



GROUND FOR THE FLOOR.

I have lived in the woods for a number of years,
My dog drowns all sorrow, my gun drives off cares,
In a nice little cottage, the roof is secure,
If you look underneath you'll find ground for the floor.

*Ground for the floor, ground, &c. If you look
underneath, you'll find ground for the floor.*

My cottage is surrounded with briars and with thorns,
How sweet are the notes of the birds in the morn,
I've a guinea in my pocket and plenty in store,
And a neat little cottage with ground for the floor.

Ground for the floor, &c.

I've never a bed for my limbs to repose,
And as for myself I've but one suit of clothes,
My coat's made of ticken, and secure are the stitches,
I'm as happy as those which have thousands of riches.

Thousands of riches, &c.

I have never a grate for my firing to burn,
And never a chair to sit myself down;
But a three legged stool is the chair of my store,
I'm as happy as those in a fine parlour floor.

Fine Parlour floor, &c.

God bless my old father he's dead and he's gone,
His soul I hope is in heaven never more to return,
He's left me all his riches that he had in store,
And a nice little cottage with ground for the floor.

Ground, &c.



THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill,
Hark! don't you hear it roar now?
Lord, help them, how I pity's all
Unhappy folks on shore now.

Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,
What dangers they are hawling,
And now are quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in;
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wish (I've a notion)
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

But as for them who are out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes, what tiles and chimney pots,
About their heads are flying.

And often have we seamen heard,
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves and fires in London;
We know what risks all landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors,
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

[100]

