

MOST EXCELLENT BALLAD.

CALLED THE

GOSPORT TRAGEDY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THAT FAMOUS SONG

ENTITLED

The Collier's bonny Lassie.



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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 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 art fickle, I see very plain,
If a maid she is kind they'll her quickly disdain

They'll flatter her how her charms they adore
If they gain her consent, they'll care for none
more,

The most beautiful woman that ever was bred
If a man has enjoy'd her—her beauty he'll

My charming sweet Molly why do you say
Thy beauty's the haven to which I must go
And if in that channel I chance for to steer
I there will cast anchor and stay with my dear

ne'er will be cloy'd with the charms of my love,
 My heart 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,
 So loth for to venture and therefore forbear,
 For I will not marry a ship-carpenter.

At yet all in vain he his suit did deny,
 At length still unto love he's forc'd her to comply,
 At length with his cunning he did her betray
 To lewd desires he led her astray.

When with child this young damsel did prove
 The tidings directly she sent to her love,
 And by the 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 failors, to the sea he must steer,
 Which griev'd the young damsel indeed to the
 heart,

Think with sweet William so soon for to part

Said, my dear William e'er you go to sea,
 Remember the vows which you made unto me,
 And if you leave me, I ne'er shall have rest,
 And why will you leave me with a sorrow oppress?

The kindest expressions to her he did say,
 I'll marry my Molly e'er I go away,

And if that to me to-morrow you'll 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 next morning at light
He said, my dear charmer, you must go with
Before we are married, a friend for to see,

He led her thro' groves and vallies so deep,
At length this fair creature 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
so;

Her eyes like a fountain began for to flow.

A grave and a spade standing by she did see,
And said, muse what be a bridal-bed for me,
O perjured creature, the worst of all men,
Heav'n will reward you, when I'm dead & gone

O pity my infant, and spare my sweet life.
Let me go distressed, if I'm not your wife.
O take not my life, lest my soul you betray
Must I in my bloom be thus hurried away,

Her hands, white as lillies, in sorrow she wrung
Intreating for mercy, saying what have I done

To you my dear Will? what makes you so fever'd
To murder your true love that loves you so dear?

He said there's no time for disputing to stand,
And instantly taking the knife in his hand,
He pierced her heart while the blood it did flow,
And into the grave the 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 lie,
The voice of his true love he heard for to cry,

O perjured William, awake now and hear
The words of your true love who lov'd you so dear
The ship out of Portsmouth it never shall go,
Till I am reveng'd of this sad overthrow.

This spoken, she vanish'd with shrieks and 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 creature to him did appear,
And she in her arms had a baby so fair.

Being merry with drink, he goes to embrace
 The charms of this so lovely a face ;
 But to his surprize she vanish'd away,
 He went to the captain without more delay.

He told him the 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 great cabin to him he did call,
 And said, my brave sailors, these news I do hear
 Do really surprize me with terror and fear.

The ghost which appears to my men in the night
 And all my brave sailors does sorely affright,
 I fear has been wronged by some our crew,
 And therefore the person I would now know.

Then William agonis'd did tremble and fear.
 And began by the Powers above for to swear,
 He nothing at all of the matter did know,
 But as for the captain he went for to go.

Unto his surprize, his true love did see,
 With that he immediately 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,
 Saying here before me my Molly doth stand ;

Poor injured ghost, thy pardon I crave,
And soon shall follow thee down to the grave.

None but the wretch did behold this sad sight,
Then raving, distracted, he cried in the night,
But when that her parents those tidings did hear,
They sought for the body of their daughter dear,

In a place near Southampton, in a valley so deep,
The body was found, while many did weep
At the fall of the daisel and babe so fair,
And in Gosport church-yard they buried her
there.

I hope this will be a warning to all
Young men who innocent maids do entreat:
You young men be constant and true to your
love,
And blessings will attend you be sure found above

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

The collier has a daughter,
and she is wondrous bonny,
A laird he was that sought her,
rich both in lands and money.

The tutors watch'd the motion
of this young honest lover,
But love is like the ocean,
who can its depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,

and was by a' respected,
His airs sat round him easy,
genteel but unaffected.

The collier's bonny lassie,
fair as the new blown lillie;
Aye sweet and never frowny,
secur'd the heart of Willie

He lov'd beyond expression
the charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
his life was dull without her.

After mature resolving,
close to his breast he held her,
In softest flames dissolving,
he tenderly thus told her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your leanty tocher
shall ever gar me loose ye:

For I hae gear in plenty,
and love says 'tis my duty,
To ware what Heaven has sent me,
upon your wit and beauty.

FINIS.