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THE

# Fortunate Sailor,

AND THE

# Farmer's Daughter,

IN THE

COUNTY OF KENT.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THREE PARTS.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1821.

FORTUNATE SAILOR.

A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter,  
 whose living was in the wild of Kent,  
 But mark, I pray you, what follow'd after,  
 he waited long or she gave consent:  
 With constant courting, and still reporting,  
 great things concerning the ocean wide;  
 Said he, My sweeting, at this blest'd meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

I must acknowledge I do adore thee,  
 with all the tender respects of love;  
 None ever conquer'd my heart before thee,  
 whom I admire and prize above.  
 Then richest jewel, O be not cruel;  
 but lay thine angry frowns aside;  
 And my dear sweeting, at this blest d meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

Said she, A Sailor I don't admire,  
 because they travel to foreign parts,  
 The more their company we desire,  
 the more they leave us with aching hearts,  
 And we lament with sad vexation;  
 therefore I pray now be satisfy'd:  
 Parting would grieve me, therefore believe me,  
 I am not willing to be your Bride.

Be not disturbed at the vain notions,  
 for I'll not often afflict thee so;  
 Once more I reckon to sail the ocean,  
 because my love I'm oblig'd to go

To serve the nation in this my station,  
 the which ere long I will lay aside:  
 Therefore, my sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

After the death of my loving mother,  
 I shall be bless'd with a good estate,  
 And thee, my jewel, above all other,  
 I have made choice of, to be my mate:  
 Let me but gain thee, and I'll maintain thee;  
 with peace and pleasure on every side:  
 Therefore, my sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

Although I seem like a private Sailor,  
 yet ne'ertheless I declare to thee.  
 My Father : c was a Merchant-Taylor,  
 and left me seven score pounds by year:  
 A fair beginning, silk, lace, fine linen,  
 for thee, my jewel, I will provide:  
 Therefore, my sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

When once I come to the full possession  
 of my inheritance, never fear,  
 But I'll account it the best discretion  
 to stay at home and enjoy my dear,  
 With peace and pleasure, in midst of treasure,  
 taking my leave of the ocean wide:  
 Therefore, my sweeting, at this bless'd meeting,  
 Oh! give consent for to be my Bride.

When he had told her this pleasant story,  
 she had no power to say him nay;  
 Thinking herself in the highest glory,  
 unto the Sailor she thus did say,

Thou'st gain'd my favour and love for ever,  
 therefore, my dear, be satisfy'd,  
 As thou art loyal, no more denial,  
 for I am willing to be thy Bride.

Said he, My promise shall not be broken,  
 so long as I have a day to live;  
 And take this ring as a faithful token,  
 which as a token of love I give:  
 I'll wed thee fairly and love thee dearly,  
 when I return from the ocean wide  
 To thee, dear sweeting, at this bless'd meeting  
 thou'st giv'n consent for to be my Brde.

PART II.

Unto his Mother it was reported,  
 before he ever could get on board,  
 That he the Farmer's Daughter courted,  
 whose friends and parents could not afford  
 To give a portion—at this strange notion  
 his Mother to him in a passion run,  
 And cry'd, Forsake her, if your wife you make her,  
 I'll never own you to be my Son.

What! will you take one with ne'er a penny,  
 a Farmer's Daughter, as I am told,  
 When here you may have a choice of many,  
 with birth and breeding, and store of gold,  
 In London city?—Methinks 'tis pity  
 that this my wealth should to ruin run:  
 I pray forsake her, if your wife you make her,  
 I'll never own you to be my Son.

There's mistress Susan, of charming beauty,  
 who has five hundred pounds I know;

I charge you therefore, upon your duty,  
 that you to her a-wooing go;  
 Pray please your Mother, and quit the other;  
 Why should your treasure to ruin run?  
 Be sure forsake her—if your wife you make her,  
 I'll never own you to be my Son.

You may have Nancy, Sir William's cousin,  
 a wealthy damsel, of beauty bright:  
 Nay, I could mention at least a dozen,  
 who in your company take delight:  
 Can these not please you?—Dier madness seize you?  
 What! are you willing to be undone?  
 I pray forsake her, if your wife you make her,  
 I'll never own you to be my Son.

