

LADY OF THE LAKE.

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One evening as I chanced to stray along the banks of the Clyde
Near to the town of sweet Dundee a bonny lass I espied,
She sobb'd and sighed and thus she cried I may rue the day,
My sailor left Greenock town to cross the raging sea.

Being unperceived unto her I speedily drew near,
Not thinking that it was the voice of my Eliza dear.
Her doleful lamentation did greatly me surprise,
The chrystal stream in torrents fell from her tender eyes.

I stept up to this lassie and thus to her I said,
Why weep you here my bonny lass beneath a willow shade
Its with a sigh, sir, she did cry I pray dont trouble me,
When in trouble I find relief beneath this willow tree.

My bonny lass there is one thing of you I like to know,
Come tell me what is the cause of your distress and woe,
Since that is all that you request and do require of me,
My troubles I will reveal to you beneath this willow tree.

I once did love a sailor lad his name was William Brown,
Twas in the Lady of the Lake he sailed from Belfast town,
With near 300 emigrants bound for America,
But on the coast of Newfoundland he has been cast away.

When she made mention of my name I to myself did say,
Can this be her I long have sought, my dear Eliza Gray:
I turned me round the falling tear from her to conceal,
At length to her I did begin to tell my doleful tale.

My bonny lass from Belfast town I in a vessel went,
Along with your love Wm. Brown some cheerful hours spent
He was my gallant comrade in the Lady of the Lake,
On the coast of Newfoundland his leave of me did take.

When tossed by the raging main 400 miles from shore,
The N. E. wind mountains of ice down on our vessel bore,
The Lady of the Lake that night in pieces she was sent,
And all expecting 30 down to the bottom went.

Young William Brown amongst the last alas! was cast away,
Before our ship in pieces went these words I heard him say,
Farewell unto Eliza Gray I fear her heart will break,
When she gets word that I am lost in the Lady of the Lake.

She says young man if what you have related to me be true,
Unto all earthly comforts now I may bid adieu,
Here all my days I do intend a single life to lead,
So young man don't trouble me beneath this willow tree.

He says my dear Eliza Gray from weeping now refrain,
You see that I am spared to see you once again,
Behold the token you gave me when I left Greenock quay,
It bears the bonny likeness of my dear Eliza Gray.

Anse my dear Eliza no longer here we'll stay,
For if we're spared to-morrow it will be our wedding day,
William and Eliza now are joined in unity,
No more she'll have to weep beneath the willow tree.



THE MOON IS UP.

The moon is up and in the sky
The stars are shining bright,
And every breeze that murmurs by,
Seems whispering with delight;
Then love roam with me afar,
And listen to my sweet guitar.

The waters on the lake are clear,
And there the moonbeams play,
My little bark is waiting here
To bare thee love away.
Then lover roam, &c.

Hark, hark! the gentle bird of night
Warble their plaintive song,
And swiftly o'er the water bright,
They seem to float along,
Then lover roam, &c.

LIFE'S A BUMPER.

Life's a bumper fill'd by fate,
Let us guests enjoy the treat, 172
Not like silly mortals pass,
Life, as 'twere but half a glass.
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
Let the glee and catch go round,
All the sweets of life combine,
Birth and music, love and wine.

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