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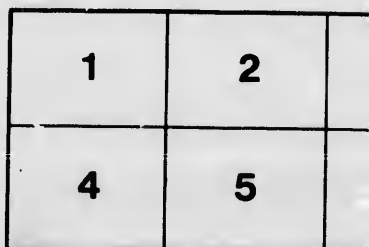
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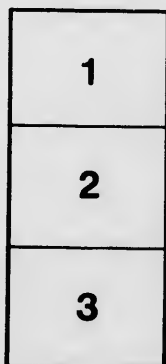
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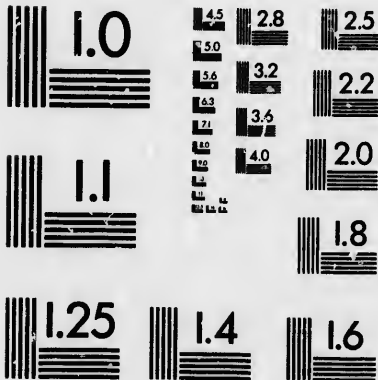
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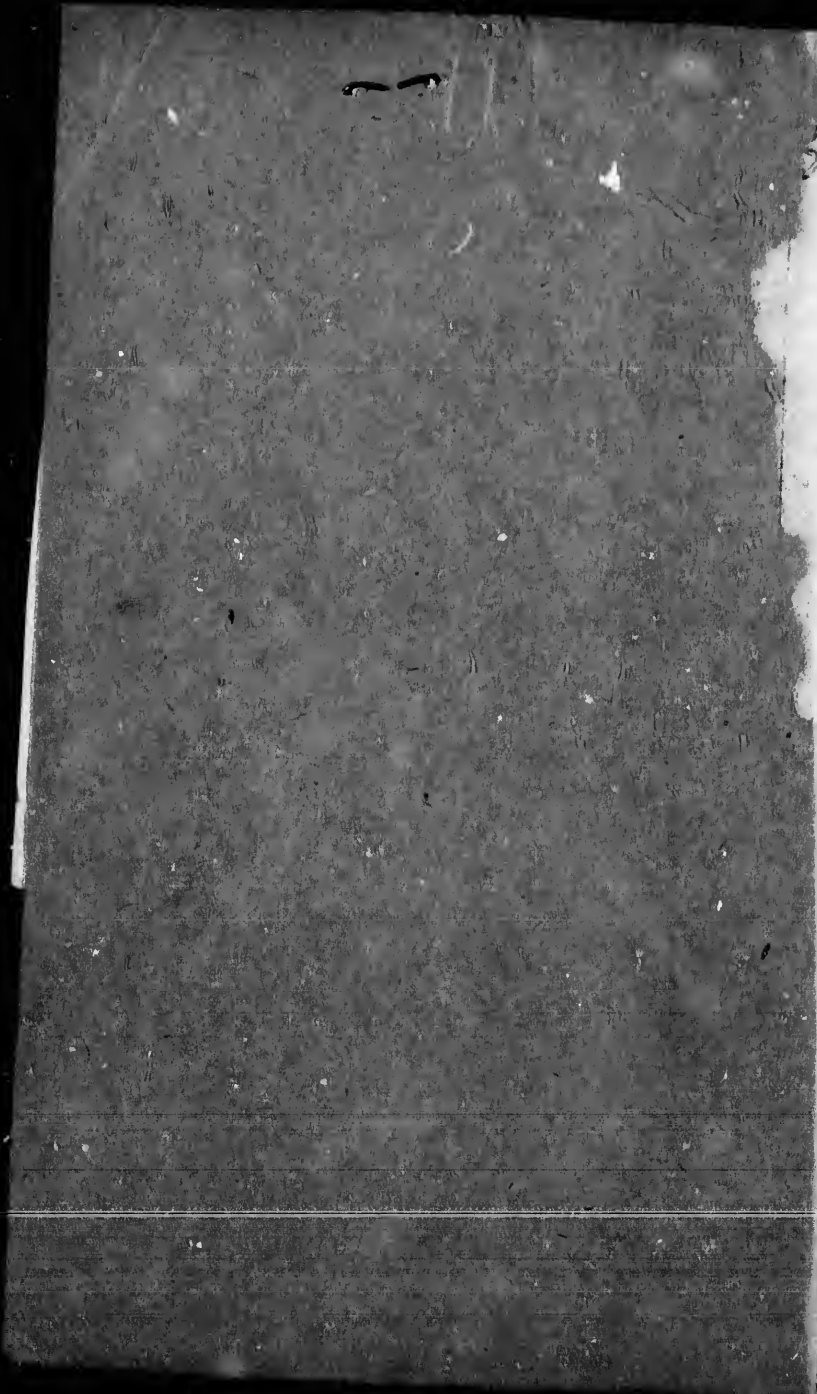


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Hamilton Central School.

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL.

