

## Golden Mine.

You maidens pretty, in town and city,  
I pray you pity my mournful tale—  
A maid confounded, in sorrow drowned,  
And deeply wounded in grief and pain.

All for the sake of a lovely sailor,  
I'm still bewilling with melting tears;  
Whilst other maidens are fondly playing,  
I'm grieving for my sailor dear.

Thro' dales and hollows, thro' shades and valleys  
And all around each lovely grove,  
Amongst sweet flowers in laurel bowers,  
I spent soft hours in mutual love.

Although my dear he has crossed the ocean,  
And left his darling repenting here;  
O, cursed war has deprived my arms,  
Of the sweet, sweet, charming dear.

Tho' he did leave me, I did not blame him,  
Because my darling was forced away,  
It was for fortune my aged parents,  
Contriv'd and had him sent to sea.

Five thousand pounds left by my uncle,  
Besides four hundred pounds a-year,  
It was for that they did disdain him,  
As being beneath them—my sailor dear.

My harden'd father gave special orders,  
That I should confined be,  
Within my chamber for fear of danger,  
Or else I should my darling see.

Thirteen long weeks on bread and water,  
I lived, and had no better cheer,  
O cruel usage to give a daughter,  
For loving a young sailor dear.

Fortune befriend him, always attend him,  
And still befriend him where'er he goes,  
No cross retard him, may angels guard him,  
While he's at war with his daring foes.

O that I were a humble sailor,  
No seas or dangers would I fear;  
I would bravely venture and boldly enter,  
And cross the seas for my sailor dear.

May heavy vengeance be their attendant,  
That caus'd my darling to cross the main,  
For worldly treasure and my displeasure,  
And would forfeit all for the sake of gain.

Could I command the north of India,  
And once my darling to appear,  
I would resign all the Golden Mine,  
And in marriage join my sailor dear.

Since to my jewel my friends prove cruel,  
I will grieve alone with a bleeding heart;  
But fickle fortune is uncertain,  
Which caus'd my friends and I to part.

No man shall ever obtain my favour,  
My heart is loyal and my love sincere;  
Till death destroy me none shall enjoy me,  
Unless my charming young sailor dear.



## A BUNDLE OF TRUTHS.

There was a man, tho' it's not very common,  
And as people say he was born of a woman,  
And if it be true, as I have been told,  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.  
Derry down.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,  
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin  
Whenever he spoke it was then with his voice,  
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side to work when he pleased,  
But he never work'd hard when he liv'd at his ease:  
Two legs he had got to make him complete,  
And what was more odd, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks say, he could move at his will,  
And when he was walking he never stood still,  
If you were to see him, you'd laugh till you burst  
For one leg or other would always be first.

And, as people say, if you gave him some meat,  
Why, if he was hungry, he surely would eat;  
And when he is dry, if you give him the pot,  
The liquor most commonly runs down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,  
If he could not get over he stayed where he was;  
He seldom or ever got off the dry ground,  
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another misfortune befel this poor yeoman,  
For when he was married his wife was a woman;  
And if you believe me, tho' he was reviled,  
You may truly aver he was never with child.

And if it be true, as I have heard tell,  
When he was sick he was not very well;  
He gave a large gasp, open'd his mouth so wide,  
By some means or other, this poor fellow died.

But the reason he died and the cause of his death,  
Was, poor soul! for the want of more breath:  
And now he is left in the grave for to moulder,  
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Dúrham.

