

**A SELECTION OF
ORIGINAL SONGS,
SCRAPS, ETC.**

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A selection of original songs, scraps, etc. by Ned Farmer

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NED FARMER

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ETC.

BY NED FARMER.

"NONSENSE PRECIPITATE, LIKE RUNNING LEAD,
"THAT SLIPP'D THRO' CRACKS AND ZIGZAGS OF THE HEAD."

POPE



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Preface.

As some slight excuse for the heterogeneous matter of which the accompanying trifle is composed, it is necessary to observe, that it is purely and essentially what its title purports—it is my Scrap Book.

To escape the more serious imputation of daring to imagine, that it was at all likely to be tolerated by the general community for any merit it might possess, it is due to myself to explain the simple origin of the design.

I have, or fancy I have, many friends, (and it is a delusion I should very reluctantly part with, even if I am wrong in that supposition,) I am certain of possessing an almost unlimited circle of acquaintance, and I deemed it reasonable to imagine, that among the multitude, enough of purchasers might be found to render it a profitable speculation, and I have been long wedded to the belief, that any honest means by which the most money can be gotten in the least time, has the least of folly attached to it: beyond this, I had neither hope nor expectancy.

Its contents have been written within the last year or two, at various times and seasons, and, as the subjects will fully testify, under the influence of very different feelings.

No person can, by any possibility, be more acutely alive to the glaring folly of parading my "exalted doggrel" before the public than myself, and I have yet to learn whether I am about most to astonish those who know me, by attempting POETRY at all, or those who do not, by the hardihood evinced in publishing it when written.

Whatever may be the errors and demerits of the SCRAP BOOK, (and their name is "Legion,") I shall at least enjoy the very sincere satisfaction of knowing, that although no one may become either the wiser or better for having read it, yet can no person ever be a whit the worse for its perusal.

In conclusion, I am clearly of opinion that my wiser course is to plead "guilty" to the general folly of the transaction, and (in all due dread and humble hope,) throw myself upon the mercy of the court, and in doing which I beg most respectfully to subscribe myself

Their most obedient and very humble Servant,

EDWARD FARMER.

Graet, November, 1846.

The Blind Boy.

FROM murky clouds, fast hurtling round,
Bursts the loud thunder's deafening sound;
Quick follows each electric flash,
Roar after roar, crash after crash!
While torrent-like the rain doth pour,—
"Who comes in such a fearful hour?"
'Tis poor Old Martha's withered form,
Thus braves the fury of the storm.
See! with unequal, hurried tread;
Uncovered too, that aged head:
What can have happen'd? what's amiss?
To bring her through a storm like this!
Run! Harry, to the door and see,
What the poor creature's troubles be!
(Thus said the father to the son.)
The boy with willing haste hath run,

And ope'd the door to one whose face
Bore sorrow's past and present trace.
"Why Martha?" (thus began the boy,)
"Why look so pale? What makes you cry?"
"Oh! Master Henry! oh!" she said,
"My child! my poor blind child is dead!
Struck, struck by lightning,"—then on the floor,
She shuddering fell, *to rise no more!*
Of friends, of fortune, long bereft,
With only that one heartstay left:
That son to whom she'd given birth
Was all that bound the wretch to earth.
For him, she'd labour'd long, had borne
This world's privations, and its scorn!
For those who know her history tell
She "*Loved not wisely but too well!*"
That sightless pledge her only joy,
Her poor, her blind, neglected boy!
Now, all was ended, this sad blow
Fill'd to the brim her cup of woe.
Enough of life was left to tell
The death of him she'd loved so well.
This latest, **SADDEST**, grief express'd,
Her broken spirit sunk to rest!

Go, ask the Untaught Savage.

Go ask the untaught savage where
The God HE worships deigns to live?
Go ask the untutor'd savage where?
And mark the answer he shall give!
He'll tell you that there's not a place,
Above, below, or all around,
But if ye, sorrowing, seek his face
The God of mercy may be found!
There's not a planet in the sky,
But lighteth where the Spirit lives;
There's not a zephyr murmurs by
But whispers of the peace He gives;
There's nothing in the heavens or earth,
The mighty ocean or the air,
Or aught from either has its birth,
But His omnipotence declare.
Kneel, Christian kneel, bow, bow thine head,
And think on what the savage said.