

Three Songs.

The Gosport Tragedy.

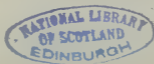
Lord Douglas' Tragedy.

My Grandfather's Farm.



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren, Cowgate.

602



Three Songs

The Gosport Tragedy.

A young man courted her to be his dear.

And he by his trade was a ship carpenter.

He said my dear Molly if you will agree,
And now will constant love to marry with me.

Your love it will ease me of sorrow and care,
If you will but marry a ship carpenter.

With blushes more charming than roses in June
She answered sweet William to wed I'm too young
For young men are fickle, I see very plain,

If a maid she proves kind they'll her quickly die
They'll flatter, and tell how her charms they adore

If they gain her consent, they care for no more
The most beautiful woman that ever was born,
If a man once enjoys her, her beauty he'll scorn

My charming sweet Molly, (why do you say)
Thy beauty's the haven to which I must go,
And if in that channel I chance for to steer,
I there will cast anchor and stay with my dear.

I ne'er will be cloy'd with the charms of my dear,
My love is as true as the sweet turtle dove,
And all that I crave is to marry my dear,
And when you're my own, no dangers I'll fear.

The life of a virgin I prize, William I prize,
For marriage brings sorrow and trouble likewise
I am loth for to venture, and therefore forbear,
For I will not marry with a ship carpenter,
But yet all in vain she his suit did deny, and
For still unto love he forc'd her to comply,

At length he with cunning her did betray,
 And unobserved he led her astray.
 But when with child this damsel did prove,
 Her tidings immediately she sent to her love;
 And by the good heavens he swore to be true,
 Saying I will marry none other but you.
 This past on a while, at length we do hear,
 The king wanted sailors, to sea he must steer,
 Which griev'd the young damsel indeed to the heart,
 To think with her sweet William so soon for to part.
 She said my dear Willy: ere ye go to sea,
 Remember the vows you made unto me.
 And if that you leave me I never shall rest,
 And why will you leave me with sorrow oppress?
 The kindest expressions to her he did say,
 I will marry my Molly ere I go away;
 And if to-morrow to me you will come,
 The priest shall be brought love and all shall be done,
 With the kindest embraces they parted that night,
 And he went for to meet him the next morning light,
 And she said my dear charmer you must go with me,
 Before we are married, a friend for to see.
 He led her through groves and vallies so deep,
 At length this fair damsel began for to weep
 Saying, William; I fancy you led me astray,
 And in purpose my innocent life to betray.
 He said that is true; and there's can you save,
 For I all this night have been digging your grave.
 Poor harmless creature, when she heard him say so,
 Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.
 A grave and a spade standing by she did see,
 She said must this be a bride's bed, the me!
 O perjured creature, thou worst of all men!
 Heaven will reward you when I'm dead and gone.

O pity my infant and spare my sweet life,
 Let me go distressed if I am not your wife,
 O take not my life lest my soul you destroy,
 Must I, in my youth, thus be hurried.

Her hands white as lillies in sorrow she wrung,
 Intreating for mercy, saying what have I done,
 To you my dear Willy, what makes you so severe,
 To murder your true love that loves you so dear.

He said there's no time disputing to stand,
 And instantly taking his knife in his hand,
 He pierced her heart while the blood it did flow,
 And into the grave her fair body he threw.

He cover'd the body and home he did come,
 Leaving none but the small birds her death to bemoan
 On board the Bedford he entered straightway,
 Which lay at Portsmouth, and bound for the sea.

For carpenter's mate he was enter'd we hear,
 Fit for the voyage, away then did steer;
 But as in the cabin one night he did lye,
 The voice of his true love he heard for to say,

O perjured William, awake and now hear,
 The words of your true love that lov'd you so dear,
 This ship out of Portsmouth shall never go,
 Till a be avenged of this sad overthrow.

This spoken, she vanish'd with shrieks and with cries,
 The flashes of lightning did dart from her eyes,
 Which put the ship's crew in a terrible fear,
 Though none saw the ghost the voice they did hear.

Charles Stewart, a young man of courage so bold,
 One night as he was going down to the hold,
 A beautiful damsel to him did appear,
 And she in her arms had a baby so fair.