What makes you in such a passion, Mother?  
 I must needs tell you you're come too late:  
 I love my jewel above all other  
 whom you can mention, though ne'er so great;  
 For she's my honey, a fig for money,  
 she has my love and affection won:  
 I'll ne'er forsake her, but my wife I'll make her,  
 though you disown me to be your Son.

I ever honour'd my tender Parents,  
 and that I hope I can fairly prove;  
 Why should you threaten to be at variance,  
 because I marry the girl I love?  
 Although you beat me, abhor, and hate me,  
 I'll finish what is so well begun;  
 I'll ne'er forsake her, but my wife I'll make her,  
 though you disown me to be your Son.

Fair youthful beauty is often winning,  
 and men's fond hearts are soon betray'd;

Dear Mother, think of your own beginning,  
 my Father took you a servant maid:  
 Then don't despise her, I mean to raise her,  
 as my Father to you hath done;  
 I'll ne'er forsake her; but my wife I'll make her,  
 though you disown me to be your Son.

These eight long years I have sail'd the ocean,  
 and then for love I to her did go;  
 I ne'er enquired about a portion,  
 she may have money for ought I know:  
 But have or have not. now she is my lot,  
 I joy to think that her love I've won;  
 I'll ne'er forsake her, but my wife I'll make her,  
 though you disown me to be your Son.

The Farmer's Daughter I have been courting,  
 though I should marry her out of hand,  
 You cannot hinder me of my fortune,  
 as being heir to my Father's land:  
 When I that blessing shall be possessing,  
 I'll never travel as I have done;  
 With her I'll tarry, whom I would marry,  
 till the last sand of my glass is run.

The Sailor's mother like one distracted,  
 she smote her breast, and her hair she tore,  
 Saying, Since he had such love contracted,  
 she'd never come in his presence more.  
 He cry'd, Dear Mother; your passion smother,  
 for I cannot from my promise run:  
 I'll ne'er forsake her, but my wife I'll make her,  
 though you disown me to be your son.

## PART III.

The Farmer hearing of this confusion,  
 and that his Daughter was flighted so  
 By his harsh Mother, then, in conclusion,  
 he let the jolly Sailor know,  
 That if he d tarry at home and marry,  
 a spacious farm he would give him free,  
 For plowing, sowing, for reaping and mowing,  
 he had no child in the world but she.

The noble Sailor soon consented,  
 to quit the trouble of the ocean wide:  
 His friends and he they were well contented,  
 they would in pomp to his Mother ride:  
 With their gay attire, like Knights and Squires,  
 they made a splendid-tearing show,  
 He told his Mother he had brought another,  
 the Farmer's Daughter she did not know.

Amongst a million of charming faces,  
 the like of her's you d scarce behold;  
 Her garb was fatten, with costly laces,  
 and round her neck a fine chain of gold  
 Transparent beauty! my Son, thy duty,  
 thou hast observ'd now I must say;  
 Still as she view'd her, she did conclude her,  
 to be no less than a Lady gay.

Next day thereafter they were married,  
 his Mother said with a cheerful voice,  
 I'm glad all things are so fairly carried,  
 I never lik'd your Farmer's choice:

'Twould been our ruin, and sad undoing,  
 if thou had took her, I'm bold to say:  
 Come love and treasure. bring joy and pleasure,  
 I'm glad you've married a Lady gay.

With that the jolly Farmer told her,  
 this Lady sprung from the painful plow,  
 Although, said he, in fi k you behold her,  
 then what can you say against her now?  
 Pray cause no fraction, nor make distraction,  
 but love them both as they can agree;  
 And do not harm her, for I'm a Farmer,  
 and have no child in the world but she.

That very minute, upon the table,  
 out of his bag he was pleas'd to pour  
 Two hundred guineas, and said, I'm able  
 to give my Daughter as many more.  
 This pleas'd his Mother above all other,  
 who said, I'm glad the knot is ty'd;  
 When first he sought her, I never thought her  
 to be so beautiful a Bride.

Then there was nothing but joy between them,  
 the music play'd a most pleasant sound!  
 You would have laugh'd if you had seen them,  
 the old wife trotted the Cheshire round.  
 The Farmer's treasure brought peace and pleasure,  
 all grief and sorrow bid adi:u:  
 His Mother kiss'd her, and often bless'd her.  
 You see what silver and gold can do.

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