



## THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL,

*A very popular Song, written by Barry Cornwall, Esq.*

How gallantly, how merrily, we ride along the sea !  
The morning is all sunshine, the wind is blowing free ;  
The billows are all sparkling, and bounding in the light,  
Like creatures in whose sunny veins the blood is running bright.

All nature knows our triumph—strange birds about us sweep—  
Strange things come up to look at us, the masters of the deep.

In our wake, like any servant, follows even the bold shark—  
Oh, proud must be our admiral of such a bonny barque.  
Oh, proud must be our admiral though he is pale to day,  
Of twice five hundred iron men, who all his nod obey—  
Who've fought for him and conquered—who've won with sweat and gore.

Nobility, which he shall have, when'er he touch the shore.  
Oh, would I were an admiral, to order with a word,  
To lose a dozen drops of blood, and straight rise up a lord—  
I'd shout to yon sharks there, which follow in our lee,  
Some day I'll make thee carry me like lightning through the sea.

Our admiral grew paler and paler as we flew,  
Still talked he to the officers, and smiled upon the crew ;  
And he look'd up at the heavens, and he look'd down on the sea,  
And at last he saw the creature that was following in our lee.

He shook—'twas but an instant—for speedily the pride  
Ran crimson to his heart, till all chances he defied ;  
It threw boldness to his forehead, gave firmness to his breath,  
And he looked like some grim warrior now risen up from death.

That night a horrid whisper fell on us where we lay,  
And we knew our fine old admiral was changing into clay ;  
And we heard the wash of waters, though nothing we could see,  
But a whistle and a plunge among the billows in our lee.  
'Till morn we watched the body in its dead and ghastly sleep,

And next evening at sunset it was flung into the deep—  
And never from that moment, save one shudder in the sea,  
Saw we, or heard the creature that had followed in our lee.

*G. WALKER, JUN., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.*

## DAYS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A POPULAR COMIC SONG.

*TUNE.—Fine Old English Gentleman.*

I'll sing you a new song about the olden time,  
And trust you'll all appreciate the beauties of my rhyme ;  
I cannot write heroics, or I'd tell in language grand,  
Of civil wars and other joys that blest our happy land.

I sing the happy days,  
Days of the olden time !  
We'll sing, &c.

I'll sing you of our barons bold, who in those feudal days,  
If you refused your tithes to pay, your house set in a blaze,  
And carried all your cattle hence, both oxen, sheep, and goats,  
And if you ask'd by what pretence, politely cut your throats.  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of days, you to amuse, when we'd a thousand men,  
Each standing upright in his shoes, did measure six feet ten ;  
For breakfast each a sheep could eat, how we are changed since then,  
We've no one now can eat at all, except our aldermen.  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of haunted castles true, where spectres walk'd about,  
When knights in mail, a gallant crew, did conquer giants stout ;  
No conjurers, or witches now have we on brooms to call,  
Nor have we giants got to shew, 'cept them wots at Guild-hall.  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of joys what did abound when Mary graced the throne,  
No lack of pleasures people found, but now those days are gone ;  
We'd fires and executions then, to please mankind I trow,  
We've no bonfires for wasting men, nor executions now.  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of times when Robin Hood through Sherwood Forest ranged,  
When you might get genteelly robb'd—oh, how the times are changed ;  
For now in vain through woods you roam, no rogue in pelf,  
E'er holds a pistol to your head, unless you do yourself.  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of days for ever gone, you out of town could stray,  
And be by a footpad knock'd down upon the king's highway ;  
Now all our joys are fled—ah, how ! in these our modern days,  
No Turpins never rob us now, 'They does it other ways.'  
These were, &c.

I'll sing of days when you at night might go and have a spree,  
Old women by the score could fright, floor watchmen two or three—  
We've now Police throughout the town, and they, the selfish elves,  
Won't let you knock nobody down, they does it all themselves.  
These were, &c.

But I my poetry must end, for if I sing you more,  
Perhaps some one wot an't my friend, may think me quite a bore !  
But don't you wish that you lived in those delightful times,  
When murders, fires, and robberies, were not considered crimes ?  
These were, &c.

