



PHOEBE

AND HER

DARK-EYED SAILOR.

John White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

IT'S of a comely young lady fair,
Was walking out for to take the air,
She met a sailor by the way,
So I paid attention to hear what they did say.
Said William, Lady why roam alone?
The night is coming, and the day near gone,
She said while tears from her eyes did fall,
It's a dark-ey'd sailor that's prov'd my down-fall.

It's two long years since he left the land,
I took a gold ring from off my hand,
We broke the token, here's part with me,
And the other's rolling at the bottom of the sea
Said William, drive him all from your mind,
Some other sailor as good you'll find;
Love turns aside, and soon cold does grow,
Like a winter's morning when the lands are
clothed with snow.

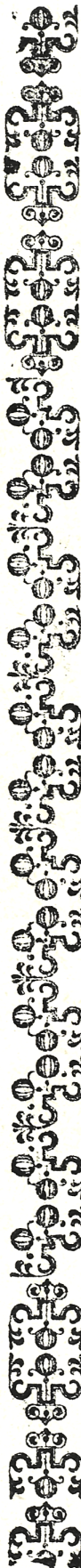
These words did Phoebe's fond heart inflame,
She said on me you shall play no game;
She drew a dagger and then did cry,
For my dark-ey'd sailor a maid I'll live and die

His coal-black eyes and his curly hair,
And pleasing tongue did my heart ensnare,
Genteel he was, not a rake like you,
To advise a maiden to slight a jacket blue.

But still said Phoebe, I'll ne'er disdain,
A tarry sailor but treat the same,
So drink his health—here's a piece of coin,
But the dark-ey'd sailor still claims this heart
of mine.

Then half the ring did young William show.
She seemed distracted 'midst joy and woe,
Oh, welcome William, I've land and gold,
For my dark-ey'd sailor so manly true and bold.

Then in a cottage down by the sea,
They joined in wedlock and well agree,
So maids be true when your love's away, (day,
For a cloudy morning brings forth a pleasant



THE RED PLAID SHAWL.

White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

Oh as I did ramble close by a bramble,
On a summers morn'g by the break of day,
I espied a damsel both fair and handsome.
And I stepped aside to hear what she did say
She wore no jewels nor costly diamonds,
No jewelry no, none at all,
She wore no chignon but sung a sweet song.
And to crown her beauty she wore a Red Plaid
Shawl.

Says I my creature you are good natured,
You look as handsome as the flowers in May
Says I my darling is there any harm in
A chap just biding you the time of day.
She cocked her ear and looked quite sheepish,
And kindly murmured, "No not at all,"
I felt enraptured, it was then I cried out
May the Lord look sideways on your Red
Plaid Shawl.

We both were walking and sure I kept talking,
For to tell the truth I didn't know when to
stop!
When she said young man, what profession are
you.

Why says I, I'm a clerk in a large Straw Shop.
She turned her round on the shortest notice,
I was not minding, no, not at all,
I felt enraptured and 'twas then I called out,
O, sweet bad luck to your Red Plaid Shawl.

Early next morning I was awakened.
By the noise and cheering of the boys around,
My hat and watch gone, O, such a pickle,
I lay quite stupid upon the ground.
And then the voice of some young urchins,
Cried Mick, "Twig the bloak here against the
wall,"

And while the kids kept cheering, sure I kept
swearing,
May the devil whip the damsel with the Red
Plaid Shawl.