

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”
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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, ff., 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 Emplay,
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'er 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 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 Ion,
And both of them wonderous pretty,
(Ile tell you the rest anon.)

Iohn "now doth intend to do tall things, by Engaging 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'le 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 pittty.

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 grat 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 BETWEENE 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 forbeare,
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 enemie:
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 despite 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 bord 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 sladd,
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.

THE SOULDIERS FAREWEL TO HIS LOVE

A : Iigge :

Margrett, my sweetest margett! I must goe!
most dere to mee that neuer may be soe;
as ffortune willes, I cannott itt deny.
then know thy loue, thy Margarett, shee must dye.

Not ffor the gold that euer Croessus hadd,
wold I once see thy sweetest lookes soe fade;
nor ffor all that my eyes did euer see,
wold I once part thy sweetest loue from mee;

The King commands, & I must to the warres.
thers others more enow to end those cares.
but I am one appointed ffor to goe,
& I dare not ffor my liffe once say noe,

O marry mee, & you may stay att home!
ffull 30 weekes you know that I am gone.
theres time enough; another ffather take;
heele loue thee well, & not thy child forsake.

And haue I doted ouer thy sweetest fface?
& dost infrng the things I haue in chase,
thy ffaith, I mean? but I will wend with thee.
itt is to ffar ffor Pegg to goe with mee.

I will goe with thee, my loue, both night and day
& I will beare thy sword like lakynney; Lead the way!
but wee must ryde, & will you ffollow then
amongst a troope of vs thats armed men?

Ile beare thy Lance, & grinde thy stirropp too,
Ile rub thy horsse, & more then that Ile doo
but Margretts ffingars, they be all to ffine
to stand & waite when shee shall see mee dine,

Ile see you dine, & wayte still att your backe,
Ile giue you wine or any thing you Lacke.
but youle repine when you shall see mee haue
a dainty wench that is both ffine & braue.

Ile love thy wench, my sweetest loue, I vow,
Ile watch the time when shee may pleasure you!
but you will greeue to see vs lye in bedd;
& you must watch still in anothers steede.

Ile watch you loue to see you take your rest;
& when you sleepe, then shall I thinke me blest
the time will come, deliuered you must bee;
then in the campe you will discredditt mee.

Ile goe ffrom thee beffor that time shalbee;
when all his well, my loue againe Ile see.
all will not serue, ffor Margarette may not goe;
then doe resolute, my loue, what else to doe.

Must I not goe? why then, sweete loue, adew!
needs must I dye, but yet in dying trew!
a! stay my loue! I loue my Margarette well,
& heere I vow with Margarette still to dwell!

Giue me thy hand! thy Margarette liues againe!
heeres my hand! Ile neuer breed thee paine!
I kisse my loue in token that is soe;
wee will be wedd: come, Margarette, let vs goe.
ffins.

Percy Folio Manuscript, Vol. II, 335.

10. BILLY AND NANCY'S PARTING (N-8)

(Billy and Nancy's Parting; The Happy Couple; Jimmy and Nancy on the Sea; Johnnie and Nancy; Lisbon; Lovely Annie; Lovely Nancy; The Maiden's Lamentation; Molly Bawn; Molly's Courtship to Sweet William; Nancy, Lovely Nancy; A New Song; Polly and Sweet William; Pretty Molly; The Pretty Sailor; Sweet William; William and Nancy; William and Polly)

Billy and Nancy's Parting

It was on a Monday morning,
Just at the break of day,
Our ship had slipt her cable,
And we were bound to sea;
The wind blew from the south east,
And from Greenock we were bound,
The streets they were all garnished
With pretty maids around.

In some versions a "pretty sailor" goes to his love to say he is leaving "for foreign land." In others he writes her a letter telling her the news. Some versions move from the scene of the departing ship to a lamenting "damsel." In all texts the woman asks the sailor to stay and marry her. In a number of printed versions she says that she is with child by him. He tells her the king wants men, and it would be a "sad disgrace" if he didn't go. She says she will cut off her "yellow hair" and dress as a man to accompany him as his "waiting man." He says her "waist is too slender," her "fingers too small." He asks her what she would do if he met another girl. She replies that she would "step aside" and "love her too." These words win his heart, they marry, and in most versions sail away together.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25252.19, ch.52
Greenock--Printed by W. Scott (c.1815)
25276.8, XII
Falkirk--Printed by T. Johnston: 1815
54-784, I
54-784, II
Marshall, Printer, Newcastle (1810-31)

New York Public Library/Arents Collection,
Ballad Collection
Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London (1802-9)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVDp.v.10, no. 100
Glasgow: Published and Sold Wholesale and
Retail, by R. Hutchison, Bookseller, 19
Saltmarket, 1823.
KVB, II, 33r
Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London (1802-9)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. Ballads 1790-1830, no. 225
Printed at J. Pitts: Wholesale Toy Warehouse,
6 Great st Andrew street 7 Dials (1819-44)

American Antiquarian Society,
Uncat. Ballads

B. Folksong Versions

UCLA Folklore Archive,
Western Kentucky Coll. (Ind., 1954)
Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song
7907A (NC, 1944)
2905B2/2906A1 (Tenn., 1939)
4358A2 (Lincolnshire, c. 1908)
Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore
and Language Archive (MUFLA),
Leach Coll., #7 (Trepassey, Nfld.)
Leach Coll., #1 (Tor's Cove, Nfld.)
68-7; C477 (Ramea, Nfld., 1967)
66-24; C259 (Cow Head, Nfld.)
Irish Folklore Collections (IFC), MacDonagh
IFC, S1012, p. 73 (Cavan, c. 1938)

Anderson (Tenn., 1932)
Belden, 177
Chappell, 120
Gardner and Chickering, 169
Henry, Folksongs, 167
Perry, 71 (Tenn., 1938)
Randolph, I., 218
Roberts, In the Pine, 96
Sharp, English Folk Songs, II., 139

Creighton and Senior, 156
Karpeles, Folk Songs from Newfoundland, 178

Folkways FE 4075 (recording)
Library of Congress/Anglo-American Songs, L-21
(recording)

Mackenzie, 108

Peacock, I, 202

Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., I, 531

O'Brien, II, 198

JFSS, II, 22

JFSS, VI, 17

JFSS, VII, 50

Greig-Duncan, I, 142, no. 63

S. Henry, no. 561

C. Manuscript Versions

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division,
"Forton Prison Papers," II (published in Carey, 48)

Huntington, 266

III. CATALOGUES

Laws, 206

Rosenberg, 139, no. 1553

Wilgus-Long

BILLY AND NANCY'S PARTING (N-8)

The Jaunting Car; or, The Young Wife's Lament,
To Which are added, &c.

Greenock---Printed by W. Scott.

Billy and Nancy's Parting.

It was on a Monday morning,
Just at the break of day,
Our ship had slipt her cable,
And we were bound to sea;
The wind blew from the south east,
And from Greenock we were bound,
The streets they were all garnished
With pretty maids around.

There was a pretty sailor,
All in his blooming years,
He came unto his true love,
With bitter sighs and tears;
And he came unto his true love,
To let her understand,
That he was going to leave her
And sail for foreign land.

What, say you so, dear Billy?
These words do break my heart,
Come let us now be barried,
Before that we do part.
These fourteen weeks and longer
I'm going with child to thee,
So stay at home dear Billy,
Be kind and marry me.

If I should stay at home my dear,
Another would take my place,
It would be a shame to me, love,
Besides a sad disgrace;
The King he's wanting men, my dear,
And I for one must go,
And for my very life, love,
I dare not answer no.

Well, I'll cut off my yellow hair,
Man's clothes I will put on,
And I will go along with you,
To be your waiting man;
Like a true and faithful servant,
I on my love shall wait,
No storm nor danger will I fear,
Let it be e'er so great.

Your waist it is too slender,
Your fingers are too small,
I fear you will not answer me,
When I do on you call;
When cannons they do rattle,
And bullets they do fly,
And silver trumpets sounding,
To drown the dreadful cry.

If I should meet a bonny lass,
That's merry blythe and gay,
And on her set on her my fancy,
What would my Nancy say?
What would I say, dear Willy,
Why, I would love her too,
'Tis I would step aside, my dear,
'Till she would pleasure you.

Why say you so, dear Nancy,
You now do gain my heart,
Come, let us now be marri'd
And we will never part.
This couple now are married,
And sailing o'er the main,
May all goodness attend them,
Till they return again.

Harvard, 25252.19, Ch. 52

BILLY AND NANCY'S PARTING (N-8)

It Was On One Monday Morning

It was on one Monday morning
All in the month of May,
Our ship she slipped her cable
As we were bound for sea.
The wind blew from the southwest;
To Lisbond we were bound.
The hills and the vales were garnished
With pretty fair maids all round.

There was a young man among the rest
All in the bloom of years
Who went to see his Polly
With bitter sighs and tears;
Who went to see his Polly
To let her understand
That he was going to leave her
To view some foreign land.

Don't say so, dear William,
Those words have gained my heart;
Come, let us go and marry
Before that we do part;
For I can love no other,
No other one but thee;
So stay at home, dear William,
Be kind and marry me.

If I were to stay at home, love,
Some other would take my place;
It would be a disappointment,
Besides a sad disgrace.
Our captain has commanded us
And I for one will go;
And for my very life, love,
I dare not answer no.

My yellow hair then I'll cut off,
Men's clothing I'll put on,
I'll go 'long with you, William,
I'll be your waiting-man;
I'll fear no storm or battle,
Let them be e'er so great,
Like true and faithful servant
Upon you I will wait.

Your waist it is too slender, love,
Your fingers are too small;
I'm afraid you would not answer
If I should on you call
Where the cannon loudly rattle
And the blazing bullets fly
And the silver trumpets sounding
To drown the deadly cry.

My waist is not too slender, love,
My fingers not too small;
I'm sure I would not tremble
To face the cannon ball
Where the guns are loudly rattling
And the blazing bullets fly
And the silver trumpets sounding
To drown the deadly cry.

Supposing I were to meet with some fair maid
And she were pleased with me;
If I should meet with some fair maid
What would my Polly say?
What would I say, dear William?
Why, I should love her too,
And stand aside like a sailor
While she might talk with you.

Now don't say so, dear Polly;
Those words have gained my heart.
Come, let us go and marry
Before that we do part.
This couple then got married
And are sailing round the main;
May great success attend them
Till they return again.

Belden, p. 178

11. THE UNDAUNTED SAILOR

The Undaunted Sailor

Tune--Soldier's Cloak.

Farewell, my dearest Nancy,
Now I'm going away,
Let nought perplex your fancy,
Whilst I'm on the raging sea,
My orders Ive received,
And quickly I must go,
For to plow the raging ocean,
And face the daring foe.

She objects to his going, fearing that he "may be slain." He answers that many escape "in the heat of battle," so why shouldn't he. She asks that she may go to "guard [him] from all dangers, against the proud enemy." He objects that she would "surely frighten'd be" and should "stay at home in safety." He bids her "adieu" and vows to make her his wife should he "return with life." The ballad ends with his "plowing the raging main" and expresses hope that "he'll return again. . . with his true love for to remain."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard, 25274.2, IX, ch.3
London: Printed and Sold by J. Davenport. 6,
George's Court, St. John's Lane, West Smith-
field. (1800-2)

THE UNDAUNTED SAILOR

The Sailor's Whim or, Saturday Night at Sea: Containing
Twenty-two of the Newest and most Favourite Sea, Hunting,
Love, and Convivial Songs, Sung at the Theatres, Convivial
Societies, and Honoured with Public Approbation.

London: Printed and Sold by J. Davenport, 6, George's
Court, St. John's Lane, West Smithfield.

The Undaunted Sailor.

Tune--Soldier's Cloak.

Farewell, my dearest Nancy,
Now I'm going away,
Let nought perplex your fancy,
Whilst I'm on the raging sea,
My orders I've received,
And quickly I must go,
For to plow the raging ocean,
And face the daring foe.
O no, my dearest William,
I beg you'll not say so,
Indeed I am not willing,
At all to let you go,
For on the seas are dangers,
And perhaps you may be slain,
And leave me here lamenting,
In sorrow to complain.
My dear there's many a sailor,
Who plows the raging main,
Encounters every danger,
Thunders, storms and rain,
Where cannons loudly rattle,
And bullets they do fly,
Escape in the heat of battle,
My dear, and why not I?
And now, my dearest William,
Let me go with you, I pray,
I'll guard you from all dangers,
Against your proud enemy;
O no, in the heat of battle,
You'll surely frighten'd be,
Then stay at home in safety,
Till I return from sea,

So now adieu, my Nancy,
I can no longer stay,
My orders are for sailing,
All by the break of day;
But if I should return with life,
Unto Old England's shore,
I vow I will make you my wife,
And part from you nomore.
And now this jolly young sailor,
Is plowing the raging main,
He's left his dearest Nancy,
In sorrow to complain;
But let's hope still he'll return again,
And from all dangers free,
With his true love for to remain,
In peace and unity.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. IX, Ch. 3

12. JOHNNY AND MOLLY

(Johnny and Molly; A New Song; Johnny and Molly or the Loyal Comrades)

Johnny and Molly

Adieu my dear Molly, for now I must leave you
to try my fortune in crossing the main,
Tho' I go to travel, pray let it not grieve you,
for shortly I hope will return home again.

She urges Johnny to stay home and not journey to America. He says his "honour commands" and though they are "brethren," his Majesty and Parliament "proclaim'd them rebel," so he must go. She asks if she could enlist and be his "true loyal comrade" and "dress in man's attire." He says that she is "too young and slender." She says that she will not be afraid in his company, and he finally agrees to the plan because she is "so sprightly."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard, 25274.2, Boswell Coll., XXVIII, 20
Bow Church Yard (c.1763)

UCLA/Sp.Coll., PR974C69, Coll. of 15 Chapbooks
(Three Excellent New Songs Printed in the
Year 1793)

C. Manuscript Versions

Library of Congress/Manuscript Div., "Orderly Book
of Thomas Cole," Boston, 1778 (Item 64, Hand-
book, AC966)

JOHNNY AND MOLLY

The Wild Rover. To which are added,...&c.

Entered according to Order.

Johnny and Molly.

Adieu my dear Molly, for now I must leave you,
to try my fortune in crossing the main;
Though I go to travel, pray let it not grieve you,
for shortly I hope I'll return home again.

But now I'll away to serve his Majesty,
with honour I hope to return home again,
Resolved to fight, once our friends, now our enemies,
all to America, their force to subdue.

But stay my dear Johnny consider the great danger,
that now may attend you in crossing the seas,
Besides I am sure to the wars you're a stranger,
so stay at home love, enjoy your sweet ease.

Consider the hard fortune attending America,
where many gallant hero lay bleeding on the plain,
And those that did live were in great need of assistance,
my dearest be advised at home to remain.

Let nothing affright you as honour commands,
to serve our great Sovereign whenever he calls,
I'll surmount all those dangers as fame now commands,
I'll never be afraid to face cannon balls.

The Americans are fierce and that we'll understand,
sure they are our brethren, and brave as can be.
But his Majesty & parliament proclaim'd them rebel band,
and for to conquer them we now must away.

Alas! my dear Johnny the danger now alarms me,
for fear that in America you should be slain.
My jewel don't fear, there's nothing e'er will harm me,
so Molly my darling, cease to complain.

Tho' many valiant soldiers have gallantly met their fate,
in serving of their Sov'reign, yet surely you know,
Our warlike fleets and armies will gall them at any rate,
they'll shortly rue the day they became our proud foe.

Well since you are going, may heav'n still defend you,
and keep you from danger, tho' with me you part,
Kind fortune may smile, and for ever attend you,
and to stay behind you, it will break my heart.

Could I enlist with you, my dear it would please me,
your true loyal comrade I still could remain,
I'll dress in man's attire, and never deceive you,
but fight beside my love till he come home again.

Ah no my dear Molly you are too young and slender,
to face the fatigues of those fierce bloody wars.
O no my dear Johnny, although I'm but slender,
you'll see that I'll behave like a bold son of Mars.

No danger can affright me while I'm in your company,
your presence will delight me, and that you will know,
Then since you are so sprightly, my dear come along with me
so success attend us, wherever we go.

Harvard, 25274.2 Vol. XXVIII, Ch. 20

JOHNNY AND MOLLY

A New Song

1

Adieu my Dear Poly sence now i Must Leave You
to try my hard fortin in Crossing the main
Now sence i am agoing Pray let it not Greave You
for shortly i hope to Return home agann
Now sence i must away to serve his Great Maiesty
With honour i hope to Return home to You
tis once to fight a frind that is now turned our foe
tis all for america for to subdue

2

O stay at home Dear Jony Consider the Great Dainger
that now may attend you in Crossing the Seas
Besides to the wars Love you are but a Stranger
You had Beter stay at home and Enioy your sweet Eas^e
Consider the great Dainger that attendeth in america
When many a galint solger ly Bleading on the plain
and those that would Revieue Love for want of norishment
you had Beter be advised Loue at home to Remain

3

Let nothing Loue afrighen you sence Onour Command me
to serve his Great maiesty where Euer he Calls and me
i will seremount all those Dangers sence fame hath Comm:
i Never be afraid for to faice Canon Bols,
for the americans are Valient and that you well do understand
i am suer thay have Brethren as braue as can be,
But his maiesty in Parleмент Proclaims them a Rebel band
and all to subdue them Love wee must away

4

tis O my Dear iony the Dangers Doth alarm me
to think in america for you must Be slain
Let nothing Love afriten you sence onour Command^s me,
tis Poly my Darling Dont sorly Complain
for many a Gallant solder so galantly has met his fate
But awai like fleat and army will Gall them to the heart
i am suer they will rue the Day that they Received our foe
in Serving his maiesty were ever he Calls.

Well sence you are agoing may the heavens attend you
 and keep you from harm alltho with you i must part
 Kind fortin smille and the favours attend you
 And for to stay behind you it will Break my Poor heart
 my Dear Could i inlist with you how wele it will please me
 if in your sweet smiling company i still would Remain
 i will Dress myself in mens atire and never would Deny you
 i will fight with my true Loue till he Return again.

tis o my Dearist poly you are to young and slender
 to face the solger of this Blody Woar
 tis my Dearest iony tho i am young and slender
 You will that i will Behave Like a Bole Son of war
 i will let Nothing Love afrighen me will Im your sweet Company
 Your Presence doth alite me and that you will do so
 Well sence you are so spritly tis Come my Dear along with me
 Success may attend us were Euer we go ----

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division - Thomas Cole Orderly Book
 (1778), Boston; Item 64, Handbook, AC966

13. THE FEMALE TAR (I)

The Female Tar

Now, dearest Poll I am bound for the ocean,
Now, dearest, &c.
In hopes to gain riches, honour and promotion,
O then, dearest Jemmy, pray let me attend ye,
I'll brave the worst dangers, my dear, to defend ye
In jacket and trowsers where cannons do rattle,
My Jem I'll assist in the heat of a battle.

He urges her to "tarry at home," unaccustomed as she is to "the raging of waves, the lightning's sad flash, and the roaring of thunder." She answers that she "boldly will weather the fiercest of tempests" that they may sail together. He asks her what she would do should he be wounded, and she declares that she would be his "doctor and surgeon."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25274.2, IV, 2, Boswell Coll. (c. 1763)
25274.2, XX, 8, Boswell Coll. (c. 1763)

Yale, Ib57t800
London: Printed and Sold by J. Evans, No. 41,
Long-Lane, West-Smithfield (1790-95)

THE FEMALE TAR (I)

The New Songster's Companion. Being a Choice Collection...&c.

London: Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-Lane,
West-Smithfield.

The Female Tar.

Now dearest Poll I am bound for the ocean

Now, dearest, &c.

In hopes to gain riches, honor, and promotion,
O then, my dearest Jemmy, pray let me attend ye,
I'll brave the worst of dangers, my dear, to defend ye.
In jacket and trowsers, where cannons do rattle,
My Jem I'll assist in the heat of a battle.
Dear Poll, to the raging of waves you're a stranger,
Then tarry at home to avoid all such danger,
The ship mountains high may be tost then
you'll wonder

At the lightning's sad flash, and the roaring of thunder
The fiercest of tempests I boldly will weather,
So that, my dear Jem, we may both sail together,
Aloft I will venture, my heart it shall ne'er fail,
While you're in the maintop, I'll reef in the fore
sail.

Suppose, my dear Poll, when the cannons are roaring
The blood from the wounds of your Jem should
be pouring,

The love that you bear me, it surely would grieve me,
Then who, my dear girl, should I have to re-
lieve me.

Your wounds I would dress, ay, and never be fearful,
So let me go with you, be no longer urgent,
My dear, I will be both your
doctor and surgeon.

Yale, lb57 t800

14. BILLY AND POLLY

Billy and Polly

BILLY.

Hark! hark, my charming Polly!
Hark how the war calls for me,
Hark how the silver trumpets sound,
Which calls us all to Flanders ground.
Although I leave you don't complain
At the thoughts of my being slain,
For I safely shall return again,
My Polly dear, my Polly dear.

POLLY.

O Billy! talk not of parting!
It sets my heart a smarting.
The torment that lies in my breast,
No tongue is able to express:
My eyes shall flow with floods of tears,
At the thoughts of war and fears,
Least you be slain by the Monsieurs,
My Billy dear! my Billy dear!

He offers her a token, "a piece of gold is broken," and he says that his "thoughts" shall always be on her. She says she'll dress herself "in man's attire" and follow him "through smoke and fire," and "learn to beat the drum." He says it makes him "melancholy," for when the "cannons roar" she will "think no more" of him, and her "precious breath" may be taken by "the grim messenger of death." They bid "adieu," and she hopes he will survive and return.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

American Antiquarian Society,
Ford 2980

Sold at the Bible and Heart in Cornhill,
Boston (T. and J. Fleet, c.1770)

Uncat. Ballads

Sold at the Bible and Heart in Cornhill,
Boston (T. and J. Fleet, c.1770)

BILLY AND POLLY

Billy and Polly

BILLY.

Hark hark my charming Polly!
Hark how the war calls for me,
Hark now the silver trumpets sound,
Which calls us all to Flanders ground:
Although I leave you, don't complain
At the thoughts of my being slain,
For I safely shall return again,
My Polly dear, my Polly dear.

POLLY.

O Billy! talk not of parting!
It sets my heart a smarting,
The torment that lies in my breast,
No tongue is able to express:
My eyes shall flow with floods of tears,
At the thoughts of wars and fears,
Least you be slain by the Monsieurs,
My Billy dear! my Billy dear!

BILLY.

O Polly! here's a token,
A piece of gold is broken,
And if ever I prove to thee,
May the heav'ns above my witness be:
Where e'er I go, by land or sea,
In the midst of my extremity,
My thoughts shall always be on thee,
My Polly dear! my Polly dear!

POLLY.

O Billy! you may believe me,
I never will deceive thee,
For I'll dress myself in man's attire,
And follow you through smoke and fire;
And when to Flanders we do come,
There I'll learn to beat the drum,
With a rap tap tow, and drum, drum drum,
My Billy dear! my Billy dear!

BILLY.

O my dear charming Polly!
It makes me melancholy,
For when we come where cannons roar,
You'll think no more on me, no more:
And should the grim messenger of death
Deprive you of your precious breath,
I of all joys shall be bereft,
My Polly dear! my Polly dear!

POLLY.

Alas! my charming Billy!
Since I [cannot go] with thee,
Give me thine hand, I'll bid adieu,
My thoughts shall always be on you,
And when you cross the roaring main,
May you survive when men are slain,
And may you safe return again
To your Polly dear, your Polly dear.

Sold at the Bible and Heart in Cornhill, Boston.

American Antiquarian Society, Uncat. Ballads

15. THE BANKS OF THE NILE (N-9)

(The Banks of the Nile; Dixie's Isle; Down in Dixie's Isle; A Much Admir'd Song Call'd the Banks of the Nile; Texas Isle)

The Banks of the Nile

Hark! I hear the drums beating, no longer I'll stay,
I hear the trumpet sounding, my love, I must away;
We are ordered from Portsmouth many a long mile,
To join the British army on the banks of the Nile.

She begs him to stay home and marry her, then asks to go with him saying, "I will cut my yellow locks. . . I'll dress myself in velvettens." Willie tells Nancy she is too frail; her waist is "too slender. . . her fingers too small." She curses the war which takes away lovers. He responds that when the wars are over "we'll return unto our sweethearts."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
W. and T. Fordyce, Printers, 48 Dean Street,
Newcastle. (1837-41)
- 54-784, I
Harkness, Printer, 121 Church Street, Preston
(1840-66)
- 25243.10PF
P Brereton 1 1r Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
- 25242.83
P Brereton 1 1r Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
- 25242.17, IV, 130
Printed and sold by John Ross, Royal Arcade,
Newcastle, and may be had of S. Stewart,
Botchergate, Carlisle. (1847-52)
- 25242.17, VIII, 47
Sold by H. Andrews, 27 St. Peter's St.,
Leeds (c. 1855)
- 25242.17, IX, 219
Bebbington, Printer, 26 Goulden-street,
Oldham road, Manchester; sold by J. Beaumont,
176 York-street, Leeds (c. 1855)
- 25242.17, XII, 37
H. Such-123 Union Street (1849-68)
- 25242.74, 3
T. Pearson, Printer, 6 Chadderton-street,
Off Oldham Road, Manchester (c. 1870)
- Misc. Uncat. BSS, folder

Misc. Uncat. BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
 Uncat. BSS, IV
 Robert McIntosh, Printer, Stationer, 203
 Gallowgate, Glasgow.
 Uncat. BSS, I
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
 Uncat. BSS, I

Library of Congress/Music Division,
 Uncat. BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
 PR976I7, Irish Ballads, &c.
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
 Uncat. BSS, I, 63
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

Boston Public Library/Rare Book Division,
 H80.240
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

Huntington Library,
 259489, Coll. of BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
 297337, Coll. of 300 BSS

New York Historical Society,
 Uncat. Irish BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
 (2 copies)

Providence Public Library/Special Collections,
 Uncat. BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

UCLA Folklore Archive,
 National Library of Ireland BSS

University of Kentucky,
 BS Ballad Collection, I, 7
 BS Ballad Collection, VI, 47
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

Yale,
 Ib57+t3, Misc. English and Irish BSS
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)
 Folio 254
 P Brereton 1 lr Exchange St. Dublin (1867-9)

II657T1, Fraser Ballads, IX, 24
William Pratt, Printer, 82 Digbeth,
Birmingham (1849-56)

National Library of Ireland,
McCall, I, 59

Irish Folklore Collections,
O'Leary, 34

Royal Irish Academy,
66.h.17

Gilbert, Irish Ballads, no. 149
Harding's Dublin Songster, 694

Healy, Mercier Book, I, 101
Hindley, History of Catnach Press, 239

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
7122 (Dartmouth, N.S., 1943)

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive,
Leach Coll., #14 (Nfld.)

Irish Folklore Collections,
285, p. 454 (Galway, 1920)
1592, p. 2 (Cork, 1960)
S1002, p. 106 (Cavan, 1938)
S119, p. 372 (Mayo, co. 1938)
T60Mb/UCLA T7-69-53 (Kerry, 1958)
Morton Coll., T8/UCLA T5-73-38 (Armagh, 1968)
Morton Coll., T25/UCLA T5-73-49 (Fermanagh, 1970)
MacDonagh

Dean, 105
Randolph, I, 216

Creighton, Maritime, 147
Mackenzie, 111
Peacock, III, 966
Topic 12T140 (recording)

Dallas, 77
Palmer, 171
Seeger and MacColl, 30
Topic 12TS232 (recording)

Greig, Folk-Song of North-East, xxv
Greig-Duncan, 273, no. 99
Ord, 298
Morton, Come Day, 134

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 206 Wilgus-Long

III. COMMENTS

Ebsworth (Bagford Ballads, I, 112) notes a song called Billy and Molly, or the Constant Couple, a new song, printed and sold at 42, Long Lane, Smithfield, which begins, "O cursed be the wars that ever they began, / For they have press'd my BILLY, and many a clever man; / For they have press'd my BILLY, and brothers all three, / And sent them to the wars in North America" (the usual ending stanza of The Banks of the Nile). According to Ebsworth the ballad is in the Madden Collection, I, 130.

Rollins (Analytical Index, p. 23, no. 199) cites a version of the ballad to which Ebsworth refers entitled Billy and Molly, A Song, registered April 1, 1686 to Joshua Conyers.

Laws (American Ballads, p. 207) observes that The Banks of the Nile has been connected with the 1801 battle of Aboukir in Egypt, and the "Dixie's Isle" versions of it, with the American Civil War.

THE BANKS OF THE NILE (N-9)

The Banks of the Nile.

Hark! hark! the drums do beat, my love, and I must haste away,
The bugles sweetly sound, and no longer can I stay;
We are called up to Portsmouth many a long mile,
All for to be embarked for the banks of the Nile.
O Billy, dearest Billy, these words will break my heart,
Come let us now be married before that we do part;
For the parting from my Billy is the parting with my life--
O stay at home, dear Billy, make me your lawful wife.
O Nancy, dearest Nancy, sure that will never do,
For government has ordered no women there to go,
For government has ordered, the king he doth command,
And I'm bound on oath, my love, to serve on foreign land.
I'll put on my velveteens, and go along with you,
I'll volunteer my service, and I'll go to Egypt too,
I'll fight under your banner, kind fortune yet may smile,
And I'll be your loving comrade on the banks of the Nile.
Your waist it is too slender, your complexion is too fine,
Your constitution is too weak, to stand this hot campagin;
For the sultry sun of Egypt your precious health would spoil,
And the hot sandy deserts on the banks of the Nile
Oh, cursed, cursed, be the day, that e'er the wars began!
For they've ta'en out of Scotland O many a pretty man,
They've ta'en from us our life-guards, protectors of our isle,
And their bodies feed the worms on the banks of the Nile.
Let a hundred days be darken'd, let maidens give a sigh,
Twould melt the very elements to hear the wounded cry;--
Let a hundred days be brightened, let maidens give a smile,
And remember Abercromby on the banks of the Nile.

W. & T. Fordyce, Printers, 48, Dean Street, Newcastle.
(No. 172)

Harvard, *54-784, Vol. I, Bs. 161

THE BANKS OF THE NILE (N-9)

Banks of the Nile.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street, Preston.

Hark, I hear the drums beating--no longer can I stay,
I hear the trumpets sounding my love I must away,
We are ordered from Portsmouth many a long mile,
For to join the British soldiers on the banks of the Nile.
Willy, dearest Willy, dont leave me hear fo mourn,
You'll make me curse and rue the day, that ever I was born;
For the parting of my own true love is parting of my life,
So stay at home dear Willy and I will be your wife,
I will cut off my yellow locks and go along with you,
I will dress myself in velveteens and go see Egypt too,
I will fight or bear your banner while kind fortune seems to smile
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile.
Nancy, dearest Nacy, with me you cannot come,
Our Colonel, he gives orders no women there shall go,
We must forget our own sweethearts beside our native soil,
And go fight the Blacks, and Heathens on the banks of the Nile.
Your waist it is too slender love, your fingers are too small,
I'd be afraid you would not answer me, when on you I would call,
Your delicate constitution, would not bear the unwholesome clime,
Nor the cold sandy deserts on the banks of the Nile.
My curse attend the war, and the day it first began,
It has robbed old Ireland of many a clever man,
It took from us our true-loves, the protectors of our soil,
To fight the Blacks and negroes on the banks of the Nile.
So now the war is over, and homewards we'll return,
Unto our Sweethearts, and our wives we left behind to mourn,
We'll embrace them in our arms, until the end of time,
And we'll go no more to battle on the banks of the Nile.

250

Harvard, *54-784, Vol. I, Bs. 228

16. THE BONNY LASSIE'S ANSWER

The Bonny Lassie's Answer

Farewell to Glasgow,
Likewise to Lanarkshire,
And farewell my dearest parents,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair,
For the want of pocket money,
And for the want of cash
Makes monie a bonnie laddie
To leave his bonnie lass.

CHORUS.

For I am forced to go love,
Where no one shall me know,
But the bonnie lassie's answer
Was aye no, no.

He says the king (or queen) is "wanting men," and he must go. She entreats him to stay at home, then offers to "cut off [her] yellow hair" and go with him. He tells her to stay home then lifts up "her lily hand" and declares his "fervent love." He bids farewell to his homeland and his "bonny Jean" whom he'll "ne'er see mair."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. Ballads, IV
Uncat. Ballads, III (1865)
Uncat. Ballads, I

Library of Congress/Music Division,
Uncat. Ballads
Walker, Printer, Durham (1797-1846)

Boston Public Library/Rare Book Division,
H80.219, 28

UCLA/Sp.Coll.,
#605
Walker, Printer, Durham (1797-1846)

Yale,
Ib57+t3, Misc. BSS
Walker, Printer, Durham (1797-1846)

B. Folksong Versions

Ford, Vagabond Songs, I, 67
Greig-Duncan, 265, no. 98

THE BONNY LASSIE'S ANSWER

The Bonny Lassie's Answer

Farewell to Glasgow,
Likewise to Lanarkshire,
And farwell my dearest parents,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair:
For the want of pocket money,
And for the want of cash,
Makes mony a bonny laddie
To leave his bonny lass.

CHORUS.

For I am forced to go, love,
Where no one shall be know,
But the bonny lassie's answer
Was aye no, no.

For the king is wanting men,
And I for one must go,
And it's for my life, love,
I dar not answer no,
O! stay at home my bonny lad,
And dinna gang afar,
For little do you know
The dangers of the war.

For I am bound, &c.

It's I'll cut off my yellow hair,
And go along with thee,
And be your faithful comrade
In some foreign country,
Stay at home, my bonny lass,
And dinna gang wi' me,
For little, little do you know
Of the dangers of the sea.

For I am bound, &c.

