The Ride of Jennie McNeal.

In a stirring, spirited manner grew
and faster and faster was the fearless young rider hastening
to the promised land.

Caul Wate was a rider bold—
Well was his valiant deed been told.
Shuvudan’s ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.

But why should one do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot’s side?—
A heart’s bone, a heart’s deel.

The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spade as quietly we caught it found
In the dangerous length of the
Swiftel Ground,

In a cottage, cozy, and all their own.
She and her mother lived all alone.
Safe more the two, with their frugal toe.

Then all of the many who pass through
To Jennie’s mother was strange as fears.

And Jennie was large for fifteen years.

With win her eyes were alight with two
On this was the hue of a blackbird singing.