



Juniper Bough.

Parody on the Mistletoe Bough.

Printed by J HILL, (late Taylor) 14 Waterloo Rd,
 Country Orders promptly attended to.

The Juniper flowed in a cobbler's room,
 The lads and lasses all jumped the broom,
 And the kiddies they wolf'd and lushed away,
 'Cause twas Bob and old Sarah's wedding day,
 A covey with envy often eye'd
 Bandy-legg'd Sarah, young Bobby's bride!
 And she with her glances made very free,
 And seemed to invite his company!

Oh! the Juniper Bough!

I'm weary of waiting—at last she cried,
 Let's give Bob the slip,---ve'll hide, ve'll hide,
 And I'll bet a tanner he ne'er will trace,
 The way to our secret snoozing place.
 Away they sneaked, and the guests begun,
 All over the crib in a funk to run,
 And young Robert cried, oh where do you hide,
 I'm down on my luck without you my bride.

They sought them that night afar and away.
 They sought them until it was almost day,
 The cupboards, the kitchen, the areas, what not,
 Not a crib that would harbour a mouse they forgot!
 At length all their labour and search vere past,
 They gave it up for a bad job at last;
 And when Bob 'gan to slobber, the kiddies cried,
 Young Robert he funks for his lushy bride.

At length a coal-cellar forgotten before,
 They found down below, . . . they opened the door,
 When Sal and her ehum they there espied,
 With a bottle of daffy by their side.
 Ah, sad was the tale—by love opprest,
 They flew to the coal-cellar there for rest,
 And snoozing and boosing there all right,
 They deck'd Bobby's head with the horns that
 ht. Oh the Juniper bough.

William & Phillis'

SAID William to young Phillis, 'how came you here so soon,
 You seem to love to ramble all in the month of June,
 The birds are singing charmingly, so sit you down by me
 To view the lambkins playing all around the greenwood tree.

She said 'my charming sailor, my parents do me blame
 They said to wed so early, they thought it was a shame,
 My father has declared he will prove your overthrow,
 Because you are a sailor bold that ploughs the ocean through.

But I'll ne'er mind my father, altho' he threatens you,
 For though I am his daughter such usage will not do;
 I will venture with my sailor, no longer will I mourn,
 For you'll seldom find a better, when your old sweet-heart is gone.'

Said William, 'now the ocean has summon'd me away,
 I hope you'll change your notion, and with your parents stay,

It will hurt your constitution, your fingers are so small
 So stay at home, and do not roam our cable ropes to haul

Said Phillis, 'I have clothing already for the sea,
 So we will go together unto America,
 And then we'll be united, and live so happily,
 And talk about our tales of love, likewise the greenwood tree,

They both did go together, to sail the ocean wide.
 Young Phillis did her duty for William was her pride,
 But mark their desolation, the wind began to blow,
 The lightning flash'd, the thunder roll'd, in fleaks down fell the snow.

For three weeks on the ocean they were toss'd up and down,
 Their ship had lost her anchor, the masts away were,

When short of provision and all prepared to die,
 Young Phillis hung around her love, & bitterly did cry.

Young William let the small boat down, and in it they did go,

Poor Phillis and young William all on the sea did row.
 Their drink it was salt water, and that alone was sweet,
 They tore their cloathing from their backs, for they had nought to eat.

With thirst and cold and hunger they on their knees did pray,

Midst lightning, rain and thunder they pass'd their time away,

At length upon a dismal night they were cast upon a strand,

On the coast of America, a kind and friendly land.

They met with kind assistance, it did their health restore
 And now they are united all on that fruitful shore,
 They are happy in America all in prosperity,
 Are young Phillis and young William far from the green-wood tree.

Printed by HILL, 14, Waterloo Road.

