

T H E

# Fair Maid in Bedlam; <sup>28</sup>

OR, THE

## Deceitful Irish Boy.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE TRUE HEARTED MAIDEN.  
THE FEMALE SOLDIER.  
THE HAPPY STRANGER.  
THE PATRIOT FAIR.  
DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.  
THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.



G L A S G O W,

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THE FAIR MAID IN BEDLAM.

**Y**OU fair maids of England and Ireland also,  
Come listen a while and soon you shall know,  
How I have been wounded, and in love I've been slain  
In the strong walls of bedlam I'm forc'd to remain.

When first I was courted by my love an Irish boy,  
He call'd me his jewel, his delight, and his joy ;  
In fair Dublin city, that place of great fame,  
Where my bonny Irish-Boy first a courting to me came,

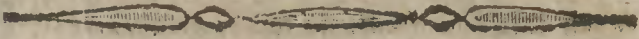
He talked of love, and he promised to wed,  
But in short time after he stole my maidenhead ;  
Believe me, dear maidens, I could not forbear,  
For the loving of my Irish-Boy I do declare.

Down in yon meadow I chanced for to walk,  
O there I heard my lovely Irish-Boy for to talk ;  
Where the small birds were singing, & larks soaring high,  
And my pretty Boy singing with his voice melodiously.

His teeth was like the iv'ry, his hair was lovely brown,  
And o'er his portlie shoulders so carelessly hangs down,  
Believe me dear maidens, I could not forbear,  
For the loving of my Irish-Boy I do declare.

He bundled up his clothes, & to England he did fly ;  
I bundled up my jewels, I followed him instantly ;  
And when I arrived in fair London town,  
O they told me he was married to a lady of renown.

It's now in bedlam, I am forced to remain,  
For loving of an Irish-boy who was my darling swain ;  
In the west end of Bedlam the's there to be seen,  
O this poor distressed Irish Maid in Number Sixteen.



## THE TRUE HEARTED MAIDEN.

**F**arewel my dear jewel, my own heart's delight,  
 Since war now alarms you in battle to fight,  
 Across the wide billows, quite over the main,  
 Never, no never shall I see you again.

For her true love she moan'd by night & by day,  
 And exclaim'd 'gainst those that forc'd him away,  
 I wish that the sword in their breast may remain,  
 Till my true love returns to my arms back again.

My life for his sake, I freely would yield,  
 It grieves me to think that his blood should be spill'd;  
 I'll go into battle where bullets they do fly,  
 I'll fight for my love for my true love I'll die.

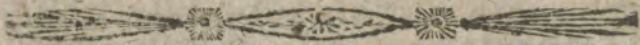
The drums did beat and the trumpets did sound,  
 The cannons were roaring & shaking the ground,  
 Her heart it did tremble between hope and fear,  
 Yet she found out the young man she loved so dear.

Across the wide ocean I'll swim on my breast,  
 Till I find out my true love I never can rest,  
 I wish that the bullets may miss him and fly,  
 And strike thro' the heart of his great enemy.

When the battle was over, she flew to his arms,  
 He thought that an angel appeared in her charms;  
 In his arms he embrac'd her all joy to restore,  
 But I cannot return till the wars are all o'er.

She went to his Captain and to him did say,  
 For this young man's discharge 40 guineas I'll pay,  
 Resolved to marry the man I adore,  
 For I never can stay till the wars are all o'er.

What can be so strong in the heart as true love,  
 When deck'd in beauty by the powers above,  
 It never will flatter, dissemble, nor fly,  
 With my love I'll live, with my true love I'll die.



## THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

WHEN I was a young girl, at the age of fifteen,  
 I was courted by a young man most rare to be seen;  
 But now to my grief, for a soldier he's gone,  
 And what to do for my love I will make known.

I dress'd myself up in some men's array,  
 And went to the captain without more delay,  
 Where I list'd myself for a drummer so strong,  
 In the very same regiment where my love belong'd.

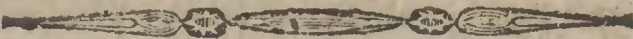
The very next morning the route it came,  
 That the same regiment to Jamaica was bound;  
 And over the plain as we marched along,  
 I charmed my love by the sound of the drum.

Beat up, my little drummer, the colonel reply'd,  
 You shall be advanc'd from a drummer this day;  
 The very next day a lieutenant I was made,  
 For to handle my pen I never was afraid.

The very next day my love's trial came on,  
 For missing of his duty, as you may understand,  
 When I begg'd his forgiveness & did him embrace,  
 And before the whole reg'ment I op'ned my case.

The very next morning my love and I were wed,  
 The colonel made him lieutenant in my stead;  
 And now, for my courage, as plain you may see,  
 This has been the upmaking of my love and me.





THE HAPPY STRANGER.

