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A Life in the Woods for Me

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MY NATIVE



I've roved afar through sunnier climes,
 And under bluer skies ;
 Where music rose in palaces,
 Whose walls a king might prize ;
 Yet there I heard our village chime,
 The wild coo of the dove ;
 And saw the little cot where first
 I met my native love.

The dark-eyed maids of Italy,
 Have tuned the wild guitar ;
 And sung their merry song to me,
 Beneath the twilight star !
 Like fairy harps whose murmuring strings
 The night-winds gently move ;
 Then stole the soft tones on mine ear—
 My own my native love.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

[12]

THE RACCOON

Hunters.

Hark, hark, hark, 'tis the hunter's bugle note,
 On the wild raccoon track by the break of the morn,
 It is a nigger's pride by the river side,
 To be led on the track by the howl of raccoon.
 Ahoo, ahoo, &c.

O let him be in the woods quite free,
 Where the heart of a nigger do boun',
 He loves to be climbing the forest tree,
 To fetch the old raccoon down.
 On the wild raccoon track, &c.

I have crossed the Mississippi,
 I have kissed my Sambo's lippy,
 But the happiest time was in Old Carolina,
 When he fell in love with me, Miss Dinah.
 Ahoo, ahoo, &c.

His teeth were so white, and his eyes are so bright,
 And his voice seems to me very clear,
 He can run like a hare, and can dauce like a bear,
 And his mouth reached from ear unto ear.
 On the wild raccoon track, &c.

A LIFE IN THE WOODS FOR ME.

A life in the woods for me,
 A home on the far-off plain,
 Where the wild fox wanders free,
 And the deer is chas'd and slain.
 Like a prison'd bird I pine,
 Through the dismal night and morn ;
 Let a life in the woods be mine,
 Let me hear the hunter's horn.

I long to fly from this scene,—
 I long for the clear blue sky ;
 Bear me to the forests green,
 'Tis there I'd live and die,
 I come from that Indian race,
 Who light on their game could spring,
 Who were sure in every chase,
 To bring down each aimed at thing.

I've chas'd the light bounding deer
 O'er hills and high rocks away ;
 'Till she sunk, quite faint with fear,
 And the deer became my prey.
 For those vanished joys I pine,
 Which did former days adorn ;
 Let a life in the woods be mine,—
 Let me hear the hunter's horn.