

THE WANDERER.

O CEASE awhile ye winds to blow,
 O cease ye murmuring streams to flow,
 Be hush'd ev'ry rude noise,
 I think I hear my true-love's voice.
 Here is the brook, the rock, the tree,
 Hark, hark, a voice, don't you think 'tis he,
 It is not he, and the night's coming on,
 O where's my lovely wanderer gone.
 Loud I call'd to make him hear,
 It is I that calls, my love, my dear—
 Where can he rove? where can he stray?
 I fear my love has lost his way.
 The moon behind a cloud is lost,
 In every crag appears a ghost,
 The lightning's gleam is seen no more,
 Whilst the awful thunders roar.

Answer to the Wanderer.

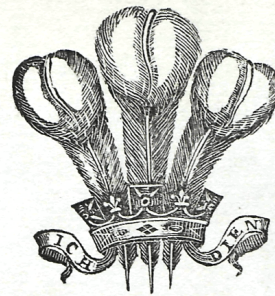
O CEASE, fair maid, no more complain,
 You soon will meet your love again,
 He hastens through the myrtle grove,
 Dry up thy tears and meet thy love.

Stay by the rock, the brook, the tree,
 Hark, there's a voice, he comes to thee,
 Your wanderer soon will meet you here,
 And chase away each gloomy fear.

Dry up, dear maid, dry up thy tears,
 For yonder see thy love appears,
 O'er distant fields he had to stray,
 Now to his love he hastes away.

The moon breaks forth to gild his path,
 No longer howls the bitter blast,
 While the warbling Nightingale,
 Charms the grove and dewy dale.

Hark! a footstep's drawing near,
 'Tis my love—my life—my dear;
 Come, let me clasp thee in mine arms,
 My Wanderer's found, and safe from harm.



NO PLEASURE LIKE HUNTING IS FOUND.

Do you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
 For shame! rouse your senses, and e'er it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.
 Through the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies:
 While hounds in full cry, through hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then, saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.
 For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For, when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morn we spurn up the ground,

TO THE FIELD, BRAVE BOYS, LET'S REPAIR.

Hark! the goddess Diana
 Calls aloud for the chase,
 Bright Phoebus awakens the morn,
 Rouse! rouse from your slumber,
 And for hunting prepare,
 For the huntsman is winding his horn.

See! the hounds are unkennell'd,
 And all ripe for the chase,
 They start to o'ertake the fleet hare!
 All danger they're scorning,
 And for hunting preparing;
 To the field, then, brave boys, let's repair.

PARODY ON THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
 When by love and hunger's power
 I am kept from downy sleep,
 Nightly I to Molly creep;
 Whilst the cats upon the tiles
 Mew their loves for many miles,
 O'er the gutters lightly hopping,
 Through the garret-window dropping.
 Silence! or my master wakes,
 Lay the cloth and broil the stakes;
 Beef-stakes and onions crown our blisses,
 Bread and cheese and balmy kisses.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

