

Young Henry of the  
*Raging Main.*

One summer's morn as day was dawning,  
Down by the pleasant river side,  
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,  
And a youth called 'England's pride!'  
He was a tight and smart young sailor,  
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,  
Saying, adieu, my lovely Emma!  
I'm going to plough the raging Main.

Cried Emma,—Henry will you leave me  
Behind my sorrows to complain,  
For your sweet features lovely Henry  
I may ne'er behold again!  
See, Emma, dear, our ship's weigh'd anchor.  
'Tis a folly, love, for to complain;  
Tho' you I leave, I'll ne'er deceive,  
I'm bound to plough the Raging Main.

Said Emma,—Stay a little longer;  
Stay at home with your true-love,  
But if you enter, I will venture,  
I swear by all the powers above!  
I'll venture with my lovely Henry,  
Perhaps great honour I may attain;  
She cried I'll enter, and boldly I'll venture  
With Henry on the Raging Main.

Cried Henry—love, don't be distracted,  
Perhaps you may be cast away,  
'Tis for that reason, cried young Emma,  
That behind I will not stay.  
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,  
So dearest Henry don't complain;  
In Jacket blue and tarry trousers,  
I will plough the Raging Main.

Then on board the brig Eliza,  
Henry and his Emma went;  
She did her duty like a sailor,  
And with her lover was content.  
Her pretty hands once soft as velvet,  
With pitch and tar appeared in pain;  
Tho' her hands were soft, she was aloft,  
And boldly ploughed the Raging Main.

The Eliza brig was bound for India,  
And ere she had three weeks set sail,  
From land or light, one stormy night,  
It blew a bitter and heavy gale.  
Undaunted up aloft went Emma,  
Midst thunder, lightning, wind and rain,  
With courage true, in a jacket blue,  
Did Emma plough the Raging Main.

Twelve hours long the tempest lasted,  
At length quite calm it did appear,  
And they proceeded on their voyage,  
Emma and her true-love dear.  
When just two years they had been sailing,  
To England they returned again,  
And no one did suspect young Emma  
Ploughing on the watery Main.

In three weeks after, gay young Henry,  
Emma made his lawful bride,  
Like turtle doves, they live and love  
Each other by the river side,  
They happy dwell and often tell  
Their tales of love and ne'er complain,  
See how young Emma boldly ventured  
With Henry o'er the raging Main.



SMOKING  
T O B A C C O .

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
Green in the morn, cut down at eve;  
It shews our decay, that we are but clay,  
Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily white,  
In which so many take delight,  
Is broke with a touch, our lives are such,  
Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,  
Shows that our souls are stain'd by sin,  
It does require to be burnt with fire,  
Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does ascend so high,  
Shows that we are but vanity:  
It goes with a puff, and our lives are such,  
Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,  
Are still to keep our souls in mind  
That we are but dust, and return we must,  
Pray think on this when you smoke tobacco.

Walker, Printer Durham.

[137]

