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1850

## Bunker Hill Songster, Containing National and Patriotic Songs, as Sung by the Principal Vocalists

Murphy, Printer and Publisher

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**BUNKER HILL**  
**SONGSTER.**

CONTAINING

**National and Patriotic**  
**SONGS.**

AS SUNG BY

**THE PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.**

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MURPHY, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,  
*Franklin Book Store,*  
**384 PEARL STREET,**  
NEW-YORK,



## OH! SPARE THE GLORIOUS EAGLE.

*Written for Mr. Quayle, by Silas S. Steele.  
and sung with rapturous applause*

Oh! spare the glorious Eagle,  
Forever let him fly,  
The plumed Angel LIBERTY,  
Whose pinions cleave the sky.  
Oh! ne'er may freedom bless him,  
Who'd shorten his life's span,  
The emblem of the dearest boon,  
That heaven gave to man.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,  
Forever let him fly,  
The plumed Angel LIBERTY,  
His native home the sky.

His *aerie's* Freedom's altar,  
His pinions fan her fire,  
And while his noble plume can wave,  
Her light can ne'er expire,  
For in the breasts of Freemen,  
He kindles that bold flame—  
His daring soul of liberty,  
That tyrants ne'er can tame.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,  
Forever let him fly,  
The plumed angel Liberty,  
His native home the sky.

From clime to clime he wandered,  
From th' hunting tyrant's snare,  
And found a home in this bright land,  
Of Freedom's kindred air ;  
Then let his sky-born children,  
Soar *free* from hill to wave,  
While man can view his noble form,  
He ne'er will be a slave.

Then spare the glorious Eagle,  
Forever let him fly,  
The plumed angel Liberty,  
His native home the sky.

---

### MY SISTER DEAR.

My sister dear, o'er this rude cheek,  
How oft I've felt the tear-drop stealing ;  
When those mute looks have told the feeling  
Heaven denied thy tongue to speak,  
And thou hadst comfort in that tear,  
Shed for thee—my sister dear !

And now, alas ! I weep alone ;  
By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken,  
'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,  
Trembling for thy fate unknown,  
And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
Shed for thee—my sister dear !

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 THE YALLER BUSHA BELLE.

As I walk'd out one moonlight night,  
 I met a fair maid—her eyes shone bright,  
 Her face was so black, you couldn't see well.  
 And she was called de 'Yaller Bush Belle.'  
 Says I, 'Young lady, may I walk wid ye?'  
 What do you tink was de answer she gib me?  
 She say to me, ha, ta,  
 Go away, black man, don't you come a'neigh  
 me  
 Burn you we'de a chunk, if I don't blue die me!  
 Radink a day, Ra, di, ink a day—

Nigger see'd her eat a pumpkin all de day.  
 Dat she should be too dignified, I didn't care  
 to see,  
 Kase I'm de ansom nigger from de elbow to de  
 knee,  
 I never see a yaller gal I could like so so well,  
 So I splash my 'fections on you, my  
 Yaller Busha Belle.

So cum Miss Dinah, may I walk wid ye?  
 Still de same answer, de lady she gib me.

*Spoken.*—She says to me in 'zackly *de same*  
 tone of voice as before, *only different.*

Go away black man, &c.

We didn't walk much furder, kase down de  
 rain fell,

So in a minute I put up my cotton umbrelle.  
 ‘ Miss Dinah, now, I axes you to lean upon dis  
 arm,  
 An’ I pledge my solemn appetite I dont mean  
 you no harm ;  
 So come, young lady, may I walk wid ye ?’  
 Dis time a different answer she gib me.

*Spoken.*—You see de rain was coming down  
 tolerably slick—and she says,—

‘ Come away, black man, I’ll go away with you  
 now,  
 Hold up your umberalla, or I get wet thro’ now.’  
 We walked along togeder, I don’t know what I  
 said,  
 But de subject of matrimony cum into my head.  
 All dat pass’d between I’m not a-goine to tell,  
 But de next day I got married to my

Yaller Busha Belle

Went to a niger parson, on purpose to be wed,  
 When he as’k de lady’s name, what do you tink  
 she said ?

