

2d verse

On the distant prairie where the days are long
Sipping like a fairy sweet her song
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play
Beautiful and bright are they.

When the twilight shadows gathered ^{about} in the
And the voice of nature sank to rest
Like a cherub kneeling ^{child} seemed the lovely
With her gentle gaze so mild.

Fair as a lily &c —

But the Summer faded and the chilly blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last
When the Autumn song birds awoke ^{again} the dewy
Little Raisie flower was gone.
For the angel whispered softly in her ear

Child thy Father calls thee stay not here
And they gently bore her ^{white} robed in spotless
To the blissful home on high.

Fair as a lily &c —

Sarah —

While thinking of you these verses, which
almost charmed me when first I heard
them sung, occurred to my mind and
I thought as you lived near the prairie
they might be interesting to you, therefore
I have copied them as near as I can.

But O! the time! that I cannot send.
isn't it to bad, but perhaps you can find
one for them, if you succeed in
reading them as they are
written poorly. —

Mrs Frank

Song of Rosy Lee, or
the Prairie Schooler.

On the distant prairie where the herds would
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled
Stands a little cottage and the creeping vine
Laves around its porch to twine.

In that peaceful dwelling was a lonely child
With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild
And the sunbeams gleamed after golden hair
Fleeting in the summer air.
Chorus

Fair as a lily, joyous and free
Light of the prairie home was she
Everyone that knew her felt the gentle power
Of Rosy Lee the Prairie Schooler.

Princeton

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LET
Sb. T

For
Miss Sarah Jeffs

12 of Aug. 1876
No. 12. 12. 1876

My dear Miss Jeffs
I have just received
your letter of the 11th
and am glad to hear
from you. I am well
and hope these few lines
will find you the same.
I am your affectionate
friend
Sarah Jeffs

old and soldier
home down the
table the night
the great her night

Adieu! Adieu! Dear ones
I give thanks to God
With others. I'll plant my early grave
And here beneath the sod

Sarah Jeffs
writing it is

Sir - Old Dan Tucker.

Come all ye who are fond of singing,
Let us set a song a ringing,
Sound the chorus strong and hearty,
And we'll make a jovial party.

Get out of the way Old Sir Toodlely,
You're a drunken thievish body.

Some love rum, and some love brandy,
And some drink whatever comes handy,
But we'll lump it in a body,
And we'll call it Old Sir Toodlely,
Get out of the way, &c.

He who drinks cold water only,
Never will leave his fireside lonely,
But his home a happy place is,
With its cleanly smiling faces,
Get out of the way, &c.

All who wish for homes to bless them,
All who wish the girls to kiss them,
Hark while soberness is over us,
Here's the song, and this is the chorus.

Get out of the way Old Sir Toodlely
You're a drunken thievish body.

Then we need to all get merry,
Drunk on rum, or corned oil &erry,
Had we as a drink as sweet as honey,
Without price, and without money
Get out of the way with your brandy,
We're a drunk that's just the dandy.

Time was once when every body,
Drank their gin or Brandy Society,
But a new reformers beginning,
Drinking liquor now is sinking.
Get out of the way with your brandy,
We're a drunk that's just the dandy.

Hum makes a betteration,
Gadens all the circulation,
Kills the soul, and kills the body,
All is done by drinking Society.
Get out of the way old Sir Society,
You're a drunken Irish body.

Mitchell set the ball a running,
Gave the notice of its coming,
Now its retreat to every station,
On our own great Yankee nation.
Push it along, keep it moving
The Temperance cause is still improving

Satan saw his trade was failing,
Heard no more the widows wailing,
Sent his imps a batch us yelling,
"Don't stop! Don't stop! keep on selling!"
Get out O' the way, you rump-fellers
You are mean intriguing fellows.

True, you once did men bamboozle
With temptation you did foolle
Boast you may that you have done it,
We've reformed, and you can't come it.
Get out O' the way tho' you've done it,
We've reformed, and you can't come it.

Now my friends, come stop your drinking
Health is gone your fortunes sinking,
Come and own that you're mistaken
Sign the pledge and save your bacon.
Push it along, keep it moving
The temperance cause is still improving

I ask one thing more my boys to crown,
That's to see Old Alky done up Brown
And when he's banish from our shore
Then Old Horton will ask no more.

Push it along, keep it moving
The temperance is still improving