

A Catalogue and Collection
of
Anglo-American Female Warrior Ballads
by
Dianne Dugaw
University of Oregon

Appendices I and II, and Bibliography of
“The Female Warrior Heroine in Anglo-American Balladry”
(PhD Dissertation, University of California, Los Angeles, 1982)

APPENDIX I

A Catalogue and Collection
of Anglo-American Female Warrior Ballads

Appendix I consists of a catalogue and representative examples of the collection of 113 female warrior ballads upon which I have based my study. I have arranged the ballads according to the formal and structural categories which I discussed in Chapter III, "The Structure of the Female Warrior Ballads." The ballads in Appendix I are grouped as follows:

- I. Discourse Ballads
 - A. Dialogue-Debates (No. 1-25)
 - B. Statements of Intention (No. 26-32)
- II. Discourse-Narrative Ballads (No. 33-48)
- III. Narrative Ballads
 - A. Ballads of Parental Intervention in a Courtship (No. 49-70)
 - B. Ballads in which the Heroine Disguises Herself to Accompany or Pursue Her Beloved (No. 71-100)
 - C. Ballads in which the Heroine Disguises Herself because of Her Patriotism or Her Desire for Adventure (No. 101-107)
- IV. Miscellaneous Ballads (No. 108-113)

The order of the individual ballads in Appendix I exactly follows my treatment of them in terms of the female warrior structural system.

Each ballad entry in Appendix I consists of three sections: (1) a descriptive overview, (2) a list of sources and references, and (3) a representative text or texts. The descriptive overview for each ballad begins with the number of the ballad in my collection, the title by which I refer to the ballad, and a Laws symbol or Child number if the ballad is found in G. Malcolm Laws' American Balladry from British Broadsides or Francis J. Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads. An example illustrating this arrangement is: 58. Jack Monroe (N-7). Following this title, I list other titles under which I have found printed, folksong, or manuscript versions of the ballad. If a tune has been indicated for the ballad on a broadside version, I give the title at this point. I then present the first stanza of the ballad and a brief summary of the entire piece.

The list of sources and references for each ballad consists of (I) Sources, (II) Catalogue references, and (III) Comments. The Sources for an individual ballad may include (A) Printed Versions, (B) Folksong Versions, and (C) Manuscript Versions. (However, most of the ballads have been found in only one or two of these forms.) For all three categories I give first the unpublished sources for individual versions and then the published ones. For the Printed Versions I enter first the items I have found in archives, beginning with the three princi-

pal sources for my materials, Harvard, New York Public Library, and the Library of Congress, followed by the other archive sources (in alphabetical order). In citing the materials I have derived from the archives, I include the collection in which I have found a version of the ballad, the imprint on the broadside or chapbook, my estimation of the date the item was printed, and the name of the printer if it is not on the imprint. Thus, a citation indicating a broadside version of a song in a collection at Harvard appears as follows:

Harvard,
25242.25, 102^v
Printed and sold at 60 Old-st.
(G. Pigott, 1803-30)

After I give the archive sources for the printed versions of the ballads, I then give published sources. For these I provide the author's last name or a short-title reference to the work (if it is a large collection or has no author), the volume and page number, the imprint of the broadside (if the author has included it), and my estimation of the date of the original printing of the version of the ballad. Thus, an entry citing a broadside version I have found in The Euing Collection of English Broadside Ballads in the Library of the University of Glasgow appears as follows:

Euing Ballads, 179
London, Printed for Sarah Tyus, at the
three Bibles on London-Bridge. (1665)

Similarly, the Folksong Versions of the ballads are arranged into unpublished and published sources. I cite the American archives first, then the English, the Scottish, and the Irish, giving for each item from an archive the collection number, and the place and date the version was collected. Thus, a folksong version from the Library of Congress appears as follows:

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
2905B2/2906A1 (Tenn., 1939)

The published sources for the folksong versions include books, periodicals, theses, and commercial recordings. Books and thesis collections are cited by the name of the editor or author unless the person has produced more than one collection, in which case I add a short-title reference. I include in the citation the page on which the ballad is found. Thus, a folksong version from Louis W. Chappell's Folk-Songs of Roanoke and the Albemarle (Morgantown, West Virginia: The Ballad Press, 1939) appears as follows:

Chappell, 120.

A ballad from the second volume of Cecil Sharp's English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, ed. Maud Karpeles. 2 Vols. (London: Oxford University Press, 1932) appears as follows:

Sharp, English Folk-Songs from Southern Appalachians, II, 139

Ballads found in periodicals I cite by including the name of the periodical, the volume number, and the page. The names of frequently cited journals are abbreviated. Thus, a ballad found on page 25 of the second volume of the Journal of the Folk Song Society appears: JFSS, II, 25. Recordings are cited by company and number, and I indicate that the item is a recording. The published folksong references are arranged in the same way the archives are listed, with the American collections followed by the English, the Scottish, the Irish and the Australian ones. Within these categories the collections are alphabetized.

I list the manuscript versions of the ballads in the same arrangement as the printed and folksong versions. Unpublished items from archives precede those versions which can be found in edited and published form. All the sources for my collection of female warrior ballads are listed in Section I of my Bibliography, "Sources for the Collection of Female Warrior Ballads (Appendix I)," pp. 997-1024.

The catalogue references for each ballad fall into five categories: (1) well-known general indices such as Donald Wing's Short Title Catalogue of Books and Clifford Shipton and James Mooney's National Index of American Imprints through 1800; (2) indices which provide information on particular aspects of the ballads such as Claude Simpson's The British Broadside Ballad and Its Music (New

Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1966), an index of broadside ballad tunes, and Hyder Rollins' "Analytical Index" which indicates when a printer registered a ballad title; (3) catalogue surveys of folksong materials from a particular region or of a particular type such as D.K. Wilgus and Eleanor Long's "Catalogue of Irish Traditional Narrative Songs in English," and Laws' American Balladry from British Broadsides; (4) broadside printers' catalogues which provide information on the dating and circulation of a ballad; and (5) catalogues to specific archive collections, such as Frances Thomson's Newcastle Chapbooks in Newcastle upon Tyne University Library. (I have omitted in my citations in this category, catalogues which do not reflect the actual holdings of a library, for example, C. Welsh and W.H. Tillinghast's Catalogue of English and American Chapbooks and Broadsides in Harvard College Library [Cambridge, Massachusetts: Library of Harvard University, 1905; rpt Detroit: Singing Tree Press, 1968].) With the catalogue citations I provide cross-referencing in general research indices as well as in more specific research guides. Both kinds of indices yield useful information on the age and circulation of the ballad, the tune, the author, other versions of it, and so on. Section II of my Bibliography, "Catalogue References for the Collection of Female Warrior Ballads (Appendix I)," (pp. 1025-8) lists the catalogues I cite in Appendix I.

