



THE
Shipwrecked Wanderers,

Or, Grace Darling.

Oh ! Father loved, the storm is raging,
And cold and heavy the night mist falls,
Some hapless crew a prey to danger,
For help, for help, despairing calls,
Trim, trim the lamp, the boat launch quickly,
Tho' danger threaten, the worst we'll brave,
The toil I heed not, if we can rescue,
The Shipwreck wanderers from the grave.

Oh ! father loved, the storm is raging,
And cold and heavy the night mist falls,
The boat launch quickly, the boat launch quickly,
Some hapless crew for help now calls.
My gentle child, 'twere worst than madness,
To tempt the billow this fearful night,
To sleep my child, to rest betake thee,
Await, await the morning's light.

I cannot sleep, their shrieks appall me,
Oh ! Father, heard ye that piercing cry ?
Arise ye, hasten, the day is breaking,
Look out, look out, a wreck I spy !
Ah ! father loved I fear no danger,
With you I boldly will breast the wave.
The boat launch quickly, the boat launch quickly,
Yon hapless crew, we yet may save.

The boat is launch'd thro' breakers roaring,
Like to some wild bird the frail skiff flew,
That gentle girl, with love unshaken,
That gentle girl has saved the crew.
The danger past, her heart beats lightly,
Her silent transport no pride betrays,
Tho' grateful tears are round her falling,
And hearts are throbbing to her praise.

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Adam was a Gentlemen.

Old Adam was the first man form'd
That every body knows,
He never paid his tailor's bill,
Because he wore no cloathes ;
Nor white kid gloves upon his hands,
As well you may suppose,
Nor dandy collar round his neck,
Nor Shoes to hide his toes,
For Adam was a gentleman.

He neither rent nor taxes paid,
Nor duns came to his door ;
And had enough of meat and drink,
And some left for the poor ;
But then the poor were not yet born,
Nor neither were the great ;
No thieves nor rogues had he to fear,
So he never lock'd his gate.
His wife his dinner cook'd each day,
Of good fat roast and boil ;
But often times for want of fire,
His dinner it was spoil'd ;
He would have it cook'd with gas,
But could not that afford ;
From Oldbury he'd have had his coals,
But the pits were not then bored.
His time pass'd happy on the wing,
He led a frugal life—
Nor quarrel'd he with any one,
Unless it was his wife.
She dar'd to trust him out at night ;
For so some people say—
Nor was she ever once afraid,
That he would go astray.
His wife, unlike our women now,
In frills or bows ne'er dress'd,
Nor ever tasted gin or tea,
Now, was not Adam bless'd ?
Her neighbours she ne'er scandaliz'd,
Or treated them with scorn,
She was the pink of women, sure—
Because none else was born.
Old Adam ne'er example took,
By other people's ways,
Nor ever went to routs or balls,
To Playhouses, or plays :
Opera-houses and Playhouses
Had not been builded then,
And Eve was never once accused,
Of flirting with the men.
He liv'd unto a good old age,
Without any care or pride,
And when his days had run their course,
Alas ! poor Adam died,
Without a good oak coffin then,
They laid him in the clay.
Nor were they ever once afraid.
Of his body being stole away.

For Adam was a gentleman.

