



**U** Stands for O.T.T., which, well directed, Accomplishes all that from strength is expected; And therefore we trust that our friends will unite in adding our efforts at home, and night.

**V** Stands for V.P.O.O., made from pure malt. The table-companions of Mustard and Salt. Now will it their table-companionship spoil by adding Fish Sauce, and pure O.T.T. O.

## THE Fisherman's DAUGHTER

that lives over the water

I've been caught in a net by my dear pet  
And her eyes are so blue as the deep rolling sea,  
She's a Fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water,  
She's going to be married next Sunday to me,  
She's as rare as the salmon, there's really no gammon,  
As sweet as shrimp newly served up for tea;  
My soul she has caught, and a place I have bought,  
Where a ray of bright sunshine for ever will be,

And she's a Fisherman's daughter, she lives o'er the water  
She's going to be married next Sunday to me,

She's barfooted and pretty, she's lively and witty,  
She sings her wild songs to the murmuring sea;  
She'll dance on sands where the Fisherman stands,  
And join in the music of a wild swelling glee,  
She sits in her boat, and scuds o'er the billows,  
And dirts with the spray like a sea-skimming gull,  
She laughs at the winds—whose revels are music,  
And beats to the time with the stroke of her skull  
And—she's a Fisherman's daughter, &c.

The bells they shall ring, and the sailors shall sing,  
Y-heave ho y-heave ho boys I'll be time's on the wing,  
To see pretty Sarah, the pride of the sea,  
Who's going to be married next Sunday to me,  
Her hair I will deck with a wreath of bright sea-weed,  
I'll plant in her bosom a blooming moss rose;  
She shall go like a fairy, with sweet tinkling music,  
Rings on her finger, and bells on her toes.

And—she's a Fisherman's daughter, &c



First Gent. to second ditto.—"Now you stand back, I know that I shall be able to succeed."

## Meet me at the Lane.

I'll meet thee at the lane when the clock strikes nine,  
In ecstasy, love, again to call thee mine;  
My heart for thee is burning, my brain is almost whirling  
Thro' loving thee so madly, my sweet Mountain Rose,  
When evening stars are peeping oh, then shall be our meeting

Old time too softly fleeting our happy time away,  
I'll meet thee in the lane when the clock strikes nine,  
In ecstasy again, love, to call thee mine;  
My heart for thee is burning, my brain is almost whirling,  
Thro' loving thee so madly, my sweet Mountain Rose.

I'll meet thee in the lane when the clock strikes nine,  
In ecstasy again, love, to call thee mine;  
I'll meet thee at the lane, meet thee at the lane  
When the clock strikes nine.

I'll leave thee at the lane when the clock strikes ten,  
And faithful will remain, love believe me then;  
Decieve thee I will never, and breath must from me sever

If I forget thee ever, my sweet Mountain Rose  
Thy presence care dispelling, all other charms excelling,  
Oh, what to grace my dwelling, as thee my mountain Rose,  
Then meet me at the lane when the clock strikes nine,  
In ecstasy again, love, to call thee mine;  
My heart for thee is burning, my brain is almost whirling,  
Thro' loving thee so madly, my sweet Mountain Rose.

**NO. 320**

