



All Round My Cap.

All round my cap I wears a green whittle,
All round my cap on ev'ry market day,
Any one who asks me, the reason why I wears it,
I tell's them its to keep the cold wind away.

(SPOKEN.)—" *Here's your fine fresh Salmon.*

All round, &c.

Oh! my love to the fair to take me had a mind to,
But a Policeman he came and took him on the sly :

(SPOKEN.)—" *Here's your raw Lobsters !*"

To tear him in pieces my heart vos inclin'd to,
But before I could try, he'd got too far away.

(SPOKEN.)—" *Here's your hard roed Herrings.*"

All round, &c.

For five long years my love and I vere parted,
For two more long years my love has got to stay :

(SPOKEN.)—" *I'm a blow'd long while selling my
stock o' fish to day.*"

May the devil take the vomen, vot'd ever be falsehearted,
Oh ! I'll love my true love, altho' he's far away !

(SPOKEN.)—" *Here's your Native Oysters and
large Shrimps for sauce.*"

All round, &c.

There is some young vomen so vanton and so vild too,
A courting of the young men, and then they go astray :

(SPOKEN.)—" *Here's your fine Cods and live Eels.*"

Before they get married they often get a child too,
And then they cry and fret for the time that's gone
away.

(SPOKEN.)—" *Do you vant any Maids to day sir.*"

All round, &c.

Oh, my love gave me a ring on the day poor chap he
started,

And I'll keep it safe, till he comes back to me,

(SPOKEN.)—" *Lor bless his heart.*"

And then ve'll be married and ve'll never more be parted,
And ve'll soon forget the time, that he's been across
the sea.

All round, &c.



My Father's Sword ; Or, the Song of the Soldier Boy.

(ORIGINAL, BY REDFORD CLISBY.)

AIR.—" *The Girl I left behind me.*

My father was in battle slain,
But e'er he died, he bade me
To wield his sword when e'er again
My country's wrong should need me.
"My boy," he cried, "'twas e'er my pride,
To fight for home and beauty,
'Gainst Britain's foes, my sword I've rose,
And have boldly done my duty."

I took the sword, and to my side,
With tearful eyes did bind it ;
"May thy curse descend on me," I cried,
"If war unsheathed e'er find it.
May I from home, an outcast roam,
May I be spurn'd by Beauty,
If for England's cause, her King and laws,
I refuse to do my duty."

Since then I've been where tempests blow,
And the thundering cannons rattle !
In foreign lands have fought the foe,
True glory earn'd in battle.
And when I fear, my sword to rear,
In defence of home and Beauty,
May the curse of shame cling to my name,
For neglecting my duty.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

[170]

