

The Sailors Tragedy ;

To which is added,

The wee Wifukie.



STIRLING.
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THE SAILORS TRAGEDY

I am a sailor and home I write,
And in the seas took great delight,
The female sex I did beguile
At length two were by me with child.

I promised to be true to both,
And bound myself under an oath,
To marry them if I had life.
And one of them I made my wife.

The other being left alone
Saying, you false deluding man
To me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring.

Then to the silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent,
And soon she finished up the strife,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hung herself upon a tree,
Two men a-hunting did her see;
Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
Which made the young men weep full sore,

Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found ;
This note was written out at large,
Bury me not I do you charge

But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows e'er too late.

As he is false I do protest
That he on earth shall find no rest,
And it is said she plagu'd him so,
That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the main-mast high,
A little boat he did espy,
In it there was a Ghost so grim,
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes,
To the Captain his mind for to disclose:
Here is a spirit coming hence,
O Captain stand in my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost;

Captain said she you must and can,
With speed help me to such a man.

In St. Helens this young man died,
And in St. Helens is his body laid :
Captain, said she, do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep.

From the deck did the Captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe,
On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once but I have you now.

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forced him ;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you that know what to love belong,
 Now you have heard my mournful song,
 Be true to one whatever you mind,
 And dont deids poor woman-kind.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

The e was a wee bit wifukie,
 and she gade till a fair,
 She'got a wee bit drapuke
 that cost her meikle care ;
 It gade about the wife's heart,
 an' she was like to spew.
 An' O ! quo' the wee bit wifukie,
 I wish I ba nae fu'.

If Johny see me barley-ick,
 I doubt he'll claw my skin,
 I'll tak a wee bit zapuckie,
 before that I gae in :
 Sae lyin' down at a dyke-side,
 takin' a wee bit nap :
 By came a paukie packman,
 wi' a wee bit pack.

He clippet a the wife's locks,
 that gowden were'and lang !

He took her pouch an' pursukie,
 an' fast awa' he ran;
 The wife waken'd in a fright,
 her head was light's a flec.
 An' O! quo' the wee wifakie,
 sure this is no me

When I was bonny Bassukie,
 my locks they were like gowd,
 I look'd like ozy lassokie
 whene'er that they were cow'd
 An' Johnny was aye tellin' me,
 I was right fair to see;
 But somebody has been fellin' me,
 for this is no me.

I met wi' kindly companie,
 I bir'd my bawbee;
 If I be bonny Bessukie,
 three placks remain wi' me,
 She put her han' down by her side,
 to fin' gin it was she,
 But neither pouch nor plack she had,
 so this is no me.

I hae a wee bit housokie,
 an' in't a kindly man?

A doggie they ca' Dossukie,
 if it be me he'll saun;
 An' a' the bairns about the house
 will ken if this be me,
 But somebody's been sellin' me
 for this is no me.

The night was cauld an' di' gin' wat,
 an' now but it was a i'k.
 The little doggie heard a foot.
 an' it began to bark;
 An' when the doggie barked,
 she kent it was nas she?
 O weel ken my Dossukie
 that this is no me.

When Johny heard his Bessie's foot
 fast to the doer he ran;
 Cryin', come awa' my bessukie;
 it's no me goodman:
 Be kiadly to my bairns a',
 an' weel may ye be;
 Fare ye weel my Johnny, lad,
 for this is no me

John ran to the minister,
 his hair it stood on end;
 I hae got sic a fright, Sir,
 I fear I'll never mend;
 My wife's come hame without a head,
 crying' out most bitterly,
 Fare ye weel my Johnny, lad,
 for this is no me.

The tale you tell seems wondrous strange,
 seems wondrous strange to me,
 I o'think a wife without a head
 could either speak or see:
 The things that happen here awa,
 are wonderful to me:
 I cou'd a'gainst wi' Bessie say,
 'tis neither you nor she

When Johnny he came hame again,
 his heart was unco fain,
 To see his bonny Bessukie,
 come to hersell again:
 Sittin' on a stoolikin',
 an' Tibbock on her knee;
 Cryin' come awa' my Johnny lad,
 for this is no me quo she
 for this is now me;
 I've got a wee bit rapokie,
 and this is now me.

Then Johnny took her in his arms,
 his heart was unco glad.
 To see his bonny Bessukie,
 now a' right but the head;
 Although you've lost your gowden locks,
 your pouch and pursukie,
 Come to your bed my Bessukie,
 and happy we shall be.

FINIS.