

THE

Shipwreck'd Sailor.

To which are added,

*ROGER the MILLER.*

*The Bunch of Green Ribbons.*

*The ECHOING HORN.*

*The SAILOR'S SONG.*



Entered according to Order. 1799.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

**W**E loos'd from the downs, out of fair London  
town,  
and then we had pleasant fine weather,  
For two days or three we had a fine sea,  
and our good ship we wrought with great pleasure.  
There rose a great fog and our vessel did log,  
you scarce could discern her mizen,  
But to our surprize the storm did arise,  
and the billows did foam thro' the ocean.

As we pass'd by Wales, under close reef'd top sails,  
and the point of land kept under,  
The hail wind and sleet, with lightning did meet,  
with tremendous loud claps of thunder.  
All things we made fast to stand the sad blast,  
the pilot stood close by the helm,  
Captain, pilot, and mate, on their stations did wait,  
but still the proud waves they were swelling.

To the isle of man our course we did stand,  
and the wind from the south east was blowing,  
Then on the spring tide our vessel did ride,  
and all the whole time it was snowing.  
The gale did increase, and then you may guess,  
what was our most sad situation,  
Death did appear when that we drew near  
to the coast of the Irish nation.

The hail and frost on the mountains were tost,  
and the snow lay in Callaghanary,  
And round Morne shore the billows did roar,  
from Strangford to sweet Portaferry.  
To the bar of Dundium this vessel did come,  
no hand at their post was neglecting,

Captain, pilot, and mate, the truth to relate,  
but they could not prevent her from sinking.

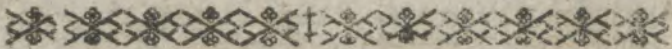
For, O! the sad cries that went to the skies,  
when our good ship split asunder;  
Our main mast so tall overboard did fall,  
and some of our good men fell under.  
But soon the proud waves did beat her to staves,  
her name was the Middlesex Flora,  
Away they did sweep our men to the deep,  
which greatly increases my sorrow.

Just I and no more, escap'd to the shore,  
where the billows were roaring like thunder,  
I am one alive out of twenty five,  
and this is a very great wonder.  
But thanks be to he who ruleth the sea,  
can save in the middle of dangers,  
I'm wounded and bruis'd but very well us'd,  
though here in the middle of strangers.

Our loading was fine both brandy and wine,  
and every thing costly and bonny,  
Hyson and green tea, coffee and bohea,  
and fine silk from sweet Barcelona,  
With rich merchant store from the extending shore,  
were brought thro' great tempest and dangers,  
Along the shore side on waves they did ride,  
were promiscuously gather'd by strangers.

Our Captain James Bell, likewise John Clemell,  
and our foremast-man was James Corrau,  
Our boatswain Will Weir, and James & John Greer,  
and our pilot was James McMurray,  
One Robert Store, and Richard Balfour,  
our mate he was young Thomas Faylor,  
One Henry Mead, and Archibald Kincaid,  
with William Campbell that famous young sailor.

With a few swivel guns, and three hundred tons,  
 was the burden our good ship did carry,  
 Our crew twenty five as brave men as e'er alive,  
 and made up of young men so merry ;  
 But alas ! now no more will they come to our shore,  
 to visit the girls so pretty,  
 Our good ship was bound to Belfast's fair town,  
 and belonged to fair London city.



ROGER the MILLER.

**Y**oung Roger the miller he has courted of late,  
 A farmer's young daughter call'd beautiful Kate,  
 Whose wealthy portion was full fifty pounds,  
 Besides store of riches with forbela gowns.

Silk ribbons, fine laces, with diamonds and rings,  
 With sumptuous apparel, and twenty fine things,  
 This amorous beauty, and money likewise,  
 Has tickled his fancy and dazzled his eyes.

That he was obliged to tell her his mind,  
 Desiring that she would prove loving and kind,  
 For no other woman should e'er be his wife,  
 For she was the jewel and joy of his life.

He often repeated fine stories of love,  
 How constant he'd be, and how faithful he'd prove ;  
 Until this loving creature began to relent,  
 And with her friends liking she gave her consent.

All things being agreed that the wedding should be  
 With Roger her lover, and soon they agreed ;  
 The day was appointed, the money was told,  
 Which was a bright portion of silver and gold.

But Roger he then to her father said,  
 O I will not wed this beautiful maid,  
 Altho' she be beautiful, charming, and fair,  
 Without an addition of fib the grey mare.

