



ENGLAND :

**THE HOME OF THE WORLD. NO, MY LOVE,  
NOT I.**

HAIL to thee, England! blest Isle of the ocean,  
Thy proud deeds awaken the fondest emotion,  
Whose name shall for ever live famous in story,  
The watch-word of freedom, the birth-place of glory,  
Thy sons they are brave and true to their duty,  
Thy daughters are fair, lovely emblems of beauty.  
Thy joys that surround,  
But in England are found,  
In England the home of the world.

Couch'd is her Lion, Britannia reposes,  
Encircled by laurels amid her bright roses,  
Her warriors at rest, and her banners all furl'd,  
Her warriors at rest, and her banners all furl'd,  
Hail to thee, England, blest Isle of the ocean,  
The exile beholds thee with blissful emotion.  
The joys that surround,  
In England are found,  
Dear England, the home of the world.

He who inveighs 'gainst the land of the stranger,  
Who would by disunion its blessings endangered,  
Go seek foreign climes, for a country so glorious,  
As England, old England, for ever victorious;  
Her light was the beacon that guided to freedom,  
When nations oppress'd call'd on England to aid them,  
Her clarion she blew;  
Stood steadfast and true,  
And spread her shield over the world.

Long may her Navy triumphantly sailing;  
And Army still conquer with courage unfailling,  
Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd,  
Their thunder for ever 'gainst tyrants be hurl'd.

Hail, too thee, England, &c.

As I was a walking one morning in May,  
I met a pretty fair maid making her hay,  
I asked her to marry me and speedily,  
But her answer back again was, no, my love, not I.

I gave to my love a ribbon, I gave to her a ring,  
I gave to her a kiss and a far better thing;  
I told her in private that I would marry by and by,  
But her answer it was back again, no, my love, not I.

When 5 months were over, and 6 months were past,  
This comely far maid got thick around the waist,  
Her gown it would not meet the strings would not tie,  
And she cursed the very hour she said, no my love,  
not I.

When 6 months were over and 9 months were come,  
This comely far maid was delivered of a son,  
She wrote to him a letter to come speedily,  
But his answer it was, back again, no my love, not I.

If I, love, should marry you my parents they would  
frown,  
My friends and relations they would me disown;  
For you be of a low degree and me so very high,  
Do you think that I would marry you, no, my love,  
not I.

You may take your babe on your back,  
And a begging you may go,  
And when you are tired you may sit down and cry,  
And curse the very hour you said, no, my love, not I.

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