



## M A R Y OF THE WILD MOOR.

It was one winter's night when the wind  
Blew bitter across the wild moor,  
When poor Mary she came with her child  
Wandering home to her own father's door,  
She cried—Father, O pray let me in,  
Do come down and open your door,  
Or the child at my bosom will die,  
With the wind that blows on the wild moor.

Why ever did I leave this cot,  
Where once I was happy and free,  
Doom'd to roam without friend or a home,  
Oh Father, have pity on me.  
But her father was deaf to her cry,  
Not a voice nor a sound reached the door:  
But the watch dogs bark and the wind,  
That blew bitter across the wild moor.

Now think what her father he felt,  
When he came to the door in the morn,  
And found Mary dead, and her child  
Fondly clasp'd in its dead mother's arms.  
Wild and frantic he tore his grey hairs,  
As on Mary he gazed at the door,  
Who on the cold night there had died  
By the wind that blew on the wild moor.

Now her father in grief pin'd away,  
The poor child to its mother went soon,  
And no one lived there to this day,  
And the cottage to ruin has gone,  
The Villagers point out the spot  
Where a willow droops over the door,  
They cry out, there poor Mary died,  
With the wind that blows o'er the wild moor.

## Country Fashions.

My father died a year ago,  
And left me all his riches,  
His gun and volunteering cap,  
Long sword and leather breeches.  
A piece of land at my command,  
A horse both lame and blind, sirs,  
You'd swear he'd in a trap been caught  
He was so crop'd behind, sirs.

I mounted then my charger bold,  
And trotted off at large, sirs,  
So smart and gay I rode to town  
To look out for a wife, sirs,  
In doors and out, all round about,  
My eyes in each direction,  
At last I spied a bonny lass,  
The pink of all perfection.

She was so lady-like d'ye see,  
And such a dab at learning,  
She rather sit and bite her thumb,  
Than stocking-holes be darning.  
She was so lady like d'ye see,  
Egad says he, she's cunning,  
She just as soon could make a mill,  
As a bit of suet pudding.

She went to market t'other day,  
To fill my money bags, sirs,  
I mounted her on Dobbin's back,  
With butter, cheese, and eggs, sirs:  
For fear the sun should spoil her face,  
For ornamental use, sirs,  
She stuck her whip in a cabbage leaf,  
And held it o'er her head, sirs.

Because ladies wear each a veil,  
She longed for something funny, sirs,  
And new she's got something before her face,  
Like the bottom of a sieve, sirs,  
She has got two genteel pockets to wear,  
As nothing they may fag, sirs,  
So egad she makes a ridicule  
Out of a pudding bag, sirs.

Now such a wife as I have got,  
Tho' she can get the pelf, sirs,  
I think that you will all allow  
She's just the devil herself, sirs,  
If any friend or neighbour here,  
Be blest with such another,  
You'd better give the devil one  
To take away the other.

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