



THE

OLD OAK TREE

As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning in spring,
I leaned my back 'gainst an old oak tree,
For to hear my true love sing.

For to hear my true love sing again,
And to know what he had to say,
That I might know a little more of his mind
Before that he went away.

Come sit you down by the side of me,
All under this shade so green,
For I'm sure it is six months or more,
Since you and I have together been.

It's I will not sit down by the side of you,
All under the shade so green,
For I have been courting another fair maid,
Since you and I together have been.

Once I thought your heart was mine,
When your head laid low on my breast,
You made me believe what a false man said,
When the sun it shone over the West.

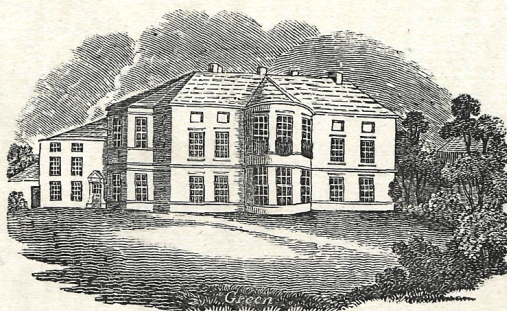
No more I'll believe what a false man says,
For their promises are so wrong,
O no more I'll believe what a false man says,
For they promise to many a one.

T. stands for Thomas as I do suppose,
And J. it stands for John,
And W. it stands for sweet William
But my Johnny is the handsomest man.

I will climb up to some high tree,
And rob some bird of it's nest,
And I will come down without e'er a fall,
And get married to the lad I love best.

DURHAM :

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THE

OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Oh ! the old house at home
Where my forefathers' dwelt,
When a child at the feet
Of my mother I knelt.
When she taught me the prayer,
When she read me the page,
Which if infancy lisps
Is the solace of age ;
My heart 'mid all changes,
Where ever I roam,
Ne'er loses its love,
For the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendour,
That dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the gay, or
The noble was there ;
O'er the porch the wild rose,
And the woodbine entwined,
And the sweet scented jessamine,
Wav'd in the wind ;
Yet dearer to me
Than proud turret or dome,
Were the halls of my fathers,
The old house at home.

But now the old house,
Is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger,
Henceforth it shall be ;
And ne'er will I view it,
Nor rove as a guest,
O'er the evergreen fields,
Which my father possess'd
Yet still in my slumber,
Sweet visions will come,
Of the days that are passed,
And the old house at home.

