



# DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

W. McCall, Printer 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom-st.,  
Liverpool.

Here's a health to the queen and a lasting peace,  
To faction an end, to wealth increase,  
Come let us drink it while we have breath,  
For there's no drinking after death ;  
And he that will this health deny,  
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,  
In whom celestial joys are found,  
And may confusion still pursue,  
The senseless, woman hating crew,  
And they that woman's health deny,  
Down among the dead men let them lie

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,  
Deny no pleasure to my soul ;  
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,  
For Bacchus is a friend to love ;  
And he that will his health deny,  
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,  
And their united pleasures reign ;  
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,  
We'll sing the joys that both afford ;  
And they that won't with us comply,  
Down among the dead men let him lie.



# THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well known name,  
Tho' it is but a little spot,  
'Tis the first on the deathless scroll of fame,  
And who shall say it's not,  
Of the gallant ones who live and die,  
In arms, in heart, and song.  
The brightest the whole world can give,  
Does to that land belong,  
'Tis the star of the earth deny it who can,  
And the home of a true born Englishman.

There's a flag that floats o'er every sea,  
No matter when or where,  
And to treat that flag as ought but the free,  
'Tis more than the bravest dare ;  
For the lion spirits that tread the decks,  
Have carried the palm of the brave,  
And the flag might float o'er a shot torn coat,  
But never floats over a slave.  
His honour's stainless, deny it who can,  
And 'tis the flag of a true born Englishman.

There's a heart that burns with a leaping glow,  
The wrong and the weak to defend,  
And strike as soon as a trampled foe,  
As it does for a soul-bound friend ;  
It nurtures a deep and honest love,  
The passion of hope and pride,  
And yearns with the fondness of a dove,  
To the light of his own fire side,  
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,  
And 'tis the flag of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may travel the Pole or Zone,  
And boldly claim his right,  
For he calls such a vast domain his own  
That the sun ne'er sets on it's might ;  
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,  
The place of his land and birth,  
And a flush will pass from cheek to brow,  
As he tells of his native earth,  
'Tis a glorious charter—deny it who can,  
And 'tis breathed in the words I'm an Englishman.

