THE

# JOLLY SAILOR:

OR, THE

## Lady of Greenwich.

.TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Pretty PEGGY'S LOVE to SAILOR JACK.

The SAILOR'S WIDOW'S LAMENT for his DEATH on Board the TRIAL.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE. WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.



Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.



## THE JOLLY SAILOR;

OR, THE

### LADY OF GREENWICH.

A Lady born of birth and fame.

To Greenwich town for pleasure came,
Where she a failor did behold,
Both tall and trim, of courage hold.

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

How she did love this Sailor so; And as they met once on a day, She to the Sailor thus did say,

Understand you have no wife, What makes you lead a fingle 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 any mischance should be, There's no one lest to mourn for me. This is a sad argument, she said, Many a Lady would be glad, (3)

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 ferious, 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, home take 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.

And lived in the wild of Kent;
He has got a Lidy for his wife,
Far better that a fingle life.

He has his fervants at his call, This marriage made him Lord of all, He ne'er will go to the feas more, For this fair Lady does him adore.

Pretty Peggy's Love to Sailor Jack.

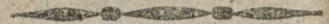
(i! where will you harry my dearest? fay, say to what clime or what shore? Will you tear him from me, the sincerest? that ever lov'd woman before?

(4)

Ah! cruel hard-hearted to press him, and force the dear youth from my arms; Restore him, that I may cares him, and shield him from suture alarms.

In vain you infult and deride me, and make but a fcoff at my woes; You ne'er from my dear shall divide me, I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean, my foul any forrow can brave! For soon as the ship makes its motion, so soon shall the sea be my grave.



The Sailor's Widow's Lament for his Death on Board the Trial.

was by you fountain spring,
Where my true love to me be gave,
a locket and a ring;
A diamond-ring of the pure gold,
its motto was true love,
I thought nothing but death itself
should ever it remove.

#### CHORUS.

The woods, the woods, the blooming woods, fo fresh and fair to see,

I will I were with my failer,
in his sweet company.

Though fore against my parents' will, that I was made a bride,
How happy was I both aight and day, while he was by my side,
For all I did or to him said, he never took amis,
Sure never maid or mether's son, more pleasure could possess. The, &c.

The treasures that he traded for,
was from a foreign land,
And all the wealth he did possess
was still at my command;
The hostile wars has bred my cares,
and forc'd my love from me.

For he was press'd aboard the fleet,
to serve his Majesty. The woods, &c.

By our martial laws, he station'd wis aboard of the Trial,

In fates of war to take his chance, whatever him befal.

When the King commands aboard all hands, his orders they must obey,

Where every week I thought a year, and every hour a day. The woods, &c.

From the Downs our fleet was bound,
to humble haughty Spain,
Where it fill ran into my mind,
we ne'er should meet again
The hostile wars and stormy winds,
doth fill my heart with wee,

When I think on the hardships then, bold sailors undergo. The woods, &c.

The first news that I did receive, my husband he was slain, By a hall from the enemy his precious life was ta'en. O could I swim the raging seas,

or had I wings to fly,

In his company would I be and on his bosom ly. The woods, &c.

How filent lies the comely hands, the arms, yea, and the head:
How low now tes the fair body, on whom the fish doth feed?
An aliment from the government, can ne'er make up the loss,
Which I fustam'd fince he was slain, whom all my comfort was.

#### CHORUS.

The woods, the woods, the blooming woods, fo fresh and fair to see.

I wish I were with my dear swain, in his sweet company.



## MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

For foul day and fair day, he's ay bringing till her; ( 7 )

for dinner and for supper, nd gin she please, a good fat cheese, and lumps of yellow butter.

Vhen Jamie first did woo me,

i speer'd what was his calling,
air maid, says he, O come and see,
you're welcome to my dwelling:
hough I was shy, yet I could spy,
the truth of what he told me:
nd that his house was warm and couth,
and room in it to hold me.

ehind the door a bag of meal, and in the kift was plenty of good hard cakes, his mither bakes, and bannocks were na' feanty; good fat fow a fleeky cow were standing in the byre; While lazy puis, with mealy mouse, were playing at the fire.

ood figus are these, my mither saye, and bids me tak the miller; or foul day and fair day, he's ay bringing till her: or meal and ma't she disna want, nor ony thing that's dainty, and now an then a keckling hen, to lay her eggs in plenty.

winter when the wind and rain blaws o'er the barn and byre;

(8)

The miller by a clean hearth-stane, beside a ranting sire,
He sits and cracks and tells his tale,
o'er ale that is right mappy;
Who'd be a Queen that gaudy thing,
when a miller's wise's sae happy.

## 

### WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.

From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
My wild defires to rally, to rally,
My wild defires to rally;

But now they're of themselves come home, And strange! no longer wish to roam,

They centre all in Sally, in Sally,

. They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy, And cries, I court but to destroy,

Can love with rula tally, ruin tally, &c. By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear, I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear.

Ratherahan injure, Sally, injure Sally, &c.

Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far Than violets and roses are:

Or lillies of the valley the valley, &c.
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
And make me blest in Sally, in Sally, &c

G L A S G O W, Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803