Go away, black man, &c.

About twelve months after dat I t’ought I go  
 wild,  
 When my yaller girl she gab to me a little male  
 child,  
 He was black as any crow, perhaps just a trifle  
 bigger,  
 I ’clare I neber saw such a handsome little nig-  
 ger

But my Yaller Busha Belle, my young and  
lovely bride,  
She didn't live much longer, 'cause next day  
she died.

*Spoken.*—She says to me in a werry lemon-  
choly voice,—

Good-bye black man, I'm going away, from you  
now,

Mind de piccaninny if you lub me true now.

Ra, di, ink a day, Ra, di, ink a day,

I 'clar it nearly broke my heart to put her in de  
clay.

#### THE COTTAGE NEAR ROCHELLE

When I beheld the anchor weigh'd,  
And with the shore thy image fade,  
I deem'd each wave a boundless sea,  
That bore me still from love and thee.  
I watch'd alone the sun decline,  
And envied beams on thee to shine,  
While anguish painted 'neath her spell,  
My love and cottage near Rochelle.

'Mid every clime would memory trace,  
In every scene that gentle face,  
That mute pale lip—thy parting sigh,  
That one sad tear which filled thine eye  
Till fancy's dream with sweet control,  
Or magic wings would lift my soul,  
And waft me home with thee to dwell  
My love and cottage near Rochelle.



## THE IRISH HARPER AND HIS DOG.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah  
was nigh,

No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,  
No harp like my own could so cheer'ly play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shelah to  
part

She said, (while the sorrow was big at her  
heart,)

O! remember your Shelah when far, far away,  
And be kind my dear Pat to our poor dog, Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I was  
poor,

When the sour looking folks sent me heartless  
away

I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was  
so cold,

And Pat and his dog were grown weary and  
old,

How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,  
And he licked me for kindness, my poor dog  
Tray.

Though my wallet was scant I remember'd his  
case,

Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face,

But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,  
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog  
Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind  
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
I can never more return with my poor dog  
Tray.

## THE GYPSEY GIRL'S DREAM.

As sung with the most rapturous applause, by Mrs. Se-  
guin, in the new grand Opera of the "Bohemian Girl."

*I dream'd* that I dwelt in marble halls,  
With vassals and serfs at my side,  
And of all who assembled within those walls,  
That I was the hope and pride.  
I had riches too great to count, could boast  
Of a high ancestral name;  
And I also *dream'd*, which charm'd me most,  
That you lov'd me still the same.

*I dream'd* that suiters besought my hand,  
That knights up in bended knee,  
And with vows, no maiden heart could withstand  
That they pledg'd their faith to me.  
And *I dream'd* that one of this noble host,  
Came forth my hand to claim;  
Yet I also *dream'd*, which charm'd me most,  
That you loved still the same.

## FRIENDS, COME DRAW NEAR.

From the Opera of the "Postillion."

Friends, come draw near and hear the story,  
 Of a postillion bold and gay,  
 'Tis true indeed, 'tis no vain glory,  
 Take, take my word for all I say;  
 When far his horses tramp was sounding,  
 The village maids came forth to greet,  
 Many a heart from them was bounding,  
 Galloping with his horse's feet.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free,  
 The happy postillion must be,  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! how gay and free,  
 How gay and free,  
 The happy postillion must be!  
 The happy postillion must be.  
 How gay and free, gay and free,  
 The happy postillion e'er must be,  
 How gay and free, gay and free, gay and  
 free.  
 The happy postillion e'er must be.

