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THE
SAILOR DEAR,

WITH THE
ANSWER.

To which is added,
A HUNTING SONG.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.



THE SAILOR DEAR.

TUNE—THE VICAR AND MOSES.

YF maidens pretty,
in to vn and city,
Pray hear with pity my strain,
A maid confounded,
In sorrow drowned,
And deeply wounded with grief and pain.

'Tis for the sake,
Of a lovely sailer,
I'm still bewailing with melting tears,
Whilst other maidens
Are fondly playing.
I'm grieving for my sailer dear.

In dales and allies,
Thro' shades and vallies,
And around each lovely grove,
Roll'd in sweet flowers,
In rural bowers,
We've spent sweet hours in mutual love,

But now my dearest
 Has cross'd the ocean,
 And left his jewel residing here,
 Curs'd wars alarms,
 Depriv'd my arms
 My sweet charming sailor dear.

Though he did leave me,
 I dont blame him,
 Because my darling was forc'd away;
 'Twas for my fortune,
 My greedy parents,
 Contriv'd to have him sent to sea,

Five thousand pounds
 Left by an uncle,
 Besides four hundred pounds a year,
 'Twas for that reason,
 They do despise him,
 As he's beneath them my sailor dear;

May every vengeance
 Be their attendance,
 That sent my jewel to plow the main,
 For worldly treasure,
 And my displeasure,
 They'd forfeit all for the love of gain,

Could I command
 The wealth of the Indies,
 And once my darling to appear,

I would give it all
 To my dearest jewel,
 And join in marriage with my sailor dear.

My hard hearted father
 Gave special order,
 That I should closely confined be,
 Within my chamber,
 For fear of danger.
 Or least I should my darling see?

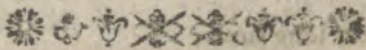
Thirteen long weeks
 On bread and water.
 I liv'd, and had no other cheer,
 O cruel usage
 To give a daughter,
 For the love I bore to my sailor dear.

Fortune befriended him,
 Always attend him.
 And still defend him where'er he goes,
 By land and water,
 May angels guard him,
 While he's in the wars with his daring foes.

O that I were but
 A nimble sailor,
 No fears and dangers would I fear,
 I'd freely enter,
 And boldly venture,
 To search the seas for my sailor dear,

Since to my jewel,
 My friends are cruel,
 I grieve alone with a heavy heart,
 And fickle fortune
 Which is uncertain,
 Through which my jewel and I did part:

No man shall ever
 Obtain my favour,
 My heart is loyal and sincere,
 Till death destroy me,
 None shall enjoy me,
 Except my jolly failor dear.



THE ANSWER.

YOU'RE welcome to me,
 From the stormy sea,
 I'm glad to see you home again,
 I hope kind fortune,
 Sent you promotion,
 Whilst you were ploughing the raging main.

My friends were cruel
 To you my jewel,
 Which cost me many a silent tear,
 It is for your sake,
 My dear heart did ake,
 That day you parted from your Moly dear.

Molly my charmer,
 Your cruel father
 Was the informer did me betray,
 And caus'd our parting,
 But now most certain,
 I've made a fortune by going to sea.

And now no longer
 I dread his anger,
 His spite nor power I do not fear,
 Let sorrows vanish.
 Your cares I'll banish,
 And heal your anguish sweet Molly dear.

I hear long time
 You've been confin'd,
 By your Father's cruelty,
 On bread and water,
 He kept his daughter,
 O hard unquall'd barbarity!

Was I but nigh you,
 I'd made a trial,
 And venture my life for to set you clear,
 My dearest female,
 I would release you,
 Of grief I'd ease you, sweet Molly dear.

With me your parents
 Were at variance,
 Which was because they had gold in store,

Nothing could them please,
They ne'er would be at ease,
They sent me where the cannons roar.

I ne'er was wounded,
Though balls surrounded,
And flew like hail in the hemisphere,
Fatigu'd and jaded,
Through blood I waded,
All for your sake my sweet Molly dear.

My dearest darling,
Your lovely forming,
Shall be adorn'd with the spoils of war,
And with my treasure,
Now use your pleasure,
I don't care though your friends do jare.

A chest of gold, all
At your disposal,
With two large bags of dollars here,
And all this to you,
I will now bestow.
As you are true my sweet Molly dear.

No more dear Molly
I'll wander from you,
Since I have arriv'd on my native shore,
Through hostile danger,
I'll never venture,
But stay at home when the war is o'er.

My dearest creature,
 Pride of all nature,
 Your lovely features my dear will cheer,
 All grief shall cease,
 Your joys increase,
 We'll live in peace, my sweet Molly dear.

A HUNTING SONG

WITH early horn salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place;
 With cheerful cries bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chase
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 Return the enliv'ning sound.

FINIS;