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THE UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

IN the county of Exeter there lived a squire,
And he had a daughter most beautiful and fair,
And she lov'd a shepherd below her degree,
Which caused her ruin and sad misery.

When her father came to know it, his passion grew
hot, (shot,
And with a loaded pistol the young shepherd he
And as he lay bleeding this young lady came by,
Which caused her to weep and to cry bitterly.

O cursed be the gold my true love now slain,
My joys they are transported to sorrow and pain,
O yes says the shepherd none can my life save,
But a wonder you'll see when I'm laid in the grave.

The flocks that I feed my own share is but small,
They are fifteen in number they feed on yon hill,
My dear they'll attend you wherever you go,
They'll be companions thro' the hail, wind and snow.

She hasten'd up his crook, his cloak and his plaid,
Like a faithful young shepherd to the valley she
stray'd,



When she came to the hill all the sheep to her came,
All bleating and treating her love to obtain,

The old ram she call'd Andrew and Sally his dame,
Both Johnny and Charlotte knew their own name,
When she wanted to stay upon any green plain,
She says you'll stay here till I come again.

With a humble submission they always do so,
And when the long taries they all mourning do go,
With a humble submission they bleat in her face,
Sure there not such a token in the whole human
race.

She wander'd thro' England, to Scotland she came,
You true lover's controllers you see what's their
doom,

The shepherd's no more and her father soon dy'd,
For the loss of his daughter and the murder beside.
If I would return to my father's bright hall,
I might live in splendour but that I ne'er will,
She says I will wander till death end the strife,
Lamenting for my shepherd all the days of my life.

THE BEWILDER'D MAID.

SLOW broke the light and sweet breath'd the wood
mo e,
When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn;

Her dark hair hung loose on her bare neck of snow,
 Her eyes look'd bewilder'd her cheek pale with
 woe.

Oh, whence is thy sorrow sweet maiden said I,
 The green grave will answer, she said with a
 sigh :

The merry lark so sweetly did sing o'er head,
 But she thought on her woes, and the battle she
 said.

The breeze murmur'd by, when she look'd up
 forlorn,

Hark ! hark ! didst thou hear—'twas the sigh of
 the morn,

They say that in battle my love met his death,
 But ah ! 'twas the hawthorn that robb'd his sweet
 breath.

Come here, gentle Robin, live safe from the storm ;
 In my bosom now sing, there my true-love lies
 warm ;

Ah ! Robin, be constant, my true love was brave,
 Sweet Robin shall sit, and sing over his grave.

CHERRY-CHEEK PATTY.

DOWN in your village I live so snug,

They call me Giles the plowman's boy :

Through woods and e'er stiles, as I trudge many
 miles,

I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo Jerry.
 My work being done to the lawn there I fly,

Where the lads at the lasses all look very shy;
 And I've deeply in love with a girl it is true,

And I know what I know but I munna tell you:
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I
 ever did see,

● cherry-check Patty for me.

Though the squire so great so happy mayn't be,

As poor simple Giles the plowman's boy;

Na matters of state ever addle my pate,

But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, and whoop gee woo,
 Jerry,

Now cherry-check Patty she lives in a vale,

Whom I help'd o'er the stile, with her milking
 pail,

And Patty has a like notion of me it is true,

And I know what I know, but I munna tell you:

But I'll whistle, &c.

I've able and strong, and willing to work,

And when the lark rises off trudges I;

The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,

I whistle, I whistle, and whoop, gee woo, Jerry.

Then I'ze fifty good shillings my luck has been such'
 And a lad's not to be grinn'd at, that's gotten so
 much;
 And when that I'm married to Patty, so true,
 I know what I know, but I muana tell you,
 But I'll whistle &c.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old shepherd's dog like his master was gray,
 His teeth all departed and feeble his tongue,
 Yet where'er Corin went he was follow'd by fray,
 Thus happy through life did they hobble along.
 When fatigu'd on the grass the shepherd would lie,
 For a nap in the sun midst his slumbers so sweet,
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
 Plac'd his head on his lap or lay down at his
 feet.
 When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
 And torrents descended and cold was the wind;
 If Corin went forth mid the tempest and rain,
 Fray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.
 At length in the straw Fray made his last bed,
 For vain ag-ainst death is the stoutest endeavour,