Many a lady high in station,  
 Whose absent lord, his wife had told,  
 If you do not ride for recreation,  
 None drives but this postillion bold:  
 His horses promptly obey his will,  
 When the trusty reigns he's seizing,  
 There is perfect safety in his skill,  
 His overturns are not unpleasing. Oh! &c

Late in the night, the village leaving,  
 To take some travellers on their way,  
 Home he quitted, many grieving,  
 At his lengthen'd stay;  
 No more he roves to ev'ry flower,  
 His days of gallantry are done,  
 He that o'er many hearts had power,  
 Now has become the slave of one. Oh! &c.

## WITH THESE WE'LL BIVOUC.

He who wears a regimental suit,  
 Oft is poor as is some raw recruit.

But what of that!

Girls will follow when they hear the drum,  
 To view the tassel and the waving plume  
 That deck his hat!

Oh! he will sing when he's not on duty,  
 Smoke his segar, or flirt with some gay  
 beauty.

Oh vive l'amour, cigars and cognac,  
 Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra! with these we'll  
 bivouac.

*Chorus.*—Oh vive l'amour, &c.

When we march into a county town,  
 Prudes may fly from us, and dames may  
 frown.

All that's absurd!

When we march away we leave behind  
 Prudes and dames that have been vastly kind  
 Pray take my word!

Off, off we go and tell them we're on duty  
 Smoke a cigar, and seek for some new  
 beauty. *Chorus.*—Oh vive l'amour, &c

## CAN'T I DO THE THING.

As sung by Thos. H. Hadaway, with rapturous applause  
in the drama of "Rookwood."

TUNE—*The Great Sea Snake.*

In a cell of a prison I was born,  
And my daddy, as I've heard say,  
Of a hempen widow was the child forlorn,  
He was a lad who cut capers gay ;  
The last caper he cut was on Tyburn tree,  
By Jack Ketch's hempen string,  
And the remarkable words he said to me—  
(*Was Jerry*) "Can't I do the thing?"

To the tune of hearty-choke with caper-sauce  
He found out the time of day,  
His last exit was made 'midst much applause  
And he's left me to fight my way.  
For smoking a pipe or drinking a glass,  
To frolic, dance and sing,  
Or making love to a cherry cheek'd lass,  
Oh, "can't I do the thing?"

True, I'm but a bundle of rags,  
Only fit for a paper mill,  
Let me lay hold of the money bags,  
And I soon will work my will ;  
I can drink a glass with a very good grace,  
Whether a brandy or gin sling,  
And my gals will say as they look in my face,  
(*Jerry*) "Oh, can't he do the thing?"

## THE STAR OF COLUMBIA.

A NEW AMERICAN SONG.

Written by Henry Phillips, Esq., and sung by him  
throughout the United States, with universal applause.

Star of Columbia, fair as the morn,  
Unsullied by crime, and in liberty born—  
The Giant of Nations, of Freedom and art ;  
The mirror of Nature ; the bold, honest heart.

The arts fly for favor to this happy land,  
From Europe's famed cities to thy fostering  
hand ;

Here find they a favor to aid and to grace  
And are met like a parent with smiles on thy  
face.

Here Genius has vent, here the mind's free to  
room.

And the soil to the stranger is turned to a home ;  
No longer depressed by fashion's dull brain,  
He lives, and he feels like a Giant again.



COME TO THE HOME OF YOUTH,  
DEAREST LOVE.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love,  
Come to the scenes of childhood's tree;  
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,  
And we will ever happy be;  
Birds singing gaily, now as then,  
Flit through the wood and glen.  
Hark! loud is the voice of the waterfall,  
Dashing against its rocky wall;  
Just as it ran in days of yore,  
When we were shouting to its roar.

Dark were the clouds that passed o'er thee;  
Rude were the storms that round thee blew  
But still we come to the sheltering tree,  
Where love with her early pleasures grew;  
All looks cherrily and gay,  
As in that calmer day.

Yes, here is the home of youth, dearest love.  
Here are the scenes of childhood's tree,  
Hopes here around, and hearts are free,  
And we will ever happy be.



