

9.—THE CRICKET SONG.

Come join our sports, obeying
The laws that rule the game;
A noble game is playing,
And cricket is its name.
The ball aim'd at the wicket,
Will from the bat rebound;
Then run, boys, run, start ev'ry one
To catch the ball before it fall,
So take your stations round,
So take your stations round:
Then run, boys, run, &c.

And now secure of winning,
Another youth is seen,
His turn is just beginning,
The best bat on the green;
The wicket from our bowler,
Is long with skill defended;
But run, boys, run, start ev'ry one
To catch the ball before it fall,
He's out, the game is ended
And we the game have won.
But run, boys, run, &c.

10.—HOME.

Home, Home, can I forget thee?
Dear, dear, dearly lov'd home;
No, no, still I regret thee
Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.

Home, home, why did I leave thee?
Dear, dear friends do not mourn:
Home, home, once more receive me,
Quickly to thee I'll return.
Home, home,
Dearest and happiest home.