

## JEMMY AND NANCY

### *On the Banks of Tyne.*

As I went out one summer's day,  
To view the fields so green,  
Each bush and tree were in full bloom,  
Most lovely to be seen ;  
When Phœbus was adorning,  
So brightly he did shine,  
There I met my lovely Nancy,  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
And with a joyful harmony  
She made the vallies ring,  
The lofty lark descended  
When this maid began to sing,  
The pretty little small birds  
In chorus they did join,  
They filled the air with melody  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
Her hair was like the links of gold,  
This charming beauty bright,  
Her eyes did glance like diamonds,  
Or the shining stars by night ;  
I said my lovely Nancy,  
If that you will be mine,  
We'll spend our days in harmony,  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
She said, my handsome sailor bold,  
How can you make so free ;  
I know by your appearance  
You've lately come from sea ;  
Come sit you down along with me,  
If that you do incline,  
For I love a sailor's company  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
For once I lov'd a sailor bold  
As ever cross'd the main ;  
Both proper, tall, and handsome,  
And I think you are the same ;  
O yes ! my lovely Nancy,  
Hand in hand we'll quickly join,  
And live in peace and unity,  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
When in the midst of dangers,  
All around on every side,  
When cannon balls did fly like hail,  
All on the ocean wide,  
I was thinking on you, Nancy,  
The girl I left behind,  
That I should never see my love,  
All on the banks of Tyne.  
So now my lovely Nancy,  
To church let us away,  
And we'll be quickly married  
Without the least delay :  
And afterwards, my own true love,  
We will crown the day with wine,  
And we'll have a joyful night  
All on the banks of Tyne.



## COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

My mam is no more, and my dad is in his grave,  
Little orphans are sisters and I, sadly poor ;  
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have  
But yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does labour invite,  
Contented, we just drive the wolf from the door,  
And the sun when declining, trip home with delight,  
To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,  
Affection's our inmate, the great we adore,  
And heart's ease and health make a palace appear  
Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

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## A Soldier's Gratitude.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,  
By sorrow still oppressed,  
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,  
That gave a wanderer rest.  
Then ever love life's sunny banks,  
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,  
Still you may claim a soldier's thanks,  
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,  
That meek-eyed pity gave,  
My last expiring hour shall cheer,  
And bless the wanderer's grave.  
Then ever love life's sunny banks,  
By sweetest flow'rets strewed,  
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,  
A soldier's gratitude.

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