

THE
Rambling Boy
 WITH THE
Answer,
 TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
 CYNTHIA'S PERPLEXITY,
 AND THE
Sailor's Tragedy.



GREENOCK :
 PRINTED BY WILLIAM SCOTT.

THE RAMBLING BOY.

I AM a rake and a rambling boy,
I'm lately come from Auchnacloy ;
A rambling boy altho' I be,
I'll forsake them all and go with thee.

My father promis'd me houses and land,
If I would be at his command ;
At his command, love, I ne'er will be,
I'll forsake them all and go with thee.

For houses and land they are but a plot,
Houses and land I do value not ;
For houses and garden I will provide,
And have my darling down by my side.

Well doth he know I can shape and sew,
Well doth he know I can bake and brew,
I can wash his linen and dress them fine,
And yet he's gone and left me behind.

O Willie Baillie ye told me lies,
You'd build me castles up to the skies,
And every river should have a brigg,
And every finger a fine gold ring.

O Billy, Billy, I love thee well,
I love thee better than tongue can tell,
I love thee well tho' I dare not show it,
My dearest dear, let no man know it.

I wish I were a black-bird or thrush,
Singing my notes from bush to bush ;
That all the world might plainly see,
I lov'd a man, and he lov'd not me.

Or was I but a little fly,
In my love's bosom then would I lie,
When all the world was fast asleep,
In my love's bosom then would I creep.

My love he came late in the night,
Seeking for his sweet-hearts delight ;
He ran up stairs, the door he broke,
And found his love all in a rope.

Then he went up and cut her down,
And in her bosom a note was found,
Wrote in shining letters so bright,
Enough a mortal's heart to break.

“ Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
And cover it with a marble stone ;
And in the middle a turtle dove,
To show the world that I dy'd for love.

'Tis not for gold that I lie here,
Nor yet for jewels, know my dear ;
But it is for that sweet Irish boy,
That has caused my sad destiny.

T H E A N S W E R .

A 'Squire's daughter near Auchnacloy,
 Fell in love with a servant boy,
 And when her father came to hear,
 He separated her from her dear.

Now all for to encrease her pain,
 He sent her true love to the main ;
 To act the part of a jovial tar,
 On board the terrible man of war.

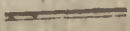
He had not been two months at sea,
 Before he fell in a bloody fray ;
 It was this young man's lot to fall,
 And lose his life by a cannon ball.

The very night that he was slain,
 His Ghost unto her father came,
 With dismal groans at the bedside stood,
 Neck and breast all besmear'd with blood.

Her father seeing this strange sight,
 It very sore did him affright,
 It was so dark, and look'd so grim,
 It made him tremble in every limb.

That day three weeks his love did hear,
 What happened to her dearest dear ;
 That very night on a beam of oak,
 She hung herself in her bed-rope.

Her father hearing of the sad news,
greatly then did him confuse ;
He wrung his hands and tore his hair,
Crying, Now, alas ! I'm in despair.



CYNTHIA'S PERPLEXITY.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over,
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover ;
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Prishee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
Then too late, desire will find you,
When the power must forsake you.
Think upon the sad condition
To be past, yet wish fruition.



THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY.

TUNE.—' How sweet the Love.'

I AM a Sailor and home I write,
And in the seas took great delight,

The female sex I did beguile.
At length two were by me with child.

I promis'd to be true to both,
And bound myself under an oath,
To marry them if I had life,
And one of them I made my wife.

The other being left alone,
Crying, Ye've done a wicked thing,
By me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring.

Then to a silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent,
And soon she finish'd up the strife,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hung herself upon a tree,
Two men a hunting did her see ;
Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
Which made the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found ;
This note was written out at large,
Bury me not I do you charge ;

But on the ground her let me ly,
For ev'ry one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows e'er too late,

As he is false, I do protest,
That he on earth shall find no rest;
And it is said, she plagu'd him so,
That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the main-mast high,
A little boat he did espy
In it there was a Ghost grim,
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes,
To the Captain, his mind to disclose,
Here is a Spirit coming hence,
O Captain stand in my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost;
Captain, said she, you must and can,
With speed help me to such a man,

In St. Helens this young man died,
And in St. Helens is his body laid:
Captain, said she, Do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence:
Will cause you and your
And leave you sleep

From the
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On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd,
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once but I have you now.

For to perserve both ship and men.
Into the boat they forced him ;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you that know what to love belong,
Now you have heard my mourning song,
Be true to one whatever your mind,
And don't delude poor woman-kind.

FINIS

For e.
That they by me ..
And see what follows e'er too ..