

THE
LARK.

A COLLECTION OF NEW AND
FAVOURITE SONGS.



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THE LARK.



THE QUEEN GOD BLESS HER.

Now fill, fill your goblets with rich
sparkling wine,

I've a toast you must drink from your
soul ;

But accursed be the niggard who dares
to decline,

May he ne'er know the joys of the
bowl,

'Tis a woman I'd pledge, and the star
of her race,

May every sweet pleasure possess her,
Then drink, while delight shall beam
forth in each face,

Here's a health to our Queen, God
bless her.

Good monarchs we've had, whom we
think on with pride,

Who wisely e'er filled their high
station,

But now we've a woman, Heaven bless
her, beside

She's a child of our own noble nation.

Victoria the First is of virtue the gem,

May sorrow ne'er seek to oppress her,

Then fill, fill your goblets once more to
the brim,

Long life to our Queen, God bless her.

NATURE'S GAY DAY.

It was nature's gay day,

Bright smiling May day,

Each heart was all ready with joy and
with gløe ;

THE LARK.

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Cowslips were springing,
Village bells ringing,
All hastened to dance round the flowery
 May tree ;
Merrily bounding,
 May pötes surrounding,
Each lover was merry on that happy
 day
 To meet me delighted,
 By all invited,
To join the gay dance as the queen of
 the May.

Fal lal, &c.

Evening descended,
Our frolics were ended,
Lads and their lasses tripped lightly
 away :
 It was then that he woo'd me,
 Then he subdued me,
And promised me more than I'll venture
 to say ;
 But if my lover
 Should ever discover
Jealousy for me, I'd answer him so—

Dearest believe me,
I'll never deceive thee,
You have my heart, others have but
the show.

Fal la!, &c.



**THE LASS HE LEFT
BEHIND.**

When the sails are furled and the watch
set,

The moon shines o'er the silent deep,
When landsmen o'er their cups met,
Or locked in the lazy arms of sleep.

The faithful tar disdaining rest,
Consigns to every wind
A gallant sigh from his manly breast,
For the lass he left behind.

When the level deck his feet pace,
He views 'mid silvery beams on high
His Lucy's smiling sweet face,
Like an angel beaming in the sky;
Her fancied voice salutes his ear,
Low murmuring on the wind,
Again he breathes a sailor's prayer,
For the lass he left behind.



**I REMEMBER -- I RE-
MEMBER.**

I remember, I remember,
How my childhood fled by,

The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.
I remember, &c.

Then the bowers, then the bowers,
Were as blithe as blithe could be,
And all their radiant flowers,
Were coronets for me.
Gems to night, love, gems to night, love,
Are beaming in my hair;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.
I remember, &c.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my little lovers came,
With a lily or a cherry,
Or some new invented game.
Now I've you, love, now I've you love.
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were.
I remember, &c.

**AFTER MANY ROVING
YEARS.**

After many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling-place of early years,
Our first and dearest home ;
To turn away those weary eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in the summer fields,
Amid the trees and flowers.

But I am changed since last I gazed,
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch elm,
That shades the village green ;
And watched my boat upon the brook,
As 'twere a regal galley,
And sighed not for a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.

I would I could recal once more
That blessed and peaceful joy,
And summons to this weary heart,
The feelings of a boy.

I gaze on scenes of fond delight,
Without that wanton pleasure,
As a miser on his bed of death
Looks coldly on his treasure.



**I'VE JOURNEY'D OVER
MANY LANDS.**

I've journeyed over many lands,
 And sailed over every sea;
 Vast Egypt's parched and burning sands
 No strangers are to me,
 But 'neath the Indian cot,
 Or wild Atlantic sky,
 Dear girl, I never yet forgot
 The fire of thy bright eye.

I've journeyed, &c.

My home has been the mountain steep,
 The desert's cave my bed,
 Where waves have wafted me to sleep,
 And lulled my aching head;

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 COURT, SEVEN DIALS.

THE ...

I do not know the name of the
Hall never dated to give
In the name of the noble
The name is ...

THE ...

Meeting I read my ...
In the ...
And ...

To ...

On ...

And ...

And ...

And ...

And ...

And ...

And ...

THE LARK.

But still the iron grasp of care
Hath never dared to press,
For the sunshine of thy smile was there,
Thy memory to bless.
I've journeyed, &c.

MY FATHER'S HALLS.

Methinks I tread my father's halls
With childhood's happy step and grace,
Methinks I see the bannered walls,
And youth's most joyous scenes
retrae:
Yes, I behold my father's eye,
Smile as it smiled on me of yore,
When knighthood's spur and panoply
On victory's field I won and wore;
Oh, happy thoughts, ye glow, ye burn,
Joys past more brightly to return.
Home of my youth, free, free from care,
Again I plant my standard there,
What rapturous thought, what joys
combine,
Again my father's halls are mine.

J. CATNACH,
PRINTER.