

LARK.

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.



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THE LARK.



QUEEN GOD BLESS HER.

Now fill, fill your goblets with rich sparkling wine,

I've a toast you must drink from your soul;

But accursed be the niggard who dares to decline,

May he ne'er know the joys of the bowl,

'Tis a woman 1'd pledge, and the star of her ruce,

May every sweet pleasure possess her, Then drink, while delight shall beam forth in each face.

Here's a health to our Queen, God bless her.

Good monarchs we've had, whom we think on with pride.

Who wisely e'er filled their high station,

But now we've a woman, Heaven bless her, beside

She's a child of our own noble nation. Victoria the First is of virtue the gem, May sorrow ne'er seek to oppress her,

Then fill, fill your goblets once more to the brim,

Long life to our Queen, God bless her.

NATURE'S GAY DAY.

It was nature's gay day,
Bright smiling May day,
Each heart was all ready with joy and
with glee;

Cowslips were springing,
Village bells ringing,
All hastened to dance round the flowery

All hastened to dance round the flowery

May tree;

Marrily bounding

Merrily bounding,
May poles surrounding,

Each lover was merry on that happy day

To meet me delighted, By a:l invited,

To join the gay dance as the queen of the May.

Fal lal, &c.

Evening descended,
Our frolics were ended,
Lads and their lasses tripped lightly
away:

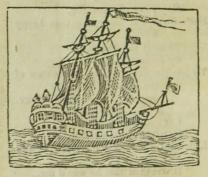
It was then that he woo'd me, Then he subdued me,

And promised me more than I'll venture
to say;
But if my lover
Should ever discover

Jealousy for me, I'd answer him so-

Dearest believe me,
I'll never deceive thee,
You have my heart, others have but
the show.

Fal lal, &c.



THE LASS HE LEFT BEHIND.

When the sails are furled and the watch set.

The moon shines o'er the silent deep, When landsmen o'er their cups met, Or locked in the lazy arms of sleep. The faithful tar disdaining rest,
Consigns to every wind
A gallant sigh from his manly breast,
For the lass he left behind.

When the level deck his feet pace, He views 'mid silvery beams on high His Lucy's smiling sweet face,

Like an angel beaming in the sky;
Her fancied voice salutes his ear,
Low murmuring on the wind,
Again he breathes a sailor's prayer,
For the lass he left behind.



REMEMBER -- I RE-MEMBER.

I remember, I remember, How my childhood fleeted by, The mirth of its December, And the warmth of its July. On my brow, love, on my brow, love, There are no signs of care;

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But my pleasures are not now, love, What childhood's pleasures were. I remember, &c.

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

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

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AFTER MANY ROVING YEARS.

After many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling place of early years,
Our first and dearest home;
To turn away those weary eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in the summer fields,
Amid the trees and flowers.

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

I would I could recal once more
That blessed and peaceful joy,
And summons to this weary heart,
The feelings of a boy.
I gaze on scenes of fond delight,
Without that wanton pleasure,
As a miser on his bed of death
Looks coldly on his treasure.



I'VE JOURNEY'D OVER MANY LANDS.

I've journeyed over many lands,
And sailed over every sea;
Vast Egypt's parched and burning sands
No strangers are to me.
But 'neath the Indian cot,
Or wild Atlantic sky,
Dear girl, I never yet forgot
The fire of thy bright eye.
I've journeyed, &c.

My home has been the mountain steep,
The desert's cave my bed,
Where waves have wafted me to sleep,
And lulled my aching head;
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THE LARK.

But still the iron grasp of care Hath never dared to press, For the sunshine of thy smile was there, Thy memory to bless.

I've journeyed, &c.

MY FATHER'S HALLS.

Methinks I tread my father's halls With childhood's happy step and grace, Methinks I see the bannered walls, And youth's most joyous scenes. retrace:

Yes, I behold my father's eye, Smile as it smiled on me of yore, When knighthood's spur and panoply On victory's field I won and wore; Oh, happy thoughts, ye glow, ye burn, Joys past more brightly to return. Home of my youth, free, free from care, Again I plant my standard there, What rapturous thought, what joys combine. Again my father's halls are mine.

CATNACE,

PRINTER