

8
Four Excellent New,

S O N G S;

1, The Captain of Love,

2, Sandy the Scots traveller,

3, The Female Sailor of
Sunderland,

4, The Lee Riggs.



Entered according Order

THE CAPTAIN of LOVE.

It's of rich noble of late as we hear,
 I had only one daughter a beautiful fair,
 He much did admire this beautiful child,
 This charming sweet beauty in love was beguil'd
 Her father was dead some time for her ease,
 To view all her workmen, she rode in her chaise.
 She saw the young plow-man she fix'd her eye,

With raptures of love in her heart it did flow,
 To gaze on his beauty, oft to the field did go,
 He whistles so sweetly made the valley to ring,
 With cheeks like two roses that bloom in the spring
 This beautiful lady to her maid she did go,
 Agreed to be dress'd in some regimental cloath
 With broad sword in hand she walked thro' the grove
 And press'd the young plow-man by the Captain
 love,

All with a love letter she held in her hand,
 Saying for to release vice we press by command
 In parting of the plunder great bounty you'll take
 There's no dange at sea but great fortune you'll
 make,

It was in a close room this young man was confin'd
 Till she chang'd her clothes and she told him
 Like an angel in beauty she then did appear, (n
 Declared the whole truth to her plowman to c

The plow man he joyfully flew to her arms,
 With blushes he kiss'd her beautiful charms. (I
 In his arms he embrac'd her and eas'd her of
 And with numberless kisses she paid him again
 Now their heart they fix'd in beauty so fair
 Wit h fountains of pleasure no joys can compa

In wedlock they're fixed like the true turl dove.
Shes made the young plowman the Captain of love

A New Song, called Scottish Sandy.

YOUNG Sandy the Scot was born in Fife
and he loved to travel so dear his life,
Thro' many strange countries strange place to see
In courting the ladies of every degree.

Through Russia, and Prussia, through France,
and through Spain.

Where he was received with honour and fame,
By men of great station great honour he got,
Who gladly received young Sandy the Scot.

Sardinia and Turkey, and high Germany,
From thence to the Indies, he crossed the sea,
Where Indians, and Tartars, and Blacks
To our noble Scots Sandys they paid their respect.

Again to old Ireland he arrived at last
Surveying the country from Cork to Belfast,
There's not a young lady in that country,
But they greatly rejoiced Scots Sandys to.

At last to London he instantly came
in order to pass for a parliament man,
They hush'd him to scorn and called him a youth,
Which made him to stand with his hand on his mouth

Some call'd him a paddy some call'd him a Scot,
Others ask'd him who for him did vote,
The mercer he call'd to bring him his robes,
That he might sit down with the rest of lords.

Young Sandy he courteously then did reply,
The name of a Scot I will never deny,
For I scorn the scoffe of a parcel of scribes, !
Who gets all their living by taking of bribes,

Then Sandy with courage, as I am told;
He instantly pull'd out a long purse of gold,
Saying here is the delicate votes still for me,
And they make me a freeman wherever I be.

For before my money on brib'ry I'll spend,
I'll treat a good fellow a neighbour or friend,
With his bonnet in hand he made them a low bow
And turn'd him about and bade them adien,

For in courting the ladies his time did employ,
For he was resolv'd their love for to try ?
The first that he courted she gave him a bite,
And that his blue bonnet was like a cow shite,

This caused young Sandy in a passion to swear
Her insolent speech this day for to hear,
He turn'd him round said ye poek pudding Slut,
I wear a blue bonnet because I am a Scot.

There's never a strumpet in England born,
That shall huff young Sandy nor keep him in scorn
The dregs of all nations I vow and protest,
There's scarce one in twenty among you are cha

There's your bullies, and sharpers who sculk up
and down,

In search of their prey all over the town,
Inspir'd by the Devil, this ruff thievish band,
The like was not know in christian land,

Wilks and Liberty is your whole cry,
Assaulting each stranger that e'er passes by
You rise up in thousands like hounds in a chafe,
Prepared, for a battle there's no sign for peace,

You rebels of London, I speak to your shame,
In your late proceeding you're sadly to blame,
Such rogues in a halter deserves for to swing,
For to rise in rebellion against a good King.

