

BRIGAND'S GLEE.

Music by H. R. Bishop.

Push the red wine about,
Let the cup rattle o'er;
We shall not drain it out,
There is plenty in store!
For the clusters are ripe
That now hang on the vine,
And the juice, when 'tis press'd,
Will be yours, boys, and mine.
Spare it not, let it flow;
Drink hard, and drink deep;
What the farmer shall sow,
The bold outlaw must reap.

When the dog-star has set,
And the harvest-moon wanes,
And the farmers are met,
To rejoice in their gains;
The outlaw, unwelcome,
Must needs be a guest,
And receive a fat share
Of the wine he loves best.

Spare it not, let it flow;
Drink hard and drink deep;
What the farmer shall sow,
The bold outlaw must reap.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
And the Baron's retainers were blythe and gay
And keeping their Christmas holiday;
The Baron beheld with a Father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride,
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh! the Mistletoe Bough.

I'm weary of dancing, now she cried,
Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place;
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each to w'r, each nook and each room to scan,
And young Lovel cried oh! where dost thou hide
I'm lonesome without thee my own sweet bride.

Oh! &c.

They sought her that night, they sought her
next day, [away,
They sought her in vain when a week passed
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovel sought wildly but found her not;
And years pass'd by and their grief at last
Was told in a sorrowful tale long past,
And when Lovel appeared the children cried
"See the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! &c.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in a closet, they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
With the bridal wreath of the lady fair;
Oh! sad was her fate, in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
It closed with a spring! and her beauty's bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! &c.

FAIRY TIMES.

They may talk as they will, but the Fairy times,
Are the pleasantest times of all,
When up from their dwellings a few dark rhymes,
The Genii of earth did call—
"Oh from my heart I pray and vow,
"If rhymes had but half such virtue new."

Oh for the days, when the Giants were rife
With their Towers and painted Halls;
And Heroes, each with a charmed life,
Rode up to the Castle walls!
"And knock'd with a loud and dreadful clang
"Till the roofs and the gates and the wild
woods rang."

When the good and fair, as the wizard hand stirr'd,
Were bound in a dreamy spell,
When Maidens spoke, and at each sweet word,
Roses and Diamonds fell—

"I wonder if any fair Lady now
"Could open her lips and let diamonds flow."

They may talk as they will, &c.

TWAS ON CORUNNA'S HEIGHT.

*Words by Mr. MAIN, of this City, Music by
FRANZ PETERSILEA.*

'Twas on Corunna's height,
The Scottish Hero fell,
How deeply he was mourned,
Let England's armies tell.
Bright shone the Tartan host,
Which Egypt's sands hath known,
For his own, his gallant Highlanders
Again were leading on!

Moore gave the signal forth;
Heart-stirring words, tho' few,
And away on Victory's wings
Britannia's ensigns flew:

The battle wildly raged,
And yielding were the foe,
When forth there sped that fatal bolt
Which laid the Hero low!

A cheer ran through the line,
Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
But tears stood on the soldiers' cheeks
As they bore him off the ground.
The dying Hero's blood
Fell faster than the dew,
And dimm'd proud Victory's eagle eye
With clouds of midnight hue!

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

- 1 There is, in the lone lone sea,
A spot, unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
On his ocean-bed lies lowly.
Down, down, beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps around and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
- 2 He sleeps, he sleeps, serene and safe,
From tempest and from billow,
Where stormy that high above him chafe,

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