

Against a glance
I have no chance,
I love the barley bree !
I love to whirl
The dancing girl,
I love the jolly spree !
I bet the tin,
But rarely win,
I taste the beer once more ;
My bones do ache
When I awake
Upon a bar-room floor !

When I drink deep,
And sink to sleep.
It seems a happy trance—
The drunken snore
Of half a score.
The music and the dance !
I wake and think,
Again I drink,
My drooping thoughts to cheer.
Oh, I love to snore
On a bar-room floor,
Just once in twenty year !

BARD OF LOWELL.

THE OLD RED SHIRT.

A micer came to my cabin door,
His clothes they were covered with dirt ;
He held out a piece he desired me to wash,
Which I found was an old red shirt.

His cheeks were thin, and furrow'd his brow,
His eyes they were sunk in his head ;
He said that he had got work to do,
And be able to earn his bread.