



THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth, Mercily oh!
 merrily oh! where the song of freedom soundeth, merrily
 oh! merrily oh! There the warriors arms shed more
 splendour, There the maidens charms shine more
 tender, Every joy the land surroundeth, Merrily
 oh! merrily oh! Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 merrily, merrily oh! merrily oh! merrily oh!
 wearily every bosom pineth, Wearily oh! wearily

oh! Where the bond of slavery twineth, Wearily
 oh! wearily oh! There the warriors dart hath no
 fleerness, There the maidens heart hath no sweet-
 ness! Every flower of life declineth, Wearily
 oh! wearily oh! Wearily, wearily, wearily, wearily
 wearily, wearily oh! wearily oh! wearily oh!
 Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 If a glorious death won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath sigh'd in slavery—
 Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
(The last verse to be sung Da Capo— Allegro con spirito)

THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.

The summer days are come again, The summer
 days are come again, The sun blinks bright on
 hill and glen, The rosy summers come again. A
 gowany mantle clads the green, All blossoms on the trees
 are seen, An Willie saw a bat yestreen, I'm sure that summers come again.

The hasle busses bend nae mair
 Aneath the loads that crush't them sair,
 And Tweed rows past the waters fair,
 The cheerie summers come again.
 The summer days, &c.

Ye little birdies, aye and a;
 Loud may your tunefu' whistles blaw,
 The winds' gane round, and fled the snaw,
 The bonnie summers come again.
 The summer days &c.
 The glens are green, that looked sae ill,
 The blasts that shored our lambs to kill,
 The winds has glifed them o'er the bill,
 And gladsome summers come again.
 The summer days &c.
 Now summer ye wau use us weel,
 Wi' showers and sun-blinds at iters heel,
 We're unco glad ye're come arweel,
 You're doubly welcome back again.
 The summer days &c.
 For Spring, ye see, neer binds us now,
 To nurse the flocks, or tead the plough,
 There's nae to tak' our part but you—
 And wow! we're glad ye're back again.
 Then welcome summer back again,
 Rosy summer back again,
 The wuds sall ring wi' mouny a strain
 To welcome summer back again.

