

Cheap Repository.

THE STORY OF
SINFUL SALLY;
THE
HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY;
THE
BAD BARGAIN;
AND
ROBERT AND RICHARD.



SOLD BY HOWARD AND EVANS,

(Printers to the Cheap Repository for Moral and Religious Tracts,)
No. 41 and 42, Long Lane, West Smithfield, & J. HATCHARD,
No. 190, Piccadilly, London. By S. HAZARD, Bath; and
by all Booksellers, Newsmen & Hawkers in Town & Country.


Great Allowance will be made to Shopkeepers and Hawkers.

PRICE ONE PENNY, Or 6s. per Hundred

Entered at Stationers Hall.

THE
STORY
OF
SINFUL SALLY,
TOLD BY HERSELF.

Shewing how from being SALLY of the GREEN she was first led to become SINFUL SALLY, and afterwards DRUNKEN SALLY, and how at last she came to a most melancholy and almost hopeless End; being therein a Warning to all young Women both in Town and Country.



COME each maiden lend an ear,
Country lass and London belle!
Come and drop a mournful tear,
O'er the tale that I shall tell.

I that ask your tender pity,
Ruin'd now and all forlorn,
Once, like you, was young and pretty,
And as chearful as the morn.

In yon distant cottage sitting,
Far away from London town,
Once you might have seen me knitting,
In my simple kersey gown.

Where the little lambkins leap,
Where the meadow looks so gay,
Where the drooping willows weep,
Simple Sally us'd to stray.

Then I tasted many a blessing,
 Then I had an honest fame;
 Father, mother me carressing,
 Smil'd and thought me free from blame.

Then, amid my friends so dear,
 Life it speeded fast away;
 O! it moves a tender tear,
 To think how peaceful was the day!

From the villages surrounding,
 Ere I well had reach'd eighteen,
 Came the modest youths abounding,
 All to Sally of the Green.

Courting days were thus beginning,
 And I soon had prov'd a wife;
 O! if I had kept from sinning,
 Now how blest had been my life.

Come each maiden lend an ear,
 Country lass and London belle;
 Come ye now and deign to hear
 How poor Sinful Sally fell:

Where the hill begins inclining,
 Half a furlong from the road,
 O'er the village white and shining,
 Stands Sir William's great abode.

Near his meadow I was tripping,
Vainly wishing to be seen,
 When Sir William met me skipping
 And he spoke me on the green.

Bid me quit my cloak of scarlet,
 Blam'd my simple kersey gown;
 Ey'd me then so like a varlet,
 Such as live in London town.

With his presents I was loaded,
 And bedeck'd in ribbons gay;
 Thus my ruin was foreboded,
 O, how crafty was his way!

Vanish'd now from cottage lowly,
 My poor parents' heart I break,
 Enter on a state unholy,
 Turn a mistress to a rake.

Now no more by morning light
 Up to God my voice I raise;
 Now no shadows of the night
 Call my thoughts to pray'r and praise.

Hark! a well known sound I hear!
 'Tis the church's Sunday bell!
 No: I dread to venture near!
 No: I'm now the Child of Hell.

Now I lay my bible by,
 Chuse that impious book so new;
 Love the bold blaspheming lie,
 And that filthy novel too.

Next to London town I pass,
 (Sinful Sally is my name,)
 There to gain a front of brass,
 And to glory in my shame.

Powder'd well, and puff'd and painted,
 Rivals all I there outshine;
 With skin so white and heart so tainted,
 Rolling in my chariot fine.

In the Park I glitter daily,
 Then I dress me for the play,
 Then to masquerade so gaily,
 See me, see me tear away.

When I meet some meaner lass,
 Then I toss with proud disdain;
 Laugh and giggle as I pass,
 Seeming not to know a pain.

Still at every hour of leisure,
 Something whispers me within,
 "O! I hate this life of pleasure,
 For it is a life of sin."