The third section of each ballad entry in Appendix I consists of a representative text or texts of the ballad. If I have found little variation from one version of the ballad to another, I include a single text, giving the title under which I found it, the text itself with no editorial changes, and the source. If I have found a ballad in versions which vary substantially from one another, I include several texts of the ballad to illustrate the range of this variation. For each text I include the title under which I found it and the source.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BALLAD TITLES

- Banks of the Nile (N-9), 15.
- Billy and Nancy's Kind Parting (K-14), 7.
- Billy and Nancy's Parting (N-8), 10.
- Billy and Polly, 14.
- Bonny Lassie's Answer, 16.
- Bonny Mally Stewart, 48.
- Bonny Sailor Boy, 63.
- Bristol Bridegroom, 54.
- Cabin Boy, 76.
- Canada-I-0, 83.
- Captain of Love, 77.
- Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold (N-17), 43.
- Chester Garland, 113.
- Conscionable Couple, 29.
- Constance and Anthony, 38.
- Constant Female (N-12), 68.
- Constant Lover of Worcestershire, 56.
- Constant Lovers (N-6), 61.
- Discourse between a Soldier and His Love, 5.
- Drum Major, 95.
- Dublin Tragedy, 84.
- Duke of Argyle (N-1), 34.
- Fair Ellen, 60.
- Faithful Ellen, 42.

Faithful Lovers Farewell, 2.
Faithless Captain, 79.
Famous Woman Drummer, 98.
Female Captain, 110.
Female Drummer, 106.
Female Pressgang, 111.
Female Rambling Sailor, 94.
Female Sailor, 92.
Female Sailor (Ann Jane Thornton), 93.
Female Sailor Bold (N-3), 91.
Female Smuggler, 107.
Female Soldier, 104.
Female Tar (I), 13.
Female Tar (II), 64.
Female Volunteer (I), 102.
Female Volunteer (II), 109.
Female Warrior (I), 100.
Female Warrior (II) (N-4), 88.
Frolicsome Maid, Who Went to Gibraltar, 87.
Gallant She-Souldier, 99.
George's Quay, 73.
Handsome Cabin Boy (N-13), 105.
Happy Couple (N-15), 75.
Henry and Mary Ann, 47.
Henry and Nancy, 17.
High Germany, 22.

Highland Soldier, 24.
I Wish the Wars Were All Over, 32.
Isle of Wight, 50.
Jack Monroe (N-7), 58.
James and Flora, 36.
Johnny and Molly, 12.
Lady Leroy (N-5), 66.
Lady Turned Soldier, 96.
Lancashire Heros, 90.
London Heiress, 57.
London Merchant, (M-19), 69.
Love and Glory, 71.
Lover's Lamentation for the Girl He Left Behind Him; and Her Answer, 27.
Loyal Lovers Garland, 52.
Loyal Soldiers Courtship, 21.
Maiden Sailor, 97.
Maids Lamentation in Bedlam, 28.
Mariners Misfortune, 37.
Mary Ambree, 89.
Mary's Fate, 81.
Maudlin, The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol, 49.
My Willy Was A Sailor Bold, 74.
Nancy's Love, 25.
New York Streets (N-10), 59.
On Board of a Man-of-War, 46.
Paisley Officer (N-2), 39.

Philadelphia Lass, 45.
Ploughboy (M-24), 67.
Polly Oliver (N-14), 65.
Poor Peggy, 80.
Protestant Commander, 3.
Protestant Souldier and His Love, 4.
Rose of Britain's Isle (N-16), 62.
Rose the Red and White Lily (Child 103), 70.
Sailor on the Sea, 78.
Scotch Virago, 30.
Seaman of Dover, 51.
Seamans Doleful Farewel, 6.
Soldier's Bride, 112.
Soldiers Delight, 44.
Soldiers Farewel to His Love, 9.
Soldier's Farewell to Manchester (O-33), 23.
Song of Marion's Men, 72.
Susan's Adventures in a British Man-of-War, 86.
Tragical Ballad, 53.
True Lovers, 18.
Undaunted Female, 33.
Undaunted Sailor, 11.
Undaunted Seaman, 1.
Valiant Commander, With His Resolute Lady, 31.
Valiant Damsel, 103.
Valiant Maidens, 108.

Valiant Virgin, 55.
Wandering Virgin, 26.
William and Harriet (M-7), 40.
William and Nancy's Parting, 8.
William and Phillis, 41.
William of the Man-of-War, 19.
William of the Royal Waggon Train, 20.
William Taylor (N-11), 82.
Woman Warrior, 101.
Wounded Nancy's Return, 85.
Young Henry of the Raging Main, 35.

I. DISCOURSE BALLADS

A. Dialogue-Debates (No. 1-25)

1. THE UNDAUNTED SEAMAN

The Undaunted Seaman; Who Resolved to
Fight for His King and Country: Together
with His Love's Sorrowful Lamentation at
their Departure.

To the Tune of, I often for my Jenny strove

My Love I come to take my leave,
Yet prithee do not sigh and grieve;
On the wide Ocean I will fight,
For to maintain the Nation's Right:
Under Noble Chief Commanders,
I resolve to take my Chance;
On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture,
To subdue the Pride of France.

She bids him "be not unkind," for she fears she shall never see him again. He replies that he hopes "to be as safe as here," and, not wanting to be a coward, he will "venture to subdue the Pride of France." She offers to "part with Gold and Silver. . . Another person to Empl'y." He says, "My thinks the work cannot be done, Except I do in Person go." He maintains that the "Royal English Fleet, With the Dutch Navy" will "drive the Rogues." She says with "Sighs and Tears" that she "in Sailers Robes" will "be array'd" to go along with him. He says that her "soft and tender milk-white hand, Seamen's labour cannot do," and he will leave "Gold and Treasure" to "maintain" her. She laments his going, but, though "bitterly she did Complain, Her Sighs and Tears were all in vain" as "with sweet Salutes they parted."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.68/pEB-B65H, II, 278^r
Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J.
Blare and J. Back (1682-96)

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 551
Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J.
Blare and J. Back (1682-96)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 218, p. 53 Lamson, "My love"
Crawford, 839
Wing, U40 Simpson, p. 345

THE UNDAUNTED SEAMAN

The Undaunted Seaman;
Who resolved to Fight for his King and Country:
Together with His Love's Sorrowful Lamentation
at their Departure.

To the Tune of, I often for my Jenny strove.

Licensed according to Order.

