

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.



DON'T SPEAK OF A MAN AS YOU FIND HIM

IT'S a fashion to make a great bother,
About the failing we find in a friend,
We censure what's wrong in another,
But few of our faults do we mend!
There's many a man that is ready
Of giving his neighbour's bad name,
Perhaps when he's honest and steady,
And is not deserving the flame.

Chorus.

Don't speak of a man as you find him,
Unless you've a good word to give,
It's mean to abuse when behind him,
Be generous, live and let live.

If acquaintance you meet in the street,
And wishing to prove him a friend,
You may say you've a large bill to meet,
And hopes he'll a pound or two lend;
His excuse it is this "I can't lend it,"
Then you turn on your heels with a curse,
And perhaps, if the truth he'll declare it,
He's not got a coin in his purse.

Don't look on a coat with its patches,
For many will pass it with scorn,
Never dreaming thro' life's cruel scratches,
How oft the poor wearers been torn;
There's many a coat that looks seedy,
That covers the noblest breast,
And there's many a soul that is needy,
And many a rascal well dress'd.

Don't envy the look of a neighbour,
Tho' richer than you he should seem,
Or perhaps he has troublasome labour,
And trials of little you dream;
For the ease of the mind, pray believe me,
It's not by the richest enjoy'd,
For the heads and the hearts that are freest,
Are those that are daily employed.

THE PENNY AND THE BOB.

NO matter what your means may
be, there's very few I fear,
With coin enough for all their
wants, and something ought to
spare;
No doubt my friends like me and
you, with a little more could do
So bear in mind there's others per-
haps that wants it more than
you.

Chorus.

When you've got a penny, boys
when you've got a bob,
When you've got a guinea lying
idle in your fob,
Wrap it up in paper, boys, a five
pound note will do,
And slip it into someone's hand,
that wants it more than you.
Dame Fortune flings her smiles
around, mix'd up with her
frowns,
Some pick up the yellow coins,
while others only brows;
But when they scramble over, if
your pile of coins is full,
Don't forget the many who's share
is none at all.

Money was made for man to spend,
and not for man to hoard,
Be merry, wise, then eat and drink,
the best you can afford;
But when you've eat and drank,
'till you can eat and drink no
more,
Don't forget the thousands that
are starving at your door.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

REMEMBER the night was dreary & wet
And dismally dash'd the proud wave;
While the rain and the sleet,
Cold and heavily beat,
On the Mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave;
Where the wild winds wail,
Round the wanderer pale,
And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look they gave;
As they rested their load,
Near its last abode,
And gazed on the Mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corps to the earth they gave;
Save the night-birds shriek,
And the coffin's creak,
As it sunk in the Mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid,
Down the cheek of a mess-mate brave;
It fell on the lid, and soon was hid,
For closed was the Mariner's

Now o'er his lone bed the briar creeps,
And the wild-flowers mournfully wave;
And the widow weeps,
And the moon beam sleeps,
On the Mariner's silent grave.