OH! BLESS DAT LUBLY YALLAR GAL.

As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.  
Oh! bless dat lubly yallar gal,  
Dat some folks call "Miss Dina;"  
Oh! pity me, ye Niggars all,  
An' tell where I can find her.  
Oh! now she's gone an' left me,  
For fear dat I might harm her;  
To day arter to-morrow,  
She's gone to Alabama.

Her hair is like de shining silk,  
She's fat an' round as 'ro-rus,  
She feed upon good mush an' milk.  
An' morus multicornus.  
Oh! now she gone an' left me,  
My heart is filled wid sorrow;  
I'll find some ober yallar gal,  
An' I'll marry her to-morrow.

OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS HO.

Sung by Mr. Russel.

When the tempests fly, o'er the cloudy sky  
And the piping blast sings merrily;  
Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social heartn,  
Where the flames are blazing cherrily.  
Our way across the mountains, ho!  
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Our way across the mountains, ho!  
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

The moon-beam bright, of a summer's night,  
 Shineth but sad and wearily ;  
 But sweet is the glow where contentment flows  
 And the bright fire blazes cheerily.  
 Oh, when the tempests fly o'er the cloudy sky  
 And the piping blast sings merrily ;  
 Oh, sweet is the mirth of the social hearth,  
 Where the flames are blazing cheerily  
     Our way across the mountains, ho !  
     Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !  
     Our way across the mountains, ho !  
     Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !

Let the storms without, in their midnight rout  
 Howl through the casement drearily ;  
 We're merry within round the blazing linn,  
 Where contentment flows right cheerily.  
 Our way across the mountains, ho !

COME, OH ! COME WITH ME.

Come, oh ! come with me,  
 The moon is beaming,  
 Come, oh ! come with me,  
 The stars are gleaming ;  
 All around, above,  
 With beauty teeming,  
 Moonlight hours,  
 Are meet for love.  
 Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar  
 Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh ! come with me,  
 The moon is beaming,  
 Come, oh ! come with me,  
 The stars are gleaming.

My shiff is by the shore,  
 She's light and free,  
 To fly the feathered oar,  
 Is joy to me ;  
 And as we glide along,  
 My song shall be,  
 My dearest maid,  
 I love but thee.  
 Fal le lar le lar, fal lar lar lar !  
 Fal le lar le lar, &c.

Come, oh ! come with me.  
 The moon is beaming,  
 Come, oh ! come with me,  
 The stars are gleaming.

OH ! SHARE MY COTTAGE, GENTLE  
 MAID.

Written and composed by Mr. Shrivall, and sung with  
 great applause by him and Mr. Walters.

Oh, share my cottage, gentle maid,  
 It only waits for thee,  
 To add fresh sweetness to its shade,  
 And give happiness and happiness to me.

Here from the splendid joy's parade,  
Of noise and folly free,  
No sorrow can my peace invade,  
If only blest with thee.  
Oh, share my cottage, &c.

The nawthorn with the woodbine twine,  
Present their sweets to thee,  
And ev'ry balmy breath of wind,  
Is filled with harmony.  
Oh, share my cottage, &c.

A truly fond and faithful heart,  
Is all I offer thee,  
Then can'st thou see me thus depart,  
A prey to misery ?

Then share my cottage gentle maid,  
It only waits for thee,  
To add fresh sweetness to its shade,  
And give happiness and happiness to me.

#### AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN ?

Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom,  
There, there, hast thou thy throne ;  
Thou, thou, knowest that I love thee,  
Am I not fondly thine own ?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, am I not fondly thine own

Then, then, e'en as I love thee,  
Say, say, wilt thou love me ?  
Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,  
Say wilt thou cherish for me ?  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, say wilt thou cherish for me ?

Speak, speak, love, I employ thee,  
Say, say, hope shall be thine,  
Thou, thou, know'st that I love thee,  
Say but that thou wilt be mine !  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, but say that thou wilt be mine!

#### THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS

By William Cullen Bryant.

Here we halt our march, and pitch our tent.  
On the rugged forest ground,  
And light our fire with the branches rent  
By winds from the beaches round.  
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood  
But a wilder is at hand  
With hail of iron and rain of blood,  
To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill  
That startle the sleeping bird ;  
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,  
And step must fall unheard,

The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,  
 In Ticonderoga's towers,  
 And ere the sun rise twice again,  
 The towers and the lake are ours.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides,  
 Where the fireflies light the brake ;  
 A ruddier juice the Briton hides,  
 In his fortress by the lake.  
 Build high the fire, till the panther leap  
 From his lofty perch in fright,  
 And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,  
 For the deeds of to-morrow night.

### THE RAPTURE DWELLING.

As sung by Miss Shirreff.

The rapture dwelling within my breast,  
 And fondly telling its fears to rest ;  
 The rapture dwelling within my breast,  
 And fondly telling its fears to rest ;  
 Comes o'er me wearing its charmed chain,  
 No vestige learning of sorrow's strain.  
 No vestige learning of sorrow's strain.  
 Of sorrow's, sorrows strain.



OH! YES, TO THAT I DO OBJECT.

*He.* I don't object, I don't object  
 To see you ever pleased and gay ;  
 And while gallants around you play  
 That you your husband should neglect,  
 I don't object, I don't object,—  
 But, 'Sdeath! to meet where'er I go,  
 An impudent annoying beau,  
 Whose evil motives I suspect—  
 I do object, I do object,—  
 Oh, yes, to that I do object.

I don't object, I don't object  
 To pay for trinkets without end ;—  
 Nay, my whole fortune to expend  
 To see you fashionably deck'd—  
 I don't object, I don't object ;  
 But to your seeking to make me  
 One of those husbands whom we see  
 Forming so numerous a sect—  
 I do object, I do object—  
 Oh, yes, to that I do object.

*She.* I don't object, I don't object  
 To be precise, and not coquet ;  
 And not to run you more in debt  
 Than you in reason can expect—  
 I don't object, I don't object ;—  
 But that a husband should presume  
 The tyrant ever to assume,  
 And dare to lecture and correct—  
 I do object, I do object.—  
 Oh, yes, to that I do object.

## I LOV'D HER SO.

"I'm thine ! I'm thine !" she oft would say,  
 For ever thine !—  
 Others' love may fade away,  
 But never mine !"  
 Yet she now leaves my heart to grieve,  
 And break with woe !  
 I scarce her falsehood can believe,  
 I lov'd her so !

But, love ! farewell,—I'll now for ever,  
 The false one fly ;  
 Her image from my heart I'll tear,  
 Then silent die !  
 I'll no longer her falsehood regret ;  
 Yet where'er I go,  
 I fear I never can forget :  
 —I lov'd her so !

## TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling fast,  
 Upon the rosy sea,  
 I watch'd that star, whose beam so oft  
 Has lighted me to thee ;  
 And thou, too, on that orb so dear,  
 Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,  
 And think, though lost for ever here,  
 Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.  
 And thou too, on that, &c.



There's not a garden walk I tread,  
There's not a flower I see;  
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,  
Some joy I've lost with thee;  
And still I wish that hour was near,  
When friends and foes forgiven,  
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,  
Nay turn to smiles in heaven.  
And still I wish, &c.

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### ANNIE O' GLENGYLE.

By Mrs. C. H. W. Esling.

My Annie is a winsome las  
And fair as summer flowers;  
Her breath is like the heather broom  
That scents her native bowers;  
Her e'en are bluer than the skies,  
But a' her sunny smile,  
Is like na' ither thing on earth,  
Save Annie o'Glengyle.

Her voice is like the wimplin' stream,  
That sings the lee-long day,  
Sae's soft, sae melancholy slow,  
Is aye its pensive lay;  
The birdie listens frae the tree,  
Wie' sadden'd thought awhile,  
And thinks it's his ain lonesome mate,  
Or Annie o'Glengyle.

## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes

Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy  
praise,

My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream,

Thou dove, whose soft echo resounds from the  
hill,

Thou green crested lap-wing, with noise  
loud and shrill,

Ye wild whistling warblers your music forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumb'ring  
dream.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it  
glides,

And winds by the cot where my Mary re-  
sides,

There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,  
Thy sweet scented groves shade my Mary  
and me.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes,

Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my  
lays,

My Mary's asleep by the murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her  
dream.

---

**COME BRAVE WITH ME THE SEA.**

Come brave the sea with me, love,  
The empire of the free, love,  
There shalt thou dwell with me, love,  
My blessing and my pride.  
Oh! hasten with me there,  
While yet the wind is fair,—  
Where sparkling billows roam, love,  
Where fate bids us roam, love,  
My ship shall be thy home, love,  
And thou the sailor's bride.

Come brave, &c.

Come then, and with me roam, love,  
From father, friends, and home, love,  
Where sparkling billows foam, love.

So boundless and so wide.  
For no dangers dread thee there,  
Where tempests rend the air,  
Though fair the earth may be, love,  
It is not like the sea, love,  
Where soars the spirit free, love  
As over its breast we ride.

Come brave, &c.



## FAREWELL! BUT NOT FOREVER!

A popular pathetic Ballad.

Farewell! my love, nay do not weep,  
Those tears become not beauty;  
One kind embrace before we part,  
One kiss, and then to duty.

Behold! our vessel's anchor weigh'd,  
Her top-sails how they shiver!  
One kiss, my love, and then farewell!  
But not farewell for ever.

Those sighs my love, unman my heart  
Tho' doom'd I am to leave you;  
My only treasure, do not grieve,  
Nor think I would deceive you.

But when the sails their bosom swell  
Alas! we then must sever;  
One kiss, my love, and then farewell,  
But not farewell for ever.

For ever, means time out of date,  
Of which men make but laughter,  
For if we part forever here,  
We surely meet hereafter.

'Then dry those tears, my lovely maid!  
In life we only sever;  
For tho' we now must say farewell!  
'Tis not farewell for ever.

## THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

All in the garden of beauty there grows,  
Proudest, and sweetest, a strange wild rose;  
Yet thorns dwell around the spot where it  
blows,

So maidens beware of the wild young rose.

But there is one hour,

One word of power.

The secret one happy lady knows,  
To call a fair sprite from its leaves at night,  
The genii king of the wild white rose.

All in the garden, &c.

The maiden who dares its sweets to inhale,  
Till her rosy cheek is dewy and pale,  
While love and fear contest her heart,  
The fairy king from the flower may start.

Sweet as the balm that round her flows,

Bright as the bud that near her grows.

Yet thorns for her breast,

To rob her of rest.

So maidens beware of the wild white rose.

All in the garden, &c.



## OFT THOU'ST TOLD ME, MOTHER DEAR.

Oft thou'st told me, mother dear,  
 Subtle man I'd cause to fear,  
 Thou a saint in yonder skies,  
 Still thy warning voice I praise.  
 But if he would still pursue,  
 Mother dear, what could I do?  
 Let this little tear proclaim,  
 Mother, I was not to blame

Sadly beats my breaking heart,  
 From a form so loved, to part;  
 Oh, how hard my lonely lot,  
 Still to live by him forgot.  
 Though remembrance wake a sigh,  
 Though pale sorrow dim mine eye—  
 Let my silent tears proclaim,  
 Mother, I was not to blame.

## LIBERTY FOR ME.

Here in my own secluded dwelling,  
 The charm is this, that I am free;  
 If I wed, oh, sir! their's no telling,  
 How very gruf my spouse may be;  
 And that I'm sure would not suit me.  
 For if I laugh, he'll think it wrong,  
 And bid me hold my tongue, hold my tongue.  
 Liberty for me—no man's wife I'll be;  
 Liberty for me—I'll be ever free.

