



Young William OF THE WEAR.

Sec. 5.

Come all you jolly plough-boys, and listen to my song,
And I'll tell you a story that will not keep you long,
Its of a pretty fair maid down by the river Wear—
She loved a handsome ploughboy, to her he was most dear.

Chorus.

O, she loved this handsome ploughboy to her he was most dear
He lived beside her father's cot, on the banks of bonny Wear,

She was a farmer's daughter, as you shall understand,
And manages her father's dairy—he lived on his own land,
She loved her father dearly, and was his only pride,
This handsome farmer's daughter down by the Wear's side.

Young William was a ploughboy, no riches had he got,
But was always blithe and happy, and content with his lot,
He loved his pretty Mary who said she'd be his bride,
This handsome farmer's daughter down by the Wear's side.

One morning, her father call'd her to his side,
And said my dear Mary, I wish you were a bride,
And there is young Henry who has gold at his command,
He often has requested me to give him your hand,

Mary fell on her knees, and the tears began to flow,
Oh, forgive me dear father if I cause you any woe ;
But I can't wed young Henry—I vowed to be the bride,
Of William the ploughboy, down by the Wear's side.

Her father took her by the hand, and said my daughter dear,
Thou shalt wed the pretty ploughboy, young Wm. of the wear
The village bells rang sweetly, the Sun shone in its pride,
On the morning she was made a happy ploughboy's bride.

Take warning all you parents who love your children dear,
And follow the example of William of the Wear,
For all the wealth and riches this world could bestow,
He would not have his daughter to live a life of woe.



NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth,
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth ;
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises,
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.

Oh! my Nora Creina, dear—
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies in many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free,
To sink or swell as heaven pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Natura's dress, is loveliness,
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're design'd,
To dazzle merely, or to wound us,
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes,
Bed of peace, whose roughest part,
Is but the crumpling of the roses.

Oh, my Norah Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit though bright, has not the light,
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.