

THOMAS

AND

NANCY.

TUNE.—*Gallant Hussar.*

The boatswain's shrill whistle had sounded,
And Thomas and Nancy must part ;
Her heart in her bosom it bounded,
While tears in her blue eyes did start.
"O Thomas! dear Thomas!" said Nancy,
When sailing away on the main,
Oh! never forget your dear Nancy,
Remember, my love, you are mine."

"Oh! Nancy, my love, I must leave you,
The signal for sailing is made ;
Our parting, oh! let it not grieve you,
Or, that I should prove false be afraid."
He pressed her again ere they parted,
Then stepped in his boat from the shore ;
Nancy sunk on the beach broken-hearted,
For fear she should see him no more.

The vessel flew swift o'er the billow,
Like a sea-bird she breasted the foam ;
And Thomas, when laid on the pillow,
Thought of Nancy, his parents and home.
He pressed to his heart each love token,
And vow'd to be constant and true ;
The words that at parting she'd spoken,
Be constant, dear Thomas, adieu!

The ship made her port ; and, returning,
Scudded fast o'er the treacherous main ;
Each bosom with ardour was burning,
To see his loved country again.
A storm arose, with loud peals of thunder ;
The lightning flash'd far o'er the waves ;
When a rock dash'd the vessel assunder,
And the crew found a watery grave.

To the beach Nancy frantically hurried,
And beheld a most pitiful scene ;
The corpse of her Thomas was carried
To the spot where so happy they'd been.
She kiss'd his cold cheeks, in her sorrow ;
The tears told the depth of her grief ;
And, ere the sun set on the morrow,
Death gave to poor Nancy relief.

'Neath the shade of the willow that's weeping,
Beside the old church in the vale,
In one grave these two lovers are sleeping,
Where sorrow nor death can assail.
And maidens, when day has departed,
Throw flowers to deck the cold grave
Of Nancy, the fond and true-hearted,
And Thomas, her lover so brave.

