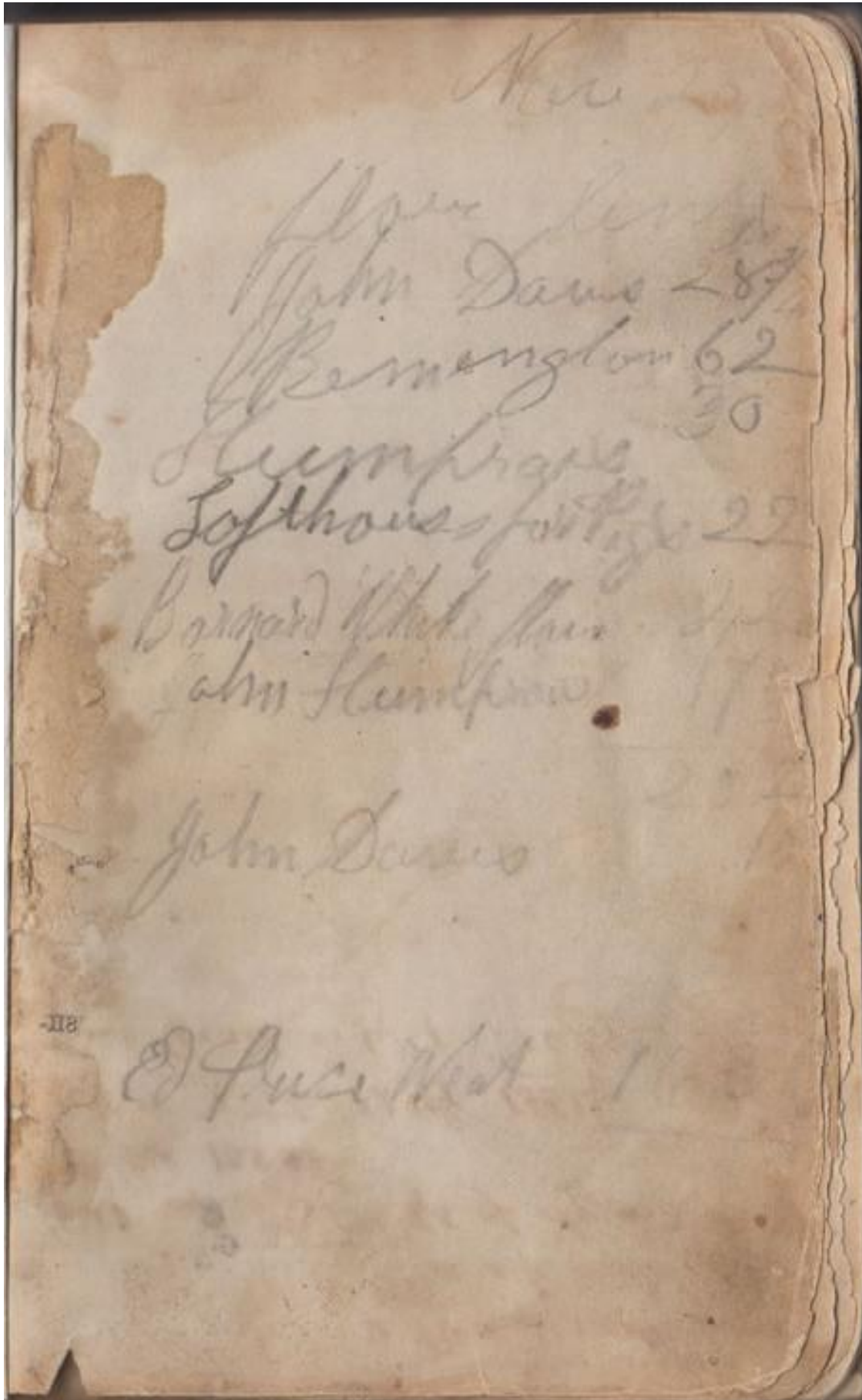


JOURNAL OF EDWARD DAVID MILES



May
all I traveled since the Reformation up to
May the 18 502 miles up to May 31
621 up to the 26 of August 1551
I Walked 1050.

up to October 22/57 1352

up to December 6/57 /1625

Marine Westons W. Westons & Sons
at John House, Fleet Street, Chertsey
Mr Edmund Miles & R. Davis & Sons
Edyn Heath

Next year in London Jack arriv'd,
To make a few weeks stay,
And stroll'd to Drury'd oily walls—
"The Tempest" was the play.