He lifted up her lily hand,
And laid it on his heart,
And said, my bonny lassie,
From you I canna part;
The fervent love I have for you,
Is constant, true and kind,

You're always present to my view,
And never from my mind.
But I am forced, &c.
Farewell to Cascon's sunny braes,
Where oft-time I hae been,
And farewell to the banks of Clyde,
And bonny Glasgow green,
Farewell my loving comrades,
I won my heart is sair,
Farewell for aye, my bonny Jean,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair.
For I am forced, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham
[37]

UCLA, SC #605

17. HENRY AND NANCY

Henry and Nancy; or The Lover's Separation

As I walked out one morning in the spring time of the
year,
I overheard a sailor bold, likewise a lady fair:
They sung a song together that made the vallies ring,
Whilst birds on sprays and meadows gay proclaim'd a
lovely spring.

Henry tells Nancy he "soon must sail away," for "the Queen she does want seamen." Nancy urges him to "stay at home" with her or to let her "put on a pair of trowsers" and go with him. He replies that "they will not ship a female" and adds that her "hands are delicate, the ropes will make them sore." He tells her that "four is the bounty" and he will help her aged parents while he is at sea. He exhorts her to change her ring with him. Nancy faints but awakens so they can shake hands together and take "a fond adieu." The ballad ends with a scene of weeping mothers "crowded on the Tower hill."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25242.17, I, 78
Harkness, Printer, 121 Church-street,
Preston (c.1840-60)
- Uncat. BSS, I
Harkness, Printer, 121 Church-street,
Preston (c.1840-60)
- New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. BSS, I
Harkness, Printer, 121 Church-street,
Preston (c.1840-60)

HENRY AND NANCY

Henry and Nancy, Or, The Lover's Separation

As I walked out one morning in the spring time of the year,
I overheard a sailor bold, likewise a lady fair:
They sung a song together that made the vallies ring,
Whilst birds on sprays and meadows gay proclaim'd a lovely spring
Then Henry said to Nancy, I soon must sail away,
It is lovely on the water to hear the music play,
The Queen she does what seamen so I'll not stay on shore.
So I'll brave the wars for my country's cause cannons loudly roar.
Oh, then said pretty Nancy pray stay at home with me,
Or let me go along with you to bear your company,
I'll put on a pair of trowsers and leave my native shore,
Then let me go along with you where cannons loud do roar.
It will not do said Henry, it's vain for you to try,
They will not ship a female, young Henry did reply:
Besides your hands are delicate, the ropes will make them sore,
'Twould be worse if you should fall where the cannons loudly roar.
Four is the bounty, and that will do for thee,
To help thy aged parents while I am far at sea;
Come, change your ring with me, my love, for we may meet once more
For one above may guide your love where cannons loudly roar.
Poor Nancy fell and fainted but soon they brought her too.
They then shook hands together and took a fond adieu,
The Tower hill was crowded with mothers weeping sore,
For sons that's gone to face the foe where cannons loudly roar.
There's many a mother's darling has entered for the main,
And in the dreadful battles what numbers will be slain;
For many a weeping mother and widow will deplore.
For those who fall by cannon balls where cannons loudly roar.

231.

Harkness, Printer, Church-Street, Preston

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. BS Ballads, Box I, A-B

18. TRUE LOVERS

(True Lovers or, The King's Commands Must Be
Obeyed; High Germany)

True Lovers or, The King's Commands Must be Obeyed

Abroad as I was a walking, a walking alone,
I heard two lovers talking, a talking alone:
Says the young one to the fair one,
Bonnie lassie this way,
The King has commanded us,
And his orders we must obey.
That's not what you promis'd me when you did me
beguile,
You promised to marry me when you got me with child,
It's do not forsake, but pity on me take,
For great is my woe-----
Thro' Scotland, France, and Ireland
Along with you I'll go.

He says the "long and weary travelling" would hurt her
"tender feet," she "would not yield to lie in open field,"
and her "parents would be angry." She says she values
neither parents nor friends and wants to go with him "to
fight the French and Spaniards." He says that since she is
"so venturesome" he will marry her and protect her "in the
wars of High Germany."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48 Dean-street, Newcastle
(1829-37)
- 54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48 Dean-street, Newcastle
(1829-37)
- 25242.17, I, 123
Spencer, Bradford
- 25242.17, I, 136
Spencer, Bradford
- 25242.17, XIII, 95
London: H. Such, Printer and Publisher,
177 Union Street, Borough.--SE (1869-86)
- Huntington Library, 297337, Coll. of 300 BSS, I
J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court,
7 Dials (1813-35)

B. Folksong Versions

Baring-Gould and Sheppard, Garland, 6
Hammond, Folk Songs from Dorset
Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., I, 513
Kidson and Moffat, Garland
Palmer, 154
Reeves, Everlasting Circle, 151
Sharp, English County Folk Songs, 12

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 73
Thomson, 18, no. 18

TRUE LOVERS; OR, THE KING'S COMMANDS MUST BE OBEY'D

The True Lovers; Or, The King's
Commands Must Be Obey'd.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court.

Abroad as I was walking alone
I heard two lovers talking a talking alone
Says the young one to the fair one,
Bonnie lassie this way,
The King he has commanded us,
And his orders we must obey.
That's not what you promised me when you did me beguile,
You promised to marry me, when you got me with child,
So do not me forsake but pity on me take,
For real is my woe,
Thro' Scotland, Ireland, and France,
Along with you I'll go.
Those long and weary travellings would hurt your tender feet,
Those hills and lofty mountains would cause you for to weep,
Besides you would not yield to lay in an open field,
With me all night long;
Your parents would be angry,
If along with me you'd been.
My parents I don't value nor my foes I don't fear
Along with my valiant sailor I will travel far & near,
It's gold shall never me deceive or any other fee,
Along with you I will go,
To fight the French and the Spaniards
Or any other daring foe.
Since you are so venturesome to venture your sweet life,
First I will marry you and make you my lawful wife,
If any one offend you its I will defend you,
And that you shall see you shall hear the drums
And the trumpet sounds,
In the wars of Germany.

Huntington Library, 297337

TRUE LOVERS; OR, THE KING'S COMMANDS MUST BE OBEY'D

The True Lovers; or, The Queen's Command

Abroad as I was trav'ling, I was trav'ling all alone,
I heard two lovers talking, they was talking all alone.
Said the other one to the fair one, Bonny lassie, I must away,
For the queen she has commanded and her orders I must obey.

That was not what you promised me when by you I was beguiled
You promised that you'd marry me when you got me with child
Oh, it's do not forsake but pity take for great is my woe,
Through France, Spain and bonny Ireland along with you I'll go.

Those long and weary trav'lings they would hurt your tender feet
Those hills and lofty mountains they would cause you for to weep,
Besides, you would not like to yield to lay in the open field
all night long,
And your parents they would be angry if with me you'd been along.

My parents I do not vally, my foes I do not fear,
And along with my valiant soldier I will travel both far and near.
Gold or other fee will not deceive me and along with you I will go
For to fight the French and the Spaniards or any other daring foe.

Since you are so venturesome to venture your sweet life,
The first thing I'll marry you and make you my lawful wife.
If anyone offend, I'll soon defend, and that you'll quickly see;
The trumpet you shall hear and drum in the wars of Germany.

Palmer, The Rambling Soldier, p. 154.

19. WILLIAM OF THE MAN-OF-WAR

(William of the Man-of-War; A New Song
Called the Man-of-War)

William of the Man-of-War

On a Winter's day as I was walking, dark and cloudy
 was the sky,
I overheard two lovers talking, the tears stood
 trembling in each eye,
The one appeared a lovely damsel, the other was a
 gallant tar,
Compelled he was by fame and fortune, to sail on
 board a Man-of-War.

He says he must leave her but will return "with cash in
store." Fanny begs him not to go saying "you know my situ-
ation." She says that she wants to "be a sailor true and
kind." He says her parents would be offended, and if he
were to die, "no friend [she'd] have at all." She says that
she will think of him until he returns. Because she seems
"undaunted" he says he will marry her and "ne'er bid adieu."
He will "guard [his] ranger through all danger." (One ver-
sion ends before this change of heart, and he leaves her
behind).

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.74, "Bluebound book," 58
Printed and Sold by J. Wrigley, Jun. (c.1850)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVBp.v.3, 58
Swindells, Printer, Manchester (1760-1853)

Huntington Library,
297337, Coll. of 300 Ballads, I
J. Catnach, Printer, 2 and 3 Monmouth-Court,
7 Dials. Country Shops Supplied (1836-38)

WILLIAM OF THE MAN-OF-WAR

William of the Man-of-War

Printed and Sold by J. Wrigley, Jun----

One winter's day as I was walking,
Dark and cloudy was the sky,
A smart and gay young pair were talking,
A tear stood trembling in each eye.
The one appeared a virtuous maiden,
The other was a gallant Tar;
Compell'd he was, by fate and fortune,
To sail on board of a man-of-war.
Said this young sailor, I must leave you,
Our sovereign's orders I must obey;
I never intended to deceive you--
Dearest Fanny, shun dismay.
I'm going to cross the raging ocean,
And from my Fanny ramble far;
Should I come home with cash in store,
I'd bid farewell to the man-of-war.
Young man, you know my situation;
Do not leave me here behind;
I'll bid adieu to each relation,--
Be a sailor true and kind.
If sick or in sorrow, I will follow,
To heal your wounds, when you are far;
And hear, in battle, cannons' rattle--
With you on board of a man-of-war.
Suppose your parents you offended,
And I should in the battle fall;
Then when your sailor's life was ended,
Alas! no friend you'd have at all.
Because, if you are such a ranger,
You from all friends must ramble far;
So be a stranger to each danger,
Nor sail with me on board of a man-of-war
She wept, and said, before we are parted,
Take advice from one that's true:
If here you leave me, broken-hearted,
I never more your face can view.
While, William dear, you are on the ocean,
I will think upon my gallant tar;
My heart, with fear, is still in motion,
Till you return from the man-of-war.

Now since my dear, you seem undaunted,
To Fanny I'll ne'er bid adieu;
I'll ask the favour, if 'tis granted,
Before I go, to marry you.
I'll guard my ranger through all danger,
And from all foes, when we are far.
So God protect young faithful Fanny,
With William, in the man-of-war.

Harvard, "Street Ballads" (Single volume bound in blue--no Call #;
shelved where 25242.74 could be), p. 58

WILLIAM OF THE MAN-OF-WAR

A New Song called The Man-of-War.

On a Summer's day as I was walking, dark and dismal was the sky,
I overheard two lovers talking, the tears stood trembling in each eye,
The one appeared a lovely damsel, the other was a gallant tar,
Compelled he was by fame and fortune, to sail on board a Man-of-War.

Says this young sailor I must leave you, my Sovereign's orders I
must obey,
I ne'er Intend for to deceive you, so Fanny dear now shun dismay.
When I am ploughing the raging ocean, and from my Fanny ramble far,
But I'll return with cash in store, and bid farewell to the Man-of-War.

Young man you know my situation, do not leave me here behind,
I'll bid farewell to each relation, and be a sailor true and kind,
For, sick or sorrow, I will follow, to heal your wounds when you
are far,
And when in battle cannons rattle, with William on board the Man-of-
War,

Suppose your parents you offended, and in that battle I should fall,
Then your sailor's life, alas! was ended, no friend you'd have at all,
Besides, if you are such a ranger, and from your friends would
ramble far,
So be a stranger to all danger, ne'er sail with William in the
Man-of-War.

She wept and sighed before they parted, take an advice from me that's
true,
If here you leave me brok-hearted, you never more my face will view,
Whilst, William dear, you're on the ocean, I'll still think on my
gallant tar,
My heart with fear is still in motion, till you return from the
Man-of-War.

National Library of Ireland BSS (UCLA Folklore Archive)

20. WILLIAM OF THE ROYAL WAGGON TRAIN

(William of the Royal Waggon Train; Lovely William of the Royal Waggon Train; Young William of the Royal Waggon Train; William of the Waggon Train; Young William of the Waggon Train)

Lovely William of the Royal Waggon Train

One lovely morning I was walking,
In the merry month of May,
Alone a smart young pair were talking,
I overheard what they did say.
The one appear'd a lovely maiden,
Seemingly in grief and pain;
The other was a fine young soldier,
A serjeant in the waggon train.

He says by "royal orders" he must leave her and that he "ne'er intended to deceive" her. He says that if her parents she "offended" and if he should fall in battle, she would have no friends. If she is "such a ranger," she will "have to cross the raging main." He advises her to "be a stranger to such danger" and "say farewell to the waggon train." She asks him not to leave her behind in her "situation" and says that she will "bid adieu to each relation" and will "soothe [his] care" and "drown [his] pain." He says that since she seems "so undaunted" he will marry her and "ne'er bid adieu" but will "guard [his] ranger through each danger."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25242.71, 26^r
J. Catnach, Printer, 2 Monmouth-court, 7 Dials
(1813-35)
25242.71, 66^r
W. Midgley, Russell Street, Halifax (c.1855)
25243.10PF
25242.17, I, 144
W. Midgley, Russell Street, Halifax (c.1855)
25242.17, III, 149
Forth, Printer, Pocklington (c. 1855)
25242.17, VI, 231
J. Cadman, Printer, 152 Great Ancoat Street,
Manchester (1850-55)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,

Uncat. BSS, IV
J. Catnach, Printer, 2 Monmouth-court, 7 Dials
(1813-35)

Uncat. Bss, I
E. Hodges, from Pitt's Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 31, Monmouth Street, 7 Dials. (1844)

Cambridge,
Madden Collection, XVI, no. 180
W. and T. Fordyce, Printers, Dean-Street,
Newcastle. To be had also at 24 Humber Dock
Street, Hull. (1837-41)

Huntington Library,
297337, Coll. of 300 Ballads, I
J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7
Dials (1813-35)

Yale,
Iib57T1, Fraser Ballads, IX, 52
London: H.P. Such, Machine Printer and
Publisher, 177, Union-street, Borough.
(1869-86)

B. Folksong Versions

Brocklebank and Kindersley, 5

YOUNG WILLIAM OF THE ROYAL WAGGON TRAIN

Young William of the Royal Waggon Train

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

One lovely morning I was walking,
In the merry month of May,
Alone a smart young pair were talking,
I overheard what they did say.
The one appeared a lovely maiden,
Seemingly in grief and pain;
The other was a gay young soldier,
A serjeant in the waggon train.

Said this young soldier I must leave you
The Royal orders I must obey,
I ne'er intended to deceive you,
So dearest Nancy shun dismay.
I'm going to cross the raging ocean,
And if fam'd laurels I should gain,
I may return with high promotion,
And bid farewell the waggon train.

Suppose your parents you offended,
And I should in the battle fall?
Then when your Soldier's life is ended,
Alas! no friend you'll find at all.
Besides if you are such a ranger,
You'll have to cross the raging main,
So be a stranger to such danger,
Say farewell to the waggon train.

Young man you know my situation,
Do not leave me here behind:
I'll bid adieu to each relation,
Be a Soldier true and kind.
If sick, or in sorrow, I will follow,
To sooth your care and drown your pain;
And in the battle hear the rattle
Of your royal waggon train.

Since you seem so much undaunted,
Nancy, I'll ne'er bid adieu;
I'll ask the favour, if 'tis granted,
Before I go to marry you.
I'll guard my ranger, through each danger,
And from the foe in France and Spain,
So Heaven protect young faithful Nancy
With William in the waggon train.

Huntington Library, 297337

YOUNG WILLIAM OF THE ROYAL WAGGON TRAIN

Lovely William of the Royal Waggon Train

One lovely morning I was walking,
In the merry month of May,
Alone a smart young pair were talking,
I overheard what they did say.
The one appear'd a lovely maiden,
Seemingly in grief and pain;
The other was a fine young soldier,
A serjeant in the waggon train.

Said this young soldier, I must leave you,
The royal orders I must obey;
I ne'er intended to deceive you,
So, dearest Nancy, shun dismay.
I'm going to cross the raging ocean,
And if fam'd laurels I should gain,
I may return with high promition,
And bid farewell to the waggon train.

Suppose your parents you offended,
And I should in the battle fall,
Then when your soldier's life is ended,
Alas! no friend you'll find at all.
Besides, if you are such a ranger,
You'll have to cross the raging main;
So be a stranger to such danger,
Say farewell to the waggon train.

Young man, you know my situation,
Do not leave me here behind;
I'll bid adieu to each relation,
And be a soldier true and kind.
If sick, or in sorrow, I will follow,
To soothe your care and drown your pain;
And in the battle hear the rattle
Of your royal waggon train.

Since you seem so much undaunted,
Nancy I'll ne'er bid adieu;
I'll ask the favour, if 'tis granted,
Before I go to marry you.
I'll guard my ranger through each danger,
And from the foe in France and Spain;
So Heaven protect young faithful Nancy,
With William in the waggon train.

Fordyce, Printer, 48 , Dean Street, Newcastle.
To be had also at 24, Humber Dock Street, Hull.

Madden Coll., Vol. XVI No. 180, p. 181

21. THE LOYAL SOULDIERS COURTSHIP

The Loyal Soldiers Courtship; or Constant Peggy's Kind Answer. Being Her Resolution to Forsake her Friends, and Venture to the Wars with her Beloved Souldier.

Upon the Banks of Ireland,
When first we landed there,
So cold was then our lodging,
Yet harder was our Fare;
For want of Meat and Drink, Sir,
Our Men did pine and dye,
And I will no more go
Into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

The soldier asks Peggy to come with him to England where he will "study [her] Promotion." She says that she fears her "parents anger" and worries that, once there, he will leave her. He persists, and she agrees to go, "a Musquet on [her] shouldier as a fellow-souldier."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, V, 43

Printed for P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare,
and I. Back. (1682-96)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 225, p. 641
Crawford, 1232
Wing, L3370

III. COMMENTS

Rollins notes (Pepys Ballads, V, 43): "Duke Schomberg reached Dundalk, where he established his quarters, on September 7, 1689."

THE LOYAL SOLDIERS COURTSHIP

The Loyal Soldiers Courtship;

Or Constant Peggy's Kind Answer. Being Her
Resolution To Forsake Her Friends, And Venture
To The Wars With Her Beloved Souldier.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

Upon the Banks of Ireland,
when first we Landed there,
So cold was then our Lodging,
yet harder was our Fare;
For want of Meat and Drink, Sir,
our Men did pine and dye,
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

O come away, sweet Peggy,
and hear what I shall say,
We must for famous England,
there to receive our Pay:
Now for thy constant kindness,
I will love thee till I dye,
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

I'll take thee cross the Ocean,
unto my native Land,
And study thy Promotion,
then don't disputing stand;
These Arms shall still Embrace thee,
in Love and Constancy;
And I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

Sweet Souldier, since you Woo'd me,
my Friends have made a noise,
Then do not thus delude me,
with such fine Golden Ioyes,
For fear of Parents anger,
your Suit I must deny,
Although you will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

What need you fear your Father
or Mothers angry Frowns?
My Hand and Sword shall Guard you
through Cities, Courts and Towns:
For thee, my dearest Iewel,
I'll Fight until I dye;
And Love, I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

But Souldier, should you leave me,
when you another find,
This would perplex and grieve me,
should you prove so unkind:
Therefore I'm loath to venter,
your Suit I must deny;
Although you do no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

I cannot be so Cruel,
while I remain alive,
If I am false, sweet Iewel,
then never let me thrive:
I never will deceive thee,
but love thee till I dye;
Yet now I will no more go
into Dundaugh Camp to lye.

Souldier, as thou art Loyal,
what e're become of me,
I'll make no more denyal,
but through the World with thee:
My Fortune I will venter,
whether I live or dye,
The Field of Mars I'll enter,
where we in Camp will lye.

I'll leave my fond Relations,
my Parents dear also,
And unto Forreign Nations,
along with thee I'll go:
A Musquet on my shoulder,
I'll bear right valiantly;
Thus as a fellow-Souldier,
with thee I'll live and dye.

Let's go on Board together,
to Plow the Ocean Main,
I fear no Wind nor Weather,
Love, with the Warlike Train,
In France or famous Flanders,
where e're thy lot shall be,
Vnder those brave Commanders,
I'll live and dye with thee.

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

Pepys Ballads, Vol. V, p. 43

22. HIGH GERMANY

(High Germany; Higher Germany)

High Germany

O Polly, love, O Polly, love, the route it is begun,
And we must away at the sound of the drum,
Go dress yourself in all your best and come along
with me,
And I'll take you to the wars in High Germany.

She says that she is with child, her feet are sore, and she is "not fitting" to go. He offers to buy her a horse and says that they will "drink at every ale-house." He says that when the baby is born she will think of her Billy in High Germany. He asks her to promise to marry him when he returns. She laments the wars that "have pres'd [her] Billy and many clever men."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,

25274.2, Boswell Coll., VII, 21

Printed by M. Bowley, No. 96, Aldergate Street, London. (c.1799)

25274.2, Boswell Coll., IX, 11

Printed by M. Bowley, No. 96, Aldergate Street, London. (c.1799)

25242.17, X, 87

J.O. Bebbington, Printer, 26 Goulden Street, Oldham Road, Manchester, sold by J. Beaumont 176, York Street, Leeds. (1855-70)

25242.17, XIII, 22

Printed and Published by H. Such, 177 Union Street, Boro'--S.E. (1869-86)

UCLA/Sp.Coll.,

#605

London:--H. Such, Printer and Publisher, 177 (late 123), Union Street, Boro'--S.E. (c.1869)

Yale,

Ib57+t2, Misc. English BS Ballads

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials. (1813-35)

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
4391A2 (Gloucestershire, 1908)

Dallas, 79

Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., I, 509

Kidson and Moffat, Garland, 82

JFSS, II, 25

Reeves, Everlasting Circle, 151

Reeves, Idiom of People, 125

Sharp, English Folk Songs, 93

Sharp and Marson, Folk Songs from Somerset, I, 42

Greig-Duncan, 256, no. 96

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 73

HIGH GERMANY

The Lady's Evening Companion, Being A Choice Collection
of Songs, sung this season at Vauxhall, and other public Places of
Entertainment.

Printed by M. Bowley, No. 96, Aldergate Street, London.

High Germany. A new Song.

O Polly love, O Polly love, the rout is begun,
And we must all away by the beat of the drum.
Go dress yourself in all your best, and go along with me,
And I'll take you to the wars in High Germany.
O, my dearest Billy, mind what you say.
My feet they are so sore, I cannot march away,
Besides, my dearest Billy, I am with child by thee,
Not fitting for the wars in High Germany.
I will buy you a horse, love, if my Polly can ride.
And many a long night I shall march by her side,
We will drink at every alehouse that ever we come nigh,
And we'll roll it on the road, sweet Molly and I.
O Polly love, O Polly love, I like you very well,
There are few in this world with my Polly to excel.
But when your babe is born love, and sits smiling on your knee,
You will think on your Billy that is in high Germany
Down in yonder valley I made my love a bed,
And the sweetest of roses shall be his coverlid
With pinks and sweet violets I will adorn his feet
Where the fishes they are charm'd the music so sweet
O, Polly love, O, Polly love, pray give me your right hand,
And promise you will marry me when I come to Old England;
I give you my right hand I will not marry'd be
Till you come from the wars in High Germany.
Woe be to the wars that every they began
For they've prest my Billy and many a clever man.
For they have took my Billy no more I shall him see.
And so cold will be his grave in High Germany.
The drum that he beats is cover'd with green,
The pretty lambs a sporting much pleasure to be seen,
May the birds on the branches hinder my downfal.
The losing of my true love grieves me worst of all.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. VII, Ch. 21.

HIGH GERMANY

Higher Germany

Oh Polly, love, oh Polly, the rout has now begun
And I must march away to the beating of the drum,
Come dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the wars, my love, in Higher Germany.

Oh Willie, love, oh Willie, come list what I do say,
My feet they are too tender, I cannot march away.
Besides, my dearest Willie, I am with child by thee,
Not fitted for the cruel wars in Higher Germany.

I'll buy for you a pony, love, and on it you shall ride
And all my heart's delight shall be riding by your side.
We'll stop at every alehouse and drink when we get dry,
We'll be true to one another, get married by and by.

Your curly locks I will cut off, and men's clothing you can wear.
We'll ride together through the world and travel far and near,
And when we are in battle we'll fight with sword in hand
And the silver drum will merrily sound to drown those dismal cries.

And when we get to Plymouth town I'll have for you a bed,
It shall be covered in roses and roses shall be red.
And when your baby there is born and smiling on your knee
You will think on loving William and Higher Germany.

Oh cursed be those cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise.
They pressed my true love from me, likewise by brothers three,
And they never will return again from Higher Germany.

Dallas, The Cruel Wars, &c., 79.

23. THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER (O-33)

(Soldier's Farewell to Manchester; The Press'd Soldier;
The Girl Volunteer; Johnny; The Cruel War is Raging;
The War is Now Raging; Johnny must fight; Tomorrow is
Sunday; The Wars of Germany; Civil War Song; Poor
Johnnie; O Johnny, dear Johnny)

The Soldier's Farewell to Manchester

In coming down to Manchester to gain my liberty
I saw one of the prettiest girls that e'er my eyes
did see
I saw one of the prettiest girls that e'er my eyes
did see
At the Angel inn in Manchester there lives the girl
for me.

He goes to her, his "parting vows to pay." He says that if he stays all night with her he will marry her "next morn." She tells him that he may do just as he wills. On Thursday their "rout did come on Monday marched away." She asks, "Will you let me go along with you?" He answers, "No, no, my dear, no." She offers to give "ten guineas" to buy his discharge and says she'll put on "coat waist-coat and breeches" and pass for his "comrade" as they "do march along." He still refuses her request saying that "sentry duty on a cold rainy day" will make her color go and her beauty "decay." She says that she will go to a nunnery and will remain "constant and true hearted" till her soldier comes again.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.75F, II
Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse 6, Grat st,
Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, I, 29^v
Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse 6, Grat st,
Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)

Uncat. BSS, III
UCLA Folklore Archive,
National Library of Ireland BSS

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,

Gordon Coll., NC MSS (Records A195 and 196)
(NC, 1925)
Gordon MS 1565 (Queensland, Australia, 1914)
1732A2 (Ind., 1938)
1794A2 (NC, 1939)
2846B3 (NC, 1939)
5247B2 (Mo., 1941)
9485 (NC)

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore
and Language Archive,
Leach Coll., #7A (Trepassey, Nfld.)

British Broadcasting Corporation Archive of
Recorded Sound,
12055

Irish Folklore Collections,
R208/UCLA T7-69-49 (Longford, 1947)

Beard, 294
Belden, 180
Brown, 317
Burton and Manning, 50
Garrison, 70
Randolph, I, 219
Steely, 180
Library of Congress/Folk Music of US, XX
(recording)

Dallas, 71
Greig, Folk-Song of North-East, CVII, CXLI

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 241
Rosenberg, 132, no. 1477
Wilgus-Long

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER (0-33)

Soldier's Farewell to Manchester

Pitts, Printer and Toy Warehouse 6, Grat st. Andrew street 7 Dials

In coming down to Manchester to gain my liberty
I saw one of the prettiest girl that e'er my eyes did see
I saw one of the prettiest girls that e'er my eyes did see
At the Angel inn in Manchester there lives the girl for me.
It was early the next morning by the break of day,
I went to my love's fire side my parting vows to pay
I huddled her and cuddled her and bade her to lie warm,
She says my jolly soldier do you mean me any harm
To do you any harm my love is what I always scorn
If I stay with you all night my dear I'll marry you next morn,
Before all of my officers these words I will fulfill
She says my jolly soldier you may do just as you will
On Thursday our rout did come on Monday marched away,
The drums and bugle horns so sweetly they did play
Some hearts they are merry love but mine was filled with woe,
Will you let go along with you? No no, my dear no
I'll go down unto your officers and fall upon my knees.
Ten quineas I'll surrender for to buy my love's discharge.
But if that will not do my dear along with you I'll go
Will you let me go along with you? No hang me if I do,
Coat waistcoat and breeches so freely I'll put on,
And pass for your comrade as we do march along,
Before all of your officers my duty I will do,
Will you let me go along with you? No hang me if I do,
If I see you stand sentry on a cold rainy day.
Your colour it will go my love your beauty will decay,
If I see you stand sentry 'twill fill my heart with woe,
Stay at home my dearest Nancy but still she answer'd no,
I'll go down to some nunnery and there I'll end my life,
I never will be married nor yet become a wife
But constant and true hearted for ever still remain
And I never will be married till my soldier comes again.

Harvard, 25242.75F, Vol. II, BS 135

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER (0-33)

The press'd Soldier.

It's woe be to the press-masters that's prest away my dear,
My heart is surrounded with sorrow and care:
The hearts of those is glad when mine is very sad;
Shall I go with you Jockie, O! no, no.

down to his captain and fall on my knees
five or six guineas I'll buy my love's discharge
And if it will not do my dear, along with him I'll go
Then shall I go with you Jockie? Oh! no, no.

So safe and secure I will lie in his arms,
The drums they do beat and the trumpets they do sound;
He'll stand upon his century and fight for me also;
And shall I go with you Jockie, O! no, no.

To see my love stand centry in a cold winter's day
His beauty will fade and his colour will decay:
To see our gallant soldiers marching on the plain,
Then shall I go with you Jockie, O! no, no.

F I N I S .

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division - Uncat. BSS, Box III

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER (0-33)

Poor Johnnie

Oh, the war is raging, poor Johnny must fight,
I want to be with Johnnie from morning till night.
I want to be with Johnnie, it grieves my heart so,
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love no.

I will roach back my hair, common clothes I'll put on,
I will be your companion as we march along.
I will be your companion through troubles and distress,
Won't you let me go with you? O yes, my love yes.

With rings on your fingers and bells on your toes,
She will make sweetest music wherever she goes.
She will make sweetest music--it grieves my heart so.
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love, no.

They would stand you on picket some cold winter day,
And them red rosy lips they would soon fade away,
Them red rosy lips -- it grieves my heart so, --
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love, no.

Sunday is a coming and Monday is the day
That your captain calls for you and you must obey,
Your Captain calls for you--it grieves my heart so,--
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love, no.

I will go to your captain, get down on my knees,
Give one hundred bright dollars for your release,
One hundred bright dollars, -- it grieves my heart so,--
Won't you let me go with you? O no, my love, no.

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song - Gordon Coll.,
North Carolina Manuscripts, 284/ Records A195 & A196/ Bessie
Littrell Manuscript, 386; sung by Bessie Littrell, Asheville,
North Carolina, 1925.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO MANCHESTER (0-33)

Oh No, No.

Come here dearest Peggy, you're my whole heart's delight,
But the fairest of days, love, brings on the dark night;
So fain's I wad bide, love, but away I must go,
And ye canna win wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

You see yonder soldiers, lovie, how they march on,
With their guns in good order, and their swords all drawn;
So fain's I wad bide, lovie, but away I must go,
And ye canna come wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

You see yonder mountains so gloomy and high,
They've parted mony's the lover, and they'll part you and I:
So fain's I wad bide, love, but away I must go,
And ye canna come wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

You see yonder seas, lovie, how they arise,
They've caused mony's the sweetheart to gie heavy sighs,
They've sinner't mony's the sweetheart, and they'll sinner us so,
And ye canna come wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

If ye were in India, 'mong the frost and the rain,
Your colour it wad fade, love, and your beauty wad stain,
And I wad be sorry, lovie, to see you so,
And ye canna come wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

If I were in India 'mong the frost and the snow,
I wad stand at your back, lovie, and keep off the foe.
So fain's I wad bide, love, but away I must go,
And ye canna come wi' me, lovie, oh no, no.

I'll go into some nunnery, and their spend my life,
I never will marry nor be called a man's wife;
I'm careless, said Peggy, wherever I go,
Since I canna win wi' ye, lovie, oh no, no.

Hold down your hands, Peggy, why tear your hair so?
I never intended, love, away for to go;
Come along wi' me, love, and married we will be,
And I'll take you home wi' me to bonny Lochlee.

Greig, FSNE CXLI

24. THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER

(The Highland Soldier; The Gallant Soldier)

The Highland Soldier

On the Highland mountains so far away,
There dwelt a lovely maiden,
One morn so early she did stray,
For to view the soldiers parading.
They march'd so bold, all drest so gay,
With colours flying, and the band did play,
Which caus'd that maiden for to say,
I'll gang unto my Highland soldier.

She finds her father "cruel" for banishing her "true-love." She says that she will "forsake them all" and go along with him. William admonishes her to mind her parents and says that she will "grieve" if she ventures "to a foreign clime." Mary blushes, "tears her eyes bedewing," and asks to go to "wander to and fro, to guard [her] highland soldier." William answers that their pay and rations are "so scanty," but Mary says that she has "fifty pounds in store and a heart--and that's much more." Because she is "so true and so tender-hearted," he consents to marry her and take her "to a foreign land."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
54-784, I
Printed and sold by W. and T. Fordyce,
Newcastle and Hull. To be had also of J.
Whinham and Co, 66 Scotch-st., Carlisle.
(1837-44)

Boston Public Library/Rare Book Division,
H80.219, 43^r

B. Folksong Versions

Greig-Duncan, 224, no. 91

S. Henry, no. 782

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER

The Highland Soldier.

Tune--The Rambling Sailor.

On the Highland mountains so far away,
There dwelt a lovely maiden,
One morn so early she did stray.
For to view the soldiers parading.
They march'd so bold, all drest so gay.
With colours flying, and the band did play,
Which caus'd that maiden for to say,
I'll gang unto my Highland soldier.
She watch'd those soldiers from the plain,
Till they were at their leisure,
Where she beheld her darling swain--
She cried, I've found my treasure.
How could my cruel father be,
To banish my true-love so long from me?
I'll forsake them all and gang along with thee,
My bold young Highland soldier.
Said William, your parents you should mind,
Pray do not be unruly,
And if you gang to a foreign clime,
You'll grieve, believe me, truly.
If I in battle should chance to fall,
All by an angry cannon ball,
And you so far from your father's hall,
Be advis'd by your Highland soldier.
A blush bedeck'd her lovely cheek,
And tears her eyes bedewing,
She said, my William, hear me speak,
Or, alas! 'twill prove my ruin.
It's never say no, love, let me go,
With you I'd face the daring foe,
With my gun I will wander to and fro,
To guard my Highland soldier.
Our pay, says William is so small,
Our rations are so scanty,
It is that would grieve me the worse than all,
When at home you could have plenty.

