

HARDING B/6 (264)



SUSAN'S Adventures IN A BRITISH Man-of-War

Young Susan was a blooming maid, so vallant stout and bold,
And when her sailer went on board, young Susan we are told,
Put on a jolly sailer's dress, and daubed her hands with tar,
To cross the raging seas for love, on board of a man-of-war.

It was in Portsmouth harbour this gallant ship was moored,
And when young Susau shipped there was 900 men on board,
It was then she was contented, all bedaubed with pitch & tar,
To be with her sweet William on board of a man-of-war.

She washed the decks both fore & aft in winds & tempest cold,
With her hands so soft she went aloft, like a jolly sailer bold,
She kept her place, with her pretty face bedaubed with pitch
and tar,

And no one Susan did suspect, on board of a man-of-war.

When in the bay of Biscay, she aloft like lightning flew,
Respected by the officers and all the jovial crew,
In battle she would boldly run, not fearing wound or scar,
And done her duty by the gun, on board of a man-of-war.

She faced the walls of China, where her life was not insured,
And little did young William think his Susan was on board,
By a cannon ball from the batteries she did receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded, on board of a man-of-war.

When on the deck young Susan fell, of all the whole ships crew
Her William was the very first to her assistance flew,
She said my jolly sailer I've for you received a scar,
Behold your faithful Susan bold on board of a man-of-war.

Then William on his Susan gazed, with wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless, while tears stood in his eyes
He cried—I wish instead of you I had received that scar,
Oh, love, why did you venture on board of a man-of-war.

At length to England they returned & quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing and hantsh every care,
They often think upon that day when she received the scar,
When Susan followed her true love on board of a man-of-war.



Sweet Contented Wife.

You married and you single folks attention give awhile
This interesting ditty cannot fail to make you smile,
I pass my days right merrily, free from all care and
strife,
With a virtuous female partner, a sweet contented wife.

CHORUS.

Your days you will pass merrily, and lead a happy life,
With a virtuous female partner, a sweet contented wife.

When a married man from labour, in the eve returns
home,

His parlour is his castle, and he has no coast to roam,
His supper is in readiness, his children are all fed,
And his wife will take the candle for to light him up
to bed.

To society a single man can be of little use,
He mopes about just like an owl, and wanders like a
goose,

His breeches knees all torn, and his stockings lined
with dirt,
And he lies in bed on Sunday, while a friend washes
his shirt.

At breakfast and dinner time, about the streets he'll
hop,

He's either in a public house, or in a coffee shop;
No virtuels for him ready, while a married man at ease
Sits down to dine in comfort, on whatever dish he please

A married man to happy be, at home can uever fail,
A single man is like an ape, or a dog without a tail,
No one for to console him or comfort him through life,
Young men don't rest, but do your best to choose a
loving wife.

You ladies mark you carefully, what I shall now un-
fold,

King Solomon says a virtuous wife is worth her weight
in gold.

When Adam lived in Paradise he committed sin,
He never knew
for gin



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SUSAN'S ADVENTURES IN A MAN OF WAR,

An Answer to the British Man of War.



BLK'T, Printer, 39 Great St. Andrew Street
Seven Dials

YOUNG Susan was a blooming maid,
So valiant stout and bold,
And when her sailor went on board,
Young Susan we are told,
Put on a jolly sailor's dress,
And daubed her hands with tar,
To cross the raging seas for love,
On board of a man-of-war.

CHORUS.

Oh pretty Susan left her home,
And sailed away afar,
She braved the tempests storms and gales,
Feared neither wound or scar,
And done her duty manfully,
On board of a man-of-war.

It was in Portsmouth harbour,
This gallant ship was moored,
And when young Susan shipped,
There was nine hundred men on board,
It was then she was contented,
All bedaubed with pitch and tar,
To be with her sweet William,
On board a man-of-war.

