

Charming Young

NANCY.

If ye were my ain.

To which added,

My Sailor Dear,

AND

Tom Bowling,

THE SAILOR.



FALKIRK:

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CHARMING YOUNG NANCY.

Some sings of sweet Molly,
 some sings of sweet Nelly,
 And some calls young Susan
 the cause of their pain ;
 Some love to be jolly,
 and some melancholy,
 And some love to sing
 of the humours of Glen :

But my chiefest fancy
 is my dearest Nancy,
 In venting my passion
 I'll strive to be plain ;
 For I ask no more treasure,
 I'll seek no more pleasure,
 But thou, my dear Nancy,
 if ye were my ain.

For her beauty delights me,
 her kindness invites me !
 Her matchless behaviour
 is free from all stain !
 Her carriage is comely,
 her language is homely ;
 Her dress is all dainty,
 take it in the main.

Therefore, my dear jewel,
do not prove so cruel;

Consent, my dear Nancy,
and come be my ain.

The whole of her face,
is, with blooming grace,
Array'd like the gowans
that grows in the glen.

For her yellow locks shining,
and beauty combining,

My charming young Nancy
if ye were my ain!

She's well shaped and slender,
true hearted and tender:

My charming young Nancy
if ye were my ain!

For I'll daut her with kisses;
and lovely embraces;

I'll sing her sweet songs
with the strength of my brain;

Believe me, my deary,
I'll still hold thee cheary,

My charming young Nancy
if ye were my ain.

For I'll search all the nation
for a habitation,

To guard thee, my deary,
 from cold, snow, and rain:
 Then you shall not sit single,
 but by a good ingle
 My charming young Nancy,
 if ye were my ain!

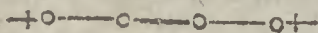
For I'll work at my calling,
 to furnish a dwelling
 With every thing needful,
 thy life to sustain:
 Therefore, my dear jewel,
 do not prove cruel;
 Consent, my dear Nancy,
 and come be my ain.

I will have a garden,
 my charming young maiden,
 For fresh recreation,
 to fright away pain;
 To walk in when weary,
 to comfort my deary,
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain.

I would make true affection
 the only direction
 For loving my Nancy,
 while life doth remain.

Altho' youth be wásting,
 affection is lasting;
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain.

But what if my Nancy
 should alter her fancy,
 And favour another,
 for honour and gain?
 I would not compel her,
 but plainly would tell her,
 Begone you false Nancy,
 ye's ne'er be my ain.



MY 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 Sailer dear.

Thro' dales and allies, thro' shades and
 vallies,
 and all around each lovely grove,
 Roll'd in sweet flowers, in shadow bowers,
 we spent soft hours in mutual love.

Now he has left me, I do not blame him,
 because my darling was prest 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 is below 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 parted us for the sake of gain.

Could I command all the wealth in India,
 and the gold and silver far and near,
 I would soon resign even golden mines,
 and in marriage join with my Sailor dear.

My hardened 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 long weeks upon bread & 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'er he goes;
By land and water may angels guard him,
while he's at war with his country's foes.

O that I were a nimble Sailor,
no fears nor dangers would I fear,
But fræely 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.

Tom Bowling the Sailor.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling;
 The darling of our crew;
 Nor no more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has brought him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his worth departed,
 His virtues were so rare:
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly;
 Ah, many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 To word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who Kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
 For, tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

F I N I S.