

THE
Distracted Sailor!

The Maid's Lament,

For her Drown'd Lover.

The Young Man's Wish!

The Perplex'd Virgin.



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DISTRRACTED SAILOR.

O how pleafant are young lovers,
 when their courtfhip firft begin!
 And their faces oft difcover
 the great pleasures they are in.
 When they feem to like each other,
 hand in hand thefe lovers move;
 What fweet kisses they do smother,
 when they prattle tales of love!

Just fo Billy, the Sailor, courted
 Molly, and fhe was mott kind;
 For they oft had kifs'd and sported,
 and both perfuaded were in mind:
 She confented for to have him,
 he made vows to her again
 He would wed, if fhe'd not leave him,
 when he did return from Spain.

Then a piece of gold was braken,
 and each other took a part;
 And by her thefe words were fpeken,
 Billy thou haft won my heart!
 May the heavens blefs you thither,
 and your fafe return again,
 Molly's your's alone for ever,
 when you do return from Spain.

Arm in arm they kiss'd each other,
 and repeated vows did make,
 Ever to love one-another;
 but said Bill, my heart doth ach,
 Lest in absence you should leave me,
 then my heart would burst in twain.
 Curse on Moll, if I deceive thee,
 but stay till thou dost come from Spain,

Bill a golden locket gave her,
 and begg'd of her to be true:
 Moll reply'd, as I'm a sinner,
 I will ne'er be false to you.
 Then they parted with eyes weeping,
 and he sail'd away for Spain.
 For two years he had been missing,
 but is now return'd again.

Several letters he had sent her,
 from Portugal and the Spanish shore,
 With tokens hoping would content her,
 until to England he came o'er,
 But no answer he received,
 till with Admiral Leake he came,
 Then his heart was sorely grieved,
 O that I had staid in Spain!

For he found his Molly marry'd,
 then he curst false lovers all,
 Since his Molly now was carry'd,
 by her husband, to Blackwall.

He cries out now in vexation,
 Now some new found land I'll find,
 There wild beasts have more compassion
 than deluding women-kind.

But, alas! he's sore tormented,
 and cries out, I am undone!
 For my soul is discontented,
 and I shall distracted run!
 Molly's false and has deceiv'd me,
 O ye furies! why do you stay?
 Of my torments soon relieve me!
 take my wretched life away!

Now he rends his cloaths asunder,
 and is into distraction run:
 To Bedlam now, for safety,
 this distracted Sailor's gone;
 There in links of iron chained,
 and in straw, alone doth lie,
 Against Molly he exclaimeth,
 for her wicked perjury.

Day and night his chains he rattles,
 as if Bedlam he would pull down!
 Come brave Sailors, think of battle,
 and of storming Spanish Town!
 Holloa! you sir, Bedlam's porter,
 bring forth Molly here again,
 I will ram her in a mortar,
 and will shoot her into Spain.

THE YOUNG MAID'S LAMENT

FOR HER BROWN'S LOVER.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
 with hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 all on a rock reclin'd;
 Wide o'er the roaring billows
 she cast a wishful look,
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 that trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 and nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 and let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled nation
 to that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
 views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 to losing of my dear?
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 but none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 has nothing made in vain?
 Why then beneath the water
 des hideous rocks remain?
 No eye these rocks discover,
 that lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 and leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 thus wait'd she for her dear;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 each billow with a tear;
 When o'er the white waves stooping;
 his floating corps she spy'd;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 she bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.

FREE from the bustle of care and strife,
 Of this short variagated life,
 O let me spend my days
 In rural sweetness with a friend,
 To whom my mind I may unbend,
 Nor censure heed, nor praise.

Riches bring cares, I ask not wealth,
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great.

'Tis these alone can make me blest,
 The riches take of east and west,
 I claim not these, or state.

Tho' not extravagant, or near,
 But thro' the well-spent chequer'd year
 I'd have enough to live;
 To drink a bottle with a friend,
 Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish to sweeten life,
 A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,
 Young, sensible and fair;
 One who could love but me alone,
 Prefer my cot before a throne,
 And soothe my every care.

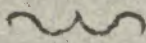
Thus happy with my wife and friend,
 My life I chearfully would spend,
 With no vain thoughts oppress'd:
 If Heaven has bliss for me in store,
 O grant me this, I ask no more,
 And I am truly blest.

THE PERPLEXED VIRGIN.

YOURS Colin to our cottage came,
 and vow'd how much he lov'd ;
 I own I felt a secret flame,
 yet not his vows approv'd ;
 A thousand tender tales he told,
 I thought seem'd untrac,
 Made me believe my heart was cold,
 What could a Virgin do ?

The artless maid is soon impress'd
 with thoughts before unknown :
 When Cupid wounds the female breast,
 he's sure to keep his throne.
 In vain our fortitude we try,
 Fortune says it must be so ;
 'Tis bold through pity to comply,
 What can a Virgin do ?

F I N I S.



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