

T H E

VALIANT DAMSEL,

A N D

The Flowers of Strathblain;

W I T H

The Parson's Daughter,

L I K E W I S E

THE DUBLIN BAKER.



Entered according to Order.

## The Valiant Damsel.

**C**OME all you pretty maiden's,  
 that's plac'd in Cupid's chain,  
 It's of a brisk young damsel,  
 was sporting on the plain,  
 It was with her true-love Will;  
 as she did sport and play,  
 Till the press-gang overtook there,  
 and press'd her love away.  
 With sighs and tears she mourned,  
 she wrang and tore her hair,  
 Crying I'm undone for evermore.  
 for the losing of my dear,  
 I wish the French may kill them,  
 that press'd my love away,  
 And send their bodies sinking  
 for ever on the sea.  
 She dress'd her self much like a duke,  
 with a star upon her breast,  
 Swore she would kill the captain  
 if he did her molest,  
 Her life she boldly ventur'd,  
 for her true love so brave,  
 Resolved she would be his wife,  
 or the seas should be her grave,  
 But when she came up to them  
 before they sail'd away,  
 She called for the captain,  
 and bade him for to stay,

When she saw her on true love,  
 she took him by the hand,  
 She says, this was my servant,  
 and him I do demand,  
 He has robb'd me of my store,  
 I'll try him for his life,  
 She's venture'd life and fortune  
 all for to be his wife,  
 When she got him safe on shore,  
 she handed him along,  
 She said now I'll confine you,  
 Into a prison strong.  
 The young man begg'd for liberty,  
 for to plow the seas,  
 For I know I never robb'd,  
 a man in all my days,  
 When she got him safe on shore,  
 she sat down in a shade,  
 And she began to ask him,  
 If he knew such a maid,  
 His eyes began to flow with tears,  
 at hearing of the name,  
 My dear said she don't troubled be  
 for surely I'm the same,  
 The officers stood cap in hand,  
 this noble duke to see,

xpecting that she was,  
 their commander for to be,  
 With everlasting pleasures  
 they fell into each others arms,  
 With everlasting pleasures,  
 they riss'd each others charms,  
 Now they are married,  
 without care or strife,  
 She ventur'd life and fortune,  
 all for to be his wife.

The Flower of Strathblain.

Farewell my dear comarade since you are all gone ;  
 for here I must stay and make my sad moan,  
 You'r all gone to travel, but here I'll remain,  
 and sigh, moan and griye in place call'd Strath-  
 blain.

But there is one thing that's wounded my heart,  
 a beautiful Lady I'm struck with her deart,  
 I'm wounded so foar, I cannot reveal,  
 and I'm fear'd this fair creature will be my down  
 fall.

The first time I saw her I thought her so fine,  
 and for to embrace her my heart did inclin ;  
 She always proved scornfull and showed me deldain,  
 She's the fairest of creatures, and the flower of  
 Strathblain.

But as for her head dress ther's few can compare,  
 with the finest of hollands and cambricks so rair,  
 Her bonny black hair it hings dandly down,  
 over her broad shoulders. and soft as the downs,  
 Her checks are like chirreys, and as for her eyes,

they sparkle like diamonds or stars in the skys,  
 Her pretty nett carriage is very complite,  
 and her lips are like rubbies, and her kisses sweet.  
 Her neet leg and foot, it trips over the plain,  
 it wounds every young man that beholds the same,  
 Her pretty neet body and likeways it's small,  
 she's mild and she's modest and comley with all.  
 But as for her person I do not mind that,  
 she has portion enough she has beauty and witt,  
 She's a charming fine creature what can I say more,  
 there's none in this world but her I adore.  
 But because I'm a stranger she will no pity take,  
 and here I must languish and die for her sake,  
 I'm a journey-man Waver and that is my tread ;  
 and here I must languish and die for this maid.  
 But now I'll take courage and cross over the main,  
 perhaps longer absence her favour may gain,  
 And that if I chance to see Scotland again,  
 I'll come back and visit the flower of Stratblain.

### The Parson's Daughter.

**T** Here was a parson's daughter,  
 some ca's her Jenny Bell,  
 She takes a start into the dark,  
 but alas she durst not tell,  
 She takes a start into the dark,  
 and ay so prettily,  
 Till once she was discovered,  
 by the youngest of the three,  
 She cry'd her back and both her sides,  
 alas, what shall I do.  
 I've ta'n a pain unto my brck,  
 my trouble will not hide,

Yet said my dear I fear you'll die,  
 your belly's like a drum,  
 Go now get her a doctor,  
 And for him seedly run.  
 That I may know the matter,  
 what with my daughter is.  
 The doctor smil'd and thus reply'd,  
 goodwife I have a guess,  
 Said he fair maid be no a fraid,  
 I hope you'll soon be well,  
 O what's the matter dear doctor,  
 the truth come to me tell,  
 O what's the matter say's the wife,  
 come tell me if you can,  
 The doctor laugh'd and shook his head,  
 she's lain near too a man  
 Hold your tongue her mother says,  
 I'm sure she's none of those,  
 But a chalice she has got,  
 It's that I do suppose.  
 When the baby it was born,  
 and drest so very fine,  
 How this lassie she cry'd out,  
 this child is none of mine.  
 Hold your tongue her mother says,  
 you deave me with your speaking,  
 I never knew a man in all my life,  
 It's been when I've been sleeping,  
 Sing hay the sleepy maiden,  
 so modest and so meek,

Likewise my belly is so pain'd  
 it's like to be my dead,  
 Her mother wrung her hands,  
 and it is but a weed.  
 How she lost her maidenhead,  
 when she was fast asleep,  
 For she was a maiden,  
 and then she was a mother,  
 She wou'd not meet with this mistake,  
 If she had kept her legs together.

### The Dublin Baker.

IN Reformation I was bred an I-born  
 In Stephen's green I died in scorn;  
 In Dublin I learn'd the baking trade,  
 Where I was called a sweet roving blade.

I took to me a handsome wife,  
 I lov'd her dear as I did my life,  
 And to maintain her fine and gay,  
 f all the world for it should pay.

I went to London both brisk and gay,  
 pending my time amongst balls & plays  
 Until my cash it did grow low,  
 o the highways I was forc'd to go.

I often-times used to resort,  
 on Hounslowheath and St. James's park  
 Where I robb'd lords and ladies bright,  
 ve hundred pounds I got that night.

I robb'd Lord Mornington I do declare  
 and Lady Napton in morning square,

I wish'd them good night and sat down  
to cheir; . . . (dear,

whack'd the spoil with my comrad

O then for Dublin I bore away,  
To my dear wife so fine and gay,  
Till old Fielding did me pursue,  
Taken I was by his bloody crew.

Then I was brought to the justice hall,  
Where I did stand before great and small  
Then Sir John Bigwell did me commit,  
And straight to Newgate I was sent.

Had I taken my friends advice,  
And left of thieving cards, and dice,  
But I robb'd the rich and did bestow,  
I gave to those that was poor and low:

My friends they all do pity me,  
My wife she weeps continually,  
She wrings her hands and tears her hair,  
Saying I must go I know not where.

When I am cast and going to die,  
Three's many fair maids for me will cry,  
Their sighs and tears will not save me,  
Nor save me from the fatal tree.

When I am dead and in the grave,  
Six gallant whores let me have ;  
Six gallant whores to bear my pall,  
Give them white gowns and pink ribons

Six jolly scamps on every side, (all  
Give them six swords and pistols bright,  
That they may say when I'm in grave,  
There lies a wild and a rambling blade