

# WILLIAM AND HARRIET:

White, Printer, 33, Rose Place, Liverpool.

It's of a rich gentleman in London did dwell,  
He had a young daughter a farmer lov'd well,  
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so (true,  
But her father he ordered her to bid him adieu.  
O Father dear Father, I'm not so inclined,  
To drive my young farmer quite out of my mind  
Oh, unruly daughter, confined you shall be,  
And I'll send your young farmer far over the sea.

As she was sitting in her bower one day,  
And William was waiting he heard her to say,  
She sung like a linnet and appeared like a dove  
And the song that she sung was concerning her love.

She had not been there long when William he  
pass'd by,  
And on his dear Harriet he cast a longing eye,  
He said your cruel father with mine did agree,  
To send me a sailing far over the sea.

She said my dear William with you will I go,  
Since my cruel father has served me so,  
I'll pass for your shipmate and do all I can,  
With William I'll venture like a jolly young man.

So, dress'd like a sailor as near as could be,  
Saying we'll both go together across the salt sea  
So they both went together to a foreign shore,  
And never to England return any more.

As they was sailing by some foreign shore,  
The wind from the ocean began for to roar.  
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea,

And cast on an island was William and she.  
They rambled together some place for to spy,  
They had nothing to eat and no where to lie,  
So they sat down together upon the cold ground  
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.

As hunger came on them and death drawing  
nigh,  
They folled together intending to die,  
What pair could be bolder to bid this world  
adieu,  
And there they must moulder like lovers so true.  
So all you true lovers who thus may pass by,  
Pray drop a tear from your glittering eye,  
One tear drop with pity and point to the way,  
Where William and Harriet a slumbering do  
lay.



## Polly Perkins.

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, to grief I'm arrayed,  
Thro' keeping the company of a young servant maid,  
Who lived on board wages to keep the house clean,  
In a gentleman's family in Paddington Green.

She was as beautiful as a butterfly,  
And as proud as a quene,  
Was pretty little Polly Perkins,  
Of Paddington Green.

Her eyes was as black as the pips of a pear,  
No rose in the garden with her cheeks could compare  
Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long,  
I thought that she loved me, but I found I was wrong

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry milk below,  
At the sound of my milk cans her face would show,  
With a smile on her countenance and a laugh in her eye,

If I thought she'd not love me, I'd lay down to die.

When I asked her to marry me, she said, "Oh! what stuff!"

And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough,  
Of my nonsense—at the same time I'd been very kind,  
But to marry a milkman she did not feel inclined.

The words that she uttered went right through my heart,  
I sobbed and sighed, and from her did depart  
With a tear on my eyelids as big as a bean,  
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Paddington Green.

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl,  
But it was not a wicount, and it was not a 'noble',  
It was not a barrow knight, but a shade or two less,  
'Twas the bow-legged conductor of a two-penny bus.

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