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# The Death of the Stag

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# Roger

THE

## Plough-Boy.

John Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

Young Roger the ploughboy was a crafty young swain ;  
And as he went whistling o'er the plain,  
He met black-eyed Sue with her cheeks so red ;  
She was walking along with the pail on her head.

He said, lovely fair one, I have met you in time,  
I've a question to ask you, you'll not me deny :  
If you will go with me to-morrow to the fair,  
I will buy you a ribbon to roll up your hair.

To touch me or tease me is more than you dare,  
I want none of your ribbons to roll up my hair ;  
This fair one stood gazing, and being content,  
For the want of a ribbon she gave her consent.

He led her along until they came to a grove,  
Where no one could see but the birds from a cove ;  
They sat down gently ; when she was not aware,  
He gave her a ribbon to roll up her hair.

When this lovely fair one again did arise,  
Her beauty was pleasing, she had pretty eyes :  
She said, young man I would have you to know  
There are none such ribbons to buy at a show.

This pretty young couple soon after were wed,  
And Roger did please her each day, it is said ;  
And soon they got married, I vow and declare,  
Where Roger continues to roll up her hair.

## A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,  
By sorrow still oppress'd,  
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home  
That gave a wanderer rest.  
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,  
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,  
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,  
That meek-eyed pity gave,  
My last expiring hour shall cheer,  
And bless the wanderer's grave.  
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,  
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,  
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
A soldier's gratitude.



## THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

The op'ning morn dispels the night,  
Her beauties to display,  
The sun breaks forth in glory bright,  
And hails the new-born day ;  
Diana like, behold me then  
The silver arrow wield,  
And call on horses, dogs, and men,  
Arise and take the field.  
With a hey ho chivy,  
Hark forward tantivy !  
Arise, bold hunters, cheerly rise,  
This day a stag must die.

O'er mountains, vallies, hills, and dales,  
The fleet-foot coursers fly,  
Nor heed whate'er the sport assails,  
Resolved a stag shall die !  
Roads, trees, and hedges, seem to move,  
Such joys does hunting yield ;  
While health a handmaid deigns to prove,  
When huntsmen take the field.  
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Thus virgins are by man pursued,  
And beauty made his aim,  
Till by his wily craft subdued,  
He hunts for other game ;  
And since e'en life is but a race,  
We run till forced to yield ;  
Ya, ho, tantivy, join the chase,  
Arise and take the field,  
With a hey ho chivy, &c.