

ERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL

Hodges (late Pitt's), Wholesale Toy and
Marble Warehouse 31, : f-street,
Seven Dials,

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife.
Each waring with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling on each other.
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it,
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?

O, fellow men, remember then,
Whatever change befall,
The world is wide in lands beside
There's room enough for all!

What, if the swarty peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving
Where every brawny hand that tries,
Its strength, can grasp a living.

O, fellow men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide where those abide;
There's room enough for all?

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where every hand that clears a bough;
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independance.

Oh, hasten then, from fevered dens
And lodging cramped and small,
The world is wide in land beside,
There's room enough for all?

In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily st
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MY BONNY BLOOMING HIGHLAND JANE

AS I walked out one morning fair
Being in the merrp month of June,
The rivers ran like chrystal clear,
The rose and violet was in bloom,
In sad despair a voice so clear,
I heard across each rural plain.
Saying, I have lost my lovely bride
My bonny blooming highland Ja

She was the fairest of the fair,
Her eyes were like the diamonds b
She was my joy and only dear,
My treasure, comfort, and delight
We lived along like turtle doves,
And sung in a melodious strain,
But now I'm left a bird alone
I've lost my blooming Highland Jane

She left behind a lovely boy,
His features filled me with amaze,
The more I look the more I weep,
As daily on him I do gaze,
She was like a flower sprung iu an h
And snatched from off the mortal
Ah, could I fold you in my arms,
My bonny blooming Highland Jane

She was the ptide of Scotland's isle
From the Tweed down to the Clyde.
No more again then shall I smile,
Upon my charming lovely bride,
For I am doomed to sigh and weep
And wander o'er this dismal plain,
No bonny lass could e'er surpass
My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

Ah cruel death thou wast severe,
To snatch so suddenly away
That lovely rosebud in her prime
To mix among the mouldering c'ay,
But through the dreary hours of night,
I'll sit and sing in mour'ful strain
The loss of her who shone so bright,
My bonny blooming Highland Jane

My tears shall sm'ke the mouldering c'lay
While I sit weep'ng o'er her grave,
And as the hours fleet away,
From death I will one favour crave,
To take me to the rose that died,
Far, far from this deserted plain,
And lay me in the earth beside
My bonny blooming Highland J

