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' langsyne ?
For auld langsyne, my friend,
For auld langsyne ;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fut
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
When simmer days were prime,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll toom the cup to friend-
ship's growth,
And auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a right good willie
waught
For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

[Music—at Walker & Son's.]

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 pain or care 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 joy 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 pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl.

THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]*

Oh! come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be,
Where the water-spirits rove
In the deep, deep sea,
In the deep, deep sea.

There are jewels 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, &c.

Ah, believe that love may dwell
Where the coral branches twine,
And that a wreathed shell
Breathes a tone as soft as thine.
Hopes as fond as thou would'st prove,
Truth as bright as e'er was told,
Hearts as warm as those above,
Dwell under the waters cold,
Under the waters cold.
Oh! come, &c.

WANTED, A SWEETHEART!

[Music—at Tolkein's.]

Wanted, a sweetheart.—a genteel
young man,
In the first circles moving, would meet
(if he can)
With a girl that is pretty, and playful,
and fond,
And whose mood with his own will just
correspond.

His method of wooing, he hopes, none
will slight,
As his whole time is otherwise taken up
quite;
His intentions are raised upon rectitude
right,
And he's known "paper matches" to
burn very bright.

Wanted a sweetheart! wanted
a sweetheart!

Wanted, a sweetheart!—the applicant
can
Give positive proof that strict honour's
his plan;
He hates selfish views, fix'd on interest
alone,
Though the lady must property have of
her own.
Because that his own expectations are
great,
He would have a title, and perhaps an
estate;
And only life's scene—(no fault but his
fate)
He happen'd to enter a little too late.
Wanted, &c.

Wanted a sweetheart!—ingenuous and
plain,
The gentleman is, without idea of gain;
And should fortune aid him to meet
with a fair,
He hopes she'll have talent 'recherche'
and rare;
His figure is slim (not so stout), rather
fair—
In height rather tall—his walk 'mili-
taire';
Eyes blue and piercing—bright auburn
his hair—
'A la Byron' he dresses—his neck and
throat bare.
Wanted, &c.

Wanted a sweetheart!—her hand must
be small;
Not *petit* her stature—nor thin—nor
too small;
Complexion will do, whether blonde or
brunette—
Though her hair he would rather be
raven or jet;
Her eyes he insists must be darker than
sloes—
A tint, as of heaven, their fires must
disclose;
But though by her eyes he'll be led,
(such as those)—
'Tis useless to think he'll be led by the
nose!

Wanted, &c. [J. BRUTON.]

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

He leap'd into his boat,
 As it lay upon the strand;
 But oh! his heart was far away,
 With friends upon the land,
 He thought of those he lov'd the
 best,
 A wife and infant dear,—
 And feeling fill'd the sailor's breast,
 The sailor's eye—a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff,
 And waw'd a kerchief white,
 And gaz'd upon his gallant bark,
 'Till she was out of sight:
 The sailor cast a look behind,
 No longer saw them near,—
 Then rais'd the canvass to his eye,
 And wip'd away a tear.

Ere long o'er ocean's blue expanse
 His sturdy bark had sped,
 The gallant sailor from her prow
 Descried a sail a-head.
 And then he rais'd his mighty arm,
 For Britain's foes were near;
 Ay, then he rais'd his arm—but not
 To wipe away a tear.

HOMAGE TO CHARLIE.

[Music—at Leoni Lee's.]

Sound the horn,
 Hailing the morn,
 Bonnie lad, march over muir and
 furrow,
 Through the glen,
 Earlie we'll ken
 Who shall pay homage to Charlie
 to-morrow.

The colours are flying,
 The foeman defying,
 In triumph replying,
 That freedom is near;
 The war-pipes are sounding,
 Brave hearts are all bounding,
 With valour surrounding
 The young chevalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

Though now we may sever,
 It may be for ever,
 From those we love, never
 Be ours the sad tear.
 Boldly we'll sally
 From hill and from valley,
 Round Charlie to rally,
 The young chevalier.
 Sound the horn, &c.

THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM.

