

WHEN WE WENT OUT A GIPSYING.

In the days when we went a gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best,
Where drest from top to toe.
We danced, and we sung the jocund song,
Upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity,
Around us could be seen.

CHORUS.

And thus we passed the merry time,
Nor thought of care or woe,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,
And nature's face was gay,
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfume filled the may ;
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note,
Steal softly through the air,
Whilst every scene around us looked,
Most beautiful and fair.
And thus we passed, &c.

We filled a glass to every lass,
And all our friends so dear,
And wish'd them many happy days,
And many a happy year ;
We gave the Queen with all our hearts,
And may her subjects be,
A nation's pride, all lands beside,
And glory of the sea.
And thus we passed, &c.

And should we ever pay again
A visit to the scene,
We'll sing with all our hearts and voice
" God bless our gracious Queen,
May she live long o'er us to reign,
And by her actions prove,
That she has gained her utmost wish,
A people's lasting love.
And thus we passed, &c.

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HAPPY LAND.

HAPPY land ! happy land !
Whate'er my fate in life my be,
Still again, still again,
My thoughts would cling to thee ;
Land of love and sunny skies,
Rich in joy and beauty ;
Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
Still make affection duty,
Happy land ! happy land !
Ne'er from thee my heart can stray ;
I would fain
Hear again
The merry mountain lay,
Li, li, la, la, &c.

Happy land ! happy land !
Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again, still again,
My thoughts shall cling to thee,
Like that bird of love and song,
Far from its loved dwelling,
When into the w. air flung,
What joy his note is telling !
O, happy land, happy land, &c.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

