## The Sailors Tragedy;

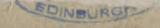
To which is added,

## 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 beguite
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 dose 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 hesself upon a tree,

Two men a-hunting did her see;

Her flish by beasts was basely tore,

Which made the young men weep full at

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 rosses 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 fore'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 defeace.

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:
Captair, 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 sead 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 mer.

Into the boat they forced him;

The boat tunk in a flash of fire.

Which made the sailors all admire.

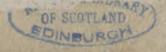
All you that know what to leve belong,
Now you have heard my mounful song,
Be true to one whitever you mind.
And dont delude poor woman-kind.

## THE WEE WIFUKIF.

There 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 wifukis,
I wish I be nãe fu'.

If Johny see me barley-sick,
I doubt he'll claw my skia,
I'll tak a wee bit napuckie,
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 rouch and pursukie, an' fast awa' he ran; The wife waken'd in a fright, her head was light's a flee. An' O! quo' the wes wifukie, sure this is no me

When I was bonny B. ssukie,
my heaks they were like gowd,
I look'd like ony lassokie
whene'er that they were cow'd
An' Johny was aye tellin' me,
I was right fair to see;
But somebody has been fedlin me,
for this is no me.

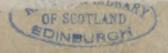
I met wi' kindly companie,
I birl'd my bawbce;
If I be borny Bessukie,
three placks remain wi' me,
the put her han' down by her side,
to fin' gin it was she,
Eut neither peuch nor plack she had,
so this is no me.

I has a wee bit housekie, an' in't a kindly man? A doggie they ca' Dossukie,
if it be me he'll fawn;
An' a' the bairns about the house
will ken if this be me,
But somebody's been sellia' ma
for this is no me.

The night was cauld an dies a wat, an now but it was with The little doggie heard a flot. an' it began to bark;
An' when the doggie barked, she kent it was nas she?
O weel ken my Dessukie that this is no me.

When Johny heard his Bessie's foot fast to the door he ran;
Cryin', come awa' my bessukie;
it's no me goodman:
Be kindly to my bairos z',
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, lai,
for this is no me.



The tale you tell seems wondrous strange.
seems wondrous strange to me.
I othink a wife without a head
could either speak or see:
The things that happen here awa,
are wonderful to me:
I cou'd amaist 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 mapokie,
and this is now me.

Theu 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 looks,
your pouch and pursukie,
Come to your bed my Bessukie,
and happy we shall be.

FINIS.