



FAITHFUL MARY.

The decks were clear'd, the gallant band
Of British tars, each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd, no danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love, her noble daring,
No prayers could keep her down below,
With Ben she'd stay all perils sharing;
When cruel fate ordained it so,
E'er Ben had time to say how fare ye,
An envious ball conveyed the blow,
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms received the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing,
His eyes reflected wild despair;
No more for life or safety caring:
Close came the foe, Ben madly cry'd
'Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye;'
Then springing from the vessel's side,
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

G. Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

DEATH OF SALLY ROY.

Fair Sally, once the village pride,
Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;
She lost her lover and she died,
Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally,
Young Valiant was the Hero's name,
For early valour fir'd the boy,
Who barter'd all his love for fame,
And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
He rush'd his martial power to prove,
While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally,
At noon she saw the youth depart,
At eve she lost her darling joy:
Ere night the last throb of her heart
Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
When yellow midnight fills the valley,
Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
Towards the grave of pretty Sally
And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
Which weans each feeling heart from joy,
The mournful dirge ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay than fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