1. Let others sing of fancied bliss,
Of pleasures that endear,
The joys of that, the sweets of this,
Or wail for woes they fear ;
I'll sing the hours of sweet content,
Of innocence and toys,
When to the Central School I went,
With other girls and boys.
'Tis a happy theme, like a golden dream
Its mem'ry seems to be,
And I'll sing so long as I've voice or tongue,
The Central School for me.
 2. Together we our whole lives long
Would spend in gladness here ;
The glad'ning smile, the cheerful song,
To us are ever dear.
Then deeper, deeper will we toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
We'll win from School and College.
'Tis a happy theme, &c.
 3. As streams ever gliding,
As shadows quickly fly,
As time its course is guiding
Our hours for study by,
Oh ! let our steps be hasten'd
From every evil way,
And let our joys be chasten'd
By pure religion's sway.
'Tis a happy theme, &c.
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4. Our Common Schools, may God them bless,
Wherever they may stand;
They are the people's colleges,
The glory of the land.
May ignorance before them fly,
Till Canada shall be
Of all the lands beneath the sky,
The happiest and most free.
'Tis a happy theme, &c.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

1. Talk not to us of future bliss,
Talk not to us of joys gone by,
For us the happiest time is this,
When ignorance must fly.
Our studies, true, may sometimes cast
A shadow o'er our brow,
But still we'll persevere and sing,
The happiest time is now.
2. Though flowers their spicy odors throw
They fade 'neath winter's rule;
The tree of knowledge ever blooms
Within our Central School.
Our teachers show us how to cull
The blossoms from each bough;
Can by-gone joys be like to these?
The happiest time is now.
3. Unmasked, our course before us lies,
We fear not storm or tide;
Our Principal is at the helm—
Our true and faithful guide.
His motto "Justice, Truth and Love,"
We'll twine it round our brow;
And as we gaily sail, we'll sing,
The happiest time is now!

LET THE SMILES OF YOUTH APPEARING.

1. Let the smiles of youth appearing,
Let the voice of duty cheering,
Drive the gloom of care away,
Drive the gloom of care away.
Thus in strains of lively measure,
We would still, with joy and pleasure
Lengthen out our happy day,
Lengthen out our happy day.

VACATION SONG.

1. Away over mountain, away over plain,
Away, away, away ;
Vacation has come with its pleasures again,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Where young steps are bounding and young hearts
are gay ;
To the fun and the frolic, away boys, away !
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Away, away, away.
2. We've sought your approval with hearty good will,
Away, away, away ;
We "old ones" have spoken, we young ones sat still,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
But now 'tis all over, we're off to our play,
Nor will think of a school book for three weeks to-day,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Away, away, away.
3. The merry bells jingle, the steeds prance along,
Away, away, away ;
Beating time as they go to the driver's glad song,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Now snow balls are flying and down to the Bay
Our companions are hastening with skates and with
sleigh ;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
Away, away, away.

4. Kind friends all adieu, and we trust you have seen,
 Away, away, away ;
 How industrious, how earnest, how studious we've
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! [been ;
 Our teachers are weary, our lessons are done,
 Our parents are pleased, and dear Christmas has come,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Away, away, away.

5. Dear comrades, farewell, ye who join us no more,
 Away, away, away ;
 Think life is a school, and till term-time is o'er,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Oh ! meet unrepining each task that is given,
 Till our time of probation is ended in heaven—
 Ended in heaven ! ended in heaven !
 Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

VARIATION.

3. The fresh breezes revel the branches between ;
 Away, away, away ;
 The bird springs aloft, from her covert of green ;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Our dog waits our whistle, the fleet steed our call,
 Our boat safely rocks where we moor'd her last fall :
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Away, away, away.

4. Where the clustering grapes hang purple, we know,
 Away, away, away ;
 The pastures and woods where the ripe berries grow ;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! [rest,
 The broad trees we'll climb, where the sunny fruits
 And bring down their stores for the lips we love best ;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Away, away, away.

TO THE WEST.

1. To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
 Where mighty St. Lawrence runs down to the sea;
 Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
 Where children are blessings, and he who has most
 Has aid for his fortune, and riches to boast;
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
 Away! far away to the land of the West!

To the West.

2. To the West! to the West! where the Rivers that flow,
 Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;
 Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
 As wide as old England, and free for us all.
 Where the prairies like seas where the billows have
 rolled,
 As broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
 And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
 Away! far away to the land of the West!

To the West.

3. To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won;
 The forests to clear is the work to be done;
 We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair
 While there's light in the sunshine or breath in the air.
 The bold independence that Labor shall buy
 Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh,
 Away! far away! let us hope for the best,
 And build up a home in the Land of the West!

To the West.

BEHOLD HOW BRIGHTLY BREAKS THE MORNING.

1. Behold! how brightly breaks the morning,
 Tho' bleak our lot our hearts are warm;
 To toil inured, all danger scorning,
 We'll hail the breeze or brave the storm.
 Put off! put off! our course we know;
 Take heed! whisper low!
 Look out and spread your net with care;

Take heed! whisper low!
 The prey we seek, we'll soon—we'll soon ensnare,
 The prey we seek, the prey we seek we'll soon ensnare;
 The prey we seek we'll soon ensnare.