My Love I come to take my leave,
Yet prithee do not sigh and grieve;
On the wide Ocean I will fight,
For to maintain the Nation's Right:
Under Noble Chief Commanders,
I resolve to take my Chance;
On Board I'll enter, Life I'll venture,
To subdue the Pride of France.
My dear, said she, be not unkind,
I shall no Peace nor Comfort find,
My very heart will break for thee,
If thus we must divided be:
While thou art with Foes surrounded,
Where the loud-mouth'd Cannons roar;
This Warlike Action breeds Distraction,
I shall never see thee more.
Let no such fear attend my Dear,
I hope to be as safe as here;
For King and Country's good I'll stand,
And vow to fight with heart and hand;
None but Cowards fear to venture,
Freely will I take my chance;
On board I'll enter, Life I'll venture
To subdue the Pride of France.
The Youthful Damsel then did cry,
I'll part with Gold and Silver too,
Another person to Emphy,
that may be better spar'd than you:
Never shall I be contented,
While you leave your Native shore;
This warlike Action breeds Distraction,
I shall never see thee more.
My Dear all hazards will I run,
My thinks the work cannot be done,
Except I do in Person go,
To Face that Perjur'd Potent Foe:

We have Warlike Sons of Thunder,
 Which will Valiantly advance
 To the wide Ocean, for Promotion,
 And to check the Pride of France.
 My Dear, the Royal English Fleet,
 With the Dutch Navy will compleat
 The Work, which fairly is begun,
 We fear not but Monsieur will run;
 For we'll drive the Rogues before us,
 Teach them such an English Dance,
 While they retire, still we'll fire,
 Check the growing Pride of France.
 With Sighs and Tears this Damsel said,
 If you resolve to go to Sea,
 In Sailers Robes I'll be array'd,
 And freely go along with thee:
 Life and Fortune I will Venture,
 Rather than to stay on Shore;
 Grief will oppress me, and possess me,
 That I ne'er shall see thee more.
 Said he, My Dearest stay on Land,
 Such idle Fancies ne'r pursue,
 Thy soft and tender milk-white hand,
 Seamen's labour cannot do:
 Here I leave both Gold and Treasure,
 To maintain my Dear on Shore;
 But still She crying and replying,
 I shall never see thee more.
 Thy Gold's no more than Dross to me,
 Alas! my heart is sunk full low,
 The want of thy sweet Company,
 Will surely prove my Overthrow:
 Therefore dearest do not leave me
 Here tormented, on the Shore;
 Let us not sever, love for ever,
 Lest I ne'er shall see thee more.
 Tho' bitterly she did Compalin,
 Her Sighs and Tears were all in vain,
 He would not suffer her to go,
 So many Cares and Grievs to know:
 But with sweet Salutes they parted,
 She was left with Tears on Shore;
 Here often crying and replying,
 I shall never see him more.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare and J. Back.

Harvard, 25242.68/pEB-B65H, II, 278^r

2. THE FAITHFUL LOVERS FAREWELL

The Faithful Lovers Farewell: Or, Private Newes from Chatham Described in a passionate Discourse betweixt a young Gentleman whose name was Iohn, and his fair Lady Betty, who having been newly Contracted, were suddenly Separated before Marriage, in regard that he was instantly Commanded to take Shipping in an Expedition against the Dutch.

To the Tune of, My Lodging Is On The Cold Ground, &c.

As I in a Meddow was walking,
 some two or three Weekes ago,
I heard two Lovers a Talking,
 and trampling too and fro;
The Female her name was Betty,
 her dearly Belov'd was Ion,
And both of them wonderous pretty,
 (Ile tell you the rest anon.)

Iohn "now doth intend to do tall things, by Engageing against the Dutch," and Betty complains that he should be leaving her "pyning in sorrow distressed upon the Shore." He says he will bring her "Wealth & Honor" and that he cannot support her well as things are. She protests that the battle will "be very bloody" and that he will "either be drowning or burning in Crimson Waves of Gore." Iohn exhorts her to "be an obedient Wife" and says that "The Duke of Yorke ventures his life" even though he loves his wife. Those that trample on authority must be punished and thus, "the Dutch-man was ever a Traitor," and he and his comrades will "beat the Belgick-Boobies." She says that she will put on "a Masculine Case, and pass for one of [his] Men." He says that she will only hinder him, citing the case "when Cleopatra put to Sea Mark Anthony lost the day." She says she will pray for him, and "thus sad and heavy hearted. . . these faithfull Lovers parted. . . before they came to the Marriage Bed."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Euing Ballads, 179

London, Printed for Sarah Tyus, at the three
Bibles on London-Bridge (1665)

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 544

London, Printed for Sarah Tyus, at the three
Bibles on London-Bridge (1665)

II. CATALOGUES

Wing, F275

Simpson, 498

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS FAREWELL

The Faithful Lovers Farewell: Or, Private Newes From Chatham

Described in a passionate Discourse betweixt a young Gentleman whose name was Iohn, and his fair Lady Betty, who having been newly Contracted, were suddenly Seperated before Marriage, in regard that he was instantly Commanded to take Shipping in an Expedition against the Dutch.

To the Tune of, My Lodging Is On The Cold Ground, &c.

As I in a Meddow was walking,
some two or three Weekes ago,
I heard two Lovers a Talking,
and trampling too and fro;
The Female her name was Betty,
her dearly Belov'd was Iohn,
And both of them wonderous pretty,
(Ile tell you the rest anon.)

These Lovers were both combined
in mutual bonds of Love,
But Iohn was straightly injoyned
a little while to remove,
From her he did love above all things,
his fervent desire was such;
He now doth intend to do tall things,
By Engageing against the DUTCH.

BETTY.

Twas Betty that first complained,
Oh! why will you use me so,
As soon as affection is gained,
so speedily can you go,
And leave me in pyning sorrow
distressed upon the Shore;
If you do depart to Morrow
I never shall see thee more.

IOHN.

My dear (quoth Iohn) be not daunted,
(and smilingly look'd upon her)
My Service it cannot be wanted,
I'll bring thee both Wealth & Honor;
I cannot now well support thee,
and live like other Men:
But with Gold and silver I will Court thee
When I come a Shore agen.

BETTY.

(Quoth Betty) some other way studdy
to live with mee here on Shore;
The Battail will be very bloody,
when all the great Guns do Roare,
Thou'lt either be drowning or burning
in Crimson Waves of Gore,
Whilst I sit here in my mourning,
And never shall see thee more.

IOHN.

Quoth Iohn, prethee leave thy dreaming
and be an obedient Wife,
I scorn that a Butter-box Flemming
should vapour away my Life;
The Duke of Yorke ventures his life too
with all his Royalty;
He's a Prince that doth love his wife too
I warrant as well as I.

