



## THE ARCHER BOY.

**O**H, blame him not, the archer boy,  
 His golden shafts are beauty's treasure,  
 His very tears are drops of joy,  
 His sighs are but the breath of pleasure.  
 Oh, chide him not, sweet boy—  
 Sweet archer boy.

Oh, never say he can deceive;  
 True lover's hearts he brings together;  
 Sometimes he's like spring's balmy eve,  
 Sometimes like winter's freezing weather.  
 Oh, chide him not, sweet boy—  
 Sweet archer boy.

## NAN OF THE VALLEY.

**T**WAS down by yon grove where the sweet  
 violets blow,  
 The scene ever dear to my fancy,  
 As early I strayed o'er the primrosy bank,  
 'Twas the spot where I first met my Nancy.  
 We sat ourselves down on the primrosy bank,  
 By the side of a sweet flowing river,  
 She told me I flatter'd her heart to ensnare,  
 But I answer'd dear Nancy no never.  
 She told me I courted each girl in the town,  
 Both Betsy and Susan and Sally,  
 Begone you false man then she said with a frown,  
 My lovely sweet Nan of the valley.  
 I straight way arose from the primrosy bank,  
 And said my sweet maid I am going,  
 I saw on each side of her countenance fair,  
 In torrents the tears they were flowing.  
 I show'd her the ring as I gave her a kiss,  
 And told her to grieve was a folly,  
 I ask'd her to wed and she smiling said yes,  
 My lovely sweet Nan of the valley.  
 To church then we went heart and hand entwined,  
 No more love affections to sever,  
 Each other when pledg'd at Cupid's fair shrine,  
 None but death it should part us no never.  
 No more she reminds me of Betsy or Sue,  
 No more she reminds me of Sally,  
 I bless the fond day that I vow'd to be true,  
 To my lovely sweet Nan of the valley.

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## THE UNKIND SHEPHERDESS.

**I**'LL spread these green branches all over her young,  
 So well I do like my Flora so sweetly she sung,  
 Was there ever a young man in so happy a state,  
 As I with my Flora, my Flora so great.

I'll go to my Flora and to her I'll say,  
 We both will be married it wants but a day,  
 One day says the farmer, and when that is come,  
 For to marry so early my age is too young.  
 We'll first go to service and when we return,  
 We both will be married all in the next town,  
 Will you go to service and leave me here to cry,  
 O yes lovely shepherd, I will tell you for why.  
 It happened so that to service she went,  
 To wait on a lady it was her intent,  
 Young Flora she met with a rich lady gay,  
 Who clothed young Flora in costly array.

Near a twelvemonth after a letter was sent,  
 It was three or four lines to know her intent,  
 She wrote that she lived such a contented life, [wife.  
 That she never did intend to become a young shepherd's  
 These words and expressions did pierce like a dart,  
 I'll pluck up my spirits and cheer up my heart,  
 In hopes that she never will write so any more,  
 But her answer has convinced me as many times before.  
 My ewes and my lambs I will bid them adieu,  
 My bagpipes and budget I will leave here with you,  
 My shepherd's crook and black dog I will leave here  
 behind.

Since Flora dear Flora, has changed her mind:

## I LOVE THEE NIGHT AND DAY LOVE

**B**E mine dear maid the faithful heart,  
 Can never prove untrue,  
 'Twere easier from life to part,  
 Than cease to live for you,  
 Then turn thee not away my love,  
 Oh, turn thee not away,  
 For by the light of truth I swear,  
 To love thee night and day love,  
 To love thee night and day love,  
 To love thee night and day,  
 To love thee to love thee,  
 To love thee night and day love.  
 The lark shall first forget to sing,  
 When morn unfolds the east,  
 E'er I by change or coldness wring,  
 Thy fond confiding breast,

Then turn thee not away, &c.

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