

# The Rochester Lass.

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IN Rochester city a young damsel did dwell,  
For wit and for beauty none could her excel,  
Admir'd she was, and had many a suitor,  
But one youth above all he lov'd her well;  
This charming young lad he was a brisk sailor,  
Long time he had been ploughing the wat'ry main,  
The enemy insulted the British flag royal,  
He was summon'd to go with them again.

The jolly young sailor, as true is reported  
Had been but a few weeks on shore,  
But has he and his truelove were walking  
He by a large pressgang from her was tore:  
They cried, we perceive you are a young sailor,  
That is fit to fight for your country and king,  
An as we want sailors you must plough the ocean,  
No excuse we'll have, you must face the bold rebels  
once over again.

It was early one morning, as the day was dawning,  
This blooming young fair one a letter receiv'd,  
It was to inform her the ship had weigh'd anchor—  
With grief and vexation the fair one was griev'd.  
She said, O the waves they do prove so cruel,  
They have robb'd me of him I esteemed so dear,  
My mind is tortur'd with grief and vexation,  
While from her bright eyes there fell many a tear.

Twas wrote in these words, My love don't be surpris'd,  
Once more I'm compell'd to plough the rough sea,  
But nevertheless, my dear girl don't be griev'd,  
To you and to you only constant I'll be.  
Tho' many a fair one I shall see, there's no doubt on't,  
When the ship is in port, or in harbour she lays,  
No one shall induce me to think of another,  
While I am away mind I hope in return you'll do  
the same for me.

So adieu, my dear Sally, till next time I see you,  
Our ship's bound to India all with a fresh gale,  
Quite early to-morrow the day is appointed,  
All hands must prepare for to go, and not fail;  
So heavens protect you until the next meeting,  
Which I hope will be soon, that the wars may be o'er  
And then my dear Sally, we'll be united in sweet har-  
mony,  
And lead our lives happy when secure on shore.