Good Princes are great Examples
for Loyal hearts to follow:
He that on Authority tramples,
I wish the Sea may swallow.
The Dutch-man was ever a Traitor
against their Sovereign;
We will make it cost him hott water
E're I come a Shore againe.

Wee'l beat the Belgick-Boobies,
and gain their Guinny-Gold,
I'le bring the home Pearls and Rubies
as many as my Ship will hold;
I'le make my Betty shine Splendid
with Treasuries of the Main,
And royally be attended
When I come a Shore again.

BETTY.

Then Betty with a whimpring face
return'd these words agen,
I'le put me on a Masculine Case,
and pass for one of your Men;
I'le swear (if you'l believe me)
I'le fear no Wind nor Weather,
For I know it never will grieve me
If both of us dye together.

IOHN.

My Dear, I prethee leave pleading,
thou shalt not to Sea with me,
For I can tell by my reading
it will not convenient be,
Thou rather wilt hurt, and hinder me,
when we begin the Fray,
When Cleopatra put to Sea
MARK ANTHONY lost the day.

My very soul presages,
we shall be Victorious Men,
And cut out worke for Stages
when we returne agen.
Bett. Quoth she, I'le daily pray for thee
and every Power implore.
Ioh. Ile fight (qd. he) Oh then quoth she
I never shall see the more.

IOHN.

Said he, this Kiss a farewell gives
my time is drawing on,
He needs must go whom Honour drives.
Bett. Quoth she, adieu sweet Iohn.
Ioh. Quoth he, I'le make thee a Lady bright
I prethee then dry thine eye:
There's many a wight is made a Knight
As little deserves as I.

Thus sad and heavy hearted
(their Kisses wash'd with tears)
These faithfull Lovers parted,
no case so sad as theirs;
Before they came to the Marriage Bed,
(so wofull is this Ditty)
E're she had lost her Maiden-head,
Alack, the more's the pittie.

FINIS.

WITH ALLOWANCE. LONDON, Printed for SARAH TYUS, at the three
Bibles on LONDON-BRIDGE.

Euing Ballads, p. 179

3. THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER

The Protestant Commander, or, a Dialogue between him and his loving Lady, at his departure hence with his Majesty King William, for the expedition in Ireland.

To the tune of Let Caesar live long

Farewell, my sweet lady, my love, and delight,
Under great King William in person I'll fight;
Wherefore for awhile I must leave thee behind,
Yet let not my absence, love, trouble thy mind:
In Dublin city our king we'll proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

He says that they will rout the French and the Irish and crown King William "with trophies of honour and fame." She offers to go with him that she may "flourish" a sword, "his name to proclaim." She says she will appear "in bright shining armour." He agrees to let her go but says she should not go "like a souldier" for "the court is more fit than the camp for my dear." She insists that she will go with him, for she is "ready some succour to yield" should he be wounded. The ballad ends with two stanzas proclaiming the conquering intentions of King William and the imminent defeat of the French, the Tories, and the "poor Teagues."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Croker, Historical Songs, 53

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon (1682-96)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 434

III. COMMENTS

Croker says that the ballad was copied from "a collection of ballads and broadsides, in two vols. folio, in the British Museum." The remainder of the imprint is missing, but it probably included "J. Blare and J. Black." (pp.52-53)

THE PROTESTANT COMMANDER

The Protestant Commander, or, a Dialogue between him and his loving Lady, at his departure hence with his Majesty King William for the expedition in Ireland.

To the tune of "Let Caesar live long."

Licensed according to order.

Farewell, my sweet lady, my love, and delight,
Under great King William in person I'll fight;
Wherefore for awhile I must leave thee behind,
Yet let not my absence, love, trouble thy mind:
In Dublin city our king we'll proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

An army we have of true Protestant boys,
Who fears not the French nor the Irish, dear joys;
We'll freely salute them with powder and ball,
Till we have utterly routed them all;
The sword of King William his name shall proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

Love, let me go with thee, the lady reply'd,
I freely can venture to die by thy side;
A heart of true courage I bear in my breast,
Therefore for King William I vow and protest,
A sword I will flourish his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

I'll strip off these jewels and rings which I wear,
And other apparel in brief I'll prepare;
In bright shining armour I then will appear,
And march in the field by the side of my dear;
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My jewel, if thou hast a mind to go o'er
Along with thy love to the Irish shore;
I freely will give my consent to this thing,
Yet not like a souldier to fight for the king:
His army is able his name to proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The court is more fit than the camp for my dear,
Where beautiful ladies in glory appear;
While soldiers of fortune must fight in the field,
Until they have made the proud enemy yield.
The conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

My dearest, said she, I'll to Ireland go,
I value not courts, neither fear I the foe;
Thy presence will yield my both joy and delight;
I'll wait in thy tent till, returning from fight,
The conquering sword does King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

If thou shouldst be wounded, my dear, in the field,
Then shall I be ready some succour to yield.
'Tis true, my sweet lady, he straitways reply'd,
Thy earnest desire shall not be deny'd;
Our conquering sword shall King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The French and the Tories King William will rout,
From city to castle he'll course them about;
We'll make the poor Teagues to quite change their tone,
From Lilli burlero to Ah! hone, ah! hone.
With conquering sword we'll King William proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

The Frenchmen the height of our fury shall feel,
We'll chase them with swords of true-tempered steel;
They, food for the ravens and crows shall be made,
And teach them hereafter that land to invade.
Then through the whole nation our king we'll proclaim,
And crown him with trophies of honour and fame.

Printed for P. Brooksby. J. Deacon.

Croker, Historical Songs of Ireland, I, 53-55.

4. A PROTESTANT SOULDIER AND HIS LOVE

A Protestant Souldier, And his Love: The Damsels
Resolution at Length to take up Arms against the
Irish Rebels for the true Enjoyment of her Dear.

To the Tune of, Liggan Water: Or, Glory of London-Derry

Love I come to take my leave,
Yet, I would not have thee grieve;
Tho' we must divided be,
I will be Loyal, Love, to thee.

She responds that his leaving will break her heart, and she pleads with him to stay. He says he is "listed," and she offers to go to his "Collonel" to ask for his discharge. He declares his intention to fight, and she offers to go with him. He questions her, and finally they agree, and she is listed, "not a Person knowing there, that she was a Damsel fair."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, IV, 350
Printed for I. Blare, at the Looking[Glass]
on London-Bridge (1683-1706)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, pp. 457, 459, 505

III. COMMENTS

Rollins notes that "the ballad was evidently written about August, 1689, after the government had decided to send Duke Schomberg to subdue Ireland." (Pepys Ballads, IV, 350)

PROTESTANT SOULDIER, AND HIS LOVE

Protestant Souldier, and His Love;
The Damsels Resolution at length to take up
Arms against the Irish Rebels for the true
Enjoyment of her Dear.

