

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

Come list awhile and 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 cloathing young Jane did go,
Drest 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 there hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers, well armed for war,
Was the female smuggler, who never feared a scar,

Not far had they sailed from the land,
When a strange sail put them to a stand,
These are sea robbers the maid did cry,
The female smuggler will conquer or die.

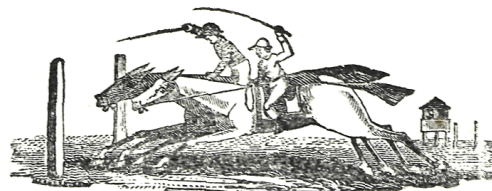
Close along side the two vessels came,
Cheer up, said Jane, we'll board the same,
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,
Cried the female smuggler who never feared a ball.

They beat the robbers and took their store,
And soon returned 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 had she travelled before she espied,
A commodore of the blockade,
He said surrender, or you must fall,
But the female smuggler said, I never feared a ball.

What do you mean ? said the commodore,
I mean to fight for my father's poor,
Then she pull'd 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,
His health restored and from danger cleared,
But when he found to his great surprize,
'Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise
He to the judge and jury said,
My heart won't let me prosecute that maid,
Pardon I beg for her on my knees,
She's a valliant maiden, so pardon if you please,
If you pardon this maid said the gentleman,
To make her my bride now, is my plan,
Then I'd be happy for evermore,
With my female smuggler, said the bold commodore.

Then the commodore to her father went,
Though he was poor, to ask his consent,
He gain'd his consent, so the commodore,
And the female smuggler are joined for evermore.



SKEWBALL.

Come gentlemen sportsmen I pray listen all,
I will sing you a song in praise of Skewball,
And how he came over you shall understand,
It was by Squire Mervin the pearl of the land,
And of his late actions that I heard before,
He was lately challenged by one Sir Ralph Gore,
For five hundred guineas, on the plains of Kildare,
To run with Miss Sportly, the famous grey mare.

Skewball then hearing the wager was laid,
Unto his kind master, said don't be afraid,
For if on my side you thousands would lay,
I would bring to your casket a fine mass of gold.
The day being come the cattle walked forth,
The people came flocking from east south and north,
For to view all the sports as I do declare,
And venture their money upon the grey mare.

Squire Mervin then smiling unto them did say,
Come gentlemen all that's got money to lay,
And you that have hundreds I will lay you all,
For I will venture thousands on famous Skewball,
Squire Mervin then smiling unto them did say,
Come gentlemen sportsmen, to-morrow's the day,
Your horses and saddles and bridles prepare,
For we must away to the plains of Kildare.

The day being come the cattle walked out,
Squire Mervin he ordered his rider to mount,
And all the spectators to clear the way,
The time being come not one moment's delay,
These cattle being mounted away they did fly,
Skewball like an arrow pass'd Miss Sportly by,
The people went up to see them go round,
They said in their hearts that he ne'er touch'd the ground

But as they were running in the midst of the sport,
Squire Mervin to his rider began this discourse,
O, loving kind rider, come tell unto me,
How far is Miss Mervin from catching of thee,
O, loving kind master, you bear a great style,
The grey mare's behind me a long English mile,
If Saddle maintains I'll warrant you there,
You ne'er will be beat on the plains of Kildare,
But as they were running by the distance chair,
The gentlemen cried out, Skewball never fear,
Altho' in this country thou hast ne'er been before
Thou hast beaten Miss Sportly, and broke Sir Ralph
Gore.

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