

11. KING ROGER.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

Old Air, "THE VILLAGE MAIDEN."

Smoothly. $\text{♩} = 69.$

VOICE. Key Eb. { :s .f }
'Twas the

PIANO. *mp* *mp*

|| m : r : d ld : t, : d | f : - : - f : s : f | m : r : d ld : t, : d | m : - : - lr : : s . f }
o . ther night just af . ter twi - light, we sat o . ver a blaz - ing turf fire; Our

|| m : r : d ld : t, : d | f : - : - f : s : f | m : r : d lt, : r : t, | d : - : - l - : : m . f }
ser . vant was serv . ing a cow - drink Our Bet . ty milk'd kye in the byre. "Ay,

|| s : s : s ls : l : t | d' : - : - ls : l : s | f : r : r lr : f : r | m : - : - l - : : s . f }
fa . ther!" cried out lit . tle Ro . ger, "I wish I were on . ly a king!" "Why,

|| m :r :d | d :t, :d | f :- :- | f :s :f | m :r :d | l t, :r :t, | d :- :- | :- ||
 what would you do?" says I, "Ro - ger, Sup - pose you could take your full fling?"

King Roger.

(Verses for the singer.)

- 1 'Twas the other night just after twilight,
 We sat over a blazing turf fire ;
 Our servant was stirring a cow-drink,
 Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre.
 "Ay, father!" cried out little Roger,
 "I wish I were only a king!"
 "Why, what would you do?" says I, "Roger,
 Suppose you could take your full fling?"
- 2 "First, you should be lord judge, and bishop ;
 My mother should have a gold crutch ;
 I'd build for the poor folk fine houses,
 And give them, ay, ever so much !
 On our long-tail'd nag I'd keep riding,
 My footmen in silver and green ;
 And when I'd seen all foreign countries,
 I'd make Aggy Glaister my queen.
- 3 Our meadow should be a great orchard,
 And grow naught but cherries and plums ;
 A school-house we'd build.—As for master,
 We'd e'en hang him up by the thumbs.
 Then Christmas should last—aye, for ever !
 And Sundays we'd have twice a week ;
 The moon should show light all the winter ;
 Our cat and our collie should speak.
- 4 The poor folk should live without working,
 And feed on plum-pudding and beef ;
 Then all would be happy, for certain
 There neither could be rogue nor thief !"
 Now thus ran on little king Roger ;
 But soon all his happiness fled ;
 A spark from the fire burnt his knuckle,
 And off he crept whining to bed

Three verses are omitted, having only bygone interest. For instance, Roger's dream wishes included ships and soldiers to "kill the French dogs;" fine clothes of styles now discarded; "strong tea;" and hare hunting. Everybody builds castles in the air, but wee Roger was a kingly builder, of unbounded generosity.—J. G.

King Roger.

(Cumberland dialect.)

- 'Twas but tudder neet, efter darknin',
 We sat owre a bleezing turf fire ;
 Our deame she was sturrin' a cow-drink,
 Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre
 "Ay, fadder!" cried out oor leyle Roger,
 "I wish I wer nobbet a king!"
 "Wey, what wad te dui?" says I, "Roger,
 Suppouse tou cud tek thy full swing?"
- "Furst you sud be lword judge, an bishop ;
 My mudder sud hev a gold crutch.
 I'd build for the peer fwok feyne houses,
 An gi'e them—ay, iver sae much !
 On oor lang-tail'd naig I'd keep reyding,
 My footmen in silver an green ;
 An when I'd seen aw foreign countries,
 I'd mek Aggy Glaister my queen
- Our meadow sud be a girt worchet,
 An grow nought but churries an plums ;
 A schuilhouse we'd build —As for maister,
 We'd e'en hing him up by the thum's.
 Then Cursmas sud last, ay, for iver !
 An Sundays we'd hev tweyce a-week ;
 The muin sud show leet aw the winter ;
 Our cat an our cwoley sud speek
- The peer fwok sud live widout workin',
 An feed on plum-puddin' and beef ;
 Then aw wad be happy, for sarten,
 There nowther cud be rwogue or thief !"
 Now thus ran on leyle king Roger,
 But suin aw his happiness fled ;
 A spark frae the fire brunt his knockle,
 An off he crap whingin' to bed