



LAND! LAND.

The dangers of the deep are past,
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailor's welcome cry
Land! Land! Land!

Oh! joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again!
And hark! the church bells pealing near,
From spire and turret, loud and clear,
As if they rang so loud and free,
To bid us welcome o'er the sea!
Land! Land! Land!

The cry makes every heart rejoice,
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil?
Land! Land! Land!

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home:
And sleep at night, and never dread
That morn shall see us wanting bread.
Land! Land! Land!

We've passed together o'er the sea,
In storm and sunshine, comrades we,
But 'ere we part, let's gather round,
And shout with one accord the sound

Of—Land! Land! Land!
The land of the rivers broad and deep,
The land where he who sows may reap;
The land where, if we ploughmen will,
We may possess the fields we till;
So gather all, and shout once more,
The Land! The Land! hurrah for shore.

(55.)

We won't go Home till Morning.

Brave boys, let's all be jolly!
A fig for melancholy—
Since grieving's all a folly,
'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear!
While good humour each face is adorning,
While sorrow in glee we are scorning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear!
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning, &c.
Till daylight does appear!
Till daylight, &c.
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight, does appear!

When first the vine was planted,
A boon to man was granted—
The world became enchanted,
And sorrow in fright took wing!
But to keep her for ever away boys,
We to Bacchus our homage must pay, boys,
So here while we may let us stay, boys,
And out of pure gratitude sing—
We won't go home, &c.

Great Jove was a hearty good fellow,
As poets of old could tell, O—
With nectar he used to get mellow—
(And no doubt it was jolly good stuff!)
Such examples we cannot but follow,
Then hogsheads of wine let us swallow,
Till we beat the old gentleman hollow,
But never cry 'Hold, enough!'
So we can't go home till morning—
We won't go home, &c.

What the pleasure of wine surpasses,
When bright in the sparkling glasses?
'Tis quaffed to the beautiful lasses—
Oh! rich are the joys that spring;
Since the brightest of pleasure on earth, boys,
Must in the full wine cup have birth, boys,
Brave Bacchus will join in our mirth, boys,
And merrily, merrily sing—
We won't go home, &c.

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