

Wait for the Wagon.

Will you come with me my Phillis dear, to yon blue mountain fere,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come rove along with me,
It's every Sunday morning when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Chorus, Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon, and 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 wagon, and off we will start.

Wait for the wagon, &c.

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

Wait for the wagon, &c.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick 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 wagon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &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 wagon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, &c.

Corn Bread. One quart of sour milk; two table-spoonful of
saleratus, four ounces butter, three eggs, three table-spoonfuls of flour, and
corn meal sufficient to make a stiff batter.

Rural New Yorker.