

# THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

Come, attend awhile, you soon shall hear—  
By the rolling sea lived a maiden fair :  
Her father followed the smuggling trade,  
Like a warlike hero that never was afraid.

In sailor's clothing young Jane did go,  
Dress'd like a sailor from top to toe ;  
Her aged father was the only care,  
Of the female smuggler, who never did despair.

With her pistols loaded she went on board,  
By her side hung a glittering sword,  
In her belt two daggers—well arm'd for war,  
Was the female smuggler, who never fear'd a scar.

Not far they sail'd from the land,  
When a strange sail put them all to a stand ;  
Those are sea robbers, this maid did cry,  
The female smuggler will conquer or die.

Close along-side these two vessels came,  
Cheer up said Jane, we'll board the same,  
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,  
Cried the female smuggler, who never fear'd a ball.

They beat the robbers and took their store,  
And soon return'd to old England's shore ;  
With a keg of brandy she walk'd along,  
Did the female smuggler, and sweetly sung a song.

Not far she travell'd before she espied  
A commodore of the blockade,  
He said—surrender ! or you must fall,  
But the female smuggler said, I fear'd a ball.

What do you mean ? said the Commodore,  
I mean to fight for my father is poor,  
Then she pulled the trigger and shot him through  
Did the female smuggler, and to her father flew.

But she was followed by the blockade,  
In Irons strong they put this fair maid,  
But when they brought her to be tried,  
The young female smuggler stood dressed like a bride

The Commodore against her appeared,  
Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise.  
But when he found to his great surprise,  
Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise—

He to the judge and jury said,  
My heart wont let me prosecute that maid,  
Pardon for her I beg upon my knees,  
She's a valiant maiden, so pardon if you please.

If you pardon this maid—said the gentlemen,  
To make her my bride is my plan :  
Then I'd be happy for evermore.  
With my female smuggler —said the bold Comodore

Then the Commodore to her father went,  
Though he was near—to ask his consent.



## RIDING

DOWN TO

## PORTSMOUTH

W. M'Call, printer, Cartwright Place, Byrom  
Liverpool.

As a sailor was riding along,  
All in the height of his glory,  
As a sailor was riding down,  
As you shall hear my story,  
He met with a charming young lass,  
And he asked her to go along with him,  
Some pleasure and pastimes to see,  
All in riding down to Portsmouth.

She says kind sir if I go along with you,  
I am sure I must be married,  
She says kind sir if I go along with you,  
I'm sure I must be carried.  
So she went with him straightway,  
And slept in his arms till next day,  
And she left him all the reckoning to pay,  
Riding down to Portsmouth.

It was early in the morning,  
She awoke and found him snoring,  
Thus to herself she did say,  
He shall pay for his whoring.  
For the money he aint spent in wine,  
The rest of it shall be mine,  
And his gold watch too I'll have besides,  
In riding down to Portsmouth.

Early in the morning he awoke,  
And found his lady missing,  
These words to himself he did say,  
I have paid for my kissing,  
For she's robbed me of my gold watch and pur  
And singed me which is ten times worse,  
Sure I must have lain under a course,  
In riding down to Portsmouth.

Oh landlord tell me what I have to pay,  
That I may reward you,  
Oh landlord tell me what I have to pay,  
That I may regard you.  
And my horse I will leave here in pawn,  
Till back from sea I do return,  
And all such gallows ones I'll shun,  
In riding down to Portsmouth.

