

WILLIAM

OF THE

Man-of-war.

One winter's day as I was walking,
 Dark and cloudy was the sky,
 A smart and gay young pair were talking,
 A tear stood trembling in each eye.
 The one appear'd a virtuous maiden,
 The other was a gallant tar,
 Compell'd he was by fate and fortune,
 To sail on board of a man of war.

Said this young sailor, I must leave you,
 Our sovereign's orders I must obey,
 I never intended to deceive you,
 Dearest Fanny shun dismay.
 I'm going to cross the raging ocean,
 And from my Fanny ramble far,
 Should I come home with cash in store,
 I'd bid farewell to the man of war

Young man you know my situation,
 Do not leave me here behind,
 I'll bid adieu to each relation,
 Be a soiler true and kind.
 If sick or in sorrow, I will follow,
 To heal your wounds when you are far,
 And hear in battle cannons rattle,
 With you on board a man-of-war.

Suppose your parents you offended
 And I should in the battle fall,
 Then when your sailor's life is ended,
 Alas! no friend you'll find at all.
 Because, if you are such a ranger,
 You from all friends must ramble far,
 So be a stranger to each danger,
 Nor sail with me on board of a man-of-war.

She wept and said before we are parted,
 Take advice from one that's true,
 If here you leave me broken-hearted,
 I never more your face can view.
 While, William, dear, you are on the ocean,
 I'll think upon my gallant tar,
 My heart with fear is still in motion,
 Till you return from the man-of-war.

Now since, my dear, you seem undaunted,
 To Fanny I'll ne'er bid adieu,
 I'll ask the favor if 'tis granted,
 Before I go to marry you,
 I'll guard my ranger through all danger,
 And from all foes when we are far,
 God protect young faithful Fanny,
 With William in the man-of-war



HURRAH

FOR THE

ROAD!

William M'Call, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place,
 Byrom-street, Liverpool.

Hurrah o'er Hounslow-heath to roam,
 Hurrah for the stilly hour,
 When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome
 As a maid from her battle tower.
 When sparks of fire from my corsair steed,
 Spring flashing at every goad;
 And the distant sounds of wheels I greet,
 Then hurrah, hurrah for the road!
 Hurrah, &c.

Stop! stop's the word, all dread to hear,
 Your gold and your gems resign,
 When my pistol's cock'd and by look's severe,
 For a desperate life is mine.
 How ladies scream, how with rage men glow,
 While their purses I unload; (bow
 Then I cry "Good night!" with a smile and a
 And hurrah, hurrah for the road!
 Hurrah, &c

What mirth at jovial's house of call,
 O'er wine cup our deeds to tell;
 To forget one day we must pay for all,
 And swing high to the dismal bell.
 Remorse too late this despised heart,
 Why with dungeon fetters bode,
 With courage I've liv'd, so with life I'll part,
 Then hurrah, hurrah for the road.

446

