



PRIME THE CUP, FILL IT HIGH.

Prime the cup, fill it high ;
 Let us quaff to the fair ;
 Here's—The light of her eye !
 Here's—The gloss of her hair !
 Here's to one most divine,
 Though I breathe not her name ;
 May her lot be with mine,
 May care ne'er find the same.
 By her lip, ruby red,
 'Till these throbs cease to move,
 And each hope here lie dead,
 Her I'll love, her I'll love !
 For oh ! she's all the world to me ;
 Here's—The maid I adore !
 In my heart's deepest core
 Dwelleth but only she.
 Here's—The beam of her eye, &c.

She's the flower in my bower,
 She's my star of the deep ;
 'Tis her form keepeth watch
 In my dreams when I sleep.
 Here's to her lovely eyes,
 And to those that are thine ;
 Envy not I thy prize,
 So I win only mine.
 By her voice—music sweet,
 By the truth of the dove,
 'Till this heart cease to beat,
 Her I'll love, her I'll love ;
 For oh ! she's all the world to me ;
 Here's—The maid I adore ;
 In this heart evermore
 Dwelleth she, only she.
 Here's—The beam of her eye, &c.

THE BOATMAN

Of de Ohio.

De boatman dance, de boatman sing,
 De boatman's up to eb'ry ting,
 And when de boatman comed on shore,
 Him spend him money, and him work for more.
 Dance de boatman dance, &c.

We'll dance all night till de broad day light,
 And go home with de gals in de morning,
 Heigho de boatman row,
 Floating down de riber Ohio.
 Dance de boatman dance, &c.

I went on board de oder day,
 To hear what de boatman had to say,
 And dere I let my passion lose,
 And they popt me in de cabiboose.
 Dance de boatman dance, &c.

If eber you go to de boatman's ball,
 Dance wid dat nigger not at all,
 Sky blue jacket, tarpauling hat
 Look out, my gals, for de nine-tail-cat.
 Dance de boatman dance, &c.

Ober de mountain slick as a eel,
 Dats were de boatman bende his heel,
 De winds may blow, de waves may toss,
 By golly, I tink de boatman's lost.
 Dance de boatman dance, &c.

DE COLOR'D FANCY BALL.

Oh ! when soft music's sounding, de yaller gals to
 enthral,
 What light joys then are found in de coloured fancy
 ball ;
 Now den eb'ry fiddler is ready, de tune am gwarn
 to give out ;
 Any gentleman making a riot will be sent to de right
 about.
 Now de banjo sweetly sound, yaller gals are glancing,
 Whirling, twirling quickly round, oh, de joys ob
 dancing.—Oh ! when soft music's sounding, &c.

Hark to those strains so winning, here a waltz we
 now begin,—
 There polkas are beginning, come, yaller gals, fall in :
 Strike on eb'ry banjo loudly, to make de fat gals
 step out,
 Color'd genlemen den will feel proudly, and skip
 high if eber so stout.
 Now den to de fiddle's sound, waltzers are advancing,
 Whirling, twirling quickly round, oh ! de joys ob
 dancing.—Oh ! when soft music's sounding, &c.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

