

## DOCTOR STAFFORD,

AND

### 'The Weaver's Daughter.

One evening as I walked by the rocks of Mile,  
Having all things ready, just going to see a friend ;  
There I spied a young man, of wit and beauty bright ;  
And, to my sad misfortune, he proved my heart's delight.

I cannot blame this young man, because he did not know,  
That love's the sole occasion of my sorrow, grief & woe,  
I'm afraid the want of money will my sad ruin prove,  
One look of his sweet countenance would cure the pains  
of love.

We'll send for Dr. Stafford, he being a man of skill,  
To see the Weaver's daughter, who's lying very ill.  
Then in came Dr. Stafford, likewise his brother John,  
Also the Doctor's prentice, when they all three came in.

She lifted up her drowsy head, with a heavy sigh said she  
I pray you, Doctor Stafford, now use me tenderly,  
For I am bad, and very bad, and in a deep decay ;  
Come, Doctor Stafford, near to me, and hand a drink I  
pray.

He handed her a drink, and not one word could he say,  
The tears came rolling down her cheeks, on the pillow  
where she lay :

He slipped off his shoes, and behind her then he went,  
And for three weeks and better he did her well attend.  
The very last words that e'er she spoke, her voice was  
slow but clear,  
All goodness be my darling's guide, he's the boy that  
I love dear.

I am a sporting young man, scarce eighteen years of age,  
And many are the pretty girls, who've been with me  
engaged.

Many are the pretty girls who've fallen in love with me,  
But the Weaver's daughter loved me best, and she died  
for love of me.

One evening as I walked down by my father's land,  
A waugh came o'er my shoulder, which put me to a  
stand.

The neighbours they were pleas'd to say her spirit doth  
haunt me ;

I am sure they are mistaken, for she laid no blame on  
me.

Then straightway into Bedlam this young man is con-  
fin'd,  
He's quite bereft of senses, and even changed his mind.  
Her spirit came up to him, and said young man revive ;  
For I never was ordained to be your wedded wife.



### A TRAVELLER STOPPED AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A TRAVELLER stopped at a widow's gate ;  
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,  
But the landlady slighted her guest :  
For, when Nature was making an ugly race,  
She certainly moulded this traveller's face,  
As a sample for all the rest.  
The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump on  
his back ;  
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt ;)

And, though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes  
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,  
A nose shouldn't look like a snout,  
A bag full of gold on the table he laid,  
'T had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid,  
And they quickly grew marvellous civil :  
The money immediately altered the case,  
They were charmed with his hump, and his snout,  
and his face,  
Though he still might have frightened the devil.

He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack ;  
And flopped on his horse, at the door, like a sack ;  
While the landlady touching the chink,  
Cried, " Sir, should you travel this country again,  
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men  
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

The mountain maid from her bower has hied  
And sped to the glassy river's side,  
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,  
And the willows waved in the silver light.

On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,  
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,  
And so blythely gay were the notes he played,  
That he charmed the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopped with timid fear oppressed  
While a soft sigh swelled the gentle breast,  
He caught her glance, and marked her sigh,  
And triumph laughed in his sparkling eye.

So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,  
He charmed her tender soul to pity ;  
And so blithely gay were the notes he played,  
That he gained the heart of the Mountain Maid.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