She washed the decks both fore and aft,
In winds and tempests cold,
With her hands so soft, she went aloft,
Like a jolly sailor bold;

She kept her place, with her pretty face
Bedaubed with pitch and tar,
And no one Susan did suspectt
On board a man-of-war.

When in the Bay of Biscay,
She aloft like lightning flew,
Respected by her officers,
And all the jovial crew;
In battle she would boldly run,
Fearing neither wound or scar,
And done her duty by the gun,
On board a man-of-war.

She faced the walls of China,
Where her life was not insured,
And little did young William think
His Susan was on board;
By a cannon ball from the batteries,
She did receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded
On board a man-of-war.

When on the deck young Susan fell,
Of all the whole ships crew,
Her William was the very first,
To her assistance flew;
She said, my jolly sailor,
I've for you received a scar,
Behold your faithful Susan bold
On board a man-of-war.

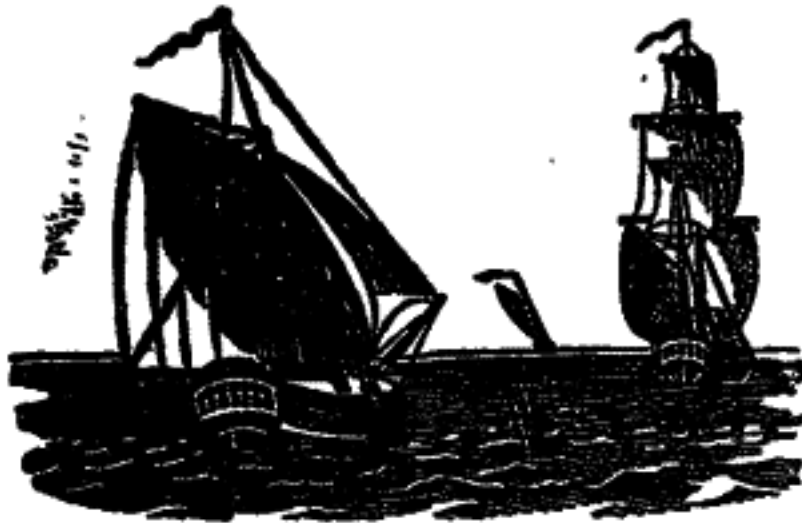
Then William on his Susan gazed,
With wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless,
While tears rolled from his eyes;
He cried, I wish instead of you
I had received that scar,
Oh! love, why did you venture
On board a man-of-war.

At length to England they returned,
And quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing,
And banish'd every care.
They often think upon the day,
When she received a scar,
And Susan followed her true love
On board a man-of-war.



SUSAN'S ADVENTURES

IN A BRITISH

Man of War.

Young Susan was a blooming maid, so valiant stout and bold,
And when her sailor went on board, young Susan, we are told,
Put on a jolly sailor's dress and daub'd her face with tar,
To cross the raging seas for love on board of a man of war.

It was in Portsmouth harbour this girl and ship was moor'd,
And when young Susan shipped there was 900 men on board.
It was then she was contented, all bedaubed with pitch and tar,
To be with her sweet William on board of a man of war.

She washed the decks both fore and aft, in winds and tempests cold,
With her hands so soft she went aloft, like a jolly sailor bold;
She kept her place with her pretty face bedaubed with pitch & tar,
And no one Susan did suspect on board of a man of war.

When in the bay of Biscay, she aloft like lightning flew,
Respected by the officers, and all the jovial crew,
In battles she would boldly run fearing wound nor scar,
And done her duty by the gun on board of a man of war.

She faced the walls of China where her life was not insured
And little did young William think his Susan was on board,
By a cannon ball from the batteries she did receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded, on board of a man of war.

When on the deck young Susan fell, of all the whole ship's crew
Her William was the very first to her assistance flew,
She said my jolly sailor I've for you received a scar,
Behold your faithful Susan on board of a man of war.

Then William on his Susan gazed, with wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless while tears stood in his eyes
He cried—I wish instead of you I had received that scar,
Oh love why did you venture on board of a man of war.

