WHICH do you think is the happier lot,
My Lord's in his castle, or John's in his cot?
O ask their hearts, if you would see
Which the happier may be.

THE tide flows,
And the boat goes,
But whither she's going
Nobody knows.
But let us pray
She'll sail one day
Home again, home again, safe to the bay.

PUFF, Polly, puff,
Sing, Polly, sing,
When the tea is ready
Sing, Polly, sing.
We are all waiting,
Sitting in a ring.

February 22.

February 23.

February 24.

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