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THE

MAID

IN BEDLAM.

To which is added,

The Sailor Dear,

9

AND

The Pretty Sailor.

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Falkirk—Printed by T. Johnston

1815.

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 hand,
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,
altho' they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know
my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs
to call me to the skies,
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 wond'rous fine,
With roses, lillies, daifies,
I'll mix the egizantine;
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.

Oh! if I were a little bird,
to build upon his breast!
Or if I were 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.

Oh! if I were 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 SAILOR DEAR.

You maidens pretty, in town and city,
pray hear with pity my mournful strain,
A maid confounded, in sorrow drowned,
and deeply wounded with grief & pain,

All for the sake of a lovely Sailor,
I am still bewailing in melting tears.
Whilst other maidens are fondly playing,
I am grieving for my Sailor dear!

Thro' dales & allies, thro' shades & vallies,
and all around each lovely grove,
Roll'd in sweet flowers, in shady-bowers,
I spend soft hours in mutual love.

Since he did leave me, I do not blame him,
because my darling was press'd away;
It was for my fortune my greedy parents
contriv'd to have him sent to sea.

Five thousand pounds left by my uncle,
besides four hundred pounds a-year,
It is for that reason they do disdain him,
as he's beneath them, my Sailor dear.

May every vengeance be their attendance
that caus'd my darling to cross the main;
For worldly treasure, and my displeasure,
they differ'd all for the sake of gain.

Could I command all the wealth in India,
and want my darling to appear,
I would soon resign all the golden mine,
and in marriage join with my Sailor dear.

My harden'd parents gave special orders
that I should close confined be
Within my chamber, free from all danger,
or lest I should my darling see.

Thirteen weeks upon bread and water
I liv'd, and had no other cheer!
Oh! cruel usage to give a daughter,
for loving of a Sailor dear!

Fortune befriend him, always attend him,
and still defend him where-e'er he goes;
By land and water may angels guard him,
while he is at wars with his daring foes.

O that I were a nimble Sailor!
no fears nor dangers would I fear,
But freely enter, and boldly venture,
to range the seas with my Sailor dear.

Since now my dear has cross'd the ocean,
I grieve alone with a bleeding heart;
And fickle fortune, which is uncertain,
has caus'd my darling and me to part.

No man shall ever obtain my favour,
my heart is loyal in love sincere!
Till death destroy me, none shall enjoy me,
except my charming Sailor dear.

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THE PRETTY SAILOR.

There was a pretty Sailor,
all in his blooming years,
He came unto his true-love
with bitter sighs, and tears,
And he came to his true-love,
to let her understand,
That he was going to leave her,
and sail to foreign land.

Why, say you so, dear Billy!
these words do break my heart!
Come let us now be married
before that we do part;

These fourteen weeks and longer
I've gone with child to thee; but
So stay at home dear Billy,
be kind, and marry me.

If I would stay at home, my dear,
another would take my place;
O it would be a shame to me,
besides a sad disgrace;
The King he is now wanting men,
and I for one must go,
For my very life I dare not,
I must not answer No.

Well, I'll cut out my yellow hair,
men's cloaths I will put on;
And I will go along with you
to be your waiting man;
Like a true and faithful servant,
I on my love will wait,
Neither storm nor danger will I fear,
let it be ne'er so great.

Your waist it is too slender,
your fingers are too small,
I fear you will not answer me
when I do on you call;

When cannons they do rattle,
and bullets they do fly,
And a silver trumpet sounding
to drown our deadly cry!

If I could meet a bonny lass,
that's merry, blyth and gay,
And on her to set my fancy,
what would my Nancy say?
What would I say, dear Willy,
O I would love her too;
And I would slip aside, my dear,
if that would pleasure you.

Why, say you for dear Nancy?
You now do gain my heart!
Come let us now be married,
before that we do part.
This couple now are married,
and sailing o'er the main,
All goodnefs may attend them
till they return again.

F I N I S.

Falkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.—1815.