



# PARODY

ON

# MARY BLANE.

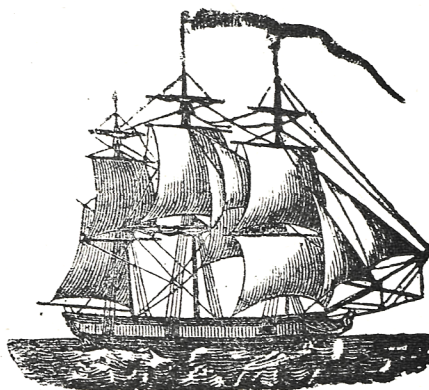
When I was stolen from my home,  
 And made a captive slave,  
 They bound me with an iron chain,  
 I did for mercy crave,  
 All day I wept; at night I cried,  
 "Oh! send me back again,  
 Unto my own dear happy home---  
 To my poor Reuben Rayne.

Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
 No friendly voice to cheer me now,  
 Oh, pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
 He'll never smile again.

They sold me to a christian man,  
 Who weeping pitied me,  
 He loosed the cruel bondage yoke,  
 And kindly set me free:  
 But oh, I could not Reuben find,  
 My own dear Reuben Rayne,  
 They told me he was dead and gone,  
 And sleeping on the plain.

Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
 Deep sorrow broke his aching heart,  
 Then pity my poor Reuben Rayne,  
 He'll never wake again.

All night I sat upon his grave,  
 With anguish I did cry,  
 Awake, awake, my love awake,  
 Or let me with you die,  
 For in this wretched world below,  
 I ne'er shall rest again,  
 Until I'm resting by thy side,  
 My own dear Reuben Rayne.



# PAUL JONES.

An American frigate, call'd the Richard by name,  
 Mounted guns forty-four, from New York she came,  
 To cruise in the channel of old England's fame,  
 With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name

We had not cruised long before two sails we espied,  
 A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise,  
 Fifty bright shipping, well loaded with stores,  
 And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shore

'Bout the hour of twelve, we came alongside,  
 With long speaking trumpet whence came you he cried  
 Come answer me quickly, I hail you no more,  
 Or else a broadside into you I will pour.

We fought them four glasses, four glasses so hot,  
 Till forty bold seamen lay dead on the spot,  
 And fifty-five more lay bleeding in gore, [roar.  
 While the thundering large cannon of Paul Jones did

Our carpenter being frightened, to Paul Jones did say  
 Our ship she leaks water, since fighting to-day;  
 Paul Jones he then answered in the height of his pride  
 If we can do no better, we will sink alongside.

Paul Jones he then smiled, and to his men did say,  
 Let every man stand the best of his play;  
 For broadside for broadside they fought on the main  
 Like true buckskin heroes we returned it again.

The Ceraphus wove round our ship for to rake,  
 Which made the proud hearts of the English to ache  
 The shot flew so hot we could not stand it long,  
 Till the bold British colors of the English came down.

Oh, now, my brave boys, we have taken a rich prize,  
 A large forty-four, with a twenty likewise;  
 O help the poor mothers, that have reason to weep,  
 For the loss of their sons in the unfathom'd deep.

