

**SONGS  
AND BALLADS**

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Songs and Ballads by Charles Swain

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**CHARLES SWAIN**

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AND BALLADS**



*Songs and Ballads.*

BY  
CHARLES SWAIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MIND," "DRAMATIC CHAPTERS,"  
"ENGLISH MELODIES," ETC.



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INSCRIBED TO  
MRS. THEODORE MARTIN  
(HELEN FAUCIT),  
WITH THE HIGHEST  
ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION.



TO THE LARK.

---

**W**HEREFORE is thy song so gay ?  
Wherefore is thy flight so free ?  
Singing—soaring—day by day ;  
Thou'rt a bird of low degree !  
Tirral-la !

Scarcely sheltered from the mould,  
We thy humble nest can see ;  
Wherefore is thy song so bold ?  
Little bird of low degree.  
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Humbly though my dwelling lie,  
Next-door neighbour to the earth ;  
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,  
Cannot soar like humble worth :  
Tirral-la !

Shall I silently repine,  
 When these birds of loftier airs  
 Say no parent race of mine  
 Built a nest as high as theirs ?  
 Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Give me but a summer morn,  
 Sweet with dew and golden light,  
 And the richest plumage born  
 Well may envy me my flight !  
 Tirral-la !

Through the azure halls of day,  
 Where the path of freedom lies,  
 Tirral-la ! is still my lay—  
 Onward, upward to the skies !  
 Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

TRIPPING DOWN THE FIELD-PATH.

TRIPPING down the field-path,  
 Early in the morn,  
 There I met my own love,  
 'Midst the golden corn ;  
 Autumn winds were blowing,  
 As in frolic chase,  
 All her silken ringlets  
 Backward from her face,



Little time for speaking  
Had she, for the wind,  
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,  
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement  
In her beauty shone ;  
Every graceful movement  
Won me—one by one !  
As the breath of Venus  
Seemed the breeze of morn,  
Blowing thus between us,  
'Midst the golden corn.  
Little time for wooing  
Had we, for the wind  
Still kept on undoing  
What we sought to bind !

Oh ! that autumn morning  
In my heart it beams,  
Love's last look adorning  
With its dream of dreams !  
Still like waters flowing  
In the ocean shell—  
Sounds of breezes blowing  
In my spirit dwell !

Still I see the field-path ;—  
 Would that I could see  
 Her whose graceful beauty  
 Lost is now to me !

#### HOME AND FRIENDS.

---

**O**H, there's a *power* to make each hour  
 As sweet as heaven designed it ;  
 Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
 Though few there be that find it !  
 We seek too high for things close by,  
 And lose what nature found us ;  
 For life hath here no charm so dear  
 As Home and Friends around us !

We oft destroy the present joy  
 For future hopes—and praise them ;  
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
 If we'd but stoop to raise them !  
 For things *afar* still sweetest are  
 When youth's bright spell hath bound us ;  
 But soon we're taught that earth had nought  
 Like Home and Friends around us !

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When Hope's last reed is shaken,  
That show us still, that, come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken :—  
Though all were night : if but the light  
Of *Friendship's* altar crowned us,  
'T would prove the bliss of earth was this—  
Our Home and Friends around us!

THE LAST MEETING.

---

SO mournfully she gazed on him  
As if her heart would break ;  
Her silence more upbraided him  
Than all her tongue might speak!

So mournfully she gazed on him ;—  
Yet answer made she none ;  
But tears that could not be repressed,  
Fell slowly, one by one.

"I hoped," she said,—but what she hoped  
In blushes died away :  
"I thought," she said,—but what she thought  
Her tears might only say!