She replied--I've fifty pounds in store,
 Besides I've a heart--and that's much more;
I would give it all to the lad I do adore,
 To gang with my Highland soldier.
Said William, since you are so true,
 And seem so tender-hearted,
Sweet maiden, I will marry you,
 Till death we will never be parted.
And when we go to a foreign land,
 I'll guard my true-love at my right hand,
And Providence may stand the friend,
 Of Mary and her Highland soldier.

Printed and sold by W. & T. Fordyce, Newcastle and Hull.
To be had also of J. Whinham & Co., 66, Scotch-st., Carlisle.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. I, BS. 512

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER

The Gallant Soldier.

On the lofty mountains far away,
There dwells a comely maiden,
And she roved out on a summer's day
For to view the soldiers parading;
They marched so bold and they looked so gay,
Their colours flying and their bands did play,
It cause young Mary for to say.
I'll wed you, my gallant soldier.

She viewed the soldiers on parade,
As they stood at their leisure;
And Mary to herself did say,
At length I've found my treasure;
But, Oh, how cruel my parents must be,
To banish my darling so far from me;
I'll part them all and go with thee;
My bold undaunted soldier.

Oh, Mary dear, your parents love;
I pray don't be unruly;
For when I'm in a foreign land,
Believe me, you'd rue it surely:
Perhaps in battle I might fall
By a shot from an angry cannon ball,
And you so far from your daddy's hall:
Be advised by a gallant soldier.

Oh, don't say so, but let me go,
And I will face the daring foe,
And wander with you, to and fro,
And wed you, my gallant soldier;
I have fifty guineas of bright gold,
Besides a heart that's bolder;
I'll part it all and go with thee,
My bold undaunted soldier.

Now when he saw her loyalty,
And Mary so true-hearted,
He says, "My darling, married we will be,
And nothing but death will part us.
And when I'm in a foreign land,
I'll guard you, darling, with my right hand,
In hopes that God may stand a friend
To Mary and her gallant soldier.

S. Henry, No. 782

25. NANCY'S LOVE

(Nancy's Love; Nancy's Love for the
Handsome Serjeant)

Nancy's Love

You pretty maidens give attention,
Unto what I shall lay down,
I'll tell you of a comely damsel,
Who lately dwelt in Plymouth town.
She fell in love with a handsome serjeant,
A gay light horseman as you shall know,
She says it is my inclination,
Abroad with you I mean to go.

He says "there is great danger," and if he should be slain "in the field of battle" she would be left "in a foreign country with no friends." He also tells her that she would be in danger of being slain by a cannon ball. She says that she is not afraid and will dress herself "in man's apparel, and boldly enter volunteer." She will fight "with sword in hand" and will always be at his command. Seeing "her melting tears so free," he agrees to let her go with him because her "love's so true." The ballad prays that "God protect all valiant soldiers" as Nancy and "her light horseman plough the main bound for Holland." Nancy is urged by her love, "don't be daunted, for constant to you I'll remain."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.75f, II
Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14 Grea
Andrew-stree Seven Dials. (1797-1819)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, I, 7^r
Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14 Grea
Andrew-stree Seven Dials. (1797-1819)

Roth and Jolly, no. 31

NANCY'S LOVE

Nancy's Love.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14 Great (St.) Andrew-street
Seven Dials.

You pretty maidens give attention,
Unto what I shall lay down,
I'll tell you of a comely damsel,
Who lately dwelt in Plymouth town,
She fell in love with a handsome sergeant.
A gay light horseman as you shall know,
She says it is my inclination,
Abroad with you I mean to go,
He says my dear there is great danger,
Before we can cross the raging sea
If I should be slain in the field of battle,
To you great grief it will be
You will be left in a foreign country.
No friends perhaps you find at all.
Besides my dear there is great danger,
You may be slain by a cannon ball,
She said my dear pray let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear,
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
And boldly enter volunteer.
I am a girl that fears no danger
I'll boldly fight with sword in hand,
And when engag'd in the field of battle,
I'll always be at your command.
The seargeant then he gaz'd upon her.
To see her melting tears so free
My Nancy dear you shall go with me.
Because your love's so true to me,
You shall then go plough the ocean,
While I have life I'll be true to thee,
Pray God protect all valiant soldiers.
That fight for king and country,
So Nancy like a valiant soldier,
With her light horseman to plough the main
She has left her friends and all relations.

Behind her now for to complain
The regiment is bound for Holland,
To steer their course across the main,
He said sweet Nancy don't be daunted,
For constant to you I'll remain.

Harvard, 25242.75F, Vol. II, BS 136

NANCY'S LOVE

Nancy's Love for The Handsome Serjeant.

You pretty maidens give attention,
And listen to what I now lay down,
I'll tell you of a fair and comely damsel,
Who lately dwelt in Plymouth sound,
She fell in love with a handsome serjeant,
A gay light-horseman, as you must know
She says my dear its my inclination,
And abroad with you I mean to go.

He said, my dear, there are great dangers,
Before we cross the raging main,
If I be slain in the field of battle,
To you my dear it will be much pain,
You will be left in a foreign country,
Perhaps no friend will find at all,
Besides my dear there are great dangers,
You may be slain by a cannon ball.

She says, my dear, let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear,
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
And boldly enter volunteer,
I am a girl that fears no danger,
I'd boldly fight with sword in hand,
And when engaged in the field of battle,
I'll always be at your command.

Then this young serjeant gazed on her,
To see these melting tears so free,
He said my dear you shall go with me,
Because your love's so true to me;
You shall go with me across the ocean,
While I have life I'll be true to thee;
May God protect this female soldier,
That fights for King and Country.

Now Nancy's gone like a valiant soldier,
With her light horseman across the main,
She's left her friends and all relations,
Behind her to lament and complain;
The regiment was bound to Flanders,
And arrived safe the other day,
Pray God protect this famous Couple,
That fights for King and Country.

Roth and Jolley, No. 31.

B. Statements of Intention

(No. 26-32)

26. THE WANDERING VIRGIN

The Wandering Virgin: Or,
The Coy Lass Well Fitted

To the Tune of, Cloris Awake, or The Loving Chambermaid

You Virgins so pretty
hear what I relate,
My case you may pittty,
take heed of my fate:
How I was forsaken
you'l hear it throughout
But I'le travel the world o're
to find my Love out.

Her "overmuch coyness" caused her to lose her beloved. She will, however, make her "green gown into breeches" and her "long yellow locks much shorter" so she may wander to find him. She'll also get a "switch" and "swoard by [her] side, a Horse, Boots and Spurs" so she may wander and find him. She sings his praises and trembles when she thinks that she may not find him. She will travel "desarts, groves, fields and forrests" until she does.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.68/pEB-B65H, II 290^r
Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball
in West Smithfield. (1672-96)

Euing Ballads, 621
Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball
in West Smithfield. (1672-96)

II. CATALOGUES

Crawford, 1436 and 1437
Wing, W702

Simpson, 4
Lamson, "You virgins"

THE WANDERING VIRGIN: OR, THE COY LASS WELL FITTED

The Wandering Virgin: or, The Coy Lass Well Fitted.
Virgins whose coyness & disdain does prove
The fatal ruine of cemented Love,
Learn, and beware, lest you like me cry out
I'll find my Love, or search the world about

To the Tune of, Cloris Awake, or The Loving Chambermaid.

You Virgins so pretty
hear what I relate,
My case you may pittie,
take heed of my fate:
How I was forsaken
you'll hear it throughout,
But I'll travel the world o're
to find my Love out.

Since I was the cause
that he first did disdain,
My overmuch coyness
doth make him refrain:
But now I must blush
that it so comes about,
I would give all the world
I could find my Love out.

Then straight my green gown
into breeches i'll make,
Any my long yellow Locks
much shorter i'll take:
I'll wander, i'll wander,
i'll wander about,
And i'll search all the world
for to find my Love out.

I'll get me a switch
and a word by my side,
A Horse, Boots and Spurs,
and i'll get up and ride:
I'll wander, i'll wander,
i'll wander about,
I'll search all the world
for to find my Love out.

My Love was a seemly
and proper young youth,
Though he did dissemble
I took all for truth,
So crafty in courtship
I never did doubt
But ide give all the world
I could search my Love out.

His forehead was smooth
and his locks they were curld
And him I ador'd above
all in the world:
His tongue went so smoothly
in Courtship profound
That I must have my Love
though I search the world round.

His Musical voice
it did make me admire
His Courtship and carriage
did set me on fire:
I lov'd him so dearly
which makes me cry out
I'll find him, or wander
the world all about.

What fancy hath took him
I much do admire
That he should reject the Love
he did require:
And since he is gone
I will wander about
And ile search all the world
but ile find my Love out.

My breath it grows short
and my face pale and wan
Which makes me admire
the power of the man:
My heart it doth tremble,
which makes me to doubt
I shall want of my wits
if I find him not out.

Since Love I adore thee,
why shouldst thou disdain
The suit of thy Lover,
that's subject to pain?
Be kinder unto me,
and ease all my doubt,
For I'll search all the World,
but I'll find my Love out.

I'll travell the Desarts,
where fancy me leades,
Through Groves, Fields, & Forrests
through Fountains, & Medes,
To find out my Dearest
i'll gallop about,
And I'll range the wide world,
for to find my Love out.

I'll search over England
to see if't contain;
If not, i'll turn Sailor,
and search on the Main,
The Ocean so boundless,
i'll travell about,
I'll range the wide world,
but i'll find my Love out.

My Maidenhead-Jewell
it still is my own;
But if he had ask'd me,
be sure it had gone:
Then Maids have a care,
lest like me you cry out,
I'll find him, or wander
the world all about.

Printed for P. Brooksby at Golden Ball in West Smithfield.

Euing Ballads, No. 373 (p. 621)

27. A LOVER'S LAMENTATION FOR THE GIRL
HE LEFT BEHIND HIM; AND HER ANSWER

The Answer

You maidens all come pity me,
And be no more disdainning,
My love unto the war is gone,
And left me here complaining

She says that she will go "into some distant land" to find him, or "into some silent shade" to mourn. She blames the "cruel wicked war" for taking him away and vows that "in man's array [she'll] sail away" to find him. If he is slain she will "succeed him to fight with gun and sword in hand." If she finds him alive, she will rejoice.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
Uncat. BSS, III
Uncat. BSS, III

UCLA/Sp. Coll.,
PR974C69, Coll. of 15 Ballad Chapbooks, 1790-1800

II. CATALOGUES

Ford, Broadsides, 429, no. 3237-3239
Ford, "Isaiah Thomas Collection," 79, no. 155-156

LOVER'S LAMENTATION FOR THE GIRL
HE LEFT BEHIND HIM; AND HER ANSWER

(The Answer)

Ye maidens all, come pity me,
and be no more disdainig,
My love unto the war is gone,
And left me here complaining;
For now he's sai'd out of the land,
and I am still repining,
Unto some distant land I'll go,
for to see whether I can find him.

Or in some silent shade I'll go,
to shelter all my mourning,
The tears ran trickling down her cheeks
with grief, both night and morning.
The tales of love he told to me,
that he ne'er would deceive me,
It was this cruel wicked war,
which caus'd him for to leave me.

His cheeks were like the roses red,
his voice was sweet and clear;
There is no lad in all the world
to mine now can compare;
If I once more his face could see,
how happy should I be!
The sight of his dear smiling looks
would asswage my misery.

So in man's array I'll sail away,
for to find out my dear,
And when I come upon the seas,
no danger will I fear;
For let the storms be ne'er so long,
and cannon loudly rattle,
I'll go to sea for my true love,
unto the field of battle.

And if my true love should be slain,
so boldly I'll proceed in,
To fight with gun and sword in hand;
while my love lays a bleeding;
But if alive he should remain,
and him whom I adore,
I'll bless the day I sail'd away,
to see my love once more.

Then may kind heaven be my lot,
and send these wars soon o'er,
Those lads may see their homes again,
and maids their love once more;
Success unto my own true love,
if ever I may find him,
As true unto his dearest dear,
as the girl he left behind him.

Yale, BS BY6 4^o 17--

THE LOVER'S LAMENTATION FOR THE GIRL
HE LEFT BEHIND HIM; AND HER ANSWER

The Answer.

You maidens all come pity me,
and be no more disdainning,
My love unto the war is gone,
and left me here complaining;
For now he's march'd out of the land,
and I am still repining,
Into some distant land I'll go
to see whether I can find him;
Or in some silent shade I'll go,
to shelter all my mourning,
The tears ran trickling from her eyes,
with grief both night and morning;
These tales he often told to me,
he never would deceive me.
It was this cruel, cruel war,
that caused im to leave me.
Although the storm be e'er so strong,
and cannons loudly rattle,
I'll go to sea for my true love,
into the field of battle;
And if my true love should be slain,
so boldly I'll succeed him,
To fight with gun and sword in hand
whilst my love lies a bleeding.
But if alive I should remain,
and him whom I adore,
I'll bless the day I sail'd away,
to my love once more.
The drums and trumpets sweetly found,
and cannons loudly roar,
To fight against the Gallic Cocks,
until the wars are o er.
So may kind heavens be my friend,
& send the wars soon at an end,
That lads may see their homes again:
& maids their loves once more:
Success unto my own true love,
And ever may I find him.

28. THE MAIDS LAMENTATION IN BEDLAM

The Maids Lamentation in Bedlam

As by Bedlam I was walking,
A melodious voice I chanc'd to hear,
A lovely Maiden was sweetly talking,
I have lost my lovely and only Dear.

She laments because "Jonny" is gone and "his love lies dying." She asks "brave Seamen" to explain why he has entered "the wide ocean," and pictures him "by the Spanish balls dying." She says that she will dress herself "in man's apparel" and "curle up [her] locks of milk white hair," then "borrow some kind eagle's wings" to fly to her dear. The ballad concludes with her inquiring why she is locked "within these dismal walls."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Logan, 187
Pitts, Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6
Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials. (1819-44)

B. Folksong Versions

JFSS, IV, 146
JFSS, VI, 37
JFSS, VII, 93
JFSS, IX, 292
JFSS, XI, 111
JFSS, XIII, 290

C. Manuscript Versions

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division,
"Forton Prison Papers," II (published in Carey,
132)

THE MAIDS LAMENTATION IN BEDLAM

The Maids Lamentation In Bedlam

As by Bedlam I was walking,
A melodious voice I chanc'd to hear,
A lovely Maiden was sweetly talking
I have lost my love and only Dear.

(2)

Jonny is the Man that I admire,
He is the man that I adore,
But now he is gone, his love lies dying,
I fear I shall never see him more.

(3)

Why did my dear jewel cross the ocean
Tost up and down the raging main,
Why did he enter the wide ocean,
All you brave seamen, I pray explain.

(4th)

See bloody flags and streamers flying,
Why dont you hear my silent call;
Now by the Spanish balls he lies dying,
O dont you hear him expiring calls!

(5th)

I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
Curle up my locks of milk white hair
And some kind eagle's wings will borrow,
To fly unto my dearest dear.

(6th)

Why am I thus with irons bonded
Why am I from my bed of down?
Why is my precious eyes enclosed,
Within these dismal walls of stone.

Finis.

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division - Forton Prison Papers,
Vol. II

29. A CONSCIONABLE COUPLE

A Conscionable Couple: Or,
The valiant resolution of a young man and a maid,
That have left all their kindred, as true folks have
said;
'Twas for their religion and good conscience sake,
That they forsook England, a voyage to take.
These two loving Protestants kindly together
Are gone to seek fortunes, there's no man knows
whither.

To a curious new tune; or, The Faithful Friend.
This doth make the world to wonder,
That thou and I must part asunder;
Parting from thee sore doth grieve me,
O so loath I am to leave thee!
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
O so loath I am to leave thee!

He declares his love but says that he cannot let her "friends or father know it." He describes her attractiveness then curses "cruel fortune" which forces him to leave. He offers her a "gold ring" to "keep for a token." He says that he is leaving because of "England's strange division, and the altering of religion." She answers that she will be "so heavy-hearted" and asks him to "say but the word, and [she'll] go with [him]." She says that she will go with him "through fire and water" and in spite of her parents. If he goes to sea, she will go with him. If he "wilt be a souldier" she says, "Place a musket on my shoulder; put me in some man's apparel." She reiterates her resolution, bids farewell, and says that they will "leave and march together."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.67PF, 20
London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J.
Wright, and J. Clark. (1674-79)

Roxburghe Ballads, III, 561
London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J.
Wright, and J. Clark. (1674-79)

II. CATALOGUES

Crawford, 1164
Rollins, Analytical Index, 40, no. 378
Wing, C5900

A CONSCIONABLE COUPLE

A Conscionable Couple:

Or,

The valiant Resolution of a Young-man and a Maid,
That have left all their Kindred, as true folks have said:
Twas for their Religion and good Conscience sake,
That they forsook England, a Voyage to take.
These two loving Protestants kindly together,
Are gone to seek Fortunes, there's no man knows whither.

To a curious new Tune, Or, The Faithful Friend.

This doth make the world to wonder,
That thou and I must part asunder,
Parting from thee sure doth grieve me,
O so loath I am to leave thee:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
O so loath I am to leave thee.
I love thee dear, yet dare not show it,
Let not thy friends nor father know it,
The joyes and comforts late abounded;
Now is my heart with sorrows wounded.
Parting from thee sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee.
Thy amorous looks makes me admire,
And set my senses all on fire:
I would forego all earthly treasure,
To spend my time with thee in pleasure:
But we must part, which sore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee.
Thou in mine eye aret such a creature,
The like was never fram'd by Nature:
Thy sweet behaviour and thy carriage,
Loves Queen by no means can disparage,
But we must part, which sore doth grieve me
O how loath am I to leave thee!
Cruel Fortune, I must curse thee,
'Cause they false designs doth force me;
Thus to go and leave my True-love,
Farewel, ten thousands times adieu Love
We needs must part, that sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!
Mark these words which here are spoken,
This gold ring keep for a token;
And when I am furthest from thee,
Prethee sweet-heart think upon me,
Part we must, which sore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

'Tis long of England's strange Division
And the altering of Religion:
That I am expos'd to danger,
And to travel like a stranger;
 This of all the rest doth grieve me,
 That I am inforc'd to leave thee.
My dear Love, when we are parted
I shall be so heavy-hearted,
That no joyes I shall discover,
Therefore as thou art my Lover,
 Prethee sweet-heart take me to thee,
 Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.
Let Father frown, and Mother chide me,
I'll go with thee what-ever betide me;
If it were through fire and water,
Lead the way Ile follow after.
 I prethee Sweet-heart take me to thee,
 Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.
If to the seas thou make they venter
I in the ship will also enter
Or if thou on the shore wilt tarry,
I the self-same mind do carry,
 So thou vouchsafe to take me to thee,
 Speak but the word, and I'll go with thee.
Of ir thou wilt be a Souldier,
Place a Musket on my Shoulder:
Put me on some mans apparel,
I will stately fight thy quarrel;
 I fear not what man can do to me,
 Speak but the word and I'll go with thee.
Neither Sword nor Persectuion
Shall break off my Resolution:
Though all the world forsake thee
For my Comrade I will take thee;
 If thou wilt but take me to thee,
 Speak the word, and I'll go with thee.
Farewel Father, farewell Mother,
Farewel Sister, farewell Brother,
Farewel Friends, and farewell kindred,
I from my Love will not be hindred;
 Now prethee Sweet-heart take me to thee
 Hap well or woe, I'll now go with thee.

Since thou stand'st firm to th' old religion
My self am of the same condition;
England wee'l leave and march together,
No earthly creature shall know whither;
Conscience moves me to come to thee,
Thou hast spoke Love, I'll go with thee.
Finis.

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

Harvard, 25242.67PF, BS. 20

30. THE SCOTCH VIRAGO

(The Scotch Virago; The Maiden Warriier)

The Maiden-Warriier: Or,
The Damsels Resolution to Fight in Field,
By the Side of Jockey Her Entire Love.

Valiant Jockey's march'd away,
To fight the Foe, with Great Mackay;
Leaving me poor Soul, alas! forlorn,
To curse the hour I e'er was born:
But Ise swear Ise follow too,
And dearest Jockey's Fate pursue,
Near him be to Guard his precious Life,
Never Scot had sike a Loyal Wife;
Swor'd Ise wear, Ise cut my hair,
Tann my Cheeks that once were thought so fair,
In Soldiers Weed to him Ise speed,
Never sike a Trooper crost the Tweed.

She says that she will "do some Glorious thing" for Scotland and "nought shall appear of female fear." She will defend "King William's Rights," and the "Rebles" shall find that "Women-kind sometimes venture with a Warlike mind." She describes her armor and weapons. In some versions (not in the original by Thomas D'Urfey) Jockey answers, commending her courage.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

D'Urfey, New Poems, 183 (1690)

D'Urfey, Pills, I, 228 (1719)

Euing Ballads, 331

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in
Pye-Corner. (1672-96)

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 736

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in
Pye-Corner. (1672-96)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 150, p. 573

Crawford, 1235

Wing, D2747

III. COMMENTS

Thomas D'Urfey composed the first stanzas of this

song. Cyrus Day (The Songs of Thomas D'Urfey, 14) says: "Already in June, 1689, we find [D'Urfey] entertaining Queen Mary at Kensington with a song entitled 'The Scotch Virago,' a semi-political trifle on General Hugh Mackay's expedition into the Highlands against the Scottish Jacobites."

THE SCOTCH VIRAGO

The Scotch Virago.

A Song Sung to the Queen at Kensington.
The Words made to a pretty New Scotch Tune.

Valiant Jockey's march'd away,
To fight the Foe with brave Mackay;
Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
To Curse the Hour when I was Born;
But, I've sworn Ise follow too;
And dearest Jockey's Fate pursue;
Near him be to Guard his precious Life,
Never Scot had such a Loyal Wife:
 Sword Ise wear,
 Ise cut my Hair,
Tann my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair;
 In Souldier's Weed,
 To him I'll speed,
Never sike a trooper cross'd the Tweed.

Trumpet sound to Victory,
Ise kill (my self) the next Dundee;
Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
To do some glorious Deed by me:
Great Bellona, take my part,
Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
That for Love, and bonny Scotland's good,
Some brave Action may deserve my Blood:
 Nought shall appear,
 Of Female fear,
Fighting by his Side, I love so dear;
 All the North shall own,
 There ne'er was known
Such a sprightly Lass, this thousand Years.

D'Urfey, Wit and Mirth &c., Vol. II, p. 228.

THE SCOTCH VIRAGO

The Maiden Warriar; Or,
The Damsel's Resolution to Fight in Field by the
side of Jockey her entire Love.

To an Excellent New Tune.

(Licensed according to Order.

Valiant Jockey's march'd away,
To fight the foe with great Mackay;
Leaving me, poor soul, alas! forlorn,
To curse the hour I e'er was born:
But I swear I'se follow too,
And dearest Jockey's fate pursue,
Near him be to guard his precious life,
Never Scot had sike a loyal wife:
Sword I'se wear, I'se cut my hair,
Tann my cheeks that once were thought so fair,
In Soldier's weed to him I speed,
Never sike a Trooper crost the Tweed.

Trumpet sound [to] victory,
I'se kill myself the next Dundee;
Love and rage, and fate do's all agree,
To do some glorious thing by me:
Great Bellona take my part,
Fame and glory steel my heart,
That for our bonny Scotland's geud,
Some brave action may deserve my bloud:
Nought shall appear of female fear,
Fighting by his side I love so dear;
All the world shall own, that ne'er was known
Sike a pretty Lass! this thousand year.

Now in noble armour bright,
Ise with courageous heart will fight;
Fear of death, shall ne'er my courage stain,
King William's rights Ise will maintain:
For the glory of our sex,
Ise aw the rebles will perplex,
And let them find that women-kind,
Sometimes venture with a warlike mind:
Age of old, our fame has told,
Therefore Ise will never be controul'd;
By friend or foe, Ise freely goe,
Never was a trooper armed so.

I'se a helmet will put on,
Like a right valiant warlike man,
Plates of steel shall guard my back and breast,
Carbines and pistols, I'se protest,
In my hand Ise cock and prime,
Now and for ever is the time:
While I thus am mounted cap-a-pee,
Warlike thunder shall my musick be,
 Let smoke arise and dim the skies,
 While we do pursue the warlike prize;
 Lawrels shall crown with true renown,
 The victory in city, court and town.

Mars, the God of war, shall lead
The army, that will fight and bleed,
E'er our foe shall hope to win the day,
Therefore let us march with speed away;
Hark! I'se hear the trumpets sound,
We shall be aw with conquest crown'd;
Let the High-land rebels brag and boast,
Death in triumph shall ride through their hoast,
 Glory and fame shall then proclaim
 Th' actions of a valiant warlike dame;
 If foes draw nigh, I scorn to flye,
 With my dearest love Ise live and dye.

Jockey's Answer.

Hast thou such a valiant heart,
To fight and take the nation's part,
By the side of Jockey thy delight,
For to put the enemy to flight?
I thy courage must commend,
Yet like a true entire friend,
I would have thee stay at home, said he,
For the wars are most unfit for thee;
 Moggy you are, youthfull and fair,
 Therefore can [not] thy tender nature bear
 The shrieks and cries which fills the skies,
 As the enemy we do surprise.

Love, said he, the loud alarms
In midst of night to Arms to Arms!
Will it not affrighten thee, my dear,
Should you such a sudden 'larum hear?
And before the break of day,
Many a valiant Souldier may,
Lie in streams of reeking purple gore;
Therefore Moggy, whom I do adore,
Should'st thou be slain, and I remain,
It would fill my heart with muckle pain.
She did reply, Happy am I,
If I in the Bed of Honour die.

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, p. 736.

31. THE VALIANT COMMANDER,
WITH HIS RESOLUTE LADY

The Valiant Commander, with His Resolute Lady.

To a new Northern tune, called, I would
give ten thousand pounds she were in
Shrewsbury or, Ned Smith.

Gallants come list a while
a story I shall tell,
Of a Commander bold,
and what to him befell,
He was besieged round,
in Chester Citie fair.
His Lady being with him,
which fil'd his heart with care,
This unto her he said
dearest come thou to me,
I would give ten thousand pound
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

He declares his love to her wishing she were in the loyal
Shrewsbury, and tells her of the danger they are in be-
cause he loves the King and is a Cavalier. He prepares
to fight, and she responds, "Stoutly I'll take thy part,"
disguises herself "like a man," takes musquet and sword,
and fights with him in "the Northern parts."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25242.67PF, II, 193
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J.W., J.
Clarke, W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.
(1678-80)
- 25242.13/fEC75.A100.B775C V. 1/3, v.I, 10
25242.68/pEB-B65H, II, 286^r
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J.W., J.
Clarke, W. Thackeray and T. Passinger.
(1678-80)
- Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 281
Euing Ballads, 367
Ashton, Century of Ballads, 242

II. CATALOGUES

- Crawford, 414
Wing, V36
- Lamson, "Gallants"

III. COMMENTS

Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 283) notes:
"Date of original, while Chester was held by the
Royal troops, and before Shrewsbury was given up
early in February, 1644/5."

THE VALIANT COMMANDER, WITH HIS RESOLUTE LADY

The Valiant Commander, with His Resolute Lady
Shewing A brief Discourse of a Commander bold,
Who had a wife was worth her weight in gold;
She bravely fought to save her Husbands life,
Let all men judge, was not this a Valiant Wife?

To a New Northern Tune, called, I would give ten thousand pounds, &c.
or Ned Smith

Gallants come list a while,
a story I shall tell,
Of a Commander bold,
and what to him befell,
He was besieged round,
in Chester City fair,
His Lady being with him
which fill'd his heart with care
This unto her he said,
dearest come thou to me,
I would give ten thousand pound
thou wert in Shrewsbury.
O my own hearts delight,
my joy and Turtle-Dove,
More dear then mine own life,
heavens know I do thee love,
Those beautiful looks of thine,
my senses set on fire,
Yea though I love thee well
thy absence I desire,
This unto her he said, &c.
Thy fair red coloured cheeks,
and thy bright shining eye,
Makes me always inflam'd,
with thy sweet company.
Thy breath smells far more sweet
then doth sweet frankincence,
And yet for all those fumes,
I wish thee farther hence,
This makes me sing and say &c.
Look how my Uncle stands
I dare not him come near
Because I love the King
and am a Cavalier,

Yet for my Lady and her Son
 my heart doth bleed for thee,
 I would give tenthousand pound
 they were in Shrewsbury,
 They were in Shrewsbury,
 some comfort for to find,
 Amongst the Cavaliers,
 to ease a troubled mind.
 My heart bleeds in my breast,
 for my fair Ladies sake,
 And how to save her life
 I know no course to take.
 Hark how the drums do beat,
 and warlike Trumpets sound,
 See how the Musquetteers
 Have now begirt us round.
 The Souldiers they cry out,
 kill, kill, no quarter give,
 What hopes then can I have,
 that my true love should live.
 When he thus spoken had,
 his Lady he forsook,
 And with a manly heart,
 his sword in hand he took
 Farewel my Lady dear,
 now will I bandie blows,
 And fight my self to death
 among'st my desperate foes,
 Dearest farewel from me,
 farewel farewel from me,
 I would give ten thousand pound
 thou wert in Shrewbury.
 His Lady seeing then
 the danger they were in,
 She like a Souldier bold,
 nobly then did begin,
 My trusty Love (quoth she)
 since thou so valiant art,
 What e're becomes of me,
 stoutly I'le take thy part.
 Dearest cast care away,
 let kisses comfort thee,
 Thou and I'le ne'r depart,
 I'le live and dye with thee.
 Put me on Mans attire,
 give me a Souldiers Coat,
 I'le make King Charles his foes,
 quickly to change their note,

Cock your match, prime your pan
let piercing bullets flye,
I do not care a pin
whether I live or dye.
Dearest cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou and I'le ne'r depart,
I'le live and dye with thee.
She took a Musquet then,
and a sword by her side
In disguise like a man
her valour so she try'd,
And with her true-love she,
march'd forth couragiously,
And made away with speed,
quite through the Enemy.
Dearest cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou and I'le ne'r depart,
I'le Live and Dye with thee.
These Souldiers brave and bold,
behav'd themselves so well,
That all the Northern parts,
of their desarts can tell.
Thus have you heard the News,
of a most valiant wight,
And of his Lady brave,
how stoutly she did fight,
Dearest cast care away,
let kisses comfort thee,
Thou and I'le ne'r depart,
I'le live and dye with thee.
FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. W J. Clarke, W. Thackeray
and T. Passinger.

Harvard, 25242.67F, Vol. II, BS 193

32. I WISH THE WARS WERE ALL OVER

(I Wish the Wars Were All Over;
Down in the Meadow)

I Wish the Wars Were All Over.

Down in the meadows the violet so blue,
There I saw pretty Polly a milking her cow
The song that she sung made all the groves ring,
My Billy is gone and left me to serve the king
And I wish that the wars were all over.

The narrator steps up to her asking, "What makes you cry?" She replies that Billy (or Jemmy) is gone, and "the French will kill him." The narrator asks if she can "fancy" him. She replies that she will only be happy when she sees her love. She says that she will no longer stay with her parents but will seek Billy after going to "some taylor" to "rig [herself] out in some young man's array."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.75F, II
Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, no. 14, Great
St. Andrew Street, seven Dials. (1799-1819)

B. Folksong Versions

Baring-Gould and Sheppard, Garland, 18
Joyce, Old Irish Folk Music and Song, 232

C. Manuscript Versions

Library of Congress/Manuscript Divison,
"Forton Prison Papers," II (published in Carey,
74)

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 77
Wilgus-Long

I WISH THE WARS WERE ALL OVER

A New Sea Song. I Wish the Wars Were All Over

Down in the meadow, the violets so blue,
There I saw pretty Polly milking her cow,
The song that she sung made all the grove ring,
My Billy is gone and left me to serve the King
And I wish the wars were all over

I stept up to her and made her this reply
And said my dear Polly what makes you to cry
By Billy is gone from me whom I love so dear,
The Americans will kill him so great is my fear

And I wish, &c.

I said my dear Polly can you fancy me,
I'll make you as happy as happy can be,
No, no, Sir said she that never can be
I ne'er shall be happy till my Billy I see.

And I wish, &c.

I still amazed to hear what she said,
The small birds a singing on every tree,
The notes that she sung where nightingales notes--
How the lark and the Linnets warble their throats.

And I wish &c.

I now for my parents no longer can stay,
To seek for my Billy I'll hast away,
To see if my Billy will make me his wife--
Free for his sake I'll venture my life--

And I wish &c.

I now to some dailor I'll hast and away,
To rig myself out in some young mans array
Like a bold fellow so neat and so trim,
So free for his sake I'll go serve the King

And I wish the wars were all over

Finis

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division - American Prisoners,
Forton Prison, England, 1777-79: 97. Vol. II

II. DISCOURSE-NARRATIVE BALLADS

(No. 33-48)

33. THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

The Undaunted Female

Come all you true lovers and story 'll unfold
Of an undaunted female and a gallant soldier bold,
Young Mary was a damsel fair so vituous and so kind
And young William was a gallant man ever crossed
the line.

