



## YOUNG

**TYLER & ROBINSON,**

**HUZZA.**

Come all you young fellows that delight in any game,  
Come listen to those lines which I have lately pen'd  
Its of two champions that fought for a sum of gold,  
In fair London Town was young Tyler, huzza.

The stage being built and the day being come,  
Each party stood true-hearted and the battle went on,  
For fifty score of guineas the champions did play,  
And still their cry was Robinson will win the day.

The drum and the trumpets so sweetly did sound,  
The horseman were mounted to guard them thro' the town,  
The sight of it was most noble, young Tyler he did say  
It never shall be said to you I'll give the day.

Then up spoke bold Robinson, the game it is my own,  
I feel your heart to tremble at every blow,  
You well understand me, I'd have you to know,  
That I will be the champion wherever I go.

Then up spoke young Tyler, I'm just in my bloom,  
I'm willing to fight you from morning till noon—  
Then Tyler on a sudden gave Robinson a blow,  
Crying I will be the champion wherever I go.

At the end of six rounds these two champions did meet  
Being both sorely wounded, their hearts full of grief,  
Then Robinson he fell and expired with a groan,  
And the moment he died the battle was won.

Now to conclude young Tyler he has won—  
A rich lady fell in love with him for what he had done,  
And if he had recover'd a gay wedding there would  
have been,

But young Tyler he died at the end of three days—  
O Tyler, huzza!

And the lady went in mourning for young Tyler, huzza.

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Durham.—Hawkers and Travellers supplied with a  
large assortment of Ballads, Penny Histories, &c. &c.*

## THE ROVER.

I am a Rover and that's very well known,  
And I am going to leave my home,  
To leave my home you may plainly see,  
Let all the world now judge of me.

As I went over yon lonely moor,  
Leaving sight of my true love's door,  
My heart grew sore, and my eyes grew blind,  
Leaving my true-lover so far behind.

I love his father, I love his mother,  
I love his sisters, and all his brothers,  
I love his comrades and all his kin,  
I love the work that my true love's in.

But I will go and I'll see my love,  
Tho' I wade to the knees in snow,  
And I will court him most cheerfully,  
Let all my sorrows take the wing and fly.

I wish I was but a butterfly,  
In my love's bosom I would lie,  
When all the world is fast asleep,  
In my love's bosom I would creep.

Must I go bound, love, while you go free?  
Must I love a young man that loves not me?  
A single life is far best for me,  
A contented mind bears no slavery.

I wish I was but sullen, vain,  
I wish I was a maid again,  
A maid again I will never be,  
Till an apple grows on an orange tree.

