

# JESSIE BROWN

## The heroine of Lucknow.

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Tune.—"The Soldier's Wife."

O Britons at home, you have heard of brave Jessie  
The brave soldier's wife in the tumult of war,  
God bless her dear heart, all blessing attend her,  
She gave joy to our hearts like an evening star,  
The moon it shone bright and day was departing,  
We knew 'ere to-morrow our spirits must fly,  
Surrounded by demons; no prospect of succour,  
Determined to yield not, but bravely to die.

Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?

The slogan does resound,

The Highlanders coming,

Cries brave Jessie Brown.

Our heart nearly broken we thought of the dear ones  
For those in Old England we breath'd a fond  
prayer;

For those dear friends who have wept in anguish,  
The thoughts of our children drove us to despair  
But hark that wild scream so wild and unearthly,  
The shriek of delight through the batteries port,  
'Tis the highlanders music; dinna ye hear it,  
We are saved! we are saved! reliefs come at last.

They listen'd so silently, madly, we listen'd  
With feelings of hope, nearly drove to despair,  
So silent we heard each other's heart beating,  
Our ear caught no sound amidst the silent air.  
But Jessie's loud cry—the still night assailing,  
Thank God I'm not dreaming, though in sorrow  
been cast,

The Bagpipes come nearer, the Campbell's are  
coming,  
Thank God we are saved, help comes at last.

Hark, now, men, hark now you have heard it,  
They march to our help, all danger is brav'd,  
'Tis Scotland's fair music, our foe must surrender,  
Each one to his knees, thank God we are saved,  
Now one and all give thanks to your Maker,  
They all sobb'd with joy, and breath'd a fond  
prayer;

All rise, give a cheer for our Queen and our country,  
It echoed around as it went through the air.

They near us, they near us, and hark, their glad  
voices,

Hear out so nobly, God save the Queen;  
There's never on earth appear'd such a moment,  
The Highlanders follow, with Auld Lang Syne,  
Then God bless those heroes their troubles are over  
Long may they live and still gain renown,  
And women at home when you think of your heroes  
Forget not the Bagpipes and poor Jessie Brown.

## THE MISER'S MAN.

OH, dear, these are shocking hard times,  
The like of them never was known,  
Through living with old Master Grimes,  
I'm nothing but mere skin and bones,  
So fast I am wasting away,  
I'm getting as thin as a rat-I declare,  
And the wages from this old miserly man,  
Are only four pounds in the year.

Out of that I've got to find clothes,  
And yet this miserly old elf—  
I'm sure you'd never suppose—  
Is actually rolling in pelf.  
His temper is worse than a Turk,  
I do all his short jobs I declare;  
In fact I'm his maid of all work,  
And only gets four pounds a year.

My living it being so hard,  
There's no fear of my getting the gout,  
I pity the rats and the mice,  
For like skeletons they all run about,  
'Twas only this morning the ninny,  
He swore as my nose he did handle,  
From my wages he would stop a penny,  
'Cause I bit off a piece of his candle.

'Twas but this morning again,  
As his hand on my shoulder he pat,  
After looking awhile at his cupboard,  
Sent me for a ha'p'orth of sprats;  
I fetch'd them, I cook'd them in grease,  
And what do you think? to my sorrow,  
After we ate a mouthful a piece,  
He put the rest by till to-morrow.

At night in the cellar I'm packed,  
Where there's only a sack for my bed,  
Every window is broken or crack'd,  
And I've nothing to cover my head,  
The rats they come gnawing my toes,  
Because they find nought on the shelf,  
But I never drive 'em away 'cause I knows,  
What it is to be hungry myself.

Often when I pass by cook-shop,  
My hands in my pocket am fumbling,  
The smell it invites me to stop,  
All the while my little warms are grumbling,  
When I see a dog gnawing a bone,  
That's given by some good natured elf,  
So much do I envy the treat,  
That I steal it, and gnaw it myself.

I really would leave him to-morrow,  
That is, if my wages I could get,  
Although they've been due now a month,  
There's never a farthing paid yet.  
To the workhouse I'd go stumping  
Though 'tis a plan that I do not admire,  
For folks say I should only be jumping,  
From the frying-pan into the fire.



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