

The Pearl Box eBook

The Pearl Box

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Page 1

COME, LASSES AND LADS.

Come, lasses and lads, get leave of your dads, And away to the Maypole hie, For ev'ry fair has a sweetheart there, And the fiddler's standing by;

For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down!

"You're out," says Dick; "not I," says Nick,
"Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong;"
"Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler than began
To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men!

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again!

"Good-night," says Harry;
"good-night," says Mary;
"Good-night," says Poll to John;
"Good-night," says Sue
to her sweetheart Hugh;
"Good-night," says ev'ry one.
Some walk'd and some did run,
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

Anon.



COMING THRO' THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, *etc.*

Anon.

CHERRY-RIPE.

Cherry-Ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

Herrick.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;



Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.



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

Trad.

ROBIN ADAIR.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Anon.



MOLLY BAWN.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?
While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do.
The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you;
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.
Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?
Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And may be you were made for mine:
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
He takes me for a thief, you see;
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
And then transported I should be.
Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?

Samuel Lover.

GO, HAPPY ROSE!

Go, happy Rose! and interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

Herrick.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.



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The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried,
 "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break; a little moment stay.
Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee.
The anchor's weigh'd,
 farewell! remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
 "Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix
 that heart like thine!"

"Go, then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!
The anchor's weigh'd!
 farewell! remember me."

S.J. Arnold.

ALICE GRAY.

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;
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd,
A love without 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 flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;



Yet, my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

William Mee.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'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 us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh I give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

J. Howard Payne.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, When we were first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, Your bonnie brow was bent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; But blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,



And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.



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Burns (New Version).

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane!
Ah! never, never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white
And village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

Edward Fitzball.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Secure, I rest
upon the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I know Thou wilt not slight
my call, For Thou dost note the sparrow's fall, And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”
The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

Thomas Moore.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

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



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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.

M.G. Lewis.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup' o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, *etc.*

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, *etc.*

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, *etc.*



And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, *etc.*

Burns.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd,
and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had follow'd the lass:
Contented she earn'd
and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he would
make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds
were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At church she no more frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

Anon.

THE NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.



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No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Herrick.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty.
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,



The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Charles Dibdin.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

My love is like the red red rose That's newly sprung in June; My love is like the melody That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And 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.

Burns.

WIDOW MALONE.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone!
Ohone!
Oh, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;

From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.



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But so modest was Mistress Malone,
 'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone,
 Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,—
 How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
 Down there,
Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at last—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
 My own!"
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
 My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
 For why?
But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
 Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
 Not wrong,
And one comfort, it's not very long,
 But strong,—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
 Ohone!
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

Charles Lever.



THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

And did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?
And he feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye.
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily;
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry!
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering;
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, and not wait till to-morrow;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When, married, was never in want of a *fair*.

Charles Dibdin.

CALLER HERRIN'.



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Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
 new drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
 new drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces;
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
 new drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'
At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin';
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
 new drawn frae the Forth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

Lady Nairne.



A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
“My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day.”
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting we do go.

Henry Fielding.

HEARTS OF OAK.



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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 won't fight us,
 we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, *etc.*

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, *etc.*

David Garrick.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song,
 Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
 Who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion



At a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers
That had stood against old foes;
'Twas there "his worship" sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack
To warm his good old nose—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He open'd his house to all;
And though three-score and ten his years,
He featly led the ball.
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
The old man—he must die!
He laid him down quite tranquilly,
Gave up his latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
And tears bedew'd each eye—
For this good old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

Now, surely this is better far
Than all the new parade
Of theatres and fancy balls,
"At home" and masquerade!
And much more economical,
For all his bills were paid,
Then leave your new vagaries quite,
And take up the old trade—



Of a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.



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Anon.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

Loud roared 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,
Our 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!

Andrew Cherry.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

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,
Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, 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 hear),
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 constant mind;
They tell thee—sailors when away
In every port a mistress find!
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin in ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,

William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.



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The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land;
“Adieu!” she cried, and waved her lily hand.

J. Gay.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Grey came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost' her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf' as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell.
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,



For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Burns.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so.
No; nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear—
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.



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She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she said,
“Will ease me of much pain.”

“Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?”
“At Islington, kind sir,” said she,
“Where I have had many a scorn.”

“I pr’ythee, sweetheart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff’s daughter of Islington?”
“She is dead, sir, long ago.”

“If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some far countrie,
Where no man shall me know.”

