

THE LASS OF HUMBERSIDE.

In lonely cot by Humberside
I sit and mourn my heart away,
For constant Will was Peggy's pride,
But now he sleeps in Iceland Bay.

And still the ships pass to and fro
When they return there's none shall know

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,
Where half the year is dreary night,
He toiled for me and oft would boast
That Peggy was his sole delight.

Ah! Woe is me ! I often cry
As through the broken panes I peep;
And as the distant hills I spy,
I think of dearest Will, and weep.

If loud and swelling storms I heard,
As on my lonesome bed I laid
All night alone for Will I fear'd
All night alone for Will I pray'd

The bride - knot which my love did wear,
Loose hung a pendant o'er my door;
And when it told the wind was fair,
I fancied he'd be soon on shore.

At length the very ship I spied,
In which my constant Will had sailed;
With haste I ran to Humber's side.
And loud and long the sailors hailed

The boatswain now full near the shore,
I ask for Will he shook his head
I fear said I, he is no more,
His answer was , " poor Will is dead"