



Live and Let Live.

"Live and let live," is the first law of nature,
 Man to his fellow man should ever be kind.
 He, whose high bounty protects every creature,
 Taught us to practice this precept refin'd.
 Wide is the world, and various its stations,
 Each to his neighbour good wishes may give,
 All men belong to humanity's nation,
 Nature's great law is to "Live and let live."

"Live and let live," is the aim of our being,
 All men on earth on each other depend,
 All men are equal before the all-seeing,
 Each in his turn stands in need of a friend.
 Be to a friend in distress like a brother.
 Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive.
 Harbour no malice, be kind to each other,
 Nature's great law is to live and let live.

Meeting of the Waters.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
 Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of this valley shall fade from my heart.
 Yet it was not that nature had spread o'er the scene,
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green,
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or rill
 Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom were near,
 Who make every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who feel how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflect from looks that we love,
 Sweet Lake of Killarney! how calm could I rest,
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friend, I love best:
 When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

(66.)



Pop goes the Weasel.

Some time ago the people said, that English sports were dying,
 And dancing parties were so scarce that pretty girls were crying;
 Then the polkas they came out, and two-penny hops were rising,
 And Madame Taglioni's tricks they were indeed surprising,
 But now Black Sal and Dusty Bob, my Lord and Lady Teazel,
 Go where you will you'll hear it still, all dance "Pop goes the weasel."

This dance is very popular, it is without deception;
 "Pop goes the Weasel's" been in court, and met a good reception,
 Our Queen has patronized the dance, no music could be riper,
 Says Albert, let them dance away, John Bull must pay the piper!
 This dance will cure you of the blues, the headache, or the measles,
 So foot it out with toe and heel, and sing "Pop goes the weasel."

"Pop goes the weasel" all admire, 'tis such a lively tune sirs;
 Each Playhouse too has got it out, the Surrey and the Vic, sirs;
 The Pavilion and the Standard, the Britannia and the Eagle,
 Rare fun it is to see them kiss and dance, "Pop goes the weasel."
 This dance, &c.

Now all you pretty girls beware when you are gaily prancing,
 And mind and watch your sweethearts well when you go out a dancing
 For if you give the rogues their way, as in the dance you are bustling
 They'll soon find out the artful dodge, and then they'll spoil your
 muslin.

This dance, &c.

A country lad the other day came all the way from Berkshire,
 He'd heard folks say, that London was the place to have a lark sir,
 He roam'd about the town, and at night went to the Eagle,
 I'm dang'd, says he, but I must see, "Pop goes the weasel."
 This dance, &c.

He sat and stared with open mouth, at every thing around him,
 Till a girl stepped up and said, she was so glad she had found him,
 Hallo! says he, do you know me? my name is Roger Teazel,
 All right, says she, come home and see "Pop goes the weasel."
 This dance, &c.

She took poor Roger to a house down a very dark turning,
 And told him he could lodge there all night until the morning,
 She eased him of his watch and blunt, and left poor Roger Teazel,
 And smiling, said, I'm off, "Pop goes the weasel."
 This dance, &c.

An old maid exclaim'd, I hav'nt danced for half a century,
 But pop the weasel makes me feel as if I was but twenty;
 The pretty girls of London town are nearly running mad, sir,
 The weasel dance they swear they'll learn in spite of mam or dad,
 sir,

This dance, &c.

So now my dear mammas look out, take great care of your daughters,
 Get them married off at once, or keep them in close quarters,
 Or after all your care to get them o'er the measles,
 You'll have 'em falling deep in love with "Pop goes the weasel."
 This dance, &c.

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