

T H E
R A M B L I N G B O Y
W I T H T H E
A N S W E R .

To which are added,

T H E G A L L A N T S A I L O R .
T h e n e w w a y o f A D M I R A L B E N B O W .
C Y N T H I A ' S P E R P L E X I T Y .



G L A S G O W,
Printed by J & M. ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1799.

THE RAMBLING BOY.

I Am a rake and a rambling boy,
 I'm lately come from Auchnacloy;
 A rambling boy although 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 love 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 though 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.

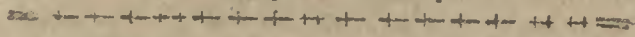
Or was I but a silly fly,
In my love's botom then would I lie,
When all the world was fast asleep,
In my love's bosom then would I creep.

My love he came late in the night,
Seeking for his sweet-heart's 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 ly here,
Nor yet for jewels, know my dear;
But it is for that sweet Irish boy,
That has caused my sad destiny.”



ANSWER TO THE RAMBLING BOY.

A 'Squire's daughter near Auchnacloy,
Fell in love with a servant boy,
And when her father came to hear,
He seperated 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 gallant tar,
On board the terrible man of war.

He had not been two months at sea,
B-fore 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 looked so grim,
It made him tremble in every limb.

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

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

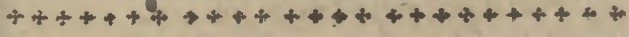
THE GALLANT SAILOR.

Farewel my dear and gallant sailor,
since you and I must parted be ;
If you prove constant without failing,
I will still prove the same to thee.

May the winds and waves direct you,
 to the willful port designed ;
 Though you leave me, do not grieve me,
 let your love be as true as mine.
 For all my father he proves cruel,
 you to sea must go once more :
 With true love I will requite you,
 none but you I do adore.

Frightful dreams doth oft affright me,
 when on my bed I slumb'ring lie ;
 Dreadful horrors doth surprize me,
 when I dream you're cast away.
 Then I'm started, and wake surprized,
 wishing that you were in my arms,
 I would caress you, and embrace you,
 for to free you from all harms.

Sometimes my dear, in fatal battle,
 my thoughts give me that you're slain,
 So then there's nothing that can ease me,
 but my sailor's return again.



The New Way of ADMIRAL BENBOW.

COME all you seamen bold,
 Lend an ear, lend an ear,
 Come all you seamen bold lend an ear,
 'Tis of our Admiral's fame,
 Brave Benbow call'd by name,
 How he fought on the main
 You shall hear, you shall hear,
 How he fought on the main, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail,
 For to fight, for to fight,
 Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight,
 Brave Benbow he set sail.

With a sweet and pleasant gale,
 But his Captains they turned tail,
 In a fright, in a fright,
 But his Captains they turned tail, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wood,
 I will run, I will run,
 Says Kirby unto Wood, I will run,
 I value no disgrace,
 Nor the losing of my place,
 For mine en'mies I'll not face,
 With a gun, with a gun,
 For mine en'mies I'll not face with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark,
 Fought the French, fought the French,
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark fought the
 French,

For there were ten in all,
 Poor souls they fought them all,
 They valued them not at all,
 Would not flinch, would not flinch,
 They valued them not at all, would not flinch.

Hard fortune that it was,
 By chain-shot, by chain-shot
 Hard fortune that it was, by chain-shot,
 Our Admiral lost his leg,
 And of his men did beg,

ight on my boys, he said.
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot,
 ight on my British boys, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
 How he cry'd, how he cry'd,
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, how he
 Let my cradle now in haste, (cry'd,
 In the quarter-deck he plac'd,
 That mine en'mies I may face,
 Till I die. till I die,
 That mine en'mies I may face, till I die.

And there brave Benbow lay,
 Crying out boys, crying out boys,
 And there brave Benbow lay, crying out boys,
 Let's tack about once more,
 We'll drive them all on shore,
 We value not half a score,
 Nor their noise, nor their noise,
 We value not half a score, nor their noise.

Unsupported thus he fought,
 Nor would run, nor would run,
 Unsupported thus he fought, nor would run,
 Till his ship was a mere wreck,
 And no one would him back,
 For the other would not slack,
 To fire a gun, to fire a gun,
 For the other would not slack to fire a gun.
 For Jamaica then at last,
 He set sail, he set sail,
 For Jamaica then at last, he set sail,

Where Wentworth he did try,
 Those Cowards that did fly,
 And from the French in fright,
 Turned tail, turned tail,
 And from the French in fright, turned tail
 And those found most to blame,
 They were shot, they were shot,
 And those found most to blame, they were
 Brave Benbow then at last, (shot
 For grief of what was past,
 In a fever dy'd at last.
 By hard lot, by hard lot.
 In a fever dy'd at last, by hard lot.

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.
 Prithee, 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.