At length to England they returned and quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing and banish every care,
They often think upon that day when she received a scar;
When Susan followed her true love on board of a man of war

**THESE EVENING BELLS.**

Those evening bells! those evening bells.
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are pass'd away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

They saw that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away;
Within the Sultan's halls of light,
A glittering wretch to stay.

They bore me on the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam;
Nor heard the sighs I hear'd for thee,
My own, my childhood's home.

They deck my arms with jewels rare,
That glitter in the sun;
And braid with pearls my long black hair,
I weep when all is done.

I'd give them all for one bright hour,
Free and unwatch'd to roam;
I'd give them all for one sweet flower,
From thee, my childhood's home.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie
Ne'er a one has I;
But a' the lads they love me weel
And what the mair care I?

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the weel;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body tell?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a one has I;
But a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Printed at T. Watts', Publishing Office, 14,
Snow Hill, Birmingham.



SUSAN'S ADVENTURES

IN A BRITISH

Man of War.



Young Susan was a blooming maid, so valiant stout and bold,
And when her sailor went on board, young Susan, we are told,
Put on a jolly sailor's dress and daub'd her face with tar,
To cross the raging seas for love on board of a man of war.

It was in Bournemouth harbour this girl and ship was moor'd,
And when young Susan shipped there was 800 men on board.
It was then she was contended, all bedaubed with pitch and tar,
To be with her sweet William on board of a man of war.

She washed the decks both fore and aft, in winds and tempests cold,
With her hands so soft she went aloft, like a jolly sailor bold;
She kept her pious with her pretty face bedaubed with pitch & tar,
And no one Susan did suspect on board of a man of war.

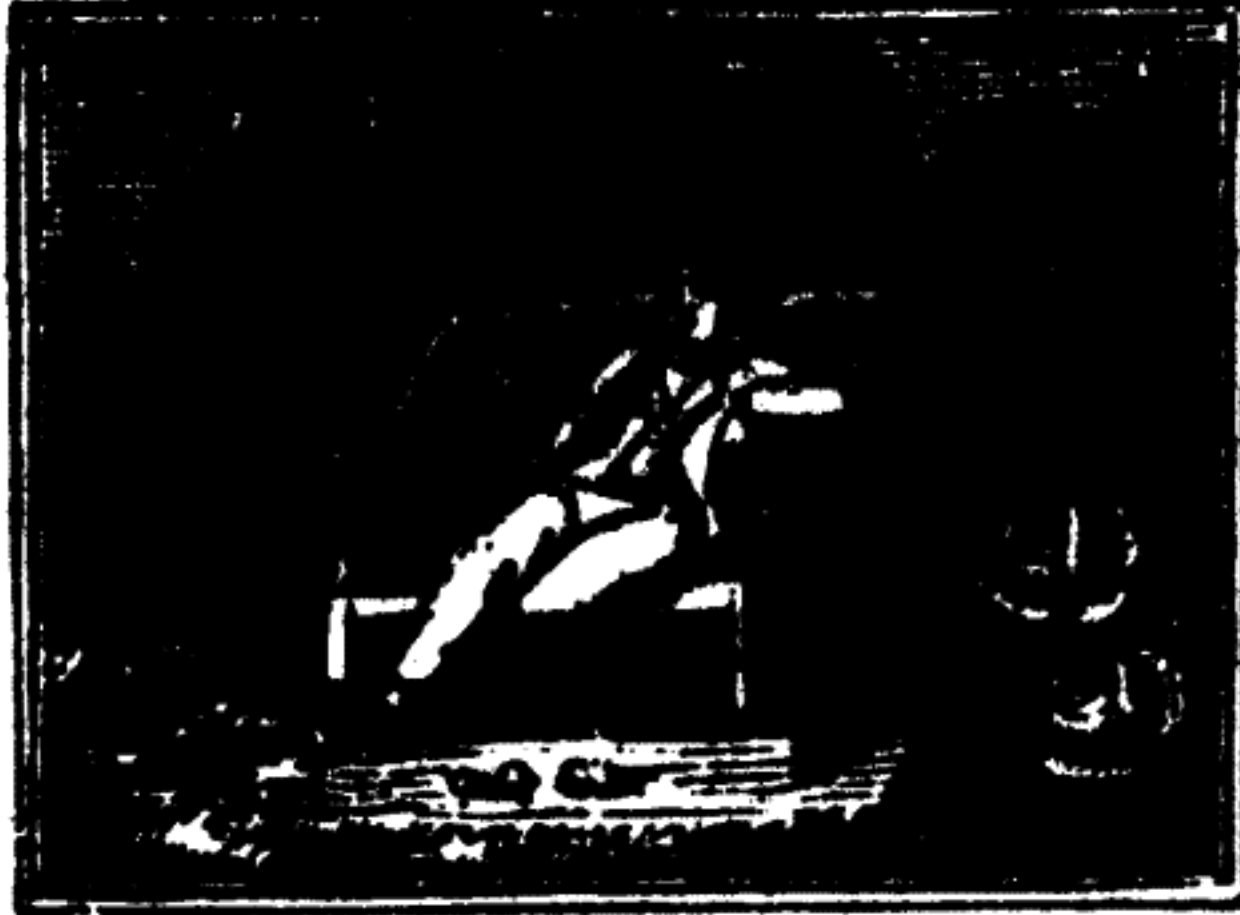
When in the bay of Biscay, she aloft like lightning flew,
Respected by the officers, and all the jovial crew,
In battles she would boldly run fearing wound nor scar,
And done her duty by the gun on board of a man of war.

