



The Rambling Sailor.

I am a seaman brave and bold,
Long time I've ploughed the ocean,
I served my king and country too,
For honour and promotion.
Now brother sailors I'll bid you adieu,
I'll go no more to sea with you,
I'll travel the country through and through,
And still be a rambling sailor.

When I came to Grimbsy town,
There I saw lasses plenty,
I boldly stepped up to one,
To court her for her money;
I said, my dear, be of good cheer,
I will not leave, you need not fear,
Then straight to bed she did repair,
To lie with a rambling sailor.

Then in the morning I arose,
And left her for an hour,
I said, my dear, do you lie there,
While I go choose a flower;
But if you stay there till I return,
You may stay till the day of doom,
I'll get some other girl in your room,
For to huddle with a rambling sailor.

When I came to Newcastle town,
Now there were lasses plenty,
I boldly stepped up to one
To court her for her beauty.
I said, my dear, what do you choose,
Here's wine and ale, and rum-punch too,
Besides a pair of new silk shoes,
For to travel with your rambling sailor.

The first time that I came that way,
O they put me to lie in a barn,
The daughter to her mother said,
I'm afraid it will do him some harm,
They put me to lie on the cold barn floor,
Where the wind and rain blew in thro' the door,
You may put him in my bed mother if you choose,
For I'm told he's a rambling sailor.

Oh, if you wish to know my name,
My name it is young Thompson,
I have a commission from the king,
To court all girls that's handsome.
With my false heart and flatt'ring tongue,
I'll court them all both old and young,
I'll court them all but marry none,
But still be a rambling sailor.

THE MAID OF LODI.

I sing the Maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me,
Whose brows are never cloudy,
Nor e'er distort with glee;
She values not the wealthy,
Unless they're great and good,
For she is strong and healthy,
And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,
Around the cheerful fire,
She sings or rests contented—
What more can man desire?
Let those who squander millions,
Review her happy lot,
They'll find their proud pavilions,
Inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma,
Some villains seiz'd my coach,
And dragg'd me to a cavern,
Most dreadful to approach,
Near which the maid of Lodi,
Come trotting from the fair,
She paus'd to hear me wailing,
And to see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket,
She tied her pony's reins;
I, thus by female courage,
Was brought to life again,
She took me to her dwelling,
And cheer'd my heart with wine,
And then she deck'd a table,
At which a god might dine.

Among the mild Madonas,
Her features you may find,
But not the famed Boregius,
Could ever paint her mind,
Then sing the Maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me,
And when this maid is married,
The happier may she be.

