

THE  
**London Merchant.**

Printed by T. BIRT, 10, Great St. Andrew-Street,  
(wholesale and retail.) Seven Dials, London.  
Country Orders punctually attended to.  
Every description of Printing on the most reasonable terms.  
Children's Books, Ballad-books, Pictures, &c.

**I**T'S of a rich merchant near London we hear,  
Had a comely young daughter most beautiful and fair,  
Twenty thousand bright guineas was her portion in gold,  
Till she fell in love with a young sailor bold.

O when that the merchant these tidings did hear,  
Upon the young sailor he vengeance did swear:  
He said your true love shall no more pough the sea,  
For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'd be.

So when that she heard her own father say so,  
Her mind was o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and woe;  
She thought to be self if I could see my dear,  
I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of sailor's apparel complete,  
She dress'd herself from head to feet,  
With pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand,  
She met her dear William as he walk'd through the Strand

He said my dear William, Oh! instantly flee,  
For my father doth swear your butcher he'll be,  
So straight unto Dover I'd have you repair,  
And in forty-eight hours I'll meet you there.

As he kiss'd her sweet lips, the tear stood in each eye,  
She said I will save you or else I will die,  
Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold,  
And march'd up the street like a young sailor bold.

So meeting her father as she walk'd up the Strand,  
He mistook her for William, and said, you're the man,  
A sword from his side he then instantly drew,  
And her beautiful body he pierc'd quite through.

When he found what he'd done he sunk in despair,  
He wrung his old hands and he tore off his hair,  
Crying wretched monster, Oh! what have I done,  
I have kill'd my daughter the flower of London.

Then up from the ground he did instantly start,  
And lean'd on his sword till he pierc'd his heart,  
Forgive me, he cried, as he drew his last breath,  
Then he clos'd his eyes in the cold arms of death:

Now when that young William these tidings did hear,  
He died broken hearted with grief and despair,  
Thus father and daughter, and the young sailor bold,  
Met an untimely death for the sake of curst gold.

*Beilton p. 388*



HARDING

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Thus father and daughter, and the young sailor bold,  
Met an untimely death for the sake of cursed gold.



# The London Prentice Boy

**C**OME all you wild young chaps that live both far and near,  
Pay attention with attention to these few lines you'll hear,  
T'once at ease did ramble but an ill one's decey,  
So now upon Van Dieman's Land is the London prentice boy.

It was on the fourteenth of July a girl to me did say,  
Keep up your heart from me depart your master for to stay,  
A knife she gave me in my hand my master to destroy,  
But I said no that will not do I'm a London prentice boy.

She scorn'd and said begone from me you know what you have done  
If you will not bring to me your face will soon be run,  
On holdy gold I'll shelt give it you will him destroy  
So take this knife and end his life you London prentice boy.

It was the hour of twelve at night unto my master went  
And for to rob and murder him it was my full intent,  
I took on hundred sov'nigns the knife I did destroy  
He was a master good and kind to the London prentice boy.

Then I return'd with utmost speed unto my father I went,  
And when the money I did show she soon received the same,  
Then I was lock't up in prison—'t did my hopes destroy  
And I said wit in a coat some call was the London prentice boy.

And when my trial it came on my heart was fill'd with woe,  
The girl that long I did maintain now prov'd my bitter foe,  
She was crestfallen and still she said sore d' d me to cry,  
She tried to swear the life away of the London prentice boy.

My sister came to speak to me the only friend I have,  
My parents they are dead and gone and a d' d low in the grave,  
By justice it was past for life I caused the court to cry,  
This sorrowful dame she caused the same to the London prentice boy.

Then I was sent across the sea like the three hundred more,  
Some did sing and some did cry their hearts were griev'd full sore,  
Our governor he noticed me and gave me slight employ,  
But still I think on happy days when a London prentice boy.

Come all you wild young people and take advice by me,  
If you know what it is to undergo you'd shun bad company,  
I have a situation which few that's here enjoy,  
But ne'er again can free remain like a London prentice boy.