Oh, woman, dear woman, the charm
 of our life,
 So beauteous they fill every scene,
 That whether as lover, companion,
 or wife,
 They're lovely, and ever have been!
 And should the world's wrongs e'er
 perplex us in mind,
 'Tis then that soft feelings possess
 'em,
 They're all that is lovely, so bloom-
 ing and kind,
 Here's a health to the ladies, God
 bless 'em,
 God bless 'em, &c.

Come, fill me a bumper of Burgundy
 clear,
 And this, aye, let this be the toast,
 Here's a health to the man who shall
 make it appear,
 Next to life he loves woman the
 most!
 May beauty and joy sweetly smile on
 each face,
 And ev'ry soft feeling possess 'em,
 And while on this earth I have being
 or place,
 I'll drink to the ladies—God bless
 'em.
 God bless 'em, &c.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

[Music—at Jefferys & Co's.]

Twa' on one simmer's afternoon,
 A wee before the sun gan down,
 My lassie in a bran nu gown
 Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie;
 The rose-bud tinged wi' morning
 shower
 Bloom'd fresh within the sinny
 bower,
 But my Kitty was the fairest flower
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had na thought to do her wrong,
 When round her waist my arm I
 flung,
 And said, my lassie, will ye gang—
 To view the crags o' Gowrie?
 I'll tak ye to my father's hall,
 In yon green fields beside the stream,
 And mak ye lady o' them all,
 The bonniest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheeks soon
 spread,
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,
 I'll gang wi' thee to Gowrie!

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

YET deeper and deeper, & wilder
the night,

I would morn were with us, and
brought its glad light!

For my spirits they sink, so un-
earthly the shade,

I could fancy almost that my heart
were a raid.

Good heavens, that cry! more keen
than the sword,

How it thrills in my ear, 'A child
overboard!'

Ho, Neptune! what Neptune—
come hither to me;

There, you see him, I know, tho'
I cannot see.

Hark! hark to that, boy! good
fellow away!

You need not to track him the eye
of the day.

He's gone at the word—how the
squall comes down,

And the water's blacker grown at
Heaven's angry frown;

Hush! hark! something seems in
the gleams of the sky floating
nigh.

Mark! all is dark.

Ha, good dog, do I see thee again?
Heaven's will be done, still for
ever—amen.

Quick, a light! ah, he breathes
not—come hither.

So cold,—such sweetness to wither,
Ah! Le murmurs, dear child—

His blue eyes are opening—their
gaze it is wild.

Brave Neptune, good fellow! thou
art gallant and true,

Was ever companion so faithful
as you.

I AM THINE, ONLY THINE.

IN the heart's early dream,

In those fond days of youth,

When we are what we seem,

And love is all truth;

Oh, how oft hast thou sighed,

'Thou art mine, only mine,'

To a soul that replied,

'I am thine, only thine.'

When those days passed away

Still they left the delight

Of beholding their ray,

As intense and as bright,

As when first thy lips sighed

'Thou art mine, only mine,'

To a soul that replied:

'I am thine, only thine.'

REUBEN RAYNE.

WHEN I was stolen from my
home,

And made a captive slave,
They bound me with an iron chain

I did for mercy crave;

All day I wept, at night I cried:

"Oh, send me back again

Unto my own dear happy home—

To my poor Reuben Rayne.

Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,

No friendly voice to cheer me now,

Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,

He'll never smile again."

They sold me to a Christian man,

Who, weeping, pitied me.

He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,

And kindly set me free.

But no, I could not Reuben find—

My own dear Reuben Rayne.

They told me he was dead and gone

And sleeping on the plain.

Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,

Deep sorrow broke his aching

heart.

Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,

He'll never wake again.

All night I sat upon his grave,

With anguish I did cry:

'Awake, awake, my love awake,

O let me with you die.

For in this wretched world of woe,

I ne'er shall rest again,

Until I'm sleeping by thy side,

My own dear Reuben Rayne.

HER FORM WAS FAIR.

HER form was fair as those we view

When Night hath lit her shrine

of dreams;

Her eyes were violets bathed in dew,

Her voice the music of the streams.

That form hath perished like the

bloom

Whose beauty's of unearthly root

Those eyes are shrouded in the tomb

The voice hath fled where all is

mute.

