

MAY DAY.—Song and Chorus.

Words by P. PINDAR, Music composed by F. PETERSILEA.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses, all be gay,
For this is *Nature's* holiday.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let *Love* and *Pleasure* rule the year!"

Then lads and lasses, &c.

Lo! *Sol* looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around the sky;
Embracing hill and vale and stream,
And warming *Nature* with his beam.

Then lads and lasses, &c.

Th' insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr ev'ry flow'r;
Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us, we are foes to *Love*?

Then lads and lasses, &c.

FINALE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.

Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Oh, Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them less than fall.

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thees our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen.

FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Oh, Lord in bounty shed
Joys round the Infant's head;
Shield him from harm.

Hear now a nation's prayer,
Guard England's youthful Heir,
Make him thy special care,
God save the Queen.