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So when that she heard her own father say so,  
Her mind was o'erwhelm'd with sorrow and woe;  
She thought to herself if I could see my dear,  
I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of sailor's apparel complete,  
She dressed herself from head to feet,  
With pumps on her feet and a cane in her hand,  
She met her dear William as he walked through the Strand

She said my dear William, Oh! instantly flee,  
For my father doth swear your butcher he'll be,  
So straight unto Dover I'd have you repair,  
And in forty-eight hours I'll meet you there.

As he kiss'd her sweet lips, the tear stood in each eye,  
She said I will save you or else I will die,  
Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold,  
And marched up the street like a young sailor bold.

So meeting her father as she walked up the Strand,  
He mistook her for William, and said, you're the man,  
A sword from his side he then instantly drew,  
And her beautiful body he pierc'd quite through.

When he found what he'd done he sunk in despair,  
He wrung his old hands and he tore off his hair,  
Crying wretched monster, Oh! what have I done,  
I have killed my daughter the flower of London.

Then up from the ground he did instantly start,  
And lean'd on his sword till he pierc'd his heart,  
Forgive me, he cried, as he drew his last breath,  
Then he closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.

Now when that young William these tidings did hear,  
He died broken hearted with grief and despair,  
Thus father and daughter, and the young sailor bold,  
Met an untimely death for the sake of curs'd gold.



**London Manners  
And DANDY FASHIONS.**

C. Craslow, Printer, Coppergate, York.

**M**Y mother she said, my darling boy,  
As to London you are going,  
As its manners and fashion that makes the man,  
Good manners and fashions be knowing;  
For beauty and figure you do not want,  
And every thing that is handy,  
Mind your manners my darling boy,  
And you'll soon become a Dandy.

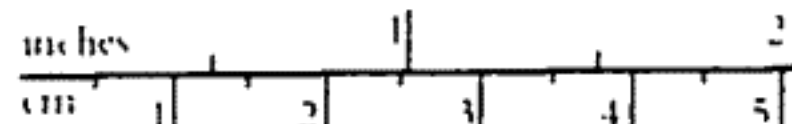
Be sure you dress like Lords or Dukes,  
And other great gentlefolks,  
With groom's coat, pantaloons, wellington boots  
And silk handkerchief round your throat;  
Get your hair cropped just like a mop,  
Its the fashion and very handy,  
But let your whiskers grow into your mouth,  
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

And when you go to a Lord Mayor's feast,  
To be genteel do all you can,  
If you eat and drink till you are almost sick,  
You'll be took for an Alderman; [a fork,  
Dip your meat in your salt, pick your teeth with  
Its their manners and quite handy,  
And wipe your plate clean with a piece of bread,  
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

And when get into the Parliament House,  
Mind what I say is true,  
If you can't make a speech—never mind that,  
There's as many as bad as you;  
If a question you are asked, say aye, or no,  
Its the fashion and quite handy,  
And a fashion that's lasted a good many year's  
Its a fashion and quite the Dandy.

There's a fine excuse always have,  
When your pockets run short of money,  
You left all in your 'tother clothes,  
You came out in such a hurry;  
This to make folks believe, forget your gloves,  
Your pocket handkerchief too so handy,  
And you'll call to-morrow and pay the bill,  
Its the fashion and quite the Dandy.

There's another fashion don't forget,  
When you are away from your mammy,  
When you meet with the Dandy folks,  
That you always begin with a dam'me,  
Dam'me Jack, how do, do—Tom, how are you,  
Its the fashion and very handy,  
So dam, and swear, and kick up a row,  
And you'll be a complete Dandy.





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 Upon the young sailor he vengeance did swear:  
 He said your true love shall no more pass the sea,  
 For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'll be.

When that she heard her own father say so,  
 She was grievously woful with sorrow and woe;  
 She thought to be self if I could see my dear,  
 I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of sailor's apparel complete,  
 She dressed herself from head to feet,  
 With gumps on her feet and a cane in her hand,  
 To meet her dear William as he walked through the Strand.

She said my dear William, Oh! instantly flee,  
 For my father doth swear your butcher he'll be,  
 In a night unto Dover I'll have you repair,  
 And in forty-eight hours I'll meet you there.

As he kiss'd her sweet lips, the tear stood in each eye,  
 He said I will save you or else I will die,  
 He'll straightway and gave him a handful of gold,  
 And march'd up the street like a young sailor bold.