After courting her, William enlists to go to "the late wars in India" and tells her he is going. She weeps, and he gives her a watch and a ring as "a pledge." She tears her hair, then says she will go with him. He objects saying that she is too frail, but she persists saying she will "face the proud wild Indians, and be an enchanted maid." "As a soldier" she goes with him and fights "till the Indians did give o'er."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
Misc. BSS, folder

Providence Public Library/Sp. Coll.,
Irish BS Ballads

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
National Library of Ireland BSS

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, II, 34

National Library of Ireland: McCall, II, 133
Trinity College Dublin,
21.bb.51, p.206
21.bb.52, p.277
21.bb.52, p.483
Gall. R.15.35

Healy, Old Irish Street Ballads, II, 286

B. Folksong Versions

Irish Folklore Collections,
1282, p.497 (Cavan, c. 1905)

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

The Undaunted Female

Come all you true lovers and a story I'll unfold,
Of an undaunted female and a gallant soldier bold,
Young Mary was a damsel fair so vituous and so kind,
And young William was as gallant a man ever crossed the Line.
Long time these couple courted, but her father did not know,
Till the late wars in India nearly proved her overthrow,
He enlisted as a soldier brave, but yet she did not know,
That her William he was going to face the daring foe.
Young William then one morning he unto her did say,
I'm going with General Napier to cross the raging sea,
It's for old England's glory and the girl I do adore,
I'll face the proud wild Indians on the Sutlej of Lahore.
Pretty Mary fell a weeping, and the tears fell from her eyes,
He clasped her to his bosom to hide her sobs and cries,
A watch and ring he gave to her, saying, adieu my only store,
So take them as a pledge my love until I return on shore,
Oh then she tore her lovely hair, and fell in deep despair,
Saying, William, dearest William, pray do not leave me here,
For I will go along with you where the Indias cannons roar,
And I'll leave my father's mansion for the lad that I adore.
Said William, Dearest Mary, why you can not lend a hand,
With your tender feet, my dear, on the battlefield can't stand,
Besides body tender body the savage sword might scar,
So don't face the proud wild Indians on the Sutlej or Lahore.
She said, I'm not afraid, there's none shall be persuade,
I'll face the proud wild Indians, and be an enchanted maid,
I'll leave my father's dwelling, and I'll cross the seas right o'er,
And I'll fight beside my true love at the Satlej or Lahore.
As a soldier then she walked with her lover it is said,
By her William she did stand and fight in the midst of the Indian
war,
And she faced the proud wild Indians on the Sutlej and Lahore.
At the storming of their garrison we put them in surprise;
While our cannons played upon them our bullets made them fly,
They fought them on the Sutlej till the Indians did give o'er,
Did Mary and her William in the late Indian war.

University of Kentucky, Vol. II, 34

THE UNDAUNTED FEMALE

An Undaunted Female

Come all you true lovers a story I'll unfold,
Of an undaunted female and a gallant soldier bold,
Young Mary was a damsel so virtuous and kind
And young William was as gallant a man as ever crossed the line.

Long time those couple courted and her father did not know
Till the late war in India nearly proved her overthrow
He enlisted as a soldier but yet she did not know
That her William he was going to face the daring foe.

Young William then one morning he unto her did say
I'm going with General Major to cross the raging seas,
Its for old England's glory and girl I do adore,
I'll face the proud wild Indians on the Surfe of Lahore.

Pretty Mary fell a weeping and the tears fell from her eyes
He clasped her to his bosom to hide her sobs and cries
A ring and watch he gave her saying Adieu my only store,
So take those as a pledge my love till I return on shore.

Oh then she tore her lovely hair and fell in deep despair
Saying William dearest William pray do not leave me here
For I'll go along with you where the wild cannons roar
And I'll leave my Father's Mansion for the lad I do adore.

Said William, Dearest Mary, why you cannot lend a hand,
With your tender feet my dear on the battle field can't stand
Besides your tender body the savage sword might scar
So don't face the proud Indians on the Sudef of Lahore.

Said she I'm not afraid their's none shall me pursade
I'll face the proud wild Indians and be an enchanted maid
I'll leave my father's mansion and I'll cross the sea right oe'r
And I'll fight beside my true love on the Sudef of Lahore.

As a soldier then she walked with her lover it is said,
By her William she did stand and fight in the midst of the India
war,
And she faced the proud wild Indians on the Sudef of Lahore.

At the storming of the Garrison we put them in surprise
While our cannons played upon them our bayonets made them fly
They fought them on the Surdef till the Indians did give oe'r
And Mary and her William in the late Indian Shoor.
(finished)

IFC, vol. 1282 p. 497 (MS. from Cavan, c. 1905)

34. THE DUKE OF ARGYLE (N-1)

The Duke of Argyle

It's farewell, now, Miss Gordie, I'm now going to leave
you,
For to cross the wide ocean, I don't mean to deceive you.
I'll cross the wide ocean, where the loud cannon rattle,
I will venture my life on the broad field of battle.

She says she will "dress in men's attire" and go with him. They sail "on the fourteenth" and land "on the banks of Nargyle." "The lady's true love" is slain in battle; she kisses him and picks up his flag and fights "for her king, while her true love lies bleeding." The "Duke of Argyle" courts her, but she cries, "No man I'll enjoy since I lost Alexander."

I. SOURCES

B. Folksong Versions

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive,
Leach Coll., #7A (Trepassey, Nfld.)
66-23;C233 (Trepassey, Nfld., 1966)

Greenleaf, 88

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 202

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE (N-1)

The Duke of Argyle.

It's farewell, now, Miss Gordi, I'm now going to leave you,
For to cross the wide ocean, I don't mean to deceive you.
I'll cross the wide ocean, where the loud cannon rattle,
I will venture my life on the broad field of battle.

I'll dress in men's attire, Alexander, I'll go with you;
I'll dress in men's attire, Alexander, I won't leave you.
We will boldly fight on, in front line and centre;
I'll be true to that call, Alexander, I'll venture.

On the fourteenth we sailed, on the eighteenth we landed,
On the banks of Nargyle, where our troops was commanded;
Where the bullets did fly, and the loud cannon rattle,
The lady's true love he was slain in that battle.

As he fell on the ground, while his sword it lay bleeding,
She kissed his pale face, while the tears down was streaming;
She picked up his flag, his ensign to carry,
O, she wove it up high in the midst of the valley.

The blood it did flow like a stream from the fountain,
And many's the brave man there was slain on that mountain.
She's a rich lady gay, of high birth and breeding,
O, she fought for her king, while her true love lies bleeding.

The Duke of Argyle he came courting this lay,
Where she's dressed in men's attire, and he's going to salute her;
But still she cries, No! Though you are our commander,
No man I'll enjoy since I lost Alexander.

Greenleaf, Ballads and Sea Songs, p. 88.

35. YOUNG HENRY OF THE RAGING MAIN

Young Henry of the Raging Main

One summer's morn, as day was dawning,
Down by the pleasant river's side,
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,
And a youth called 'England's pride!'
He was a tight and smart young sailor,
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,
Saying, adieu! my lovely Emma,
I'm going to plough the raging Main.

She laments his leaving and asks him to "stay a little longer," then offers to "venture" with him saying, "Perhaps great honour I may attain." He tries to dissuade her, but she insists and "in jacket blue and tarry trousers" goes with him. She does her duty "like a sailor," going aloft in a storm on the way to India. After two years they return and marry.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
J. Cockburn, Printer, West-Tower-street,
Carlisle.
25242.17, I, 69
25242.17, VI, 232
J. Cadman, Printer, 152, Gt. Ancoats Street,
Manchester. (1850-55)
25242.17, VII, 134
Catnach, 2 and 3 Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.
(1836-38)
25242.17, IX, 82
Bebbington, Printer, 26 Goulden Street,
Oldham-Rd., Manchester. (c.1855)
Uncat. BSS, I
London, Printed by W. Taylor, 16 Waterloo
Road. near the Coburg Theatre, London.
(1831-32)
- New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, II, 51^v
- Huntington Library,
297337, Coll. of 300 BS Ballads, I
Printed by J. Catnach, 2 and 3, Monmouth-
Court, 7 Dials. (1836-38)

UCLA/Sp. Coll.,
#605

Yale,
Ib57+t2, Misc. Eng. BS Ballads
Printed by J. Catnach, 2 and 3, Monmouth-
Court, 7 Dials. (1836-38)

Ashton, Modern Street Ballads, 253

III. COMMENTS

The uncatalogued Harvard broadside version ("Printed by W. Taylor, 16 Waterloo Road") attributes the ballad to "J. Morgan."

YOUNG HENRY OF THE RAGING MAIN

Young Henry of the Raging Main.

Tune.--The Waggon Train.

J. Cockburn, Printer, West-Tower-Street, Carlisle.

One summer's morning, as day was dawning,
Down by the pleasant river side,
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,
And a youth call'd England's pride!
He was a tight & smart young sailor,
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,
Saying, adieu, my lovely Emma!
I'm going to plough the raging Main.
Cried Emma,--Henry will you leave me
Behind my sorrows to complain,
For your sweet features lovely Henry
I may ne'er behold again!
See, Emma, dear, our ship's weigh'd anchor,
'Tis a folly, love, for to complain;
Tho' you leave, I'll ne'er deceive,
I'm bound to plough the Raging Main.
Said Emma, Stay a little longer;
Stay at home with your truelove,
But if you enter, I will venture,
I swear by all the powers above!
I'll venture with my lovely Henry,
Perhaps great honour I may attain;
She cried I'll enter and boldly I'll venture
With Henry--love don't be distracted,
Perhaps you may be cast away,
'Tis for that reason, cried young Emma,
That behind I will not stay.
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
So dearest Henry don't complain;
In Jacket blue and tarry trousers,
I will plough the Raging main.
Then on board the brig Eliza,
Henry and his Emma went;
She did her duty like a sailor,
And with her lover was content.
Her pretty hands once soft as velvet,
With pitch and tar appear'd in pain
Tho her hands were soft, she went aloft,
And boldly plough'd the Raging Main.

The Eliza brig was bound for India
And ere she had three weeks set sail,
From land or light, one stormy night,
It blew a bitter and heavy gale.
Undaunted up aloft went Emma
Midst thunder, light'ning, wind and rain
With courage true, in a jacket blue,
Did Emma plough the Raging Main.
Twelve hours long the tempest lasted
At length quite calm it did appear,
And they proceeded on their boyage,
Emma and her true love dear.
When just two years they had been sailing
To England they return'd again,
And no one did suspect young Emma
Ploughing on the watery Main.
In three weeks after, gay young Henry,
Emma made his lawful bride,
Like turtle doves, they live and love,
Each other by the river side,
They happy dwell, and often tell
Their tales of love and ne'er complain,
See how young Emma boldly ventur'd
With young Henry o'er the Main.

Harvard 54-784, Vol. I, BS 98.

36. JAMES AND FLORA

(James and Flora; James and Flora, or
the United Lovers)

James and Flora

Come all you true lovers attend for awhile,
To a tale I am going to unfold,
Young Flora was a damsel so virtuous and kind,
And young James was a gallant sailor bold.
Adieu, lovely Flora! one morning he did say,
We are called I am forced for to go,
Far from my native shore, when the loud cannons
roar,
And aloft when the stormy winds do blow.

They exchange halves of a ring. Flora weeps and then decides to go with him. "As a sailor" she ships with James, no one suspecting her disguise. For five years she serves, "respected by all the ship's crew." When they are discharged, she reveals herself to the captain who is "suddenly overcome with surprise." He gives them "50 pounds in gold" and goes with them to the church. Now dwelling "in love and contentment," they reminisce "of the time they went aloft."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
W. and T. Fordyce, Printers Dean Street
Newcastle. (1837-41)
54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48 Dean Street, Newcastle.
(1829-37)
25242.17, XIII, 122
London:--H. Such, Printer, Union-st., Boro'.
(1849-86)
- Huntington Library,
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J. Catnach, Printer, 2 and 3, Monmouth-Court,
7 Dials. (1836-38)
- Trinity College Dublin,
21.bb.51, p. 106
- UCLA/Sp.Coll.,
#605 (1849-86)
London:--H. Such, Printer, Union-st., Boro'.

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folksong,
4463, A2, B1-2

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive,
Leach Coll. 2, #6A (Trepassey, Nfld.)
66-23;C232 (Trepassey, Nfld.)

Peacock, I, 190

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

JAMES AND FLORA

James and Flora

Come all you true lovers attend for awhile,
To a tale I am going to unfold,
Young Flora was a damsel so virtuous and kind,
And young James was a gallant sailor bold.
Adieu, lovely Flora! one morning he did say,
We are called, I am forced for to go,
Far from my native shore, when the loud cannons roar,
And aloft when the stormy winds do blow.

Then Flora she wept, and tears fell from her eyes,
When young James told her he must depart,
He broke a ring in two, saying, here's one half for you,
And the other half he pressed to his heart.
She wept in despair, and tore her lovely hair,
Saying, James, dearest James I will go,
She cried in accents soft, I will boldly go aloft
With my love when the stormy winds do blow.

Said James, dearest Flora, you surely must be mad,
For to venture your sweet life upon the deep,
And for to go aloft, when on your pillow soft,
Contented at home you might sleep.
She said, I'm not afraid, and none shall me persuade,
But determined I am for to go,
Unto some foreign shore, where the loud cannons roar,
And protect you when the stormy winds do blow.

As a sailor she shipped with her lover so true,
And no one suspected this fair maid!
In battle she did run, and she stood by her gun,
Like a Briton she never was afraid.
By day and by night on occasion she did fight,
With joy into battle she did go,
By her gun she did stand, done her duty like a man,
And went aloft when the stormy winds did blow.

Five years on the ocean young Flora did sail,
Respected by all the ship's crew,
And never was it said that young Flora was a maid,
In her jacket and trowsers so blue;
But when they were at large, when with James she was discharged,
They together to the captain did go,
She said behold the maid that never was afraid,
In battle, or when stormy winds did blow.

How the captain did stare when these words he did hear,
He was suddenly overcome with surprise,
As he gazed on her so bright, he spoke with delight,
While the tears fell in torrents from his eyes.
He says you lovers bold, here is fifty pounds in gold,
With you both to church I will go,
May you with joy be blest, while you on your pillows rest,
And at home when the stormy winds do blow.

These lovers are united so loyal and true,
And in love and contentment do dwell,
Young James and his Flora by happiness are blest,
By their friends they are both respected well:
Esteemed by all around both in country and town,
And admired wherever they do go,
They talk in accents soft, of the time they went aloft,
And they listen when the stormy winds do blow.

London: H. Such, Printer, Union-st., Boro'.

UCLA/SC #605

37. THE MARINER'S MISFORTUNE

The Mariner's Misfortune;
Or, The Unfortunate Voyage of two Constant Lovers. Being an Account of a faithful Seaman, who going to take his Farewel of his Sweetheart, she resolved come Life, or come Death, to Sail with him; and putting her self into Mans Apparel, went the Voyage with him, but by distress of weather, coming home were cast away, the constant Seaman having no other help, betook himself to swimming, and having got his Sweetheart upon his back, swam till he was almost tyred, but was at last taken up by an Algerine, who carryed them to Algiers where being brought before the Governour, she confessed her selfe to be a Female, which so astonished the Governour, that he in requital of her constancy, set them both free, who are happily Arrived in England again.

Tune of, Souldiers Departure.

A Seaman lov'd a Maiden pretty,
and esteem'd her as his life,
She was beauteous, fair and witty,
whom he vow'd should be his wife:
He was minded, and designed
for to leave the brittish shore,
And sail again unto the Main,
as he had often done before.

Despite his protests she resolves to sail with him and, "drest in man's attire," goes on board, behaving herself "so brave, that none could this her trick discern." A storm wrecks the ship, and the lovers escape, the sailor swimming "while his true love was on his back." They are rescued by Turks and taken to "Algier" where the "Governour" sets them free upon learning of her disguise.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on
London-Bridge. (1683-1706)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 191

THE MARINERS MISFORTUNE

The Mariners Misfortune;

Or, The Unfortunate Voyage of two Constant Lovers.
Being an Account of a faithful Seaman, who going to take his
Farewel of his Sweetheart, she resolved come Life, or come
Death, to Sail with him; and putting her self into Mans
Apparel, went the Voyage with him, but by distress of
weather, coming home were cast away, the constant Seaman
having no other help, betook himself to swimming, and
having got his Sweetheart upon his back, swam till he was
almost tyred, but was at last taken up by an Algerine,
who carryed them to Algiers, where being brought before
the Governour, she confessed her selfe to be a Female, which
so astonished the Governour, that he in requital of her
constancy, set them both free, who are happily Arrived in
England again.

Tune of, (The) Souldiers Departure.

A Seaman lov'd a Maiden pretty,
and esteem'd her as his life,
She was beauteous, fair and witty,
whom he vow'd should be his wife:
He was minded, and designed
for to leave the brittish shore,
And sail again unto the Main,
as he had often done before.

So he kindly came unto her
and his mind did thus express,
Dearest, of my love be sure,
in thee is all my happiness.
And yet must I immediately
be forc'd to leave thee on the shore,
When I again, come from the Main,
I swear i'le never leave thee more.

These his words her mind did trouble,
and did pierce her tender heart,
Then her sorrows they grew double,
and increas'd her deadly smart:
She replyed, if she dyed,
to the Main with him she'd go.
Quoth he, my Dear, I greatly fear,
hardship thou canst not undergo.

I am loath for to forsake thee,
yet I constant will remain,
And my faithful wife will make thee
when I home return again:
He did protest, he did not jest,
but yet she constantly did cry
I do not fear, my only Dear,
for with thee I will live and dye.

I'm resolv'd in spight of danger
that I will thy Messmate be,
Through the world i'le be a ranger
for my Loves dear company:
By joynt consent, to Sea they went
to satisfy her hearts desire;
This was not known to any one,
for she was drest in man's attire.

To the Ocean then they Sailed,
little did the Captain know,
That a Female with him sailed
and sometimes in the long boat Row.
She did behave her self so brave
that none could this her trick discern;
Industriously this damsel she
did Navigation strive to learn.

Do but mark how fickle Fortune
did their comforts all destroy,
She doth often prove uncertain
and eclipse true lovers joy:
For blustering wind, too oft we find
do work poor Seamens overthrow:
And so were they all cast away,
great pittty 'twas it should be so.

In this distress these faithful lovers
both were like for to be lost;
Surging Seas did wash them over,
they on mighty Waves were tost:
In this distress, most pittiless,
care for his love he did not lack;
With weary limbs long time he swims,
while his true love was on his back.

But he at last was almost tyred,
past hopes of finding some relief;
Tho fortune smiles they oft desired,
for to ease them of their grief:
An Algerine, at that same time,
did happen to come sayling by;
So straightway he, most earnestly
aloud to them for help did cry.

They took them up into their ship,
that they were Turks they quickly found,
At first their hearts for joy did leap,
at last they were with sorrow drown'd:
For Algier then, they sailed agen,
not knowing who they had for prize,
For none bewray'd, it was a Maid
whose Echo's then did pierce the Skies.

Before the Governour they came,
and then the truth she did reveal,
She freely did confess the same,
which long before she did conceal,
So presently, her constancy
most mightily he did commend,
And back again, he o're the Main
did both these faithful lovers send.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

Bagford Ballads, Vol. I, p. 247.

38. CONSTANCE AND ANTHONY

(Constance and Anthony: or, An Admirable
New Northern Story; An Admirable New
Northern Story of Two Constant Lovers;
An Admirable New Northern Story)

An Admirable New Northern Story.

Of two constant Lovers as I understand,
Were born near Appleby in Westmoreland,
The Lads name Anthony, Constance the Lass,
To sea they went both and great dangers did pass:
How they suffer'd shipwrack on the Coast of Spain
For two Years divided and then met again;
By wonderful Fortune and rare accident,
And now both live at home with joy and content.

The Tune is, I would thou wert in Shrewsbury.

Two Lovers in the North,
Constance and Anthony,
Of them I will set forth
a gallant History:
They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear;
But that which I shall tell,
the like you ne'er did hear.
Still she crys Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony, being called to sea, bids farewell to Constance who protests the separation and says she will "dress me like a lad" and engage as the ship's cook. The two go to sea and serve until a tempest casts the ship away "upon the coast of Spain." "Swimming upon a Plank;" Constance reaches shore alone and remains two years with a merchant who thinks she is a boy. Anthony is rescued from the tempest by "an English Runagate" and becomes a slave "i' the Galley row." One of the merchant's ships captures the pirate vessel and brings it "into Bilbo" where the lovers are reunited, and Constance reveals her identity to the merchant who sends them home to England with "a sum of Gold."

I. SOURCES

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71-217F

London: Printed by T. Norres at the Looking-
glass on Londonbridge And sold by S. Bates,
in Giltspur Street. (1712-20)

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Ib58Td1

Roxburghe Ballads, I, 23

Printed for William Thackeray at the Angel
in Duck,-Lane, and A.M. (1689-92)

Euing Ballads, 9, no. 8

Printed by and for A.M. and Sold by the
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(1686-88; 1693)

11, no. 9

Printed for T. Vere, at the Sign...

13, no. 10

Printed for T. Vere at the Sign of the Angel
without Newgate. (1646-c.67)

II. CATALOGUES

"Trade List of William Thackeray, London c. 1689,"
in Shepard, John Pitts, opposite p. 20

"Constant and Anthony," Stationers Register, Sept.
20, 1712, entered to Tho. Norris and Charles Brown.

"Catalogue of Maps, &c.. . . Printed and Sold by
William and Cluer Dicey. . . 1754," Bodleian MS 258
reproduced in Thomson, "Development," p. 288

Crawford, 1222

Halliwell, Catalogue of Proclamations, 42, no. 262

Thomson, 25, no. 74

Wing, C5936

Lamson, "Two lovers"

CONSTANCE AND ANTHONY

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The Lads name Anthony, Constance the Lass,
To sea they went both and great dangers did pass:
How they suffer'd shipwrack on the Coast of Spain
For two Years divided and then met again;
By wonderful fortune and rare accident,
And now both live at home with joy and content.

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Constance and Anthony,
Of them I will set forth
a gallant History:
They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear;
But that which I shall tell,
the like you ne'er did hear.
Still she crys Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony must to Sea,
His Calling did him bind,
My Constance, Dear, quoth he,
I must leave thee behind,
I prithee do not grieve,
thy tears will not prevail:
I'll think on thee my Sweet
when the Ships under sail.
But still, &c.

How may that be? said he,
consider well the case:
Quoth she sweet Anthony,
I'll bide not in this place.
If thou gang so will I,
of the means do not doubt:
A womans Policy
great matters may find out:
My bonny, &c.

I would be very glad,
but prithee tell me how?
I'll dress me like a Lad,
what sayst thou to me now?
The Sea thou canst not brook,
yes very well (quoth she)
I'll Scullion to the Cook
for thy sweet company.
My bonny, &c.

Anthony's leave she had,
and Drest in Mans array,
She seem'd the blithest Lad
seen on a Summers Day.
O see what Love can do,
at home she will not bide:
With her true Love she'll go,
let weal or woe betide.
My dearest, &c.

In the Ship 'twas her lot
to be the under Cook;
And at the Fire hot,
wonderful pains she took:
She served e'ery one,
fitting to their degree;
And now and then alone,
she kissed Anthony.
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

ALack and welladay
by tempest on the Main,
Their Ship was cast away
upon the Coast of Spain:
To th' mercy of the waves,
they all committed were,
Constance her own self saves,
then she crys for her dear.
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Swimming upon a Plank,
at Bilbo she got ashore
First she did heaven thank,
then she lamented sore,
O woe is me (said she)
the saddest Lass alive,
My dearest Anthony,
now on the Sea doth drive.
My bonny, &c.

What shall become of me?
why do I strive for shore,
Sith my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more?
Fair Constance do not grieve,
the same good providence,
Hath sav'd thy lover sweet,
but he is far from hence,
Still, &c.

A spanish Merchant rich,
saw this fair seeming Lad,
That did lament so much;
and was so grievous sad:
He had in England been
and English understood,
He having heard and seen
he in amazement stood:
still she cries Anthony &c.

The Merchant asked her
what was that Anthony:
Quoth she My Brother Sir
who came from thence with me.
He did her entertain
thinking she was a Boy;
Two years she did remain
before she met her joy.
still she cries &c.

Anthony up was tane
by an English Runagade,
With whom he did remain
at the Sea-roving trade:
I'th nature of a Slave
he did i'th Galley row;
Thus he his life did save
but Constance did not know:

still she cries Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by land or sea
Ile wend along with thee.

Now mark what came to pass;
see how the fates did work:
A Ship that her Masters was
surprised this English Turk,
And into Bilbo brought
all that aboard her were;
Constance still little thought
Anthony was so near.
still she cries &c.

When they were come on shore
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before
was now with joy possest;
The Merchant much did muse
at this so sudden change,
He did demand the News,
which unto him was strange:
Now she, &c.

Upon her knees she fell
unto her Master kind;
And all the truth did tell,
nothing she kept behind:
At which he did admire,
and in a ship of Spain,
Not paying for their hire,
he sent them home again.
Now she, &c.

The spanish Merchant rich
did of his bounty give,
A sum of Gold, on which
they now most bravely life:
And now in Westmoreland
they were joyn'd hand in hand,
Constancy and Anthony,
they live in mirth and glee,
Now she cries Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,

Good Providence we see,
hath guarded thee and me.

FINIS.

Printed by and for A.M. and Sold by the Booksellers of Pye corner
and London-Bridge.

Euing Ballads, No. 8, p. 9.

39. THE PAISLEY OFFICER (N-2)

(The Paisley Officer; In Blithe and Bonny Fair Scotland; Blythe and Bonny Scotland; India's Burning Sands; Mary, the Village Pride; Henry and Mary; The Village Pride; India's Burning Shore)

In blythe and bonny Scotland, where the blue bells do grow
There dwelt a pretty fair maid down in a valley low.
It's all the day long she herded sheep upon the bank of
the Clyde,
Altho' her lot in life was low she was called the village
pride.

An officer from Paisley goes out to fowl and sees "Mary's cottage." He courts her until his regiment "has received the rout," when he tells her he must go. She says that she will go with him as his servant, "disguised in man's attire." The ladies of Paisley admire the new recruit, and no one suspects that "he" is Mary. They go to India where she suffers but smiles when she sees "young Henry." They fight a battle, and Henry is killed. As she takes him in her arms, she is shot and dies.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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25242.17, IV, 101
Printed and sold by W.R. Walker, Royal
Arcade, Newcastle on Tyne, and may be had
of Stewart, Botchergate, Carlisle.
(1856-66)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. BSS, I
Robert McIntosh, Printer, 303 Gallowgate,
Glasgow.

Huntington Library,
297337, Coll. of 300 BS Ballads, II

Trinity College Dublin,
21.bb.52, p. 353

B. Folksong Versions

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive,
66-24; C260 (Parson's Pond, Nfld.)

66-24; C268 (Parson's Pond, Nfld.)
64-21; C444 (Harbour Breton, Nfld., 1967)
69-34; C554 (Ramea, Nfld., 1968)

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
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22037 (Leitrim, 1954)

Ulster Folk Museum, Belfast,
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1969)

Creighton, Maritime Songs, 158
Creighton and Senior, 192
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Flanders-Barry, 19
Folktracks, FSA 60-076 (recording)
Gardner and Chickering, 222
Gray, 85
BFSSNE, IV, 15
Mackenzie, 143

Greig-Duncan, 496, no. 185
S. Henry, no. 120

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 202
Wilgus-Long

THE PAISLEY OFFICER

The Paisley Officer.

In blythe and bonny Scotland, where the blue bell do grow,
There dwelt a pretty fair maid down in a valley low.
It's all the day long she herded sheep upon the bank of the Clyde,
Altho' her lot in life was low she was called the village pride.
An Officer from Paisley town went out to fowl one day,
He wandered to the lovely spot where Mary's cottage lay,
A long and loving look he took upon her form so fair,
And wondered how so bright a flower grew and flourished there.
But many times he came again and at each visit paid,
His flattering tounge did win the heart of this sweetvillage maid.
At length he came one morning, his face was dark with woe,
O Mary dear, he said to her, from you I now must go,
Our regiment has received the rout, and love and duty yields.
I must exchange your lovely glens for India's burning sand.
O Henry said this tender maid from you I cannot part,
Take me as your wedded wife--you know you've won my heart.
To go with you through flood and field is now my chief desire,
And as for your servant I will go disguised in man's attire,
He took her on to Paisely town and much they wondered there,
To see the new recruit that looked so gentle, slight and fair,
The ladies admired her as she stood each day upon parade,
But no one thought the soldiers coat concealed a lovely maid.
Soon across the raging seas, and marched on burning sand;
No pen can trace what Mary bore in India's track of land.
But tho' she found her strength give way, her woe she strove to
hide,
And smiled as she looked round and saw young Henry by her side.
But now the hour of trial came, when on the battle field,
She saw the British troops give way, and to the Indians yield,
She saw her lover struck down, a spear had pierced his side,
Yet from his post he never flinched, but where he stood and died.
She raised him from the bloody ground, and in her arms him pressed,
And while she thought to staunch his wound a ball passed through
her breast.
So as these pair lived true in life in death they were the same,
For when their fond hearts blood gushed forth it mixed in one red
stream.

Printed and sold by W.R. Walker, Royal Arcade,
Newcastle on Tyne, and may be had of Stewart,
Botchergate, Carlisle.

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. IV, BS 101

40. WILLIAM AND HARRIET (M-7)

William and Harriet

It's of a rich gentleman near London did dwell,
And he had a young daughter a farmer lov'd well,
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so true,
But her father he wanted her to bid him adieu.

After an argument with her, the father decides to confine his daughter and send William "far over the sea." When William tells her of this, Harriet decides to go with him. "Drest like a sailor as near as could be," she goes with him "to some foreign shore." The ship sinks in a storm, and the two are cast onto an island where they die "folded together."

I. SOURCES

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54-784, I
Harkness, Printer, 121, Church St., Preston
(1839-60)
- 54-784, I
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(1840-45)
- 54-784, I
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(1829-37)
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Stephenson, Gateshead. (1821-38)
- 25242.27, 25
H. Disley, printer, 57, High-street, St.
Giles. (c.1860-70)
- 25243.10PF
25242.17, IV, 29
W.R. Walker, Printer and Publisher, Royal
Arcade, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (1856-66)
- 25242.17, V, 162
Printed by Ryle and Co., 2 and 3 Monmouth
Court, Bloomsbury. (1845-59)
- 25242.17, IX, 92
Bebbington, 22 Goulden St., Oldham Rd.,
Manchester. (c.1855-70)
- 25242.17, XI, 9
Such, 123 Union Street Borough, London.
(1849-69)
- 25242.74, "Bluebound Book," 57

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C. Paul, Printer, 18 Gt. St. Andrew-street,
7 Dials. (1845-57)
KVB, II, 47^v

Boston Public Library/Rare Book Division,
H80.219, 47^r
C. Paul, Printer, 18 Gt. St. Andrew-street,
7 Dials. (1845-57)

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
National Library of Ireland BSS

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#605
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University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, V, 15
Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble
warehouse 6, Great St. Andrew street, Seven
Dials. (1819-44)

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
Gordon MSS 1676 (Allston, Mass., 1926)

Cox, Folk Songs, 343
Edwards, Australian Folk Songs, 114
Garrison, 76 (Zack, Ark., 1942)
Hubbard, 61
Publications of Folklore Society of Texas, X, 157

JFSS, VIII, 267
O'Brien, II, 435 (Brigg Union, 1905)

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 183

WILLIAM AND HARRIET (M-7)

William And Harriet.

It's of a rich gentleman near London did dwell,
And he had a young daughter a farmer lov'd well,
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so true
But her father he wanted her to bid him adieu,
O father dear father I'm not so inclin'd,
To drive my young farmer quite out of my mind;
O unruly daughter confined you shall be,
And I will sned your young farmer far over the sea.
As she was a sitting in her bower one day,
And William was waiting, he heard her to say,
She sung like a linnet, and appeared like a dove,
And the song that she sung was concerning her love.
She had not been there long when William passed by,
And on his dear Harriet he cast his longing eye,
He said your cruel father with mine did agree,
For to send me a sailing straight over the sea.
She said my sweet William with you I will go,
Since my cruel father has served me so,
I will pass for your shipmate and do what I can,
With William I will venture like a jolly young man.
She drest like a sailor as near as could be,
Saying we will both go together across the salt sea,
So they both went together to some foreign shore
And never to England return'd any more.
As they were a sailing by some foreign shore
The wind from the ocean began for to roar,
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea
And cast upon an island was William and she.
They rambled together some place for to spy,
They had nothing to eat and no place to lie,
So they sat down together upon the cold ground
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.
A hunger came on them, and death drawing nigh
They folded together intending to die,
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu
And there they mult moulder like lovers so true
So all you true lovers that pass by that way,
Pray drop a tear from your glittering eye,
One tear drop with pity and point towards the way

Where William and Harriet a slumbering do lay.

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

University of Kentucky, Vol. V, p. 15.

WILLIAM AND HARRIET (M-7)

William And Harriet.

'Tis of a rich old gentleman in England did dwell,
He had but one daughter whom a farmer loved well,
Because she was handsome and loved him so true,
Her father he wanted her to bade him adieu.

She said Dearest father I'm not so inclined,
As to drive this young farmer right out of my mind
Then it's unruly daughter, confined you shall be,
While I send this young farmer right over the sea.

Then it's my dearest Willy, along with you I'll go,
Since my cruel father has served you so,
To pass as your shipmate I'll do all I can,
And with you I will venture like a jovial sailor man.

She dressed as a sailor as near as could be,
And they both sailed together across the salt sea,
They both sailed together to some foreign shore,
And ne'er to old England returned any more.

As they were a-sailing to some foreign shore,
The wind on the ocean began for to roar.
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea,
And cast on an island was William and she.

They both walked together some place for to find,
There was nothing to eat and nowhere to lie
So they lay themselves down all on the cold round,
While the rain and the tempest made a terrible sound.

