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Gosport Tragedy;

OR, THE

Perjured Ship Carpenter.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE SCOTS BONNET.

THE RELIEF BY THE BOWL.

GET MARRIED as SOON as you CAN.



G L A S G O W,

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## GOSPORT TRAGEDY.

IN Gosport of late a young damsel did dwell,  
 For wit and for beauty did many excel;  
 A young man did court her for to be his dear,  
 And he by his trade was a ship carpenter.

He said, My dear Molly, if you will agree,  
 And now will consent, love, to marry me,  
 Your love it will ease me of sorrow and care,  
 If you will but marry a ship carpenter.

With blushes more charming than roses in June,  
 She answer'd, sweet William, to wed I'm too young,  
 For young men are fickle, I see very plain,  
 If a maid she is kind they'll her quickly disdain.

They'll flatter, & tell how her charms they adore,  
 If they gain her consent, they'll care for no more;  
 The most beautiful woman that ever was born,  
 If a man has enjoy'd her, her beauty he'll scorn.

My charming sweet Molly, why do you say so?  
 Thy beauty is the haven to which I will go;  
 And if in that channel I chance for to steer,  
 There I will cast anchor and stay with my dear.

I ne'er will be cloy'd with the charms of my love,  
 My love is as true as the sweet turtle dove,  
 And all that I crave is to marry my dear,  
 And when you're my own, no danger I'll fear.

The life of a virgin, sweet William I prize,  
 For marriage brings sorrow and trouble likewise;  
 I'm loth for to venture, and therefore forbear,  
 For I will not marry a ship carpenter.

For in time of war to the seas you must go,  
 And leave wife and children in sorrow and wo;  
 I'm loth for to venture, and therefore forbear,  
 For I will not marry a ship carpenter.

But yet all in vain she his suit did deny,  
 For still unto love he's forc'd her to comply;  
 At length with his cunning her heart he betray'd,  
 Unto lewd desires he led her astray.

But when with child this young damsel did prove,  
 The tidings immediately she sent to her love,  
 And by the good Heavens he swore to be true,  
 Saying, I will marry none other but you.

This past on a while, at length we do hear,  
 The King wanted sailors, to sea he must steer,  
 Which griev'd the young damsel indeed to the heart,  
 To think with sweet Will. so soon for to part.

She said, My dear Will, e'er ye go to sea,  
 Remember the vows you made unto me;  
 And if that you leave me, I never shall rest,  
 And why will you leave me with sorrow oppress'd?

The kindest expressions he to her did say,  
 I'll marry my Molly ere I go away;  
 And if that to me to-morrow you come,  
 The priest shall be brought love, & all shall be done.

With kindest embraces they parted that night,  
 She went for to meet him the next morning light,  
 He said, My dear charmer, you must go with me,  
 Before we are marry'd a friend for to see.

He led her through groves and vallies so deep,  
 At length this fair damsel began for to weep,  
 Saying, William, I fancy you lead me astray,  
 On purpose my innocent life to betray.

He said, That is true, and none can you save,  
 For I all this night have been digging your grave,  
 Poor harmless creature, when she heard him say so,  
 Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.

A grave and a spade standing by she did see,  
 And said, Must this be a bride-bed for me?  
 O perjured creature, thou worst of all men!  
 Heav'n will reward you when I'm dead and gone.

O pity my infant, and spare my sweet life,  
 Let me go distress'd, if I'm not your wife;  
 O take not my life, lest my soul you betray,  
 Must I in my youth be thus hurried away!

Her hands white as lilies in sorrow she wrung,  
 Intreating for mercy, saying, What have I done  
 To you my dear Will! What makes you so severe,  
 To murder your true love, that you lov'd so dear?

He said, There's no time disputing to stand,  
 And instantly taking his knife in his hand,  
 He pierced her heart, while the blood it did flow,  
 And into the grave her fair body did throw.

He cover'd her body, and home he did come,  
 Leaving none but the birds her death to bemoan;  
 On board of the Bedford he enter'd straightway,  
 Which lay at Portsmouth, and bound for the sea.

For Carpenter's mate he was enter'd we hear,  
 Fit for the voyage away then to steer,  
 But as in the cabin one night he did ly,  
 The voice of his true love he heard for to say,

O perjured William! awake now and hear,  
 The words of your true love that lov'd you so dear,  
 The ship out of Portsmouth it never shall go,  
 Till I be reveng'd of this sad overthrow.

This spoken, she vanish'd with shrieks & with cries,  
 The flashes of light'ning did dart from her eyes,  
 Which put the ship's crew in a terrible fear,  
 Tho' none saw the Ghost the voice they did hear.

Charles Stewart a man of courage so bold,  
 One night as he was going down to the hold,  
 A beautiful damsel to him did appear,  
 And she in her arms had a baby so dear.

