



**THE BONNY
SCOTCH LAD**
And his Bonnet so blue.

At Kingston upon Hull, a town in Yorkshire,
I lived in splendour and free from love's care;
I rolled in riches and had sweethearts not a few,
I'm wounded by a bonny boy and his bonnet so blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, and soon you shall hear,
From Scotland to Woolwich, abroad for to steer:
There is one among them I wish I'd ne'er knew,
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

His cheeks are like the roses, his eyes like the sloes,
He is handsome and proper and kills where he goes;
He is handsome and proper, and comely to view,
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

When I go to my bed I can find no rest,
The thoughts of my true love still run in my breast,
The thoughts of my true love still run in my view,
He's a bonny Scotch lad and his bonnet so blue.

Early in the morning when I rose from my bed,
I called upon Sally that is my waiting maid,
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do,
I'll away and see the lad and his bonnet so blue.

She was instantly dress'd and parade did attend,
Where she stood impatient to hear her love nam'd.
Charles Stewart they call him, my love did renew,
Once a Prince of that name wore a bonnet so blue.

My love pass'd by me with his gun in hand,
I strove to speak to him, but all was in vain:
I strove to speak to him, but away quite he flew,
My heart it went with him and his bonnet so blue.

She says, my dear laddie, I'll buy your discharge,
I'll free you from a soldier and set you at large;
I'll free you from a soldier if your heart it be true,
And you'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

He says, my dear lady, you'll buy my discharge,
You'll free me from a soldier and set me at large;
For your kind offer I'm obliged to you,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

I have a dear lass in my own country,
I'll never forsake her for her poverty;
To the girl that I love I will always prove true,
And I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

I'll send for a limner from London to Hull,
To draw my love's picture out in the full,
Set it in my chamber, keep it close in my view,
And I'll think on the lad, for his heart it is true.

**NEW YORK
TRADER.**

To a New York Trader I did belong,
She was well built both stout and strong,
Well rigg'd, well painted, and fit for sea,
Bound to New York in America.

On the first of March we did set sail,
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
With hearts undaunted we put to sea,
Bound to New York in America.

Our cruel captain as we did find,
Left half of our provisions behind,
Our cruel captain as we did understand,
Meant to starve us all before we made the land.

At length our hunger grew very great,
We had but little on board to eat,
And being in necessity,
All by our captain's sad cruelty.

Our captain in his cabin lay,
A voice came to him and thus did say,
Prepare yourself and ship's company,
For to morrow night you shall lay with me.

Our captain arose in a terrible fright,
It being the first watch of the night,
And for his boatswain he did call,
And to him related the secret all.

Boatswain, said he, it grieves me to the heart,
To think I've acted a villain's part,
To take what was not my lawful due,
To starve my passengers, and the ship's crew.

There is one thing more I have to tell,
When I in Waterford did dwell,
I killed my master a merchant there,
All for the sake of his lady fair.

I kill'd my wife and children three,
All through that cursed jealousy,
And on my servant laid the blame,
And hanged he was for the very same.

Captain, said he, if that be so,
Pray let none of your ship's crew know,
But keep the secret within your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest.

Early next morning a storm did rise,
Which did our seamen much surprise,
The sea wash'd over us fore and aft,
That scarce a man on deck was left.

Then the boatswain he did declare
That our captain was a murderer.
It so enraged the ship's crew,
They overboard their captain threw.

When this was done a great calm was there,
Our good like ship once more did steer,
The wind abated and calmed the sea,
And we sailed safe to America.

When we came to anchor there,
Our good like ship for to repair,
The people wondered much to see
What a poor distressed wreck were we.

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