2. Away! no cloud is low'ring o'er us,
 Freely now we'll stem the wave;
 Hoist! hoist all sail, while full before us
 Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.
 Put off! put off, &c.

COME, WANDER WITH ME.

1. Come, wander with me, for the moonbeams are bright
 On river and forest, o'er mountain and lea,
 And far from the West the young zephyrs of night
 Have brought from their bowers rich perfume for
 thee.
2. I'll go, for 'tis sweet on a night such as this,
 To wander alone by the light of the moon,
 Recalling, in fancy, life's morning of bliss,
 And hopes that were bright as the blue sky of June.
3. To talk of the moments of happiness past,
 When life was a dream of unwearied delight,
 Of sunbeams we thought never cloud could o'ercast,
 Of days to which childhood could fancy no night.
4. The day has gone down the dark waters to rest,
 And moonbeams are sparkling on old ocean's breast,
 O thus, when the sun of our pleasure is fled,
 May hope's gentle rays on our lone hearts be shed.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

Hail, hail smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day—
Hail, hail, hail, hail!
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

[The following lines were written in California by a young man, and addressed to a sister:—]

1. Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some lov'd one
Were saying, "I wish he were here!"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam!
Oh yes! 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

2. When twilight approaches the season
That ever was sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's miss'd when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

3. Do they place me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
And candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "Good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whisper'd "Good night" o'er the deep?

4. Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
 At morning, at noon, and at night?
 And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,
 That only my presence can light?
 Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
 Are pleasures less hailed than before,
 Because one is miss'd from the circle—
 Because I am with them no more?

THE SISTER'S REPLY.

1. We miss thee at home. Yes! we miss thee
 Since the hour we bade thee adieu,
 And prayers have encircled thy pathway
 From anxious hearts loving and true,
 That the Saviour would guide and protect thee—
 As far from the lov'd ones you roam,
 And whisper, whene'er thou wert saddened,
 They miss thee—all miss thee at home!
2. When morning awakens from slumber,
 We catch from her lips the first kiss,
 And fold in a wandering zephyr
 To be wafted to him whom we miss;
 And when we have joined the home circle
 And replaced the still vacant chair,
 In each eye rise the gathering tear drops
 For him we were wont to see there.
3. The shadows of evening are falling,
 O where is the wanderer now?
 The breeze that floats lightly around us,
 Perchance may soon visit his brow;
 O bear on thy bosom a message,
 We're watching—Oh, why wilt thou roam?
 The heart has grown sad and dejected,
 For we miss thee—all miss the at home!

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

1. Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears—
From friends that I've not seen for years ;
And since we parted long ago
My life has been a scene of woe,
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.
Good news from home, &c.
2. No father near to guide me now,
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,
No sister's voice falls on my ear,
No brother's smile to give me cheer ;
But though I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends across the ocean's foam
Have sent to me good news from home.
Good news from home, &c.
3. When shall I see that cottage door
Where I've spent years of joy before ?
'Twas then I knew no grief or care,
My heart was always happy there ,
Though I may never see thee more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.
Good news from home, &c.

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

1. Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of
The blue Juniata.

Swift as an Antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks
In wavy tresses flowing.

2. Gay was the mountain song
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters of
The blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are,
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe.
A-down the rapid river.

3. Bold is my warrior, good
The love of Alfarata ;
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Along the Juniata ;
Soft and low he speaks to me,
But when his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

4. So sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata ;
Where sweep the waters of
The blue Juniata ;
Fleeting years have borne away,
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on,
The blue Juniata.

HOME. AGAIN.

1. Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And Oh ! it fills my heart with joy,
To meet my friends once more.
Here I dropped the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam ;
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

CHORUS.—Home again, Home again,
From a foreign shore ;
And Oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more.

2. Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee ;
But Oh! the friends I loved in youth.
Seem dearer far to me.
And if perchance my wayward fate,
Should bid me longer roam ;
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.
Home again, &c.

3. Music soft, music sweet,
Lingers round the place ;
And Oh! I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface.
Then give me but my homestead roof
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life,
With those I love at home.
Home again, &c.

WE'RE KNEELING BY THY GRAVE, MOTHER.

1. We're kneeling by thy grave, Mother,
The sun has left it now,
And tinges with its yellow light
Yon glad hill's verdant brow ;
Where happy children sport and laugh,
With whom we used to play ;
But we may not mingle with them now,
Since thou wer't borne away.

