a man did fell your true lover down
he fell by a punch cannon ball whilst
welling in his blood your generous
lover lay with quaking noise and broken
sighs that weds i heard him say

Farewell my dearest nancy were you but
standing by to gaze your last upon me
contented would i die thus melancholy they
wounded her so deep the memory her hands
in anguish and entirely did weep

Crying my joys are ended is what you say
be true instead of having pleasure be wrong
but grief in view on hearing with this person
no longer he concealed the flown into her
arms and his person did reveal

Now these constant lovers did each other
embrace he kissed the bright tears from
her cheeks and wipe it her lowly face
saying my dearest nancy with you ill
ever stay i'll never more deport till
my mammas cut away end

Song of George Riley
One a bright summers morning
the weather bearing fair
I strolled for a season down
by the river clear when i
overhauled a damage most gravely
complaining call for her absent
lover the ploughed the distant main

I seeing my preceived did unto
her drawer near where i laying
self down in ambush the
letter for to her with deliue
lamentations and melancholy
cries whilst sparkling tears like
crystals was streaming from her eyes

Crying oh cruel according home
has proved painful as my true love has
left me no comfort can i find
whilst she was thus lamenting and
weeping for her dear i saw
gallant sidney she unto her
shrew near
with eloquence most complaisant, he did address the fair, saying, sweet and lovely fair one, why do you mourn here, all for an absent lover, the fair one did reply, which causes me to wander, far to lament and cry.

Six three long years and later, his absence I have mourned, and the war is ended, she is not yet returned, why should you grieve for him? Since this sailor, the old days, perhaps his mind is altered, or changed in another way.

If you will but forget them, and get your mind on me, till death doth demand me. To you I'll faithfully, to wish that fair maiden answered, she that never can be I never could admire any other but she.

The darling of my heart, more else can I advise to take this as an answer and trouble me no more. Then said this gallant sailor, what your

lovers named (both that and his description), I wish to know the said

It is really not surprising, that he was so kind, as to leave so fair a creature in sorrow there behind. George Reilly I call him, a lad both neat and trim, so manly in deportment, so few can resemble him.

His amber locks in ringslets lie there, his shoulders bare, and his skin fair, excels in the fragrant filly, fair. Fair maid, I had a mate, George Reilly was his name. I am sure of that your description that he must be the same.

Three years we spent together, in the old strawberry, and such a gallant comrade. Summer came, before I never knew it was on the twelfth of April near to post royal day, we had a tight engagement, before the break of day.