



Printed and Sold by George Walker, Jun., Sadler-Street,  
Durham, of whom my be had a choice collection of Songs,  
Ballads, &c. &c.

## FEMALE DRUMMER.

A maiden I was at the age of sixteen,  
From my friends ran away and a soldier I became ;  
I listed in a regiment, a soldier I became,  
And I learned to beat on a drum rum-a-dum.

Many a prank I've seen in the field,  
And many a Frenchman I've forced to yield ;  
Many is the slaughter I have seen of the French,  
And so boldly I fought when I was a wench.

A fighting top gallant in my time I have been,  
With the noble Duke of York at the siege of Valenciens,  
Favoured by my officers for fear I should be slain,  
They sent me back to England recruiting back again.

My hat and feather if you had but seen,  
You'd thought and sworn that a man I'd been ;  
The drummers enjoyed me with my fingers long and small,  
And I played row-de-dow the best of them all.

Every night when to my quarters I came,  
I was no way ashamed to lay with a man ;  
In pulling off my breeches, to myself I often smiled,  
For to lay with the soldiers, and a maid all the while.

They sent me to London to keep guard at the Tower,  
Where I might have been a maid to this very hour—  
A young girl fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,  
And she to my officers the secret conveyed.

The officer sent to me to know if it was true,  
For such a thing can scarce be believed of you ;  
When I told of it, he smiled and to me said,  
'Tis a pity to lose such a drummer as you've made.

For your noble courage at the siege of Valenciens,  
A bounty shall be allowed you, my girl, from the king ;  
Now I have got a husband and a drummer he's I vow.  
I have learned him to beat on my drum row-de-dow.

Here's a health unto the king, and a health unto you,  
A health to every soldier that sticks to his colours true ;  
And if the King is short of men and war he should proclaim,  
So boldly will I march to fight for him again.



## THE GALLEY SLAVE.

O think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,  
Was as happy as happy could be ;  
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,  
I'm a captive, alas ! on the sea !  
I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate,  
To tear me from her I adore :  
When thought brings to mind my once happy  
state,  
I sigh, I sigh, while I tug at the oar.

How hard is my fate, how galling my chains,  
My life steer'd by misery's chart,  
And tho' 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,  
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart !  
I disdain, e'er to shrink tho' I feel the sharp  
lash,  
And my breast bleeds for her I adore ;  
While around me the unfeeling billows do dash,  
I sigh, I sigh, and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceiv'd me—I'd pleasure in tow,  
The port where she dwelt I'd in view ;  
But the wish'd nuptial morn was all clouded with  
woe,  
And, dear Anna, I hurried from you !  
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,  
To behold my dear Anna no more ;  
But despair wastes my spirits—my form feels  
decay—  
He expir'd as he tug'd at the oar !

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