



THE RAKISH YOUNG FELLOW.

I once was a rakish young fellow,
I never took care of my life,
I have sailed the ocean all over,
And found in each port a fresh wife.
And now that the wars are all over,
And I'm landed safe on the shore,
It's God bless me for ever and ever,
If I go to sea any more.

I have sailed through stormy weather,
I have travell'd thro' hot and thro' cold,
I have ventured my life on the ocean,
I have ventured for honor and gold.
But now that the wars, &c:

I will send for my friends and relations,
I will send for them every one,
And all for to make them right welcome,
I will send for a cask of good rum,
I will send for a cask of good rum, boys,
And two or three barrels of beer,
It is done for to make them all welcome,
To meet me at Derry-down fair.

And when that I'm dead and I'm buried,
And passed all the troubles of life,
Let there be no sighing nor sobbing,
But do a good turn for my wife.
Let there be no sighing or sobbing,
But one single favour I crave:
Wrap me up in a tarpaulin jacket,
And fiddle and dance o'er my grave.

Let six jolly fellows all carry me,
And let them be terribly drunk, 505
And as they are going along with me,
Let them fall down with my trunk.
There shall be such laughing and joking,
Like so many men going mad,
They shall take a glass over my coffin,
Saying "There goes a true-hearted lad."



THE GIPSEY'S TENT.

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright-place, Byrom Street, Liverpool.

Our fire on the turf, and tent 'neath the hill,
Carousing by moonlight, so merry are we:
Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall;
But the home of the Gipsy's the widest of all.
We laugh at our cups, and shout loud as we will,
'Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, & hill:
No joy seems to us like the joys that are lent
To the wondrous life in the Gipsy's tent

Pant you for beauty? and, where would you seek,
Such bloom as is found on the tawney-one's cheek?
Our limbs they move nimbly, & bounding with health
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
We have nought to controul us, we rest or we roam,
Our will is our law, and the world is our home.
Even Job would repine at his lot if he spent
The night of wild glee in the Gipsy's tent.

Some crime, and much folly, may fall to our lot,
We have sins, and pray where is there one who has
not?

We are rogues, arrant rogues; but, remember! 't is
rare,

That we take but from those who can very well spare
You may tell us of deeds, justly branded with shame
But, if great ones heard truth, you might tell them
the same;

For there's many a king would have less to repent,
If his throne was as pure as the Gipsy's tent.

