

THE SAILOR'S LAMENTATION FOR HIS SWEETHEART.

Fast, fast the fading gloom of night,
Gave way to coming morning,
The sun return'd with splendid light,
The Tees's banks adorning :
And Mary, my poor Mary sees,
Her eyes with transport beaming,
High on the mast-head in the breeze,
The flag of Emma streaming.

On Stockton's banks the river stood,
In glittering decorations,
And fronting ey'd the sullen flood,
With seeming exultation.
My Mary reach'd her crowded deck,
No one suspecting danger,
For to the fearful coming wreck,
Her bosom was a stranger.

The vessel dashed into the wave,
Of Stockton's silv'ry river ;
And open'd wide a watery grave,
Where numbers sunk for ever.
Oh help, oh help, my Mary cried,
No help nor aid was near her,
She sunk and perish'd in the tide,
No one to me was dearer.

Oh why to love was e'er a heart,
Within this bosom centred,
Or why for loving feel the smart,
Of keenest sorrow enter'd.
I ran and join'd the mournful crowd,
That throng'd the river's border ;
There many were despairing loud,
In frantic wild disorder.

I saw my Mary's lifeless form,
Drawn from far Stockton's river,
That heart to me so kind and warm,
Had ceas'd to beat for ever.
And while upon the deck she lay,
I stood distracted o'er her,
I kiss'd my Mary's lifeless clay,
And wish'd I'd died before her.

Then to a lonesome earthly grave,
My Mary was soon carried ;
Where o'er her the green willows wave,
And tell where she lies burried :
And here alone I'm left to weep,
And tell my tale of sorrow,
At night I'm told of broken sleep,
Of griefs that wait to-morrow.

I little thought that fatal morn,
When Mary dear did leave me,
That she would never more return,
That death would so bereave me ;
I little thought to bid adieu,
To her I lov'd so dearly ;
To ev'ry joy my bosom knew—
My handsome Stockton Mary.



THE PAINFUL P L O U G H.

Come all you jolly ploughmen of courage stout and bold,
That labour all the winter, thro' stormy winds and cold,
To clothe your fields with plenty, your barn yards to renew,
To hold them with contentment that hold the painful
plough.

Hold, ploughman, says the gardener, count not your trade
with ours,
But walk ye through the garden and view the early flowers,
And all the curious borders and pleasant walks review,
There's no such piece of pleasure performed by the plough.

Hold, friend gardener, says the ploughman, no calling I
despise,
For each man for a living upon his trade relies,
Were it not for the ploughman both rich and poor would
rue,
For we all depend upon the painful plough.

For Adam was a ploughman when ploughing did begin,
The next that him succeeded was Cain his eldest son,
Some of his generation the calling do pursue,
That bread may not be wanting for need of the-plough.

Sampson was a strong man, and Solomon he was wise,
Alexander wished to conquer, 'twas all that he did prize,
King David he was valiant, and many thousands slew,
Yet none of those great heroes could live without the plough.

Behold the wealthy merchant, who trades o'er stormy seas,
Who brings home some treasure for those who live at ease,
And fine silk from the Indies, with fruit and spices too,
These all are brought to England by virtue of the plough.

For sure the men who bring them will own to what is true,
They cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough,
For they must have beer and biscuit, rice pudding, flour and
peas,
To feed the jolly sailors who plough the raging seas.

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For it was never intended to be ta'en amiss,
If you'd consider rightly, you'd find I speak it true,
All trades that I have mention'd depend upon the plough.