She faced the walls of China where her life was not insured
And little did young William think his Susan was on board,
By a cannon ball from the batteries she did receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded, on board of a man of war.

When on the deck young Susan fell, of all the whole ship's crew
Her William was the very first to her assistance flew,
She said my jolly sailor I've for you received a scar,
Behold your faithful Susan on board of a man of war.

Then William on his Susan gazed, with wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless while tears stood in his eyes
He cried—I wish instead of you I had received that scar,
Oh love why did you venture on board of a man of war.

At length to England they returned and quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing and banish every care,
They often think upon that day when she received a scar;
When Susan followed her true love on board of a man of war.



THESE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!
Those joyous hours are pass'd away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

They saw that I was fair and bright,
And bore me far away;
Within the Sultan's halls of night,
A glittering wretch to stay.
They bore me on the dreary sea,
Where the dark wild billows foam;
Nor heard the sighs I heav'd for thee,
My own, my childhood's home.
They deck my arms with jewels rare,
That glitter in the sun;
And braid with pearls my long black hair,
I weep when all is done.
I'd give them all for one bright hour,
Free and sunwatch'd to roam;
I'd give them all for one sweet flower,
From thee, my childhood's home.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry?
Ilks lassie has her laddie
We'er a one has I;
But a' the lads they love me weel
And what the mair care I?
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body tell?
Ilks lassie has her laddie,
We'er a one has I;
But a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Printed at T. Watts', Publishing Office, 14,
Snow Hill, Birmingham.



SUSAN'S ADVENTURES.

On Board of a Man of War.

ANSWERS
To the British Man-of-War.



London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

YOUNG Susan was a blooming maid,
So valiant, stout, and bold,
And when her sailor went on board,
Young Susan we are told,
Put on a jolly sailor's dress,
And daubed her hands with tar,
To cross the raging seas for love,
On board of a man-of-war.

It was in Portsmouth harbour
The gallant ship was moored,
And when young Susan shipp'd,
There was nine hundred men on board;
It was then she was contented,
All bedaubed with pitch and tar
To be with her sweet William,
On board of a man-of-war.

