

The Dusky Night.

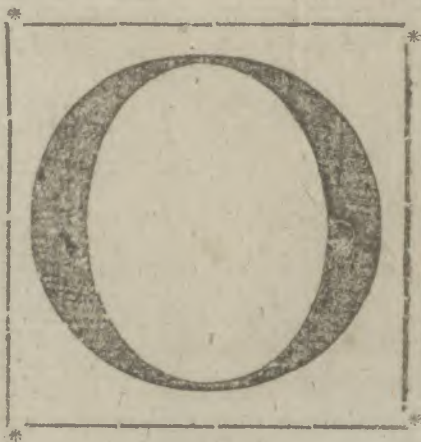
A

Young Lady

TURNED SOLDIER.

Gragal ma Chree.

O'er the Muir to Maggy.



THE DUSKY NIGHT.

THE dusky night rides down
the sky

and ushers in the morn

The hounds all join in jovial cry,
the huntsman winds his horn.

Then hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
her arms to make him stay,

My Dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
you cannot hunt to day

but a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd fox like lightning
flies

his cunning all awake,

To gain the race he eager tries,
his forfeit like a stake.

When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd e'en echo huntress turns,
and madly shouts of joy,

The sportman's heart enraptur'd
burns

the chase can never cloy.

then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
his arts must now prevail;

Hark! shouts the miscreant's death
beside

his speed, his cunning fail,
 when a hunting we do go, &c.
 For lo his strength to faintness worn
 the hounds arrest his flight,
 Then hungry homewards we return
 to feast away the night.
 then a drinking we will go, &c.

A new Song on a young Lady, who
 enlisted into the 32d Regiment
 of Foot, for the love she bore to a
 young Captain:

COME all you young lovers
 and listen a while

I will sing you a song that will
 make you all smile,

It is of a young Lady,
 of fame and renown,

For the sake of a Captain,
 for a soldier has gone.

This beautiful young creature,
 she dressed herself neat,

All in man's apparel
 like an angel so neat,

And for to be a soldier
 to the corporal she came,

So he gave her a shilling.

in King George's Name,
Thou art a fine fellow,
you are able and free,
To serve as a soldier
in the reg'ment with me,
In the bold thirty second,
that's loyal and true,
She said, Sir, I am, and I'll
go along with you.
Then away to the captain,
which pleased her well,
Who down on the drum
ten guineas did tell;
He said, here young man,
take it from the drum's head,
Then go with your corporal
and he'll find you a bed.
She learned her exercise
so wonderful well,
That few in the whole reg'ment
could her excel,
Her arms and accoutrements
so clean and so neat,
She behav'd like a soldier
in all things complete.
Her love it was so great,
for the young captain bold,

That unto him her secrets
 with joy she did unfold;
 All for the joke's sake,
 he told the whole town,
 That the corporal's recruit
 to a Woman had grown.
 She had slept with the corporal
 a fortnight or more,
 But by him she was never
 discovered before;
 Alas! alas! he cried aloud,
 she did me trepan,
 I've inlisted a young Lady
 I thought was a man.
 The soldiers they daily
 on him do make fun,
 They always are a jeering him,
 for what he has done:
 He was so much ashamed,
 he begged leave to go away
 Into another reg'ment,
 in his own he could not stay,
 The colonel with laughter
 gave him his discharge,
 Desiring that these verses might
 be printed at large;
 Saying, mind my brave soldiers

when you list a recruit
 You take him to the Doctor,
 that will end all dispute.
 This brave Lady for honour,
 in so venturing her life,
 The captain thought proper,
 and made her his wife;
 The bells they rung sweetly,
 and the music did play,
 And the colonel was Father,
 and gave her away.

GRAGAL MA CHREE.

I Am a young lover that is sorely oppress'd
 Euthrall'd by a far one & can find no rest
 Her name I'll not mention, tho' wounded I be
 By Cupid's kind arrow for Gragal ma Chree

When first I beheld this female most fair,
 My eyes were eclips'd by her beauty so rare,
 By her killing glances she so enchanted me,
 In anguish I'll languish for Gragal ma Chree.

Her lips are like coral, her cheeks like the rose
 Her skin is like lillies, and eyes black as floes
 She is handsome and proper in every degree,
 No female can equal sweet Gragal ma Chree.

O had I possession of Newington more,
 With Breakaduff's treasure, was it ten times
 more,
 And wealth of great Demare, I'd part with it
 most free,

Disdaining all riches for Gragal ma Chree.

I propos'd to tell that sweet innocent dove,
 All by a fond letter that she was my love,
 Expecting that evening with pleasure to see,
 Some fine talk of love from sweet Gragal ma
 Chree.

But the cruel villan which I did entrust,
 Of all men breathing, I'm sure he's the worst,
 For he prov'd a deceiver and traitor to me,
 He never gave the letter to Gragal ma Chree.

Straightway to her father he went out of hand,
 And gave him my letter as I understand,
 When the old man did read it he swore bitterly,
 He would alter the case with sweet Gragal ma
 Chree.

He said to his daughter with a frightful disdain,
 Here is a love letter from your darling swain;
 So never deny it, it's plain you may see,
 He titles you here his sweet Gragal ma
 Chree.

His lovely sweet daughter she fell on her
 knees,
 Saying Honoured Father pray do as you please
 For if by wild horses I tortur'd should be,
 I ne'er will deny I'm his Gragal ma Chree.

A horse was made ready without more delay,
 To some foreign country she was sent away;
 Though I have been searching this whole country
 I never could hear of sweet Gragal ma Chree.

Now I will travel fair Ireland all round,
 In hopes that in some part my love may be found,
 And if I don't find her I'll mourn constantly,
 And my last dying words will be Gragal ma
 Chree.

O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the muir to Maggy,
 her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind
 whatever may befall me:

If she love mirth, i'll learn to sing;
 or likes the nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 and invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 i'll sheath my limbs in armour;

If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 with gayest airs I'll charm her;

If she love grandeur, day and night
 i'll plot my nation's glory,

Find favour in my prince's fight,
 and shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease
 where wit is corresponding,

And bravest men know best to
 please,

with complaisance abounding.

My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 me to what shape she pleases,

If in her breast that flame shall burn
 which in my bosom bleazes.

F I N I S.