



May The  
**QUEEN**  
Live for Ever.

Whilst the bright star of glory in liberty's rays,  
O'er the face of Great Britain resplendantly shines ;  
Where's the power upon earth can Victoria dismay,  
Whilst her true British subjects together combine.

Huzza, may the Queen live for ever, &c.  
Shall we ever see her like, no never,  
Here's her health in a bumper of wine.

Let the voice of her people re-echo the strain,  
And her fame through the trumpet extend through the  
world,

May the sun o'er her throne ever shed its bright rays,  
While her banners of justice and mercy's unfurl'd.  
Huzza, &c.

We'll sing to, in praise of Old England our Isle,  
Who hath seccour'd all nations imploring her aid,  
May that Omnipotent Eye look down with a smile,  
On our Queen and all who at her mercy are laid.  
Huzza, &c.

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**The Bridal Ring.**

I dreamt last night of our earlier days,  
Ere I sighed for a sword or feather,  
When we danced on the hill in the moon's pale rays,  
Hand in hand, hand in hand together ;  
I thought you gave me again that kiss,  
More sweet than the perfumes of spring,  
When I placed on your finger love's pure golden pledge  
The Bridal Ring, the Bridal Ring.

I dreamt I heard then the trumpet sound,  
And at once was forced to sever,  
That I fell on the heath with my last death wound,  
Lost to thee, lost to thee, love, for ever ;  
I thought you gave me again that kiss,  
Empearled like a flower in spring ;  
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on this dear hand to press,  
The Bridal Ring, the Bridal Ring.

SHE WORE A  
**WREATH**  
OF  
**ROSES.**

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Harkness, Printer, Preston.

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She wore a wreath of roses,  
That night when first we met ;  
Her lovely face was smiling  
Beneath her curls of jet ;  
Her footsteps had the lightness,  
Her voice the joyous tone—  
The tokens of a youthful heart  
Where sorrow is unknown :  
I saw her but a moment ;  
Yet methinks I see her now,  
With a wreath of summer flowers  
Upon her snowey brow.

A wreath of orange flowers  
When next we met she wore ;  
The expression of her features  
Was more thoughtful than before :  
And standing by her side, was one  
Who strove, and not in vain,  
To soothe her leaving that dear home  
She ne'er might view again :  
I saw her but a moment ;  
But methinks I see her now,  
With a wreath of orange blossoms  
Upon her snowey brow.

And once again I see that brow,—  
No bridal wreath is there ;  
The widow's sombre cap  
Conceals her once luxurious hair ;  
She weeps in silent solitude ;  
And there is no one near,  
To press her hand within his own,  
And wipe away the tear ;  
I saw her broken-hearted ;  
But methinks I see her now,  
In the pride of health and beauty,  
With a garland on her brow.