Thus amidst my peals of laughter,
 Horror seizes oft my frame:
 Pleasure now—damnation after,
 And a never-dying flame:

"Save me, save me, Lord," I cry,
 "Save my soul from Satan's chain!"
 Now I see salvation nigh,
 Now I turn to sin again.

Is it then some true repentance
 That I feel for evil done?
 No: 'tis horror of my sentence,
 'Tis the pangs of hell begun.

By a thousand ills o'ertaken,
 See me now quite sinking down,
 'Till so lost and so forsaken,
 Sal is cast upon the town.

At the dusk of evening grey,
 Forth I step from secret cell;
 Roaming like a beast of prey,
 Or some hateful imp of hell.

Ah! how many youths so blooming
 By my wanton looks I've won;
 Then by vices all consuming,
 Left them ruin'd and undone!

Thus the cruel spider stretches
 Wide his web for every fly,
 Then each victim that he catches
 Strait he poisons till he die.

Now no more by conscience troubled,
 Deep I plunge in every sin,
 True—my sorrows are redoubled,
 But I drown them all in gin.

See me next with front so daring,
 Band of ruffian rogues among;
 Fighting, cheating, drinking, swearing,
 And the vilest of the throng.

Mark that youngest of the thieves,
 Taught by Sal he ventures further,
 What he filches Sal receives,
 'Tis for Sal he does the murther.

See me then attend my victim,
 To the fatal gallows tree;
 Pleas'd to think how I have nick'd him,
 Made him swing while I am free.

Jack I laughing see depart,
 While with Dick I drink and sing,
 Soon again I'll fill the cart,
 Make this present lover swing.

But while thus with guilt surprising,
 Sal pursues her bold career,
 See God's dreadful wrath arising,
 And the Day of Vengeance near.

Fierce disease my body seizes,
 Racking pain attracts my bones;
 Dread of death my spirit freezes,
 Deep and doleful are my groans.

7
Here with face so shrunk and spotted
On the clay cold ground I lie;
See how all my flesh is rotted,
Stop, O stranger, see me die!

Conscience, as my breath's departing,
Plunges too his arrow deep,
With redoubled fury starting,
Like some giant in his sleep.

In this pit of ruin lying,
Once again before I die,
Fainting, trembling, weeping, sighing,
Lord, to thee I lift mine eye.

Thou can'st save the vilest harlot,
Grace I've heard is free and full,
Sins that once were "red as scarlet,
Thou can'st make as white as wool."

Saviour, whom I've pierc'd so often,
Deeper still my guilt imprint!
Let thy mighty spirit soften,
This my harden'd heart of flint.

Vain, alas! is all my groaning,
For I fear the die is cast;
True, thy blood is all atoning,
But my day of grace is past.

Saviour! hear me or I perish!
None who *lives* is quite undone;
Still a ray of hope I'll cherish,
'Till eternity's begun.

THE
HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY ;

*Shewing how a Servant Maid first robbed her Master, and
afterwards struck dead for telling a Lie.*

A TRUE STORY.

COME all ye maidens and draw near,
A doleful song I sing,
A song that proves, as you shall hear,
A lie's a fearful thing.

In Hampshire once there chanc'd to dwell,
Near Meonstoke's little town,
A farming man who prosper'd well;
An honest country clown.

It was but little he possess'd,
But then he was content;
He knew no want, could treat a guest,
And paid his slender rent.

By honest industry and thrift
He sav'd a little store;
And thanking God for every gift,
He made that little more.

And now, so lofty was his state,
He hir'd a servant maid;
Who learning well on him to wait,
In truth was duly paid.

One hundred pounds, a mighty sum,
He now had sav'd in all;
And hid it, lest some thief should come,
Safe in his kitchen wall.

At length advancing far in years,
He calmly view'd his end;
For he need never shrink with fears,
Whose Maker is his friend.

