



YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

COME all you feeling lovers and listen to my song,
While I unfold concerning gold that guides so many wrong,
Young Emma was a servant maid, and her love a sailor bold,
He ploughed the main much gold to gain for his love, as we
are told.

Young Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam,
Now seven years were past and gone when Edwin hail'd his
home;

He went unto young Emma's house to her the gold to show,
What he did gain upon the main and above the Lowlands Low.

Her father kept a public house, it stood down by the sea,
Said Emma you can enter in and there this night can be,
I'll meet you in the morning, don't let my parents know,
Your name is young Edwin who ploughed the Lowlands Low.

Young Edwin he sat drinking till time to go to bed,
And little was he thinking what sorrow crown'd his head,
Said Emma's cruel father his gold will make a show
We will send his body sinking down in the Lowlands Low.

As Emma lay a sleeping she had such frightful dreams,
She dreamt her love stood weeping & blood appear'd in streams,
She started up e'er day break, and to her friends did go,
Because she lov'd him dearly that plough'd the Lowlands Low.

Oh mother! where's the stranger came here last night to lay,
He's dead, and so no tales can tell, her father he did say;
Then father! cruel father! you'll die a public show,
For murdering my Edwin that's down in the Lowlands Low.

Said Emma I will wander down by the stormy wave,
Where Edwin he lays under, who once the sea did brave,
The shells that's in the ocean and rolling to and fro,
Reminds me of my Edwin that's down in the Lowlands Low.

The fishes of the ocean may swim o'er my love's breast,
His body rolls in motion, I hope his soul's at rest,
How cruel were my parents to prove his overthrow,
And take the gold from one so bold that's down in the Low-
lands Low.

So many a day she pass'd away to try to ease her mind,
Crying 'Oh! my friends and love is gone, and I poor girl's be-
hind;

Mad, frantic, broken-hearted, to Bedlam forc'd to go,
Her shrieks are for young Edwin that's down in the Lowlands
Low.

YOUNG WILLIAM OF THE MAN OF WAR.

One winter day as I was walking,
Dark and cloudy was the sky,
A smart and gay young pair were walking,
A tear stood trembling in each eye;
The one appeared a virtuous maiden.
The other was a gallant tar,
Compelled he was by fame and fortune,
To sail on board a man of war.

Said this young sailor I must leave you,
Our sovereign's orders I must obey,
I ne'er intended to deceive you,
So dearest Fanny do not dismay;
I'm going to cross the raging ocean,
And from my Fanny ramble far,
Should I come o'er with cash in store,
I'll bid adieu to the man of war.

Young man you know my situation,
Do not leave me here behind,
I'll bid adieu to each relation,
Be a sailor true and kind;
If sick or in sorrow, I will follow,
To heal your wounds when you're afar,
And hear in battle cannons rattle,
With you on board of a man of war.

Suppose your parents you offended,
And I should in the battle fall,
That when your sailor's life was ended,
Alas! no friend you'd have at all;
Because if you are such a ranger,
You from your friends must ramble far,
So be a stranger to each danger,
Nor sail with me in a man of war.

She wept and said, before we're parted,
Take advice from one that's true,
If here you leave me broken-hearted,
I never more your face may view;
While William, dear, you're on the ocean,
I'll think upon my gallant tar,
My heart with fear is still in motion,
Till you return in a man of war.

Now since my dear, you seem undaunted,
To Fanny I'll ne'er bid adieu,
I'll ask the favour; if 'tis granted,
Before I go to marry you;
I'll guard my ranger from each danger,
And from all foes when we're afar,
So heaven protect you, faithful Fanny,
With William in the man of war.

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