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## ADIEU MY NATIVE LAND:

Adieu my native land, adieu,  
The vessel spreads her swelling sails,  
Perhaps I never more may view  
Thy fertile fields and flowery dales.

Delusive hope can charm no more,  
Far from the faithless maid I roam,  
Unfriended seek some foreign shore,  
Unpitied leave my peaceful home.

Farewell dear village, O farewell,  
Soft on the gale thy murmurs die,  
I hear thy solemn evening bell,  
Thy spires glad my aching eye:

Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,  
I scorn to shrink from fates decree,  
Yet think not cruel maid that e'er  
I'll heave another sigh for thee.

In vain, through shades of frowning night,  
My eyes thy rocky coast explore,  
Deep sinks the fiery orb of light,  
I view thy beacons now no more.

Rise, billows rise, blow hollow winds,  
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear,  
Ye friendly bear me hence to find,  
That peace which fate denies me here.

## JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May Day,  
When nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,  
And gilt the meadows fair;  
Young Jockey early in the morn,  
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn,  
His Sunday coat the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run,  
With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
With eager steps he trudged along,  
With flowery garlands round him hung,  
Which shepherd's us'd to wear.  
He tapp'd at the window haste my dear,  
Jenny, impatient, cried whose there?  
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down you've nought to fear,  
With Jockey to the fair.

My dad and mammy are asleep,  
My brother is up and with the sheep,  
And will you still your promise keep,  
Which I have heard you swear?  
And will you ever constant prove?  
I will by all the powers above,  
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
Dispel these doubts and haste my love,  
With Jockey to the fair.

Behold the ring the shepherd cried,  
Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
And hymen meet us there.  
Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
He would be constant, would be true,  
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
Through cowslips tipt with morning dew,  
With Jockey to the fair.

In raptures meet the jovial throng,  
These gay companions blithe and young,  
Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
To hail the happy pair.  
In turns there's none so fond as they,  
They bless the kind propitious day,  
The charming morn of blooming May,  
When lovely Jenny ran away,  
With Jockey to the fair.

