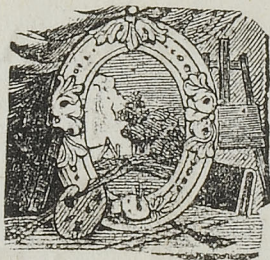


THE HISTORY  
OF  
LUCY GRAY.



BISHOP & CO.,  
Printers, 101, Houndsditch, London.

# LUCY GRAY.



OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,  
And when I cross'd the wild  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,  
She dwelt on a wild moor,  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at day,  
The hare upon the green  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

To-night will be a stormy night,  
We to the town must go,



They track'd them on, nor never lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

Then followed from the snowy bank  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there was none.

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child,  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

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### SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

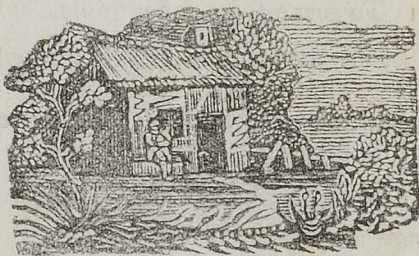
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Your father herds his sheep,  
Your mother shakes the little tree  
From which fall pretty dreams on thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
The heavens are white with showers,



And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother thro' the snow.

That, Father, will I gladly do;  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon.



At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapp'd a faggot-band;  
He plied his work, and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;—  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow  
That raises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,  
She wander'd up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb  
But never reache'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlook'd the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood  
A furlong from their door.

So now they homeward turned, and cried,  
In Heaven we all shall meet,





When in the snow the mother spied,  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hills edge  
They track'd the footmarks small,  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge  
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they cross,  
The marks were still the same,

For they are lambs, those stars so bright,  
And the moon's the shepherd of the night.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
And I'll give thee a sheep,  
Which with its golden bell shall be,  
A pretty play-fellow for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Go out and herd the sheep,  
Go out you barking black dog go,  
And waken not my baby so.  
Sleep, baby, sleep.



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