Long time a prey to dire disease,
Stretch'd on his bed he lay;
His servant saw him ill at ease,
And nurs'd him night and day.

Then Satan, who like beast of prey,
"Seeks whom he may devour;"
Did tempt this servant maid so gay,
All in an evil hour.

He led her first to see the spot,
Where lay this hidden pelf;
Then bid her form the wicked plot,
To take it for her herself.

He whisper'd in her willing ear,
"Go make it all your own;
For since your master's death is near,
It never can be known."

At once the wicked girl obey'd,
And fear'd no future ill!
Oh, stupid, sinful, silly maid,
She dreamt not of a will.

But had she thought of Him, whose eye
Sees all the deeds of man;
In vain the Tempter had drawn nigh,
And urg'd his wicked plan.

The love of gain had warp'd her soul,
And drawn her quite away;
To Satan thus, that Tempter foul,
She fell an easy prey.

Her master dies ; but first he leaves
 By will this hundred pound ;
 Tells where 'twas hid for fear of thieves,
 And 'twould be surely found.

Then went his friends and search'd the chink,
 With close and cunning eye ;
 'Twas gone—but nobody could think
 Which way the pelf could fly.

At length the neighbours turn'd a thought
 To this unhappy maid,
 They search'd her box, the thief was caught,
 For there the wealth was laid.

Then, then, alas ! she vow'd and swore,
 Appealing oft to Heav'n,
 That by her master, long before,
 This sum was freely giv'n.

Dire curses oft with forehead bold,
 She call'd down on her head ;
 And pray'd if any lie she told,
 That God would strike her dead.

She spoke—and strait the sentence pass'd,
 A sentence strange and rare ;
 At once the Liar breath'd her last,
 For Heav'n did hear her prayer.

The friends around beheld with fear
 The wretched sinner fall,
 Forc'd in God's presence to appear,
 At his most awful call.

And now let us, who still are left,
 Take warning old and young ;
 O, let us hate the sin of theft,
 And dread a lying tongue.

THE
BAD BARGAIN,
OR
THE WORLD SET UP TO SALE.

THE Devil, as the scriptures show,
Tempts sinful mortals high and low,
And always acting well his part,
He suits his bribes to every heart:
See there the Prince of Darkness stands,
With baits for souls in both his hands.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives a sceptre for a soul:
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a star and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him just to take a pension.

Some are so fir'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name;
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Gives alms, or sally forth and fight;
Prefer men's praise to God's salvation,
And sell their souls for reputation.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe,
 Which Satan pours amid the tribe,
 Which thousands seize with eager haste,
 And all desire at least to taste,
 Is——plodding reader!—what d'ye think?
 Alas!—'tis money—money—chink!

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
 Presents to view the glitt'ring prize;
 See how he goes from shore to shore,
 And how the nations all adore:
 Souls flock by thousands to be sold,
 Smit with the love of filthy gold.

See at yon needy tradesman shop,
 The universal tempter stop;
 "Wouldst thou," he cries, "increase thy treasures,
 Use lighter weights and scantier measures,
 Thus thou shalt thrive;" the trader's willing,
 And sells his soul to get a shilling.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
 "I scorn to cheat," the farmer cries;
 Yet his whole heart on wealth was bent,
 And so the Devil was content;
 Now markets rise, and riches roll,
 And Satan quite secures his soul.

Mark next yon cheerful youth so jolly,
 So fond of laughter and of folly;
 He hates a stingy griping fellow,
 But gets each day a little mellow;
 To Satan too he sells his soul,
 In barter for a flowing bowl.

But mark again yon lass a spinning,
 See how the temper is beginning,
 Some buck presents a top not nice,
 She grants her virtue as the price,
 Yields to the beau so smart and civil—
 Her soul she renders to the devil.

Thus Satan tries each different state,
 With mighty bribes he tempts the great,
 The poor with equal force he plies,
 And wins them with an humbler prize;
 Has gentler arts for young beginners,
 And fouler sins for older sinners.

Oft too he cheats our mortal eyes,
 For Satan father is of lies;
 A thousand swindling tricks he plays us,
 And promises but never pays us,
 Thus we poor fools are strangely caught,
 And find we've sold our souls for nought.

Nay, oft with quite a juggler's art,
 He bids the proffer'd gift depart,
 Sets some gay joy before our face,
 Then claps a trouble in its place,
 Sends some huge loss instead of gain,
 And conjures pleasure into pain.

Be wise then, Oh! ye worldly tribe,
 Nor sell your conscience for a bribe;
 When Satan tempts you to begin,
 Resist him, and refuse to sin;
 Bad is the bargain on the whole,
 Who gain the world and lose a soul.

ROBERT AND RICHARD,

OR

The Ghost of Poor Molly,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN RICHARD'S MILL POND.

Tune—*Collin's Mulberry Tree.*

QUOTH Richard to Bob, "let things go as they will,
Of pleasure and fun I will still have my fill;
In frolic and mirth I see nothing amiss,
And tho' I get tipsey, *what harm is in this?*
For e'en Solomon says, and I vow he says truth,
"Rejoice, O young man in the days of thy youth,"
"I am glad (answer'd Bob) you're of Solomon's creed
But I beg, if you quote him, you'll please to proceed;
"For God (as the wise man continues to sing)
Thy soul into judgment for all this will bring,"
Thus a man may get plung'd in a woeful abyss,
By chusing to say, *Pray what harm is in this?*"
"Come, come (says gay Richard) don't grudge
me a cup,
I'm resolv'd, while I'm able, I'll still keep it up;
Let old greybeards deny that in frolic there's bliss,
I'll game, love, and drink—and *what harm is in this?*"

Says Robert, "I grant if you live for to-day,
You may game, love, and drink, and may frolic away;
But then, my dear Dick, I again must contend,
That the wise man has bid us *remember the end.*"

Says Richard, "when sickness or peevish old age
Shall advance to dismiss me from life's merry stage,
Repentance just then, boy, may not be amiss,
But while young I'll be jolly, *what harm is in this?*"

They parted and Richard his past-times begun,
'Twas Richard the Jovial, the soul of all fun;
Each dancing bout, drinking bout, Dick would attend
And he sung and he swore, *nor once thought of the end.*

Young Molly he courted, the pride of the plain,
He promis'd her marriage, but promis'd in vain;
She trusted his vows, but she soon was undone,
And when she fell weeping he thought it good fun.

Thus scorn'd by her Richard sad Molly ran wild,
And roam'd thro' the woods with her destitute child,
'Till poor Molly and Molly's poor baby were found
One evening in Richard's own mill-pond both drown'd

Then his conscience grew troubled by night and by
day,

But its clamour he drown'd in more drink and more
play;

Still Robert exhorted, and like a true friend,
He warn'd him, and pray'd him, *to think on the end.*

Now disturb'd in his dreams, poor Molly each night
With her babe stood before him; how sad was the
sight!

O how ghastly she look'd as she bade him attend,
And so awfully told him, "*Remember the end.*"

She talk'd of the woes and unquenchable fire,
 Which await the gay sinner, the drunkard and liar,
 How he ruin'd more maidens she bade him beware
 Then she wept, and she groan'd, and she vanish'd
 in air.

Now beggar'd by gaming, distemper'd by drink,
 Death star'd in his face, yet he dar'd not to think;
 Despairing all mercy, despising all truth,
 He dy'd of old age in the prime of his youth.

On his tombstone good *Robert* these verses engrav'd,
 Which he hop'd some gay fellow might read and be
 sav'd.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a poor youth who call'd singing his bliss
 And was ruin'd by saying, *what harm is in this?*
 Let each passer by to his error attend,
 And learn of poor Dick to remember the end.

F I N I S.