

By the Gaily Circling Glass,

MY FATHER'S FLOCKS, &c.

As pensive one Night,

HOPE AND FEAR MY BOSOM REND,

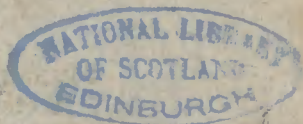
SAILOR BOY,

HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE,

AND

YOUNG LOVE.

15/6



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

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## BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS

By the gaily circling glass,  
We can see how minutes pass,  
By the hollow flask we're told,  
How the waning night grows old.  
Soon, too soon, the busy day  
Drives us from our sport away;  
What have we with day to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

By the silence of the owl,  
By the chirping of the thorn,  
By the butts that empty roll,  
We foretell th' approach of morn.  
Fill, then fill the vacant glass,  
Let no precious moment slip;  
Flout the moralizing ass;  
Joys find entrance at the lip.

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## THE BED OF ROSES.

Mr father's flocks adorn'd the plain,  
Retirement's joys possessing;  
He flourish'd in the sun's mild reign,  
His home and children blessing.  
When round us rag'd destructive war,  
And fire and slaughter spread afar,

Defeated, sham'd,  
 Our sire exclaim'd,  
 'My sons, high heaven disposes;—  
 On thorns we tread,  
 Yet those we dread,  
 Ne'er sleep on a Bed of Roses.'

We wander'd long on mountains wild,  
 As hardy hunters living;  
 In humble hut, at grandeur smil'd,  
 Our father's hopes reviving.  
 When battle once more rag'd below,  
 He fought, till captur'd by the foe;  
 Chain'd by harsh law,  
 On bed of straw,  
 'Still, heaven' he cried, 'disposes!  
 My sons, behold,  
 In honour bold,  
 I die on a Bed of Roses.'

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### THE LAST SHILLING.

As pensive one night in my garret I sat,  
 My last shilling produc'd on the table,  
 'That advent'rer, cried I, might a hist'ry relate,  
 If to think and to speak it were able; [frank,  
 Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the  
 'The face seem'd with life to be filling,  
 And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to  
 speak,  
 Pay 'ttention to me, thy last shilling.

• I was once the last coin of the law, a sad lime  
 Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter;  
 Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated  
 And he paid me to buy him a halter; [him,  
 A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,  
 With a pleasure so hearty and willing,  
 Tho' hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,  
 Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

• 'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glisten-  
 ing eye

With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me;  
 She 'chang'd me for bread, as her child she  
 heard cry.

And, at parting, with tears she bedew'd me:  
 But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way

Pale want their poor families chilling;  
 Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,  
 Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last  
 shilling.

• Thou thyself hast been thoughtless for profligate  
 bail,

But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury;  
 When my little history thou offerest for sale:

In the interim, spend me and be merry. [muse

• 'Never, never,' cried I; 'thou'rt my mentor, my  
 And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,

I'll hoard thee in my heart.' Thus men counsel  
 refuse,

ill the lecture comes from the last shilling.

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 THE ECHO DUET.
 

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Now hope and fear my bosom rending,  
 Alternate bid each other cease,  
 Soon shall death, thy terrors ending,  
 Calm each transient thought to peace,  
 Hark! a murmuring sound repeating,  
 Every stifled sigh I hear!  
 What can set this bosom beating,  
 Alas! 'tis mingled hope and fear!  
 Now they cease, 'this way retiring,  
 And all is awful-silence round,  
 Ah, sure those notes, dear maid, were thine,  
 Th' echoing sounds alone were mine.

'Tis her voice that meets my ear,  
 Say where art thou, whose voice I hear,  
 On, quickly speak, no longer roam,  
 To give thee liberty I come.

Soft, love, 'tis I; relief is near,  
 Where art thou now? I'm here.  
 This way advance, and you are free,  
 This way to light and liberty.

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 SAILOR BOY.
 

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In slumber of midnight the sailor boy lay,  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the  
 wind,



But watch-worn and weary his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danc'd o'er his mind;  
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bow'rs,  
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn;  
 Whilst mem'ry stood sideways, half-cover'd with  
 tears,  
 And restor'd every rose, but secreted a thorn.

The jessamine clammers in flow'rs o'er the thatch,  
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in  
 the wall,  
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch:  
 And the voice of belov'd ones reply to the call,  
 A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,  
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm  
 tear,  
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite,  
 With lips of the maid whom his bosom holds  
 dear.

Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, never again,  
 Shall peace, love, or kindred, thy wishes re-  
 pay,  
 Unblest, and unhonour'd, down deep in the  
 main,  
 Full many score fathom thy form shall decay:  
 Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll,  
 Earth loosens thy body, for ever and aye,  
 Oh! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul.

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## HER MOUTH, WHICH A SMILE.

HER mouth, which a smile,  
 Devoid of all guile,  
 Half open to view,  
 Is the bud of the rose.  
 In the morning that blows,  
 Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath,  
 Than the flower-scented heath,  
 At the dawning of day;  
 The hawthorn in bloom,  
 The lily's perfume,  
 Or the blossoms of May.

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## LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower,  
 And gather'd sweets from many a flower,  
 From roses and sweet jessamine,  
 The lily and the eglantine.

Young Love, &c.

The Graces there were culling posies,  
 The Graces, &c.  
 And found young Love among the roses.

O happy days! O joyous hour!  
 Compose a wreath of ev'ry flow'r;  
 Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,  
 Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.  
 Eternal spring the wreath composes;  
 Content is Love among the roses.

Young Love, &c.

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FINIS.