But sily in the pit he got,
Rememb'ring former folly,
And far removed from danger's shore,
Determined to be jolly

Soon as the well known scene began,
And lightnings rent the skies,
He twisted round with cunning loer,
And upwards turned his eyes.

' Hold hard aloft you jolly dogs,
I like these jovial parties !
Mind what you're at you shilling swabs.
For here you come my hearties.'

THE CHARMING WOMAN.

Musical by Keith and Co. Cheapside.

So Miss Myrtle is going to marry,
What a number of hearts she will break.
There's Lord George, and Tom Brown, and
Sir Harry,

Are dying of love for her sake.
'Tis a match that we must all approve,
Let the gossip say all that they can—
For indeed she's a charming woman,
And he's a most fortunate man.

Yes, indeed, she's a charming woman,
She reads both Latin and Greek ;
I'm told, too, that she solved a problem
In Euclid, before she could speak.
Had she been but a daughter of mine,
I'd have taught her to hem and to sew,
But her mother—(a charming woman) !
Couldn't think of such trifles you know !

But she's really a charming woman—
Yet I think she's a little too thin !
No wonder such very late hours
Should ruin her beautiful skin.
Her shoulders are rather too bare,
Her gown's nearly up to her knees—
But I'm told that these charming women
May dress themselves as they please,

as, she's really a charming woman—
But have you married by the bye,
A something that's rather uncommon
In the flesh of that very world you see ?
It may be a fancy of mine,

Though her voice has rather a sharp tone
But I'm told that these charming women
Are apt to have wit of their own.

She sings like a bullfinch in the bush,
Or talks like an old-fashioned nun.

She can play you a rubber, no
If she's got nothing better !
She can chatter of poor laws and
Of the valuable labour and law
'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things they don't understand

I'm told she hasn't a penny,
Yet her gowns would make me
I fear, too, that her bills must be
But you know that's her husband
Such husbands are very uncommon
So regardless of prudence and
But they say such a charming woman
Is a fortune, you know, in her

She has brothers and sisters by the
Right charming people, they say
She has several tall Irish cousins
Whom she loves in a sisterly way
Now, young men, if you'd take
You would find it an excellent
Don't marry a charming woman
If you are a sensible man.

HE WAS FAMED

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
She a maid of envied charms,
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conquest now must yield,
Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll be
When the glad trumpet sounds.

Battle now with fury glows,
Hostile blood in torrents flows ;
His duty tells him to depart,
She prest the hero to her heart.
And now the trumpet sounds a
And now the clash of war's alarm
Sweet Maid, he cries again I'll be
When the glad trumpet sounds a

He with love and conquest burns,
Both subdue his mind by turns,
Death the soldier now enthral !
With his wounds the hero falls !
She disdain'g war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms
O death ! he cried, thou'rt welcome
For hark ! the glad trumpet sounds

VILLAGE MAIDS.

Whilst with village maids I sit
Sweetly wear the joyous day
Cheerful glows my artless brow
Mild content the constant g

BE MARRIED YET.

Poplar Conic Dust.
 be married yet, sir, do not linger
 [bride;
 for all, sir, I can never be your
 obliged by all attentions you
 all along, sir, that my heart was
 use to me! and why Miss?
 a settled thing!
 eigh'd, your mother cried—I've
 bought the ring;
 friends to dinner—we've fixed
 day;
 you mean, Miss, by driving me
 better for us both that we had
 ou once for all, sir, I can't be
 et.
 ll me so abruptly, you can't be
 yet.
 ask'd your friends to dinner, and
 know what to do;
 doubt they'll all be very glad to
 [the set;
 anoxions, why I never liked
 determined that I won't be
 m. I have vow'd that in your
 ust die,
 now—I've now another tie
 your spark to play and park,
 n you about.
 v, like any other spark, I tell
 out.
 Born. 'Twere better, &c.
 n you refused not the presents
 ing—
 on those ear-rings, but I never
 ing;
 me cause to hope ma'am, that
 t be denied—
 inge was so pleasant in which
 ride.
 'd me with sighs, miss—I fed
 looks.
 ly show'd your taste in select-
 se books.
 they only teach you that my
 re in vain?
 ight my meaning—
 'd, sir, you're too plain.
 'Twere better, &c.

