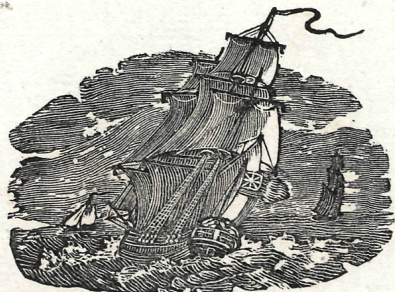


1364



Newfoundland Sailor.



With a ring on his finger and a black rolling eye,
Made the maids to fall sick, and for love some will die,
My love, my dear love, for love I shall die,
But all her answer was no, no, not I.

A Newfoundland sailor was walking in the strand,
Met a pretty maid, and he takes her by the hand,
Will you go to Newfoundland with me I say,
But all her answer was no, no, not I.

His ring from his finger he instantly did take,
Take this my dear jewel and keep it for my sake,
Will you go to Newfoundland with me, I say,
But all her answer was no, no, not I.

I got her consent, on board she did go,
Which soon did prove her overthrow,
With a false deluding tongue he made her comply,
And then 'twas too late to say no, no, not I.

When twenty weeks were gone and past,
This comely fair maid grew thick in the waist,
Her gown will not meet nor her apron string tie,
Sure it 'twas too late to say no, no, not I.

When forty weeks were over and gone,
This comely fair maid was deliver'd of a son,
She sent me a letter to come speedily,
But my answer again was no, no, not I.

The best thing I advise you to do,
Is to fasten your child on your back, a begging to go,
And when you are weary pray sit down and cry,
And curse the hour you said no, no, not I.

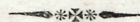
My child and myself contented will be,
And strive to forget him as he has done me,
When I think of him it makes me to cry,
And curse the very hour I said no, no, not I.



LOVE

AND

GLORY,



Young Henry was as brave a youth,
As ever graced a martial story ;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth :
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story ;
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd, fought--ah ! hapless story--
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