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side:
She is here alive, she is not dead—
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore!
For now I have found my own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

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,
Let heart and voice and all agree to say, "Long live the King!"

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling,
oh come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered.
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;
Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.
And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They watch'd o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.
The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."



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Samuel Lover.

SIMON THE CELLARER.

Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a large store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus and who can say how many more?
For a chary old soul is he,
A chary old soul is he;
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day:
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go;
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew
How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in her own still-room.
And a Matron sage is she;
From thence oft at Curfew is wafted a fume,
She says it is Rosemarie,
She says it is Rosemarie;
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there.
Now, Margery says that she grows very old
And must take a something to keep out the cold!
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go;
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life,
She ought to be settled in life;
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon he brews him a tankard instead;
While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no no, no!



While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
What! marry old Margery? no, no, no!

W. H. Bellamy.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me wed, and socht me for his bride;
But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.
To mak that croun a pund young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said "Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

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My father argued sair, my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke,
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men,
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the town is well rid o' that deil o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, *etc.*

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north,



There are brave Dunevassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry hey! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, *etc.*

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks:
Ere I own an usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee
Ye hae no seen the last of my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, *etc.*

Sir Walter Scott.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

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 is no 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 does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.



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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 his belly full,
 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's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 To walk abroad with Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time,
 And slink away to 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.
I 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 we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.



Henry Carey.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

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 it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk
water'd 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 Barnay M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague
to the girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her,
and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune
should give her such pain.

A kiss then I gave her,
before I did leave her,
She vow'd for such pleasure
she'd break it again.
'Twas haymaking season,
I can't tell the reason—
Misfortunes will never come single,
that's plain—
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster
The devil a pitcher
was whole in Coleraine.

Edward Lysaght.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, Now to the widow of fifty; Here's to the
flaunting extravagant quean, And here's to the housewife that's thrifty: Let the
toast pass, Drink to the lass— I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.



Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass—
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.



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Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass—
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass—
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

R. B. Sheridan.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

'Twas God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein:
The ships that on the sea do swim
To guard from foes that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Twas for one end—the use of man.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh, no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay;
But had it been in a leather bottel,
Although he had fallen all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine;
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein.
But had it been in a leather bottel,



And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why, they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottel they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine;
For when a lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

A leather bottel we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood;
For when a man's at work in the field
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;
But a good leather bottel standing by
Will raise his spirits whenever he's dry.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

At noon the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottle full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tottle,
But what would they do without this bottle?
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.



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There's never a lord, an earl, or knight,
But in this bottle doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer
He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottle of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may take a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and old things in.
So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell
That first found out the leather bottel.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

**Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough— In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now. Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot.
There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not. That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, Say, wouldst thou hack it
down?**

Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties—
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now, towering to the skies.
Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild,
Of many a forest bird.
By mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand,
I ask thee, with a tear,
Oh, let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close at 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.

General G.P. Morris.

THE TOKEN

The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze.
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muse.
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The storm, that like a shapeless wreck,
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast,
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:
When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
He shared the grog their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spell'd for comfort on the lid
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage,—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
And brought each sailor to his friend
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore:
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the yielding maid,
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."



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C. Dibdin.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee. Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blaw, Thy bield should be my bosom, To share it a'. Or were I in the wildest waste, She bleak and bare, The desert were a paradise, If thou wert there, Or were I monarch o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown, Wad be my queen.

Burns.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
The woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning,
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.



Christopher Marlowe.

LOVELY NAN.

Sweet is the ship, that, under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust, a squall capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part.
Love beauty with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man,
To sail through life by honour's breeze;
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

C. Dibdin.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.



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This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet.
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine—
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I'd die for her I love!

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me?
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

James Upton.

TELL ME NOT, SWEET.

**Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, That from the nunnery Of thy chaste breast and
quiet mind, To war and arms I fly.**

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

She wore a wreath of roses that night when first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of summer flowers upon her snowy brow.



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

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

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

**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 drest in
silken sheen, No longer deck'd with jewels rare, Say, can'st 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, can'st 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?



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O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me 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?

Thomas Percy D.D.

D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led;
For Peel's view holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

D'ye ken that hound whose voice is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning!
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman so true;
From the drag to the chase,



From the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

And I've follow'd John Peel both often and far.
O'er the rasper-fence, the gate, and the bar,
From Low Denton side up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul.
Come fill, fill to him a brimming bowl:
For we'll follow John Peel thro' fair or thro' foul,
While we're wak'd by his horn in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, *etc.*

John Woodstock Graves.