



THE  
LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

The bitter wind blew keen and cold,  
The rain fast down did pour,  
When a sailor boy from shipwreck sav'd,  
In the night was washed on our shore.  
At our cottage down in the vale,  
Where all was peace and joy,  
Take pity strangers within on me,  
Cried the poor little Sailor Boy.

Three days and nights now are past,  
Since I was washed on your shore ;  
I am naked almost, exposed to the blast,  
Only hark how the wind it does roar :  
If pity dwells within your breast,  
My last hopes pray don't destroy,  
But shelter give, or else I die,  
Cried the poor little Sailor Boy.

My mother she lives far, from here,  
My father, alas ! he is no more,  
He perish'd that night, in the dreadful gale,  
When I wash'd on your shore.  
Don't turn me from your door, I pray,  
My last hope pray don't destroy ;  
But shelter give, and let me rest,  
Cried the poor little Sailor Boy.

My father he opened our cottage door,  
Come in, child of sorrow, he cry'd,  
And mother who always feels for the poor,  
Put him close to our cot fireside.  
When reviv'd he told the dangers of sea,  
While tears down his cheeks ran with joy,  
May heaven reward you strangers for me,  
Cried the poor little Sailor Boy.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

What ills my infant days await,  
In vain I mourn my wretched fate ;  
My friends, alas, they are dead,  
And I'm obliged to beg my bread.  
Oh, pity then the Beggar Boy,  
What gentle soul can e'er deny  
Relief to a poor Beggar Boy.

In winter time thro' frost and snow,  
Half naked I am forced to go ;  
No friendly place to lay my head,  
Thro' chilling blasts I beg my bread :  
Oh, pity then the Beggar Boy,  
May you ne'er feel such pangs as I,  
Who gives the little Beggar Boy.

Ah, me, how blest the time will be  
When I'm reliev'd from misery ;  
Death's frightful form I shall not dread,  
So I no longer beg my bread.  
Oh, pity then the Beggar Boy ;  
There is one who lives on high  
Will take the little Beggar Boy.

How many are there blest with health  
Securely living on their wealth ;  
Whilst I, alas, unheeded tread  
The paths of want to beg my bread.  
Oh, pity then the Beggar Boy,  
With pleasure may his moments fly  
Who gives the little Beggar Boy.

G. Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

