

E NEWS-BOY'S AL ADDRESS,

ECTFULLY PRESENTED TO THE

THE "HEAD QUARTERS."

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And on the field below the hill,
Which like a lion crouching still,
Watches o'er Edinburgh! hark!
To their cheer and hilarious shout,
They have no foes to meet this bout!
God save the Queen, but—France—look
out.

A prosperous breeze swells out each sail,
And every wave is dancing;
The cloudy sky is reft, and see
With sunshine all is glancing;
The gracious mother sends her son—
Blow soft ye treacherous gales—
For loyal hearts are beating now
To greet the Prince of Wales.
He lands—and from their murky throats
The cannons bellow thunder—
He rides along the well lined streets,
The floral arches under,
With smile and bow, he makes his way
Amidst the cheering people,
While flags hang out, and bells ring out
From every Church's steeple.

God Save the Queen—You're welcome
Wales—

And such like hearty greetings—
Are twined in evergreens and flowers,
And painted bright on sheetings;
And, oh, the sights that evening shows
On house fronts and 'neath porches;
But grandest far, the Fireman's march,
Abazing bright with torches.

And then in bright, in flowery halls,
Where nothing in the shade is,

But grandest far, the Fireman's march,