

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," says Nancy,
" When sailing away on the main,
" Oh never forget your dear Nancy,
" Remember, my love, you are mine."

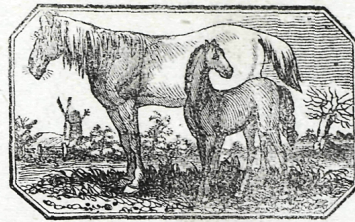
" Oh Nancy, my love, I must leave you,
" The signal for sailing is made,
" Our parting, oh let it not grieve you,
" Or that I should prove false be afraid."
He press'd her again ere they parted,
Then stepped in his boat on the shore,
Nancy sunk on the beach broken-hearted,
For fear she should ne'er see him more.

The vessel flew swift o'er the billow,
Like a sea bird she breasted the foam,
And Thomas when laid on his pillow,
Thought of Nancy, his parents, and home.
He press'd 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 rose with loud peals of thunder,
The lightning flash'd far o'er the waves,
When a rock dash'd the vessel asunder,
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 care 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.



Johnny Cope.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,
Saying, Charlie meet me gin you dare,
And I'll learn you the art o' war,
If you'll meet me in the morning.

Chorus.—Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin yet ?
Or, are your drums a beating yet ?
If you are wakin I will wait,
And aye but we'll hae a braw morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from :
Saying follow me, my merry merry men
And we'll meet Johnny Cope i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny be as good as your word,
Come, let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin away like a frightened bird,
That's chas'd frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee away in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Fy ! now Jonnny, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din :
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

When Johnny Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him where's a' your men ?
The deil confound you gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Now, Johnny, troth ye was nae blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a state,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

Ah ! faith, quo' Johnny, I got a flegs,
Wi' their claymores and their philabegs,
If I face them again, Deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' a good morning.
Hey, Johnny Cope, &c.

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