



## SWEET JENNY OF THE MOOR

TAYLOR, PRINTER, BRACK LANE,  
SPITALFIELDS.

One morn, for recreation, as I strayed by the sea-side  
The sun was gently rising, bedeck'd in all his pride,  
I beheld a lovely maiden sitting at a cottage door  
With roses blooming on her cheeks,

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

I stood in contemplation as I view'd each charming scene  
And fill'd with admiration, as if in some fairy dream;  
Enchanted by this fair one as she walked along the shore,  
Gathering of choice sea-weeds, was

Sweet Jenny of the Moor!

Said I, "My pretty fair one, why so early do you rise?"  
"I love to breathe the morning air, when the lark soars in  
the skies,

This spot is sweet to wander by, tho' the breakers often roar  
And wakes the bosom of the deep," says,

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

We both sat down together, by a pleasant shady side,  
I said, "My dear, with your consent, I'll make you my bride,  
I've plenty at my own command, brought from a foreign shore  
For, proud's the man that win's the hand of

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

"I have a true-love of my own, tho' long he's been away,  
And true I'll be to him while he is on the sea  
His yows were fondly spoken when we parted at the door,  
I will wait 'till his return," says,

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

"Oh, if your love he is a sailor, pray, tell me now his name!"  
"His name is Denis Ryan, from Newry town he came,  
With laurels I'll entwine him, when he returns on shore.  
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands," says,

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

"If Denis was your own true-love, I knew him very well,  
Whilst fighting at the Alma, by an angry ball he fell;  
Behold this true-love token, which upon his hand he wore,  
She fell and fainted in his arms,

Sweet Jenny, of the Moor!

"Since you have proved so kind and true, look up, my love  
I cried,

Behold, it is your Dennis, now standing by your side,  
Let us be united, and live happy on this shore,  
The bells shall merrily ring my love, I'll go to see an

## UNDAUNTED MARY,

OR, THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,  
Her parents died and left her £500 in gold;  
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,  
And you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his  
overthrow.

Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well,  
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell,  
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,  
But she still lov'd her ploughboy on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

It was one summer's morning her uncle went straightway  
He knocked at her bed-room door, and unto her did say,  
"Come rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be,  
The squire's waiting for you on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,  
My William's hand appears to me worth diamonds in  
my eyes.  
Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,  
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,  
Young William is in favour, her uncle he did say—  
Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree,  
Or else to bribe the press-gang on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

The press-gang came to William when he was all alone,  
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one;  
The blood did flow in torrents, pray kill me now said he,  
I'd rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,  
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove;  
He put his arm around her, stand off, base man, said she,  
You sent the only lad I loved from the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

He clasped his hands around her, and tried to throw her  
down,  
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning  
gown;  
Young Mary took the weapons as sword he used so free,  
But she did fire, and shot the squire on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hastened to the ground  
Since you have killed the squire I'll give you your death  
wound;  
Stand off! then said young Mary, undaunted I will die,  
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew, on the banks of  
sweet Dundee.

The doctor soon was sent for—a man of noted skill—  
Likewise came his lawyer for him to sign his will;  
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,  
And now she lives quite happy on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