She washed the decks both fore-and-aft,
To winds and gusts cold,
With her hands soft she went aloft,
Like a jolly sailor bold;

Last week a smart young sailor, in appearance, volunteered his services on board his Majesty's ship Imperieuse, lying in Plymouth Sound. The Officers were extremely interested in his appearance; but some suspicion as to his having a wife, a medical examination was about to be enforced, when the young spark confessed that she was a woman, and a native of Aberdeen—that she had borne a child to a man who had been pressed into the service, and that she entered with the hope of meeting with him. She is only 22 years old, and has served in several ships, by the name of Tom Walker. Since the discovery she has been relieved from the ship's duty, and cook and attendant upon the officers. Her sex is cautiously respected by the ship's company, and her conduct is exemplary, chaste, and correct.

The Albion Aug 30. 1807

She kept her place with her pretty face
Bedaubed with pitch and tar,
And no one Susan did suspect,
On board of a man-of-war.

When in the Bay of Biscay,
She aloft like lightning flew,
Respected by the officers,
And all the jovial crew:
In battle she would boldly run,
Fearing neither wound nor scar,
And done her duty by the gun,
On board of a man-of-war.

She faced the walls of China,
Where her life was not insured,
And little did young William think,
His Susan was on board;
By a cannon ball from the batteries,
She did receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded,
On board of a man-of-war.

When on the deck young Susan fell,
Of all the young ship's crew,
Her William was the very first
To her assistance flew;
She said, my jolly sailor,
I've for you received this scar,
Behold your faithful Susan bold,
On board of a man-of-war.

Then William on his Susan gazed
With wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless,
While tears were in his eyes.
He cried, I wish instead of you
I had received that scar,
O love! why did you venture
On board of a man-of-war.

At length to England they returned,
And quickly married were,
The bells did ring, and they did sing,
And banish every care;
They often think upon that day,
When she received a scar,
And Susan followed her true love,
On board of a man-of-war.

251.

About the beginning of the month of February, 1807, Elizabeth Bowden, a girl, 14 years of age, born at Truro, in Cornwall, entered on board his Majesty's ship Hazard, Capt. Dilkes, in boy's clothes, and remained on board six weeks before her sex was discovered. During the time the ship was in harbour, she frequently went to the mast-head, to clear the pennant, and after the ship sailed, she was known to have gone up once in the middle of the night, when it was blowing almost a gale of wind; she would go on the top-sail yard, and assist in reefing the sails. Her father and mother being dead, she had walked from Truro to Plymouth to her sister, but not being able to gain any knowledge of her abode, was obliged, through want to disguise herself, and volunteer into his Majesty's service. Since she made known her sex, the Captain and Officers have paid every attention to her, gave her an apartment to sleep in, and she still remains on board the Hazard as an attendant on the Officers of the ship; she was left on board the Hazard off Rochefort on the 4th instant.

*Bells
weekly
July 19
1807*

Susan's Adventures,

In A Man of War.

AN ANSWER TO THE BRITISH MAN OF WAR.



Young Susan was a blooming maid
So valiant stout and bold,
And when her sailor went on board,
Young Susan we are told,
Put on a jolly sailor's dress,
And daubed her hands with tar,
To cross the raging sea,
On board a man-of-war.

CHORUS.
Oh, pretty Susan left her home,
and sailed away as far,
She braved the tempest storms & gales
Feared neither wound or scar,
And done her duty manfully,
On board a man-of-war.

It was in Portsmouth harbour,
This gallant ship was moored,
And when young Susan shipped,
There was nine hundred then on
board,

It was then she was contented,
all bedaubed with pitch and tar,
To be with her sweet William,
On board a man-of-war.