To the Tune of, Liggan Water: Or, Glory of London-Derry.

Licensed according to Order.

Love I come to take my leave,
Yet I would not have thee grieve;
Tho' we must divided be,
I will be Loyal, Love, to thee.

A most Noble Armed Band,
Will away to Ireland,
Where the French and Teagues shall know,
That we have strength to lay them low.

Then this fair and vertuous Maid,
To her loving Soldier said,
It will surely break my heart,
If that my Dear and I must part.

Prithee stay at home with me,
Where you will in safety be;
Go not to the Irish Shore,
For fear I never see thee more.

I am Listed, Love, he cry'd,
Therefore now what e're betide,
I will with the Army go,
To prove the Rebels overthrow.

Thirty thousand Men, my dear,
Will in shining Arms appear,
Who with speed will march away,
I hope to fare as well as they.

Love, I'll to your Collonel go,
He may so much pittty show,
As to discharge you for my sake,
When as he hears the moan I make.

Twenty pounds I have in store,
Nay, and had I ten times more,
Every Groat I'de freely give,
So thou at home with me might live.

Love, thy Tears are all in vain,
I at home will not remain,
But will to the Wars with speed,
And fight while I have drop to bleed.

Can I hear great Ireland,
On the brink of Ruin stand,
Protestants for succour call
And yet be not concern'd at all.

No, we'll make the Romans yield,
Our sharp Swords shall Reap the Field,
Since our Cause is just and right,
My dear, I'll never fear to Fight.

If my Tears will not prevail,
But to Ireland you'll Sail,
Let me so much favour find,
Not left to languish here behind.

Whensoe're you march away,
In this Land I will not stay,
But thy true Comrade will be,
And freely live or dye with thee.

My sweet Iewel say not so,
If along with me you go,
In that Land you'll hardship find,
And likewise strangers most unkind.

Love, I prize thy presence so,
That I am resolv'd to go,
Being still with thee my dear,
There's nothing in the world I fear.

These two Lovers straight agreed,
And she Listed was with speed,
Not a Person knowing there,
That she was then a Damsel fair.

With her love in Field she'll fight,
In rich shining Armour bright,
Being for the Wars design'd,
And with a most Couragious mind.

FINIS.

Printed for I. Blare, at the Looking-[glass] on London-Bridge.

Pepys Ballads, Vol. IV, p. 350

5. THE DISCOURSE BETWEEN A SOLDIER AND HIS LOVE

The Discourse betweene A Souldier and His Love.
Shewing that she did beare a faithfull minde,
For Land nor Sea could make her stay behinde.

To the tune of Upon a Summer time

Souldier.
My dearest deare adue,
 since that I needs must goe
My fortunes to pursue
 against some Forraine Foe.
Being that it is so,
 I pray thee patient be,
And doe not Kilt thy Coat,
 to goe along with me.

Pegge answers that she will die of sorrow if he goes and will therefore "kilt [her] Coat, and goe along with [him]." They continue the dialogue, he pointing out the hardships and she maintaining that she is equal to them and will "fight with heart and hand till dangers are ore past." Finally he agrees saying, "Ile have thy company: Therefore love Kilt they Coat and goe along with me."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, II, 253
Printed at London for F. Coules (1626-81)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 730

III. COMMENTS

Rollins suggests that "'The Discourse' may have been the ballad entered by Mrs. Griffin as 'The Souldier and his Love' on July 17, 1640." (Pepys Ballads, II, 253)

THE DISCOURSE BETWEEENE A SOULDIER AND HIS LOVE.

The Discourse betweene a Souldier and His Love.

Shewing that she did beare a faithfull minde,
For Land nor Sea could make her stay behinde.

To the tune of Upon a Summer time.

Souldier.

My dearest deare adue,
since that I needs must goe
My Fortunes to pursue
against some Forraine Foe.
Being that it is so,
I pray thee patient be,
And doe not kilt thy Coat,
to goe along with me.

Pegge.

Alas my dearest heart,
if that thou leaue me here,
Death kills me with his dart,
as plainly may appeare.
For sorrow grieffe and smart,
will quickly make me dye,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

Ouer the dangerous Seas,
whereto I must repaire,
Will breed thee some disease,
and change thy colour faire.
Therefore my Loue forbear,
and well aduised bee,
And doe not kilt thy Coat
to goe along with mee.

Pegge.

Theres nothing can withstand,
a willing settled minde:
There neither Sea nor Land,
shall make me stay behind.
I thinke I were vnkind,
to leaue thy company:
Nay I will kilt my Coat
and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

Sweet-heart let me perswade,
that thou wilt stay at home,
And marke what shall be said
as all to passe will come.
When we haue past the Seas,
and come vnto the Land,
Against our Enemies,
in Armour we must stand.

Pegge.

Well I for one will stand,
whilst that my life doth last,
And fight with heart and hand,
till dangers are ore past.
And then I will releiue
thee in extremity,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

The second part to same tune.

Souldier.

To lye in open fields,
in time of Frost and Snow,
Without or house or shields,
where bitter blasts doe blow.
It will thy body change,
my deare I tell to thee:
Then doe not kilt thy Coat,
to goe along with me.

Pegge.

Sweet-heart I doe suppose,
all that you say is true,
I am as sure a choyce,
as I appeare to you.
I thinke I were vnkind
to leaue thy company,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat
and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

It is a dangerous thing,
my sweet, my faire, my deare,
To heare the Cannons ring,
like thunder in the ayre.
The sword, the Pike, the Speare,
the dreadfull enemy:
Will much affright thy Coat
to goe along with me.

Pegge.
I will lay all aside,
what euer may befall,
Whatsoever doth betide
Ile venture life and all.
The matter were but small,
though for thy sake I dye,
Therefore Ill kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

Souldier.
My griefes would still abound,
if I should see thee want,
Thy cries would still resound,
and make my heart to pant.
Sweet-heart let not thy mind,
be bent vunto the sea,
Nor doe not kilt thy Coat
to goe along with me.

Pegge.
Why, doe thou not despaire,
nor trouble so thy mind:
Howsoever I doe fare
Ile take it as I find.
And I will thee comfort
in midst of thy woe:
Then doe not say no more,
but yeeld that I may goe.

Souldier.
Then welcome with my heart
seeing thou wilt goe with me
Thou playest as kinde a part
as did Penelope,
Thou comfortst all my woes,
Ile haue thy company:
Therefore loue kilt thy Coat
and goe along with me.

