



WINTER'S TALE.

AUTOLYCUS,
CLOWN,

(*A Knavish Pedlar,*)

^{KEN}
Mr. W. L. MACKENZIE.
Mr. BALDWIN.

Autolycus. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. Sure the gods do this year connive at us, that we may do anything extempore. (*Sings.*)

1837!

The daisies were dead on Gallows Hill,—
With heigh! the skulkers behind the rail,—
O then I thought my pockets to fill!
For the red blood flowed and I robbed the mail.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold.

1838!

The hemp-fields waving in the breeze—
With hey! the ravens, O how they croak!
And the birks that hung from the gallows-trees,
Might rede me then that it was no joke.

1849!

But now the lark tra lra sings!
A Navy-islander bold am I;
And sympathisers may plume their wings,
All in the clover as they lie.