

The MAID in Bedlam.

To which are added

The FEMALE ROBBER.


SAILOR JACK,

*With the Answer.*

PATTY CLOVER.



Entered according to Order, 1798.



The MAID in BEDLAM.

ONE morning very early,  
One morning in the spring,  
I heard a maid in bedlam,  
Who mournfully did sing,  
Her chains she rattled in her hands,  
While sweetly thus sung she,  
I love my love, because I know,  
My love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents,  
Who sent my love to sea,  
And cruel, cruel was the ship,  
That bore my love from me,  
Yet I love his parents since they're his,  
Although they've ruin'd me,  
And I love my love because I know,  
My love loves me.

Should it please the pitying powers,  
To call me to the sky,  
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,  
Around my love to fly,  
To guard him from all dangers,  
How happy should I be,  
For I love my love because I know,  
My love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,  
I'll make it wondrous fine,

With roses, lillies, daisies,  
 I'll mix the eglantine ;  
 And I'll present it to my love,  
 When he returns from sea.  
 For I love my love because I know,  
 My love loves me.

O if I were a little bird,  
 To build upon his breast,  
 Or if I was a nightingale,  
 To sing my love to rest ;  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes,  
 All my reward should be,  
 For I love my love because I know,  
 My love loves me.

O if I was an eagle,  
 To soar into the sky,  
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes,  
 Where I my love might spy ;  
 But ah ! unhappy maiden !  
 That love you ne'er shall see,  
 Yet I love my love because I know,  
 My love loves me.



### THE FEMALE ROBBER;

**Y**E females of every station,  
 Give ear to my frolicksome song,  
 The like was ne'er known in the nation,  
 'Twas done by a female so young.

She bought her a horse and a bridle,  
 With saddle and pistols also,  
 Resolving not to remain idle,  
 But on the highway she would go.

She clothed herself in great splendor,  
 Her breeches and sword she had on,  
 Her body appear'd mighty slender,  
 'Twas drest like a pretty young man.

And thus like a robber so pretty,  
 She mounted with speed on her mare,  
 She left all her friends in the city,  
 And steered her course towards Ware.

The first that she met was a grocer,  
 Walking with a can in his hand,  
 She soon to the spark rode up closer,  
 And boldly she made him to stand.

She took from him only one guinea,  
 The next was a taylor and sheers,  
 Because the poor rogue had no money,  
 She nimbly cut off both his ears.

There was too a pinching old tanner,  
 For the loss of his money he cried,  
 Because the poor rogue baul'd out loudly,  
 She bravely tanned his hide.

The next was an honest exciseman,  
 She told him she must have the prize,  
 She robbed him of eighty gold guineas,  
 Which he had receiv'd for excise.



The next was a cheating quack doctor,  
 Whose clothes were all daubed with lace,  
 She took both his coat and his money,  
 It was a most pitiful case.

The next was an honest old lawyer,  
 At assizes he pleaded the laws,  
 She took both his watch and his money,  
 And this was the truth of the cause.

The next was a greasy fat landlord,  
 Whose guts held a hoghead of beer,  
 She ranak'd him of forty gold guineas,  
 And he shit in his breeches for fear.

The next that came were four robbers,  
 Well mounted on brave prancing nags,  
 She ordered them to stand and deliver,  
 And told them she wanted their bags.

The highwaymen all drew their rapiers,  
 And bid them to stand on their guard,  
 But away this fair maiden did caper,  
 The highwaymen followed her hard.

They followed and soon overtook her,  
 And searched her breeches with speed,  
 But as they did well overtake her,  
 They found her a woman indeed.

The highwaymen all stood amazed,  
 But she had no cause to complain,  
 Tho' with her they did as they pleased,  
 They gave her her money again.

## SAILOR JACK.

**L**AST Sunday morn I sailed from Cork,  
 On board of the Montague,  
 There's one on board I dearly love,  
 And hope that he'll prove true;  
 Kind heaven send him safely back,  
 My life, my joy, my sailor Jack.  
 Fal-la, &c.

The first time he came for to court me,  
 He was drest in his rich array,  
 He was drest all in his rich brocades,  
 With other garments gay;  
 Deceive me not because I am young,  
 You've got a false and a flattering tongue.

The second time he came to court me,  
 He was drest in sailor's array:  
 He was drest all in his speckled shirt,  
 With other garments gay;  
 So sweet he sat and sung by me,  
 With his good humour frank and free.

If I on board with you should go,  
 Don't be angry with me my dear;  
 Your cabin I will closely keep,  
 No man will come near;  
 And when your mess is almost out,  
 I'll help to steer your ship about.

And when you're on the raging main,  
 Think on your Molly dear,  
 Constant I'll be as the turtle dove,  
 No reason you have to fear;  
 Hoist up your sails, push back your oars,  
 And turn to your Molly's arms once more.

THE ANSWER.

AS F Sunday morning we went to sea;  
 With a sweet and pleasant gale,  
 My lovely Molly's white and red  
 Was turn'd to deadly pale,  
 But if fortune send me safe on shore,  
 I cherish Molly's heart once more.  
 Fal la, &c.

She has a long and slender waist,  
 Her breast's as white as snow,  
 She has a kind and am'rous look,  
 And her mind with wit doth flow;  
 'Tis in her humour frank and free,  
 And sings with a sweet melody.

When we were on the raging main,  
 Drinking good wine and beer,  
 Other times with a bowl of punch,  
 To cheer our sailor's hearts;  
 None of these so pleases me,  
 As when in my Molly's company.



~~W~~~~W~~~~W~~ go to the top-mast head,  
~~X~~~~X~~~~X~~ me strange sail to spy,  
 Turn my face towards the shore,  
 And casts a watchful eye;  
 Hoping my dearest for to see,  
 Some rowing in a boat to me.

**I** pray Neptune smooth the foaming seas,  
 Boreas a gale bestow;  
 That our hollow'd sail's belly'd from the mast  
 By a gentle breeze may blow,  
 To send us to our wish'd-for shore,  
 Pity to our arms whom I adore!

PATTY CLOVER

**W**HEN little on the village green  
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her,  
 She seem'd to me some fairy queen,  
 So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With every simple child'sish art  
 I try'd each day to move her,  
 The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,  
 To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast,  
 I chose—an infant lover!  
 I stole the goldfinch from its nest  
 To give to Patty Clover.