2. We're driven from our home, Mother,
The home we loved so well,
We wander hungry, homeless oft,
While strangers in it dwell :
And seek our bread from door to door,
Sad, comfortless, and lone ;
Ah ! Mother, when you went away,
Our happiness was gone.
3. We passed our cottage door, Mother,
For still we call it ours,
And we lingered by the garden wall,
And saw our own bright flowers ;
And peeped into the window,
Where the shadow of the blaze,
Of hearth-light flickered on the wall,
Ah! so like other days.
4. And gleamed upon a little child,
With sunny curling hair,
Who knelt low at her mother's knee.
Beside the old arm chair ;
And as we gazed on her we wept,
For there at close of day,
'Twas ours to kneel around thee,
While our lips were taught to pray.
5. We thought upon that time, Mother,
And on thy dying bed,
When we sobbing knelt around it,
Ere thy stainless spirit fled ;
When you told us you must leave us now,
For God had willed it so,
He who can dry the orphan's tear,
And calm the orphan's woe.
6. No glad hearth have we now, Mother,
To kneel at eventide,
No matron's eye beams over us
In tenderness and pride ;
But daily at this spot we meet,
Our bitter tears to blend,
And pour out all the grief fraught heart,
Before the orphan's Friend.

CHARITY.

1. Meek and lonely, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heav'n born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle tho'ts alone can sway thee.
Judgment hath in thee no part.
2. Hoping ever, failing never ;
Tho' deceived, believing still ;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy heavenly Father's will ;
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end ;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

LILLY DALE.

1. 'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light,
Shone soft o'er hill and vale ;
When friends mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed,
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.

Oh ! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her little
green grave,
'Neath the trees in the flowery vale.
2. Her cheeks that once glowed
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale ;
And the death damp was on
The pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh ! Lilly, &c.

3. I go, she said, to the land of rest,
 And ere my strength shall fail,
 I must tell you where,
 Near my own loved home,
 You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
 Oh ! Lilly, &c.

4. 'Neath the chestnut tree,
 Where the wild flowers grow,
 And the stream ripples forth through the vale
 Where the birds shall warble
 Their songs in Spring,
 There lay poor Lilly Dale.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

- 1 A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's
 dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermot darling, Oh come back to me."
2. Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slum-
 bered,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee,
 "Oh, bless'd be that warning, my child, thy sleep
 adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."
3. And while they are keeping, bright watch o'er thy
 sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly, my baby with me,
 And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er thy
 father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

4. The dawn of the morning, saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy, her husband to see,
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering to
thee."

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn ;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
There's not a breath the blue wave to curl
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar,
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere,
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them, with peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

1. There's a song of the olden time,
 Falling sad on the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we loved to hear,
 When amid the grand and gay,
 When music lends her gentle art,
 I never hear so sweet a lay,
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,
 As that song of Olden Time,
 Falling sad on the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime
 Which in youth we loved to hear.

2. And when all of this life is gone,
 E'en the hope ling'ring now,
 Like the last leaves, left on
 Autumn's sere and faded bough.
 'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
 Who loved me in youth's early day,
 When in that parting hour I hear
 The same sweet notes and die away
 To that song of the Olden Time,
 Breathed like hope's farewell strain,
 To stay in some brighter clime,
 Love and youth may shine again.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-
 hood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view,
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild
 wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
 The wide spreading pond and the mill which stood
 near it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell.

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

2. The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
 For oft at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature could yield,
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-
 ing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And drooping with coolness it rose from the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips,
 Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
 And now far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

1. Land of our fathers, wheresoe'er we roam
 Land of our birth! to us thou still art home;
 Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend,
 Down to posterity their influence descend,
 All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land, our native land,
 Our native land, our native land, our native land.

2. Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of our birth! we ever loved thee still!
Heav'n shield our happy home from each hostile
band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land,
All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony our native land, our &c.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

1. While we seek mirth and beauty and music light
and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks
will say,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

CHORUS

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin
door,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

2. Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many
tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.

CHORUS: 'Tis the song &c.

3. There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life
away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;

Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all
the day,
Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more.

CHORUS : 'Tis the song &c.

4. 'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely
grave,

Oh ! Hard Times, come again no more :

CHORUS : 'Tis the song &c.

LONG, LONG AGO.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago ;
Sing me the the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.
2. Do you remember the path where we met,
Long, long ago, long, long ago ;
Ah ! yes you told me you ne'er would forget,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Then to all others my smile you preferred,
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard ;
Long, long ago, long ago.
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago ;
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long ago ;

But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

1. A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep !
Like an eagle caged, I pine,
On this dull unchanging shore ;
Oh ! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest roar !
2. Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft ;
Set sail ! fare-well to the land,
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean bird set free ;
Like the ocean bird our home
We'll find, far out in the sea !
3. The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown ;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down !
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A life on the bounding wave !

JEANETTE AND JEANOT.

1. You are going far away, far away from poor Jeanette,
There's no one left to love me now, and you may too forget ;
But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face and say the same Jeanot ?
When you wear the jacket red, and the beautiful cockade,
Oh ! I fear you will forget the promises you've made,
With the gun upon your shoulder and the bayonet by your side,
You'll be taking some great lady and be making her your bride.

