



## THE JOLLY SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Little thinks the townsman's wife,  
While at home she tarries,  
What must be the lass's life,  
Who a soldier marries.  
Now with weary marching spent,  
Dancing now before the tent,  
Lira lira la, lira lira la,  
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,  
Wind and weather scorning,  
Only grieved her love must rise,  
And quit her in the morning.  
But the doubtful skirmish done,  
Blithe she sings at set of sun ;  
Lira lira la, &c.

Should the captain of her dear,  
Use his vain endeavour ;  
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,  
Two fond hearts to sever ;  
At his passion she will scoff,  
Laughing, thus she puts him off,  
Lira lira la, lira lira la,  
For her jolly soldier.



## NOW WESTLING WINDS.

Now westling winds and slaught'ring guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;  
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
Among the blooming heather :  
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
Delights the weary farmer ;  
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;  
The plover loves the mountains ;  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;  
The soaring heron the fountains :  
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves  
The path of man to shun it ;  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
The spreading thorn the linnet,

Thus every kind their pleasure find,  
The savage and the tender ;  
Some social join, and leagues combine ;  
Some solitary wander :  
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,  
Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
The flut'ring, gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
Thick flies the skimming swallow :  
The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
All fading green and yellow :  
Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
And view the charms of nature !  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
Till the silent moon shines clearly ;  
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly press,  
Swear how I love thee dearly :  
Not vernal show'rs to budding flowers,  
Not autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely charmer !

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