No Turtle to her mate,
could euer be more true,
For she with fortunes fate,
all dangers did pursue
She ventures loue and life,
most like a louer true:
God send me such a wife,
and so kind hearts adue.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

Pepys Ballads, Vol. II, p. 253

6. THE SEAMANS DOLEFUL FAREWEL

The Seamans Doleful Farwel Or, The Greenwich
Lovers mournful Departure,
See here the pattern of true Love,
which absence cannot stain;
And nothing shall his mind remove,
till he returns again.

Tune of, State and Ambition
Man.

Farewel my dearest Love now must I leave thee,
to the East-Indies my Course I must steer,
And when I think upon't sore it doth grieve me;
let nothing possess thee with doubt or with fear,
For i'le be Loyal unto thee for ever,
and like to the Turtle will constant remain,
Nothing but cruel Death our loves shall sever,
but we will be marryed when I come again.

She objects to his going and asks him to let her venture with him. He says that "with dangers on Seas" she is little acquainted and urges her to stay behind. She insists that he grant her "sute" and let her go "like to a Seaboy," but he says that she could not climb "to the Top-mast," and her "lilly-white hand" could not handle the "Tackle." He promises her that they will marry when he returns. She agrees to stay and bids him "defend Neptune." She asks "heavens great blessing," he consoles her, and they part weeping and sighing.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

British Museum,
c.22, fol. 176

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-
spur-street without Newgate (1685-1700)

Cambridge,

Pepys Collection, IV, 186

Printed for J. Deacon at the sign of the Angel
in Gilt-spurr-street (1685-1700)

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 549 (incomplete text)

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Guilt-
spur-street without Newgate (1685-1700)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 218, p. 52
Crawford, 387

Simpson, 683
Wing, S2187

THE SEAMANS DOLEFUL FAREWELL

The Seamans Doleful Farwel

Or, The Greenwich Lovers mournful Departure,

See here the pattern of true Love, And nothing shall his mind remove
which absence cannot stain; till he returns again.

This may be printed, R.P. Tune of, State and Ambition.

Man.

Farewel my dearest Love now must I leave thee,
to the East-Indies my Course I must steer,
And when I think upon't sore it doth grieve me;
let nothing possess thee with doubt or with fear,
For i'le be Loyal unto thee for ever,
and like to the Turtle will constant remain.
Nothing but cruel Death our loves shall sever,
but we will be marryed when I come again.

Maid.

And must we by Fortune thus strangely be parted?
what dost thou think will become then of me,
Who must continue here quite broken-hearted
let me thy true Love now venture with thee:
I fear not the dangers that wait on the Ocean,
my troubles will greater be here on the shore;
Unto thy true Love now grant what she doth motion
who else greatly fears she shall see thee no more.

Man.

With dangers on Seas thou art little acquainted,
for when the winds blow and the billows do rore,
I fear that my true-Love will greatly be daunted,
then let me intreat thee to stay on the shore:
My heart in thy breast I will sure leave behind me,
and thou of my constancy ne'r shalt complain,
A pattern of true love thou ever shalt find me,
and we will be marryed when I come again.

Maid.

Now many like thee that are constant and loyal
do venture to Sea and do never return?
Then grant me my sute and make no more denial,
for I in thine absence forever shall mourn;
Oh like to a Sea-boy let me be attired,
and talk not of leaving me here on the shore,
Thy company by me so much is desired,
that sure I should dye should I see thee no more.

Man.

Cease my true Love, and no more do perswade me,
why shouldst thou run hazards just now in thy prime
Thy true Love forever blind Cupid hath made me,
and thou to the Topmast I'm sure cast not climb;
Thy Lilly-white hand cannot handle the Tackle,
the Pitch and the Tar on thy palms will remain:
Tho now thou art fetter'd in Cupids strong shackle,
yet we will be married when I come again.

Maid.

Go then my true Love and heavens great blessing
where e're thou dost sail still upon thee attend,
Love is a pleasure beyond all expressing,
and Neptune my dearest I pray thee defend:
For if in mine absence my Love should miscarry,
whom I for his Virtures do so much adore,
Then I of my life without doubt should be weary,
and pine to my Grave should I see thee no more.

Man.

Come be of good comfort and grieve not my dearest,
for I am as loth from my Love to depart,
Heaven can prevent all the dangers thou fearest,
then let not such jealousies trouble thy heart:
For should I behold all the Beauties in Venice,
yet still to my Dear I would constant remain,
And nothing shall cause any difference between us,
but we will be married when I come again.

Maid.

I long for that hour and covet the minute
when Hymen my true Love and me shall unite;
I surfeit to think of the pleasure there's in it,
'tis comfort by day, but far sweeter by night,
When we like true Lovers shall joyn our poor faces
and find such delight as I ne'r knew before,
Tis for certain a bliss for to lye in embraces,
and then I will part with my true Love no more.

Man.

Well now the wind serves, in despight I must leave thee
but at one farewell let us change a sweet kiss:
Again I do swear I will never deceive thee,
and hope at the last to enjoy what I wish;
Still hoping that Fortune will show me such favour
that I may be prosperous on the Salt Main,
My true Love in sorrow I fear for to leave her,
but hope to enjoy her when I come again.

Maid.

Then down their poor cheeks the salt tears they did trickle
whole vollies of sighs from their brests there did fly,
At last he prevailed by little and little
that he might be gone, and she could not deny;
But kisses at parting were wonderful plenty,
and needs it must be that it grieved them sore,
Tears they did drop till their eyes they were empty
for fear she her true Love should never see more.

Printed for J. Deacon at the sign of the Angel in Gilt-spurr
street.

Cambridge, Pepys Collection, IV, 186.