2. Or when glory leads the way you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking, if they kill you, my happiness is gone,
If you win the day, perhaps a General you'll be,
Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me.
O, if I were Queen of France, or still better, Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men abroad, nor weeping maids at home,
All the world should be at peace or if kings must show their might,
Why, let them who make the quarrels, be the only men to fight.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

1. God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen !
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen !

2. O Lord, our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hopes we fix,
God save us all !
3. Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour ;
Long may she reign !
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen !

•••••
MARSEILLES HYMN.

1. Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory,
Hark ! hark, what myriads bid you rise ;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears; and hear their cries.
Shall lawless tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The patriot sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.
2. Oh, liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy glorious flame ?
Can tyrant's bolts and bars confine thee,
And thus thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long our country wept, bewailing,
The blood-stain'd sword our conquerors wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The patriot sword unsheath,
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On liberty or death ;

AWAY TO SCHOOL.

1. Our youthful hearts for learning burn,
 Away, away to school;
 To science now our steps we turn,
 Away, away to school.
 We turn from home and all its charms,
 And leave our parent's loving arms;
 Away to school, away to school,
 Away, away to school.
2. Behold a happy band appears,
 Away, away to school;
 The shout of joy now fills our ears,
 Away, away to school.
 Our voices ring in music sweet,
 When with our friends in school we meet;
 Away to school, away to school,
 Away, away to school.
3. No more we roam in idle play,
 Away, away to school;
 In study now we spend the day,
 Away, away to school.
 United in a peaceful band,
 We're join'd in heart, we're joined in hand;
 Away, to school, away to school,
 Away, away to school.

DILIGENCE.

Let all your work be early done,
By lazy sloth no prize is won,
And time and tide will wait for none.

THE PET LAMB.

1. The dew was falling fast,
The stars began to blink ;
I heard a voice, it said,
Drink pretty creature, drink !
And looking o'er the hedge,
Before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb,
With a maiden by its side ;
A snow-white mountain lamb.
With a maiden by its side.

2. No other sheep were near,
The lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord
'Twas tether'd to a stone ;
With one knee on the grass
Did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb
She gave its evening meal ;
While to that mountain lamb
She gave its evening meal.

3. Rest, little one, she said,
Hast thou forgot the day,
When my father found thee first
In places far away ?
Many flocks were on the hills,
But thou wert own'd by none,
And thy mother from thy side
For evermore was gone ;
And thy mother from thy side
For evermore was gone.

4. Thou know'st that twice a day,
I have brought thee in this can,
Fresh water from the brook,
As clear as ever ran ;
And twice, too, in the day,

When the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk,
Warm milk it is and new ;
I bring thee draughts of milk,
Warm milk it is and new.

5. See, here thou need'st not fear,
The raven in the sky ;
Both night and day thou'rt safe,
Our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me ?
Why pull so at thy chain ?
Sleep, and at break of day,
I will come to thee again !
Sleep, and at break of day,
I will come to thee again !

THE SWEET BIRDS ARE WINGING.

1. The sweet birds are winging
From arbour to spray,
From arbour to spray ;
And cheerily singing
Of spring-time and May ;
Of spring-time and May.
Sing, children, sing with me,
Cheerily, cheerily ;
Sing, children, sing with me,
'Tis the merry May.
2. Companions to meet us,
Are now on their way,
Are now on their way ;
With garlands to greet us,
And songs of the May,

And songs of the May ;
Sing, children, sing with me,
Cheerily, cheerily ;
Sing, children, sing with me,
'Tis the merry may.

3. The cattle are low-ring ;
They rise from their hay ;
They rise from their hay ;
And long to be going—
The morning is May,
The morning is May ;
Sing, children, sing with me,
Cheerily, cheerily ;
Sing, children, sing with me,
'Tis the merry May.

GATHER, GATHER.

1. Gather, gather, the bell doth ring ;
We now must leave the pleasant swing ;
Then follow in order while we sing,
And march up to the gallery.
Thus the master we obey,
Who kindly teaches us the way
To read, to sing, to march and play,
And thus we never weary.
2. Smart little boys are march'ng down ;
The tidy girl's are follow'ng round ;
We're marching away to the clean play-ground,
To join in sport so cheerily.
Bright and sunny is the day ;
The master gives us leave to play ;
So round the pole we'll swing away,
And thus we never weary.

HAIL! ALL HAIL!

1. Hail, all hail! thou merry month of May!
We will hasten to the woods away.
Among the flow'rs so sweet and gay;
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry, merry May;
Then away to hail
The merry, merry month of May.
2. Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on the spray;
And we will be as blithe as they;
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry, merry May!
Then away to hail
The merry, merry month of May.

GLOOMY LOOKS THE SKY TO-DAY.