With night coming on and death drawing nigh,
They folded together intending to die,
As what pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu,
And now they lay slumbering like overs so true.

Now all you young maidens that pass by this way
One tear drop and pity when you point to the way,
Where young William and Harriet are slumbering in decay.

Edwards, Australian Folk Songs, p. 114. (Cooktown, 1969).

41. WILLIAM AND PHILLIS

(William and Phillis; Phillis
and Young William)

William and Phillis

Said William to young Phillis, how came you here
so soon?

You seem to love to ramble all in the month of June
The birds are singing charmingly so set you down by me
To view the lambkins playing all around the greenwood
tree.

She says that her parents object because he is a sailor, and she will "venture with [her] sailor." He says that he is going, and she is too frail to accompany him. She replies that she has clothing "already for the sea." They go, and "young Phillis did her duty." A storm arises, and they must "let a small boat down." After many hardships, they land on the coast of America, "good and friendly land."

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25242.17, VII, 88
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street, Leeds. (1855)
25242.17, XII, 51
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UCLA/Folklore Archive,
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#605

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Yale,

Ib57+t2, Misc. English BSS

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B. Folksong Versions

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Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., I, 373

III. COMMENTS

A number of broadside versions suggest that this
ballad be sung to the tune of William and Harriet.

WILLIAM AND PHILLIS

William And Phillis.

Tune,--William and Harriet.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

Said William to young Phillis, how came you here so soon?
You seem to love to ramble all in the month of June:
The birds are singing charmingly, so set you down by me
To view the lambkins playing all around the greenwood tree.

She said, my charming sailor my parents do mind
They said to wed so early, they thought it was (a shame)
My father has declar'd he'll prove your overthrow,
Because you are a sailor bold that ploughs the ocean thro'.

But I ne'er mind my father, although he threatens you
For though I am his daughter such usage will not do,
I will venture with my sailor no longer will I mourn
For you'll seldom find a better, when your old sweet-heart
is gone.

Said William, now the ocean has summon'd me away
I hope you'll change your notion, and with your parents stay.
It will hurt your constitution, your fingers is so (small)
So stay at home & do not roam our cable ropes to haul.

Said Phillis, I have clothing already for the sea,
So we will go together unto America;
And then we'll be united, and live so happily,
And talk about our tales of love, likewise the greenwood tree.

They both did go together, to sail the ocean wide;
Young Phillis did her duty, for William was her pride;
But mark their desolation, the wind began to blow,
The lightning flash'd the thunder roar'd, in fleaks down fell the
snow.

For three weeks on the ocean they were toss'd up & down
Their ship had lost her anchors, the masts away were blown
When short of provision & all prepared to die,
Young Phillis hung around her love, & bitterly did cry

Young William let the small boat down, and in it them did go,
Poor Phillis and young William all on the sea did row.
Their drink it was salt water, and that alone was sweet
They tore their clothing from their backs, for they had nought
to eat.

With thirst and cold and hunger they on their knees did pray
Midst lightning, rain and thunder they pass'd their time away,
At length upon a dismal night they were cast upon the strand,
On the coast of America, good and friendly land

They met with kind assistance, it did their health restore
And now they are united all on that fruitful shore.
They are happy in America, all in prosperity,
Young Phillis and young William down by the greenwood tree.

UCLA/SC #605

42. FAITHFUL ELLEN

Faithful Ellen

Farewell! dearest Ellen, the ocean now calls me,
To far distant shores o'er the wide crested foam,
Though I leave you behind my heart is still with you,
So do not despair though from you I roam;
For when I am sailing across the salt ocean,
The thoughts of my Ellen will comfort my mind;
I will return to my dearest in the height of promotion
So grieve not at parting to you I'll prove kind.

She urges him to stay, but he says that her parents slight him because he is a sailor. "Arrayed like a sailor," she goes with him and serves for "two years and a-half." Returning to England, she goes to her father and asks his forgiveness and consent to their marriage. The captain "gave her away" at the wedding, and "now 20 bright thousand a-year is her portion," as she, Henry and their children "dwell in a neat rural cottage."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

UCLA/Sp. Coll.,
#605

London:--Printed and Published by H.
Such, 123, Union Street, Boro'--S.E.
(1849-69)

FAITHFUL ELLEN

Faithful Ellen.

Tune,--Why did she leave him?

Farewell! dearest Ellen, the ocean now calls me,
To far distant shores o'er the wide crested foam,
Though I leave you behind my heart is still with you,
So do not despair though from you I roam;
For when I am sailing across the salt ocean,
The thoughts of my Ellen will comfort my mind;
I will return to my dearest in the height of promotion,
So grieve not at parting to you I'll prove kind.

O Henry, you know, 'tis a folly you're a going
When contented and happy you might be at home,
Why to foreign lands will you be a ranger,
When sad and so lonely I shall be when you're gone?
Your parents they slight me, 'cause I am a sailor;
That's the separation between you and me,
The anchor is weigh'd! I will brave every danger,
And try to find comfort on the green rolling sea.

Since you are fully bent, I will sail along with you,
I care not for my parents whatever they say;
I have sailors' clothing with you for to go,
To dress myself dearest, so now let us away.
Arrayed like a sailor she went with her lover;
Her duty she done--though her hands they were soft
She oft plumb'd the deep!--heav'd the lead!--weigh'd the anchor!
Like a true British sailor she went up aloft.

Now she is happy along with her lover,
Away from old England on some foreign shore,
She never regrets leaving father and mother,
She cries, "I'm content with the lad I adore!"
Two years and a a-half she was on the salt ocean,
Like a true British hero she fought on the main;
At length orders came for to sail to old England,
Then with her young Henry returned home again.

To her father went Ellen in seaman's apparel,
To crave his forgiveness I now do confess,
I then did agree with my Henry to travel,
Across the salt seas, at home I could not rest,
To leave me behind--I loved him so dearly,
That's the reason, dear father, I went o'er the main;
Now all that I crave is the hand of my Henry,
For him I have suffered great danger and pain.

Then her father agreed they should be united,
So to church they repaired the very next day,
In wedlock now joined may their hopes ne'er be blighted,
The captain they sailed with he gave her away.
Now twenty bright thousand a-year is her portion,
Their children caressing and climbing each knee,
Contented they dwell in a neat rural cottage,
And Ellen she oft talks how she braved the sea.

London:--Printed and Published by H. Such,
123, Union Street, Boro--S.E.

UCLA/SC #605

43. CAROLINE AND HER YOUNG SAILOR BOLD (N-17)

(Caroline and Her Young Sailor Bold; The Young Sailor Bold; The Nobleman's Daughter; Caroline and Her Young Sailor Boy; A Rich Nobleman's Daughter; Young Caroline and the Sailor; Caroline and Her Young Sailor Boy)

It is of a nobleman's daughter,
So comely and handsomely near,
Her father possessed of great fortune,
Full thirty-five thousand a year;
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline is her name, we are told,
One day from her drawing-room window,
She admired a young sailor so bold.

She proposes to him, but he advises against the match because her parents "are bound to mind" and "on sailors there is no dependence." She insists, dresses herself "like a young sailor," and goes with him for two-and-a-half years during which time "her duty she done like a sailor." When they return to England she goes to her father who faints and then gives his permission to marry upon recovering. Caroline and her sailor wed, and she receives a "portion in gold."

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Whitten, 91

Chilton, 152
Purslow, Foggy Dew, 12
Stubbs, Life of Man, 22

Greig, Folk-Song of North-East, CLXIII
Greig-Duncan, 469, no. 176

Ceol, II, 62
Topic 12T182 (recording)

C. Manuscript Versions

Huntington, 103

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 211

Wilgus-Long

Wolf No. 1614

CAROLINE AND HER YOUNG SAILOR BOLD (N-17)

The Young Sailor Bold.

It is of a nobleman's daughter,
So comely and handsome we hear,
Her father possessed a great fortune,
Full thirty five thousand a year,
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline was her name we are told
And one day from her drawing room window
She admired a young sailor bold.

His cheeks they appeared like two roses
His hair was as black as a jet,
Young Caroline watched his departure
Walked round and young William she met,
She said I'm a nobleman's daughter,
Possesst of ten thousand in gold
I'll forsake both my father and mother,
To wed with a young sailor bold,

Said William, young lady, remember
Your parents you're bound for to mind
And on sailors there is no dependence,
When their lovers are left far behind
Be advised, stay at home with your parents
And do by them as you are told,
And never let any one tempt you,
To wed with a young sailor bold

She said there's no one shall persuade me,
One moment to alter my mind,
But I'll ship and proceed with my true love
He never shall leave me behind,
Then she drest like a gallant young sailor
Forsock both her parents and gold,
Two years and a half on the ocean,
She ploughed with her young sailor bold

Three times with her love she was shipwrecked
And always proved constant and kind
Her duty she done like a sailor,
Went aloft in her jacket so blue
Her father long wept and lamented
From his eyes tears in torrents long rolled,
When at length they arrived safe in England
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Caroline went straightway to her father
In her jacket and trowsers so blue.
He received her and momentarily fainted,
When first she appeared to his view,
She cried my dear father forgive me,
Deprive me for ever of gold
Grant me my request I'm contented
To wed with my young sailor bold,

Then her father admired young William,
And vowed in sweet unity,
If life did him spare to the morning,
Together they married should be.
They were married and Caroline's portion
Was two hundred thousand in gold
So now they live happy and cheerful
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Pitts, Printer, 6, Great St. Andrew-street dials

University of Kentucky, Vol. V, p. 50.

CAROLINE AND HER YOUNG SAILOR BOLD (N-17)

A Rich Nobleman's Daughter

There was a rich nobleman's daughter,
So handsome, as I've been told,
One day from her drawingroom window
She spied a young sailor so bold.
His cheeks they seemed like two roses,
His hair was black as a jet.
She waited and sought his departure,
Walked down to young William, and said:

'I'm a rich nobleman's daughter,
Worth thirty-five thousand in gold.
I'd forsake my old father and mother
To wed with a young sailor bold.'
'Advice: stay home, young Caroline;
Your parents you are bound to mind.
In sailors there's no dependence;
They leave their true lovers behind.'

'You need not persuade me one minute
Or try to alter my mind.
I'll dress in pursuit of my sailor;
He never shall leave me behind.'
She dressed like a gallant young sailor,
Forsalt her old parents and gold.
Three years and a half on the ocean
She spent with her young sailor bold.

Three times these true lovers were shipwrecked.
She always proved constant and true.
Her duty she did as a sailor
When aloft in her jacket of blue.
When returning home to old England,
Caroline and her young sailor true,
Straight home she went to her parents
With her jacket and trousers of blue.

'Forgive me, dearest parents,
And do not deprive me of gold.
How happy I'll be, contented
To wed with my young sailor bold.'
Her parents admired young William,
Bound down in sweet unity,
Saying, 'You both live till tomorrow morning,
Both married together shall be.'

44. THE SOLDIER'S DELIGHT

The Soldier's Delight, or
The She Voluntier.

Being a True and Faithful Narative of a certain
Young Lover, who Courting a scornful Mistress,
went discontented into the Army; and she, repenting
of her unkindness, to recompense the Soldier's
affection, disguised her sex and Listed her self
Voluntier.

Tune of Amoret and Phillis

A young man lately lov'd a Lass, of beauty so renown'd,
That she her sexe's glory was, and all their virtues
crown'd.

The grace and envy of the Plains she singly did comprize,
Still he addrest, still she disdains, and thus distrest
he cryes,

And thus distrest he cryes:--

Discontented with his unresponsive mistress, the young man goes into the army. Repenting her disinterest, the woman sends him a conciliatory letter in Flanders, to which he replies disdainfully. "Manly Rigg'd," she goes to Flanders after him serving as a drummer.

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II. CATALOGUES

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THE SOLDIERS DELIGHT, OR THE SHE VOLUNTIER

The Soldiers Delight, or the She Voluntier.

Being a True and Faithful Narative of a certain Young Lover, who Courting a scornful Mistress, went discontented into the Army; and she, repenting of her unkindness, to recompense the Soldier's affection, disguised her sex and Listed her self Voluntier.

Tune of Amoret and Phillis, With Allowance.

A young man lately lov'd a Lass, of beauty so renown'd,
That she her sexe's glory was, and all their virtues crown'd.
The grace and envy of the Plains she singly did comprize,
Still he address, still she disdains, and thus distrest he cries,

And thus distrest he cries:--

Ye Powers above, if such there be, what anger rules her breast?
She treats me so disdainfully, with sorrows so opprest,
My bleeding heart requires relief, but when I urge my suit,
And speak the language of my grief, Alas! why stands she mute?

Alas! why stands she mute?

I'le ne'r, said she, be so unkind, at least I'le speak to thee,
But pity thee that thou thy mind hast so confin'd to me;
And know, fond Swain, who ere thou art, my Love thou can'st not fear
Take wholesome counsel in good part, Learn early to despair!

Learn &c.

The scornful answer she returnd he highly did resent
He with another passion burnd and did of Love repent.
Yet indignation never cou'd Love totally controul
But still affection still renew'd And still torments his soul

And still, &c.

Then since said he my griefs are so I linger life in vain
My death shall put an end to woe least life prolong my pain.
To follow fate far nobler 'tis in going to the war
Than courting a disdainful Misse To languish in despair.

To &c.

He thus his resolution spake and bannisht quite his fear
And for his King and Countries sake he went a Voluntiere.
Quoth he my cruel fate adieu to live by killing French
Is nobler fortune of the two than court a scornful wench.

than &c.

And as for Flanders he design'd it griev'd the tender maid
That she a Love so fair and kind with hatred had repaid.
She curst her tongue that first deny'd she curst her cruel Eyes
Repented that she not comply'd and so repenting cries

and so &c.

Return she said and pittie take on her that mourns for thee
Think on thy self when for my sake thou wast in misery.
As thou desiredst when in grief to have thy grief remov'd
O send O send me some relief and let me be belov'd,
and &c.

A Soldier girt in Bandeliers clad cap a pe in red
That grieves a tender Virgin fears deserves to lose his head,
It shan't be said among the French an Englishman at home,
Was in his Armor by a wench with kindness overcome
with kindness &c.

But when the Soldier had return'd this answer to the maid
Her kindnesses more vehement burn'd her soul was more dismaid.
Diseases desperate must be cur'd by remedies as bad
Or else the pangs must be endured, when no cure can be had
when no cure be had.

Now her invention goes to work and all her arts conspire
To call her wndering Lover back or kindle his desire.
But hopeless to obtain the first her project their despairs
Resolves to venture on the Ark and follow to the wars
and follow &c.

She speedily was manly Rigg'd quite from the skin to skirt
Made of her hair a Perriwig & of her smock a shirt.
Instead of Quoif a hat she sought, for gown a doublet spoke
For Bodice she a waistcoat bought for Pettycoats a Cloke
for &c.

Her tenderfeet wore clouted shoes her Girdle was a Belt
Instead of Spits a Sword she chose Instead of towre a felt.
And thus being drest from top toth toe she valiantly did come
Along with Soldier to the foe upon the beat of Drum
upon the &c.

And now she is to Flanders gone with her beloved mate
So great was her affection to run so hard a fate.
You damsels all take rule by her at first be not too coy
Least through disdainig to the war your Lovers run away
your &c.

You young men all take rule by this if maidens dare do so
You shou'd much more neglect your Miss to fight a forreign foe.
For if you fight not whilst you can it will be poorly said
That the Courageous Englishman was vanquisht by a maid.

Printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.

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45. PHILADELPHIA LASS

(Philadelphia Lass; Mary in Search of Her
Lover; Billy from America; A Much Admired
Song Called Billy from America; The Uncon-
stant Lover)

It was on a summer's morning all in the month of May,
Down by those flowery gardens I carelessly did stray,
I heard a damsel most grievously to complain,
Saying William has gone and left me to plough the
raging main.

She mourns and then says "tarry jacket and blue trowsers"
she will put on for her love. She will bid farewell to her
father and mother and sail to America in search of William.
"On the first of March" a storm arises, and she bids "fare-
well to faithless William" whose face she "ne'r will see."
On the third of March the storm "did fall low," and the
captain cried, "We have not far to go." They land in
Philadelphia, and Mary finds William and "all sorrows bid
adieu." He welcomes her and says that since she "proved
so loyal so constant and true," he will marry her and
"all sorrows bid adieu."

I. SOURCES

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(1829-37)
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(c.1855)

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Royal Irish Academy,
*3.C.37
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University of Kentucky,
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B. Folksong Versions

National Library of Ireland,
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II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

THE PHILADELPHIA LASS

The Philadelphia Lass

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

It was on a summer's morning all in the month of May,
Down by those flowery gardens I carelessly did stray,
I heard a damsel most grievously to complain,
Saying William has gone & left me to plough the raging main.
With doleful lamentations & melancholy cries,
The tears ran down her rosy cheeks all from her chrystal eyes,
Saying William faithless William you have left me here to mourn,
You have gone unto America & left me a bird alone
Tarry jacket and blue trowsers for my love I will put on,
And I will sail to America as speedily as I can,
Saying farewell honour'd father likewise my mother too,
I'm going to America sweet William to pursue.
It was on the first of March boys a storm did arise
The raging seas ran mountains high and dismal was the skies
Saying farewell faithless William your face I ne'r will see
I must lie in the briny sea my bride's bed for to be
It was on the third of March the storm did fall low,
Be of good cheer the captain cries we have not far to go,
The land of Philadelphia I certainly do see,
I hope we shall get safe on shore & not lie in the sea
The mariners cast anchor & now Mary's safe on shore,
She is gone to seek her William the lad that she adore,
When she beheld her William all sorrows bid adieu,
Saying William dearest William I have suffered hard for you.
Oh Mary dearest Mary you are welcome here on shore,
There is no other female but you I do adore
And since you proved so loyal so constant and true
We will go and get married and all sorrows bid [adieu].

Princeton University/Rare Book Division, EX3598.847

46. ON BOARD OF A MAN-OF-WAR

On Board of a Man-of-War

As I roved out one evening in the Springtime of the
I overheard a maid complain for the losing of her
She says, I'm sore tormented and troubled in my mind,
Since my true love has gone to sea, no comfort can
I find.

She praises her beloved and says that she will sail with him on board a man-of-war. On Tuesday evening they go for a walk, and he promises not to leave her behind. The next morning she dresses in sailor's clothes and bargains with the captain to be his cabin boy for seven years. For seven years they sail, and now she has returned "to enjoy her darling swain."

I. SOURCES

B. Folksong Versions

S. Henry, no. 556

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

ON BOARD OF A MAN-OF-WAR

On Board of a Man-of-War.

As I roved out one evening in the Springtime of the year,
I overheard a maid complain for the losing of her dear;
She says, I'm sore tormented and troubled in my mind,
Since my true love has gone to sea, no comfort can I find.

My love's a gallant young man, dressed up in sailor's clothes,
My love's a gallant young man, his cheeks are like the rose;
He has two bright eyes like diamonds and they shine like any star
And with my true love I'll sail the seas on board of a man-of-war.

'Twas on a Tuesday evening when we both went out to walk,
I really thought my heart would break when he began to talk;
He clasped his hands around my waist, so loving and so kind,
Says he, Fair maid be not afraid, for I won't leave you behind.

Early the next morning this fair maid she arose,
She dressed herself in sailor's clothes from very top to toes,
And bargained with the captain her passage to go free,
For seven years to sail the seas a cabin boy to be.

We sailed the seas for seven years through stormy wind and cold,
But she dearly loved the sailor lad more better than land or gold,
But now she has returned to enjoy her darling swain,
And she bids adieu for evermore unto the raging main.

Sam Henry, No. 556.

47. HENRY AND MARY ANN

Henry and Mary Ann

Come all you loyal lovers and listen to a tale I will
Concerning a maiden fair and her young sailor bold.
As they conversed together, young Mary Ann did say,
Oh stay at home dearest Henry and do not go to sea,
And to leave me here brokenhearted your absence to bewail
For to think that you are tossed about by every wind and
So I'll leave my friends and parents and dress just like
With you I'll go and face the foe your own dear Mary Ann.

He objects to her going and declares he will be faithful.
They exchange declarations of love, and he leaves in the
morning while she stays behind. At sea he saves his capt-
ain's life. After three years he returns "to Erin's shore,"
receives fifty pounds from the captain, and marries Mary
Ann.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
National Library of Ireland BSS

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, I, 80

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
2297A2 (Mich., 1938)

HENRY AND MARY ANN

Henry and Mary Ann

Come listen you loyal lovers to a tale I will unfold,
Concerning a maiden fair and a young sailor bold--
As the conversed together young Mary Ann did say--
O stay my dearest Henry and do not go to sea.
And leave me here broken-hearted your absence to bewail,
And to think that you are tossed about by every wind and gale.
So I'll leave my friends and parents and dress just like a man,
With you I'll go and face the foe your own dear Mary Ann
O no my dearest Mary Ann to that I'll not agree,
For you to leave your parents to go along with me;
For when on board a man-of-war our love it might divide,
Perhaps some angry cannonball might stretch you by my side.
So stay at home my own dear girl and be advised by me
And rely upon the honour of your faithful Henry,
And when the war is over I'll return like a man
For to fulfil the vows I made to you my Mary Ann.
Then go my bonnie sailor my heart still beats for thee
O may kind heaven spare you life in dangerous you go through,
So do your duty manfully let virtue guide your hand
And return to bless your faithful girl your own dear Mary Ann
Farewell my dearest Henry since to sea you now must go,
To plough the raging ocean to face the daring foe.
O think upon your Mary Ann when on a foreign shore
You said there was none but me you ever did adore.
My love I'm sure I cannot chance be false I never.
One kiss my dear before we part,--I'll be true to Mary Ann
And Henry dearest Henry when you are far away,
Perhaps in dang of being drowned in the Atlantic Sea.
Let my memory cheer you in danger you go through,
Do you for ever think of me and I'll remember you.
So let neither rank nor fortune you affection ere trepan,
From the bosom of your faithful girl your own dear Mary Ann.
Then 'twas early the next morning just by the break of day
The order came to go on board and quick to sale away.
The boatswain cries all hands aloft, my lads come sail away
The Anchor's weighed our gallant ship sails through the bay.
Then to a foreign land, far away from home wee steer,
Some thinks on their sweet-hearts and on their parents dear
And each unto his prettygirls does toss the owning can.
Hurrah my boys young Henry cries here's a health to Mary Ann.

And when upon the ocean where the sea ran mountains high
Young Henry was the first aloft tall danger to defy
Respected by all his officers beloved by all his crew,
A smarter sailor never stepped nor wore a jacket blue,
It was his happy fortune his captain's life to save.
Upon the coast of Africa. while struggling with the wave;
He threw himself into the see where both about were tosed
If he'd delayed one moment more, their lives would have been lost,
The cruised about on different ports for three long years and more,
At length the order came on board to sail for Erin's shore
Until the land that gave them birth with all that they hold dear,
The danger's past the ship at last until the port does steer,
The ship is laid in harbour and then the jolly crew,
The gave three cheers at parting and each other bid adieu,
The Captain gave him (Henry) L50 the moment he did land
And that day young Henry married was unto his Mary Ann

Univ. of Kentucky, Vol. I, p. 80

HENRY AND MARY ANN

Henry and Mary Ann

Come all you loyal lovers a tale I will unfold
Concerning a young lady fair and a young sailor bold
As they both conversed together young Henry did say
Stay home my dear sailor lad, what makes you go away.
Do not leave me here heartbroken your absence to bewail
To think that you'd be tossed about by every wind and gale
And I will leave my parents and I'll dress just like a man
And with you I'll go and face the foe your own love Mary Ann.
Oh no, my dearest dear, to that I won't agree,
That you should leave your parents and go along with me,
Or perhaps on board a man of war where all dangers to abide
There some angry cannonball may lay you by my side.
So stay at home my dearest dear and be advised by me
Rely upon the honor of your faithful Henry.
And early the next morning just by the break of day,
The orders came unto Spithead for us to make haste away.
The Captain cried out hands on deck, my boys make haste away.
The anchors weighed, our gallant ship sailed proudly through the
bay.
And away out on the ocean far from friends and home did steer.
Some were thinking of their own true loves and more of their
parents dear.
And when he turned to his right hand to halt a falling can
Hooray, my boys, cried Henry, here's a health to Mary Ann.
While we cruised about through different parts
For three long years or more,
And one day the orders came on board to steer for England's shore.
Back to that land that gave us birth and those we held most dear.
(It was) the captain's happy fortune
The captain's life to save.
Whilst off the coast of Africay a struggling in the wave.
He plunged himself into the deep where by the waves were tossed.
And if the boat delayed one moment more the captain would be lost.
And now that we are landed and to see that gallant crew,
Bidding goodbye and parting and bidding each other adieu.
And the captain gave him 50 pounds the moment he did land,
And the very next day young Henry got married to Mary Ann.

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song 2297A2

(J. Green, Beaver Is., Michigan, 1938; Coll., A. Lomax)

48. BONNY MALLY STEWART

(Bonny Mally Stewart; Mally Stuart)

Bonny Mally Stewart

The cold winter is past and gone,
And now comes on the spring,
And I am one of the King's life-guards,
And I must go fight for my king, my dear,
And I must go fight for my king.

She requests to travel along with him dressed "in man's attire." He replies that he would not "for ten thousand worlds" have her "endangered." He says that he will do for her what she will not do for him, "put cuffs of black on [his] red clothes, and mourn till the day [he dies]." She says that she will do more, for she will "cut [her] hair and roll...bare, and mourn." He bids farewell saying that he is being sent to Germany. She seeks him "for seven lang years and mair." In the final stanza the "trooper" gives his "bridle-reins a shake" and bids "adieu for evermore."

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M. Randall, Stirling (1814-20)

Ford, Vagabond Songs, I, 207
Roxburghe Ballads, VIII-2, 784
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B. Folksong Versions

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25241.47F, Child MSS, I, 69

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II. CATALOGUES

Cleveland Public Library, 184

BONNY MALLY STEWART

Mally Stuart

The cold Winter is past and gone, and now comes on the Spring,
And I am one of the King's Life-guards, and must go fight for my King,
My Dear!

I must go to fight for my King.
Now since to the war you need to go, one thing, pray, grant to me:
That I dress my self in man's attire, and march along with thee,
My Dear!

To go through the world with thee.
Not for ten thousand pound, my Love, shall you to danger go.
The rattling drums and shining swords would cause you sorrow and woe,
My Dear!

They would cause you sorrow and woe.
Yet one thing for my Love, I will do, that she cannot do for me;
I'll wear black cuffs on my red coat sleeve, and mourn for her till
I die,

My Dear!
I will mourn till the day I die.
Nay, I will do more, for my true Love, than he will do for me;
I will cut my hair, my snood I will tear, and mourn for him till I die
My Dear!

And mourn till the day I die.
So farewell to my father and mother, farewell and adieu to you!
And farewell, my bonny Mally Stuart, the cause of all my woe,
My Dear!

The cause of all my woe.
When we leave bonny Stirling town, no more we sleep in tent;
For by the King we are order'd down, and to Ireland we are sent,
My Dear!

To Ireland we are sent.
So farewell, bonny Stirling town! from the maids we are forced to go;
And farewell, bonny Mally Stuart, the cause of all my woe,
My Dear!

The cause of all my woe.
She took the bauchels off her feet, the cockups frae her hair,
And she has tramped a weary gait, for seven lang years and mair,
My Dear!

For seven lang years and mair.

Some while she rade, some while she gaed, and syne she greeted sair;
But aye the ower-word she had sayd--Shall I see my Laddie mair?

My Dear!

Shall I see my bonny Laddie mair?

The trooper turn'd himself about, all on the Irish shore;
He has given the bridle-reins a shake, saying, "Adieu, for evermore,

My Dear!

Saying, "Adieu for evermore!"

Roxburghe Ballads, VIII-ii, p. 784

BONNY MALLY STEWART

All the Months in the Year To which are added...&c.
Stirling, Printed and Sold by M. Randall.

Bonny Mally Stewart.

The cold winter is past and gone,
and now comes on the Spring,
And I am one of the King's life-guards,
and I must go fight for my King, my dear,
and I must go fight for my King.

Now since to the wars you must go,
one thing I pray grant me,
It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
and I'll travel along with thee, my dear,
and I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds,
that my love endanger'd were
The rattling of drums and shining of swords,
will cause you great sorrow & wo, my dear,
will cause you great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,
that she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red clothes,
and mourn till the day I die, my dear,
and mourn till the day I die.

I will do more for my true love,
than she will do for me:
I will cut my hair and roll me bare,
and mourn till the day I die, my dear,
and mourn till the day I die.

So farewell my mother and father dear,
I'll bid adieu and farewell;
My sweet and bonny Mally Stewart,
you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
you're the cause of all my wo.

When we came into bonny Stirling town;
as we all lay in camp,
By the King's orders we were all taken,
& to Germany we were all sent, my dear,
and to Germany we were all sent.

When these wars are past and gone;
and I returning home:
And in a short time I will return again,
and hold you in my arms, my dear,
and hold you in my arms.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
and the maids therein also;
And farewell my bonny Mally Stewart,
you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
you're the cause of all my wo.

She took the slippers off her feet
and the cockups off her hair;
And she has taken a long journey,
for seven lang years and mair, my dear,
for seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rode sometimes she gade,
sometimes sat down to mourn;
And it was ay the o'ercome o' her tale,
Shall I e er see my bonny laddie come,
shall I e er see my bonny laddie come.

The trooper he turned himself about,
all on the Irish shore;
He has given the bridle reins a shake,
saying, adieu for ever more my dear,
saying, adieu for evermore.

Garret, A Right Choyse and Merry Book of Garlands, Vol. III
(UCLA/SC)

III. NARRATIVE BALLADS

A. Ballads of Parental Intervention in a Courtship (No. 49-70)

49. MAUDLIN, THE MERCHANT'S
DAUGHTER OF BRISTOL

(Maudlin, The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol;
Maudlin: or, the Merchant's Daughter of Bristol;
Fair Maudlin, or, the Merchant's Daughter of
Bristol; The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow;
Maudlin)

The Merchants Daughter of Bristow.

The tune is, the Maidens joy.

Behold the Touchstone of true Love,
Maudlin the Merchants daughter of Bristow Town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move,
This favor bears the lovely brown.

Maudlin, the merchant's daughter, and a "gallant youth" love each other, but because "he could not. . . win the favour of her friends," he goes to Italy. Maudlin "in teares spends the dolefull night" and decides "to follow her true love." Encountering some seamen she persuades a ship's master to disguise her as his ship's boy, telling him she is in search of her brother. Her parents discover that she is missing, and not recognizing her, engage her to look for their daughter. Arriving in Italy she goes to Padua where she finds her true love in prison, condemned to die for his Protestantism. After overhearing his declarations of love for "Maudlin," she puts on "maidens weede" and obtains service with a judge whom she approaches to set her "brother" free. The judge says that her "brother" must "turne" or die. She sends a mariner disguised as a friar to persuade her beloved to renounce his religion. Finding that he will not be persuaded, Maudlin decides to die with him. A fire is prepared for them, but the judges seeing this "faithful friendship," save them and send them back to England where the two lovers are wed amid great rejoicing.

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NACM+, Wood Coll. (facs.), II, 52

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Huth, 50 (9)
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Roxburghe I, c.20.f.7

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Euing Ballads, 334, no. 209
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336, no. 210
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Gilbertson. (1658-64)
338, no. 211
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Hindley, Roxburghe Ballads, II, 384
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II. CATALOGUES

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Lamson, "Behold"
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III. COMMENTS

Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas includes a reference to
"Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter" in Act III, Scene
3.

MAUDLIN, THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER OF BRISTOL

The Merchants Daughter of Bristow.

The tune is, the Maidens joy.

Behold the Touchstone of true Love,
Maudlin the Merchants daughter of Bristow Town,
Whose firm affection nothing could move,
This favor bears the lovely brown.
A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many years had born this maiden great good wil
She loved him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still,
The young man now perceiving well,
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrows to expell,
To view strange Countryes he intends,
And now to take his last farewell,
Of his true love his fair and constant Maudlin,
With Musick sweet that did excell,
He plaid under her window then,
Farewell quoth he my own true Love,
Farewell my dear and chiefest Treasure of my heart,
Through fortunes spight that false did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,
Into the Land of Italy,
There will I wail and weary out my life in wo,
Seeing my true Love is kept from me.
I hold my life a mortall foe;
Fair Bristow Town therefore adiew,
For Padua shall be my habitation now,
Although my Love doth rest in thee.
To whom alone my heart I vow.
With trickling tears thus did he sing,
With sighs and sobs discending from his heart full sore,
He said when he his hands did wring,
Farewell sweet Love for evermore,
Fair Maudlin from a window high,
Beholding her true Love with Musick where he stood.
But not a word she dirst reply,
Fearing her Parents angry mood.
In tears she spent that wofull night,
Wishing her self though naked with her faithfull Friend
She blames her friends and fortunes spight,
That wrought her love such luckless end.
And in her heart she made a vow,
Clean to forsake her country and her kindred all,
And for to follow her true love.