And thus must beauty's self decay,

And leave no trace of aught so

fair:

Fleet as passing summer's ray,

Like fragrance on the morning air,

And shall the light no more illumine

Those pale, and dim, and death

seal'd eyes?

Oh, yes, immortal from the tomb,

The beautiful we love shall rise.

I'D BE A GIPSY.

I'D be a Gipsy, merry and free,
 Roving abroad like the bird or the
 bee,
 Nought to control me, sportive
 and wild,
 All thro' the summer day free as a
 child.
 What are the bright halls of splend-
 our and pleasure,
 What are the saloons of the bril-
 liant and gay?
 They cannot render the life-given
 treasure,
 That freedom and health to the
 rovers convey.

I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

I'd be a Gipsy, when the blue sky,
 Ting'd with the stars that shine
 brightly on high,
 The turf for my pillow, and all the
 night long,
 Lull'd to repose by the nightin-
 gale'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 coin just enough to be free
 as the air.

I'd be a Gipsy, &c.

A DAMSEL STOOD TO
WATCH.

A DAMSEL stood to watch the fight
 On the banks of Kingslea Mere,
 And they brought to her feet her
 own true knight,

Sore wounded on a bier.

"O, let not," he said, "while yet I
 live

The cruel foe me take,

But with thy lips one sweet kiss give
 And cast me in the lake."

About his neck she wound her arms
 And she kissed his lips so pale,
 And ever more the war's alarms

Came loudly up the vale;

She drew him to the lake's deep
 side,

Where the red heath fringed the
 shore,

She plunged with him beneath the
 tide,

And they were seen no more.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

ALONE on the heather a fair child
 was straying,
 Whose innocent features were
 brightened with joy;
 And as 'mid the flowers she careless
 was playing,
 My heart yearned with love, and
 I spoke to the boy:
 "Young stranger, whence art
 thou?"

His blue eyes upturning,
 He answered, "My home is yon
 tent on the plain;
 And ere the eve closes I must be
 returning.
 Or they will not let me roam
 hither again."

"Do thy parents await thee?"

He paused, and the gladness
 That mantled his brow was o'er-
 shaded in gloom,

"I saw them but once;" and he
 added with sadness,

"They tell me that both are
 asleep in the tomb.

The gipsy is kind, but my mother
 was fonder,

She sang me so sweetly to rest
 in her arms;

But now she is gone, and her dar-
 ling must wander

Though the soft words she whis-
 pered my bosom still warms.

"And soon will I seek them where
 both are reposing,

And take my best flowers to
 plant by their side,

That summer, when all their bright
 tints are unclosing,

May bless the green turf with
 their beauty and pride."

He bounded away, as my tears
 were fast falling,

To think how the gipsy such love
 had beguiled;

I saw him no more, but the sad
 tale recalling,

I often remember the poor stolen
 child.

FAREWELL, THOU COAST
OF GLORY.

FAREWELL thou coast of glory,
 Where dwelt my sires of yore;

Their names, their martial story,
 Your triumphed temple store.

Farewell! thou clime of beauty!

Where blooms the maid I love;

Fond thoughts in pleasing duty,
 Around her ever rove.

FAREWELL TO THEE, LAND
OF MY BIRTH.FAREWELL to thee, land of my
birth,Farewell to thee, childhood's
dear home;All thy sweet charms 'mid sadness
and mirth,

Will haunt me wherever I roam.

Ties of affection now must be
broken,Links that have bound me many
a year.Oft as I gaze on ev'ry lov'd token,
Fancy will ever waft me hereFarewell to thee, land of my birth,
Farewell to thee, childhood's
dear home;All thy sweet charms, 'mid sadness
and mirth,

Will haunt me wherever I roam.

Night gathers round, deeper the
shade,Valleys and hills fade with the
light,Sleep, gentle sleep, lend me thy
aid,In dreams bring them back to
my sight;What tho' I go where wealth is
displayingAll its enchantment over the mind,
'Mid the gay halls my thoughts
will be straying

Back to the scenes I leave behind.

Farewell to thee, &c.

