



Mary of the Dale.

As blythe I tripp'd the other morn,
 Along the flow'ry mead,
 'Twas there I met the bonny lass,
 Wha' first my heart betray'd ;
 So blythe her air, her bosom fair,
 With her my heart shall dwell,
 Ah ! dear to me the lovely maid,
 Sweet Mary of the dale.

Down on her neck so lilly white,
 Each golden ringlet flows,
 And on each cheek is intermix'd,
 The lilly and the rose :
 Sae fondly once I woo'd the lass,
 And lov'd her passing weel,
 Sae ever welcome to my heart,
 Is Mary of the dale.

Each blythsome swain the village through,
 Is eager to obtain,
 The heart and hand of her I lov'd,
 But ah ! its all in vain,
 The mind to me sae oft has vow'd,
 And pledg'd the tender tale,
 Content she'd live and die with me,
 Sweet Mary of the dale.

The nuptial morn had scarce survey'd
 The summit of my joys,
 When oh ! within the arms of death,
 Was wrapp'd my lovely prize ;
 The blushing rose fled from her cheek
 Her features wan and pale,
 I fondly kiss'd the clay cold lips,
 Of Mary of the Dale.

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THE PILOT.

When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
 And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
 While roaring waves each other whelm
 The hardy pilot takes the helm ;
 He puts to sea resolved to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
 And to the foundering vessel steers,
 He loudly hails the exhausted crew,
 Who cheer'd by him their toils renew ;
 And bless the pilot bound to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pump with double force,
 He calmly points the helmsman's course,
 His steady orders all odey,
 And now the vessel's on her way ;
 Pursue the pilot bent to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care the course they keep,
 She struggling rides the angry deep,
 In smoother water then she sails,
 The crew huzza, then warmly hail,
 The hardy pilot sent to save,
 Or perish in the briny wave.

Jack and I saw them no more.

Jack and I were both messmates a long time at sea,
 And many's the battle we've fought,
 Yet fear, d'y'e mind, never touched him or me,
 Though oft on our sweethearts we thought.
 For Jack loved his Kitty as dear as his soul,
 And Poll was my comfort on shore,
 And the angel of truth did our love-vows enrol,
 Though Jack and I saw them no more,

No more,

And Jack and I saw them no more.

'Twas long on the ocean, tossed upwards and down,
 We'd been from our chambers awa ;
 Had gained by hard service, some gold and renown,
 Their fondness and love to repay ;
 But shame on report, and each slanderous tongue,
 That whispered ill tidings on shore ;
 For malice too busy, our death-knell had rung,
 And Jack and I saw them no more,

No more.

And Jack and I saw them no more.

Two landmen to win their affections, d'y see,
 Had tried every art, but in vain ;
 When falsehood gave out, we were both wreck'd at sea,
 And found a cold grave in the main.
 Poll and Kate heard the tale, but a word never spoke,
 Each fell like a lamb on the floor ;
 The functions of life from that moment were broke,
 And Jack and I saw them no more,

No more,

And Jack and I saw them no more.

