

# Three Songs.

24

The Sea Captain's Frolick

The Lads on the Banks of  
the Boyn.

The Flowers of the Forest



4

Edinburgh: printed by J. Morren.

*The Frolicksome Sea Captain.*

**A**LL you that delights in a frolicksome song  
I'll tell you a story before it be long,  
'Tis of a sea Captain a freicksome spark-  
Who kiss'd with a sailer's fair wife in the dark.

The sailer was called then by his name,  
His wife was a fair and beautiful dame;  
On board her brisk husband she would go for to see  
Thinks the Captain, girl, you're a supper for me.

The Captain's chops did water full sore,  
One day he commanded all women on shore,  
And every man on board they should be,  
While he this fair creature might go for to see.

The beautiful Molly took leave of her Jear  
Then after her quickly the Captain did steer  
Unto her lodging, where she went home,  
And began for to tell her his amorous moan.

Saying fairest of creatures take pity on me,  
Keep this as a secret I tell unto thee;  
The charms of thy beauty my favor has won,  
And if you do slight me, I'm surely undone.

Forbear nobe Captain, your suit is in vain,  
My husband's a sailer that ploughs on the main;  
And you are his Captain, and be not so base,  
For we would both rue it, if he knew the case.

Here's fifty bright guineas my joy and delight,  
 If you will but let me lye with you all night.  
 The horns he may take for a venture at sea,  
 And I'll use him kindly in every degree.

The sight of the gold so tempted the dame,  
 That soon she consented to to play at the game;  
 The Captain he surely lay with her that night,  
 And paid her down fifty gold guineas so bright.

His bedfellow pleas'd him so well to the life,  
 He often carrels'd her and left his own wife.  
 At length the young sailor did hear by the bye,  
 But he kept it as snug as a pig in a sty.

One day he resolv'd to know what was done,  
 In the dark of the evening got into the room,  
 And under the bed he lay snug and warm,  
 He sent for the Captain thinking no harm.

She says my dear jewel my husband's on board,  
 Says the Captain, I doubt it, she says, on my word,  
 He gave me a kiss and bid me good night.  
 Then says the Captain I'll enjoy my delight.

They stripp'd off their clothes, and into bed goes,  
 And soon they began to hoist up the clothes,  
 But the sailor he grumbled being under the bed,  
 For to think how the Captain had horned his head.

But he lay on still till they were fast asleep,  
 Then softly from under the bed he did creep:  
 He takes up the Captain's lac'd breeches and coat,  
 His stockings, and shoes, for to make up a joke.

4  
He dressed himself from top to toe,  
And away to the Captain's fair lady did go,  
He rapt at the door with courage so bold,  
Being dress'd in robes of embroidered gold.

The maid let him in, it being late in the night,  
Although half asleep, she gave him a light,  
He says, Where's your mistress? she answer'd, in bed  
Then open the chamber door quickly he said.

To be desperate drunk himself he did feign,  
Said the Lady, Captain, you run a fine game,  
Sometimes all night you from me do stroll,  
And when you come home you're as drunk as an owl.

He jump'd into bed, out the candle he puff'd,  
The lady she turn'd her backside in a huff;  
He grow'd and he grumb'd as fots they will do,  
While he pull'd and he haul'd her for to buckle too.

You'll tear my lac'd smoke, said the lady fair,  
Your breath smells strong of rum wine and beer,  
I will not turn to you, so tease me no more,  
I believe you've been carousing all night with your  
whores.

He made her no answer but play'd with her knees,  
At length the fair Lady began to be pleas'd;  
Then he tit for tat, with the Captain did play,  
And he slept in her arms till the break of day.

When the Lady awoke and beholding his face,  
She began to cry out in a pityful case,

But he said my dear jewel be not in a fright,  
For your Captain is kissing n/ / the night.

He told her the story, which when she did hear,  
The Lady amaz'd and with wonder did stare ;  
She laugh'd till her sides she did hold with joke,  
To think how the Captain would fret in his coat.

She said I will go in my coach I protest,  
To see how he looks in his tarpauline dress :  
The sailor put on the Captain's array,  
And then to the Captain they both took their way.

Then up the stairs this couple did trip.  
The Captain he in his short jacket did sit  
Jack whipt up the cane and gave him a stroke,  
Adzooks, says the Captain, Jack pull off my coat.

I'm afraid says the Lady this has caus'd a mistake,  
Surely, says the captain, you've not horn'd my pate.  
She said, ii I did, it is but tit for tat.  
Said the Captain, Jack's wife got money for that.

Here's fifty bright guineas, Jack pull off my coat,  
If this to the sailors you will not report.  
There's many can match us you very well know,  
And so we are cuckold boys all in a row.

*The Lads on the Banks of the Royn.*

'T WAS on a summer's morning,  
all in the month of May,

When Phebus bright he show'd his light,  
to the Boyn I took my way;

When carelessly and childish  
Like an angler in the stream, my bait I  
threw, (my view

When this lovely damsel appeared in.

In the cold shade of the harbour,  
in the forenoon of the day,

This maid she came a-bathing  
to where I chanc'd to stray;

When I saw this maid undressed,  
my frame she did confound.

That my line & hook went with the brook,  
and never yet was found.

Then I approach'd this damsel,  
saying Marceles queen of Troy,

Are you Venus or Diana,  
the angler to decoy?

Or are you the morning star  
that rises in the east?

Or Luna bright, that rules the night  
when lovers are at rest?

In a tremor she made answer,  
Sir don't me tantalize,

I'm none of these you mention,  
your praises I despise;

I am a shepherd's daughter,  
come a-milking to the Boyn,

Your company withdraw from me,  
your line and hook go find.

My line and hook I value not, love,  
gold will purchase more,  
I am so captivated  
by you Nelly astore ;  
Love don't be shy with me comply,  
and I'll make you my bride—  
have thirty acres of good land  
alongst the Boyn side.

But, fir acquaint your father,  
a match for you he'll find,  
Some wealthy farmer's daughter  
more pleasing to your mind ;  
So he'll agree you'll plainly see,  
when equally your join'd :  
So I'll mind my sheep, my lambs I'll keep,  
till providence prove kind.

Now to conclude and finish,  
I mean to stop my pen,  
In hopes judicious readers  
will this lovely maid commend ;  
I am sure she may a warning be  
unto all female kind,  
The venturous shepherd's daughter  
came a-milking to the Boyn.

## The Flowers of the Forest

I'VE heard the liling, at our ewes milking,  
Lasses a' liling before the break of day,  
But now they're a' moaning on ika green loaning,  
That our braw foresters are a wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorn-  
The lasses are lonely, dowie and wae;  
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but sighing and fapping,  
Ilk ane lifts her leg lin, and hies her away

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
'Mang stacks with the lasses at bogle to play,  
But ilk ane sits dreary lamenting her deary,  
The flowers of the forest are all wede away.

Atairst at the shearing nae younkers are jeering,  
The bansters are runckled, lyart and grey;  
At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching  
Since our braw foresters are a wede away,

O dool! for the order, sent our lads to the border,  
The English, for ance, by guile got the day,  
The flowers of the forest, who aye shone the fore-  
most,

The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay,

We'll hear nae mair liling at our ewes milking,  
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,  
Sighing and moaning, on ika green loaning,  
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

F I N I S.