DEAR HALLS OF MY
FATHERS.DEAR halls of my fathers! while
on ye I gaze,Ye call up the spirits of happier
days;Those days, ere the stranger had
called thee his own,When the frowns of the world were
to me quite unknown.But ye are the halls of that proud
race no more,That vision of splendour for ever is
o'er.Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on
the scene,Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.The moonlight that streams on the
ivy-clad walls,

Now many a fond recollection re-

The sighs of the zephyrs which float
o'er the stream,Like the voices of friends to my
memory seem:Though sorrow and age have for
many a yearRuled over my wand'rings since first
I was here,Yet still 'tis a pleasure to gaze on
the scene,Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.Dear halls of my fathers! this
night is the last,Which fate will allow me with
thee to be pass'd;Far over the ocean to-morrow I
roam,To seek from the stranger a land
and a home;Farewell, then, for ever, my fa-
vourite tree,In dreams I shall often look back
upon thee—And visit in fancy each fondly
loved scene,Where my childhood was pass'd,
and my fathers have been.

I AM THINE.

"I'M thine, I'm thine," she oft
would say,

"For ever thine!

Others' love may fade away

But never mine."

Yet she now leaves my heart to
grieve,

And break with woe,

I scarce, I scarce her falsehood can
believe

I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.

I scarce, I scarce, &c.

But love, farewell! I now for e'er
The false one fly,Her image from my heart I'll tear
Then silent die.I'll no more her falsehood regret
Yet where'er I go,

I fear, I fear, I never can forget

I lov'd her so, I lov'd her so.

I fear, I fear, &c.

MY MOTHER'S CUSTOMS.

COME hither, bring the scrubbing
brush, and throw away the slops,
And you, Selina, comb your hair,
and wash them dirty chops.
Then go up stairs and make the
bed, & double down the clothes,
Go, mend your father's breeches,
and don't you pick your nose.
And I'll go out and take a walk,
because it is so fine—
These were my mother's customs,
and so they shall be mine.

Now go and pawn your father's
boots, let's have a drop of gin,
And if the tally-man should come,
say I'm not within;
Tell him—'Father's very ill, and
likely for to die,'
But mind to hold the door ajar, and
pretend to pipe your eye;
You can tell him I shall be alone
any night at nine—
These were my mother's customs,
and so they shall be mine.

Now clear away the dinner-things,
and throw away those sprats,
Be sure, don't put them in the yard
—it encourages the cats.
And, Johnny, you go out to play,
but don't get in the dirt.
And, Sarah, you can go down stairs
and rub out your father's shirt,
Don't rub too hard, but wring it
dry, and hang it on the line—
These were my mother's customs,
and so they shall be mine.

Now Saturday night comes once a
week, get out your father's chair,
My chandler's-shop score reckon up
make no mistakes, beware.
Don't tease poor father, let him be,
don't you use he's got the blues,
He's very tired, but still he knows
we all must have new shoes.
I think, my dear, you look quite ill—
have you made much overtime?
These were my mother's customs,
and so they shall be mine.

HER MOUTH WITH A SMILE.

HER mouth with a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half open to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew;

More fragrant her breath,
Than the flower-scented heath,
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossom of May.

THE FAIRY WELL.

A MINSTREL who loved the em-
erald glade,
And knotted oak with friendly shade,
In mid-day heat would go, they tell,
To the grassy side of a fairy's well;
And there, to the sound of the wa-
ters gay,
Carolled a rollicking roundelay.
And there, &c.

A maiden who loved, as maidens do,
The earth's bright green and heaven's
fair blue,
And the merry birds on fluttering
wing,
Went forth in the woods to hear
them sing;
And came by chance, as a maiden
may,
Where the minstrel carolled his
roundelay.
And came, &c.

Their bright eyes met as bright
eyes meet,
In lonely wood or crowded street;
She blushed as if she were doing
wrong;
The minstrel somehow forgot his
song;
But he asked her love and they
named the day,
In a very old-fashioned roundelay.
But he asked, &c.

It seems that a caution remains to
tell,
'Gainst singing oft at a fairy's well;
For fays in our music still bear part
And play on the strings of a tender
heart;
And hence the proverb to elders
known
It's better to leave the well alone.
And hence, &c.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT SONGS.

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