

The Don-Side Lovers.

[C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.]

I once had a true-love on Don-side did well,
There was none in Scotland that could excel;
I courted this fair maid by night and by day,
Until by French wars I was forced away.
To join the Scotch standard the bold forty-two,
When they were in Egypt to fight with Menoue,
And we shewed our thisle in Egypt's wild plain,
And under General Wellington in Portugal & Spain,
Where we fought many a battle with victory & tame,
Which are all brave Scotch soldiers wish for to gain,
The wars now are ended, and I'm to leave Spain,
Once more I'll see my true-love in Scotland again,
When once more I landed on the banks of the Don,
I went to my true love, but found she was gone,
I was told at the place where she used to stay,
But now she had left it and crossed the Spay,
I march'd soldier like, by the light of the moon,
The road she had taken, I hop'd to find soon,
Thro' wild woods and mountains, and cold frosty snow
For a fortnight and better, I constant did go;
At length being full weary, I sat myself down,
I spied a small cottage by the light of the moon,
Being hungry and thirsty, I set out with speed,
I ask'd for a night's lodgings, & small piece of bread,
The old wife made answer, you canna come here,
You seem an old soldier, so off you must steer,
Yes I am an old soldier, I ne'er will deny,
And to turn me out of quarters I will you defy,
And turning me round, there I did espy,
My dearest sweet Nelly, sitting close by,
I then asked my fair one, pray how do you do,
Sine we parted on Don-side I've fought much for you;
Nelly she started with wondering eye,
Are you my dear Jemmy the wars took from me?
Yes, I'm your dear Jemmy, still true and alive,
And now from the wars I've a lasting reprieve,
Nelly exclaim'd, saying what shall I do,
For I'm to be married in a week or two.
And there is the young man just now standing by,
That I am to marry, I ne'er will deny;
But believe me dear Jemmy, believe what I say,
I'm as free for to marry, as when you went away,
O then my dear Nelly you know what to do,
You've got two choices, say which of the two,
She fled in my arms, saying Jemmy it is you,
That I am to marry, for you have been true.
This young man made answer, and thus he did say,
Before you take her from me, some of us shall die.
Then bright martial courage soon fired Jemmy's eye,
A massy old sword he drew from his thigh;
The sight of my sword makes you tremble for fear,
You must fight me & conquer ere the laurels you wear
He struck him a blow, that soon made him fly,
He remained with his fair one, in her defence for to die
Now Jemmy is married to Nelly so true,
They live in true comfort as all lovers do.

