



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE LOVELY YOUNG REFORM PARTY CARRIED OFF BY THE GALLANT CHIEFTAIN, BLAKE.

(NEW VERSION.)

* * "Come back, come back," he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
"And I'll not thwart your youthful Chief,
My daughter, O my daughter!"

'Twas vain! the loud waves lashed the shore,
With fury unrelenting,
The *Globe* dictator's reign was o'er,
And Brown was left lamenting.