To abide all chance that might befall.
The night is gone and the day is come.
And in the morning very early did she rise,
She gets her down into a lower Room,
Where sundry Seamen she espyes.
A gallant Master among them all,
The Master of a great and goodly ship was he,
Who there was waiting in the Hall,
To speak with her Father if it might be,
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir said she and would you speak with any here,
Quoth he fair Maid therefore I do stand,
Then gentle sir I pray draw neer.
Into a pleasant parlor by,
With hand in hand she brings the Seaman all alone,
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moan,
She falls upon her tender knee,
Good sir said she now pittie you a womans wo.
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I to you my grief may show,
Sith you repose your trust he said,
In me who am unknown and eke a stranger here.
Be you assur'd most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appear,
I have a brother then quoth she,
Whom as my life I love and favor tenderly.
In Padua alas is he,
Full sick God wot and like to dye,
Full fain I would my brother see.
But that my Father will not yeeld to let me go,
Therefore good sir be good to me,
And unto me this favour show;
Some ship boyes Garment bring to me,
That I disguis'd may go unknown,
And unto Sea Ile go with thee.
If thus much favour might be shown,
Fair maid quoth he take here my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same Land.
And in that place that you require.
She gave him then a tender kiss,
And saith to him your servant Master will I be;
And prove your faithfull friend for this,
Sweet master then forget not me,
This done as they had both agreed,
Soon after that before the break of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Therein her self she did array,

And ere her Father did arise,
 She meets her Master as he walked in the hall.
 She did attend on him likewise,
 Untill her Father did him call,
 But ere the Merchant made an end,
 Of all his weighty matters he had then to say,
 His wife came weeping in with speed,
 Saying our Daughters gone away,
 The Merchant then amaz'd in mind,
 Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child quoth she.
 But I well wot I shall him find
 At padua in Italy
 With that bespake their master brave
 Worshipfull merchant thither goes this pretty youth,
 And any thing that you would crave,
 he will performe and write the truth,
 Sweet youth quoth he if it be so,
 Bear me a leter to the English merchant ther
 and gold on thee I will bestow,
 My daughters welfare I do fear,
 her mother took her by the hand,
 Fair youth quoth she if ere thou dost my daughter see,
 Let me therefore soon understand,
 and there is twenty crowns for thee,
 Thus through the daughters strange disguise;
 The mother knew not when she spake unto her child,
 and after her master stright she hyes,
 Taking her leave with countenance mild,
 Thus to the Sea fair Maudlins gone,
 With her gentle master God send them a merry wind.
 Where we awhile must let them alone,
 Till you the second part do find.
 Welcome sweet Maudlin from the Seas,
 where bitter storms and tempests do arise
 The pleasant banks of Italy
 You may behold with mortall eyes
 Thanks gentle master then said she,
 A faithful friend in sorrow thou hast been,
 If fortune once do smile on me.
 My gentle heart shall soon be seen.
 blesst be the land that feeds my love
 blest be the place whereas his person doth abide
 No triall will I stick to prove
 Whereby my true-love may be tried.
 Now will I walk with joy full heart
 To view the town whereas my darling doth remain
 And seek him out in every part,
 Untill his sight I do obtain.
 And I quoth he will not forsake.

Sweet Maudlin in her sorrows up and down
 In wealth or wo thy part ile take,
 And bring thee safe to padua town
 And after many weary steps
 In Padua they safe arrived at the last
 For very joy her heart it leaps
 She thinks not on her sorrows past
 Condemn'd to die he was alas
 Except he would from his Religion turn,
 but rather then he would to masse
 In fiery flames he vow'd to burn.
 Now doth sweet Maudlin weep and wail,
 Her joy is turn'd to weeping sorrow grief and care,
 For nothing could her complaints prevail,
 For death alone must be his share.
 She walks under the prison walls
 Where her true love did lie and languish in distresse
 When wofully for food he calls
 When hunger did his heart oppresse.
 he sighs and sobs and makes great moan,
 Farewell sweet love for evermore.
 And all my friends that have me known,
 In bristow town with wealth and store,
 but most of all farewell quoth he
 My own sweet Maudlin whom I left behind.
 For never more thou shalt me see.
 Wo to thy father most unkind,
 how well were I if thou wert here
 With thy fair hands to close these my wretched eies
 My torments easie would appear
 My soul with joy should scale the Skies.
 When Maudlin heard her Lovers Moan,
 here eies with tears her heart with sorrow filled was
 To speak with him no means was known
 Such grievous doom on him did passe.
 Then she put off her lads attire
 her maidens weed upon her back she seemly set
 To the judges house she did inquire.
 And there she did a service get
 She did her duty there so well
 But eke so prudently she did herself behave
 With her in love her master fell,
 His servants favour he doth crave,
 Maudlin quoth he my hearts delight,
 To whom my heart in affection is tied,
 breed not my death through thy despight,
 A faithfull friend thou shalt me find
 O grant me thy love fair maid quoth he

And at my hands desire what thou canst devise
 And I will grant it unto thee
 Whereby thy credit may arise.
 I have a brother sir said she
 For his Religion is now condemn'd to dye.,
 In loathsome prison he is cast
 Opprest with grief and misery
 Grant me my brothers life she said
 And now to you my loue and liking wil I giv:
 that may not be quoth he fair maid
 Except he turn he cannot live
 an English Fryer there is she said
 Of learning great and passing pure of life
 Let him to my brother be sent
 and he will finish soon the strife.
 Her master granted her request
 The Marriner in Friars weed she did array
 And to her love that lay distrest
 She did a letter soon convey.
 When he had read these gentle lines
 his heart was ravished with present joy
 Where now she is full well he knew
 The Fryer likewise was not coy
 but did declare to him at large
 The enterprize his love for him had taken in hand
 The young man did the Fryar charge
 His love should straight depart the land
 here is no place for her he said,
 But wofull death and danger of her life,
 Professing truth I was betraid,
 And fearfull flames must end the strife.
 For ere I will my faith deny
 and swear myself to folow damned anti-christ
 Ile yield my body forto die.
 To live in heaven with the highest
 O sir the gentle Frier said
 a wofull match quoth he is amnde
 Where Christ is left to win a wife.
 When she had us'd all means she might
 To save his life and yet all would not be,
 then of the judge she claim'd her right
 to die the death as well as he.
 When no perswasion could prevail
 Nor change her mind in any thing that she had said
 She was with him condemn'd to dye
 and for them both one fire was made.
 Yea arm in arm most joyfully
 these lovers twain unto the fire did go
 The Marriner most faithfully

Was likewise partner of this wo.
but when the judges understood
The faithfull friendship did in them remain
thy sav'd their lives and afterwards
to England sent them back again
Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy
and faithfull lovers have their herts desire
their pains so well they did imploy
God granted that they did desire.
aud when they did to England come
and in merry bristow arrived at the last
Great joy there was to all and some
that heard the dangers they had past
Her father he was dead Got wot
and eke her mother was joyfull at her sight
Their wishes she denied not.
but wedded them to hearts delight.
Her gentle master she desired.
to be her father and at church to give her then
It was fulfill'd as she requir'd
Unto the joyes of all good men.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

Euing Ballads, No. 210, p. 336.

50. ISLE OF WIGHT

(Isle of White, A Garland in Three Parts;
The Outlandish Lady's Love to an English
Sailor in the Isle of Wight)

The Isle of White, a Garland.

To the Tune of, O my dearest Dear.

From the Isle of White I have brought to light,
A young damsel born of noble blood,
Drest in man's attire, and she did inquire
After her true love, 'till understood.
Now this gallant dame from fair France she came,
And hath took upon her for to rove,
For I heard her say, crying night and day,
O my father sent away my love.
He was too severe to my dearest dear,
Because he belong'd unto the main,
I have travel'd round to all seaport towns,
Thinking for to meet my love again.
When first I beheld my dear English Will,
I was wounded to the heart I swear.
Although he was bound, guarded through the town,
Taken prisoner by our privateer.

She falls in love with the sailor, writing him a letter "with trembling quill." She knows her father would disapprove. The sailor returns a letter to her saying that he is "a seaman born of mean degree," and her father would hang him should they court. After reading his letter, the daughter goes to the prison. Her father hears of the courtship and reproves her. She says that "tis not riches, but the tarry breeches [she intends] to make [her] heart's delight." The daughter is sent to her room. Her father, procuring a hanged man's body, tells his daughter that it is her sailor, but her waiting maid reveals the truth to her telling her that her love has been sent across the sea. "Drest in man's attire" she goes in search of him. In Newport on the "Isle of White" she finds him, reveals herself, and they marry. Returning to France she goes "in man's attire" to her father's door. Inquiring about herself, she is told by her father that his daughter is dead. When her father reveals his remorse, she makes herself known to him, and all rejoice "with pipe and drum."

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25276.2, III, 21
Belfast. Printed by James Magee,
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pEB75P4128C, no. 124
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Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office
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II. CATALOGUES

"Catalogue of Maps, &c...Printed and Sold by
William and Cluer Dicey...1754," Bodleian MS
258.c.109, reproduced in Thomson,"Development,"
292

Harvard,
25241.44, "Alphabetical Catalogue of Garlands
Collected by John Bell of Newcastle," p. 12

ISLE OF WIGHT

The Outlandish Lady's Love To An
English Sailor In The Isle Of Wight.

From the isle of Wight I have brought to light
A young virgin born of noble blood:
Dress'd in man's attire, and she did enquire
After her true love, 'tis understood.
Now this gallant dame from fair France she came,
And hath took upon her for to rove:
And I heard her say, lamenting night and day,
Cruel father, to separate our love!
He was too severe to thee, my dearest dear,
Because that he belonged to the main
I have travell'd round to each sea-port town,
Thinking for meet my love again.
When I first beheld my dear English Will,
I was woanded to the heart I swear.
Altho' he was bound, guarded thro' our town,
Taken prisoner by our privateer.
When he passed by, on him I cast an eye,
With a trembling heart I could not stand.
Then these words I said to our chambermaid,
Oh! how I could love that Englishman!
I could find no rest, 'till I had exprest,
So then I goes to our chambermaid,
With my trembling quill there I wrote my fill,
And to him my sorrows did relate.
The daughter of a knight, Sir, these words doth write,
Sir, to you a stranger unto me.
Tho' your person's mean, still it shall be seen,
That the god Cupid he hath woanded me.
If my father knew, then we both should rue,
And in a passion kill us both, I fear.
But to what is penn'd strait an answer send,
Here in private to your dearest dear.
When these lines he read, then these words he said,
Sure the gods above are not not severe.
For blessed is the time that I was confin'd,
And was sent to town a prisoner here.
I this answer send to the lines you've penn'd,
Virtuous madam, born of high degree,
Why should you adore a brisk seaman poor?
Sure that never, never yet can be.

You an heiress great born to a vast estate,
I am a man that's born of mean degree.
Dear madam, draw your love, by the powers above,
If your father knew he would hang me.
When these lines she read, then these words she said,
Oh, that Cupid ne'er had wounded me!
To the prison she goes immediately,
Where she at the door did knocking stand,
And these words did say, Let me in I pray,
For to speak unto this Englishman?
Then the turnkey he takes this fair lady,
To a chamber where they might meet;
And the prisoner he came immediately,
Falling down beneath the lady's feet.
The lady with her charms, catch'd him in her arms,
And said, Thou dearest turtle-dove,
Hero of the sea, come now pity me,
That am wounded by the god of love.
Since you declare your mind, I'll not be unkind,
By the powers above I'll speak it here.
May I never thrive, nor prosper here alive,
If that I prove false unto my dear.
So these lovers part with a constant heart,
Shedding tears by their faith and troth,
And the turnkey he wept most bitterly,
All to see the love between them both.

PART II.

The second part I write of this lady bright,
For the truth I mean thus to unfold:
Tho' it's full of pain, trouble, grief, and moan,
Sure the like before was never told.
When this lady she thought she had been free,
Then began her anguish, grief, and woe,
Her father came to hear, that she loved dear
A young English sailor mean and low.
Then her father said to her waiting-maid,
Go and call my daughter to me here.
For I do declare, and solemnly do swear,
That I'll part her love and her he'er fear.
Then this gallant dame to her father came,
Are you come, dear madam, then said he;
By my faith and troth I will part you both,
You shall not disgrace your family.
We have peers in France can your fame advance,
Come a-courting to you day and night.
Father, 'tis not riches, but the leather breeches,
I intend to make my heart's delight.

When these words she spoke him she did provoke,
And in a passion he his rapier drew;
But her mother she came immediately,
Or else he would have run her thro'-and-thro'.
But this was her doom, to be shut in her room,
Like a prisoner there for to remain.
And the seaman he was at liberty,
Unto Old England to return again.
Then her father he in his cruelty,
Went and begg'd a hanged man, we hear.
Then cut off his head, and these words he said,
Here come now and take your English dear.
When the lady she saw the dead body,
Oh! that I had dy'd, my dear, for thee.
And being in despair, she tore her lovely hair.
Sure never wretch was so distress'd as me.
And, as I was told, she kiss'd the body cold,
It would have griev'd a stony heart to see.
Then her waiting maid that had her betray'd,
Cry'd, Pardon, pardon, good lady.
For I do declare, and solemnly do swear,
This body is none of your dear love.
For your father he sent him beyond the sea.
But where I know not by the powers above.
Is it true, said she, that you speak to me?
Yes, madam, as true as I am here.
Then that very night, this fair lady bright,
Got out of the chamber window clear.
Then away she went, being discontent,
Ever since she has been on the search.
Dress'd in man's attire, and she did enquire
For her love that she loved so much.
Then the lady she cross'd over the sea,
Where she into fair England came,
Anst had travell'd round most part of the ground,
Ever since she from her father came.
She like a man was drest, and I do protest
As she travell'd to the Isle of Wight;
As she walked round about Newport-town,
There she chanc'd to meet her heart's delight.
Saying, Dearest dear, I'm glad to meet you here:
I am the daughter of that noble knight.
What my love, said he, that bright French lady?
Yes, quoth she, my love and heart's delight.
Now, I will relate, they were marry'd strait,
And so here I do conclude my song.
And let lovers all, then both great and small,
Praise her constancy with heart and tongue.

PART III.

My dearest dear, said she now we marry'd be,
Unto fair France we both again will go.
With all my heart, he cry'd, my only sweet bride,
To what you crave I will not answer No.
Then they cross'd the main to fair France again,
And when they arrived on the shore,
Dress'd in man's array, then she went away,
With her true lover to her father's door.
Then this lady bright knock'd with all her might,
'Till her father unto the door came;
Asked who knock'd there, then this lady fair
In this manner spoke, and said to him:
Sir, I am one who is come to let you know
What is become of your daughter dear.
Young man, her father said, she's dead I'm afraid
For I have not seen her these two years.
Sir, your daughter bright, in the Isle of Wight,
Not two weeks ago I did see.
And I do declare she is marry'd there,
Unto that young man you sent from she.
And in tears one day, I heard her to say,
If my father comes and finds us here,
There is no other hope but he with a rope
Will have us both hanged up I fear.
If these words be true that proceed from you,
Heaven did decree it I declare,
And for joy they live guineas I will give,
To enjoy them both I now do swear.
Then this lady she, and her husband he,
Pitch'd upon their bended knees straitway,
She said to him, Father, I am your daughter,
Give to us your blessing, we now pray.
With that her father gaz'd like a man amaz'd,
On her, to hear such words as these.
And as he did her view, from eyes there flew
Great drops of tears as big as any peas.
So her father then took her by the hand,
And embraced her, and thus did cry,
Since you my blessing crave you shall it have,
I will own you both until I die.
Then with free consent in-a-doors they went,
And for joy his daughter she was come,
They drowned sorrow quite, and both day and night,

They rejoiced all with pipe and drum.
Now to conclude, I may venture for to say,
These words, and not mistaken be;
There are but few do prove so constant in love,
As this young sailor and this French lady.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

Harvard, PEB 75 P4128 C, No. 244

51. THE SEAMAN OF DOVER

(The Seaman of Dover; The Maidstone
Garland; The Sailor of Dover)

The Seaman of Dover

A Seaman of Dover, whose excellent parts
For wisdom and learning, had conquer'd the hearts
Of many young damsels of beauty so bright;
Of him this new ditty in brief I shall write.

Ruth, "a squire's daughter," falls in love with Henry, and they plan to marry. A maid reveals the plan to her father who confines the daughter to her chamber. The seaman comes to her window saying that he is going to Spain. In Spain he mourns for Ruth but soon meets a rich Spanish lady, marries her, and is clothed in garments "glorious and great." Meanwhile, Ruth has been confined "a twelvemonth or more" but is finally set free. She dresses in "seaman's apparel" and sails to Spain. Walking down the street in "Calais" she sees Henry and the Spanish lady. Ruth weeps, saying that she will never return to England. Suddenly, the Spanish lady dies leaving Henry wealthy. Ruth goes to him and reveals herself, and his "sorrows are mingled with joy." They return to England where, in "a mariner's suit," Henry goes to Ruth's parents inquiring for her. The parents weep and repent their treatment of her. Henry invites them to his wedding, not telling them that he is marrying their daughter. They attend and recognize Ruth "by a certain mole." All rejoice, and "full seven long days then in feasting they spent."

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A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25274.2, XXXVII, 3
Sheffield: Printed by John Garnet, in the
Castle-green Ma-----52 (1752)
- 25274.2, XXXVII, 7
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Castle-green Ma-----52 (1752)
- 25274.2, XXXVII, 25
Sheffield: Printed by John Garnet, in the
Castle-green Ma-----52 (1752)
- pEB75P4128C, no. 241
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London. (1763-75)
- 25242.4, I, 43
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(1736-63)

Uncat. BSS, IV

Uncat. BSS, IV

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Ib58Td1

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C. Manuscript Versions

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25252.8, 169

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Halliwell, Catalogue of Proclamations, 49, no. 318 and
129, no. 935-951

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25241.44, "Alphabetical Catalogue of Garlands
Collected by John Bell of Newcastle," 17 and 24

National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, Catalogue of
Lauriston Castle Chapbooks, 94 and 205

THE SEAMAN OF DOVER

The Seaman of Dover.

A Seaman of Dover, whose excellent parts
For wisdom and learning, had conquer'd the hearts
Of many young damsels of beauty so bright;
him this new ditty in brief I shall write.
And shew of his turnings and windings of fate,
His passions and sorrows so many and great
And how he was blessed with love at last,
When all the rough storms of troubles was past.
Now to be brief, I shall tell you the truth,
A beautiful lady whose name was Ruth,
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich in Kent,
Proves all his heart's treasure, his Joy and content.
Unknown to her parents in private they meet,
Where many love lessons they'd often repeat.
With kisses and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love, thus gained the prize.
She said, I consent to be thy sweet bride,
Whate'er becomes of my fortune she cry'd,
The frowns of my father I never will fear,
But freely go thro' the world with my dear.
A jewel he gave in token of love,
And vow'd by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning; but they were deceiv'd,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid.
She told her parents that they were agreed,
With that they fell in a passion with speed.
And said, 'Ere a seaman their daughter should have,
They had rather follow her corpse to the grave.
The lady was strait to her chamber confined.
Here long she continu'd in sorrow of mind:
And so did her love for the loss of his dear.
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe.
When long he had mourn'd for his love and delight,
Just under the window he came in the night,
And sung forth this ditty, My dearest farewell,
Behold in this nation no longer I dwell,
I'm going from thence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because I am willing that you should obtain
Your freedom once more, for my heart will break
If longer thou liest confin'd for my sake.

The words which he utter'd, caused her to weep
Yet nevertheless she was forced to keep
Thus silence that minute, that minute for fear,
Her honour'd father and mother should hear.

PART II.

Soon after bold Henry he enter'd on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And brought him with speed to the kingdom of Spain,
There he with a merchant some time did remain.
Who finding he was both faithful and just,
Prefer'd him to places of honour and trust,
He made him as great as his heart could request.
Yet wanting his Ruth, he with grief was opprest.
So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd,
Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield,
In private he often would weep and lament,
For Ruth, the fair beautiful lady of Kent.
Now while he lamented the loss of his dear,
A lady of Spain did before him appear,
Deck'd with rich jewels both costly and gay,
Who earnestly sought for his favour that day.
Said she, Gentle swain, I am wounded with love,
And you are the person I honour above,
The greatest of nobles that ever was born,
Then pity thy sorrowful tears, he reply'd,
And wish I were worthy to make thee my bride;
But lady thy grandeur is greater than mind,
Therefore I am fearful my heart to resign.
O never be doubtful of what will ensue,
No manner of danger will happen to you,
At my own disposal I am I declare,
Receive me with love, or destroy me with care.
Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
You are fit for some lord of noble degree,
That is able to keep up your honour and fame,
I am but a sailor from England I came,
A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
I have not werewith to maintain you withal;
Sweet lady, according to honour and state,
Now this is the truth that I freely relate.
The lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
And said with a smile, blessed be the land:
That bred such a noble brave seaman as thee,
I value no honour, thou'rt welcome to me.
My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Beside in possession a million of gold:
And thou shalt be a lord of whatever I have
Grant me but thy love; which I earnestly crave.

Then turning aside, to himself he replies,
I am courted with riches and beauty beside,
This love I may have; but my Ruth is deny'd,
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride.
The lady cloathed him glorious and great,
His noble deportment, both proper and strait,
So charmed the innocent eyes of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love.
Then marry'd they were without longer delay,
Now here we will leave them both glorious and gay,
To speak of fair Ruth, who in sorrow was left,
At home with her parents of comfort bereft.

PART III.

When under the window with an aching heart
He told his Ruth he soon must depart,
Her parents they heard and well pleased were,
But Ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care.
Now after her lover had quited the shore,
The kept her confin'd a twelvemonth or more.
And then they were pleased to set her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge.
To fly from a seaman as she would from death;
She promised she would with a trembling breath;
Yet nevertheless the truth you shall hear,
She found out a way to follow her dear.
Then taken her gold and her silver also,
In seaman's apparel away she did go:
And found out a master, with whom she agreed,
To carry her over the ocean with speed.
Now when she arriv'd at the kingdom of Spain
From city to city we travelled amain:
Enquiring everywhere for her love,
Who had been gone seven years and above.
In Calais as she walked along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happen'd to meet.
But in such a garb as she never had seen,
She look'd like an angel or beautiful queen
With sorrowful tears she turn'd herself aside,
My jewel is gone, I shall ne'er be his bride.
But nevertheless, tho' my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return back to England again.
But here in this place I will be confin'd,
It will be a joy and comfort to my mind,
To see him sometimes, tho' he thinks not of me,
Since he has a lady of noble degree.
Now while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
Of a sudden this beautiful lady she dy'd,
And tho' he was in the possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.

As he was expressing his piteous moan,
Fair Ruth came to him, and made herself known.
He started to see her, but seemed not coy,
Said he, Now my sorrows are mingled with joy.
The time of mourning he kept in Spain,
And then he came to Old England again:
With thousands and thousands, which he did possess,
Then glorious and gay was fair Ruth in her dress.

PART IV.

When over the seas to fair Sandwich he came,
With Ruth and numbers of persons of fame,
Then all did appear most splended and gay.
As if it had been a coronation day.
Now when they took up their lodgings, behold,
He stript off his coat of embroaider'd gold.
And presently borrows a mariner's suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute.
Before they were sensible he was great,
And when he came and knock'd at the gate,
He soon saw her father and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in his eyes.
To them with obeysance he modestly said,
Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid?
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excel,
I fear by your weeping that all is not well.
No, no, she is gone, she is utterly lost,
We have not heard of her this twelvemonth past,
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of despair.
I'm grieved to hear these sad tidings he said,
Alas! honest young man her father then said,
I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
When we this sorrow had never gone through.
Sweet Henry, made them this answer again
I am newly come from the kingdom of Spain,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
And am to be marry'd to-morrow, he cry'd.
And if you will go to my wedding said he,
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be,
They promis'd they would, and accordingly came
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame.
All deck'd in their jewels of rubies and pearls,
As equal companions of lords and earls.
Fair Ruth with her love were as gay as the rest
So they in their marriage were happily blest.
Now as they return'd from the church to an inn,
The father and mother of Ruth did begin
To know their daughter by a certain mole,
Altho' she was cloathed in garment of gold.

With transports of joy they flew to the bride,
O where hast thou been sweet daughter they cry'd?
Thy tedious absence hath grieved us sore,
As fearing, alas! we should see you no more.
Dear parents, said she, many hazards I run,
To fetch home my love, and your dutiful son
Receive him with joy, for 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth, he's enough of his own.
Her father reply'd and merrily smil'd,
He brought home enough as he brought home my child
A thousands times welcome you are I declare,
Whose presence disperses both sorrow and care.
Full seven long days then in feasting they spent
The bells in the steeples they merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestow'd on the poor.
The like of this wedding was never before.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London

Yale, Ib58Td1

52. THE LOYAL LOVERS GARLAND

The Loyal Lovers Garland

You lovers that know what to love doth belong,
Come draw near, and listen a while to my song,
What tho' it is strange it is certainly true,
It will shew what dangers true lovers go thro'.

A merchant's daughter is courted by "many rich squires" but is satisfied with none of them. Going aboard one of her father's ships, she falls in love with "a young sailor that was standing by." She calls him to her chamber. The young man comes, and she accuses him of finding a "diamond" that she had lost. When he runs, she flies to him giving him a kiss and saying that the diamond is her heart. He protests that his "fortune is poor," but she says that none shall have her but he. When the sailor must go to sea, he sends her a letter which her father intercepts. Flying into a rage, the father orders the sailor killed at sea. The ship captain, rather than killing him, leaves "Jemmy" stranded on an island. When the captain returns to England, he delivers a token from Jemmy to the merchant's daughter. "In man's attire," she arranges for passage to Virginia. Off the coast of Jamaica they stop at the island where Jemmy was abandoned. He meets them and reveals himself, and they take him to the ship where the merchant's daughter reveals herself to him. They return to England, and the daughter, still disguised, goes to her father and gives him a letter from "his daughter in Jamaica" who is "likely to die." The father repents his behavior, and the daughter reveals herself to him. The father consents to the wedding of the two lovers, and they are married "on the same day."

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A. Printed Versions

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pEB75P4128C, no. 148
Uncat. BSS, III

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C. Manuscript Versions

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II. CATALOGUES

"Catalogue of Maps, &c...Printed and Sold by William and Cluer Dicey...1754," Bodleian MS 258.c.109, reproduced in Thomson, "Development," 293

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III. COMMENTS

In Folk Songs from Newfoundland (p. 222) Karpeles includes a folksong version of the first section of this ballad. This version ends with the marriage of the couple after the scene in which the merchant's daughter accuses the sailor of stealing her "jewel" and then confesses her love. Because this version (which is entitled "The Rich Merchant's Daughter") does not include the female warrior motif, I have not incorporated it into my collection.

THE LOYAL LOVERS GARLAND

The Loyal Lovers Garland.

In Four Parts.

You lovers that know what to love doth belong.
Come draw near, and listen a while to my song,
What tho' it is strange it is certainly true,
It will shew what dangers true lovers go thro'.
A noble brave merchant in London did dwell,
He had a daughter, whose beauty did excel
All other lasses that liv'd far and near,
Now of her misfortune you soon shall hear.
Many rich squires of honour and fame
A courting unto this lady came;
But their offers and proffers did prove in vain,
For none could the least of her favour obtain
But as it fell out, upon a certain day
A ship for her father was just come from sea,
With some young ladies on board she did go,
The ship and the rich cargo to view.
Then among some others she cast her eye
Upon a young sailor that was standing by.
Young Cupid that moves all with his keen dart,
Not only tickled, but wounded her heart.
Her cheeks, which before were like roses red,
Where on a sudden much heavier then lead;
With a soul on fire, she came back on shore,
Being struck with a pain she ne'er felt before.
To her chamber she goes, and with languishing pain
She sat herself down, and began to complain;
Oh! Heaven, said she what a torment is love?
Without speedy help it may ruin with prove.
She ask'd of her maid, and she did say,
Dear Betty, advise me this minute I pray.
The torment of love is more than I can bear,
Oh! tell me how I can get clear.
The maid with blushes to her mistress said,
Have courage madam, and be not afraid;
With all you trust me, I will prove true,
And ever be constant, madam, unto you.
Then take this letter, and go to my dear,
And say, there is one must speak to him here,
Oh! do not delay it, the lady did cry,
Be quick, let me see him, or else I must die.

The young man was brought and to her he came.
At the first sight her heart was in a flame?
She turned round, and said is he come?
The sailor answered, Yes, that I am
She said, Don't you remember such a day,
That I came on board your ship to see?
Where I lost a diamond much better then gold,
And you have found it, as I am told.
The sailor seemed like one in amaze,
And she more stedfastly on him did gaze;
Cries, Madam, I hope you don't mean asa say,
Then in disconcent he was running away.
Then she flew to him and gave him a kiss,
And said I hope you don't take it amiss,
My heart's the diamond you got from me,
Then grant me love, or ruin'd I be.
He said, Great madam my fortune is poor,
And you have riches, wherefore I implore,
Don't deride my poverty, madam, said he,
For mocking is catching, we often do see.
Cries she, No, dearest, I am in truth.
And since we are both in the prime of our youth.
What tho' you are poor, and of mean degree.
Yet none in the world shall have me but thee.

PART II.

In love they remained. At last on a day,
The wind coming fair, he to sea must away;
And when they got to the port, we do hear,
He wrote a letter unto his dear.
But here's the misfortune, as I understand,
The letter come unto her father's hand;
Who reading the same, in a passion grew,
And in a rage to her chamber he flew.
He said, Good morrow, what are you there?
When did you hear from Jemmy your dear;
He's now at Barbadoes, and fit to come home.
Then get yourself ready against his return.
Was there no one fitting your husband to be,
But you must take such a beggar as he.
In a violent rage and passion he swore,
That she should never behold him more.
A letter he wrote, and away it did send
Unto Barbados, which did command,
To drown the sailor in the foaming main.
And not bring him to Old England again.
But when the captain the letter receiv'd
It melted his heart, and much he griev'd,
The wind being fair, they to sea, set sail,
And here begins the tragical ditty again,

In many days sail to an anchor they came.
By command of the captain, as we understand
The ship was anchored under the land.
The captain goes to him with tears in his eyes,
And told him the story, to his sad surprize.
As soon as he heard it he fell on his knees,
Whilst tears down his cheek distilled like peas.
Dear captain, said he, take not my life away,
But set me on shore on this island, I pray,
O save but my life, noble captain, he cry'd,
And providence for me, I hope, will provide.
The captain called the company strait,
And as they came he thus to him said,
I have receiv'd five hundred pound.
Which was sent me this man to drown.
The money, he said, will do us no good,
Then stain not your hands in innocent blood;
So upon this island let's set him with speed,
And leave him to fortune To this they agreed.
Then into the boat they immediately got.
And upon the island this young man was set;
With tears and hand shaking they bid him good-by
Then one of the mates he called aside.
Crying, If you go home, and my jewel see,
Give her this ring, and tell her from me,
All this for her sake I can patiently bear
Then he smote his breast, and tore his hair.
Then parted in tears, and on board they came
Leaving the sailor in tears, to complain,
And came to England, where we must relate
Concerning the lady, whose sorrow was great.
Now when this token she receiv'd from his hand,
And the true matter she did understand,
She cries, Cruel father, thou worst of men,
You have ruined me in what you have done.

PART III.

Then in man's attire she drest her with speed,
For her passage she with a captain agreed,
With a resolution to search the world round
And they we hear, to Virginia was bound.
But mark, when many leagues from the shore,
Where waves did beat and, the billows did roar,
Against wind and weather a long time they strove,
At last toward the coast of Jamaica they drove.
For want of fresh water they were like to die;
But as it happened most fortunately,
They went with there boats some water to get,
Into the island where the young man was set.

This young man was there nine months or more,
And that afternoon came down to the shore.
To see for some fish washed up by the tide.
Where to his great joy this cock boat he spy'd.
He came running down but before he got there
The sailors beheld him with a great fear,
Their boat they got off, and were in amaze,
And like frightened souls at each other did gaze.
Then he held up his hat, and fell on his knees,
And said, Take me up for God's sake, if you please,
I am a poor sailor, just starved to death;
Which, when they heard, they began to take breath.
They put to the boat, and with speed took him in,
And to their ship strait launched again.
The captain examin'd how he came there alone,
And strait the matter he soon did make known.

PART IV.

When the lady heard, she made no reply,
But strait to his arms did immediately fly,
Cries she, I have found thee whom I do adore,
None but cruel Death shall part us once more.
O what showers of tears between them were shed!
Quoth she, Art thou living whom I thought dead;
Cries he, Yes I am, and yet loyal and true.
My dear, See what I have suffer'd for loving of you
They strait came to England without delay,
And arriv'd at Plymouth in the ship straitway.
Where the next morning, you soon shall hear
A comical story which I shall declare.
Drest up like a sailor she, the very next morn,
With a letter in hand to her father's house came.
It was wrote in the letter, Dear father, says she,
I am now in Jamaica, and likely to die.
I never expect to see you again;
But I forgive you for what is done:
Then wishing you well, pray God bless you all
Then kissing the letter, the tears down did fall.
Crying, What would I give my child to see?
Where had you the letter pray young man, tell me?
She said, Last Candlemas from Jamaica I came,
From the hand of your child I received the same.
He said, If you'll give it me under your hand,
If you can persuade her once more to return.
And bring her to England, as I have life,
I'll freely consent to make her thy wife,
Cries she, If you'll give it me under your hand,
Or if to your word I thought you would stand.
He said, Yes, I will, and for your courtesy,
Here are forty bright guineas for thee.

She fell on her knees, while tears poured down,
And said, Honour'd father, to you be it known,
I am your own, whom you forced away.
For give me, dear father, as I forgive you.
The father on his weeping daughter did gaze,
Not one word could speak, but stood in amaze:
He said, Dear child, your are welcome to me
Then about her neck he wept bitterly.
He said, For joy that in health you are come,
(And asked pardon for what she had done)
I freely for give thee, dear daughter, said he,
And ask what thou wilt it shall be granted thee.
Dear honoured father the damsel reply'd,
That very young man, whom at first you deny'd
Let him be my husband, To which he agreed.
Then the young sailor was sent for with speed.
Then they were married on the same day,
And the father for joy gave the daughter away
And since thou art loyal and true to thy love,
Thou a thousand pounds to thy portion shalt have.
See! they that upon the ocean were toss'd,
And by the hand of fortune so sorely were cross'd
Yet to the last moment were loyal and true,
Such lovers in England there are but few.