1. Gloomy looks the sky to-day,
And dark the heav'ns are turning;
So in the school we all will stay,
Some useful lesson learning
Safely cover'd from the storm,
While the clouds are low'ring,
Here we all are dry and warm,
Tho' fast the rain is show'ring.
2. Tho' we love the sunny days,
We'll not be heard complaining;
For soon again the cheering rays,
Will follow all this raining.
Drooping herbs and with'ring grass,
Need refreshing showers;
Soon the rain away will pass,
And sunshine light the flowers.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

1. Oh dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?

That we have crying again?
 These children were naughty, and would be playing,
 When lessons they ought in the school to be saying,
 And still they persist in the rule disobeying,
 And giving us all so much pain.

2. Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?

That we have crying again?
 These children, we hope, from their faults will be
 turning,
 And lessons endeavor in school to be learning,
 Their teacher's esteem by their diligence earning,
 And then they'll be happy again.

 PROCRASTINATION.

1. "Not to-day; we'll do it to-morrow,"
 Lazy people say to their sorrow;
 "Yes, to-morrow is the best;
 Then, O then, how hard I'll labor,
 But to-day myself I'll favor,
 Yes, to-day I still will rest."

2. But to-day's as good as to-morrow:
 If you wait 'twill be to your sorrow;
 Do to-day your proper task;
 What is done I see it plainly,
 What will come I look for vainly,
 Then delay I'll never ask.

FTER BE.

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3. *This* before us, *that* is behind us ;
 Wasted moments sharply remind us,
 Time once past will ne'er come round,
 What is floating down life's river,
 Take it or it's gone forever,
 Moments lost are never found.

4. Ev'ry day I lose for to-morrow,
 In the book of life, to my sorrow,
 Stands a blank, unwritten page ;
 Well then ev'ry day I'll labor,
 Help myself and help my neighbour.
 In each work of love engage.

WILL YOU, WILL YOU.

1. Shall we go to the wood where the evergreens grow,
 Whose leaves drink the dew and decay never know?
 We will sportively chat, and we'll merrily sing,
 And drink of the water that flows from the spring.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the wood?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the wood?
2. We will sit by the rill as it joyously gleams,
 Like jewels that shine in the bright sunny beams ;
 No wonder it dances with joy on its way,
 'Twill surely find welcome where e'er it may stray.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the wood?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the wood?

THE SONG-BIRD.

1. Gaily the warbling bird
Sings on the spray ;
Sweetly his voice is heard,
'Thro' the long day.
Pour'd from his tuneful throat,
Mellow and clear,
Oh ! how his simple note,
Pleases the ear.

2. His is a pleasant life,
In the glad spring,
Far from the sound of strife,
Well may he sing ;
Fann'd by the gentle breeze,
'Midst the young birds,
Shaded by waving trees,
In the the green woods.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

Hail, hail smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold,
Whose rosy fingers ope the gates of day—
Hail, hail, hail, hail !
Who the gay face of nature doth unfold,
At whose bright presence darkness flies away.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to you all, and sweet be your sleep ;
May angels around you their vigils keep ;
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

THE COURSE OF THE SUN.

Now brightly the sun his glad course has begun,
 His beams gild the clear morning skies ;
 When day shall be done, and his race shall be run,
 He'll sink 'mid the loveliest dyes.
 He makes the flow'rs grow, and warm breezes blow ;
 The streams sparkle bright in his ray ;
 The song-birds rejoice, and unite with sweet voice,
 To welcome the king of the day.

THE BUSY BEE.

1. In the early beams of spring,
 Flies the busy bee ;
 Plying its unwearied wing,
 Flies the busy bee ;
 Humming in each woodland bow'r,
 Peeping into ev'ry flow'r,
 Using ev'ry sunny hour,
 Flies the busy bee.
2. In the sultry summer days,
 Flies the busy bee ;
 Basking in the burning rays,
 Flies the busy bee,
 Gath'ring from each flow'ry bell,
 In the garden, field, or dell,
 Sweets to store its curious cell,
 Flies the busy bee.
3. In the sober autumn's time,
 Flies the busy bee ;
 Though the flowers are past their prime,
 Flies the busy bee ;
 Ere the wintry storms shall roar,
 And the flowers shall bloom no more,
 Laying up its honey'd store,
 Flies the busy bee.

THE BONNY BOAT.

Glide along our bonny boat,
While with the tide we gently float,
And chant to the deep sea's mellow note,
Glide along our bonny boat;

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

1. Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow!
Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way;
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forge the darkness of to-day.
So farewell, England, much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England, farewell for ever more!

Cheer! boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
Cheer! boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labor.
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

2. Cheer! boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;
The world shall follow in the track we'er going,
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain;
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

Cheer! boys, cheer! for country, mother country;
Cheer! boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labor;
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

1. Bonnie lassie, will you go,
Will you go, will you go,
Bonnie lassie, will you go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays :
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

2. The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

3. The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

4. Thy hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, meets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

5. Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me ;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THOU BONNIE WOOD O' CRAIGIE LEA.