Her father made answer unto him with speed,  
 I thought you would have marry'd my daughter indeed,  
 And not the grey mare. But since it is thus,  
 My money once more I will put in my purse.

And since I am her father, I solemnly swear  
 I'll keep both my money and fib the grey mare.  
 The money soon vanished out of his sight,  
 And so did young Katie, his joy and delight.

And he like a blockhead was turn'd out of doors,  
 Forbidding him ever to come any more.  
 Young Roger began his locks for to tear,  
 And wish he had never stood for the grey mare.

But five days thereafter or little above,  
 He happen'd to meet with young Katie his love,  
 Saying, O lovely creature, do you not know me,  
 If I'm not mistaken I've teen you, said she,

Or one in your likeness with long yellow hair,  
 Who once came a courting my father's grey mare.  
 O no, it was unto you a courting I came,  
 As sure as you're beautiful Katie by name.

O now, says she, you need not deny,  
 For the truth of the matter was very well try'd;  
 For unto my father you solemnly swore,  
 You would not wed his daughter without the grey mare.

I must needs acknowledge I would have had both,  
 That some time for pleasure we might have rode,  
 Not thinking that he would have any dispute,  
 By giving his daughter the grey mare to boot,

Before he had lost such a dutiful son ;  
 But now I am sorry for what I have done.  
 Be sorry, says Katty, I value you not,  
 There is young men enough in this world for to get.

But surely the man must be at his last prayers,  
 Who would marry a wife for the sake of a niare.  
 The price thereof it was not very great,  
 So fare you well, Roger, go mourn for your Kate.



### The BUNCH of GREEN RIBBONS.

**O**NCE I had a true love, but now I have none,  
 Since I cannot gain him, since I cannot gain him,  
 Since I cannot gain him, I'll never have none.

O where shall I wander, O where shall I run,  
 For daily I'm striving, for daily I'm striving,  
 For daily I'm striving, his sorrows to shun.

Whatever befalls me, I'll patiently take,  
 I'll think it an honour, I'll count it an honour,  
 I'll think it an honour to die for his sake.

One night in sweet slumber, I dream'd I did see  
 My own lovely jewel, my own dearest jewel,  
 My own lovely jewel sit smiling by me,

Saying, return my dear jewel, your heart do not break,  
 For I have gold plenty, for I have gold plenty,  
 For I have gold plenty, and this you may take.

But if he denies me, I'll travel to Spain,  
 Where on shipboard I'll enter, my life I will venture  
 And never return to Old England again.

But now he has left me, which makes my heart sad,  
 I hear he has wedded, I hear he has wedded,  
 I hear he has wedded young Nancy his maid.

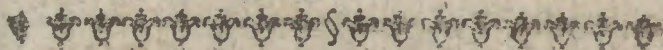
But since he's got married, my heart it will break,  
 A bunch of green ribbons, a bunch of green ribbons,  
 A bunch of green ribbons I'll wear for his sake.

But since I'm so loyal as to die for my dear,  
 I'll chuse out six virgins, I'll chuse out six virgins,  
 I'll chuse out six virgins my coffin to' bear,

There's no one shall know the tears that I make,  
 I think it an honour, I'll count it an honour,  
 I'll thing it an honour to die for his sake.

When in the churchyard in the grave I'm laid down,  
 O let these fine garlands, O let these fine garlands,  
 O let these fine garlands hing over my tomb,

And when any of my sex behold it in sight,  
 They'll say I've been loyal, they'll say I've been loyal,  
 They'll say I've been loyal to my heart's delight.



## THE ECHOING HORN.

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,  
 to horse, my brave boys, and away;  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
 upbraids our too tedious delay.  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!  
 o'er hill and o'er valley he flies:  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!  
 the traitor is seiz'd on and dies

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 like Bacchanals shouting and gay,  
 How sweet with our bottle and las to refresh,  
 and lose the fatigues of the day!  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
 duil wisdom all happiness fairs;  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 let's strew the way over with flow'rs.



### THE SAILOR'S SONG.

**W**HEN it is night, and the mid-watch is come,  
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd  
 Then sailors think of their far distant home, (inain,  
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again.  
 But when the fight's begun,  
 Each serving at his gun,  
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,  
 Think, only, should the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer  
 The heart, to hear  
 That their old companion—he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind  
 Have left on shore,—some pretty girl and true,  
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
 And sigh to think how it may fare with you;  
 O! when the fight's begun,  
 And serving at his gun,  
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,—  
 Think, only, should the day be won,  
 How 'twill cheer  
 Her heart to hear  
 That her own true sailor—he was one.

F I N I S.