

THE ROCKS OF SCILLY.

Come all you brisk young sailors bold,
That plough the raging main,
Come listen to my tragedy,
Whilst I relate the same;
Pressed I was from my true love,
The girl whom I adore,
And sent unto the rolling seas,
Where the raging billows roar.

To the East Indies we were bound,
Our gallant ship to steer,
And all the way that we did sail on
I thought on my Molly dear;
We had not past a league at sea,
Before a storm did rise,
The raging sea ran mountains high,
And so dismal were the skies.

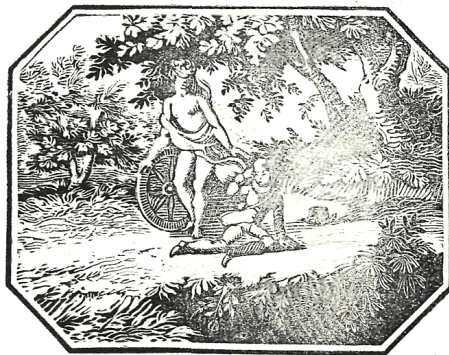
Sometimes aloft with grief I mourn,
While others sporting on,
O had I but my Molly here,
I never would make moan,
Sometimes aloft, sometimes on deck,
And other times below,
O the thoughts of my Molly runs in my mind,
While the stormy winds do blow.

Our captain being a valiant man,
Upon the deck did stand,
Saying, a full reward of fifty pounds
To the first who sees the land;
Our boatswain up aloft did go,
To the main top so high,
He look'd all round on every side,
But neither land nor light did spy,

Being on the fore mast of the ship,
A light he chanced to spy,
Bear up my lads, before the wind,
Some harbour we are nigh,
Bear up, my lads, before the wind,
Of the Scilly Rocks keep clear,
On the ocean wide she must abide,
Till day-light doth appear.

The very first time our gallant ship struck,
Aloud our captain cries,
The Lord have mercy on us all,
We in the deep shall lie;
For out of eighty men so bold,
Four only got on shore.
Our gallant ship to pieces went,
And never was seen more.

But when the news to Plymouth came,
That our gallant ship was lost,
It caus'd many a brisk young sailor bold
For to lament their cause.
O Molly dear, you must lament,
The loss of your sweetheart,
The raging seas and stormy winds
Cause you and I to part.



DEATH

OF

GENERAL WOLFE.

Bold General Wolfe to his men did say,
Come, come, my lads, and follow me,
To yonder mountains that are so high,
All for the honour of your king and country.

The French are on the mountains high,
While we poor lads in the valleys lie,
I see them falling like moths in the sun,
Through smoke and fire all from our British
guns.

The first volley they gave to us,
Wounded our General in his left breast,
Yonder he sits, for he cannot stand,
Fight on boldly, for whilst I've life I'll command.

Here is my treasure it lies all in gold,
Take it and part it, for my blood runs cold;
Take it, and part it, the General did say,
You lads of honour who made such gallant play.

When to Old England you do return,
Pray tell my parents I am dead and gone,
And tell my tender old mother dear,
Not to weep for me it is a death I wish'd to share.

At sixteen years when I first begun,
All for the honour of George our King,
So let all commanders do as I have done,
Be a soldier's friend, my boys, and they'll fight
for evermore.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

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