Yale University, Ib58Td1

53. THE TRAGICAL BALLAD

The Tragical Ballad: Or The Lady
Who Fell in Love with Her Serving-man

Good people pray attend
Unto these lines I've penn'd,
Which to the world I send,
Therefore draw near;

A "young lady bright" falls in love with her servant, "John!" She tells her servant-maid who is also in love with John, and the maid, "her heart with mischief bent," reveals the courtship to the lady's father who is enraged. The daughter is confined, and John is sent to prison and then into the army "to fight in Spain." The maid repents her deed and goes mad. The lady escapes and, disguised in "man's apparel," finds her beloved in Spain, joining him in the army. They are drawn into a battle, and she is wounded. Dying, she reveals herself to John. He mourns, "pierces his body through," and dies "in her arms." When the news reaches the father, he resolves to end his days.

I. SOURCES

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II. CATALOGUES

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THE TRAGICAL BALLAD

The Tragical Ballad: Or
The Lady Who Fell In Love With Her Serving-Man.

PART I.

Good people pray attend,
Unto these lines I've penn'd,
Which to the world I send,
Therefore draw near;
And hear what I do say.
Alack-and-a-well-a-day,
Unto love's sad decay,
Prov'd most severe.
There was a servant-man,
Who lived near the Strand,
As I do understand,
He was so fair:
So the young lady bright,
Could not rest day nor night,
He was her soul's delight,
She lov'd him so dear.
Now this young lady cry'd,
I can't be satisfy'd
I wish I was his bride,
To cure my smart.
Young Cupid bend the bow,
And wound my lover so,
That in short time he'll know,
A love-sick heart.
Why should I thus complain,
He knoweth not my pain,
He being my servant-man,
And I so great.
Could I unclose my mind,
Great comfort shall I find,
But fortune proves unkind,
Oh! cruel fate.
Why was I born so high,
To live in misery?
Or Cupid's dart to fly
Into my breast;
I wish I was as poor,
As the Man whom I adore,
Then should I evermore
Enjoy my dear.

Then the young lady said
Why should I be afraid?
I'll bring my servant-maid
To tell my mind.
Betty, Betty, said she,
Pray come here to me
You must my council be,
Then I will prove kind.
I love our servant-man,
You know our honest John
Let me do what I can,
I can't get free.
Love has ensnar'd my heart,
As I do feel the smart.
Cupid with his keen dart
Has wounded me.
Then said the damsel fair,
Madam, since you declare
Your mind, I can't forbear
But let you know.
I am in the same case,
I love his charming face,
My heart within his breast
Is plac'd also.
In sorrow discontent,
Away this damsel went,
Her heart with mischief bent,
As you shall find.
Tho she's my lady fair,
Her secret I'll declare,
Or I shall lose my dear,
In a short time.

PART II.

Good people lend an ear,
I'm sure you'll shed a tear,
When you this story hear,
A second part.
How Cupid bent his bow,
Wounded three lovers so,
Great troubles they did know,
By his keen dart.
The damsel thus begun,
And said I am undone:
I shall distracted run,
I am afraid.

Could I draw back my mind,
From love to be inclin'd,
Great comfort shall I find,
In grief she said.
We leave the damsel here,
Entangled in love's snare,
To treat of the young fair
Lady so bright.
As she set sighing then
Came in the servant-man.
As we do understand,
That very night.
Young madam, do forbear,
Draw me not in a snare,
If my master should hear,
We are ruin'd.
Rather than that should be
I'd go along with thee
Either by land or sea,
Or where you please.
You are my heart's delight,
I can travel day and night
So they consented strait
To cross the seas.
Then said the lady bright,
Tomorrow when 'tis light
I'll marry my delight
Then straitway I will go
Along with thee, my dear
And man's apparel wear,
No one can us ensnare,
Nor can us know

PART III.

Observe this part the third,
The servantmaid she stood,
And heard their every word.
Then strait she run.
Master, master, said she,
Alas! you'll ruin'd be,
Your daughter doth agree
To marry John.
To morrow is the day,
As I do hear them say,
That they would go away,
And married be.
She doth him so adore
Of danger thinks no more
She quits her native shore
To cross the sea.

When she did thus declare,
He call'd his daughter fair,
Madam, what are you there?
Her father cry'd.
Pray call John also,
The truth I mean to know,
And if I find it so,
I will provide.
A place you need not fear,
Both for you and your dear,
And I will prove severe
Unto you both.
Father, your will be done
He's like to be your son,
Or else I will have none,
Upon my troth.
Daughter since you say so,
He shall to prison go,
And I'll confine also
You to your room.
Father, father, forbear,
Do not punish my dear,
Let me the burden bear,
Or I'm undone.
She to her chamber sent
And he to prison went,
In grief and discontent,
There to remain.
He sent him over to sea,
A soldier there to be,
Against the enemy
To fight in Spain.
Now said the servant maid,
Alas! 'Twas I betray'd
Your love and mine, she said,
What have I done?
With that she tore her hair,
And fell into dispair,
And as I do declare,
To Bedlam's gone.
That very self same night,
This youthful lady bright,
In dark and dolesome night
Got clear away.
Out of a window high
She got her liberty.

Travelling she did come nigh
Unto the sea.
And in short time we hear,
She cross'd the ocean fair
In man's apparel there
She met her dear:
A soldier was he also,
Yet his love did not know,
She being his comforter too
As we do hear.
In Spain they were not long,
Before they both were drawn
Into a party strong,
To fight the foe.
The first that wounded were,
Was this young lady fair,
Dying she did declare
Her grief and woe.
As she was on the ground,
He suck'd her bloody wound,
Crying, My dear is gone,
With her sweet charms:
Shall I live longer too,
No, no that ne'er will do,
Piercing his body thro',
Dy'd in her arms.
Now came this news we hear,
Unto her father dear:
He stamp't and tore his hair,
Grieving he said,
Alas! my daughter dear,
I prov'd to thee severe,
Now thou art dead I fear,
So I'll end my days.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

Harvard, Uncatalogued Broadsides, Box IV.

54. THE BRISTOL BRIDEGROOM

(The Bristol Bridegroom Or, The Ship Carpenter's Love to a Merchant's Daughter; The Happy Ship Carpenter; The Happy Ship-carpenter, or, Heroick Damsel; The Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter; True Love well rewarded)

The Ship Carpenter's Love to
the Merchant's Daughter

To the Tune of, Fare Well, my Love.

You loyal lovers far and near, a true relation you shall
Of a young couple who proved to be a pattern of true hear,
A Merchant do's in Bristol dwell, as many people know loyalty.
He has a daughter, a beauty bright, in whom he plac'd full well;
his heart's delight

Her father, discovering she loves a ship-carpenter, has the man "prest to sea to keep her from his company." The daughter dresses herself "in seaman's hue" and goes on board with him unrecognized. At the storming of "Diepe," he is wounded "in his breast," and she, who because of her "pretty fingers long and strait" is the "surgeon's-mate," dresses "the woful wounded part" and cures him. He looks upon the "surgeon's-mate" and thinks of his mistress, declaring that if she be dead he will "ne'er forsake" the surgeon's-mate. The woman reveals herself, and they marry. Returning to England, the ship-carpenter goes to the father who repents and mourns that "he shall never see" his daughter. She is brought in, and the merchant, rejoicing, gives them "all that e'er he had."

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(1736-63)
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Worcester.--Sold also by S. Hazell Bolt Lane,
Glocester; J. Cooper, Hall Street, Kidder-
minster; and G. Lewis, Broad Street, Worcester
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II. CATALOGUES

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Crawford, 1405

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Halliwell, Catalogue of Proclamations, 163, no. 1344-
1353

Lamson, "You loyal lovers"

Shipton and Mooney, I, 337

Simpson, 296 ("Fare well, my love")

THE BRISTOL BRIDEGROOM

The Merchant of Bristol's Daughter,
and The Lass of the Brow of the Hill.

Entered According to Order, 1791.

Merchant's Daughter of Bristol.
Tune, As I went early in the Spring.

You loyal lovers far and near,
A true relation you shall hear,
Of a young couple that proved to be
A pattern of great loyalty.

A merchant did in Bristol dwell,
As many people knew full well;
Who had a daughter of beauty bright,
In whom he plac'd his heart's delight.

He had no children but only she,
Her father lov'd her tenderly;
Many to court her hither came,
Gallants of worthy birth and fame,

Yet notwithstanding of their love,
A young ship carpenter did prove
To be the master of her heart,
She often said, we'll never part:

As long as life and breath remain,
Thy company I'll not refrain;
No cursed gold, nor silver bright,
Shall rob me of my heart's delight.

Now when her father came to know
His daughter lov'd the young man so,
He caus'd him to be prest to sea,
To keep him from her company.

Now when this damsel came to hear,
Without the thoughts of dread or fear,
She drest herself in seamm's shew,
And after him she did pursue.

Unto the captain she did go,
And said, Right worthy sir, 'tis so,
You do want men, I understand;
I'm free to fight with heart and hand.

The captain straightway did reply,
Young man, you're welcome heartily;
A guinea in her hand he gave
She passed for a seaman brave

Soon after this the ship set sail,
And with a fair and pleasant gale;
But this ship carpenter her dear,
Did little think his love so near.

She then appeared for to be
A person of no mean degree;
With pretty fingers, long and straight,
She soon became the surgeon's mate.

PART II

It happened so that this same ship,
At storming of the town of Diep,
They lay at anchor something nigh,
Where cannon bullets they did fly.

The first man that was wounded there,
Was this young bold ship-carpenter.
When drums did beat and trumpets sounds,
He on the breast receivid a wound.

Then to the surgion's care was he
Brought down with speed immediatly:
Where was the pretty surgeon's mate,
Did carefully upon him wait.

Altho' the sight did pierce her heart,
She did not let him know her smart;
Then she did use her utmost skill,
The cure him with a great good will.

She cur'd him in a little space;
He often gaz'd upon her face;
Surgeon, he said, such eyes as thine,
Did formerly my heart confine.

If e'er I live to go a-shore,
And she be dead whom I adore;
I will your true companion be,
And ne'er forsake your company.

If she be dead, this will I do,
To female sex I'll bid adieu;
And ne'er will marry for her sake,
But to the seas myself betake.

PART III

The Bristol merchant's daughter now,
Had to her love prov'd just and true;
When many storms was over blown,
She to her love herself made known.

The season of the year being past,
The ship was homeward bound at last;
When to the harbour they did get,
The seamen all on shore was set.

But yet of all the whole ship's crew,
There was not one among them knew,
That they a woman had so near,
Until she told it to her dear.

To whom she did these words unfold,
Not long ago, said she, ye told
Me plainly, that such eyes as mine
Did formerly thy heart confine.

Then without any more ado,
Into his arms straightway she flew;
And said My love, I am thy own,
This have I done for thee alone.

His heart possest with joy likewise,
When as the tears stood in his eyes;
He said, thou'st shew'd a valiant heart,
And likewise play'd a lover's part.

And then without the least delay,
He deck'd her like a lady gay:
And so they married were with speed,
As formerly they had agreed.

PART IV

Then to her father's house he went,
And found him in much discontent,
He ask'd him for his daughter dear,
Which pierc'd her father's heart to hear.

He with a mournful sigh replied,
Wish she had in her cradle died;
Then might I seen my daughter's death.
When she had yielded up her breath.

But now I shall ne'er see her more,
My jewel whom I did adore;
O most unhappy man was I,
To part her from your company.

The young man hearing what he said,
Reply'd, your daughter is not dead;
For you within a few hours space,
Shall truly see your daughter's face.

He rode as fast as he could fly,
And brought her home immediately,
And set her in her father's hall,
And on his knees he straight did fall.

Her father was with joy possest,
His daughter then he kist and blest.
Thrice welcome home thou are said he,
Once more my jewel unto me.

To him the truth he did relate,
And how she was the surgeon's mate;
He then did smile and was right glad,
So that he gave them all he had.

She was a seaman and surgeon's mate,
Preserved by the hand of fate;
She is now made a lawful wife,
And liveth free from care and strife.

Young lovers all a pattern take,
When you a solemn contract make,
Stand to the same what'er betide,
As did this faithful loving bride.

55. THE VALIANT VIRGIN

The Valiant Virgin; Or, Philip and Mary;

In a Description of a Young Gentlewoman of Worcestershire (a Rich Gentlemans Daughter) being in love with a Farmers Son, which her Father despiseing, because he was poore, caus'd him to be prest to Sea; And how she Disguised herselfe in Man's Apparel and followed him; where in the same ship (she being very expert in surgery) was entertain'd as Surgeons Mate, and how loving to him (and skillfully to others) she behaved herself in her Office; and he having got a Shot in the Thigh, how deligent she was to dress him; she never discovering herself to him untill they came both on Shore: Her Father Dyeing whilst she was at Sea (He having no more Children then she) they went into the Countrey to take Possession of her Estate, and to Marry; To the admiration of all that were at the Wedding.

To the Tune of, When the Stormy Winds do blow.

To every faithful Lover
that's constant to her dear,
This Ditty doth discover
Affections pure and cleare;
Affections and afflictions too,
do in this Story move,
Where Youth, and truth,
obtain the Crown of Love.

A rich man has pressed to sea a farmer's son whom his daughter loves. The daughter, disguising herself "in man's apparil," engages as "Surgeon's-Mate" on board her beloved's ship. Philip is wounded in the thigh, and "that shot came something nigh." Mary, unrecognized, "drest, and kist, the woful wounded part." They endure more "fierce fights at sea" until the ship returns to be mended. Philip, now in love with "the Surgeon's-Mate," likens "him" to his "Mistress" and declares his love. Mary reveals herself to him. Returning to "Worc'ster," they hear that her father has died, and they marry.

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25242.67PF, II, 195

Printed for Thomas Passenger at the three
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Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 546

Printed for Thomas Passenger at the three
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II. CATALOGUES

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Lamson, "To every"
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Wing, V43

III. COMMENTS

The Constant Lover of Worcestershire and London Heiress are derived from this ballad.

Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 548) says, "We believe this ballad was known to Laurence Sterne, and suggested to him a certain incident (and comment of Corporal Trim) concerning the wound received by the immortal Uncle Toby" [in Tristram Shandy].

THE VALIANT VIRGIN

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To every faithful Lover
that's constant to her dear,
This Ditty doth discover
Affections pure and cleare;
Affections and afflictions too,
do in this Story move,
Where Youth, and truth,
obtain the Crown of Love.
A Man of mean extraction,
brought up in Worc'ster-shire,
Was guided by Affection
to love a Lady dear,
Whose eyes did shew like morning dew,
that doth on Lillies lye;
Her face, and grace,
well mixt with Majesty.
She was the only Heiress
unto a Gentleman,
And all her Fathers care is
to marry her to one,
Whose welth and with, may fairly fit
a Lady of such worth;
But he, that she did Love,
was poore by birth.

A farmers son being handsome,
did catch this Ladies heart
So fast in hold, no ransome
can free it from the Dart:
The gentleman, when he began
to understand this thing,
Quoth hee, I'le free,
my fond daughter in the spring.
The Spring came, and the Pressing
was every where begun;
Fierce fights at Sea this Couple
did valiantly indure,
As fast as one did aime to kill,
the other striv'd to cure;
The Souldier and the Surgens Mate
did both imploy their parts,
That they, each way,
did win all the seamens hearts.
The Summer being ended,
that they could fight no more,
The ship came to be mended,
and all men went a shore;
Stout Philip lov'd the Surgeons Mate
so much he could not be
An houre, or more,
out of his company.
He often view'd her feature,
and gaz'd on every part;
(Quoth Philip) such a Creature
is Mistress of my heart,
If she be dead, I'le never wed,
But be with thee for ever,
We'l walk, and talk,
Live, Lye, and Dye together.
Poore Mary full of passion,
to hear him prove so kind,
Orejoy'd with this Relation,
could not conceale her mind,
But fondly hangs about his neck,
her tears did trickle down,
Says she, I'le be
still thy true Companion.
Since providence hath vanquish'd
the dangers of the Sea,
I'le never marry whilst I live
unless it be with thee;
No womankind, shall ever find
my heart to be so free,

If thou wilt vow
but to be as true to mee.
E're he could speak, she told him,
I am thy dearest dear,
Thy Mary thou hast brought a shore
and now thou holdst her here,
This man's attire, I did but hire,
when first I followed thee;
Thy Love, I'le prove,
but no Surgeons Mate am I.
He flung his arms about her
he wondred, kist and wept;
His Mary he did hold so fast,
as if he would have crept
Into her soul and body too;
his eyes in joy did swimm,
And she, as free,
was as fully fond of him.
Her Fathers fears increasing,
did Press the Farmers Son,
No money could Redeem him
thought she, if he must go,
I'le ne're stay here,
but I'le be a Seaman too.

The Second Part,
The Gentleman did Press him,
and sent him to the slaughter,
He thought fit to Press the Man
and would have prest his daughter;
His wit prevents all her intents,
for on her knees he brought her;
But one, Love gone,
straight the other follows after.
This Maid with ingenuity
had every Surgeons part,
A Ladies hand, and Eagles eye,
but yet a Lyons heart;
She knew all tents, and instruments
Salves, Oyntments, Oyls and all,
That they imploy,
in the fight when Souldiers fall.
In mans Aparil she did resolve to try her fate,
And in the Ship where he rid,
she went as Surgeons Mate;
Sayes she, my souldier shall not be
destroy'd for want of Cure,
I'le Dress, and Bless,
whatsoever I endure.

Their names Philip and Mary,
who then were both at Sea;
Phil fought like old king Harry,
but from the Enemy
Poore Philip had receiv'd a shot,
through that part of the thigh,
Did joyn to's groin,
oh! that shot came something nigh.
Into the Surgeons Cabbिन,
they did convay him straight,
Where first of all ye wounded men,
the pretty Surgens Mate,
Though in this trim, unknown to him
did bravely shew her Art,
She drest, and kist,
the woful wounded part.
Which she did most mildly dress,
and shed her teares upon't;
He observ'd, but could not guess,
or find the meaning on't,
Although he wou'd in tears and blood
oft times on Mary call,
And pray, she may
be there at his funeral.
They both rid towards Worc'ster,
to shew how they had sped;
But upon the Road they heard
her Father he was dead,
Two months at least after he prest
the Farmers son for slaughter;
In tears, appears
the sad duty of a Daughter.
Philip having chear'd her up,
they rid directly home,
Where after many a bitter cup
the Marriage day was come,
Which they in state did Celebrate
the Gallants that were there,
were grave, and brave,
all the best in Worc'ster-shire.
Thus may you by this Couple see,
what from true love doth spring
When Men love with fidelity
their Mistress and their king:

When maids shew men, true love agen
in spight of fortunes frowns,
They'l wive, and thrive,
for such crosses have their crowne.

Printed for Thomas Passenger at the three Bibles on London-bridge
With Allowance.

Harvard, 25242.67PF, Vol. II, BS 195.

56. THE CONSTANT LOVER OF WORCESTERSHIRE

(The Constant Lover of Worcestershire; The Worcester-
shire Garland; The Valiant Lady or The Brisk Young
Lively Lad)

The Constant Lovers of Worcestershire

A Man of mean Directions,
Of late in Worcestersire,
Was guided by Affection,
To Court a Lady fair.
Whose eyes shin'd like the Morning Dew,
Upon a Lilly bright;
She had Grace in her Face,
Was pleasing to the sight.

The lady's gentleman father objects to the courtship and has the young "farmer's son" pressed. The daughter vows to go with him and "writ a Surgeon's Part." In battle the farmer's son receives a wound "in thick part of his Thigh" where "it pierc'd something nigh." When he is taken to the surgeon's mate, he is reminded of "the Mistress of [his] Heart" and vows that "if she be dead" he will stay with the surgeon's mate forever. She purchases his discharge, and they return to England to "her Father's Gate." Father and daughter are reconciled, the lovers are married, and "now the Farmer's son, does enjoy his Lady gay."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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25276.44, ch. 29
Licensed and Entered according to Order
25252.6, G. 32
Licensed and Entered according to Order

B. Folksong Versions

Broadwood, English Traditional, 72
JFSS, I, 60

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 55
Harvard,
25241.44, "Alphabetical Catalogue of Garlands
Collected by John Bell of Newcastle," 29

THE CONSTANT LOVER OF WORCESTERSHIRE

The Worcestershire Garland;

Compos'd of three excellent New Songs. I. The Constant Lover of Worcestershire. II. The Shoolmaster's Advice about choosing of a Wife. III. The Downfal of Piracy; being a full and true Account of a desperate and bloody Sea-fight between Lieutenant Maynard, and that noted Pirate Captain Teach, commonly call'd by the Name of Black-Beard; Maynard had fifty men, thirty five of which were kill'd and wounded in the Action: Teach had twenty one, most of which were kill'd, and the rest carried to Virginia, in order to take their Tryal.

Licenced and Entered according to Order.

The Constant Lovers of Worcestershire.

A Man of mean Directions,
Of late in Worcestershire,
Was guided by Affection,
To Court a Lady fair.
Whose Eyes shin'd like the Morning Dew,
Upon a Lilly bright;
She had Grace in her Face,
Was pleasing to the sight.

She was an only Heir
Unto a Gentleman,
And all her Father's Care,
Was to match her unto one:
But the Farmer's son being handsome,
To gain the Lady's Heart,
In so far that no Ransome,
Could ease a Lover's Smart.
But when her Father came to hear,
And understand the Thing;
Then said he, I will free,
My fine Daughter in the Spring;
The Spring time being come and gone,
There did a Press begin;
And all her Father's Care,
Was to press the Farmer's Son.
No Money shall be taken,
Said she, if it be so,
For I will never tarry here,
But along with him will go.

on the twenty third of April,
She writ a Surgeon's Part.
With Bagle and with Instrument,
To all true loyal Heart.

With Bagle and with Instrument,
A Surgeon's Part to try,
Then said she, I will be
Where the Cannon Bullets fly:
On the twenty third of May,
Then did the Fight begin;
In the Forefront of the Battle,
There stood the Farmer's Son.
Who did a Wound receive,
in thick part of his Thigh,
In his Veins near his Reins,
There it pierc'd something nigh;
Then to the Surgeon's care,
He was commanded straight,
The first that he saw there
Was the Surgeon's Mate.
And when that he had seen her,
And view'd her in every part;
Then said he, one like thee,
Once was the Mistress of my Heart;
If she be dead, I ne're will wed,
But stay with thee for ever;
And we will love, like a Dove,
And we'll live and die together.
I'll go to thy Commander,
If he'll set thee at large
Ten Guineas I'll surrender,
To purchase thy Discharge;
So they went both together,
And in a little space,
She met with his Commander,
And to him told her Case.
He pleased with the Gold,
Soon set the Farmer free;
And she brought him to England,
Over the raging Sea;
And when she came to her Father's Gate,
And there had knock'd a while,
Then out came her Father,
Who said, here stands my Child.

Which long Time hath been missing,
I thought to see no more;
Then said she, I've been seeking,
For him that you sent o're;
And since that I have found him,
And brought him safe to shore,
I'll spend my Days in England,
And cross the seas no more.
Oh Daughter, I am sorry,
For the thing that I've done;
Oh Daughter I am willing,
That he shall be my Son;
Oh, then they were married,
without any more delay,
And now the Farmer's son,
does enjoy his Lady gay.

Harvard, 25276.44, Ch. 29.

THE CONSTANT LOVER OF WORCESTERSHIRE

The Valiant Lady

Or The Brisk Young Lively Lad.

It's of a brisk young lively lad
Came out of Gloucestershire,
And all his full intention was
To court a lady fair.
Her eyes they shone like morning dew,
Her hair was fair to see;
She was grace,
In form and face,
And was fixed in modesty.

This couple was a-walking,
They loved each other well;
And someone heard them talking
And did her father tell.
And when her father came to know
And understand this thing,
Then said he
From one like thee
I'll free my daughter in the spring!

'Twas in the spring-time of the year
There was a press begun;
And all their full intention was
To press a farmer's son.
They pressed him, and sent him out
Far o'er the raging sea,
Where I'm sure
He will no more
Keep my daughter company!

In man's apparel then she did
Resolve to try her fate;
And in the good ship where he rid
She went as surgeon's mate.
Says she My soldier shall not be
Destroyed for want of care;
I will dress,
And I will bless,
Whatsoever I endure!

The twenty-first of August
There was a fight begun,
And foremost in the battle
They placed the farmer's son.
He there received a dreadful wound
That struck him in the thigh,
Every vein
Was filled with pain,
He got wounded dreadfully.

Into the surgeon's cabin
They did convey him straight,
Where, first of all the wounded men,
The pretty surgeon's mate
Most tenderly did dress his wound,
Which bitterly did smart;
Then said he
Oh! one like thee
Once was mistress of my heart!

She went to the commander
And offered very fair:
Forty or fifty guineas
Shall buy my love quite clear!
No money shall be wanted,
No longer tarry here!
Since 'tis so
Come, let's go!
To old England we will steer !

She went unto her father's gate
And stood there for a while;
Said he The heavens bless you!
My own and lovely child!
Cried she since I have found him,
And brought him safe to shore,
Our days we'll spend
In old England,
Never roam abroad no more!

Broadwood, English Traditional Songs and Carols, 72

57. LONDON HEIRESS

(London Heiress; The Lady Heiress and the
Farmer's Son; The Dublin Heiress)

London Heiress

In London lived an Heiress unto a Gentleman,
And all her Father's care was to wed her to a man;
The farmer's son being handsome, he gain'd the lady's
heart
They were so close engaged no ransom could them part.

The father objects to the courtship and has the man impress-
ed. The daughter says that she will dress in "man's attire"
and follow after him. On "the fourth of October" a battle
begins, and the farmer's son "receiv'd a dreadful wound."
He is taken to "the Surgeon's cabin," and "the Surgion's
maid" waits on him. He sees her and is reminded of his
sweetheart. She gives "fifty guineas" to clear him of his
"discharge." They return home, and she tells her father
that she has been looking for the "lad" whom he "sent o'er,"
and now that she has found him they "will live at home in
peace."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.4, I, 67
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 re-
asonable terms Children's Books, Battledores,
Pictures, &c. (1828-29)

B. Folksong Versions

Greig-Duncan, 460, no. 173

Irish Folklore Collections,
*1282, p. 470 (Cavan, c. 1905)

Morton Coll.,
T12/UCLA T5-73-42 (Fermanagh, 1968)

Morton, Come Day, 86

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

LONDON HEIRESS

London Heiress.

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 resonable terms Children's Books, Battledores, Pictures, &c.

In London lived an Heiress unto a Gentleman,
And all her Fahter's care was to wed her to a man;
The farmer's son being handsome, he gan'd the lady's heart
They were so close engaged no ranson could them part.
When her Father came to know his daughter's foolish mind
He said unto his daughter you must be other ways inclin'd
For spring time is drawing near and press time coming on
And all her father's care was to press the farmer's son
But when this lady came to know of her father's cruelty,
She said unto herself, my love, I soon will follow thee,
I'll dress myself in man's attire and after him will go,
I'll boldly plough the ocean where the stormy winds do blow.
On the Fourth of October, the battle it began,
In the front of the battle they plac'd the farmer's son,
Where he receiv'd a dreadful wound, which pierc'd him to the
heart,
O! said he, where is she that would ease me of my smart.
Unto the Surgeon's cabin they had this lad convey'd,
There was no one to wait on him but the Surgeon's serv[ing]
maid;
And when she turned herself around, he view'd her every part,
O! said he, one like thee, was once mistress of my heart.
You are very right young man, she said, your freedom I'll
enlarge,
Here is fifty guineas for to clear you of your discharge;
Then she went before the Captain, & fell upon her knees
She bought her love, and brought him safe over the raging
seas.
When she came to her father's gate, she kneeled there awhile
Then her father said unto her now I see my own dear child
The child I have been wanting these seven long years & more
She said, I have been looking for the lad that you sent o'er.
And now since I have found him, all on my native shore,
We will live at home in peace and never sunder more.

Harvard, 25242.4, Vol. I, p. 67

58. JACK MONROE (N-7)

(Jack Monroe; Jack Munro; Jack Munroe; Jack the Sailor; The Soldier Maid; The Rich Merchant; The Rich Old Merchant; Merchant in London; Jackie Frazier; Johnny Fraizer; The London Merchant; The Sailor; Poor Jackey; The Merchant's Daughter; Jackie Went A-Sailing; Jackie's Gone A-Sailing; Wars of Germany; The British Lady; Lily Munro; Jackaro; Jackie-Ro; Polly and Jack Monroe; Jack the Soldier)

Jack Munroe

In Chatham lived a merchant,
A very wealthy man;
He had an only daughter,
As you shall understand.
And sing tire cum de dee.

"Courtied by lords and dukes," she would have none but "Jack the sailor." Angry at this, her father has Jack pressed to sea, "all in the wars of Germany." On board, Jack thinks of his love "so closely confined." When she is set free, the daughter dresses in "man's array" and persuades an officer to "list" her, giving her name as "Jack Munroe." In "French Flanders" she fights "in many a battle," and, after receiving "an officer's commission," she finds her true love among the wounded. She reveals herself, and they marry. Back in England they march in Dover, meet her father, and urge him to enlist. The father objects to the "vagabond" by her side, and her mother steps up and recognizes her. They fight more battles until Jack is killed, and the heroine "bids the world adieu." (Some versions end with their return to England where she receives honor and reward.)

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A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
T. Hoggett, Printer, Durham. (1816-43)
54-784, II
54-784, II
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25242.85F, 21^F
Angus, Printer. (c.1774-1825)
25242.17, II, 3
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25276.33, 5 (Widener Library Collection)

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BS Ballads 1790-1830, 148
Angus, Printer. (c.1774-1825)

American Antiquarian Society,
Uncat. BSS
Sold Wholesale and Retail by L. Deming,
No. 1, South Saide of Faneuil Hall, Boston.
(1829-31)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
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UCLA/Sp. Coll.,
PR1187G19r, Right Choyse, II
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25241.46.5, Tolman Papers (Ohio, 1919)

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649B1 (Va., 1935)
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1386A2 (Ky., 1937)
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2847A1 and 2 (NC, 1939)
2863A3 (NC, 1939)
2927A2/B1-2 (Tenn., 1939)
2985B2/2986A (Miss., 1939)

3102A and B (Miss., 1939)
3182A2 (Tenn., 1936)
3354B1 (Calif., 1939)
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5112B1 and 2 (Calif., 1941)
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10003A9 (Va., 1950)
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10095A10 (Ky., 1951)
11328A3 (NC, 1957)

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
Western Kentucky Folklore Collection,
(W.Va., 1924)
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(Ky., 1952)
(Ky.)

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18129 (Scotland)
22015 (Ireland)

Anderson, 182
Argo, RG17 (recording)
Aslan 7775 (recording)
Belden, 171
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Brown, II, 99
Buford
Chappell, 104
Cox, Folk Songs, 330
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Folk Legacy, FSA-3 (recording)
Folktracks FSA 60-076 (recording)
Garrison, 73
Haun, 149
Henry, Folk Songs, 208
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Steely, 179

Dallas, 74

Greig-Duncan, 452, no. 171
458, no. 172

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 205
Rosenberg, 58, no. 681
Wilgus-Long

JACK MONROE (N-7)

Jack Munro.

In Chatham town there liv'd a worthy merchant-man,
He had one only daughter as you shall understand;
This lady she was courted by many a noble knight,
But there was none but Jack could gain her heart's delight.
Her waiting maid standing by, unto her father went,
And told him the secret, his daughter's whole intent;
He called on his daughter with pride and disdain,
Saying, good morrow, Mrs. Frazer, this was her true-love's name
It is the news, my daughter, that I have heard of thee,
Young Jack he shall be press'd and you confined be;
It's there is my body you may it then confine,
But there's none but Jack the sailor can gain this heart of mine.
It's here is twenty guineas I give unto thee,
If that you'll press young Jack to the wars of Germany;
Now Jack he's gone on board he'll never more return,
I'll wed at your disposal if you will set me free.
It's now she is at liberty, and drest in man's array,
Looking for an officer to carry her away;
Jack he's now on board with a sore and troubled mind,
For the leaving of his country and darling close confine'd.
Your name we must have sir before on board you go.
That you shall have quickly, it is Jack Munro.
This lady in French Flanders it was her wish'd design.
Now she's landed over reviewed for to be,
Standing in the ranks her own true love did see;
She stepped up to him and thus to him did say,
By your features you an Englishman should be.
If that you are willing, whatever may betide,
I'll be your loyal comrade and lie down by your side;
The drums did beat and the trumpets did sound,
Unto the field of battle they were all called along.
They fought on with valour, they fought courageously,
Unto two officers and a private by did lie;
The officers took notice and unto her did say,
For the valour you have shewn, preferred you shall be.
A major's commission on you we will bestow,
The doctor that can cure you, shall be paid by Munro;
She called for a minister, and bade them step aside,
And would call them up again when she woo'd her bride.

It's I'll not be the groom but groom's man I'll be
For I never will be married, till my Molly I do see;
She stripped down her snow white breasts, some private mark to
show
Saying, Jack won't you marry me, dear Jack don't you know.
The drums did beat and the trumpets did sound,
And home to old England they were all called along.
It's now they're landed over, the people all went to see,
Saying yonder comes the heroes from the wars of Germany.
As they walked up the streets, her father she did know,
Saying, good old merchant will you list with Munro:
It's out bespoke her mother, I had a daughter gay,
There's not a feature in your face but resembles she.
It's now they have got married, and she lies by his side,
The officers and privates begrudge Jack of his bride;
When the Queen she heard of this, she laughed heartily,
Saying, here is fifty guineas I'll give to this lady.

(108) Walker, Printer, Durham.

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. II, BS 3.

JACK MONROE (N-7)

Jack Monroe

In Chatham lived a merchant, a very wealthy man;
He had an only daughter, as you shall understand.
She was courted by lords and dukes, and by many a wealthy knight;
There was none but Jack the sailor could gain her heart's delight.
Chorus.--Sing tedere I, &c. &c.