7. BILLY AND NANCY'S KIND PARTING (K-14)

(Billy and Nancy's Kind Parting; The Sailor's Adieu; Lovely Nancy; The True Lover's Departure; Farewell, Dearest Nancy; The Sailor's Sweetheart; Farewell My Dearest Nancy; Adieu Lovely Mary; Farewell Nancy; Johnnie and Molly; Molly and Johnnie; Jimmy and Nancy)

Farewel my dear Nancy, for now I must leave you.
And to the West Indies my course I must steer,
I know very well my absence will grieve you,
but my dear I'll return in the spring of the year

He bids her "farewel" saying he must sail to the "West Indies" but will return. (In some versions he promises he will marry her). She protests his leaving and says that she will go with him like a "sea-boy" ("bold sailor"). He tells her that her "lily white hands" can't handle the "cable," and her "pretty little feet" can't go to the "top-mast," and urges her to stay at home. Wringing her hands and bewailing, she stands as he departs. Some versions end with his assurance that he will return and marry her. Others end with a warning to "young maidens" to "never love a sailor that plows on the main."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25274.2, Boswell Coll., XXVIII, 30 (c.1763)
25274.2, Boswell Coll., XXIX, 36 (c.1763)
25242.75F, II
J. Pitts Printer and Toy Warehouse. 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 Dials (1819-44)
25242.17, IX,4
J.O. Bebbington, 22 Goulden-st., Oldham rd.,
Manchester (c. 1855-61)

New York Public Library/Research Division,
NCK, Erin Machree &c. (bound chapbooks)
Waterford--Printed and sold at W. Kelly's
Wholesale and Retail Books, Stationary and
Hardware House (c. 1816-36)

O'Lochlainn, More Irish Street Ballads, 44

B. Folksong Versions

University of Kentucky/Special Coll.
"Folk Songs from East Kentucky" (WPA Manuscript)

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive (MUFLA),
Leach Coll., #20A (St. Shott's, Nfld.)
Leach Coll., #18 (St. Shott's, Nfld.)

Brown, 320
Chappell, 68
Randolph, I, 217
Scarborough, 372
Thomas, Devil's Ditties, 87

Creighton, Folk Songs from Southern New Brunswick,
101
Karpeles, Folk Songs from Newfoundland, 176

Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., I, 529
Purslow, Wanton Seed, 39
Sharp, English County Songs, 62
Sharp, One Hundred, 70

S. Henry, no. 755
Joyce, Ancient Irish Music, 95

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 66
Laws, 147
Rosenberg, 139, no. 1554
Thomson, 18, no. 18
Wilgus-Long

BILLY AND NANCY'S KIND PARTING (K-14)

The Banks of Clady To which are added, &c.

Entered according to Order.

(5)

Billy and Nancy's Kind Parting.

Farewel my dear Nancy, for now I must leave you,
and to the West Indies my course I must steer,
I know very well my absence will grieve you,
but my dear I'll return in the spring of the year.

Let not my long going be a trouble to you,
nor let my misfortunes run in your mind,
Altho' we are parted, I'll still be true hearted,
and we will be married when I come again.

Why talk you of leaving me, my dearest jewel,
why talk you of leaving me here on the shore;
For while you are talking, my heart burns like fuel,
my dear I will die if I see you no more.

So like a sea-boy, my dear, I'll go with you,
in the midst of your dangers love I'll stand your friend,
For when the high stormy winds are a blowing,
my dear I'll go with you, and keep you from harm.

Your lily white hands can't endure our cable,
nor your pretty little feet to the top-mast can't go;
Nor the high stormy winds you can't endure,
so pray my dear Nancy to the seas do not go.

But her love went to sea, while she stood weeping,
oppressed with sorrow grief and woe,
Her hands she stood wringing with sorrow lamenting,
crying my dearest Billy to the seas do not go.

Her lily white hands she still kept wringing,
and down from her cheeks the crystal tears did flow,
Whilst her hands she stood wringing with sorrow lamenting
crying, Oh my dear jewel, to the seas don't go.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. XXVIII, Ch. 30

BILLY AND NANCY'S KIND PARTING (K-14)

Lovely Nancy.

Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail by J.O. Bebbington,
22, Goulden-st., Oldham-rd., Manchester.

And adieu lovely Nancy, it is now I must leave you,
It is to the East Indies I am bound for to steer,
Let not my long voyage be troublesome to you,
For my dear, I will be back at the spring of the year.
Oh, don't talk of leaving me here now bewailing,
Do'nt talk of leaving me here on the shore;
For it is your sweet company I do admire,
So do be advised love, and say do not go.
I will dress like a little sea-boy love, let me go with you
In the midst of all dangers your friend I will stand,
And when that the high stormy winds are a blowing
My dear, I'll be ready to reef your top sails.
But your two pretty hands could not handle our cable
Nor your two pretty feet to our top sail could steer,
And your delicate body strong wind endure,
So farewell Nancy, if I never see you more.
And as Jemmy set sailing, lovely Nancy bewailing,
Her lips grew far paler than the lilies in June,
Her fine golden locks she was continually tearing,
Saying, I love you until I die, if I never see you more.

No. 4

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. IX, Bs. 4

8. WILLIAM AND NANCY'S PARTING

William and Nancy's Parting

Come all you pretty maidens,
That have a mind to go
Along with your true love,
To face your daring foe;
For I have a mind to venture,
Where cannonballs do fly,
Along with my true love,
My fortune for to try.

The sailor says that he must go to sea and admonishes his beloved to "make [herself] contented." She says she will "dress in sailor's clothes [his] messmate for to be" and will fight "most manfully." He responds that they may be shipwrecked or captured by the enemy, so she should "make [herself] contented." He says that her "beautiful little fingers that are so long and small" could not withstand the hardships of hauling ropes. She remains ashore and prays for his protection and safe return.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25252.19, ch.42
Edinburgh: printed by J. Morren (1800-20)
54-784, II
Marshall, Printer, Newcastle (1810-31)
54-784, II
Marshall, Printer, Newcastle (1810-31)
54-784,
Printed and Sold by J. Pitts 14 Great st.
Andrew street, 7 Dials (1802-19)
25242.85F, 49^r
Pitts, Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 6 Great st. Andrewstreet 7 dials
(1819-44)
25242.25, 102^v
Printed and sold at 60 Old-St.
(G. Pigott, 1803-30)
25252.20, I, 5
J. Marshall, Newcastle (1810-31)
Uncat. Misc. BSS, folder
Printed and sold at 60 Old-St.(Pigott,1803-30)
- New York Public Library/Arents Collection,
Ballad Collection
Pitts, Printer wholesale Toy and Marble

Warehouse, 6 Great st Andrewstreet 7 dials
(1819-44)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. BSS, IV
Printed and Sold at 60 Old-St.(Pigott,1803-30)
KVB, II, 48
Pitts, Printer wholesale Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 6 Great st Andrewstreet 7 dials
(1819-44)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
BS Ballads, 1790-1830, #331
Pitts, Printer wholesale Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 6 Great st Andrewstreet 7 dials
(1819-44)
BS Ballads, 1790-1830, #330
Printed and Sold at 60 Old-St.(Pigott,1803-30)

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
Ex PR1181xC6, 1080
Printed and Sold at 60 Old-St.(Pigott,1803-30)

UCLA/Sp. Coll.,
PR1187G19r (A Garland &c.)
Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed by J. Marshall,
in the Old Flesh-Market (1811-19)
PR1187G19r (The Canary &c.)
Printed by J. Marshall, In the Old Flesh-
Market, Newcastle (1811-19)

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballad Collection, II, 139
Printed and Sold at 60 Old-St.(Pigott,1803-30)

Yale,
IIB57T1, Fraser Ballads, XVIII, 29
Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 6 Great st Andrewstreet 7 dials
(1819-44)

II. CATALOGUES

Thomson, 22, no. 42

WILLIAM AND NANCY'S PARTING

William and Nancy's Parting.

