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NANCY.

The Welsh Harper.

Come let us dance and sing.

The Girl of my Heart.

THE PILOT.



Glasgow,—Printed for the Booksellers.



NANCY.

Husband, husband, cease your strife
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman say,
My spouse Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy,
I'll be your true and honest friend

Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy!
Then all Lell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."

THE WELSH HARPER.

Over the sunny hills I stray,
Tuning many a rustic lay;
And sometimes in the shadowy vales,
I sing of love and battle tales.
Merrily thus I spend my life,
Though poor, my breast is free from strife,
The blythe old harper, call'd am I,
In the Welsh vales and mountains high,
In the Welsh vales and mountains high.

Sometimes before a casite gate,
In song, a battle I relate;
Or how a lord in shepherd's guise,
Sought favour in a virgin's eyes.

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To tabor, fife, and flute,
Come let us, &c.

When first the swelling sea
Fisher brought my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think:
Doom'd to know
Care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico,
Since her love
Will constant prove,
And nobly scorn to shrink.
Come let us, &c.

S'bohs now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife?
Who cares now a souse?
Merry cheer,
My dinky dear,
Shall find with her factotum here,
Night and day
To frisk and play
About the house with Wouse.
Come let us, &c.

Let Patty say a word—
A chamber maid should sure be heard.

Sure men are grown absurd,
 Thus taking black for white;
 To hug and kiss
 A dingy Miss,
 Will hardly suit an age like th
 Unless there
 Some friends appear,
 Who like this wedding night,
 Come let us, &c.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART

I have parks, I have ground,
 I have deer, I have hounds,
 And for sporting a neat little cot
 I have youth, I have wealth,
 I have strength, I have health,
 Yet I mope like a beau in his do
 What can I want? 'Tis the girl o
 To share those treasures with
 For had I the wealth which the I
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my he
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart

My domain far extends,
 And sustains social friends,
 Who make music divinely encha

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We have balls, we have plays, we have routs,
We have routs, public days, and public shows,
And yet still I find something is wanting;
What should it be, but the girl of my heart,
To share those treasures with me that I prize,
For had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me, nor comfort
Without the lovely girl of my heart;
Then give me the girl of my heart.

THE PILOT.

When lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
While roaring waves each other whelm,
The hardy pilot takes the helm,
He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

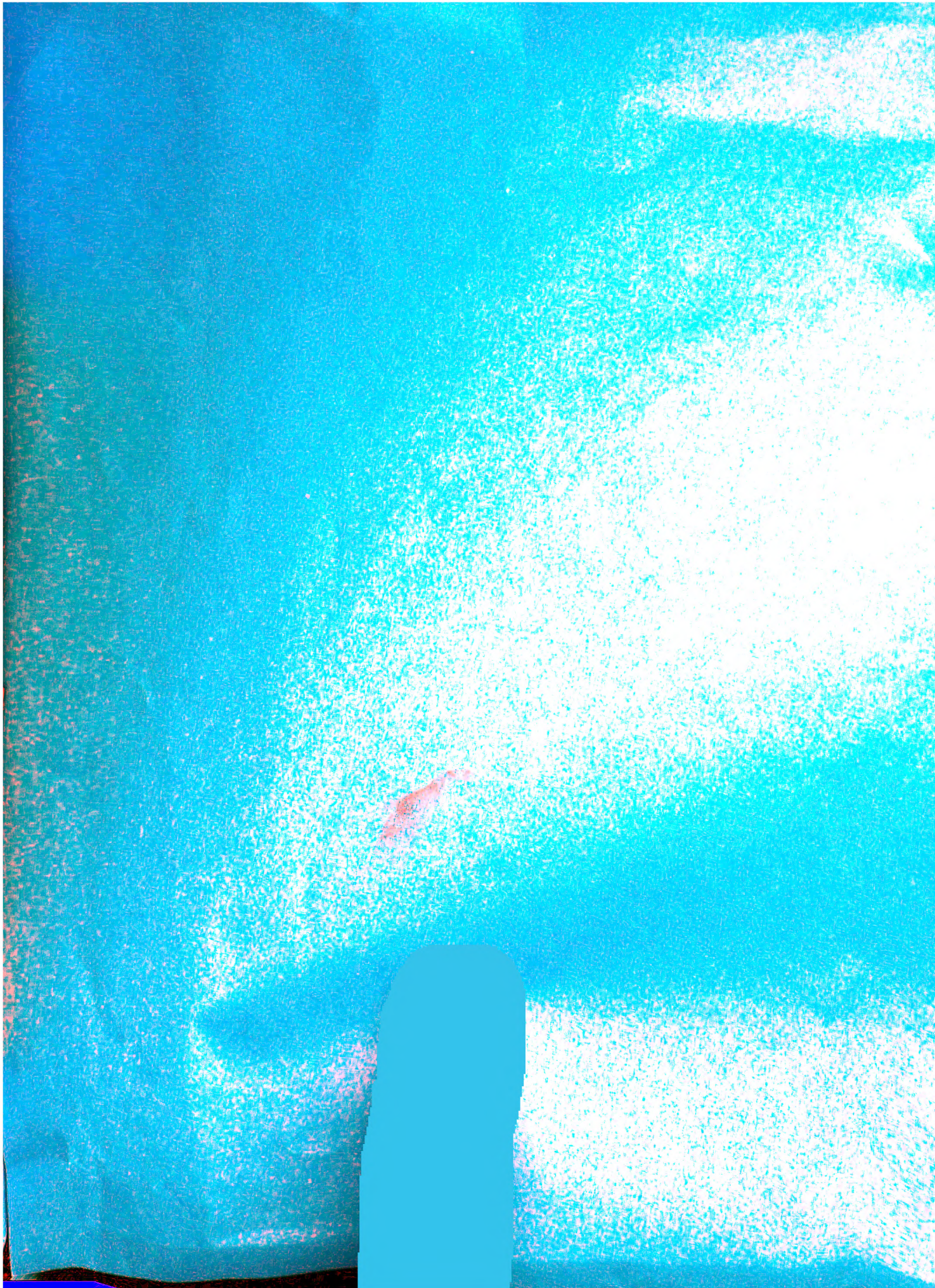
The signal of distress he bears,
And to the foun'dring vessel steers,
He boldly hails the exhausted crew,
Who, cheer'd by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot come to save.
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pump with double force,
He calmly points the helmsman's course,