AS I was a walking one ev'ning in spring,  
 To hear the birds whistle & nightingale sing,  
 I heard a fair maid was making great moan,  
 Saying, I am a poor stranger and far from my own.

I stept up unto her, I made a low gee,  
 I asked her pardon for making so free,  
 Saying, I've taken pity on hearing your moan,  
 As I am a stranger, and far from my own.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses and she shed a tear,  
 And says, Sir, I wonder at meeting you here,  
 But I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,  
 As I am a poor stranger, and far from my own.

My dear to ill use you indeed I ne'er will,  
 My heart's blood to save you indeed I would spill,  
 I'd strive for to ease and relieve all your moan,  
 And wish to convey you safe back to your home.

Therefore my dear jewel, if you would agree,  
 And if ever you marry to marry with me,  
 I'd be your guardian thro' these desarts unknown,  
 Until with your parents I leave you at home.

Sir, where is your country, I wish for to know,  
 And what's the misfortunes you did undergo?  
 That caus'd you to wander so far from your home,  
 And made us meet strangers in this desert alone.

He says, my sweet fair one, the truth I will tell,  
 If I was in my own country, near Newry I dwell,  
 But yet to misfortunes my love, I was prone,  
 Which made many a hero go far from his home.

Sir the lads of sweet Newry are all roving blades,  
 And take great delight in courting fair maids,  
 They kiss them & press them, & call them their own,  
 And perhaps your darling lies mourning at home.

Believe me my jewel, the case is not so,  
 I never was married, the truth you must know,  
 So these strangers agreed as the case it is known,  
 And I wish them both happy & safe to their home.

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THE PATRIOT FAIR.


WHEN young and artless as the lamb,  
 Which plays about its fondling dam,  
 Brisk, buxom, pert, and silly;  
 I slighted all the manly swains,  
 And put my virgin heart in chains,  
 For smiling smooth fac'd Willy.

But when experience came with years,  
 Which rais'd my hopes and quell'd my fears,  
 My heart was blythe and bonny,  
 I turn'd off every beardless youth,  
 So gave my word, and fix'd my truth  
 On honest sturdy Johany.

Next at the wake I saw the 'Squire,  
 For love I felt a new desire,  
 Fond to outshine my mammy,  
 I sigh'd for fringes, frogs, and beads,  
 For pig-tail wigs, and powder'd clothes,  
 And silken master Sammy.

For riches next I set a flame,  
 O! Gripus to my cottage came,  
 And held an amorous parley.  
 For music next I chanc'd to burn,  
 And fondly listen'd in my turn,  
 To warbling quivering Charley.

So now alike the fools and wits,  
 Fops, fidlers, foreigners and cits,  
 All struck me by rotation.  
 Come learn of me, ye patriot fair,  
 Nor make a single man your care,  
 But sigh for all the nation.



## DAVY JONES'S LOCKER.

When last honest Jack, of whose fate I now sing,  
 weigh'd anchor and cast out for sea,  
 For he ne'er refus'd for his country and King  
 to fight, for no lubber was he;  
 To hand, reef, & steer, & hoise every thing tight,  
 full well did he know every inch,  
 Tho' the toplists of sailors the tempest should smite,  
 Jack never was known for to flinch.

### CHORUS.

Tho' the toplists of sailors the tempest should smite,  
 Jack never was known for to flinch.

Aloft from the mast head one day he espy'd  
 seven sail, which appear'd to his view,  
 Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly cry'd,  
 and each to his station then flew;  
 And fought until many a noble was slain,  
 and silenced, was every gun,  
 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,  
 for by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Chor. 'Twas then that old English valour was vain,  
 for by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest dismay'd,  
 could tamely submit to his fate;  
 When his country he found he no longer could serve,  
 looking round, he address'd thus each mate,

What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,  
 much nobler it were for to die,  
 So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,  
 ev'n the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

## C H O R U S.

So now for old Davy, then plung'd in the main,  
 e'en the cherub above heav'd a sigh.

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 THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

**A** Walking, a talking, and a walking was I,  
 To meet my sweet Billy, he'll come by & by,  
 To meet him in the meadows is all my delight,  
 A walking and talking from morning till night.

Meeting is a pleasure, but parting is a grief,  
 And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief,  
 A thief can but rob me and take what I have,  
 But an inconstant lover sends me to my grave.

The grave it will rot me and bring me to dust,  
 But an inconstant lover no maiden can trust,  
 They'll kiss you, they'll court you, poor girls to deceive  
 There's not one in twenty that you can believe.

The cuckoo's a fine bird, she sings where she flies,  
 She brings us good tidings and tells us no lies,  
 She sucks of sweet flowers to keep her voice clear,  
 The more she sings cuckoo, the summer draws near.

Come all ye pretty maidens wherever ye be,  
 Don't settle your love on a sycamore tree,  
 The leaf it will wither, and the root it will die,  
 And if I'm forsaken, I know not for why

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