Meeting her father as she walked up the Strand,  
 He ask'd her for William, and said, you're the hand,  
 From his side he then instantly drew his sword,  
 And her beautiful body he pierc'd quite thro'.

When he saw what he'd done, he fell in a swoon,  
 He stretch'd his hands and his eyes were all in a doon,  
 O wretched monster, what have I done,  
 I have killed my daughter, the flower of London.

Then up from the ground he instantly start,  
 And leaning on his sword he pierc'd his heart,  
 Forgive me, he cry'd, as he drew his last breath,  
 When he closed his eyes in the cold arms of death.

When young William these tidings did hear,  
 He was grievously woful with grief and despair,  
 He said my dear father, what have you done,  
 You have kill'd my daughter, the flower of London.





THE  
LONDON MERCHANT.

Its of a rich merchant near London we hear,  
Had a comely young daughter most beautifous and  
fair, [gold

Twenty thousand bright guineas was her portion in  
Till she fell in love with a young sailor bold

O when that the merchant these tidings did hear,  
Upon the young sailor he vengeance did swear,  
He says your true love shall no more plough the sea,  
For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'll be.

O when that she heard her own father say so,  
Her mind was o'erwhelmed with sorrow and woe,  
She thought to herself if I could see my dear,  
I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of bold sailor's, apparel complete,  
She dressed herself from the head to the feet,  
With pumps on her feet, and a cane in her hand,  
She met her dear William as he walk'd thro' the Strand.

She says my dear William, O instantly flee,  
For my father doth swear that your butcher he'll be,  
So straight unto Dover I'd have you repair  
And in forty-eight hours I will meet you there.

As he kiss'd her fair cheek, the tear stood in each eye  
She says I will save you or else I will die,  
Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold  
And she march'd up the street like a sailor so bold.

She meeting her father as she walk'd up the Strand,  
He mistook her for William, saying you are the man  
A sword from his side then he instantly drew,  
And her beautiful body he pierced it quite through.

When he found what he'd done, he sunk down in de-  
spair.

He wringing his hands and he tore off his hair,  
Crying, wretched monster, Oh! what have I done?  
I have kill'd the flower of fair London town.

Then up from the ground he did instantly start,  
And lean'd on his sword till he pierced his own heart,  
Forgive me he cried, as he drew his last breath,  
Then he clos'd his eyes in the cold arms of death.

Now when that young William the tidings did hear,  
He died broken-hearted by grief and despair,  
Thus father and daughter, and a young sailor bold,  
Met an untimely death for the sake of curs'd gold

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.



THE RED HAIR'D MAN'S WIFE

YE nurses nine combine and lend me  
your aid, [poor heart's betray'd  
To pen those few lines you shall find my  
By a virgin fair whom I love as dear as  
my life [haired man's wife.

he has from me flown and become the red  
A letter I sent by a friend down by the  
sea-shore [does her adore,

To let her understand I am the man that  
If she would leave that slave I would for-  
feit my life [haired man's wife

She'd live like a lady, I mean the red  
strait took my walk each day thro' a  
sweet shady grove [nimble rove

Through purling streams where warblers  
I was convey'd where nature boasts of  
her pride, [haired man's wife.

I stood in amaze and gazed on the red  
I offered her a favour and sealed it with  
my own hand, [break the command,

She answered and said would you have me  
Therefore take it easy as nature has cau-  
sed this strife [haired man's wife.

I was given away and will remain the red  
My darling fair Phoenix the same as if  
you were my own, [tis well known,

The patriot David had numbers of wives  
Yield to my embraces and quickly end  
the strife, [red haired man's wife

If he should run crazy you shall ne'r be the  
Dont you remember the time that I gave  
you my hand, [would part,

You solemnly swore from me you never  
Your mind like the ocean its motion has  
taken a flight [red haired man's wife.

Which leaves me bewailing the loss of the  
The lark and the linnet softly sends up  
their strains, [the plains,

The nymphs of Phœnicia swiftly skip over  
The perfumes of roses my dear they wi-  
ther like you, [bid you adieu.

I crown that sweet Phoenix my darling I

