



THE  
**COTTAGER'S  
DAUGHTER.**

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright  
Place, Byrom-st., Liverpool.

Ah! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my  
Pastora,  
O say, have you met the sweet nymph on  
your way?  
Transcendant as Venus, and blythe as Au-  
rora,  
From Neptune's bed rising to hail the  
new day;  
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have  
sought her,  
The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme,  
A goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daugh-  
ter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's wind-  
ing stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young 'squires  
have sought her,  
To link her fair hand in the conjugal  
chain;  
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter  
Convinced them their offers and flattery  
were vain;  
When first I beheld her, I fondly besought  
her,  
My heart did her homage, and love was  
my theme,  
She vowed to be mine, the sweet cottager's  
daughter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's  
winding stream.

When why thus alone does she leave me to  
languish?  
Pastora to splendour could ne'er yield  
her hand;  
Ah, no, she returns to remove my sad an-  
guish,  
O'er her heart love and truth retain the  
command;  
The wealth of Golconda could never have  
bought her,  
For love, truth, and constancy, still is her  
theme,  
Then grant me, kind Hymen, the cottager's  
daughter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's wind-  
ing stream.

**SUSAN**  
AND YOUNG  
**REILY,**  
A LOVE SONG.

You tender maidens I pray draw near,  
Some feeling verses you soon shall hear,  
I'm daily pining in grief and woe,  
Since young Reily to sea did go.

In the County Wexford, near to Tinman,  
My love was rear'd, a rich farmer's son—  
I own I lov'd him just as my life,  
And was resolv'd to become his wife.

My parents being of high degree,  
And ne'er had o'er a child but me—  
I was the heiress of their whole estate,  
Both lords and earls on me did wait.

To my misfortune, I went to walk,  
And sent for Reily, with him to talk,—  
I was deceiv'd by my waiting maid,  
She told my mamma what we had said.

My mamma call'd me immediately,  
Saying, Dear Susan, can it be,  
That you're in love with a farmer's son?  
When your dadda hears it he'll distracted  
run.

You know, dear child, he's no match for you  
Besides, a Roman, ' he is, 'tis true—  
Before you bring us now to disgrace,  
I'll have him banish'd now out of this place.

"Dear mamma, now pardon me,  
There's none I love but poor Willy,  
And if I'm prevented to be his wife,  
With either sword or pistol I'll end my life.

"If that be so," my mamma cried,  
I shall never prevent you to be his bride,  
Send for Reily, now privately—  
When it's past and all over we'll agree.

Then to the steward my mamma did run,  
And order'd him to bring a gun,  
He hid himself in a laurel tree,  
To take the life of my dear Willy.

I sent for Reily on that same day,  
To tell him all my mamma did say,  
When the steward fired with great cruelty,  
And graz'd the shoulders of dear Willy.

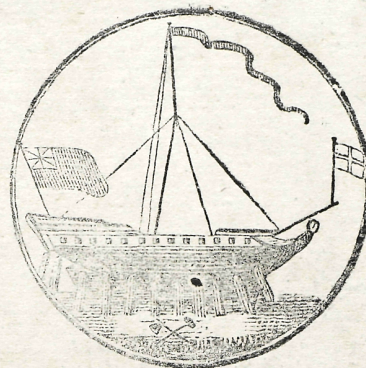
Then from his pockets two pistols I drew,  
And to Reily the same I threw—  
In his own defence he fir'd manfully,  
And shot the steward in the laurel tree.

With my true love I fled away,  
We were quickly follow'd without delay—  
We were surrounded by the tenant crew,  
And my true lover wounded Capt. Screw.

I was taken and to prison bound,  
When Reily miss'd me he turn'd round,  
And call'd the cowards him to pursue—  
He fir'd again and shot Sergeant Gore.

Into Waterford he went straightway,  
And step'd on ship-board without delay,  
He steer'd his course for Columbia's shore,  
May the Lord be with him for evermore.

My father mortgag'd his property,  
In hopes to drive me to poverty,  
But his golden treasure I now deny,  
I would beg the world with my Roman boy,



**BEN**

**BLOCK.**

(Collins.)

Ben Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,  
And renown was his only reward;  
For the Board still neglected his merits to  
crown,  
As no interest had Ben with my lord!  
Yet as brave as old Benbow was sturdy old  
Ben,  
And he'd laugh at the canon's loud roar,  
When the death dealing broadside made  
worm's meat of men,  
And the scuppers were streaming with  
gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend pro-  
voke  
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;  
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid,  
crack a joke,  
And drown care in a jorum of grog.  
Thus year after year in a subaltern state,  
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled;  
Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from  
his pate,  
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly saluting, with sincipal  
bare,  
The first lord of the Admiralty once;  
Quoth his lordship, 'Lieutenant, you've  
lost all your hair,  
Since I last had a peep at your sconce.'  
'Why, my lord,' replied Ben, 'it with truth  
may be said,  
While a bald pate I long have stood  
under,  
There have so many captains walk'd over  
my head,  
That to see me quite scalp'd 'twere no  
wonder.'

