

T H E

JOLLY SAILOR:

O R, T H E

Lady of Greenwich.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Pretty PEGGY'S LOVE to SAILOR JACK.

The SAILOR'S WIDOW'S LAMENT for
his DEATH on Board the TRIAL.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE,

WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.



G L A S G O W,

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THE JOLLY SAILOR;
OR, THE
LADY OF GREENWICH.

A Lady born of birth and fame,
To Greenwich town for pleasure came,
Where she a sailor did behold,
Both tall and trim, of courage hold.

She view'd him with her lovely eyes,
Her heart was fill'd with great surprize,
For he was handsome, tall and trim,
This Lady fell in love with him.

Her chief care was to let him know,
How she did love this Sailor so;
And as they met once on a day,
She to the Sailor thus did say,

I understand you have no wife,
What makes you lead a single life?
The Sailor thus to her reply'd,
I for myself can scarce provide,

And if I had a family,
Their wants I could not well supply;
Besides, Lady, there's one thing more,
Was I to go where cannons roar,

And if any mischance should be,
There's no one left to mourn for me.
This is a sad argument, she said,
Many a Lady would be glad,

Of such a brisk young man as you,
I'd have you bid the sea adieu.

You are welcome, Lady, then said he,
Thus to joke and jest with me.

No, I am serious, Sir, she cry'd,
And a match for you I will provide ;
She has wit and beauty as you'll find,
I make no doubt she'll please your mind.

She's much like me in each degree,
I wish it were the same, quoth he,
You have your wish, home take your love,
And I'll adore you by all above.

Ten thousand pounds a year she had,
It's enough to quit the ocean wide :
She clothed him that very day,
And they were married straightway.

Straightway after this they went,
And lived in the wild of Kent ;
He has got a Lady for his wife,
Far better than a single life.

He has his servants at his call,
This marriage made him Lord of all,
He ne'er will go to the seas more,
For this fair Lady does him adore.


Pretty PEGGY'S LOVE TO SAILOR JACK.

O! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say to what clime or what shore?
Will you tear him from me, the sincerest?
That ever lov'd woman before?

Ah! cruel hard-hearted to press him,
 and force the dear youth from my arms;
 Restore him, that I may caress him,
 and shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
 and make but a scoff at my woes;
 You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
 I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean,
 my soul any sorrow can brave!
 For soon as the ship makes its motion,
 so soon shall the sea be my grave.



The Sailor's Widow's Lament for his Death
 on Board the Trial.

FIRST when I met my sailor bold,
 was by yon fountain spring,
 Where my true love to me he gave,
 a locket and a ring;
 A diamond-ring of the pure gold,
 its motto was true love,
 I thought nothing but death itself
 should ever it remove.

C H O R U S.

The woods, the woods, the blooming woods,
 so fresh and fair to see,
 I wish I were with my sailor,
 in his sweet company.

Though sore against my parents' will,
 that I was made a bride,
 How happy was I both night and day,
 while he was by my side,
 For all I did or to him said,
 he never took amiss,
 Sure never maid or mother's son,
 more pleasure could possess. The, &c.

The treasures that he traded for,
 was from a foreign land,
 And all the wealth he did possess
 was still at my command ;
 The hostile wars has bred my cares,
 and forc'd my love from me.
 For he was press'd aboard the fleet,
 to serve his Majesty. The woods, &c.

By our martial laws, he station'd was
 aboard of the Trial,
 In fates of war to take his chance,
 whatever him befall.
 When the King commands aboard all hands,
 his orders they must obey,
 Where every week I thought a year,
 and every hour a day. The woods, &c.

From the Downs our fleet was bound,
 to humble haughty Spain,
 Where it still ran into my mind,
 we ne'er should meet again
 The hostile wars and stormy winds,
 doth fill my heart with wee,

When I think on the hardships then,
bold failors undergo. The woods, &c.

The first news that I did receive,
my husband he was slain,

By a ball from the enemy
his precious life was ta'en.

O could I swim the raging seas,
or had I wings to fly,

In his company would I be
and on his bosom ly. The woods, &c.

How silent lies the comely hands,
the arms, yea, and the head:

How low now lies the fair body,
on whom the fish doth feed?

An alimant from the government,
can ne'er make up the loss,

Which I sustan'd since he was slain,
whom all my comfort was.

C H O R U S.

The woods, the woods, the blooming woods,
so fresh and fair to see,

I wish I were with my dear swain,
in his sweet company.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

MERRY may the maid be,
that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day,
he's ay bringing till her;

as ay a penny in his purse,
 for dinner and for supper,
 and gin the please, a good fat cheesc,
 and lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 A speer'd what was his calling,
 fair maid, says he, "O come and see,"
 you're welcome to my dwelling :
 though I was shy, yet I could spy,
 the truth of what he told me :
 and that his house was warm and couth,
 and room in it to hold me.

behind the door a bag of meal,
 and in the kist was plenty
 of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
 and bannocks were na' scanty ;
 a good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 were standing in the byre ;
 While lazy pu's, with mealy mouse,
 were playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 and bids me tak the miller ;
 for foul day and fair day,
 he's ay bringing till her :
 for meal and ma't she disna want,
 nor ony thing that's dainty,
 and now an then a keckling hen,
 to lay her eggs in plenty.

in winter when the wind and rain
 blows o'er the barn and byre ;

The miller by a clean hearth-stane,
 beside a ranting fire,
 He sits and cracks and tells his tale,
 o'er ale that is right nappy ;
 Who'd be a Queen that gaudy thing,
 when a miller's wife's sae happy.

WHEN LATE I WANDER'D.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally, to rally,
 My wild desires to ral-ly :

But now they're of themselves come home,
 And strange! no longer wish to roam,
 They centre all in Sally, in Sally,
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy,
 Can love with ruin tally, ruin tally, &c.
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I wou'd all deaths, all torments bear.

Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally, &c.
 Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are:

Or lillies of the valley the valley, &c.
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally, in Sally, &c.