1. The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonnie o'er thy flow'ry lea,
 An' a' the sweets that one can wish
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee,
 Thou bonnie wood o' Craigie-lea,
 Thou bonnie wood o' Craigie-lea,
 Near thee I spent life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

2. Far ben thy dark green planting's shade,
 The cushat croodles pleasantly,
 The mavis, down thy buched glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

3. Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee,
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be!
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

4. When winter blaws in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

5. Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min'
 That I in youth hae spent in thee,
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

BANKS O' DOON.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flow'ry thorn;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

2. Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

BOAT SONG.

From "The Lady of the Lake," by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
 Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"



2. Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the
 mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blows;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise agen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"
3. Row vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !
 O ! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine !
 O ! that some scedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deep-most glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"



COME TAKE A SAIL.

1. Oh ! won't you come my sister dear,
 And take a sail with me;
 My boat is laying just out here,
 And only waits for thee;
 She is the nicest little boat,
 Upon the Tennessee;
 She's got the sweetest name afloat,
 I named her after thee.

CHORUS.

Then take a sail my sister dear,
 And down the stream we'll glide,
 You'll never feel the slightest fear,
 While I am by your side.



2. The weather now is fine and clear,
There's not a cloud above,
So take your seat my sister dear
And then right off we'll shove ;
I'll 'tend the sail and you shall steer,
And when we move along,
We'll raise our voices loud and clear,
In some nice little song.

CHORUS.

Then take a sail, &c.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

1. The sun had sunk behind the hill,
Across yon dreary moor,
When wet and cold there came a boy
Up to the farmer's door,
'Can you tell me,' said he, 'if any there be
Who would like to give employ
To plough and sow
To reap and mow
To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy?'
2. 'My Father's dead my mother's left
With four poor children small,
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm eldest of them all.
But though little, I'll work as hard as I can
If I can get employ
To plough and sow,' &c.
3. 'But if no boy you chance to want,
One favor I will ask,
To shelter me till break of day,
From the cold wintry blast,
And at the dawn of day, I will trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ
To plough and sow,' &c.

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

1. Far, far, upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather, young and old,
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round, without a wrinkle or a fold,
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessel's stately side,
Or the wild sea-birds that follow thro' the air,
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,
Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
We watch the sea-birds follow thro' the air,
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

2. Far, far, upon the sea,
With the sun shine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young ;
And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The songs of happy childhood which we sung.
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more ;
Sound the glories that our country yet shall hear !
That sailors rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,
Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
Sound the glories that our country yet shall hear,
That the sailors rule the waves,
And never will be slaves ;
Oh ! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

3. Far, far, upon the sea,
 What e'er our country be,
 The thought of it will cheer us as we go.
 And Scotland's sons shall join,
 In the song of Auld Lang Syne,
 With voice by memory softened, clear and low,
 And the men of Erin's Isle,
 Bathing sorrow with a smile,
 Shall sing St. Patrick's morning, void of care,
 And thus we pass the day,
 As we journey on our way,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,
 Far, far upon the sea,
 What e'er our country be,
 We'll sing our native music, void of care,
 And thus we pass the day,
 As we journey on our way,
 Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

SHELLS OF OCEAN.

1. One summer eve with pensive thought,
 I wandered on the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft in heedless infant sport,
 I gathered shells in days before;
 I gathered shells in days before,
 The splashing waves like music fell,
 Responsive to my fancy wild,
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child,
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again, again a child.
2. I stood upon the pebbly strand,
 To cull the toys that round me lay,
 But as I took them in my hand,
 I threw them one by one away,
 I threw them one by one away,

Oh ! thus I said, in ev'ry stage
 By toys our fancy is beguiled,
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them like a child,
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, leave them like a child.

HAPPY LAND.

1. Happy land ! happy land !
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again ! still again !
 My thoughts will cling to thee!
 Land of love and sunny skies,
 Rich in joy and beauty,
 Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
 Still make affection duty.
 Oh ! happy land ! happy land !
 Ne'er from thee my heart can stray ;
 I would fain ! hear again !
 Thy merry mountain lay.
 La, la, la, la,
 La, la, la, la,
 Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay,
 La, la, la, la,
 La, la, la, la,
 Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay.

2. Happy land ! happy land !
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again ! still again !
 My thoughts will cling to thee !
 Like that bird of love and song,
 Far from its lov'd dwelling,
 When into the wild air flung
 What joy its note is telling.

Oh ! happy land ! happy land !
 Ne'er from thee my heart can stray ;
 I would fain ! hear again !
 Thy merry mountain lay.
 La, la, la, la,
 La, la, la, la,
 Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay,
 La, la, la la,
 La, la, la, la,
 Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay.

“WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH ?”

1. Where are the friends of my youth ?
 Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone ?
 And why have they dropp'd with the leaf ?
 Ah, why have they left me to mourn ?
 Their voices still sound in mine ear,
 Their features I see in my dreams,
 And the world is a wilderness drear,
 As a wide spreading desert it seems.
 Ah ! Where are the friends of my youth ?
 Ah, where are those cherish'd ones gone ?
 And why have they droop'd with the leaf ?
 Ah, why have they left me to mourn ?

