

Ready aye ready we hear each one say,
Where duty calls we fly to obey.

Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,
Who'se deeds we all much admire,
Then hurrah for lads dressed in blue,
Who saves us and protects us from fire.

MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGH- BOUR'S SON.

Bobby Dockeray and his dog so bold,
Travelled together and milk he sold,
As regular as the sun went down,
Bobby on his route was found.

His father promoted him to a horse and wagon,
To peddle his milk without any lagging,
I say no boy on Christie Street.
As Bobby and his rig so neat.

Now Mr. Dockeray found Bobby quite a helper,
As he would jump in his waggon and give his horse
[a skelper.

And Bobby worked with right good will,
But very soon he was taken ill.

The Doctors were summoned but to no avail,
But still he grew worse and sad the tale,
Poor Bobby is dead, and to Heaven he is gone,
Where we all shall follow one by one.

Father and mother God's will be done,
Into your hand God placed that son,
Lent you for a while to give you joy,
But now God calls your darling boy.

Father and mother, sister and brother,
Please do not weep no more,
For Bobby is not lost
He's only gone before.

And
We
Wh
Join

Holy
May
May
Hun

O kee
That
From
That

Simpl
Sorrow
Holy
Keep

All ho
For ev
Holy a
Unto t

And w
Holy J
Unto t
When

Mrs. G
May sh
For wh

Shall b

I well r
In selli
Only a
But you