



## ST. HELENA.

Now Bonny's from his warring and his fighting,  
He's gone to a place he ne'er took delight in,  
He may sit down and tell them the scenes he has  
seen O,

While forlorn he does mourn on the Isle of St.  
Helena.

No more at St. Cloud's he'll appear in great  
splendour,

Nor go forth with his crowds like the great  
Alexander,

He may sigh to the wind by the great Mount  
Diana,

While forlorn he does mourn on the Isle of St.  
Helena.

Now Louisa may weep for her husband departed,  
She dreams while she sleeps and awakes broken  
hearted,

Not a friend to condole with, e'en those who  
might win her,

And she sighs when she thinks on the Isle of St.  
Helena.

The loud dashing waves on the shore they are  
washing,

And the billows heave, on the rocks they are  
dashing,

He may look on the moon when he thinks of  
Louisa,

With his eyes on the waves that's around St.  
Helena.

All you that's got wealth beware of ambition,  
Lest some degree of fate might change your  
condition,

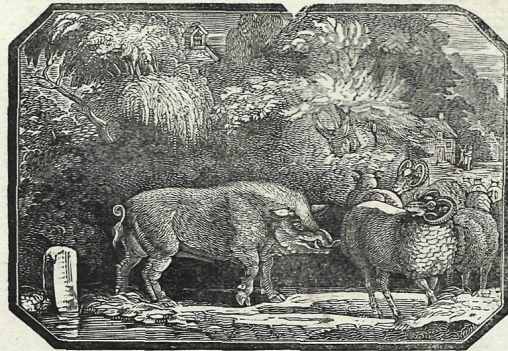
Be steadfast in mind, what's to come to tell you  
cannot,

Perhaps your race might end on the Isle of St.  
Helena.

Now Bonny's laid in his cold grave a sleeping,  
While Louisa and her son, sad with grief are now  
weeping;

Its surrounded with trees called the fair weeping  
willow,

And they mourn when they think of the Isle of  
St. Helena.



## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
Who hath ruled in the green wood long,  
Here's health and renown to his broad green  
crown,

And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down  
And fire in the west fades out,  
And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight,  
When storm through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone,  
And still flourish he a hail green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold,  
Had brightened his branches grey,  
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet  
To gather the dew of May,  
And on that day at the rebeck gay,  
They frolick'd with lovesome swains,  
They are gone—they are dead—in the church-  
yard laid,

But the tree it still remains.

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes,  
Was a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small,  
Were fill'd with English cheer,  
Now gold hath the sway—we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he,  
But he never shall send our ancient friend  
To be toss'd on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the oak, &c.

*Walker, Printer, Durham.*

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