

The Little Town Boy;

OR,

Old England's going down the Hill.

Sec. 19.

[Doom of Gleeson Wilson omitted.]

One cold winter's evening, the stormy
winds did blow,
And the rain fast down did fall ;
When a little town's boy was wander-
ing on so slow,
And for pity's sake this little boy
did call.
He said, I've wandered north, south,
east and west,
And I am doomed to wander still :
For my sister does complain, and my
breast aches with pain,
For old England is going down the
hill.

O once I had a father and mother so
kind,
But now they are both dead and
gone.
And we orphans must roam to find a
distant home.
For 'tis poverty makes thousands to
mourn.
We happiness could taste, when we
ran through father's grove,
And of food we had our fill :
Sad and hungry now we stray, or
beneath a bush we lay,
For old England is going down the
hill.

My little dear, oh, she is not far from
here,
To rest her little bones she does lay
I'll away to yonder style, and tarry
there awhile,
For to guard her little body until day
He turned round again in his agonising
pain,
For his limbs he could hardly hold
still,
Saying, sister, do not lay on that cold
bank of clay,
For Old England is going down the
hill.

There's the pretty robin, said the little
town's boy,
Lamenting with his shining breast
so red,
We orphans are the same, for to avoid
the shame,
I would labour for a morsel of bread
We know there's one above, his chil-
dren he does love,
We will trust to his own free will.
Like children in the wood we'll do all
that's good,
Whilst Old England is going down
the hill.

A lady standing by, heard the little
boy cry,
With a voice so meek and low,
Then her eyes ran down with tears,
Saying come my little dears,
For compassion I'm resolved to shew
So quickly gave to them a shelter from
the rain,
She did it with a good free will.
For she said who can learn under what
planet you were born,
Whilst Old England is going down the
hill.

'Twas then said the lady to the little
town's boy,
What food upon the road did you
have ?
O nothing but the slows that upon the
bushes grows,
And its nearly brought our bodies
to the grave.
But now so free from sorrow is the
little town's boy,
So happy with his sister still ;
But they think upon the poor that are
driven from door to door,
Whilst Old England is going down
the hill.

