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T H E

Innocent Maid in Bedlam.

To which are added,

G I L D E R O Y.


CAPTAIN DELANY'S RAMBLE,

W I T H T H E

L A D Y ' S A N S W E R.



G L A S G O W,
Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1799.



The INNOCENT MAID IN BEDLAM.

O Pity an innocent maiden,
 in Bedlam I lie confin'd,
 With sorrow and grief overlaiden,
 and sorely disturbed in mind ;
 My love he was surely prest from me,
 they've sent my love over the main ;
 And I shall never be happy,
 till Billy comes home again.

Press-masters, Why are you so cruel ?
 to send my dear creature away,
 Oh ! Why do you seek my ruin ?
 a sad, yea, unfortunate day :
 In Bedlam here, I am lamenting,
 in show'rs of tears I do complain,
 For why, I ne'er shall be contented,
 till Billy comes home again.

My snow white hands shall toil,
 in brading each silver straw,
 Who knows but in a little time,
 I may set out a man of war !
 Yea, rigging with cables and anchots,
 with which I shall cross the main :
 O ten thousand lives will I venture,
 to bring my love back again.

I'll shake off each iron fetter,
 and lighten my heavy heart,

And presently send him a letter,
and tell him what pain and smart;
Lately caused by his absence,
which makes me in tears complain.
For why, I shall never be happy,
till Billy comes honre again.

My heart it has more upon it,
than a maid is able to bear;
I'll sit down and sing a sonnet
of Billy my only dear:

Each night I dream that I'm with him,
in tempest of wind and rain;
But O if I could but see him,
then I should be happy again.

Now Bedlam I will split asunder,
hark, hark how the chamber rings,
The eagle's nest I will plunder,
and borrow her spreading wings:
I'll mount the wide air for my jewel,
and swiftly fly over the main;
Though fortune at present be cruel,
I hope I shall see him again.

As she in tears was lamenting,
the young man a letter had penn'd,
And sent it away to his discontented,
by the hand of a faithful friend:
It was writ by thine own dear jewel,
I'd have thee no more to complain;
Though fortune at present be cruel,
I hope that we shall meet again.

What though I am forc'd from my nation,
I'll leave thee my heart behind,
My sorrow I'll bear with patience,
and strive to content my mind :
Dear Bet, my love, make thyself easy,
thy sighing is all in vain,
I'll do my endeavour to please thee,
when I come home again.

Having read out the letter she kiss'd it,
and trembling with sad surprize ;
Ten thousand times over she blest it,
with tears in her youthful eyes :
Alas ! how in tears she lamented,
and oft-times will sigh and complain,
And cry I shall ne'er be contented,
till Billy comes home again.

One moment her hands she is wringing,
for the loss of her only dear,
The very next moment she's singing,
just ready to pierce the air ;
Be kind to my true love, dear Neptune,
conduct him safe over the main,
For I shall never be happy,
till Billy comes home again.

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G I L D E R O Y .

AH Chloris ! could I now but sit
as unconcern'd as when,
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
no happiness nor pain,

When I this dawning did admire,
and prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
as metals in a mine;

Age from no face takes more away
than youth conceal'd in thine:

But as your charms insensibly
to their perfection prels'd;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
and center'd in my breast.

My passion with her beauty grew,
while Cupid, at my heart,

Still as his mother favour'd you,
threw a new flaming dart

Each gloried in her wanton part;
to make a lover, he

Employ'd the utmost of his art;
to make a beauty, she.

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CAPTAIN DELANY'S RAMBLE.

Between Cashil and Thurlish,
I met a fair maiden,

As I was a walking

Along the high-way:

I laid her down softly,

In a fine dewy morning,

O! are you distracted

Young man she did say.

That very day se'nnight,
I met this fair maiden,
As I was a walking
Along the same way,
Shew drew very nigh me,
And shook hands most kindly,
With kisses most sweetly
She wept and did say ;

Here's a letter from my father,
And blessings from my mother ;
And 'tis all for the love
That I bear unto you :
You shall have your bargain,
And a thousand pounds sterling,
O! love, I'll be your darling,
Your joys to renew.

I like well your saying,
My own pretty maiden ;
Yea, and I could live
For ever with you :
But I am contracted,
These five quarters passed,
To John Bailey's daughter,
In the county of Meo.

O don't be so cruel,
My own dearest jewel!
For who shall I father
My sweet baby to?
My name's Captain Delany,
No blushes shall shame me,

You will find me in Straw-belly,
In the county of Meo.

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THE LADYS ANSWER.

O ! Flattering Delany,
Will no blushes shame thee,
Since by your deceitfulness
I am undone :
No maid shall come nigh me,
But as they pass by me,
They look on me flylie
And my company shun.
Young women take warning,
By this my down falling,
And don't let young mens'
false flattering tongues,
Ever come nigh you
So as to destroy you,
For then they'll deny you,
When thus they have done:
Now farewell false lover,
My life it doth hover,
For my deadly wounds,
There's no cure I can find,
But while others are courting,
And young ones are sporting,
Be you still resorting
To this valley of mine.

It was in sweet July,
 When flowers were blooming,
 This young man and I
 Together did meet ;
 Then with his intreating,
 Set my heart a aching,
 And with his lies making
 Causes me now to weep.

O! death, come and ease me,
 Since grief it hath seiz'd me,
 The wound which I bear,
 No mortal can cure :
 My spirits are dying,
 My breath it is flying,
 My heart it is breaking,
 O! the pains I endure.

O young man, most cruel,
 You have wrought my ruin,
 In cropping my flowers,
 Young, tender and green,
 Delays will discover,
 I'm a wounded lover,
 Since you discover
 What now, you have seen.

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