

Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
The sea and him in death,
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home when he had breath—
'Tis now tis home for ever.

3 Sleep on, thou mighty dead;
A glorious tomb they've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean 'round thee.
No vulgar foot treads here,
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.
And tho' no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that loved thee well,
And they grace Britannia's story.

THE GIPSIES' GLEE.

Oh who has seen the miller's wife? I, I, I—
And kindled up now strife,
A shilling from her palm I took,
Ere on the cross lines I could look:
Who, who the farmer's daughter's seen? I, I, I,
In quest of her have been,
But as the farmer was within,
'Twas hard to escape him in whole skin,
From every place condemned to roam,
In every place we seek a home,
These branches form our summer roof.
By thick grown leaves grown weather proof.
In sheltering nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly pass our winter days.

Come circle round the Gipsies' fire,
Our songs, our stories never tire,
Come stain your cheek with Nut or Berry.

&c. &c. &c.

THE PROGRESS OF ART AND SCIENCE.

Recitative.

When from the sacred garden driven
Man fled before his maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art, sweet Art, new radiance broke
When her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus, with seraph voice, she spoke,
"The curse, a blessing shall be found."

Air.

She led him through the trackless wild
Where noontide sunbeam never blaz'd;
The thistle shrank, the harvest smil'd
And nature gladden'd as he gaz'd;
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command, to him are giv'n,
The village grows, the city springs
And point their spires of faith to heav'n.
He rends the oak, and bids it ride
To guard the shores its beauty graced,
He smites the rock, upheav'd in pride,
The tow'rs of strength and domes of taste,
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner o'er the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

GLEE.

See our oars with feather'd spray
Sparkle in the beam of day;
In our little bark we glide
Swiftly o'er the silent tide,
From yonder lone and rocky shore
The Warrior Hermit to restore,
And sweet the morning breezes blow,
While thus in measure'd time we row.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Words by Dr. COATES—Music composed by F.
PETERSILEA.

Dark is the night!—No light!—No fire!—
Cold on the hearth the last few sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side
For him who pledg'd her love—last year a bride!

Hark! 'tis his footsteps!—No—'tis past—'tis gone!
'Tic! tic! how wearily the time rolls on!
Why should he leave me thus? he once was kind,
And I believed 'twould last; how mad! how blind!

Rest thee, my babe! rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep, for there is no food; the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearing work have done—
My heart must break—and thou!—The clock
strikes, one!

Hark! 'tis the dice-box! yes, he's there! he's there!
For this, for this he leaves me to despair,
Leaves love, leaves truth, his wife, his child!—
For what?—The wanton's smile, the villain, and
the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him—No, 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but still he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child—His child—O fiend!—The clock
strikes two!

Hark, how the sign-board creaks, the blast howls
by!

Moan, moan, a dirge swells through the cloudy
sky!—

Ha! 'tis his knock,—he comes once more!—
No! 'tis the lattice flaps,—my hope is o'er!

Can he desert me thus?—he knows I stay night
after night

In solitude, to pray for his return!

And yet he sees no tear!—

No, no! it cannot be—he will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart—

Thou'rt cold!—thou'rt freezing!—but we will
not part!

Husband! I die!—Father!—It is not he!

O God protect my child!—The clock strikes
three!

They're gone, they're gone!—the glimmering spark
has fled—

The wife and child are number'd with the dead;
On the cold hearth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast!—

The Gambler came at last,—but all was o'er;
Dread silence reign'd around.—The clock
strikes four!