Printed and Sold at 60 Old-Street.

Come all you pretty maidens that have a mind to go,
Along with your true-love to face your daring foe,
For I've a mind to venture where cannon ball do fly
Along with my true-love I'll go my fortune to try,

He said, my dearest Nancy, I hope you'll not repine,
For I must go on board our noble fleet to join,
Our orders are to sea, my dear, and now must away,
So make yourself contented behind me for to stay.

She replied, sweet william, I pray don't leave me,
I'll dress myself in sailors array, with you I will steer
Let me go with you your messmate for to be
And when on board a man of war I'll fight manfully.

He said, my lovely maiden, great danger is at sea,
Perhaps we may be shipwreck'd or the ship be cast away
And in the line of battle perhaps you may be glad,
So make yourself contented behind me for to remain

Your pretty little fingers that are so long and small,
You'd think it hard useage our cable ropes to haul
when winds they blow high, and billow loudly roar,
So make yourself contented, my dear, and stay on shore,

And my love is gone a broad as I must tell you plain,
Kind heaven protect him to plow the raging main,
Protect him from all danger where cannon balls do fly,
And send sweet william back again as I may him enjoy

University of Kentucky, Vol. II, p. 139

WILLIAM AND NANCY'S PARTING

William and Nancys Parting. A New Song.

Come all you pretty maidens,
that have a mind to go
Along with your true love,
To face your daring foe;
For I have a mind to venture,
Where cannon balls do fly,
And along with my true love,
My fortune for to try.

He says my dearest Nancy,
I hope you will not repine,
That I must go on board,
Our noble fleet to join;
Our orders are for sea, my dear,
And now I must away;
So make yourself contented,
Be kind to stay on shore.

She says, my dearest William,
Pray do not leave me here;
I'll dress myself in sailor's clothes,
Along with you to steer;
So, now, do let me go with you,
Your messmate for to be;
When on board of a man of war,
I'll fight most manfully.

He says, my dear lovely maiden,
Great dangers are at sea;
Perhaps we may be shipwrecked,
And the vessel cast away;
Or, when in the line of battle,
Taken by the enemy;
So make yourself contented,
Be kind to stay on shore.

With beautiful little fingers,
And hair so long and small,
You would think a very great hardship,
Our cable ropes to haul,
Where the stormy winds do blow high,
And billows loud do roar;
So make yourself contented,
Be kind to stay on shore.

So now, my love has gone abroad,
As I may tell you plain;
Kind Heav'ns! ever protect him,
While on the raging main--
Protect him from ev'ry danger,
Where cannon balls do fly;
And send sweet William back again,
That I may him enjoy.

Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. II, BS 6

9. THE SOULDIERS FAREWEL TO HIS LOVE.

(The Souldiers Farewel to His Love; A Iigge)

The Souldiers Farewel to his Love. Being a
Dialogue betweixt Thomas and Margaret.

To a pleasant new Tune.

Thomas.

Margaret my sweetest, Margaret I must go.

Margaret.

Most dear to me, that never may be so:

T. Ah, Fortune wills it, I cannot it deny.

M. then know my love your Margaret must dye.

He says he must go to the wars. She urges him to marry her while he urges her to wed another. She says she will go with him and "bear [his] sword." He asks her what she will do if he finds another "dainty wench," and she answers that she will love her. He says it will "discredit him" when the time comes when she "must delivered be." She says she will go away from him to have her baby. When she says that she will die if they part, he agrees that they will wed and bids her come with him.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepysian Garland, 173 (rpt, Pinto and Rodway, 151)
London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J.
Wright (1663-74)

C. Manuscript Versions

Percy Folio, II, 334

II. CATALOGUES

Crawford, 793

Rollins, Analytical Index, no. 1666

THE SOULDIERS FAREWEL TO HIS LOVE

The Souldiers Farewel to his Love.

Being a Dialogue betwixt Thomas and Margaret.
To a pleasant new Tune.

Thomas.

Margaret my sweetest, Margaret I must go,
Margaret.

Most dear to me, that never may be so:

T. Ah, Fortune wills it, I cannot it deny,

M. then know my love your Margaret must dye.

T. Not for the gold my Love that Croesus had,

Would I once see thy sweetest looks so sad,

M. Nor for all that the which my eye did see,

Would I depart my sweetest Love from thee.

T. The King commands, & I must to the wars

M. Ther's others more enough may end the jars

T. But I for one commanded am to go,

And for my life I dare not once say no.

M. Ah marry me, and you shall stay at home,

Full thirty weeks you know that I have gone,

T. There's time enough another for to take

He l love thee well, and not thy child forsake.

M. And have I doted on thy sweetest face?

and dost infringe that which thou suedst in chase

Thy faith I mean but I will wend with thee,

T. It is too far for Peg to go with me.

M. I'le go with thee my Love both night and day

I'le bear thy sword, i'le run and lead the way.

T. But we must ride, how will you follow then,

Amongst a Troop of us thats Armed men?

M. Ile bear the Lance, ile guide thy stirrop too,

Ile rub the horse, and more then that ile do,

T. But Margarets fingers they are all too fine,

To wait on me when she doth see me dine.

Margaret.

Ile see you dine, ile wait still at your back,

Ile give you wine, or any thing you lack.

Thomas.

But you'l repine when you shall see me have
A dainty wench that is both fine and brave.

M. Ile love your wench, my sweetest, I do vow,
I'le watch time when she may pleasure you.

T. But you will grieve to see me sleep in bed,
And you must wait still in anothers stead.

M. I'le watch my love to see you sleep in rest,
And when you sleep then I shall think me blest.

T. The time will come you must delivered be,
If in the Camp it will discredit me.

M. Ile go from you before the time shall be,
When all is well my love againe ile see.

T. All will not serve for Margaret must not go.
Then do resolve my Love, what else to do.

M. If nought wil serve why then sweet love adieu
I needs must die, and yet in dying true.

T. Nay stay my love, for I love Margaret well,
And here I vow with Margaret to dwell.

M. Give me your hand, your Margaret livs again

T. Here is my hand, ile never breed thy pain.

M. I'le kiss my Love in token it is so.

T. We will be wed, come Margaret let us go.

Finis.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

Pepysian Garland, p. 173.