She washed the decks both fore and aft
In winds and tempest cold,
With her hands so soft she went aloft,
Like a jolly sailor bold,
she kept her place, with her pretty face
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And no one Susan did suspect,

On board a man-of-war.
When in the Bay of Biscay,
she off like lightning flew.
Respected by her officers,
and all the jovial crew,
In battle she would boldly run;
Fearing neither wound or scar,
And done her duty by a gun,
On board a man-of-war.
She faced the walls of China,
where her life was not insured,
But little did young William think,
His Susan was on board.
B, a cannon ball from the batteries,
she could receive a scar,
And she got slightly wounded,
On board a man-of-war.
When on the deck young Susan fell,
Of all the whole ships crew,
Her William was the very first,
To her assistance flew.
She said my jolly sailor,
I've for you received a scar
Behold your faithful Susan bold,
On board a man-of-war.
Then William on his Susan gazed,
with wonder and surprized,
he stood some moments motionless,
while tears rolled from his eyes,
he cried I wish instead of you
I had received that scar,
Oh! love why did you venture,
On board of a man-of-war.
They often think upon the day
when she received a scar,
And Susan followed her true love,
On board a man-of-war,
At length to England they returned,
and quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing,
and braish'd every case.
Paul, Printer, 18, Great st, Andrew
street, 7 Dial.

Susan's Adventures,

In A Man of War.

AN ANSWER TO THE BRITISH MAN OF WAR.



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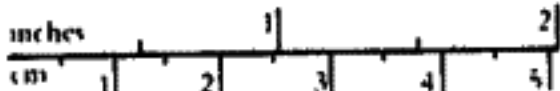
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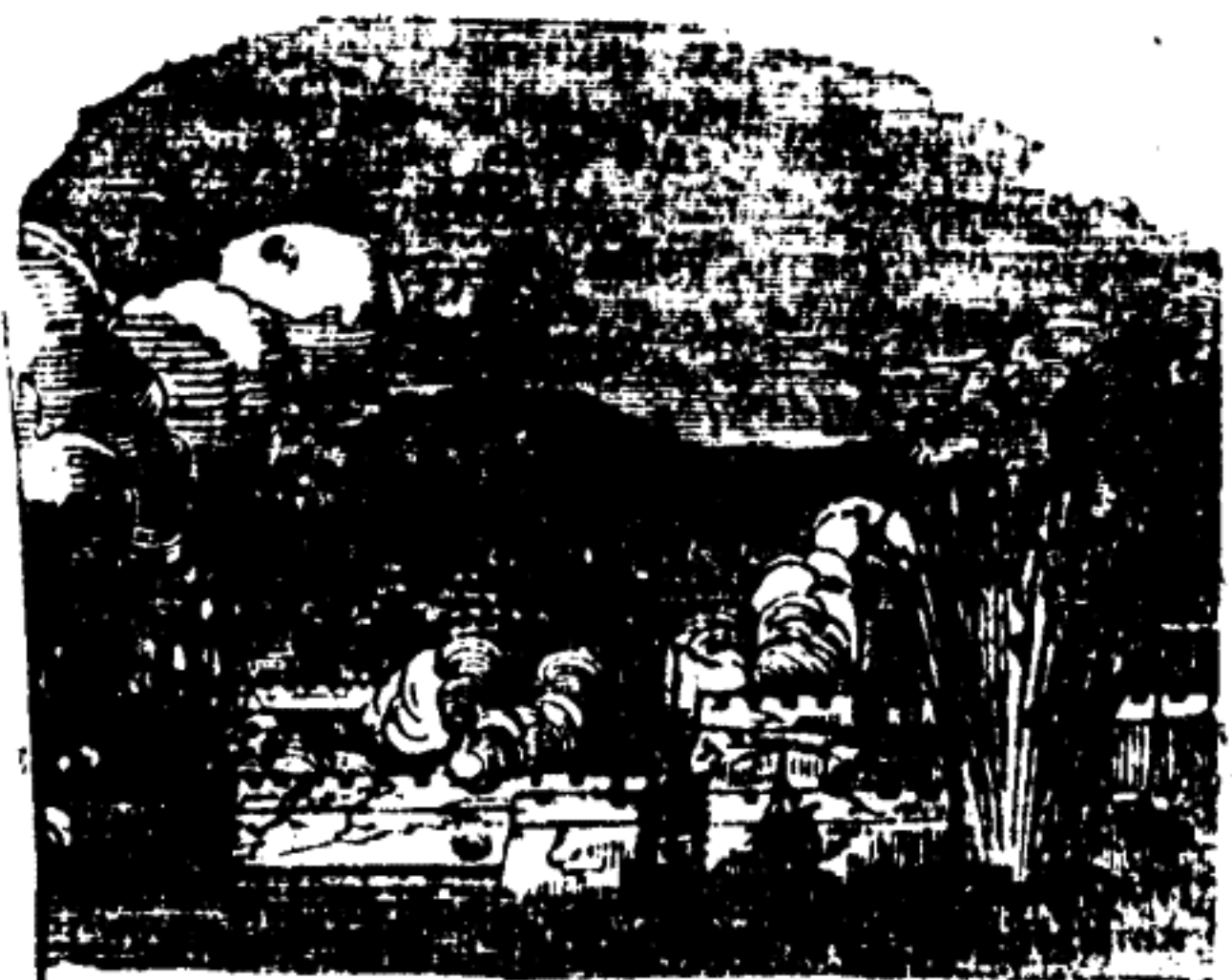
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Then William on his Susan gazed, with wonder and surprise,
He stood some moments motionless, while tears stood in his eyes,
He cried--I wish instead of you I had received that scar,
Oh, love, why did you venture on board of a man-of-war.