2. Say, can I ever again ;
 Such ties can I ever renew ?
 Or feel those warm pulses again,
 Which beat for the dear ones I knew ?
 The world as a winter is cold,
 Each charm seems to vanish away,
 My heart is now blighted and old,
 It shares in all nature's decay.
 Ah ! Where are the friends of my youth,
 Say, where are those cherish'd ones gone ?
 And why have they droop'd with the leaf ?
 Ah, why have they left me to mourn ?

PESTAL ; or, YES ! THE DIE IS CAST !

1. Yes ! the die is cast !
 The turbid dream of life is waning,
 The gulf will soon be past,
 The soul immortal joy attaining.
 Thus then I fall my native land to save,
 Shall I live a slave ?
 No ! the free and brave
 Will scorn to yield ; my country's flag shall wave
 Around the patriot's grave.
 Yes ! the die is cast !
 The turbid dream of life is waning,
 The gulf will soon be past,
 The soul immortal joy attaining.

2. Hark ! the fatal bell
 Each passing hour the dungeon waking,
 Chimes a sad farewell,
 In solemn tones the silence breaking.
 Fell usurper ! know thy savage tyranny
 Soon will set me free ;
 Thwarted shalt thou be,
 For I shall rise above thee in eternity ;
 Immortal life thou giv'st to me.
 Yes ! the die is cast !
 The turbid dream of life is waning,
 The gulf will soon be past,
 The soul immortal joy attaining.

IN THIS OLD CHAIR.

1. In this old chair my father sat,
 In this my mother smil'd,
 I hear their blessings on me wait,
 And feel myself a child ;

I feel the kiss of their fond love,
Oh, joy! Oh, joy! too bright to last;
Ah! why will cruel time remove,
Or mem'ry paint the past?
Or mem'ry paint the past?

2. And here, alas! when they were gone
In beauty's own array,
A pitying angel on me shone,
To chase each grief away;
But Oh! it was delusive love,
Alas! too pure, too sweet to last;
And if such dream time must remove,
Why mem'ry paint the past.
Why mem'ry paint the past.

THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

1. Thou art gone from my gaze,
Like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain,
By the meadow and stream;
Oft I breathe thy dear name,
To the winds floating by,
But thy sweet voice is mute
To my bosom's lone sigh.
In the stillness of night,
When the stars mildly shine,
My heart fondly holds
A communion with thine,
For I feel thou art near,
And where'er I may be,
That the Spirit of Love
Keeps a watch over me.
2. Of the birds in thy bow'r,
Now, companions I make;
Ev'ry simple wild flow'r,
I prize for thy sake;

The deep woods and dark wilds,
 Can a pleasure impart,
 For their solitude suits
 My sad sorrow worn heart.
 Thou art gone from my gaze,
 Yet I will not repine,
 Ere long we shall meet in
 The home that's now thine ;
 For I feel thou art near,
 And where'er I may be,
 That the Spirit of Love
 Keeps a watch over me.

“AWAY NOW JOYFUL RIDING.”

1. Away, now joyful riding
 With heart and hope so light,
 My foaming steed now chiding,
 Then cheering his quick flight ;
 Now ! urge thee still more fleet !
 We'll have a smile most sweet ;
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed,
 'Tis love and home to meet ;
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, my friendly steed,
 'Tis love and home to meet.
2. The trees were past us flying,
 The mountains seem'd to race ;
 My heart alone seem'd dying,
 All mock'd our weary pace ;
 How slow the long hours glide ;
 The road is free and wide,
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, away ! away !
 We must more fleetly ride ;
 Trot, trot, trot, trot, away ! away !
 We must more fleetly ride.

3. At length a cottage shining,
'Mid flow'rets came to sight ;
My steed its home divining,
Sprang cheerily on its flight ;
Now by the door I see
Two bright eyes fixed on me ;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed,
There's home and rest for thee ;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, my own good steed,
There's home and rest for thee.
4. Now by the warm hearth smiling,
There's one, the star of home,
With gentle words beguiling,
She bids me ne'er to roam ;
I cannot now say "nay ;"
Time seems to fleet away ;
Trot, trot, trot, trot, afar, no more,
With love and home I'll stay,
Trot, trot, trot, trot, afar, no more,
With love and home I'll stay.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

1. By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan,
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone ;
I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave, by the sad sea wave.
Come again, bright days of hope and pleasure gone,
Come again bright days, come again, come again.
2. From my care last night, by hoïy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dreamlight, my home upon me smil'd ;
O how sweet 'mid the dew, ev'ry flow'r that I knew,
Breath'd a gentle welcome back to the worn and
weary child.

I awake in my grave by the sad sea wave,
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smil'd,
Come again dear dream, come again, come again.

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.

1. So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd ;
And fond ones are flown ;
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?



mil'd,
gain.





