

# Unhappy Couple.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

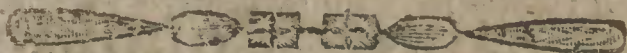
The LASS of HUMBER-SIDE.

JENNY MAY.



G L A S G O W.

PRINTED BY J. & M. ROBERTSON,  
SALTMARKET, 1802.



## THE UNHAPPY COUPLE.

**Y**OU lovers all pray give attention,  
 to those few lines which I am told,  
 It's of two lovers blasted in their glory,  
 all for the sake of cursed gold.

'Twas known I was courted by many,  
 both Lords and Knights that to me came,  
 But I could never fancy any  
 save honest John, my Father's groom.

My love is both tall and handsome,  
 he is well shap'd in every limb;  
 Could I but obtain the King's ransom,  
 I ne'er wou'd fancy any but him.

'Twas near the famous town of Reading,  
 it was the place where we were join'd,  
 And there in private we stole a wedding,  
 which prov'd to us the most unkind.

We had no friends for to attend us,  
 but Nelly who was my waiting maid;  
 We then jointly did invite her,  
 this artful girl our love betray'd.

Then Nelly wrote a private letter,  
 to let my cruel Father know,  
 Of the place where we were joined;  
 which prov'd our fatal overthrow.

We'd not spent many hours alone,  
 before my cruel Father came ;  
 And in a passion straight he flew,  
 calling my husband John by name.

O ! then he cast him into prison ;  
 with chains and fetters bound him fast,  
 And by the law he was oblig'd  
 to suffer death then at the last.

Then it was my Father's pleasure,  
 to place me where my love did die ;  
 For to behold his execution,  
 the more me for to terrify.

But when I saw my lover coming,  
 furrounded to the gallows-tree,  
 Then my poor heart that was within me,  
 seem'd to die as well as he.

But when my senses I recover'd,  
 the execution for to see ;  
 This I said my friends have acted,  
 well may I say they've ruin'd me.

Now let this my lamentation,  
 to old and young both far and near,  
 And from the highest reputation,  
 in love don't cross your children dear.

Less it at last may prove their ruin,  
 as my dear parents they have done,  
 Wit and beauty is so engaging,  
 love is a fair to one can soon.

And now this Lady's gone distracted,  
 and unto bedlam she is thrown ;  
 For the sake of her dearest Johnny,  
 both day and night she's making moan.



LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

C O M E all you gallant hearts of gold,  
 A glorious tale I will unfold,  
 Of Howe, who fought the French so bold,  
 On board of the Queen Charlotte ;  
 The first of June this fight began,  
 And gallant Howe he led the van ;  
 Our shot did play so hot that day,  
 Monsieurs they swore they would not stay,  
 In vain they strove to run away,  
 For Howe took care they should not.

The Charlotte, with Lord Howe therein,  
 This fierce encounter did begin,  
 So bravely threw their broadsides in,  
 Against the French Commander !  
 Who found the fight so hot that day,  
 That he could not withstand the fray,  
 So from the action bore away,  
 And swore he would no longer stay,  
 For he was no Salamander.

Seven ships fell in our hands that day,  
 So crippled could not get away,  
 Like logs they on the sea did ly,  
 So warm was their reception :



The L'Just and Sans Paricelle,  
 The America and bold Achille,  
 They were so maul'd they could not sail,  
 Till mann'd by British sailors.

The Northumberland and Impeteaux,  
 Were happy to be ta'en in tow,  
 The Vengeure she went down below,  
 To shun our British valour;  
 Two of them carried eighty guns,  
 One seventy-fours, and ninety guns,  
 Huzza! huzza! their admiral runs,  
 He could get no redemption.

Brave Bower, Pasley, and Captain Hutt,  
 Each lost a leg, and sorely hurt;  
 At life or death they valu'd not.

When called by their country;  
 Brave Montague was kill'd that day,  
 All while their shot did hotly play,  
 We gave three cheers with loud huzza,  
 These French dogs could not run away,  
 We had so bravely maul'd them.

Of French ships there were twenty-six,  
 When first upon them we did fix,  
 We valu'd not their Galic tricks,

Tho' we'd but twenty-five, Sir;  
 For, like true British Heroes bold,  
 Who value honour more than gold,  
 And always scorn to be controul'd,  
 Our courage has been try'd of old,  
 Success to England's forces.

Now since these prizes are brought in,  
 In honour of Great GEORGE our KING,  
 In praise of Lord Howe let us sing,

And every gallant Car, Sir;  
 For they will always win the day,  
 And drive the boasting French away,  
 To face our guns they durst not stay,  
 So give three cheers with a loud huzza,  
 Drink success to England's forces.



### The LASS of HUMBER-SIDE

**I**N lonely cot, by Humber-side,  
 I sit and mourn my hours away;  
 For constant Will was Peggy's pride,  
 and now he sleeps in Iceland Bay.

Chor. Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo, ya, yo;  
 Still as the ships pass to and fro,  
 I fondly list to yo, ya, yo.  
 Yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya, yo, Yo, ya, yo

Six months on Greenland's icy coast,  
 where half the year is dreary night,  
 He toil'd for me, and oft would boast,  
 that Peggy was his sole delight. &c.

Ah! woe is me! I often cry,  
 as thro' the broken panes I peep,  
 And as the distant sails I spy,  
 I think on dearest Will and weep. &c.

loud and swelling storms I heard,  
 as on my lonesome bed I lay'd,  
 all night alone for Will I fear'd,  
 all night for Will alone I pray'd.

Chor. Still as the ships, &c.

the bride-knot which my love did wear,  
 loose hung a pendant o'er my door,  
 and when it told the wind was fair,  
 I fancy'd soon he'd be on shore.

Chor. Still as the ships, &c.


at length the very ship I spy'd,  
 in which my constant Will had sail'd,  
 with haile I ran to lumber-side,  
 and loud and oft the sailors hail'd:  
 the deck they travers'd to and fro,  
 and answer'd nought but yo, ya, yo.

The boatswain, now full near the shore,  
 I ask'd for Will---he shook his head:  
 fear said I, he is no more---

his answer was, "Poor Will is dead!"

Oh me! I fell, oppress'd with woe!

and heard no more their yo, ye, yo.



## J E N N Y M A Y.

When Phoebus first salutes the east,  
 and dew-drops deck each thorn,  
 When ploughmen shake off downy rest,  
 and hunters wind the horn:

Then light as air I seek the shade,  
 whence glides the silver Tay,  
 And tune my pipe to that sweet maid,  
 whose name is Jenny May.

At noon, when sultry Sol is found,  
 to scorch the verdant plain ;  
 When nibbling flocks are panting round,  
 and seem to live in pain ;  
 Then shelter'd in the straw thatch'd cot,  
 I pass the time away :  
 The highest folk be envy not,  
 give me but Jenny May.

When riding down the distant west,  
 the god of light declines,  
 By many varied streaks confest,  
 delightfully he shines ;  
 With nymphs and shepherds on the plain,  
 I still am blythe and gay ;  
 But yet my softest sweetest strain,  
 must flow to Jenny May.

In spring, in summer, autumn too,  
 in winter's fiercest rage,  
 Days, hours, and months I'll still pursue,  
 my fancy to engage :  
 For ev'ry moment, ev'ry hour,  
 and ev'ry passing day,  
 Shall while kind Nature gives me power,  
 be true to Jenny May.