Being merry in drink, he went to embrace,
 The charms of this so lovely a face;

But to his surprize she vanish'd away,
He went to the Captain without more delay,

And told him the story, which when he did hear,
He said now some of my men I do fear,
Has done some murder; and if it be so,

Our ship's in great danger, if to sea she does go,
Then on a time his merry men all,
Into the great cabin to him he did call,

He said, my dear sailors, this news I do hear,
Does really surprize me with sorrow and fear,
The ghost which appear'd in the dead of the night,

And which all my brave sailors does forely affright,
I fear has been wrong'd by some of the crew,
And therefore the person I fear now would know,

Then William astonish'd, did tremble with fears,
And began by the powers above for to swear,
He nothing at all of the matter did know,
But as from the captain he went for to go,

Unto to his surprize he his true love did see,
With that he immediately fell on his knees,
Saying, here is my true love, O where shall I run,
O save me, or else my poor soul is undone,

The murder he did, confess'd out of hand,
Saying here before me, my Molly doth stand,
Poor injur'd ghost! thy pardon I crave, & upon her
And soon shall follow thee down to the grave,

There was none but the wretch beheld the sad ghost,
Then roving distracted he died in the night,
But when that her parents these tidings did hear,
They sought for the body of their daughter dear,

Near a place call'd Southamton in a valley so deep,
The body was found while many did weep,
A (the fall of a babe and damsel so fair,
And in Gosport church yard they bury'd her there

I hope this will be a warning to all
 To all young men who innocent maids do catch,
 To keep to their vows and be true to their wives,
 And blessings will attend you to be fare all your days.

Lord Douglas' Tragedy.

RISE up, rise up Lord Douglas she says,
 and draw to your arms so bright,
 Let it never be said that a daughter of yours
 shall go with a lord or a knight,
 Rise up rise up, my seven bold sons,
 and draw to your arms so bright,
 Let it never be said that a sister of yours
 shall go with a lord or a knight,
 Light down, light down Lady Margaret he said,
 and hold my steed in thy hand,
 That I may go and fight your seven brethren bold,
 and your father, who loves you so dear,
 He look'd o'er his left shoulder
 to see what he could spy,
 And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold,
 and her father who lov'd her so dear,
 There she stood and better stood,
 and never a tear let fall,
 Till once she saw her seven brethren slain,
 and her father who lov'd her so dear,
 Hold your hand, hold you William, she said,
 for thy strokes are wonderful fare,
 For sweethearts I may get many a one,
 but a father I'll never get more,
 She took out handkerchief of Holland so fine,
 and ay she wip'd her father's wounds,

Which ran more clear than the red wine,
 and forked in the cold ground,
 O chuse you La. y Marg'rate, he said,
 whether you will, o or bide.
 I must go with you, Lord William, she said,
 since you have no other guide.
 He lister her on a milk white steed,
 himself on a dapple grey,
 With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,
 and slowly they both rode away.
 Away they rode and better they rode,
 till once they came to yonder strand.
 Till once they came to yon clear river,
 and there they lighted down.
 They lighted down to take a drink
 of the spring that ran so clear,
 And there he spy'd his pretty heart's blood,
 all running down the stream.
 Hold up, hold up, Lord William, she says,
 for I fear that you are slain,
 'Tis nothing but the shade of my scarlet clothes,
 that is sparkling down the stream.
 He lister her on a milk white steed,
 himself on a dapple grey,
 With a blue gilded horn by his side,
 and slowly they both rode away.
 Ay they rode and they better rode,
 till they came to his mother's bower.
 Till once he came to his mother's bower,
 and there he lighted down.
 O mother, mother make my bed,
 and make it soft and fine,
 And lay my lady at my back,
 that I may sleep in comfort.

William he died 'ere the middle of the night,
 Lady Marg'rate long 'ere day;
 Lord William died of poor love,
 and mady Mar'rate died of sorrow,
 The one was buried in Mary's Kirk,
 the other in Mary's Quire;
 Out of William's 'prung a red rose,
 and out of Marg'rate's a brier;
 The two did grow and then did plate,
 till they could grow no higher
 And they two did cast the true love knot,
 for they were true lovers deat.

My Grandfather's Farm

ERE around the huge oak that o'er shadows you mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
 Ere the chutch was a ruin that nods on you hill,
 Or the rook built his nest on the pine.
 Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which, unfulled, descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, untarnish'd with
 shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

FINIS.