He. after all, I see no reason to
 Those things may be diamonds, but they're
 British, all the set.
 Suz. Provoking! I've reported of their costli-
 ness about.
 But they will do to wear at home—
 He. You cannot wear them out.
 Suz. But stay, I've just been thinking what
 remedy might do—
 You'll buy the wedding suit love.
 He. Yes, if you're coming to.
 Suz. 'Twas really not in earnest, sir, what-
 ever I have spoke;
 I could not say I would not wed, unless it was
 in joke.
 Born. We must forget, we must forgive the
 angry word past,
 Then here's my hand—you have my heart—
 we shall be wed at last.

BY SILVER STREAMS,

By silver streams and tuneful grove,
 Oh, give my peaceful steps to rove;
 To haunt the brink of tinkling rills,
 The flow'ry vales or sloping hills,
 Far, far, from all all I fear or hate,
 From splendid life's delusive state,
 Splendour canker'd with distress,
 Grandeur mix'd with littleness.

JACK OAKHAM AT THE PLAY.

Jack Oakham was a seaman good,
 As ever stood to gun!
 And when on shore was always first,
 To join a bit of fun.
 One night near Plymouth Dock he stroll'd.
 A play bill caught his eye,
 By which "The Tempest" was announced
 In letters three feet high.
 Jak tho' he'd never seen a play,
 To join the folks was willing,
 So straight he mounted up aloft—
 For which he paid a shilling.
 The curtain rose the play commenced,
 With thunder, lightning, rain;
 The vessel, with a horrid crash,
 Was instant rent in twain.
 That moment all the gallery props
 Gave way to tullen fit,
 And showet down the motley crew,
 Right headlog in the pit.
 Says Jack, "If this be play my lads,
 By Jove I'll instant strike it!
 It may be fun for aught I know,
 But d—name if I like it."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

**THE NEW
COMIC & SENTIMENTAL
SONGSTER,**

CONTAINING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THE
MOST POPULAR

**SONGS, RECITATIONS
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.**

CONTENTS :—

John Brown

Boys, have you heard of
the Battle

The Low-back'd Car

Bobbing Around

Johnny Sands [yet

I'll not be married

The Postman's Knock

The Broth of a Boy

Charlie

Good Morrow

Ghost of Billy Barlow

My Mary Anne

The Auld Wife

Kiss me Quick

The Tempest of the Heart

Keemo Kimo

Little Nell

Polly won't you try me oh!

**Tis hard to give the
Hand**

Wait for the Waggon

Billy Barlow's Wedding

Red, White, and Blue

I'm not myself at all

**Come into the Gar-
den, Maud**

The Ship on Fire

Toll the Bell for Lilla Dale

**It's no use teasing
Polly**

Toasts and Sentiments

RECITATIONS :—

The Clown and Counsellor

The Jewess and her Son

The Thriving Tradesman

A New Way to Pay Old
Debts

The Soldier's Wish [Son

Casabianca, the Admiral's

The Secret of Happiness

BIRMINGHAM:

E. SMITH, Printer and Publisher, 37, Summer Lane.

Popular Comic
be married ye
le;
t for all, sir, I
obliged by
all along, sir
vn,
I see to me
a settled thi
sigh'd, your
bought the
friends to
day;
you mean,
better for
on once for
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ll me so a
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ask'd your
know who
doubt they
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looks.
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doubt my

Wait for the Waggon.

Will you come with me, my Phillis dear,
to yon blue mountain free?
Here the blossoms smell the sweetest,
come, rove along with me.
's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by
your side,
'o'll jump into the waggon, and all take
a ride.

chorus.

