



THE
**LOVELY
 VILLAGE MAID.**

TUNE.—THE FARMER'S BOY.

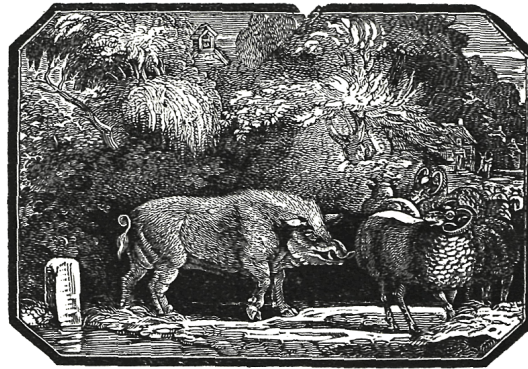
'Twas morn—the lark with cheerful note
 Was soaring in the air,
 Along the mead, by chance I spied,
 A maiden blythe and fair :
 In rustic dress, so neat and trim,
 With basket on her head,
 Her smile a monarch's heart might win :—
 The lovely Village Maid.

'Whither so fast,' said I, 'fair maid,
 Thus early in the morn?'
 'I'm going to market, sir,' she said,
 'My daily bread to earn.
 My father's dead—my mother's poor,
 No friend, save her, I have :
 Pray stay me not—I must be gone,'
 Replied the Village Maid.

'I'll give you house, I'll give you land,
 Nay, all that you can crave,
 If you'll consent for to be mine,
 My charming lovely maid.'
 'Not all your houses or your lands,
 Can win my heart,' she said,
 'Remember, sir, that I am poor,
 And but a Village Maid.

Of lowly birth, kind sir, am I,
 And you of high degree ;
 Therefore begone, nor do me stay,
 Nor with me make so free :
 For Edwin is the lad I love,
 He has my heart betray'd,
 And he has promised me sincere,
 To wed his Village Maid.

At eve, when daily labour's o'er,
 He meets me at yonder stile,
 And talks of love, the church, the ring,
 While on me he does smile ;
 He's won my heart—to church I'll go,
 Nought else on earth I crave ;
 Then none so happy—none so gay,
 As the humble Village Maid.



OUR
**SHEEP-SHEARING
 OVER.**

Our sheep-shearing over surround the board,
 With hearts full of pleasure and glee,
 And while we partake of a plentiful hoard
 Who so blithe and so happy as we,
 From the stable the wool of all consequence bring,
 The woolsack is next to the throne.
 It freedom secures to both peasant and king,
 Which in no other country is known,
 It guards us awake and preserves us asleep,
 Night and day then thank heaven that gave us the
 sheep.

When bleak piercing winter comes on with a frown,
 Frost and snow clogging hedge, ditch, and stile,
 Annoying alike both the squire and clown.
 Wrapt in wool we look around us and smile,
 Did we sing in its praises from evening to morn,
 'Twould our gratitude only increase,
 The dying old man and the new infant born,
 Are both kept alive by its fleece.
 Then how with a truth a fair space can we keep
 When in warmest expressions we speak of the sheep.

No words are sufficient whate'er can be said
 To speak of its uses aloud,
 For it never forsakes us, nay after we are dead,
 It furnishes us even with a shroud,
 Nay more if the sheep while it ranges the field
 For our wants all its comforts supplies
 Faithful still to the last to the butcher it yields
 And for our daily nourishment dies,
 Thus living or dead we its benefits reap
 Then you sheep shearers find a true friend in the sheep.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