I have been told how wives are slighted,  
And no rude man shall use me so ;  
If I wed, when to dance invited,  
I have no doubt he would say " No,  
My dear stay here—you shall not go."  
But if he tried to clip my wing,  
I'm sure I still should sing, still should sing,  
Yes ; I'm sure I still should sing,  
Liberty for me—no man's wife I'll be ;  
Liberty for me—I'll be ever free.

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#### HE PASSED AS IF HE KNEW ME NOT.

He passed as if he knew me not,  
Unconscious I was near ;  
And can he then so soon forget  
A being once so dear ?  
No, though composure's ill assum'd,  
I marked the blush of shame,  
I saw him tremble when he heard  
Another breathe my name.

I ask not now a lover's smile,  
These eyes are sunk and dim,  
But in their ruin they possess  
An eloquence for him ;  
Others pass, but from his heart  
More sympathy I claim,  
When I am gone, perchance he'll weep  
When e'er he'll hear my name.

### LOST ROSABEL.

Sung by Mr Dempster.

They have giv'n thee to another  
 They have broken ev'ry vow,  
 They have giv'n thee to another.  
 And my heart is lonely now;  
 They remember not our parting  
 They remember not our tears,  
 They have sever'd in an hour  
 The tenderness of years.  
 Oh! was it well to leave me!  
 Thou could'st not so deceive me,  
 Long and sorely I shall grieve thee,  
 Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n thee to another,  
 Thou art now his gentle bride,  
 Had I loved thee as a brother,  
 I could see thee by his side.  
 But I knew with gold they've won thee,  
 And thy trusting heart beguil'd;  
 Thy mother, too, doth shun me,  
 For she knew I lov'd her child.  
 Oh! was it well to sever,  
 Two fond hearts forever?  
 I can only answer—never,  
 Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n her to another,  
 She will love him, too, they say  
 If her mem'ry do not chide her  
 Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may.



But I know that she hath spoken  
 What she never can forget,  
 And tho' my heart be broken,  
 It will love her, love her yet.  
 Oh! 'twas not well to sever,  
 Two fond hearts forever!  
 I can only say—forever  
 Dear, dear Rosabel!

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### COME FORTH FROM THY BOWER

A very favourite Song, as sung by Miss Shirriff, with great applause.

Come forth from thy bower, my dark eyed  
 maid,  
 And list to the nightingale's song,  
 The toils of the day are over, dear maid—  
 Say, why dost thou tarry so long?  
 The treasure I prize is the light of thine eyes,  
 Then wherefore for splendour and wealth  
 should I pine?  
 The bee from thy lip, more honey would sip  
 Than from all the sweet buds from that  
 bower of thine;  
 Then let the bright rays of thy beauty be seen;  
 Oh, list to the sound of my gay tambourine.  
 Thus sung a fond youth—the maiden sighed,  
 And softly stole forth to her love;

And wilt thou be constant, she fondly cried  
 Though fortune more kindly should prove?  
 The maiden believ'd she'd ne'er be deceiv'd,  
 His love would be constant whatever his lot,  
 But sad was her fate—her lover grew great,  
 And the vows he once plighted his heart  
 soon forgot ;  
 Yet, still might the maid in her bower be seen,  
 Awaiting the sound of his gay tambourine.

### ONE LOOK OF LOVE.

A favourite Song as sung by Mr. Wilson.

One look of love from those bright eyes,  
 To cheer this anxious breast—  
 One smile from thee I'd fondly prize,  
 And be forever bless'd !  
 Will not my sighs to pity move thee—  
 Say, say, thou'lt be mine,  
 And bless the heart that fondly loves thee  
 Then turn not from me maiden fair,  
 Nor bid me plead in vain  
 For one kind look my heart to cheer  
 One smile to sooth my pain.

