



## WILD AND WICKED YOUTH.

In Newry town I was bred and born,  
In Steven's Green I died with scorn,  
I served my time to the saddling trade,  
And always was a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,  
I loved her dear as I loved my life,  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
A robbing went on the highway.

But my money did grow low,  
On the highway I was forced to go,  
Where I robbed both lords and ladies bright,  
Brought home the gold to my heart's delight.

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,  
Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor Square,  
I shut the shutters and bid 'em good night,  
And went away to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I took my way,  
With my blooming fair to see the play,  
Till Fielding's gang did me pursue,  
Taken I was by that cursed crew.

My father cries I am undone,  
My mother cries for her darling son,  
My wife she tore her golden hair,  
What shall I do for I'm in despair.

But when I'm dead and in my grave,  
A decent funeral let me have,  
Six highwaymen to carry me,  
Give them broad swords and liberty.

Six blooming girls bear my pall,  
Give them gloves and ribbons all,  
When I am dead, they tell the truth,  
He was a wild and wicked youth.

Printed by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-Street, Durham;  
Sold by John Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester.



## GILES SCROGGIN'S GHOST.

Giles Scroggin's courted Molly Brown,  
Fol de riddle lol de riddle lido  
The fairest wench in all the town,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
He bought her a ring and posy true,  
If you loves I as I loves you,  
No knife shall cut our loves in two,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

But scissars cut as well as knives,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
And quite unsartain's all our lives,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
The day they were to have been wed,  
Fate's scissars cut poor Giles' thread,  
So they could not be mar-ri-ed,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
And cried herself quite fast asleep,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
When standing fast by her bed-post,  
A figure tall her sight engross'd,  
And it cried, I be's Giles Scroggin's ghost,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
O Molly you must go with I,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
All to the grave your love to cool,  
Says she, I am not dead yet you fool,  
Says the ghost, says he, vy that's no rule,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

The ghost he seiz'd her all so grim,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
All for to go along with him,  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.  
Come, come, said he, ere morning beam,  
I von't, said she, and scream'd a scream,  
Then she awoke and found she'd dreamt a dream.  
Fol de riddle lol, &c.

