



THE
**FISHERMAN'S
 BOY.**

William M'Call, Printer, No. 4, Cartwright Place,
 Byrom-street, Liverpool.

It was down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,
 Down in the lowlands a poor boy did roam,
 By his friends he was neglected, he look'd so dejected,
 A poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home.

Crying, where is my cottage, oh where is my father,
 Alas! they're all gone, which caused me to roam;
 My mother died upon her pillow, while my father was on
 the billow,
 Cried the poor little fisherman's boy, I'm far away from home.

Bitter was the night, and loud roar'd the thunder,
 The lightning did flash—the ship was overcome,
 The boat soon I clasp'd and reach'd my native shore,
 In the deep I left my father—far away from home.

I waited on the beach, while around me dash'd the water,
 I waited on the beach, but alas! no father came;
 So now I am a ranger, exposed to every danger,
 Cried the poor little fisherman's boy, far away from home.

A lady when she heard him, quick opened her window,
 And into her house she bid him for to come: [cries,
 The tears fell from her eyes, as she listen'd to the mournful
 Of the poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home.

She begg'd of her father, to find him employment, 485
 She begg'd of her father no more to let him roam:
 Her father said don't grieve me, the boy shall never leave me
 Poor boy, I will relieve thee, so far away from home.

Many years he labour'd, to please his noble master,
 Many years he labour'd, in time became a man:
 And now he tells each stranger, the hardships & the danger
 Of the poor little fisherman's boy so far away from home.



Crazy Jane

Why, fair maid, in every feature
 Are such signs of fear express'd!
 Can a wand'ring wretched creature
 With such terror fill my breast.
 Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dest thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe;
 When men flatter, sigh and languish,
 Think them false—I found them so.
 For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely!
 None can ever love again;
 But the youth I lov'd so dear!
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but one.
 He seem'd true, and I believ'd him—
 He was false, and I undone!
 From that hour has reason never
 Held its empire o'er my brain;
 Henry fled, with him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where last we met.
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain,
 While each passer-by, in pity,
 Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

