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GOSPORT TRAGEDY

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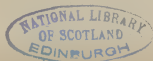
A New Touch on the
Times.

A N D

The Bachelor's Pride.



Edinburgh: printed by J. Morrett.



The 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 with 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 quickly disdain

They'll flatter and tell how her charms they adore,
 If they'll gain her content 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,
 I there 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 loath for to venture and therefore forbear,
 For I will not marry a ship carpenter.

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

But yet all in vain his his suit did deny,
 For still unto love he's forc'd her to comply,
 At length with his cunning her heart did betray,
 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 Willy so soon for to part.

She said my dear Willy e'er you 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 e'er I go away;
 And if to morrow to me you will come,
 The priest shall be brought love and 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 married a friend for to see

He led her through groves and valleys so deep,
 At length the 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 perjur'd creature, thou worst of all men!
 Heaven 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 thus be hurried away.

Her hands white as lillies in sorrow she rung,
 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 pierc'd her heart while the blood it did flow,
 And into the grave her fair body did throw.

He cover'd the 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 perjurd 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 and with
 cries.

The flashes of lightning 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 surprise 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,
 Into the great cabin, to him he did call,
 And said my dear sailors this news I do hear
 Does really surprise me with sorrow and fear,

The ghost which appear'd in dead of the night,
 And all my brave sailors does sorely affright,
 I fear has been wrong'd by some of the crew,
 And therefore the per'on I feain now would know.

Then William astonish'd, 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 for to go.

Unto his surprise he his true love did see,
 With that he immedi'ly fell on his knee,
 Saying, here's my true love, O where shall I run,
 O save me or else my poor soul is undone.

The murder he did confess out of hand, I
 Saying, here before me my Molly doth stand,
 Poor injur'd ghost! thy pardon I crave
 And soon shall follow thee down to the grave.

There was none but the wretch did behold the sad
 sight.

Then raving distracted he died in the night;
 But when that her parents these things did hear,
 They sought for the body of their daughter dear.

Near a place called Southampton in a valley so deep
 The body was found while many did weep,
 At the fall of baby and damsel so fair,
 And in Gosport churchyard they bury'd her there.

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

A New Touch on the Times.

COME all you bold Britons, I pray,
 and listen a while to my song;
 'Tis concerning the Pride and ambition
 that's now carry'd on in each town.
 For pride it's a-kin to the devil,
 you very well know this is true,
 And if that the times they don't alter,
 what will old Scotland come to?
 Right fal de dal, &c.

If they go to a ball or a play,
 'tis to learn some new fashions and pride,
 And as soon as home they return,
 the same they will quickly provide.
 Miss Katy she says to her mamie,
 a new-fashion'd gown I must have,
 Wi' a straw bonnet deck'd out with ribbons
 to make me gallant and brave.
 Right fal de dal, &c.

Three ladies were walking together,
 one evening, for to take the air
 They made such a comical figure,
 as caus'd many people to stare;
 For the one had a face like a monkey
 the other a head like a bull;
 And the third had a carrotty knob,
 but never a cap on her skull.
 Right fal de dal, &c.

O the next was a farmer's young daughter,
 her hair was as red as a fox

She sent for a barber to shave her,
 and cut off her carrotty locks:
 So when that the barber had shav'd her,
 and put on her new-fashion'd wig,
 She was such a comical figure,
 she frighten'd a sow and nine pigs.
 Right fal de dal, &c.

Now, all young men of this town,
 I'd verily have you take care
 Of those girls that trip up and down,
 with their wigs & their nice curl'd hair;
 With an umbrella in their hand,
 if it rains, for to cover their gown:
 You would take them for Ladies of fortune,
 altho' they are gits of the town.
 Right fal de dal, &c.

The Batchelor's Pride.

YOU young men and maidens that live in this
 town.
 Pray learn my new fashion before it goes down,
 Then I tell you a story mark what I say,
 Remember the false pads you wear every day.

The young men are also so frolicksome grown,
 they must have a false show to give them renown,
 With false curls at their ears if they can prevail,
 And the Barber must make them of a coars tall.

Miss Betty cries fetch me the Barber I pray,
 for sure I have seen a new fashion this day,
 Miss Polly and Dolly, and Sall in full
 Must have their hair friz'd like the face of a bull.

Miss Nancy cries fetch me a halfpenny worth of
wire.

With a penny worth of pins to dress up my hair ;
She must have a false curl to make her look big,
And her ears must be ring'd like the nose of a pig.

Behold the Behaviour of these female kind,
With their large powder'd heads and lappets behind,
They will say they have got a sad pain in their side,
When the pox it has catch'd them and they cannot
stride.

Then all the whole day in the house they will
keep,
At night when its dark out of doors they will creep,
To get an odd shilling before they go in
They will do it three times for a gill of gin.

There's frosty faced Bett with a cull by her side,
With a long nose and chin and a mouth that is
wide,
With her hair over her ears to keep up her pride,
She's a nice hackney mare for the devil to ride.

Come all you young men I would have you be
wite,
And see that you kiss the young girls that's nice,
For if with the street walkers you chance to prevail,
As sure as you do it they will fire your tail.

F I N I S.