

I exult in my pain;  
I never complain.

Other is gone,  
fame of his son:  
Believe me from pain;  
has scorn'd to com-

81

## WILLIAM AND NANCY,

A BALLAD.

FOUNDED UPON AN INTERESTING INCIDENT WHICH TOOK PLACE  
ON THE EMBARKATION OF THE 85TH REGIMENT FOR  
HOLLAND AT RAMSGATE, AUGUST 10, 1799.

suggested several years  
to had resided several  
pe or nation called the  
he assured me it was  
unt with a barbarous  
ir enemies in the mo-  
re endeavoured to give  
spirit and sentiment of  
upon the fierce and  
indian with a mixture  
it is to those sensa-  
reader, that the Death

ed with the notes to

AS on the transport's dusky side

Young William stood with folded arms,  
Silent he watch'd the rising tide,  
The loud wind fill'd him with alarms.  
Not for himself he knew to fear,

But for one dearer far than life;  
Nancy, in parting doubly dear,  
His tender bride, his faithful wife.

She still had hop'd to share his fate,  
To sooth him in affliction's hour;  
On all his wand'ring steps to wait,  
And give the comfort in her power.

G

But chance denied the wish'd-for prize,  
The envied lot another drew;  
Now sorrow dim'd her sleepless eyes,  
And to despair her sorrow grew.

But when the shouting seamen strove  
To tow the vessel on its way,  
Wak'd from despair by anxious love,  
She rush'd along the crowded quay.

The sails unfurl'd, as gliding round,  
The parting cheers still louder grew,  
She flew, and with a fearful bound  
Drop'd in her William's arms below.

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