

Sarah Gale's Lament.

As I walked down by the walls of Newgate,
I thought I heard a female say,
I am doomed my days to linger,
In the land of Botany Bay,
Will no one on me have compassion,
While I tell my mournful tale,
In grief lamenting and repenting,
In despair is Sarah Gale.

I did cohabit with Greenacre,
When I knew he had a wife,
Long with him I have resided,
A most abandoned wretched life,
But now from him I'm separated,
Left to tell a dismal tale,
Will no one on me shew compassion,
Sad's the fate of Sarah Gale.

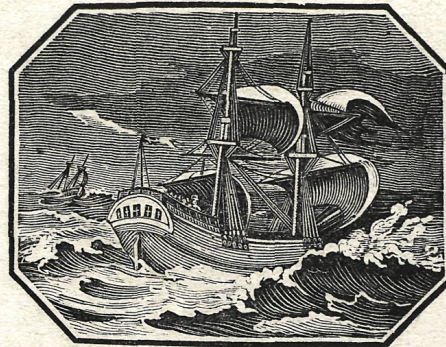
I was brought up by honest parents,
Instructed was in virtuous ways,
But while I live, I shall be lost,
Curse the sad and fatal day,
I with Greenacre got acquainted,
Oh, listen to my mournful tale,
Confined within the walls of Newgate,
Weeping is poor Sarah Gale.

I with Greenacre was arrested,
Scoffed by every one around,
Tried before a British Jury,
For the death of Hannah Brown,
For concealing which I was convicted,
Oh, what a sad and dismal tale,
Doomed a wretched life to linger,
Is the fate of Sarah Gale.

Alas, that fatal Tuesday morning,
At the hour of eight o'clock,
The dreadful groans the shouts and hisses,
Did my very bosom shock,
When Greenacre on the scaffold died,
Oh what a sad and dismal tale,
Can any one describe the feelings,
Of the wretched Sarah Gale.

But now his life has paid the forfeit,
He died a death of public scorn,
And I am left a wretched creature,
In agony I weep forlorn.
In a foreign land I am doomed to linger
Out my days, oh, what a tale,
Sad was the day that James Greenacre
Got acquainted with Sarah Gale.

You females all by the like take warning,
Rich and poor, high and low,
What troubles you may yet encounter,
Its very hard for you to know,
Strive to walk in the paths of virtue,
Take a lesson from this mournful tale,
Sad was the day I saw Greenacre,
For he has ruin'd Sarah Gale.



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief oppress'd
Britannia mourn'd her hero now at rest,
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
Whose leaves are water'd by a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then ;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty ;
Along the line this signal ran,—
" England expects, that every man,
This day will do his duty."
And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore,
Our Nelson led the way,
His ship the vict'ry nam'd ;
Long by that vict'ry fam'd !
For vict'ry crown'd the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant hero fought,
For England, home, and beauty ;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
" England expects, that ev'ry man,
This day will do his duty."
At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The Hero's breast receiv'd,
" Heav'n fights on our side,
The day's our own," he cried ;
" Now long enough I've liv'd !"
" In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty "
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd that ev'ry man,
That day had done his duty."

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