His steady orders all obey,
And now the vessel on her way
Pursues the pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course the
She struggling rides the angry deep,
In smoother water soon she sails,
The crew huzza, then warmly hail
The hardy pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

FINIS.

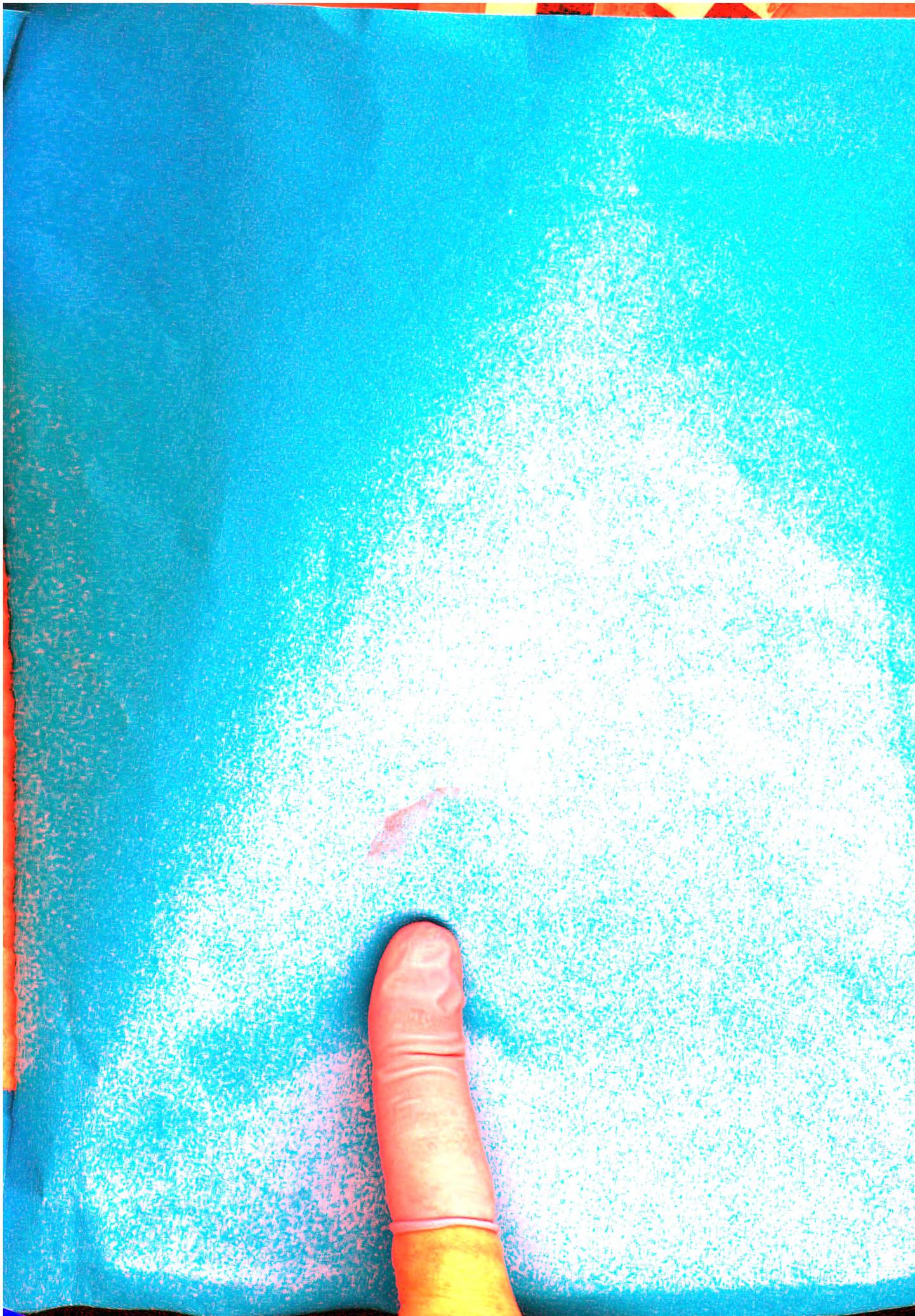


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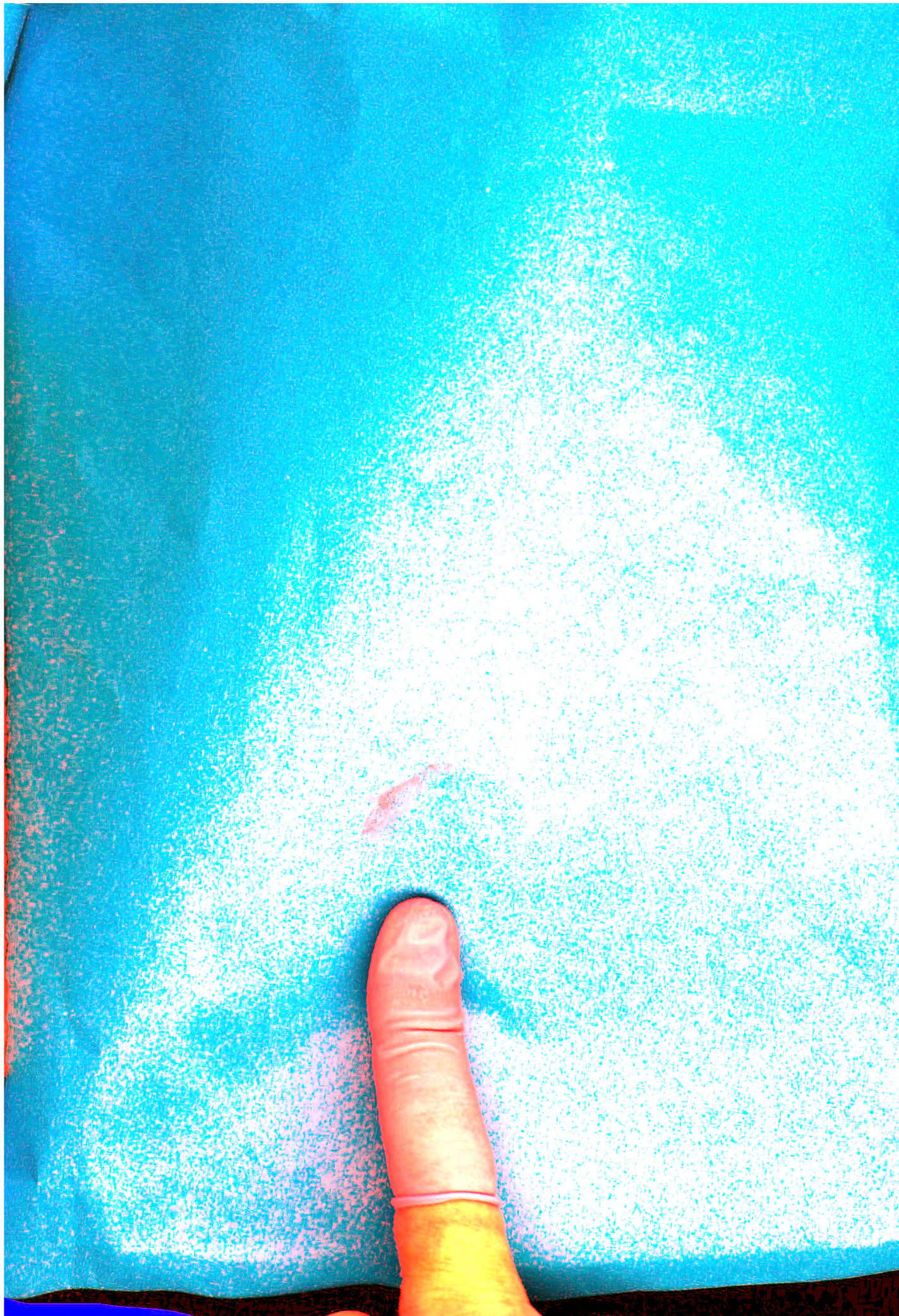
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