Wait for the waggon, wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon & we'll all take a ride.
Where the river runs like silver, and the
birds they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Phillis, and something good
to eat,
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my
heart,
So jump into the waggon, and off we will
start.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Can you believe, my Phillis dear, old Mike,
with all his wealth,
can make you half so happy, as I with
youth and health?
'o'll have a little farm—a horse—a pig—
a cow;
I'll you shall mind the dairy, while I do
guide the plough.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Our lips are red as poppies, your hair so
black and neat,
All braided up with dahlias and hollyhocks
so sweet

It's every Sunday morning, when I am by
your side,
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take
a ride,

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Together, on life's journey, we'll travel till
we stop,
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the
happy top,
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear,
my lovely bride!
We'll jump into the waggon, and all take
a ride.

Wait for the waggon, &c.

Twice better, &c. | But d—d—

Come into the garden, Maud

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the rose has blown:
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she
loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky:
To faint in the light of a sun she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clash'd in the hall,
And long by the garden gate I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to
the wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen rose of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one!
Shine out, little head, sunning over with
curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There as fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flow'r at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries "she is near! she is near!"
And the white-rose weeps "she is late!"
The larkspur listens "I hear! I hear!"
And the lily whispers "I wait!"
She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would bear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed—
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red!

Hand Cart Song,

Ye saints who dwell on Europe's ^{shores,}
Prepare your hearts with many more,
To leave behind your native land,
For sure gods judgements are at hand
And you must cross the raging main
Before the promised land you gain
And with the faithful make a start
To cross the plains with your hand cart

Chorus

For some must push and some must pull
As you go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way you go
Until you reach the valley.

When you find that the promised land
Is just as dark as night
And the poor men toil and want for bread
And rich mens dogs are better fed
The land that boasts of liberty
You here again shall wish to see
When you from it have had a start
To cross the plains in your hand cart,
For some must push &c,

As on the way the carts are pulled,
you'd very much surprise the world,
To see the old and feeble dame,
Leading so hard to push the same,
And maidens too will dance and sing,
Young men more happy than a King,
And children they will laugh and play,
Their strength increasing every day,
For some must push &c

But some will say this is too late,
We think upon the fact to pad
And not to dare, than that to push a load
As they go marching on the road,
But then we say this is the plan
To gather out the best of them,
And not women too for none, but they
Will wish to go ~~there~~ in this way.

For some must push &c
But say you the halcyon gain
You will be met upon the plain
With music sweet and piping soft
With fresh supplies you'll have to do
And then with music and with song
So say you'll all march by a song
As though happily that were to start
To cross the plain in our hand cart
For some must push &c

When you get there among the best
Obedient be and you'll be best
And in Gods Chambers be shut in
While judgment Clears the earth from sin
For we all know it will be so
Gods servants spoke it long ago
They say its time to make a street
across the plains in our new west
For some must pass & c

4	180
4	180
8	360
8	360
16	720
16	720
8	360
40	1800
4	180
44	1980

Chorus
The calm still night And the moons pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale —
When friends mute with grief stood around the death bed —
Of my dear lost Lily Dale —

Chorus

O Lily sweet Lily Dear Lily Dale —
How the red rose buds o'er her little green grass —
Grew the trees in the flowery vale —
As cheeks that once glowed with the rose tints of health
By the hands of disease had turned pale —
And the death camp was on the pure white grave —
Of my dear lost Lily Dale —

But go she said to the Land of Rest
And there my strength shall fail —
I must let where my own loved Home —
You must lay Poor Lily Dale —

With the chestnut tree where wild flowers grow —
And the stream ripples foath through the vale —
Where the birds shall whet their song in spring
How lay Poor Lily Dale —

Continued

We smoothed down the locks of her soft golden hair—
And held her hands on her breast—
And laid her soft ear in the valley so fair—
And the Blazons of summer to rest—

The End

O Dearest Mae
Come Brothers be Attentive
As I Tell I Will Relate
About My own Adventures
In Carolina State
All In the Pleasant Meadows
As Making De De hay
I first beheld the girl I love
My own My Dearest Mae

Chorus

Oh Dearest Mae you are fairer than the Day
your Eyes so bright we had no light—
When the Moon is gone away—

We sat beneath De spreading tree—
For many happy hours—
We heard the singing of De Birds—
And Watched the lily flowers—
Then on the River in the Boat—

