

CAROLINE

AND HER

YOUNG SAILOR BOLD.

It's of a young nobleman's daughter, so comely and handsome we hear,
Her father possessed a great fortune, full forty-five thousand a year.
And had but an only daughter, Caroline was her name, we are told,
One day from her drawing room window she beheld a young sailor bold.

His cheeks were red as two roses, his hair was as black
When she watched his departure, walked round, and young William she met;
And, I'm a nobleman's daughter possessed of ten thousand a year,
Will forsake both my father and mother, to wed with my young sailor bold.

Said William, young lady, remember, your parents you are bound for to mind,
Upon sailors there is no dependence when their lovers are left far behind.
Be advised, stop at home with your parents, and do as they tell them you are told,
And never let any one tempt you to wed with a young sailor bold.

She said, there's no one shall persuade me one moment to alter my mind,
I will ship and proceed with my true-love, he never shall leave me behind;
Then she dressed like a gallant young sailor, and forsook both her parents and gold,
For two years and a half on the ocean she ploughed with her young sailor bold.

Three times with her true love she was shipwrecked, and always proved constant and true.
Her duty she did like a sailor; went aloft in her jacket so blue,
Her father long wept and lamented, from his eyes tears in torrents rolled.
When at length they arrived safe in England Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Caroline she went straight to her father, in a jacket and trowsers so blue,
That instant her father he fainted, when first she appeared to his view.
She cried, my dear father forgive me, and deprive me for ever of gold,
Grant me my request, I'm contented, that's to wed with my young sailor bold.

Her father admired young William, and said, that in sweet unity,
If life did but spare him till morning, together they married would be,
They were married, and Caroline's portion was two hundred thousand in gold.
So now they live happy and cheerful, Caroline and her young sailor bold.

MY BONNY, BLOOMING

Highland Jane

As I walked out one morning fair,
Being in the pleasant month of June,
The rivers ran like crystal clear,
The rose and violet were in bloom;
In sad despair a voice so clear,
I heard across each rural plain,
Saying, I have lost my lovely bride,
My bonny, blooming, Highland Jane.

She was the fairest of the fair,
Her eyes were like the diamonds bright,
She was my joy and only dear,
My treasure, comfort, and delight.
We liv'd alone like turtle doves,
And sung in a melodious strain;
But now I'm left a bird alone,
I've lost my blooming Highland Jane.

She's left behind a lovely boy,
His features fill me with amaze,
The more I look the more I weep,
And daily on him I did gaze.
She was like a flower sprung in an hour,
And snatch'd from off the mortal plain;
Oh, could I fold you in my arms,
My bonny, blooming, Highland Jane.

She was the pride of Scotland's Isle,
From the Tweed down to the Clyde,
No more again then shall I smile,
Upon my lovely charming bride.
But I am doomed to sigh and weep,
And wander o'er this dismal plain,
No lass could e'er yet surpass
My bonny, blooming, Highland Jane.

Oh! cruel death, thou wast severe,
To snatch so suddenly away,
That lovely rose-bud in her prime,
To mix among the mouldering clay.
But through the dreary hours of night,
I'll sit and sing in mournful strain;
The loss of her who shone so bright,
My bonny, blooming, Highland Jane.

My tears shall soak the mouldering clay,
While I sit weeping on her grave;
And as the hours fleet away,
From death I will one favour crave,
To take me to the rose that died,
Far—far from this dejected plain
And lay me in the earth, beside
My bonny, blooming, Highland Jane.

