

**POLLY'S LOVE;**  
OR, THE CRUEL  
**Ship Carpenter.**

Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

In fair Worcester city and in Worcestershire,  
A handsome young damsel she liv'd there ;  
A handsome young man he courted her to be his dear  
And he was by trade a ship carpenter.

Now the king wanted seamen to go on the sea,  
That caus'd this young damsel to sigh and to say—  
O William, O William, don't you go to sea,  
Remember the vow that you made to me.

It was early next morning before it was day,  
He went to his Polly, these words he did say—  
O Polly, O Polly you must go with me,  
Before we are married my friends for to see.

He led her through groves and vallies so deep,  
And caus'd the young damsel to sigh and to weep:  
O William, O William you have led me astray,  
On purpose my innocent life to betray.

It's true, it's true, these words he did say,  
For all the night long I've been digging your grave,  
The grave being open, the spade standing by,  
Which caused this young damsel to sigh and to cry.

O William, O William, O pardon my life,  
I never will covet to be your wife,  
I will travel the country to set you quite free,  
O pardon, O pardon my my baby and me.

No pardon I'll give, there's no time to stand,  
So with that he had a knife in his hand,  
He stabb'd her heart till the blood it did flow,  
Then into the grave her fair body did throw.

He covered her up so safe and secure,  
Thinking no one could find her he was sure ;  
Then he went on board to sail the world round,  
Before that the murder could ever be found.

It was early one morning before it was day,  
The captain came up, these words he did say,  
There's a murderer on board, and he must be known,  
Our ship is in mourning, she cannot sail on.

Then up stepp'd one, indeed its not me,  
Then up stept another, the same he did say,  
Then up starts young William to stamp and to swear,  
Indeed it's not me I vow and declare.

As he was turning from the captain with speed,  
He met his Polly which made his heart to bleed ;  
She stript him, and tore him, she tore him in three,  
Because he had murdered her baby and she.



THE  
**LAST ROSE**  
OF  
**SUMMER.**

Harkness, Printer, Preston.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer,  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No Rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them :  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

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