



The Ploughman TURNED SAILOR.

Sec 1.

I that once was a ploughman, a sailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the sky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay and so careless as I?
But my friend was a Carfino a beard a kings ship,
And he asked me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talked of such things,
As sailors were kings,
And so teasing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep
No longer the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
I trusted the Carfino and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind,
I did not much like for to be on board a king's ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out,
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about,
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like the
Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat,
Ah! cried I who would roam,
That like me had a home,
When I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep
Where sweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the Carfino, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind,
At last safe I landed and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend who I ask'd for my kin,
Fathers dead and my wife's ran away,
Ah! who but myself, said I, hast thou to blame,
Wives loosing their husbands oft lose their good name,
Ah! why did I roam.
When so happy at home,
I could sow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
When so sweetly the horn,
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curse light upon the Carfino and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.
Why if that's the case said this very same friend,
And you beant' no more minded to roam,
Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home,
Stark staring with joy I leapt out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife mother sister and all of my kin,
Now cried I let them roam,
Who want a good home,
I am well so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my home to go ploughing the deep,
Once more shall the horn,
Call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any d—d Carfino nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

QUITE POLITELY



When first in Lundon I arrived, on a visit on a visit
When first in Lunnon I arrived 'midst heavy rain
and thunder,
There I espied a lass in green,
The bonniest lass that e'er was seen,
I'd often heard of beauty's queen,
Thinks I by gum I've found her, Tol de rol, &c.

She stood stock still I did the same, gazing on her;
gazing on her,
She stood stock still I did the same we both looked
mighty simple,
Her cheek was like the blushing rose,
Which on the hedge neglected blows,
Her eyes were black as any sloes,
And nigh her mouth a dimple,

Madame says I, & made a bow, scraping to her &c
Madam says I, and made a bow, I quite forgot the
weather,

If you will me permission give,
I'll see you home where'er you live,
With that she shook me by the sleeve,
And off we trudged together,

A pretty wild goose chase we had, up and down sir,
in and out sir,
A pretty wild goose chase we had, the cobbled stones
so galled me,
Whereon we came unto a door,
Where twenty lasses, aye, or more,
Came out to have a bit galore,
A bumpkin as they did call me.

Walk in kind sir said she to me, quite politely quite
politely,
Walk in kind sir said she to me,—poor lad they cried
he's udone,
Walk in kind sir,—not so says I,
For I have other fish to fry,
I've seen you home so now good bye,
I see Yorkshire though in Lunnon.

My pockets soon I rumaged o'er, cautious ever cau-
tious ever,
My pockets soon I rumaged o'er, & found a diamond
ring there,
For I this precaution took,
To stick in each a small fish hook,
In groping for my pocket book,
The bauble slipp'd her finger.

Three weeks I've been in Lunnon town, living idle,
living idle,
Three weeks I've been in Lunnon town 'tis time to
go to work sure,
I sold the ring, and got the brass,
Con't think I've played the silly ass,
'Twill do to feast the Lunnon lass,
When I get back to Yorkshire.

PRESTON.

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