

SONGS.

THE OLD SETTLER.

TUNE.—*Jolly and True Hearted Fellow.*

Here we are dear Anne, and the long struggle o'er
With plenty and comfort at last ;
Our toils and our hardships are ended for ever,
And now we may laugh at the past:
Whilst thou with thy knitting beguilest the time
I will seat myself snug by thy side ;
Together the up-hill of life we did clime—
Its decline then shall not us divide.

All our children are grown, and all married, b
Betty,
And she too will soon be a wife ;
For she is so kind, so accomplished, so pretty.
That keep her we could not for life.
But what need we care since they're happy, do we
And are near us to smooth our gray locks ;
For we can advise them, and warn them, and te
How we toiled when we were young folks.

How that wide-spreading plain, where the lambkin
now gambol ;
The spot where our dwelling now stands ;