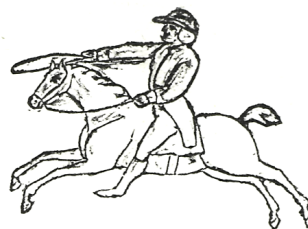


# WILLIAM AND HARRIET.



## Follow the Drum ; OR, THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

'TIS of a rich squire that near London did dwell,  
Who had a young daughter, a farmer lov'd well,  
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so true,  
But her father he wish'd her to bid him adieu.

O! Father, dear father, I am not so inclin'd,  
To drive the young farmer quite out of my mind ;  
O! unruly daughter confined you shall be,  
And I'll send your young farmer far over the sea.

As she was sitting in her bower one day,  
And William was waiting, he heard her to say,  
She sung like a linnet, and appear'd like a dove,  
The song that she sung was concerning her love.

She'd not been there long when William pass'd by,  
And on his dear Harriet cast a longing eye,  
He said your cruel Father with mine did agree,  
For to send me a sailing straight over the sea.

She said my sweet William with you I will go,  
Since my cruel Father has served me so,  
I will pass from your shipmate and do all I can,  
With William I'll venture like a jolly young man.

She drest like a sailor as neat as could be,  
Saying, we will both go together across the salt sea,  
So they went together to some foreign shore,  
And never to England returned any more.

As they were sailing by some foreign shore,  
The wind from the ocean began for to roar,  
The ship went down to the bottom of the sea,  
And cast on an island was William and she.

They rambled together some place for to spy,  
They had nothing to eat nor no where to lie,  
So they sat down together all on the cold ground,  
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.

A hunger came on them, and death drawing nigh,  
They folded together intending to die ;  
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu,  
And there they must moulder like lovers so true.

So all you true lovers that pass by that way,  
Pray drop a tear on their cold beds of clay,  
One tear with pity, from your sorrowful eye,  
Where William and Harriet a slumbering lie.

*G. Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler Street, Durham.*

'Twas in the merry month of May,  
When bees from flower to flower did hum,  
Soldiers through the town march'd gay,  
The village flew to the sound of the drum  
From windows lasses look'd a score,  
Neighbours met at every door,  
Serjeant twirl'd his sash and story,  
And talk'd of wounds, honor, and glory.

'Twas in the merry month, &c.

Roger swore he'd leave his plough,  
His team and tillage, all, by gum !  
Of a country life he'd had enough—  
He'd leave it all and follow the drum !  
He'd leave his thrashing in the barn,  
To thrash his foes right soon he'd lean,  
With sword in the hand he would not parley,  
But thrash his foes instead of the barley.

The Cobbler he threw by his awl,  
When all were glad, he'd ne'er be glum,  
But quick attend to glory's call,  
And like a man follow the drum :  
Nor more at home he'd be a slave,  
But take his seat amidst the brave ;  
In battle's seat none should be prouder,  
'Stead of balls of wax he'd have balls and powder.

The Tailor he got off his knees,  
And to the ranks did boldly come ;  
He said he ne'er would sit at his ease,  
But follow the rest and follow the drum.  
How he'd leather the foes, good Lord !  
When he'd a bodkin for a sword,  
The French should find he didn't wheedle,  
When he'd a spear instead of a needle.

Three old Women—the first were lame,  
The second was blind, and the third nigh dumb,  
To stay behind a burning shame,  
They'd follow the men, and follow the drum !  
Our wills are good, but lack-a-day,  
To catch the soldiers we will try for it,  
For, where there's a will, there's always a way,  
We'll walk a mile or two, if we die for it.

