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The Famous Battle between
CAPTAIN WARD
AND
The Rainbow,
MAGGY LAUDER,
AND
The Beggar Girl.



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Captain Ward and the Rainbow.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,
that live by tuck of drum,
I'll tell you of a rank robber,
now on the seas is come.

His name is called Captain Ward,
as you the truth shall hear,
There has not been such a robber,
this hundred and fifty year.

He wrote a letter to our king,
on the fifth of January,
To see if he would take him in,
and all his company.

To see if he would accept of him,
and all his jolly sailor's bold,
And for a ransom he would give,
two thousand pounds in gold.

First he beguil'd the wild Turk,
and then the king of Spain,
Pray how can he prove true to us,
when he prov'd false to them.

O no, O no, then said the king,
for no such things can be,

For he has been a rank robber,
and a robber on the sea.

O then, says Captain Ward my boys,
let's put to sea again,
And see what prizes we can find
on the coast of France and Spain.

Then we espied a lofty ship,
a sailing from the west,
She was loaded with silks and sattins,
and cambrics of the best.

Then bore we up to her straightway,
they thinking no such thing;
We robb'd them of their merchandise,
and bade them tell their king.

Now when our king did hear of this,
his heart was griev'd full sore,
To think his ships could not get pass'd,
as they had done before.

Then he caus'd build a worthy ship,
and a worthy ship of fame,
And the Rainbow was she called,
and the Rainbow was her name.

He rigged her and freighted her,
and sent her to the sea,

With two hundred and fifty mariners,
to bear her company.

They sailed east, they sailed west,
but nothing could espy,
Untill they came to the very spot,
where Captain Ward did lie.

Who is the owner of this ship?
the Rainbow then did cry;
O here am I, said Captain Ward,
let no man me deny.

What brought you here you cowardly dog?
you ugly wanton thief,
What makes you lie at anchor,
and keep our king in grief.

You lie, you lie, said Captain Ward,
so well as I hear you lie,
I never robb'd an Englishman,
an Englishman but three.

As for the worthy Scotsmen,
I love them as mine own,
My chief delight is for to pull
the Franch and Spaniards down

Why sayest thou so, thou bold robber,
we'll soon humble thy pride,

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With that the gallant Rainbow,
gave Ward a broadside.

Full fifty good brass cannons,
well charg'd on every side,
And then they fired their great guns,
and gave Ward a broadside.

Fire on, fire on, says Capt^{ain} Ward,
I value you not a pin;
If you be brass on the outside,
I'm as good steel within.

They fought from eight in the morning,
till eight o'clock at night,
Till once the gallant Rainbow,
began to take her flight.

Go home, go home, says Captain Ward,
and tell your king from me,
If he reigns king on dry land,
I will reign king at sea.

With that the gallant Rainbow,
she shot and shot in vain,
Then left the Rover's company,
and home returned again.

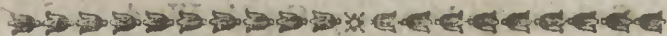
Tell our royal king of England,
his ship's returned again,

For captain Ward he is too strong,
he never will be ta'en,

O everlasting shame, said the king,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the sea,
and brought proud Ward to me.

The first was brave Lord Clifford,
great Earl of Cumberland,
The second was my Lord Mountjoy,
as you shall understand;

The third was brave Lord Essex,
from field would never flee,
Who would have gone unto the sea,
and brought proud Ward to me.



MAGGY LAUDER.

Wha wadna be in love
wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Eife,
an' spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
begone, you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
my name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, an' by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 in troth I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 my name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 when I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, ha'e you your bags,
 or is your drone in order;
 If you be Rob I've heard of you,
 live you upon the border?
 The lasses a' baith far an' near,
 ha'e heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 'about the drone he twisted;
 Meg up an' wallop'd o'er the green,
 for brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
 weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 when I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 since we lost Habby Simpson.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid an' wife,
 these ten years an' a quarter;
 Gin ye shou'd come to Anster fair,
 speer ye for Maggy Lauder.



THE BEGGAR GIRL.

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
 Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;
 My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
 And she grieves for the days that will never return.

Pity kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,
 Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
 Give me some food for my mother in charity,
 Give me some food and I will be gone.

FINIS.