

THE
DRUNKEN TAR
Of Sunderland,
AND
The Sweet Irish Girl.



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THE
DRUNKEN TAR OF SUNDERLAND.

Ye jolly Sailors, brisk and brave,
that bring home wealth and treasure,
When ye get store of shining gold,
you will have joy and pleasure!
Your landlord and your landlady
will strive for to delight you,
But if they drain away your gold,
O dear how they will slight you!

Jack being sick, and treasure gone;
his landlady did seold him,
And when he call'd for meat or drink,
she scornfully refus'd him.
He being sick, and likewise drunk,
to the Cobler's stall he mounted;
And being turned out of doors,
he sleep'd, he snor'd, he gaunted;

Which made all those that pass'd by,
to wonder what he wanted!
Among the rest, a noble Lord's
young, charming, lovely daughter,
Who stood at her own father's gate,
conversing with her lover.
The Sailor then he did awake,
and did their plot discover,

It was that she would let him in,
 when all were fast sleeping,
 And that he should precisely come
 when one o'clock was striking :
 And then said he, I will be gone,
 one kiss, and then I'll leave thee.
 But sure, my heart, the sailor thought,
 in that I will deceive you.

The sailor went unto a pump,
 and wash'd himself all over;
 For fear of any smell of tar
 the Lady should discover.
 The hour of one was drawing nigh,
 he went unto her chamber,
 She let him in all in the dark,
 that put her in some danger.

She soon perceived this her love
 to ly within her arms ;
 To bed they went, and by consent
 he ris'd all her charms !
 Then soon at length the 'Squire he came,
 and whistled at the casement ;
 O love ! said she, who can this be ?
 I'm fill'd with amazement !

I'm sure, said she, the drunken Tar
 has really overheard us,
 And by his silly sottish noise,
 he doth design to scare us :

But if the chamber-pot be here,
 said Jack, in it will ease me,
 And I will soon convoy him home,
 who doth design to scare me.

The sailor did as he propos'd,
 and to the window hasted,
 The 'Squire he was looking up,
 thinking to be feasted:
 But all the joys that love could yield,
 then straight the sailor pours
 The pot upon his hat and cloaths,
 which made him curse his hours!

He stap'd his sword into the wall,
 and swore, if she were nigh him,
 He would prevent her any more
 to mock, or scold, or jeer him.
 The sailor went to bed again,
 and sported with his Lady;
 But when day-light it did appear,
 and time for to make ready,

His nasty, dirty, tarry rags
 all in the room she spied:
 O love! said she, what rags are these?
 They're mine, then Jack replied.
 O who art thou? the Lady cried.
 Said he, I am the sailor;
 Can be as fine as any Lord,
 if you'll employ the tailor.

She wrung her hands, and wept a while,
 at length she cried, My jewel,
 You have my heart in love beguil'd,
 and yet you can be cruel:
 Here take this gold, love, chains and rings,
 my dear I shall befriend you;
 Come get yourself both fine and gay,
 get servants to attend you:

Foot-men dress'd in rich livery,
 appear in state and grandeur,
 Among the rest of noble Lords;
 pay visits to my father.
 In public balls and assemblies,
 they were by all admired;
 And meeting with his Lady gay,
 one boon of her required,

For to wait upon him that night,
 to that she soon consented.
 Her father kindly him receiv'd,
 and highly complimented,
 Intreating him to stay a while,
 and take a small collation.
 One game of Cards the Lady play'd,
 for a recreation.

While at the game, the Lady sue,
 a looking-glass prepared,
 Behind her father's shoulders so,
 the Cards were all perceived.

The sailor wan five thousand pounds,
 at which her father fretted ;
 The more he lost, the more he wan,
 the more and more he betted.

A coach and horses, houses and land,
 this sailor bold obtained.

Which griey'd her father very much,
 and at his lot exclaimed !

For with a sorry heart he shook,
 and cried, I am undone, sir !

○ no, you have a jewel yet,
 worth all that I have won, sir ;

I mean your lovely daughter fair,
 (at which her father smiled)

Against her I'll lay all I've won.

It's done, the Lord replied.

The sailor won the Lady too,
 and by consent was married ;

And while the aged Lord did live,
 with him he dwell'd and tarried :

And when he did, they were possess'd
 of all his wealth and treasure ;

And now the jolly Sailor's blest
 with plenty, joy and pleasure.

THE IRISH GIRL.

Abroad as I was walking,
 down by a river-side,
 In gazing all around me,
 an Irish girl I spy'd
 So red and rosy were her cheeks,
 and yellow was her hair,
 And so costly were the robes
 that this Irish girl did wear.

The tears ran down her rosy cheeks,
 and she began to cry,
 O ye false deluding men,
 and full of perjury!
 Now I may sing O Gramaebree,
 since now for him I die;
 My love is gone to Ireland,
 and quite forsaken me.

One night as I lay on my bed,
 both sick and bad was I,
 I called for a napkin
 around my head to tie;
 Was he as bad in love perhaps,
 when I might mend again
 For love it is a killing thing,
 did you ever feel the pain?

For in true love she is more fair
 than the lilly that grows.
 And she hath a voice more clear
 than the high wind that blows;

She's the primrose of this country,
 like Venus in her air ;
 Let her go where she will,
 she is my joy and dear.

My love will not come near me,
 for all the moan I make ;
 And neither will she come, if
 my poor heart it should break ;
 Tho' she were born of noble blood,
 and I of low degree.
 She might bear my lamentation,
 and come and pity me.

But be it so, or be it not,
 I'll take her at my chance ;
 The first time I saw my love,
 she struck me in a trance !
 Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes
 bath so bewitched me,
 If I was king of Ireland
 queen of it she should be.

I wish I was some valiant man,
 set on a pleasant bench,
 And ev'ry lad a bottle of wine,
 and on his knee a wench ;
 We would call for liquor merrily,
 and pay before we go ;
 And range thro' the groves,
 let the wind blow high or low.

F I N I S,