



THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at the dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And he spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reek if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton hath laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour of retiring,
And when we heard the distant random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line and we raised not a storm,
But we left him alone with his glory.

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THE KEELMEN AND THE GRINDSTONE.

Not lang since some keelmen were gaun down to Sheels,
When a hoop round some froth came alongside their keel,
The skipper saw'd furst, and he gov' a greet shout,
How b—r, man, Dick, here's a grunstan afloat.
Derry down.

Dick luik'd an' he thowt the skipper was reet,
So they'd hev her ashore and then sell her that neet,
Then he jump'd on to fetch her—my eyes what a splatter,
No grunstan was there, for he fund it was water.
Derry down.

The skipper astonish'd, quite struck wi' surprise,
He roared out to Dickey when he saw him rise—
How smash morrow—Dick, ho!—what is thou about
Come here mun and let's hae the grunstan tyen out.
Derry down.

A grunstan! says Dick—wey ye slaving cull,
Wi' water my belly and pockets are full,
By the gowkey, aw'll swear, that ye're drunk, daft, or
doating—
It's na grunstan at a', but some awd iron floating.
Derry down.



THE BANNERS O' BLUE.

Strike up, strike up, Scottish minstrels so gay!
Tell of Wallace that brave warlike man,
Sing also of Bruce—your banners display,
While each chief leads on his bold clan.

Here's success Caledonia, to thee,
To the sons of the thistle so true!
Then march gaily march, so cantie and free—
There's none like the banners o' blue.

March on, march on, to the brazen trumpet's sound,
How quickly in battle array,
Each brave Highland chief assembles his men,
And they march to the bagpipes so gay,

Here's success, &c

