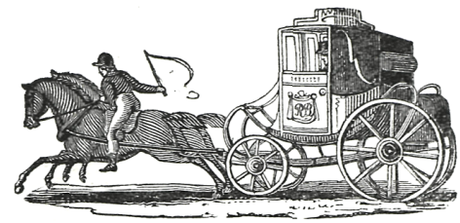
WILLIAM OF THE FERRY.

Near Clyde's gay stream there dwelt a maid,
  Whose mind was chaste and pure,
Contented, liv'd an humble life,
  Beloved by all who knew her,
Protected was beneath her parent's roof,
  Where time past on so merry,
She lov'd and was belov'd again,
  By William of the Ferry.
    By William of the Ferry, &c.

From morning rise to set of sun,
  Poor William labour'd hard,
And when that his day's work was done,
  How sweet was his reward,
With heart so light trip to a cot,
  Where time past on so merry,
All daily toil was soon forgot,
  By William of the Ferry.
    By William, &c.

Their parents gave each glad consent,
  And fixed their bridal day,
'Ere it arrived a press-gang came,
  And forc'd poor Will away,
Will found resistance all in vain,
  They dragged him from his deary,
I ne'er shall see my love again
  Cry'd William of the Ferry.
    Cry'd William, &c.

The angry waves they blew around,
  When scarce a league from shore,
The boat upset, the ruffian crew,
  Sunk never to rise more.
Will so fair and brave beat the angry waves,
  And boldly swam till weary,
Peace was proclaim'd, and Jane's now blest
  With William of the Ferry.
    With William, &c.



THE EXCISEMAN *OUTWITTED.*

To a village that skirted the sea,
  An Exciseman one midsummer came;
But prudence betwixt you and me,
  Forbids me to mention his name:
Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy,
  A keg on his napper he bore
Six gallons of brandy or nigh,
  Now where's there a head can bear more?

Says the Exciseman, let's see your permit,
  Says Mike, 'tan't convenient to shew it;
Says the other, I'm not to be bit,
  For you've smuggled that stuff, and you know it
Your pigs to a fine market you've brought,
  For seeing you've paid no excise,
And custom not settled as you ought,
  I seize on this keg as my prize,

Now, don't be so hard, says poor Mike,
  But the Exciseman was deaf to complaint,
Why then take it says Mike, if you like,
  For I've born it till ready to faint.
Six miles in hot sunshine they trudg'd,
  Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag,
The Exciseman his labour ne'er grudg'd,
  But cheerfully carried the keg.

To the Custom house in the next town,
  'Twas yet some three furlongs or more;
When says Michael, pray set your load down,
  For this here, sir, is my cottage door.
T'other answer'd, I thank ye, friend, no,
  My burthen just yet I won't quit,
Then, says Michael, before you do go,
  I hope you will read my permit.

Your permit! why not shew it before?
  Because it came into my nob,
By your watching for me on the shore,
  That your worship was wanting a job;
So I'd need of a Porter, d'ye see,
  For that load made my bones fit to crack:
And so, sir, I thank you for me,
  And I wish you a pleasant walk back.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

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