



THE LOVERS PARTING.

Tune.—Jeanette and Jeannot.

FAREWELL my dearest Henry, since you to sea
must go,

To plough the raging ocean, and to face the daring foe,
Oh, think of your poor Mary Ann, when on a foreign
shore,

You have vow'd that there is none but me you ever can
adore.

Then take this pledge of love tis a ring I broke in two,
One half then I will keep myself, that I may think of you
My love I'm sure it cannot change—be false I never can,
One kiss my love before we part, be true to Mary Ann.

From childhood we have loved, but since it must be so,
That you have chosen a sailor's life, mild may the
breezes blow,

And wait my own dear Henry, safe back to England's
shore,

It is then we shall be married love, I hope to part no
more.

Then go' my jolly sailor, my heart still beats for you,
And may kind fortune spare your life in all dangers
you go thro',

So do your duty manfully, let virtue guide your hand,
To return to bless your faithful girl, your own dear
Mary Ann.

It was early next morning, just by the break of day,
The order came on board to quick sail out to sea,
The boatswain piped all hands aloft, my lads come haste
away,

The anchor's weigh'd, the gallant ship sailed proudly
through the bay.

There to foreign lands, far away from home they steer,
Some think upon their sweethearts, and some their
parents dear,

And each unto his pretty girl, they toss the flowing can
Hurrah, my boys, young Henry cries, here's to my
Mary Ann.

And when upon the ocean, the seas rose mountain high
Young Henry he was first aloft, all dangers did defy,
Respected by his officers, beloved by all the crew,
A smarter sailor never stept, or wore a jacket blue,

It was his happy fortune, his captain for to save,
Upon the coast of Africa, while struggling with the
wave,

He threw himself into the sea where both about were
toss'd.

The boat it came one moment more, his life would have
been lost.

They cruiz'd about in different parts for three long
years or more

At length the order came on board to sail for England's
shore

Upon that land that gave them birth, with all they held
so dear,

The perils past the ship at last into the port did steer
The ship it laid in harbour and then the jolly crew,

They gave three cheers at parting, each other bid adieu,
The captain gave him fifty pounds and took him by the
hand,

And then young Henry married was unto his Mary Ann.

I'VE JOURNEYED OFT IN SLAP-UP VANS.

I'VE journey'd oft in slap-up van,
I've rowed to Battersea;

And Brighton, Margath, Ramsgate sands
Are nothing new to me;

But yet wherever I may trot,
Where'er my kite I fly,

O, Sal! my love won't go to pot,
Say not, "its all my eye!"

I've journey'd, &c.

Yes, I have lushed and cut about,
Since I vos cut by you,

My toggery is up the spout,
My realy's up the flue!

Thus, you see this fact is clear,
Vile in single cursedness,

I shall never have no togs to wear,
Or a mag myself to bless!

I've journey'd, &c.

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