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Hurray for the Cheas

Your foot may sing of the pleasures ^{of the}
of a land, and a bright sunny
Give me the rough ocean ^{thunder}
And a bark phermin chase that

The Caraph Long Purfett

By a vineyard cottage
Sat a maiden fair and young
And hill and vale resounded
With the song that maiden sang
And as the jubilee chorus
I thank thee Lord rose high
The joyous caught the echo
And saw it at the sky.