

THE WAR

BETWEEN

France & Prussia.

Tune—"Driven from Home."

Over the blue sea, from England afar,
They are engaged in a terrible war,
Each hand red with the blood of his fellow man,
Fighting for the honour of his fatherland.
Staid men and youths are fighting they say,
Eager each one to be first in the fray,
The shout! onward, boys! it is heard from afar,
By the brave hearts engaged in the French Prussian war.

God grant peace to those who in battle are slain,
Give consolation in their dying pain.
Wives, sisters, and mothers, will have cause to deplore,
For those loved ones they have lost in the French Prussian war.

Napoleon, and William of Prussia, 'tis clear,
For their fellow-men or their lives do not care,
What is it to them if they wretched homes make,
If their cursed ambition it is at a stake;
They will rob each neighbour, they'll plunder each friend,

And sacrifice life for to serve their own ends,
Unmoved they stand, as the cannons loud roar,
As each day are heard in the French Prussian war.

Mothers in anguish now weep for their sons,
And husbands, who to the dread war that have gone
And girls for their lovers, with eyes filled with tears
Their hopeful lives are now in despair.
Yes, homes that were happy are looking forlorn,
For the ones that they love to the wars they have gone,

They say curse the tyrants that make us deplore,
We are robbed of our all by the French Prussian war.

God watch o'er the dying, give ease to their pain,
Send peace to the homes they may ne'er see again,
Comfort the widows, dry the orphans' tears,
With a father's love list in the dying one's prayers
Go not to battle with might against right,
Let those who make quarrels be first in the fight,
For many poor mothers will have cause to deplore
Saying, God save my child! from this pitiless war.

It's good for to fight with the good and the brave,
Our country to save from the invading knave,
It's good for to fight for our homes, families, & wives
And for their dear sakes to venture our lives;
But to follow each despot I am sure it is wrong,
And I think you will say there's truth in my song,
For the woes of the poor man they don't care a straw,

Not they who have got up this French Prussian war

H Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.



Woodland Mary.

Country Orders punctually attended to.
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.

WITH sloe black eyes, and jet
black hair,
And cheeks like roses, & arms all bare,
With cheeks so white, and dimple chin
A bosom fair, and pure within,
A small straw hat, so loosely tied
A little basket by her side,
All fill'd with berries red and blue,
And little buds of many a hue,
She stepp'd as light as any fairy,
I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you, sweet maid, will come with me,
My little servant for to be,
And those soft notes you sweetly sing,
Repeat unto my nurseling young,
And leave those hills so bleak and wild
To nurse and tend my darling child,
To cherish her I fondly love;
And if to her you'll tender prove,
And o'er her tender steps be wary,
I'll treasure you, my Woodland Mar

O Lady, listen to my tale
And let my simple words prevail,
My mother's old, she's lame and poor,
And scarce can walk unto the door;
And me she loves, her only joy,
She has no other girl or boy;
And, while she lives, with her I'll stay,
And think of you when far away;
She says the grave will rest the weary,
And then I'll be your Woodland Mary.

