

Meet Me by . MOONLIGHT.

Meet me by moonlight alone, And then I will tell you a tale, Must be told by the moonlight alone, In the grove at the end of the vale

Meet me, &c.

You must promise to come for I said, I would show the night-flowers their queen : Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,

'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.

Meet me, &c.

Daylight may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free,

But there's something about the moon's ray, That is sweeter to you and to me.

Meet me, &c.

Oh ! remember, be sure to be there, For tho' dearly a moonlight I prize,I care not for all in the air,If I want the sweet light of your eyes.

Meet me &c.

Our Ship in Port.

Our ship in port, our anchor cast, The tempest hush'd, and calm the main, We little think of dangers past, Nor those that we may meet again.

But while the cheerful can goes round,

In every draught is pleasure found; For then we drink, and drink with glee, The sailor's welcome home from sea.

Tho' hard our lot, our peril great, Our hours of ease but short and few, We never murmur at our fate, But each fond moment past renew. And while the cheerful can, &c.

Ben Mainsail's Invitation.

Luff, luff, my lads ! the gale increases, While we scud before the wind : Reef the main-sail till it ceases, While she floats, boys, never mind. On the starboard tack we venture, And behold the craggy shore, As the destin'd port we enter, While the raging billows roar.

True to honour, and to duty— All such maxims sailors boast : Yet we drink to love and beauty, And can give the seaman's toast, Wives and sweethearts ! on the ocean, We all swig it to a man, Fearing danger s all a notion : Let us booze the flowing can.

The boatswain piping, loudly thunders, To your quarters for and aft ! The great guns sponge—prepare for wonders, While my lads, the wind's abaft ! With grape we can nine-pounders rattle : Naval heroes, drink and sing : He that bravely falls in battle, Nobly serves his prince and king.

> Walker, Printer, Durham. [128]