

Love.

Slowly wears the day, love,
When away from thee,
Scenes before so gay, love,
Charm no longer me.

The bower that sweetly smil'd, love,
Decked with roses fair,
Seems a desert wild, love,
When thou art not there.

My heart with joy overflows, love,
When I see thee near,
Each pulse with rapture glows, love,
When thy voice I hear;
On thine angel smile, love,
Heaven appears to be,
'Tis as free from guile, love,
'Tis as dear to me.

The done over Tailor.

A Tailor I once was, as blithe as e'er need be,
Until love alas! sure a phantom has made me;
I that once was so lusty, was call'd Will the rover,
Am now a poor skeleton — Oh! I'm done over.

How many a day have I sat with great pleasure,
And cut out my cloth to my customers' measure,
With a full yard for sabrage — I lived then in Dover
But Sue's cruel charms have me fairly done over.

When first I beheld her pass by my shop-window,
My goose being hot burnt a sleeve to a cinder;

O! the girls do so jeer me that I can go nowhere.
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over?

The last time I saw her was with a bold sailor,
She sneer'd, and said, there's the done over tailor
Good bye, Mr. Stitch-cloth, I'm going to Dover. —
Was ever poor tailor so fairly done over?

So now she has left me and gone with the sailor,
Thus left me alone — a poor done over tailor
I never will cabbage, or be Will the rover.
God grant I was dead, for I'm surely done over.

The Winter it is past.

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the small birds sing on every tree;
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,
For my true love is parted from me.
The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May give joy to the linnet and the bee,
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
For ever so constant and true;
But hers is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.
All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe, that no mortal can cure.