

GENTLE JENNY GRAY.

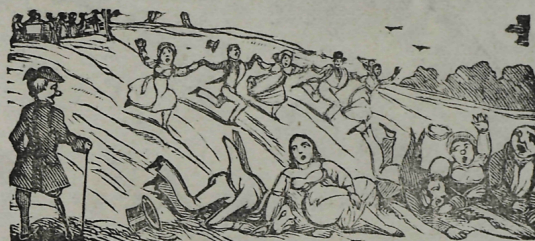


MY heart is sad, I'll tell you why,
If you listen to my lay;
It makes me weep when I sing,
Of my gentle Jenny Gray.
But I never can forget the day,
When, with Jenny by my side,
We talked of love and happiness,
When she would be my bride.
Hush the banjo! toll the knell,
I am very sad to-day;
I cannot work, so let me weep,
For gentle Jenny Gray.

My Jenny had the sweetest face,
With eyes of sparkling jet;
Her lips were like the full-blown rose—
She was my darling pet.
But death it came while she was sleeping,
And stole my love away,
And left me here so lonely weeping,
For gentle Jenny Gray.
Hush the banjo, &c.

Down in the ground they laid her,
Close by my cabin door;
A simple stone now marks the spot,
Where she sleeps to wake no more.
While at her grave I'm lonely weeping,
At the close of every day,
I fancy that my love's but sleeping.
And not dead, my Jenny Gray.
Hush the banjo, &c.

THE FASHIO OF THIS TOWN.



COME all you young fellows, I hope you will draw
near,
And a comical ditty you quickly shall hear;
Concerning the fashions the ladies do wear,
To entice the young men it is all their care.

Chorus.

You may talk about fashions, but this I will say,
The ———— lasses they carry the sway.

When I was in Yorkshire, I heard the folks say,
That ———— town looked funny and gay;
So off then I started each pleasure to view,
And what I saw there I'm now going to tell you.

You may all praise the fashions, but this is the place
Where the men wear their whiskers all over their face
And for want of shirts they wear dickeys instead,
With more hair on their lip than they've got on their head.

So straight unto ———— my course I did steer,
To view all the fashions that I could see there;
I saw lads and gay lasses, and singing saloons,
And thumping big bustles as big as balloons.

I next took my way off to ———— square,
And a buxom young lass I chanced to meet there;
Her cheeks like the roses, her eyes black as jet,
But before that we parted, she caused me to fret.

She then said to me, now do not make strange,
We'll just take a walk as far as the 'Change;
And while I was viewing her black satin gown,
She fingered my watch, likewise twenty pound.

I made an alarm, but it was all in vain,
In a very short time a policeman came;
I told him my story, he said with a smile,
She had only borrowed it for a short while.

So now to conclude, and to finish my song,
I hope to see ————, and that before long;
No more to come viewing such things on the sly,
For this ———— lass has opened my eye.

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press" by W. S. FORTY, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury. The Oldest
and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts), Children's Books, Song Books, &c.

