



THE SWISS MAID.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy, and Marble warehouse,
6, Gt. Saint Andrews Street, Seven Dials.*

Come haste thee, come hast thee, my bonny Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak, and to church let's away,
Thy plighted love I claim so true,
For true's my love sincere to you,
Then haste thee, come haste thee, my bonny Swiss
maid,
Take thy cloak, and to church let's away.

Am not I, Am not I, say a happy Swiss maid,
Now bless'd with my own true love,
Her shepherd swain to welcome home,
And hail with joy each night's return,
Am not I, am not I, &c.

Now at eve, now at eve, see the happy Swiss maid,
In her cot, with contentment and peace,
There's nought disturbs, devoid of care,
Her rest is sweet, nor knows no fear,
Then good night, and good night, goes the happy Swiss
maid,
In her cot, to her slumbers in peace.

RISE GENTLE MOON.

DAY has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow,
Ev'ning has sighed her last to the lone willow,
Night hurries on earth and ocean to cover,
Rise gentle moon and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo me,
Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me;
Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
Thou art the light of all lights to a lover.



MEET ME BY MOON-LIGHT.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,
6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

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, &c.

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

HUMAN MORTALITY.

TOBACCO's but an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, is cut down at eve,
It shews our decay, we are but clay,
Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
'Tis broke with a touch, man's life is as such,
Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
And that it does require to be purged with fire,
Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews that man's life must have an end,
The vapour's gone, man's life is done,
Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That into dust return we must,
Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

