

I'd choose to be Daisey.

I'd choose to be a daisy, if I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly at twilight's silent hour;
And waking in the morning, when falls the early
dew,

To welcome heav'n's bright sunshine, and heav'n's
bright tear-drop, too.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
My petals closing softly,
At twilight's silent hour.

I love the gentle lilly, it looks so meek and fair,
But daisies I love better, for they grow everywhere,
And lilies bloom so sadly, in sunshine or in shower
But daisies they look upward, however dark the
hour.

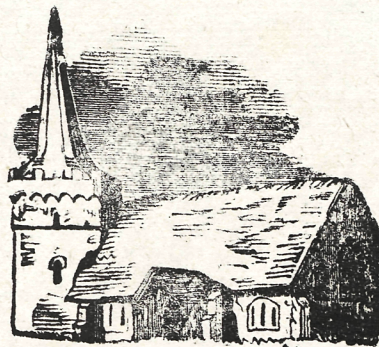
I'd choose to be a daisy, &c.

Old Friend, John.

'Tis forty years, my old friend John,
Since you and I were young;
Bird-nesting through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sung.
We climb'd the rugged mountain side,
And cull'd the bright topp'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, &c.

There's gladness in remembrance, John,
Our friendship has been true;
In all the weal or woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some lov'd ones, one by one,
And turn'd our wreath of heather,
In fancy as we deck their tombs,
Since we were boys together.
Since we were boys, &c.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our pride is o'er;
The flower, the nest, the humming-bee,
For us will charm no more.
And our frail forms are failing fast,
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with gladsome brows,
We did when boys together.
When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together,
Through many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.



GENTLE Sweet Jenny Gray.



TAYLOR,

Printer, 93, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.



My heart is sad, I'll tell you why,
If you listen to my lay;
It makes me weep when I sing,
Of my gentle Jenny Gray.
But I never can forget the day,
When, with Jenny by my side,
Me talked of love and happiness,
When she would be my bride
Hush the banjo! toll the knell,
I'm very sad to-day;
I cannot work, so let me weep
For gentle Jenny Gray.

My Jenny had the sweetest face,
With eyes of sparkling jet,
Her lips were like the full-blown rose—
She was my darling pet.
But death it came while she was sleeping
And stole my love away,
And left me here so lonely weeping
For gentle Jenny Gray.
Hush the banjo! &c.

Down in the ground they laid her
Close by my cabin door,
A simple stone now marks the spot,
Where she sleeps to wake no more.
While at her grave I'm lonely weeping,
At close of every day,
I fancy that my love's but sleeping,
And not dead my Jenny Gray.
Hush the banjo! &c.