At length to England they returned and quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing and banish every care,
They often think upon that day when she received the scar,
When Susan followed her true love on board of a man-of-war.



SUSAN'S Adventures IN A BRITISH Man-of-War

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eyes he cried—I wish instead of you I had received that scar,
For love, why did you venture on board of a man-of-war.

When they returned to England they quickly married were,
The bells did ring and they did sing and banish every care,
They often think upon that day when she received the scar,
When Susan followed her true love on board of a man-of-war.

THE PENSIONER'S COMPLAINT AGAINST HIS WIFE.

You neighbours all listen a story I'll tell,
Its of a misfortune that has me befel,
I married a jade, and her name it was Nell,
And she is always a drinking and bawling,
Eighteen pounds of a pension I've got in the year,
Which causes my wife to drink whiskey and beer,
Her tongue like a cannon does sound in my ear,
Before the daylight in the morning.

To kindle the fire it is my first job,
If I don't do it right I've a slap on the gob,
A kick or a clout, or a crack on the nob,
I surely will get from my darling,
Then out for the water the kettle to boil,
And when I come home I must nurse a young child,
I wish I was killed on the banks of the Nile,
Before I had met with my darling.

Thed Nell and her gossip sit down to their tea,
While I in the corner have nothing to say,
Or out in the garden a digging away,
While Nell the cups she is tossing,
Then in for the leavings I chance for to hop,
While Nell and her gossip are gone to the shop,
Backbiting their neighbours and swallowing their soap,
Hard fortune attend you my darling.

Oh, my shirt without washing does stick to my back,
While she is sporting with Billy and Jack,
And running in score for every nick-nack,
While I must pay up 'he last farthing,
Without shoes or stockings to cover my feet,
My bed without either blanket or sheet,
I'm a show to the world when I go out in the street,
Pray what do you think of my bargain

Her beauty and praises I mean to disclose,
She's dirty and lazy, with a short snuffy nose,
She's a disgrace to the woman wherever she goes,
And her clothes all in tatters are hanging,
With a beard on her lip like a wandering Jew,
Not a tooth in her head that is sound only two,
And a shift on her back, neither black, white, or blue,
That ever was wet with a washing.

I've travelled all nations, thro' France and through Spain,
Thro' Egypt and Indie, and home back again,
At Waterloo wounded, where I felt great pain,
And I ne'er met the match of my darling,
To finish my ditty I firmly pray,
Before she either drinks whisky or tea,
That something or other may whip her away,
Before the daylight in the morning.