



T H E
Cruel Captain.

A Maiden fair in Plymouth did dwell,
As I the truth to you will tell,
An Irish captain courted her we' ear,
He oft times swore he lov'd her dear.

Then Sunday being the fourth of May,
A pleasuring they went to view the sea,
All in the boat as you shall know,
Alas! he prov'd her overthrow.

O B-tsey now you must agrée,
And give consent to lie with me;
I never will, sir, whilst that I've life,
Until I am your wedded wife.

Close in the boat he did her confine,
To make her yield unto his mind,
He ravish'd her as you shall hear,
While this fair maid shed many a tear.

No, you have had your will of me,
Convey me safe to land, says she.
No, no, to land you ne'er shall go,
For over-board your body I'll throw.

Then on her knees she went straightway,
And begg'd of him her life to save,
This villain he made no more to do,
But over-board her body threw.

She in a merchant's place did dwell,
And in her service was lik'd well,
Her mistress she did sorely grieve,
To know what was become of she.

On Wednesday after, as you'll understand,
The body was found on the sea land,
Her mistress wrung her hands and said,
Alas! this is my servant maid.

Then she was took to fair Plymouth town,
And in her breast a note was found,
These lines they are to let you know,
Twas Captain Fitzs prov'd my overthrow.

Now he has made his own escape,
Tho' on her body did commit a rape,
Then drown'd her after, as you now hear,
And into Ireland he is got clear.