Your Wilks is a tool to this numerous mob,
In justice those villains should be sent abroad,
Or else sent to Tyburn their lives for to end,
As examples for others their lives for to mend,

Where was your Wilkes born I long fortok onw
The reason that he hath disturbed us so,
He was stole out Hell when the De'il was asleep,
And sent into London disturbance to keep.

Your Wilkes is your spokesman. his livery you wear
Or to shame the affection which to him you bear
For he was elected a Knight of the blue,
By the Lord in a mob that devilish crow.

Says Sandy no longer in London I'll stay
Out to my own contry I'll now take my way,
For my life in this contry is not worth a groat,
And luck to you all, says Sandy the Scot,

The Female Sailor of Sunderland.

Come all you briskdamsel of Sunderlandshire
Come listen a while and I'll to you declare
Of young lassie you quickly shall hear,

Who ventur'd her life for the sake of her dear
 She into men's apparel well rigged was she,
 She was galantly rigged and fit for the sea,
 She was galantly rigged and fit for the main,
 And on board of Prince William she's ship'd
 herself straight, (write,

This damsel was brought up to read and to
 And in the rules of Arithmetic they made her
 perfect; (whole heart

She Served them a twelve month with all her
 And so bravely she's learned the mariners art
 She Served a twelve month a twelve month
 and more,

Until that they came to the brave Irish shore
 We spy'd the Proud French in the ocean so wide
 Which caused us to give them a broad side,

They gave us another as good as we sent,
 And to sink each other it was our intent;
 But in the second broad side our Captain was
 slain

This damsel wis forc'd in his room to remain
 They fought four hours in the battle so rare
 Till there was not a man in our ship that could
 steer,

As little was there one that could fire a gun,
 Until the blood on the scubboards like water
 did run,

O quarters O quarters the Frenchmen did cry
 No quarters no quarters the damsel replyed,
 You have the best quarters that we can afford,
 You must either sink or swim or else come on
 board,

We sunk the Proud French in the ocean so
wide,

There ship cairred fifty brave guns on her side;
But our goodly ship carries just thirty three,
And bravely as we overcame our enemy.

Come let us be Merry with a glássof good wine
You'll drink to your true love and I'll drink to
mine,

You may to the gellant brisk damsel of fame,
Who was Captain of the Prince William by name
Come let us go home to old England with speed
Sweet William he knew not his true love indeed
As little did she make herself known unto him
Till she laid up her ship and paid of the men.

The colour it struck in sweet William face,
He could not spaek for a pretty long space,
He kissed her and called her twice honny and his
dear,

She said it was true love that bad her not fear
If you any more of the story will hear;
The King settled on her 500 a year,
All for to cloth her in velvet and gold,
Because she fought with courage so bold.

The Lee Rigg, a new Song.

A Laddie and a lassie went out to gather roses,
The laddie laid the lassie down amongst a bed
of posies,
How dare you be so bald sir and you my ather's
cotter,

To take me by the milk white hand and I the laird's
daughter,

I'll row you east I'll row you west,

I'll row you till I am weary O

And I'll row on the lee rigg my ain kind Deary O

How dare you be so bald fir & you my father's
coter

To row my on the lee rigg & I the laird's daughter

Altho the night was never so wet & I wet & weary O

I would row on the lee rigg my ain kind deary O

I'll row you east I'll row, &c.

O my dearest Johnny since that I now do love the
Five thousand pounds of ready gold I do bestow
upon thee,

Let mammy fret and daddy frown from dangers

I'll secure you,

And I will hugg you on a lee rigg my ain kind de
ry O,

I'll row you east I'll row you west,

I'll row you till I am weary O

And kifs you on the lee rigg
my own kinddeary, O

F I N I S.