



MERRY PIPER.

Printed by Pitts. Printer; Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great st. Andrew street, 7 dial^s

WITH the Sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flocks into the mead,
By the fields of yellow corn,
There my gentle lambkins feed,
Ever sportive, ever gay,
While on the merry pipe I play,

Lovely Mira joins the strain,
Calls the wanderer to its mate,
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,
And make the troubled heart ease,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
While on the merry pipe I play,

And when from winters rugged arms
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,
Mira cheers me with her charms,
For her song is turned to love,
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe I play,

Tho' no splendor deck my cot,
With my fair I live content,
May it be my happy lot
Still to love and ne'er repent,
While at dawn and setting day,
On the merry pipe I play,

