

THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE.



Attention give and a tale I'll tell,
Of a damsel fair that in Kent did dwell,
On the Kentish coast when the tempest rolled,
She fell deep in love with a smuggler so bold.

Upon her pillow she could not sleep,
When her valiant smuggler was on the deep,
While the winds did whistle, she would complain,
For her valiant smuggler that ploughed the raging
main.

When Will arrived on his native coast,
He would fly to her that he valued most—
He would fly to Nancy his lover true,
And forget all hardships he'd lately been thro'.

On bright May morning the sun did shine,
And lads and lasses all gay and fine,
Along the coast they did trip along,
To behold their wedding and sing a cheerful song,

Young Nancy then bid her friends adieu,
And to sea she went with her lover true,
In storms and tempests all hardships braves,
With her valiant smuggler upon the foaming waves.

One stormy night when the winds did rise,
And dark and dismal appeared the skies,
The tempest rolled and the waves did roar,
And the valiant smugglers were driven far from shore.

Cheer up, cries William, my valiant wife,
Says Nancy,—I never valued life,
I'll brave the storms and tempests through,
And fight for William with a sword and pistol too,

At length a cutter did on them drive,
The cutter on them did soon arrive,
Don't be daunted—though we're but two,
We'll not surrender—but fight like Britons true,

Cheer up, says Nancy with courage true,
I will fight dear William and stand by you,
They like Britons fought, Nancy stood by the gun,
They beat their enemies and quickly made them run,

Another cutter now hove in sight,
And join'd to chase them with all their might;
They were overpowered and soon disarmed,
It was then young Nancy and William was alarmed.

A shot that moment made Nancy start,
Another struck William to the heart,
This shock distressed lovely Nancy's charms,
When down she fell and expired in William's arms.

Now Will and Nancy love bid adieu,
They lived and died like two lovers true,
Young men and maidens now faithful prove,
Like Will and Nancy who lived and died in love,

DASH MY VIG.

Adoo and farewell to this wile smoky town,
Vere not nothing but rioting never goes down;
In a little small cottage, that's not very big,
I'll live all the rest of my life—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

I fell deep in love with a ravishing maid,
And she was a straw bonnet builder by trade;
Her name it was Mary Ann Dorothy Twig,
But she used me shamefully bad—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

At half-arter-eight every night I did meet her,
And then at half-price to the play I did treat her;
Sometimes, too, ve vent quite full drest to a jig,
And valtz'd till the morning ve did—Dash my vig.

Tol de rol, &c.

I ax'd her to marry—she scornfully said,
She wondered how such a thought com'd in my head;
For a journeyman-grocer she loved—Mr. Figg,
And he was the man she should ved—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

She married the grocer, and soon I could see,
She cock'd up her nose half a yard above me;
And her husband himself behaved just like a pig,
For he told me to valk myself off—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

I'd a good mind to challenge him, pistols I'd got,
But I did not at all like the thoughts of a shot;
I couldn't say nothing my heart was so big,
So I syth'd and I then valk'd away—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

Your poets and authors they say love is blind,
And 'tis true, sure and certain, and that I did find,
Or it never could be she could choose such a prig,
Instead of a young man like me—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

Adoo and farewell, I retires to the glades
Of forests and woods, and their sweet wernal shades;
Where in my own garden I'll plant, and I'll dig,
And I vont come to Lunnon no more—Dash my vig!

Tol de rol, &c.

Printed and Sold by George Walker, Durham.

