



THE
BRITISH MAN OF
WAR.

It was down in yonder meadows I carelessly did stray,
And I beheld a lady fair with some young sailor gay,
He said my lovely Susan I soon must leave the shore.
And cross the briny ocean in a British man of war.

Pretty Susan fell to weeping, oh young sailor she did say,
How can you be so venturesome to throw yourself away,
Its when that I am twenty-one I shall receive my store,
Jolly Sailor do not venture in a British man of war.

O, Susan lovely Susan the truth to you I will tell,
The British flag insulted is, old England knows it well,
I may be crowned with laurels, so like a jolly tar,
I will face the walls of China in a British man of war.

O, sailor do not venture for to face the proud Chinese
For they will prove as treacherous as any Portuguese,
And by some deadly dagger you may receive a scar,
So its turn your inclination from a British man of war.

Susan lovely Susan the time will quickly pass,
So come down to the ferry house and take a parting glass,
My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the shore,
And it's for old England's glory in a British man of war.

Then the Sailor took his handkerchief and cut it fair in two,
O Susan keep one half for me, and I'll do the same by you
The bullets may surround me and cannon loudly roar.
I will fight for fame and Susan in a British man of war.

Then a few more words together when her love let go her
hand.
A jovial crew they launched the boat and merrily rowed from
land.

The sailor waved his handkerchief when far away from shore.
Pretty Susan bless'd her Sailor in a British man of war.

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THE
HOLY FRIAR.

I am a Friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip,
My long bead roll I merrily chant,
Wherever I walk no money I want,
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire.
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of heav'n I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream,
Myself by denial I mortify,—
With a dainty bit of a warden pie,
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin,
With old sack wine I'm lined within,
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding dong.

This Christian life we daily run,
At night absolve some fav'rite nun,
In charity we spend our lives,
Assisting widows, maids and wives.
To keep the passions in control,
The flesh relieve, and save the soul.
Of penance none do e'er complain,
But come to be absolv'd again.

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