



ALLEN

AND

SALLY.

'Twas in the evening of a wintry day,
Then just returning from a long campaign,
Allen o'er tired and weary with the way,
Came home to see his Sally once again.

His tatter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
And view'd his Sally with enraptured eyes;
But she received him with a modest frown,
She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn,
His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd by war's cruel trade,
That you your faithful Allen have forgot?
Or has your heart unto some other stray'd?
Ah! why escaped I from the murdering shot.

When thus he spoke, her wonted colour fled,
She ran and sunk upon her Allen's breast,
All pale awhile she looks like one that's dead,
He kiss'd, she breath'd and all her love confess'd.

Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,
Reduced by war's horrid carnage to this state,
Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
My long-lost husband, and my wish'd-for mate.

THE MON AT MESTER GRUNDY'S.

Good law, how things are alter'd now,
I'm grown as fine as fippence;
But when I'd used to follow th' plough
I ne'er could master threepence!
But now, why who's so spruce as I,
When going to church o' Sundays?
I'm not poor Will o' th' yate, by Guy
But th' mon at Mester Grundy's.

I'd us'd to stride about i' clogs,
As thick as sides o' bacon;
But now my clogs as well as hogs,
I've totally forsaken;
And little Peg I lik'd so well,
And walk'd so with o' Sundays,
I've left, and now 'tis cook maid Nell
And th' mon at Mester Grundy's.

One day I met my cousin Ralph,
Says he, "heaw art ta, Willy?"
"Begone, (say's I,) tha clumsy elf,
And dunna be so silly!"
"Why does t' forget since constant we,
To market trudg'd o' Mondays?"
Says I, "Good lad, don't talk to me,
I'm th' mon at Mester Grundy's."

"Gadzooks! (says Ralph) whot art ta now?
I thowt no harm i' speaking,
I've seen th' day thou wert at plough
And glad my hand t' be shaking;
But now ecod thou struts about,
So very fine on Sundays—"
"Why aye, (says I) you clod get out,
I'm th' mon at Mester Grundy's."

On nice thick porridge and roast beef
At whoam I lived i' clover;
And wished such feasting while I lived,
No, never might be over;
But zounds! did yo' but see me now,
Sat down to dine on Sundays,
Ecod, you'd stare like ony thing,
At th' mon at Mester Grundy's.

Now I'm advanced fro th' tail o' th' plough,
Like many a peer o' th' nation,
I find 'tis easy knowing how,
T' forget one's former station;
Who knows but I may strut a squire,
Wi' powdered wig o' Sundays,
Though now content to be no higher
Than th' mon at Mester Grundy's.

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