

THE YOUNG SAILOR BOLD

I sing of a nobleman's daughter,
So comely and handsome we hear,
Her father possess'd a great fortune—
Full thirty-five thousand a year;
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline was her name we are told,
And one day from her drawing-room window
She admir'd a young sailor bold.

His cheeks they appear'd like two roses,
His hair was as black as jet,
Young Caroline watch'd his departure,
Walk'd round and young William she met,
She said, I'm a nobleman's daughter,
Possessed of ten thousand in gold,
I'll forsake both my father and mother,
To wed with a young sailor bold.

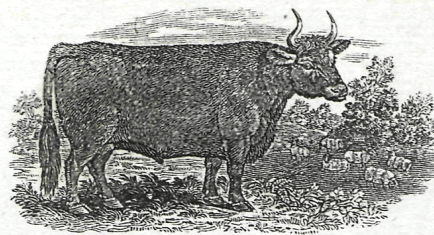
Said William, young lady, remember,
Your parents you're bound for to mind,
And on sailors their is no dependence,
When their lovers are left far behind:
Be advis'd, stay at home with your parents,
And do as by them you are told,
And never let any one tempt you;
To wed with a young sailor bold.

She said, there's none shall persuade me,
One moment to alter my mind,
But I'll ship and proceed with my true love,
He never shall leave me behind;
Then she dress'd like a gallant young sailor,
Forsook both her parents and gold,
Two years and a half on the ocean,
She plough'd with her young sailor bold.

Three times with her love she was shipwreck'd,
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 long roll'd,
When at length they arrived safe in England
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Caroline went straightway to her father,
In her jacket and trowsers so blue,
He seized her and instantly fainted,
When first she appeared to his view;
She cried my dear father forgive me,
Deprive me for ever of gold,
Grant me my request I'm contented
To wed with my young sailor bold.

Then her father admir'd young William,
And vow'd that in sweet unity,
If life did him spare till the morning,
Together they married should be,
They were married and Caroline's portion
Was two hundred thousand in gold,
So they live happy and cheerful,
Caroline and her young sailor bold.



The Unfortunate SHEPHERDES.

In the county of Essex there lived a 'squire,
And he had a daughter most beautiful and fair,
And she loved a shepherd below her degree
Which caused her ruin and misery.

When her father came to know it his passion grew hot,
And with a loaded pistol the young shepherd he shot,
And as he lay bleeding this young lady came by,
Which caused her to weep and bitterly to cry.

O cursed be the gold my true love's now slain,
My joys are transported to sorrow and pain,
O yes, says the shepherd none can my life save,
But a wonder you'll see when I'm laid in my grave.

The flocks that I feed my own shire is but small,
They are fifteen in number, they feed on yon hill,
My dear they'll attend you wherever you go,
They'll be your companions through hail, rain, and snow.

She has ta'en up his crook, his cloak, his plaid,
Like a faithful young shepherd to the valley stray'd,
When she came to the hill all the sheep to her came,
All bleating, and treating her love to obtain.

The old ram she called Andrew and Sally his dame,
Both Johnny and Charlotte knew their own name,
When she wanted them to stay on any green plain
She say you'll stay here till I come again.

With a humble submission they always do so,
When she stays long they all mourning do go,
With humble submission they bleat in her face,
There's no such token form the whole human race.

She wandered through England, to Scotland she came,
You true love controllers you see what's my doom,
The shepherd's no more and her father soon died,
Weeping for the loss of his daughter beside.

If I would return to my father's bright hall,
I might live in splendour but that I never shall,
She says I will wander till death end the strife,
Lamenting for my shepherd all the days of my life.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham

