

LARK

IN

The Morning.

J. O. Bebbington, Printer, 26, Goulden-street, Oldham Road, Manchester, and sold by John Beaumont, 176, York-street, Leeds.

As I was walking one morning in May,
I heard a pretty damsel those words for to say,
Of all the callings, whatever they may be,
No life like a plough boy all in the month of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
And mounts in the air with the dew around her breast,
Like the pretty plough-boy she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

When his day's work is done that he's for to do,
Perhaps to some country wake he will go ;
There with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll sing,
And then he'll return with his lass back again.

And as they return from the wake in the town,
The meadows being mown and the grass cut down,
We chanc'd to tumble all on the new mown hay—
It's kiss me now or never, the maiden did say.

When twenty weeks were over and past.
Her mamma ask'd her the reason why she so thickened
in the waist.

It was the pretty plough boy, the damsel did say,
That caused me to tumble on the new mown hay.

Come all you pretty maidens wherever you be.
You may trust a plough-boy to any degree ;
They're used so much to plowing, their seed for to sow,
That all who employ them are sure to find it grow.

So good luck to the plough boys, wherever they be,
That will take a pretty lass to sit on their knee,
And with a jug of beer they will whistle and sing,
And a plough-boy is as happy aa a prince or a king.



FANNY GRAY

Well, well, sir ! so you've come at last, I thought you'd come
no more,

I've waited with my bonnet on from one to half-past four ;
You know I hate to sit alone unsettled where to go,
You'll break my heart—I feel you will—if you continue so,

Now pray my love, put by that frown, and don't begin to scold,
You really will persuade me soon, you're growing cross and old,
I only stop'd at Grosvenor Gate, young Fanny's eye to catch,
I won't—I swear—I won't be made to keep time like a watch.

It took you then two hours to bow, two hours to take your hat,
I wished you'd bow that way to me, and show your love like that
I saw you making love to her—you see I know it all,
I saw you making love to her at Lady Glossip's ball.

Now, really, Jane, your temper is so very odd to day,
You jealous, and of such a girl as little Fanny Gray ;
Make love to her—indeed my love you could see no such thing,
I sat a minute by her side to see a Turquoise ring

I tell you that I saw it all, the whispering and grimace,
The flirting and coquetting in her little foolish face ;
O Charles ! I wonder that the earth don't open where you stand,
By the heavens that's above us both, I saw you kiss her hand.

I didn't love ; but if I did—allowing that is true,
When a pretty girl shows her ring, what can a poor man do,
My life, my soul, my darling Jane, I love but you alone,
I never thought of Fanny Gray, how tiresome she's grown.

Put down your hat ; don't take your stick now pry'thee Charles
do stay,

You ne'er come to see me now, but you long to run away,
There was a time, there was a time, you ne'er wished to go,
Oh ! what have I done ? what have I done ? dear Charles to
change you so ?

Pooh ! pooh ! my love, I am not changd, but dinner is at eight
And my father is so particular, he never likes to wait ;
Good bye, good bye,—you'll come again ? yes, one of those fine
days,

He's turned the street, I knew he would—he's gone to Fanny
Gray's.

