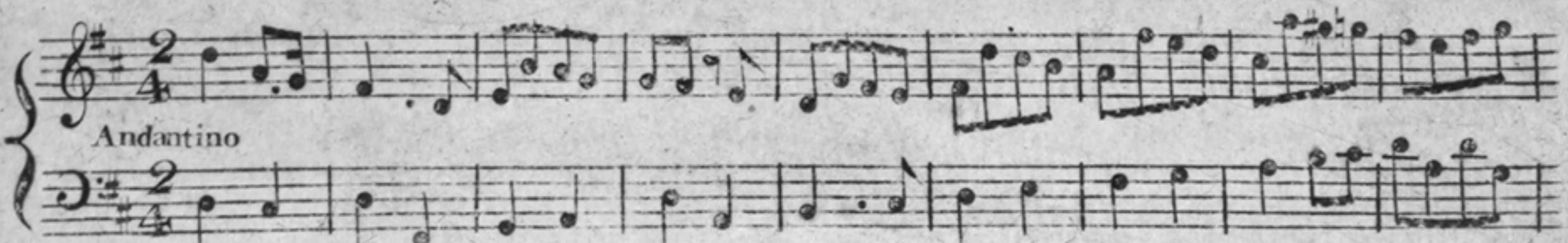


LUCY GRAY of ALLENDALE



O! have you seen the
blushing rose the blooming pink or hil-ly pale

fairer than a ny flower that blows is Lucy Gray Lucy Gray is

Lucy Gray of Al len dale

2

Pensive and sad o'er bræ and burn
Where oft the nymph they us'd to hail
The shepherds now are heard to mourn
For Lucy Gray of Allendale

4

Twas' underneath yon hawthorn shade
That first I told my tender tale
But now low lays the lovely maid
Sweet Lucy Gray of Allendale

3

With her to join the rural dance
Far have I stray'd o'er hill and dale
Where pleasd each rustic stole a glance
At Lucy Gray of Allendale

5

Bleak blows the wind and keen beats the rain
Upon my cottage in the vale
Long may I mourn a lonely swain
For Lucy Gray of Allendale