

T H E

Two Sailors Outwitted;

O R,

Eggs and Bacon.

To which is added,

The Smart ROBIN GRAY.


The MARTIAL INVITATION.

The Jealous Husband well Paid.

The LOVER'S SUMMONS.



Entered according to Order.



TWO SAILORS OUTWITTED.

ALL you that sail the foaming ocean,
 listen a while and you shall hear,
 And I will tell you of a portion,
 fell to one that sail'd the sea.

In Herriot's fields two sailors walking,
 their pockets being wellin'd with gold;
 And as they were together talking,
 a woman there they did behold,

With her lap tuck'd up, and a big basket,
 and the poor woman for to ease,
 To carry her basket, one of them asked,
 her answer was, Sir if you please.

But, O kind Sir, I do not know you,
 my basket's full of eggs, take care,
 And if chance be, you do out-go me,
 at half-way-house pray leave them there.

But this poor woman to bite the biter,
 at half-way-house they pass'd by,
 To see them fond she stept the lighter,
 but still upon them she kept an eye.

When these two sailors came to quarters,
 they thought they'd left her in the fields,
 But oh! alake! they were all mistaken,
 for she was close in at their heels.

They called for a pint of porter,
 she heard them laugh at what was done,
 Oh! such fools as are in the world,
 on her we've put some clever fun.

O laud, O laud, bring's here some bacon,
 here's seggs enough we'll have some drest,
 But these two sailors were sadly mistaken,
 as you shall see before we've done.

Then pulling up the basket nimbly,
 thinking for to divide the spoil,
 But, Oh! alake! they were all mistaken,
 instead of eggs they'd got a child.

The landlord cries, instead of feasting
 on eggs and bacon, boys, you see,
 Out for a nurse you must be looking,
 for by this woman fool'd you be.

One said by me this woman was pity'd,
 all for to ease her of her pain;
 But, Oh! alake! I am all outwitted,
 I've got a bastard to maintain.

Here's 500 pounds of good red guineas,
 who will take this child from me;
 Tell down, tell down, taid she the the money,
 and I will do that same for thee.

Witnesses being to prove the action,
 I think said she I may be free,
 To tell the truth for satisfaction,
 the father of this child you be.

So then to proceed,
 Let me tell you with speed,
 Her gallant she met very nice;
 A bargain was struck,
 And the sweet little duck,
 Waddl'd off, with her drake in a trice.

When they came to the green,
 Where the action was seen,
 He laid her right gently down;
 O! my poor Robin Gray,
 Hang it up, Sir, I pray,
 It is cramp't,—let me put up my gown.

When all things were done,
 And the game lost and won,
 She smil'd and to him did say,
 I'm very well pleas'd,
 But my clothes are so teas'd,
 And you've spoil'd my smart Robin Gray.

O my sweet little dear,
 Your so nice and so chear,
 And your husband will be long away;
 Some money you'll lack,
 Before he comes back,—
 There's a guinea for a new Robin Grey.

They seem'd both content,
 And away home they went,
 Nor suspected that aught had been seen,
 For no one they could spy,
 Nor thought any nigh,
 When they sported so brisk on the green,

The MARTIAL INVITATION.

COME ye lads, who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 that leads to martial glory.

Charge the musket, point the lance,
 brave the worst of dangers;
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 that we to fear are strangers.

Britain when the Lion's rous'd,
 and her flag is rearing,
 Always finds our sons dispos'd
 to drub the foes that's daring. &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
 pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling sons of France,
 and strike the world with wonder. &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 that's the noblest booty;
 Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
 for that's a Briton's duty. &c.

Now, since Spain to take their parts,
 forms a base alliance,
 All unite, and British hearts
 may bid the world defiance. &c.

Beat the drum, the trumpet found,
 manly and united,
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 and see your country righted. &c.

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The JEALOUS HUSBAND well paid.

To its own Proper Tune.

MY father had no child but me,
And all his care continually,
Was for to have me married well;
But under fortune's frowns I fell.

For to an old miser he wedded me,
His age it was three-score and three;
And I myself about seventeen,
I wish his face I ne'er had seen.

For when that I abroad do go,
To meet a friend, to chat or so,
If any man should salute me,
It more encreases his jealousy.

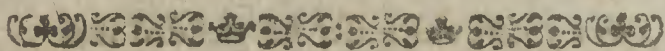
A youthful 'squire drank to me,
I pledg'd him with—my modesty,
Thought it no harm, yet ne'ertheless,
My husband did my shoulders dress.

And when that we do go to bed,
To reap the joys for which we wed;
He does so kick and pinch me too,
That he my limbs leaves black and blue.

Next morning when that I arose,
I strait in haste put on my clothes,
And as he lay asleep in bed,
I with a ladle broke his head.

He took a stick and at me run,
 I took another—so begun,
 And round the room did beat him well,
 Until upon his knees he fell.

For ev'ry blow I gave him ten,
 Ask'd—would he jealous be again?
 No no, no no, my loving wife,
 ' If you will now but spare my life.'



The LOVER'S SUMMONS.

A Rise thou mistress of my heart,
 and do not me disdain;
 Come now and quickly take the part,
 of me your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am a slave,
 there's none on earth can cure
 The flame that in my breast I have,
 for you I do endure.

Come now dear nymph, & ease the smart,
 of me your yielding swain,
 My love for you now in my heart,
 does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
 our hearts united be therefore,
 In love live without any dread,
 in joys for evermore.