Being merry in drink, he went to embrace,  
 The charms of this so lovely a face,  
 But to his surprize she vanish'd away,  
 He went to the Captain without more delay;

He told the whole story, which when he did hear,  
 He said, Now some of my men I do fear,  
 Has done some murder; and if it be so,  
 Our ship's in great danger if to sea she does go.

Then on a time his merry men all,  
 Unto the great cabin to him he did call,  
 And said, My dear sailors, this news I do hear,  
 Does really surprize me with sorrow and fear.

The Ghost which appear'd in dead of the night,  
 And all my brave sailors did sorely affright,  
 Fear has been wrong'd by some of the crew,  
 And therefore the person I fain would know.

Then William astonished, did tremble with fear,  
 And began by the Powers above for to swear,  
 He nothing at all of the matter did know,  
 But as from the Captain he went far to go,

Unto his surprize he his true love did see,  
 With that he immediately fell on his knee,  
 Saying, Here's my true love, O where shall I run?  
 Say: me, or else my poor soul is undone.

The murder he did confess out of hand,  
Saying, Here before me my Molly does stand,  
Poor injured Ghost! thy pardon I crave,  
And soon shall follow thee down to the grave.

There's none but the wretch did behold the sad sight,  
Then roving distracted; he died in the night;  
But when that her parents these tidings did hear,  
They sought for the body of their daughter dear.

Near a place call'd Southampton in a valley so deep  
The body was found, while many did weep,  
At the fall of a damsel and baby so fair,  
And in Gosport church-yard they buried were.

I hope this will be a warning to all  
Young men, who innocent maids do enthrall,  
Young men be constant and true to your love,  
And blessings will attend you be sure from above.

### THE SCOTS BONNET.

**T**IS in vain to dispute of a shoe or a boot,  
The Muses inspire my sonnet,  
My aim is to sing of a much better thing,  
And the thing that I mean is a bonnet, brave boys,  
And the subject I chuse is a bonnet.

I mean not to speak in Latin or Greek,  
Nor on Gaelic, nor Irish upon it,  
Good people attend, I mean to commend,  
And to sing in the praise of a bonnet, brave boys,  
And not in dispraise of a bonnet.

The Spaniard in pride, with sword by his side,  
Like Quixote may swagger and Don it;  
The helmet and crown, tho' names of renown,  
My rank with their equals a bonnet, brave boys,  
May not blush to rank with a bonnet.

ay don't take me wrong, the theme of my song,  
 Isn't that with flounces upon it,  
 Which Ladies so fair, doth commonly wear,  
 I mean that the Scots wear a bonnet, brave boys,  
 Who ne'er was asham'd of a bonnet.

is a bonnet of worth, tho' come from the North,  
 And worthy a much better sonnet,  
 The bonnet I sing, is fit for a King,  
 Nor care I who laugh at my bonnet, brave boys,  
 Nor value who banter my bonnet.

Men don't take it ill, that I with my quill,  
 Have flourish'd encomiums upon it,  
 Since Urban & Turk have ne'er caus'd such work,  
 As Donald has done with his bonnet, brave boys,  
 As Donald has done with his bonnet.

The hat may pretend with the cap to contend,  
 And Critics may say much upon it,  
 But neither shall dare in the least to compare,  
 Or candidates stand with the bonnet, brave boys,  
 Or vie with your banter a bonnet.

### THE RELIEF BY THE BOWL.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,  
 Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief,  
 We find that won't do, we'll have such another;  
 And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another;  
 Like sons of Apollo, we'll make our wits soar,  
 In honour to Bacchus fall down on the floor.  
 Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,  
 Both of them delighted to toss off their bowls;  
 Men let us to show ourselves mortals of merit,  
 Toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,  
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise:  
 The man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

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GET MARRIED AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

**Y**OU virgins attend, and believe me your friend  
and with patience give ear to my plan,  
Let it never be said, you will die an old maid,  
but get married as soon as you can.

When ever you find that your heart does incline  
be quick at the sight of a man;  
Let it never be said, that you'll die an old maid,  
but get married as soon as you can.

For age will come no doubt, & beauty will wear out  
and life of itself's but a span,  
So while ye're in your prime, to love you must incline  
and get married as soon as you can.

First chuse out a youth, of honour and truth,  
and never take a fool by the hand,  
With a man that has sense a new life you'll commence  
and get married as soon as you can.

And you for your part to cheer your husband's heart  
must act a prudent part to a man; (hold  
When a wife begins to scold, her tongue she'll never  
which is surely little pleasure to a man.

A rake when he's wed, when he takes't in his head  
to a house of bad fame he will gang,  
If's wife's chaste at home, he'll quickly cease to roam  
and all such wicked practice refrain.

I've heard of some mishaps befalling wicked chaps  
of wives that have husbands of their own;  
Their names I must conceal, the truth I dare not tell  
yet I swear that they dwell in this town.

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