

## COUNTRY STATUTES.

Come all you lads of high renown and listen to my story,  
For now the time is coming on that is to all your glory,  
For Jumping Joan is coming here the statutes to admire,  
To see the lads and lasses standing waiting to be hired.

### CHORUS.

Lo to—Hirings we have come, all for to look for places,  
If the master and we can agree, and he will give good wages.

The master that a servant wants will now stand in a wonder,  
You all must ask ten pounds a year and none of you go under,  
Its you then must do all the work, and what they do require,  
So now stand up for wages lads, before that you do hire.

There's rolling Jane the hemp will spin, and Sal will mind  
the dairy,  
And John will kiss his mistress when his master he is weary,  
There's Tom and Joe will reap and mow, they'll thrash and  
ne'er be tir'd,  
They'll load the cart and do their part, so they're the lads to  
hire.

There's carter John with whip so long rises early in the morning  
He's always ready at his work, before day-light is dawning,  
Hey up, gee wo, the plough must go, till he is almost weary,  
But a jug of ale both stout and stale, it soon will make him  
merry.

There's Poll so red will make the bread, likewise good cheese  
and butter,  
And Bet so thick, will tread the rick, she's never in a flutter,  
She'll feed the sows, and milk the cows, and what she is able,  
Although she's mean, she's neat and clean, when waiting at  
the table.

There's black ey'd Fan with the frying pan, will cook your  
eggs and bacon,  
With beef and mutton roast and boil'd, if I am not mistaken,  
She'll make the puddings fat & good all ready for your dinner,  
But if you grumble when she's done, she'll cure you with  
the skimmer.

The farmer's wife so full of pride, must have a lady's maid sir,  
All for to dress and curl her hair, and powder it beside sir,  
But the girl of heart to dress so smart, they call her charming  
Nancy,  
She can wink and blink in such a style, she's all the young  
men's fancy.

And when the mop it is all o'er, you that are young and hearty,  
Must take your girl all in your hand, and join a drinking party,  
But when you are returning home, enjoying sweet embraces,  
With love and honour spend the night, at statutes, fairs, and  
races.

So all you pretty lasses gay, I do not wish to shame you,  
Nor yet do I intend at all, by any ways to blame you ;  
But I doubt the next year that you will want no places,  
If you do not take care of yourself in going home from the  
races.



## THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

He leap'd into a boat,  
As it lay upon the strand,  
But, oh ! his heart was far away,  
With friends upon the land.  
He thought of those he lov'd the best  
A wife and infant dear ;  
And feeling filled the sailor's breast,  
The sailor's eye—a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff,  
And wav'd a 'kerchief white,  
And gaz'd upon his gallant bark,  
Till she was out of sight.  
The sailor cast a look behind.  
No longer saw her near,  
Then rais'd the canvass to his eye,  
And wip'd away a tear.

Ere long o'er ocean's blue expanse,  
His sturdy bark had sped,  
The gallant sailor from her prow,  
Described a sail a-head ;  
And then he rais'd his mighty arm,  
For Britain's foes were near ;  
Aye, then he rais'd his mighty arm,  
But not to wipe a tear.

