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A Collection of

POPULAR SONGS :

VIZ.

- The jolly sailor,
- Betsy Taylor's lamentation,
- The hen-peck'd husband,
- The gallant sailor.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A LADY born of birth and fame,
To Greenwich town for pleasure came,
Where she a sailor did behold,
Both tall and trim, of courage bold.

She view'd him with her lovely eyes,
Her heart was fill'd with great surprise,
For he was handsome tall and trim,
This lady fell in love with him.

Her chief care was to let him know,
How she did love this sailor so ;
And as they met upon a day,
She to the Sailor thus did say.

I understand you have no wife,
What makes you lead a single life ?
The Sailor thus to her reply'd,
I for myself can scarce provide.

And if I had a family,
Their wants I could not well supply ;
Besides Lady, there's one thing more,
Was I to go where cannons roar.

And if my mischance should be,
There's no one left to mourn for me,

This is a sad argument, she said.
Many a lady would be glad

Of such a brisk young man as you,
I'd have you bid the sea adieu,
You are welcome lady, then said he,
Thus to joke and jest with me.

No, I am serious, sir, she cry'd.
And a match for you I will provide;
She has wit and beauty as you'll find.
I make no doubt she'll please your mind.

She's much like me in each degree,
I wish it were the same, quoth he,
You have your wish, take home your love,
And I'll adore you by all above.

Ten thousand pounds a year she had,
It's enough to quit the ocean wide,
She clothed him that very day,
And they were married straightway.

Straightway after this they went
And lived in the wild of Kent,
He has got a lady for his wife,
Far better than a single life.

He has his servants at his call,
This marriage made him lord of all,
He ne'er will go to the seas more,
For this fair lady does him adore.

BETSY TAYLOR'S LAMENTATION

In Hygate as I now do tell,
One Betsy Taylor there did dwell,
Who was a beauty of renown,
But now her roses are pull'd down.

With Mr. Hooker she did reside,
A young man wish'd her for his bride,
They fix'd upon the wedding day,
But all their joys are fled away.

Her brother was a wicked blade,
This poor young girl he did persuade,
To rob her master, wicked deed!
Which makes her tender heart to bleed.

Two hundred pounds in gold they stole,
Now Christ have mercy on her soul,
For they are ta'en and cast to die,
So in the dreadful cells they lie.

When at the bar this fair maid stood,
The tears ran down just like a flood,
The roses from her cheeks were fled,
She drooped with heart as cold as lead.

When to the bar poor soul was brought,
For mercy on her knees she sought,
The Judge unto her then did cry,
There is no help, for you must die.

When from the bar they did her take,
 With grief her heart was like to break,
 Her sweetheart he was in the court,
 His dearest girl for to support.

When back to prison they did go,
 And they must part. O fatal woe!
 The scene of grief no tongue can tell,
 When she was led into her cell.

With aching heart she now does lie,
 Until the day that she must die,
 When drest in white from top to toe,
 To meet her fate this maid will go.

So maidens now take warning all,
 Reflect upon her wretched fall,
 And when you hear the dead-bell toll,
 Fall on your knees, pray for her soul.

O may her death atonement make,
 Christ her precious soul then take,
 Arm her to meet the fatal blow,
 When she doth sink to shades below.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

Young men and wives I pray attend,
 While I relate my ditty,
 A wife I have, I do declare,
 she's neither handsome, neat or witty.

For better, for worse I took my wife,
 all joys of life with me miscarry'd,
 I oft-times wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
 that to her I had ne'er been marry'd.

On monday morning, ere it is light,
 like a horse then I do labour,
 And when that I come home at night,
 madam's gossiping with each neighbour.

The fire is out, the bed's unmade,
 on her coming home I'm obliged to tarry,
 And when she does, these words she says,
 I'll make you rue you e'er did marry.

I am your wife, your lawful wife,
 to maintain me you must endeavour,
 I call her jewel, dear, and wife,
 but all these loving words won't please her.

Then with a stool she combs my ears,
 my coat to the pawnbroker carries,
 oft-times wish but wish in vain,
 that I had ne'er been marry'd.

On Sunday morning she does begin,
 as soon as e'er her eyes are open,
 Come rise up John, and fetch some gin,
 dear me, I think you're quite provoking.

Your shitten clouts I wash and dry,
 rock the cradle and tend the fire,
 The chamber-pot at me does fly,
 crying, You dog, then take your hire.

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I've got the cholic, fetch more gin in,
whilst I'm gone, then comes young Harry,
My horns to complete is the next thing,
if this is wedlock, then who would marry.

Then I hurry'd back with the gin,
thinking to gain my dear wife's favour,
She calls me her contented buck,
and bids me drink unto my neighbour.

Then from my sight she says, begone;
the Devil take both her and Harry,
It would be well for Easy John,
believe me I never more would marry.

THE GALLANT SAILOR.

Farewell my dear and gallant sailor,
since you and I must parted be;
If you prove constant without failing,
I will still prove the same to thee.

May the winds and waves direct you,
to the wilful port designed,
Though you leave me, do not grieve me,
let your love be as true as mine.

For all my Father he proves cruel,
you to the sea must go once more:
With true love I will requite you,
none but you I do adore.

Frightful dreams doth oft affright me,
 when on my bed I slumb'ring lie ;
 Dreadful horrors doth surprise me,
 when I dream ye're cast away.

Frightful dreams doth oft affright me,
 wishing that you were in my arms,
 I would caress you, and embrace you,
 for to free you from all harms.

Sometimes my dear, in fatal battle,
 my thoughts give me that you are slain,
 So then there's nothing that can ease me,
 but my sailor's return again.

FINIS.