

# JOHNNY & NANCY!

## OR A DISCUSSION BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.

As I walk'd out one morning, all in the month of May,  
When I espied my darling along the meadows gay;  
I said to her, my charmer, as we walk'd hand in hand,  
And to hear my conversation she eagerly did stand.

I am a Roman Catholic that ne'er denied my faith,  
And you, my dear, a Protestant, one of the Saxon race;  
My dear, if you'll reform, the truth you soon will find,  
My soul is so alarm'd I thought to change your mind.

Said she to me, dear Johnny, tell me what you do mean?  
That I will, dear Nancy, and soon to you explain,  
For to become a Roman Catholic, as I have now described,  
For I fear you are an heretic that has never been baptized.

Nancy flew into a passion, and thus to me did say,  
If you call me an heretic, young man, go you your own way;  
I am as loyal to my church, as you are to your creed,  
So, Johnny, if you wish to know, I am of the proper seed.

How can you say, dear Nancy, that you are the proper seed,  
It sprung from Harry, Bess and Neddy, who enacted wicked deeds;  
It was Luther's Reformation that left you in the lurch—  
Don't you know he was a friar anited to our church?

Nancy being quite angry, which was not my desire,  
She said to me, dear Johnny, I know he was a friar;  
She said, the Roman creed was wrong, and that he was astray,  
Until the angel of the Lord taught him the right way.

My dear, sure Satan tempted him to invent that wicked plan,  
He thought to tempt our Saviour, but he bid him soon begone!  
He tempted our first mother Eve, by which, you see, we'll die,  
For touching the forbidden fruit—on the truth I do rely.

There is one thing, dear Johnny—the truth I will relate—  
You worship graven images, and that's but little faith.  
We do adore no images, but God himself indeed,  
So, therefore, be contented—I'll never change my my creed.

I am sorry, my dear Nancy, for how you are captured in the dark,  
We do adore no graven images, either white or black;  
We do adore no graven images, as I have now described,  
But we have them in memory of our Lord being crucified.

When you enter into chapel, for mercy you do call,  
You bow to all those images arranged all round the wall.  
We adore no graven images, above or under ground,  
So it is in the Church of England that the proper faith is found.

If it is in the Church of England the proper faith is found,  
It was Luther first invented it—dear Nancy, don't you frown.  
When King Harry choosed his daughter to be his faithful wife,  
He took her life afterwards, which caused all the wicked strife.

Your creed do worship images they very much adore.  
The same as in your testament—don't say I am a liar.  
The unicorn and lion, just like two fighting bulls,  
Across the table of the law, by Martin and John Bull.

The noble Duke and Officer—I tell you so, my dear—  
That goes before her Majesty, they do salute a choir!  
What is that chair to be compared to the shepherd and his flock,  
We keep within our holy Church, built upon St. Peter's Rock!

Don't talk to me about Peter, he had but little faith,  
He had denied his master—the truth for to relate,  
He had denied his master, one night among the Jews—  
So, Johnny, go no further, his power is little use.

Peter denied his master? I will tell you the reason why.  
Our Lord himself foretold it—He never told a lie.  
When Peter saw what he had done, he went and wept sore,  
He has the keys of heaven, and will for evermore.

If Martin Luther had done the same, there'd be but one creed,  
He done as Judas did, I presume, indeed!  
You may contradict me, and say I am going too far,  
For Luther sold the Holy Church, and fell a wicked star.

St. Peter was a martyr, and died upon a tree;  
And so did our Saviour, upon Mount Calvary.  
Now, my charming creature, I pray you will repent,  
For I have proved to you the reason, taken from the Council of Trent.

She said to him, dear Johnny, if all you say be true,  
I see 'tis but a folly to go too far with you;  
I will forsake my religion, tho' my friends will me disown.  
While I live I'll be contented, and die in the Church of Rome.

Now this couple they are married, and hope to have success,  
Unknown to her friends and parents, the one creed they profess;  
Altho' she was hard-hearted, at last she did resign,  
But now she is converted, which was not her design.

# THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Let the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,  
His pastures of perfume, and rose-cover'd dells,  
While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,  
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.  
Wave, wave, your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the mountain,  
For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,  
And dreadful the wrath of the foam-flashing fountain,  
That calm sits wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the sons of the river,  
The mountain and valley, and all their wild spell,  
And shout in the chorus, for ever and ever,  
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming,  
And green are your groves with their cool chrystal wells;  
And bright are your broadswords, like morning dew gleaming  
On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells.  
Awake! ye light fairies! that trip o'er the heather;  
Ye mermaids! arise from your coraline cells!  
Come forth with your chorus, all chaunting together,  
The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.



# 'TIS NO USE TEASING POLLY.

'Twas on a summer's day I met young Polly Gray,  
The pride of all the village green, a blooming girl! they say,  
There's none can her outvie, she's never pet or shy;  
Queen of hearts! oh, such a Queen! and that's the reason why

I dearly love my Polly—some folks may call it folly—  
With hearts so true—twixt me and you 'tis no use teasing  
Polly.

Yes! Polly pledged her love to me, down by yon grove;  
And ever true, you may rely, our plighted vows shall prove  
So, lovers, take your cue, there's not a chance for you;  
In faith, there's no one can deny—but that's a reason too!

One day she'll be my bride, and I shall own, with pride,  
The maid I won in summer time, at sunny Whitsuntide.  
Our wedding it shall be at the Church of St. Mary,  
Where oft we've heard the sweet bells chime in all their  
merry glee.

LIVERPOOL.—SHOTS AND HAWKERS SUPPLIED.