



Female Rambling Sailor.

Come all you people far and near, and listen to my ditty,
At Gravesend lived a maiden fair who was young and pretty
Her lover was press'd away and drowned in a foreign sea,
Which caused this maiden for to say, I'll be a female sailor

This maiden was resolv'd to go across the foaming ocean,
She was resolv'd to let them know how to gain promotion
With jacket blue and trowsers white, just like a sailor
neat and tight; [sailor.]

The sea it was the heart's delight of the rambling female
Like a sailor true she went on board, all for to do her duty,
he was always ready at a call this maid the queen of beauty
When in a calm this damsel young would charm the sail-
ors with her tongue, [female sailor.]

When she walked the decks and sweetly sung the rambling
When in the storm upon the sea, she was ready at her
station,

When as calm as calm could be she loved her occupation
When stem to stern she'd boldly go, she brav'd all dang-
ers, feared no foe, [male sailor.]

When you'll hear the overthrow of the rambling fe-
male maiden gay did a wager lay she would go aloft with
any, [many.]

And up aloft she straight did go, wheretmes she has been
This maiden bold, oh I sad to tell, she missed her hold
and down she fell, [bold.]
And calmly bid this world farewell, did the female sailor

This maiden gay did fade away just like a drooping willow,
Which made the sailors sigh and say, farewell faithful Willy
When her snow-white breasts in night came she proved to
be a female frame, [female sailor.]

And Rebecca Young it was the name of the rambling
May willows wave all round her grave, and round it laurels
planted,

May roses sweet grow at the feet of one who was undaunted
May a marble stone be inscribed upon, near here lies one
so lately gone, [sailor.]
A maiden fair as sun shone on—the rambling female

So all young men and maidens around come listen to my
story, [in glory.]

Her body is anchored to the ground, let's hope her soul's
On the river Thames she was known well—few sailors
could with her excell— [male sailor.]
One tear let fall as the fate you tell of the rambling fe-

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Alone on the heather a fair child was straying,
Whose innocent features were brightened with joy;
And amidst the flowers he careless was straying,
My heart yearned in love, and I spoke to the boy.

My stranger, whence art thou? His blue eyes uplifting
He answered, my home is yon tent on the plain;
And ere the eve closes I must be returning,
Or they will not let me roam hither again.

Do thy parents await thee? He paused, and the gladness
That mantled his brow was overshadowed in gloom:
I saw him but once; and he added with sadness,
They tell me that both are asleep in the tomb.

The gipsy is kind, but my mother was fonder,
She sang me so sweetly to sleep in her arms;
But now she is gone, and her darling must wander,
Tho' the soft words she whispered my bosom still warms

And soon will I seek them where both are reposing,
And take the best flowers to plant by their side,
That summer, when all their bright tints are unclosing,
May bless the green turf with their beauty and pride.

He bounded away, as my tears were fast falling,
To think how the gipsy such love had beguiled;
I saw him no more, but the sad tale recalling,
I often remember the poor stolen child.

AN ENGLISH GIRL FOR ME.

Old Scotland, with her lordly hills, can boast of
her maidens fair,
And Erin's sons may truly sing of lovely lasses
there;

But still an English girl for me, so gentle, true
and kind,
For all the charms for others own'd, I see in her
combined.

I've gaz'd on Spanish Donna's eyes, and brilliant
though they be,
I've look'd on brighter, and exclaimed, "An Eng-
lish girl for me."

An English girl, an English girl, an English girl
for me, [for me.]
An English girl, an English girl, an English girl

I've seen the graceful forms of France, and yet I
can't forget,
Our girls have quite as much of grace, with less
of the coquette;

I've heard Italian maidens sing, and thrilled at
every tone,
Yet dearer is an English song, from voices of our
own.

"L'Amor" is not so sweet a sound, as love must
So once more from my heart I say, "An English
girl for me."

For beauty and for goodness sake who will, why
let them roam,
I'm quite content with that I find within our Eng-
lish home;

No fair Fraulein, or Demoiselle, nor donna with
her smile,
Shall ever tempt me to forget the dear ones of our
isle.

And when I seek a heart and hand, among the fair
and free,
Still constant in my faith I'll say, "An English
girl for me"