We sailed o'er the Bay—
Which was a happy time for me
When courting my sweet Ma
I begged of her one summer day
To buy my little Wife—
I told her I'd take care of her
And live all my life
And cast down eyes she gave consent
And soon she named us Day
And ever since I've blest the hour
I first saw dearest Ma

————— The End

The Cavalier—

At this beautiful night—
And the stars were bright—
And the moon and the waters played—
And the gay mountaineer—
At a barbers door near—
A lady to serenade—
In tenderest words
He swept his cords
While many a sigh breathed he—

And over and over
He fondly pines
Sweet Maud I love but then - etc etc
he raised his eyes
To the clear blue skies
While he fondly breathes his hopes
With Amusement he sees
Sprung about by the breeze
A ladder of ropes
up up he is gone! The bird is flown -
What is this one the ground quoth he
It is plain that she loves
Hears some gentlemans gloves
And they never belong to Maud
These gloves etc etc
you all would have thought
he'd have followed and sought
That being the duelling age
But this gay mountaineer
quite scorned the idea
of putting himself in a rage
More wise by far he put up his guitar

And as Homevard he went sung he
When A Laidy Clapes
Down A Ladder of Ropes
She May go to the - the - the
the end

The old folks At Home song
May Down upon the swanee ribber
far far Away -
Down where my heart is turning eber
Down where the old folks stay -
All up is Down de whole Creation
Sady I know
Still longing for de old Plantation
And for the old folks At Home

Chorus
All de world am sad and weary
Down where I know
Oh Barkers how my heart grows weary
far from the old folks At Home

All know de little parson I knowed
When I was young

Ten long happy days I squandered—

Many a song I sung—

When I was playing with my crudders—

Happy was I—

Oh take me to my old kind crudders

Just at the level & tree—

one little hut among the bushes—

one that I love—

Still said by to my memory rushes

No matter when I have—

When will I see the bees & humming

All round the comb.

When will I hear the bangs tumbling

Down in my good old home

Ben Salt The End

Oh don't you remember sweet Alice Ben Salt

Sweet Alice with eyes hazel green—

How she wept with delight when you gave her a smile

And trembled with fear at your frown—

In the churchyard in the valley Ben Salt

In a corner obscure and lone

They have placed a slab of granite so gray
And sweet Alice lies under the stone
There her spirit is at rest

Oh that you remember the good Ben Bolt
Near the green sunny slope of the Hill
How oft we have sung South its wide spreading shade
And kept time to the creak of the Mill
The Mill has gone to decay Ben Bolt
And I quest now Keweenaw ground
In the old Keweenaw Park with its roses so sweet
And scattered all over the ground
Oh that you remember the school Ben Bolt
And the Master so kind & so true
And the sweet little dock by the ^{new} Keweenaw Brook
When we gathered the flowers as they grew
Near the Master's grave grows the grave Ben Bolt
And the Keweenaw Brook is now dry
And of all our old friends who were ^{then} school mates
There remains but ^{you} and I
The End

Little Nell

They told him gently she was dead
And spoke of Heaven and smiled
Then drew him from the lonely bed
Where lay the lovely child —
It was all in vain he heeded not —
Their pitying looks of sorrow
Hush, Hush he cried she only sleeps
She'll Wake Again tomorrow —

They laid her in a lonely grave
Where winds blow high & bleak
That the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek
And there the poor old man would watch
In strange but cheery sorrow
And whispered to them of the words —
She'll come again tomorrow —

one day they missed him long & sought
Where most he loved to stray
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay —

All Tattering Shirts his'd Warden there
And hope And strength to Barron
The old Man Joying Breathed this Prayer
At At her Come Tomorrow
The End

I've Kinnerd Beneath My Native sky
Where beautiful flowers grow
When all was lovely to the eye
And charming to the ear
I've seen them grazed by Night's Pale Ray
Whisked with radiant Morn
But never a spot so Dear
As that When I Was born
The End

Who Wealth or Titles compensate
The want of friendships Glare
Can hold or silver in Precious Berles
As Bright A Gem Boston
As the such joys are cold Indeed
They hold the Earth forlorn
Give me the spot I love so Dear
The lot where I was born
The End

