

**AFTER MANY ROVING
YEARS.**

AFTER many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling-place of early years
Our first and dearest home.
To turn away those weary eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in the summer fields
Amid the trees and flowers.

But I am chang'd since last I gaz'd
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch elm
That shades the village green,
And watch'd my boat upon the brook
As 'twere a regal galley,
And sigh'd not for a joy on earth,
Beyond the happy valley.

I would I could recall once more
That blest and peaceful joy,
And summons to this weary heart,
The feelings of a boy.
I gae on scenes of fond delight,
Without that wanton pleasure,
As a miser on his bed of death,
Looks coldly on his treasure.



MEET ME BY MOON-LIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
And then I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale,
You must promise to come, for I said
I would show the night flowers their queen,
Nay turn not away thy sweet head,
'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
O meet me by moonlight.

Daylight may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, the heartless the free,
But there's something about the moon's ray,
That's sweeter to you and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there,
For tho' dearly the moonlight I prize,
I care not for all in the air,
If I want the sweet light of your eyes.

**THE LUCKY
FARMER'S BOY**

THE sun had set behind the hill,
Across yon dreary moor
When weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door.
Can you tell me, he said, if any there be,
That will me employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

My father is dead, and my mother is left
With five children great and small,
And what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the biggest of all;
But, though little, I work like a Turk,
If I could get employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

And if that you no boy do want,
One favour I have to ask,
You will shelter me till break of day,
From this night's cold blast;
And at break of day I'll trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy.

The farmer's wife cried try the lad,
Let him no further seek,
Yes, do dear father, the daughter cried
While tears ran down her cheek:
For those that work 'tis hard to want,
And wander for employ,
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy.

When the farmer's boy grew up a man
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
With his daughter for his bride.
Now the boy that was, and farmer is,
Oft thinks and smiles with joy,
Of the happy day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

E. Hodges, from PITTS', Printer, Wholesale Toy &
Marble Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, (late Monument
Street, Seven Dials.

