

Doctry.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A SONG FOR THE ROAD.

On the 17th of August, 1846:

ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

We're on to the Charist' cause,

We're on to the promised land!

For labour has a charm,

When it fills the labourer's hand,

Who's that at the narrow porch,

'Tis the poor fellow's long bell-torch!

'Tis the poor fellow's long bell-torch!

Who hurra the long critic

On the poor and weak, he made

His strong with his million aid!

Not one of them—not one of them,

Who's not acting thus:

We'll none of them—we'll none of them!

They're not the men for us.

Who's that, in his chariot gay,

Who whirrs up the dusty way!

His bloom is rich and old,

But his heart is poor and cold,

And he thinks they are getting too bold,

Since we dare our own to hold!

Not one of them—not one of them,

Who's not thinking thus:

We'll none of them—we'll none of them,

They're not the men for us.

Who's that so smooth and sleek,

With a smirk on his rick cheek!

'Tis the paragon, who comes to see

Our farm for his fattening fee,

And he thinks they are getting too bold,

Since we dare our own to hold!

Not one of them—not one of them,

Who's not hoping thus:

We'll none of them—we'll none of them,

They're not the men for us.

Then—on to the Charist' cause,

For labour has a charm!

Now it fills the labourer's hand,

Who's that at the narrow porch,

'Tis the poor fellow's long bell-torch!

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Who hurra the long critic

On the poor and weak, he made

His strong with his million aid!

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But his heart is poor and cold,

And he thinks they are getting too bold,

Since we dare our own to hold!

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Who's not thinking thus:

We'll none of them—we'll none of them,

They're not the men for us.

Where Dumblere, ever honest name,

Who changes not, is still the same;

The champion of the poor oppress'd,

Shall find a home in every breast!

His name we'll shout with loud hosannas,

For words we speak to his praise.

The path he led that first journey,

The path that he's on, just and true.

Haste ye to do, do.

Where Wheeler, Clark, M'Grath, and Doyle,

From labour sprung, the sons of toil,

In shouts of rapture, loud and long,

Shall shout their own and others' wrong.

To sound their own and others' wrong,

And wish them long and happy days;

Each man the gold he gets shall drain,

And fill, and toast, and toast again.

Haste ye to do, do.

With barrels of wine and casks of beer,

The cars come rattling on their wheels;

White wine, and ale, and stout, and beer,

Shall give a day's discharge to cheer.

Then haste, prepare, and come away!

The flags shall wave, the bands shall play,

And youth shall catch the inspiring strain,

And hoarse voices ring among the plain.

Haste ye to do, do.

O'honor, my lady, with right good will,

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the amount was tendered her, she returned more than

the half of it as a contribution to the fund for erecting a

statue to Kosciusko.

Her want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity

in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous

anecdotes. When at the Court of Weimar, she was placed,

as a dinner-party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of

respect to her on the part of her host. The lady knew

nothing of Goethe; but, being struck with his physi-

cal appearance and the great attention which he

bestowed upon her, she inquired of the gentleman on her

other hand what was his name. "The celebrated

Goethe," was the answer. "Pray you," said she,

"perform me a little of the best of your poetry." "Oh,

yes, yes, I remember," said Goethe; and, turning to

the venerable poet, she addressed him:—"Ah, sir, what

an admirer I am of Werter!" A low bow was then

made to her, and she returned a compliment. "I never," con-

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