Faithless Nelly Gray
821 Hood
Faithless Nelly Gray
THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD
Written by THOMAS HOOD

The text illuminated and explained by numerous original drawings

By ROBERT SEAVER

BOSTON & NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & COMPANY
The Riverside Prefs, Cambridge
ANN. DOM. MCMVII
DEDICATED
WITH MUCH AFFECTION
TO
M. C. S.
THE THIRD IDLER
Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!
Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"
The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"
Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,

Her name was Nelly Gray;

So he went to pay her his devours,

When he devoured his pay!
But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!
"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!"
Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!"
“Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!”

8
"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's breaches!"
"Why then," said she,
"you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear
your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"
"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!
"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—
 alas!
You will not be my Nell!"
Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!
So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!
One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,— of course,
He soon was off his legs!

15
And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!
A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died,—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside!
An unusually quaint little Holiday Book

A New Edition of Cowper's famous poem of *John Gilpin's Ride*, printed and bound in the fashion of the old primers and *illustrated on each page* with an original and curious woodcut, the work of *Robert Seaver*

The humorous flavor of this classic jingle is reflected in the appearance of the volume, and those who are fortunate enough to possess copies of the old juveniles will be reminded of the days of Goody Two Shoes, of Goldsmith and of Newbury, and the little old book shops under the shadow of the Dome of St. Paul's.

The present edition is a square 18mo, bound in boards with leather back, and is *for sale at all bookstores*, the price being 75 cents.

*Printed and for sale by Houghton, Mifflin & Company*

*Boston and New York*
The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE. MASSACHUSETTS
U. S. A.