When her father came to hear of this, an angry man was he,
Saying, I'll press young Jack the sailor, and confined he shall be.
Now Jack he is on board, with a sore and troubled mind;
The leaving of his darling so close confin'd behind.

Now Jack he is on board, and no more of him you'll see,
Saying, I'll be at your disposal, if you will set me free.
She left her father's house, and dress'd in men's array;
She is waiting for an officer to carry her away.

We do not list any young men, until their names we know,
Then so boldly she answered they call me Jack Monroe.
Now she is on board with sore and troubled mine;
To land in French Flanders that is the whole design.

She fought in many a battle, and fought courageously,
Until two privates and a colonel down by her side did die.
The major's commission on her I will bestow;
Push on and make your fortune my darling Jack Monroe.

The drums they did beat and the trumpets they did sound,
And for the field of battle they all did march around.
She walked among the ranks and among the wounded men,
And there she saw her own true love and thought he had been slain.

She pulled out her handkerchief, some private marks to show,
Saying Jack will you marry me?--Jack don't you know?
The priest he was sent for, the knot for to be tied,
The officers and colonels begrudged Jack his bride.

The drums they did beat, and the trumpets they did sound,
And home for old England they all did march around.
And when they came to Dover the people they did say,
Yonder comes the tars of war from the wars of Germany.

As she was going down the street her own father she did see;
Saying, merchant, will you list in the wars of Germany?
I do not like your clothing, I do not like your talk,
I do not like the vagabond that by your side doth walk.

Then up steps her mother, and unto her did say,
You look just like a daughter that from us went away.
I am not your daughter, nor neither do I know;
For I am from the Highlands and they call me Jack Monroe.

She fought in many a battle and fought courageously,
Until young Jack the sailor down by her side did die.
She pulled out her broadsword and bid this world adieu;
Here is an end to Jack the sailor, and likewise to Jack Monroe.

Sold Wholesale and Retail, by L. Deming, No. 1, South side of
Faneuil Hall, Boston

American Antiquarian Society, Uncatalogued Ballads.

JACK MONROE (N-7)

Jackie Fraizer

There was a jolly old farmer,
In London he did dwell,
He had but the only daughter,
The truth to you I'll tell,
Oh, the truth to you I'll tell.

She had sweethearts aplenty
For to court them night and day,
But one but Jackie Fraizer
Could ever suit her life,
Oh, could ever suit her life.

Her father flew in fashion,
And to her he did say,
I'll give ten thousand shillings
To bear Jackie Fraizer away,
Oh, to bear Jackie Fraizer away.

Now Jackie, he's gone sailing
With trouble on his mind,
He sailed across the ocean
To the Wars of Germany,
Oh, to the wars of Germany.

She dressed herself in men's clothes,
And her hair she did combine,
To roam this country over,
Her darling boy to find,
Oh, her darling boy to find.

Oh, she stepped up the captain,
And to him she did say,
Can't you give me a ticket
To the wars of Germany?
Oh, to the wars of Germany.

Well, I know your finger's slender
And your waist is very small,
Besides you look too handsome
To face those cannonballs,
Oh, to face those cannonballs.

Well, I know my finger's slender
And my waist is very small,
But besides I have the courage
To face those cannonballs,
Oh, to face those cannonballs.

Now she has gone a-sailing
Across the deep blue sea,
She sailed across the ocean
To the wars of Germany,
Oh, to the wars of Germany.

She stepped up to the captain,
And to him she did say,
Is there 'ere man in the regiment
By the name of Jackie Fraizer?
Oh, by the name of Jackie Fraizer?

Oh, he made her back much answer,
But quickly did reply,
I believe there's a man in the regiment
By the name of Jackie Fraizer,
Oh, by the name of Jackie Fraizer.

She stepped out upon the breastworks
And viewed around and around,
Oh, she found her darling lover
Among the deadly wound,
Oh, all among the deadly wound.

Oh, she picked him up in her arms
And ran to some town,
And sent for some physician
For to heal and cure his wounds,
Oh, for to heal and cure his wounds.

Now, they've gone a-sailing
Across the deep blue seas,
And they're both got married,
Then why not you and me?
Oh, then why not you and me?

Western Kentucky Folklore Archive (UCLA Folklore Archive),
East Calloway County, Kentucky, 1952

59. NEW YORK STREETS (N-10)

(New York Streets; The Constant Lovers: or, The Valiant Lady; The Constant Lovers: or, The Valiant Young Lady; The Female Champion; Silk Merchant's Daughter; As I Was A-Walking Down St. Stephen's Street; The Castaways; The Merchant's Daughter Turned Sailor)

Female Champion

In Three Parts

- I. The wandring Female in Man's Apparel
- II. Sorrow upon Sorrow, or, Mercy on the Brink of Ruin.
- III. The Thing desired obtain'd, after long and tedious Travelling by Land, Dangers at Sea, and sharp Hunger.

Young Men and Damsels of this Land,
Draw near and listen unto me,
And you shall quickly understand,
The Scene of this my Tragedy.
A noble Squire, as we hear,
He had an only Daughter bright;
This Female as it will appear,
She in his Footman took Delight.

The angry father has his servant sent to sea. The daughter dresses herself "in man's cloaths" and follows after him. She encounters Indians while "travelling through a Forest" and kills one of them. Escaping, she looks back and sees a beast tearing the body. Arriving at a seaport town she engages herself on a ship. A storm sinks the ship, and the survivors set out in a long boat. When their food runs out, they cast lots to see who shall be killed to feed the rest. The lot falls on the disguised girl. Her beloved is chosen to kill her. She reveals herself, and her lover offers to be killed in her place. Just as the execution is about to take place they hear a gun, and two English ships rescue them. They return to England, and the captain goes to the girl's parents inquiring for her. The parents reply that she must be dead. The captain reports that she is alive, and the couple is married the next day.

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21.bb.52, p. 517

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NEW YORK STREETS (N-10)

Female Champion

In Three Parts.

- I. The wandring Female in Man's Apparel
- II. Sorrow upon Sorrow, or, Mercy on the
Brink of Ruin.
- III. The Thing desired obtain'd, after long
and tedious Travelling by Land, Dangers at
Sea, and sharp Hunger.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The Female Champion.

The wandering Female in Man's Apparel.

Young Men and Damsels of this Land,
Draw near and listen unto me,
And you shall quickly understand,
The Scene of this my Tragedy.
A noble Squire, as we hear,
He had an only Daughter bright;
This Female as it will appear,
She in his Footman took Delight.
And when her Father this did know,
He forc'd this young Man to the Sea,
Which fill'd his Daughter's Heart with Woe,
And caus'd her to weep bitterly.
Tho' griev'd at Heart she nothing said
Unto her aged Parents dear;
In Man's Cloaths she herself array'd,
And o'er the Seas her Course did steer.
When to Fort St. George she came,
Having a Rapier by her Side;
We understand this Love-sick Dame,
When got a shore did there abid.
And travelling through a Forest there,
Two Indian Men she chanc'd to meet,
Who like two Rogues resolved were,
In a vile Manner her to greet.
They fought to take away her Life,
But drawing of her Rapier then,
This Maiden for to end the Strife,
By fighting, kill'd one of these Men.

And as this Ruffian bleeding lay,
The other trembled for his Part,
Did like a Coward run away,
Which pleas'd the Female to the Heart.
And having thus manag'd her Tack,
Sheathing her Sword, went off in Haste,
And as by Chance she looked back,
Did see a frightful monstrous beast.
Tearing the dead Man on the Ground,
Which Sight fill'd her with great Surprize
In travelling to a Sea-Port Town,
This Female saw before her Eyes.
When she came there, she found we hear,
Two Ships then bound for Jamaica:
In one of them, as 'twill appear,
She as a Passenger did go.
And when to Port Royal she came,
One Day walking along the Street,
Her Father's Man, John Banks by Name,
This Love chanced for to meet.
Not knowing her, he said, Young Man,
To an English Ship belonging I do,
The Thing it is so, we want a Hand,
If willing now, I will Ship you.
She smiling made him this Reply,
Ship-work I do not understand;
For my Passage, willing am I
To do my best and helping Hand.
Unto this Thing they both agreed,
On board he had this comely Dame;
Next morning they set Sail with speed,
And then for England straight they came.
PART II.

When they were on the foaming Deep,
A dreadful Storm did then arise,
Which made bold Mariners to weep,
And fill'd them all with great Surprize.
The Ship unto the Bottom went;
But having then a large Long-boat,
Those Mariners who did lament,
They boarded it and there did float,
So long 'till all their Food was done,
Which made the hungry Captain cry,
To feed the rest, let us kill one,
And try by Lot which first shall die.
Unto this Thing they all agreed.

Who went in Number Twenty-nine;
In a bag the lots were put with speed,
And when that they were drawn, we find
The Lot fell hard upon this Maid,
Fortune ran that she first must die:
To see this Lot, like one afraid,
She sigh'd and wept most bitterly.
Then Lots were drawn again to see
Which of them all must take the knife,
The bloody Butcher for to be,
To take away the Maiden's Life:
Fortune run hard we understand,
For that young Man she loved so,
He was to take the Knife in Hand,
To strike the fatal bloody Blow.
He came to her to take the Stroke,
Another came the Blood to catch:
To see the Motion then she spoke,
And trembling a deep Sigh did fetch.
Saying, Friend, hold your Hand, I pray,
As I must die an untimely Death,
I have a word or two to say,
Before I do resign my Breath.
Must I who made an Indian bleed,
I have so many Danger past,
Now die a sacrifice to feed
Poor hungry starving Men at last
My Parents often begg'd of me
To stay at home but I would not;
Through Disobedience, now I see,
Destruction is to be my Lot.
She said to him, Young Man thou art
The Cause of this my Grief and Pain;
For loving thee I suffer smart,
And must among you here be slain;
Hearing these words he did her view,
And said. What are you, tell me pray?
Her answer was, This I will do,
I am a Maid in Man's Array:
My Father is such a noble 'Squire,
And I his only Daughter dear;
To have me once was thy Desire,
I speak it now before you here.
So then she shew'd him half a Ring.
Which when at home this Couple broke;
And seeing it, he knew this thing,
And with a Sigh these Words he spoke:
By this I know thou art my Love,

To see thee here much griev'd am I;
Compassion doth my Heart so move,
That in thy Room, my Dear, I'll die.
So then they did each other embrace,
And while they kiss'd both wept amain;
The Tears ran down each other's Face,
Like pearled Dew, or Drops of Rain.
Sharp Hunger being among them there,
The starving Captain thus did say,
Young Man with speed thyself prepare,
Thy Sweetheart's bloody Debt to pay.
He said, I'll first to my Prayers go,
To set my Heart in a good Frame;
When that is done, the fatal Blow,
With Expedition strike the same.
And when he had at Prayers been,
Cry'd out, As I must lose my Breath,
Lord Pardon me for all my Sins,
And fit me now to meet pale Death.
And when that he these words had spoke,
Cry'd out, Come Strike, my Work is done;
And as one went to strike the stroke
Through Providence they heard a Gun.
Which made him cry, Pray hold your Hand
For now Deliverance is near;
We now are nigh some Ship or Land,
For I indeed a Gun do hear.

PART III.

And as he said, they found it true;
In what Manner I'll tell you now
Two English Ships in public View,
Appear'd upon their Star-board Bow.
Into those Ships they were convey'd,
And unto London sail'd in haste;
This Couple at a Tavern stay'd,
While that the Captain I protest,
Unto her aged Father went,
And said, Where is your Daughter pray?
This Squire then, who did lament,
With a deep Sigh these Words did say,
My Daughter, Sir is surely dead,
Two Years and more she has been gone;
To think of her I shake my Head,
She was a Child, I doated on.

The Captain said, Be of good Heart,
Good News of her I can you tell;
Your Child was near Death for her Part,
But now she is alive and well.
Of their sharp Hunger then he told,
And of this young Man's Love to she
The Father said, If so, behold!
His Wife in Marriage she shall be.
This Couple was sent for with speed,
When come, her aged Father smil'd;
For Joy he kiss'd them both indeed,
And said, Thou art welcome home, dear Child.
Next Day they were in Marriage join'd,
And for a Portion, as 'tis told,
Her Father gave her, being kind,
Three thousand Pounds in shining Gold.
Now this Couple, who suffer'd so,
And was beset with Sorrow round,
Are both releas'd of all their Woes,
And are with Joy and Comfort crown'd.

FINIS.

Harvard, 25276.43.5

NEW YORK STREETS (N-10)

Silk Merchant's Daughter.

You young men and damsels which to love belong,
Come, draw near and listen awhile to my song;
I make no great question, but this new ditty,
Unto many people well pleasing will be.

'Tis of a Silk Merchant in London, I write,
Who had a fair daughter, his own heart's delight;
She loved a porter, and to prevent the day
Of marriage, they forced this man away,

For to serve the King, and when gone from the shore,
This forsaken damsel was troubled full sore;
And in man's apparel, in a merchant ship,
She ventured her life over the raging deep.

They came to anchor, near some distant land,
And there went on shore, at some distant strand;
A sword of the Captain, in her hand she took,
Away then she wandered her lover to look.

She was going through a forest long before night,
A couple of Indians appeared in her sight;
They were drawing nigh unto her, these two heathen they
Intended for to take this fair maiden's life away.

She having a sword herself to defend,
These blood-thirsty ones who did murder intend;
Through mercy she conquered one of them she killed,
And forced the other to quit the field.

She gaining her conquest, away then she went,
Advancing her sword, future harm to prevent;
She had not gone far, but looking back again,
She saw a wild beast tearing him that was slain.

She travelled along till some smoke did appear,
Which made her think that some house she was near;
And as she thought truly at the even-tide,
She came to a town that lay by the sea side.

And in that same harbor, was a ship bound away,
With an expedition unto Germany;
In which ship she sail'd, and came to Kingstown,
There to her great joy, unexpected she found

This noble young porter, her love, walking the street,
She made it her business this young man to meet;
She said, what ship, brother, pray tell unto me,
He told her, and said, bound to England we be.

Unto fair England, I'm willing to go,
But how to get there I do not know;
I'm no sailor, but if you want a man,
For my passage over, I'll do what I can.

The ship it set sail, but I pray now give ear,
What sudden distraction to them did appear;
It was out on the ocean to their discontent,
The ship sprung a leak, and to the bottom went.

Thirty-seven hands were confin'd in a boat,
I which a small allowance of room they did float;
When food was all gone, death appeared so nigh,
The Captain made lots for to see who first must die.

They drew up a paper, as the Captain thought fit,
To draw for life only on them should be writ;
The number of figures beginning at one,
Unto thirty-seven which thing was soon done.

Then they altogether in a small bag were shook,
To draw for life early, each man his lot took;
Amongst all the rest this fair maid was the least,
And she must die first to feed all the rest.

They drew lots again that they fairly might see,
Who amongst them all the butcher should be;
It was a hard lot you will say when you hear,
She was to be slain by this young man her dear.

'Twas he, for whose sake she had ventured her life,
For to do this office he came with a knife;
Another with a boal her blood for to take,
At which motion she sighed, and these words she spake.

Spare me a few moments, I've something to say,
Unfortunate creature! this unhappy day
I might have escaped, if I had been wise;
Oh Lord, have mcercy on me, and hear my sad cries.

Must I who have travell'd so many score miles,
Through forests, and mountains, high hedges and stiles;
Shun'd so many dangers, and at last indeed,
Die a sacrifice hungry men for to feed?

Round the neck she catch'd him, and with a kiss said,
You are going to kill a poor innocent maid;
A silk merchant's daughter of London, I be,
See to what I have come for so loving thee.

Then shewing a ring that between them was broke,
He knowing the token, then with a sigh spoke,
Alas fairest damsel, my heart's ready to burst,
In hopes of your long life, my dear I'll die first.

With tears running down, they each other embrac'd,
To satisfy hunger the rest were in haste,
The captain said, madam, you may him command,
For where is another which will die for his friend.

They hearing those expressions like men in amaze
To satisfy hunger they on her did gaze.
The captain said sir, if thy love's debt thou wilt pay,
Prepare for your death, for no longer I'll stay.

Then this young martyr, this lovely young man,
Said to him that stood by with a knife in his hand,
Be quick in your motion, my business is done!
Before the stroke was given they all heard a gun.

Then this young martyr cried out, hold your hand,
I did hear a gun, we're near a ship or land;
Within half an hour a ship did appear,
Bound to fair Ireland, which did their hearts cheer.

They were then taken up, and to Dublin conveyed,
And there together this couple they stay'd;
They came to London on the gun-powder plot day,
And there at a tavern this couple did stay.

Then unto her parents the captain did go,
Enquired for their daughter, the answer was so;
Five and twenty months my dear child has been lost,
I am sure she is dead, and my life it will cost.

My heart it will break for the loss of my child,
The captain he answer'd, and said with a smile,
She has been near death, but is now alive and well,
No soul's grief on earth can her sorrows excel.

The captain sent for them, her parents to please,
And when they came there they both fell on their knees,
Transported with joy and with tears in their eyes,
Her father embraced them, the mother likewise.

Next day at St. Lawrence's Church, as we find,
In the bands of wedlock this couple were joined;
Five hundred gold guineas her father laid down,
Saying, once you have suffered, with joy now are crown'd.

Sold, wholesale and retail, with Cutlery, Jewelry, &c.&c. by J.G.
& H. Hunt, at N.E. corner of Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

Brown University/John Hay Library, HB2681, p. 72 Coll. S433.2

NEW YORK STREETS (N-10)

New York Streets.

Printed by T. Birt, 10, Great St. Andrew-Street
wholesale & retail, Seven Dials, London.
Country Orders punctually attended to.

As I was walking up New York streets,
I made it my business my true love to meet,
What ship, brother sailors, come tell unto me,
I belong to the Nancy, from England I be.

I'm in want of a sailor, we have lost one hand,
I'm in want of a sailor do you understand?
Altho' I'm no sailor if you want a man,
For my passage over I'll do what I can.

O when this young damsel she did come on board
Our captain he asked why she wore a sword,
In the course of my travels I vow and protest,
I'm in search of a young man who lately has been prest.

All things were got ready for setting of sail
The wind blew from the west with a pleasant gale,
So as we were sailing to our heart's content,
Our ship sprang a leak to the bottom she went.

Then twenty four of us got into the boat,
And on the wide ocean was forced to float,
Provisions being short, and death being nigh,
We all did cast lots to see which should die.

These lots were made out, and in a bag shook
And every man his own lot he took,
But the innocent virgin the short lot she drew,
She was to be killed to feed the whole crew.

Then hold your hand, butcher, the damsel reply'd,
It is true that I am a poor innocent maid.
I'm a rich merchant's daughter from London I be
You may see what I'm come too, by loving of thee.

O then the red colour came into his face.
With his eyes full of tears & his heart like to break
With his eyes full of tears, these words he did express
It is now to preserve you, love, I will die first.

These lots were turned over as you plainly see,
To see which of them was this young man's butcher to be,
Be quick in your motions let the business be done,
And before the blow was struck they all heard a gun

Then hold your hand, butcher, the captain did cry,
Some ship or some harbour I am sure we are nigh,
So as we were sailing with a sweet and pleasant tide
We came to a town close by the sea side.

This couple got married, as I've heard people say,
The bells they did ring and the music did play,
And the birds in the valley did echo and sing
The girls they did dance, and the sailors did sing.

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division, Uncatalogued Broadside
Ballads, Box III

60. FAIR ELLEN

Fair Ellen

There was a rich farmer near Newport,
Daughter loves lad; father shuts her up and sends the boy
away. She sees Denis leaving, dresses as a sailor and goes
with him. They are shipwrecked on a lonely island and die.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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61. THE CONSTANT LOVERS (N-6)

(The Constant Lovers; The Farmer's Daughter;
The Lady and the Sailor; The Sailor's Happy
Marriage; The Disguised Sailor; The Landlady
and the Sailor; The Press Gang, or In London
Fair City; The Rich Merchant; The Rich Merchant's
Daughter; The Sailor and the Merchant's Daughter;
The Sailor and the Rich Merchant's Daughter;
The Sailor's Lover)

There was a rich merchant in London did dwell,
He had one fair daughter, none could her excel,
Rich lords came to court her, she slighted them all,
And she fancied a sailor both proper and tall.

Her father objects to the courtship but agrees to a private wedding. On the way to the church a press gang takes the sailor prisoner. The daughter dresses up "in a suit of men's clothes," goes to the captain and, unrecognized, becomes the sailor's bed-mate. Telling him she is an "astronomer" (or astrologer) and can read his fortune, she reveals herself, and they marry "among the ship's crew."

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Trinity College Dublin,
21.bb.51, p. 200

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
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B. Folksong Versions

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Dean-Smith, 99
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Wilgus-Long

THE CONSTANT LOVERS (N-6)

The Sailor's Happy Marriage.

There was an old merchant of honor and fame,
He lived in London, I knew not his name,
He had a young daughter, whose beauty was clear,
And persons of honour did court her we hear.

Yet nevertheless she refused them all,
And lov'd a young sailor that was proper and tall,
She sent him a letter, her mind to reveal,
That she was not able her love to conceal.

He received the letter with great joy and mirth,
And unto her father he presently went:
There unto each other revealed their minds,
With many sweet kisses and compliments fine.

At last her old father got word by the bye,
That on the young sailor she had cast an eye;
Ne'er mind, said her father, I will them soon part.
I'll seem to prove kind, tho' 'tis not in my heart.

Next morning as soon as the stairs he came down,
He call'd on his daughter, they say with a frown;
Saying beautiful daughter will you speak and embrace,
And marry a sailor, your friends to disgrace.

Dear honored father, your pardon I crave,
There is none in the world but the sailor I'll have;
For he is my dear, and my only joy,
And if I don't have him, myself I'll destroy.

Well beautiful daughter, if it is your lot,
To marry a sailor I'll hinder you not;
But pray do it in private, talk nothing of me,
And when it is over we'll bravely agree.

But when they were going in at the church door,
A press-gang did meet them, 'twas near to a score;
Instead of being married, he was pressed away,
So nothing was there but a sorrowful day.

This fair maid she dressed herself up in mens clothes,
And unto the very same captain she goes;
She entered herself, and it fell to her lot,
To lay in her love's arms, tho' he knew not.

When many a night with each other they had laid
And many a night with each other had sail'd;
O! once I'd a true love, the sailor did say,
But her cruel parents they press'd me away.

'Tis very well known I was brought up to my pen,
Some knowledge and 'strolage, I act now and then,
Come tell me your age, and I'll throw up your lot,
And tell whether you'll ever have her or not.

Then straight in her arms like lightening he flew
Saying, many a hazard I've ventured for you;
You might see how the sailor enjoy'd his sweetheart,
No doubt but the sailor could act his own part.

Now when the couple return'd to this land,
Her father was dead as we understand;
And she was heiress of her father's estate,
And he was the Lord of riches most great.

Now this couple was married, as plainly appears,
Enjoying one another without dread or fears;
With love out of measure, unto their content,
And spendeth their lives in sweet innocence.

Holloway and Black, Later English Broadside Ballads, 239.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS (N-6)

The Lady and Sailor.

There was a rich merchant in London did dwell,
He had one fair daughter, none could her excel,
Rich lords came to court her, she slighted them all,
And she fancied a sailor both proper and tall.

Till at length it was discovered by some men,
To see a young sailor of late coming there,
Hold, hold, said her father, I'll soon them part,
And if they prove loyal it is not from my heart.

He called down his daughter with an angry frown
Can't you get better matches of fame and renown
Can't you get better matches your arms to embrace,
Than to wed with a sailor, your friends to disgrace.

Dear honored father, your pardon I crave,
There's none in the world but a sailor I'll have;
That sailor is willing, and the lad I adore.
And indeed I'll go with him where loud cannons roar.

Dear daughter, with you I never will part,
Since it is a young sailor that has gained your heart,
Come do it in private, and talk not of me,
And when its all over we'll kindly agree.

As this couple were walking down by the church door,
A press gang there met them, about half a score,
They took him prisoner and marched him away,
And instead of great mirth it was a sorrowful day.

The lady dressed up in a suit of men's clothes,
And straight to the captain she instantly goes,
She yet as a sailor, it fell to her lot,
For to be put to lie in her lover's hammock.

As the lady and sailor were crossing the deep,
Says the lady to the sailor, you sigh in your sleep.
I once had a sweetheart, the sailor did say,
And by her cruel father I was sent away.

I am an astronomer, reared to my pen,
Astrologing books I peruse now and then,
Come tell me your age, I'll cast up your lot,
To know if you'll gain the fair lady or not.

He told her his age and the day of his birth,
She says you were born for great joy and mirth,
You shall have your sweetheart in spite of them all
And here is your Ellen just at your call.

This couple got married among the ship's crew,
You may say the young lady proved loyal and true.
They are now safely landed on Columbia's fair shore,
And a fig for her father, he'll ne'er see her more.

University of Kentucky, Vol. I, p. 108.

THE CONSTANT LOVERS (N-6)

The Farmer's Daughter.

It is of a rich farmer, I dare not tell his name:
He had but one daughter, of honor and fame.
She was courted by many: but she slighted them all,
For the love of a sailor, who was handsome and tall.

But when her old father came to find out the joke,
He sent for his daughter, his daughter to rebuke,
Saying: Cannot you make a better choice your arms to embrace,
Than to wed with a sailor, your friends to disgrace?

O father, dear father! there is but one thing I crave;
There is none but a sailor, the sailor boy I will have!
For, he is my jewel, and I am his joy.
If I can't have my sailor boy, my life I'll destroy.

O daughter, dear daughter! there is but one thing you crave;
There is none but a sailor you say you will have;
Now, go and get married, and don't talk of me:
And when 'tis all over, we will agree.

The day was appointed this couple to wed,
And great preparations, to be sure, there was made;
But, instead of a wedding, it was a sorrowful day:
For, the press-gang was sent for, and Jack pressed to sea.

She cut off her hair, and she dressed in man's clothes:
Then down by yon sea-shore, like a sailor she goes;
She had not been there long, ere it fell to her lot
To be cased in her own true Love's vessel, though he knew her not.

One night, as this young may lay, making his moans,
Saying: Once, I had a true love, but now I have none;
Saying: Once, I had a true love, and we did agree;
But her cruel parents have pressed me to sea.

Says she: I am a scholar brought up with my pen,
I tell people's fortunes, a little now and then;
Come, tell me your age, and I will cast up your lot,
And see if you will gain your own true love or not.

He told her his age, from the day of his birth,
Says she: your misfortunes bring joy and great mirth;
It lies in my power to bring her to you:
And into his arms, like lightning, she flew.

The Captain, standing by and hearing the joke,
He sent for the priest with his long black cloak:
This couple was married, amid that ship's crew;
And, ever since then, they have proved loyal and true.

H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 54 Chatham Street, New-York.

Huntington Library, 259490

62. THE ROSE OF BRITAIN'S ISLE (N-16)

The Rose of Britain's Isle

Tune--Betsey of Dundee.

Attention give both high and low,
And quickly you shall hear,
Of a virtuous damsel true and kind,
Who dwelt in Leicestershire.
Her cheeks like the blooming roses were,
In her face appear'd a smile,
The maiden's name was lovely Jane,
The Rose of Britain's Isle.

A farmer's daughter, Jane falls in love with her father's "prentice boy." When the father has "young Edward" sent "across the main," Jane dresses in "man's attire" and goes with him, unrecognized. During a storm Edward goes aloft, and Jane looks on "with watery eyes." Near Spain Jane's "left arm" is shattered "by a ball," and she reveals herself to Edward. When she recovers, they return to England to find that her father is "dead and gone." Jane inherits his fortune, and she and Edward marry.

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Street, Durham. Sold by J. Livsey, 43,
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(1846-51)
- 25242.17, VII, 102
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#605
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II. CATALOGUES

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Wilgus-Long

THE ROSE OF BRITAIN'S ISLE (N-16)

The Rose of Britain's Isle.

Attention give both high and low,
And quickly you shall hear,
Of a virtuous damsel true and kind
Who dwelt in Liecestershire,
Her cheeks like the blooming roses were,
In her face appeared a smile,
The maiden's name was lovely Jane,
The Rose of Britain's Isle.
She was a farmer's daughter,
Her father's only joy,
And in her teens she fell in love,
With her father's prentice boy,
Young Edward lived contented,
Till her heart he did beguile,
By all above, he cried--I love
The Rose of Britain's Isle.
At length her father came to know,
This couple courting were,
He in a passion flew, and dreadfully,
Did curse and swear,
Saying will you bring disgrace on me,
I'll send you many a mile,
In great disdain across the main,
From the Rose of Britain's Isle.
He to a ship young Edward sent
To sail across the main,
While Jane at home did weep and mourn,
Her bosom swell'd with pain.
She drest herself in man's attire,
And in a little while,
On board with Edward soon was shipp'd,
The Rose of Britain's Isle.
When scarce one week to sea they'd been,
A dreadful storm did rise.
And when young Edward went aloft,
Jane wept with watery eyes.
But little did young Edward think,
When Jane on him did smile
That by his side did stand his bride
The Rose of Britain's Isle.

When they arrived near to Spain,
The enemy gave alarm,
And by a ball young Jane did fall
Which shatter'd her left arm.
The seamen ran to lend their aid
While Jane in accents mild,
To Edward said--behold a maid
The Rose of Britain's Isle.
Then Edward was with wonder struck,
And trembled with pain,
And when that Jane recovered,
They were sent across the main.
They soon at England did arrive,
Which caused them both to smile,
Then home again went Edward,
With the Rose of Britain's Isle.
Her father he was dead and gone,
But joyful to relate,
To Jane he all his fortune left,
Besides a large estate.
They married were, the bells did ring,
All the villagers did smile,
Saying happy live young Edward,
With the Rose of Britain's Isle.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, 46, Sadler-Street, Durham.
Sold by J. Livsey, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. II, BS 9.

63. THE BONNY SAILOR BOY

(The Bonny Sailor Boy; The Constant Pair,
or the Pretty 'Prentice Boy)

The Bonny Sailor Boy

There was a rich merchant in Liverpool did dwell,
He had but one daughter, few could her excel,
With her red rolling cheeks and her rolling black eye,
She fell deep in love with her bonny sailor boy.

When the merchant banishes William to "Vandiemans land,"
his daughter dresses up and enters "as a cabinboy on
board of the fleet" with her beloved. Her father "would
give 2,000 pounds" to see her again. When the ship ar-
rives in India, she reveals her identity to the captain who
brings the couple together. They return to Ireland and
ask the father's forgiveness. He embraces them, they wed,
and he gives them "50 bright thousands."

I. SOURCES

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BS Ballads, III, 17

Yale,

Iib57T1, Fraser Ballads, I, 16

London: H. Such, Machine Printer and
Publisher 177, Union Street, Borough,
S.E. (1869-86)

Iib57T1, Fraser Ballads, II, 4

London: H. Such, Machine Printer and
Publisher 177, Union Street, Borough,
S.E. (1869-86)

THE BONNY SAILOR BOY

The Bonny Sailor Boy.

There was a rich merchant in Liverpool did dwell,
He had but one daughter, few could her excel,
With her red rolling cheeks and her rolling black eye,
She fell deep in love with her bonny sailor boy.

When the rich merchant came this for to understand,
He swore he'd banish William to Vandiemans Land;
Be that she should herself destroy,
For to marry young William, that's her bonny sailor boy.

She's one of the fairest creatures that I did ever see,
She exceeds all the girls in this country;
As she tripped through the grove she often did sigh,
As her heart often beat for her bonny sailor boy.

She dressed herself up from the head to the feet,
And entered as a cabinboy on board of the fleet
As she stood in her cabin she oftentimes did sigh,
Where there she stood gazing on her bonny sailor boy.

This day they are smiling on the watery main,
While her friends broken hearted at home do remain,
Her father would give two thousand pounds in gold,
For one sight of his daughter again to behold.

When they arrived in India land on that very day,
She went to the captain and thus she did say,
' I am a fair maid, I will never deny,
I left my own parents for my bonny sailor boy

The captain together these lovers did bring,
The bands they did play and the sailors did sing,
It's home to old Ireland they returned with great joy,
On the thoughts of young William, her bonny sailor boy.
It's when they arrived at her own father's hall,
It's down on their knees these two lovers did fall,
Saying, father, dear, you may pierce my heart
Before you force me from my William to part

When the father saw those lovers the tears fell like rain,
He took them in his arms and he did them combine,
Saying, on to-morrow morning your wedding shall be
And fifty bright thousands your portion shall be.

Tis now these true lovers are joined heart and hand,
With three bright thousands at their command
So all sailors that's constant and true,
Don't change old lovers at all for the new.

National Library of Ireland BSS (UCLA Folklore Archive)

THE BONNY SAILOR BOY

The Constant Pair or the Pretty 'Prentice Boy.

Come all you pretty maidens, and a story I'll tell,
Of a rich merchant's daughter near Liverpool did dwell,
Her cheeks like roses, with a pretty black eye,
She fell deeply in love with her father's 'prentice boy.
She was the fairest creature that eyes had ever seen,
And as for her age, it was scarcely fifteen;
As she walk'd thro' the shady groves, she ofttimes did sigh
While her heart gently beat for her pretty 'prentice boy.
O when e'er her father came to understand,
Says he I'll banish him to some foreign land;
You never shall demean yourself, her father did reply,
To marry with young William your pretty 'prentice boy
He sent him on board of a ship of great fame,
She was bound to the Indies--the Caroline by name,
At parting she tore her hair, and bitterly did cry
For ever I'll live a single life for my pretty 'prentice boy
Then she dress'd like a sailor from the head to the foot,
And engag'd with the captain all in the same fleet;
She engag'd with the captain, as his own cabin boy,
And sail'd on the ocean till the Indies drew nigh.
And as they were ploughing through the watery main,
Her father, broken-hearted at home did remain;
Says he, twenty thousand I'd give in bright gold,
If my own dearest daughter I once more could behold.
And when she arriv'd on the Indian land,
She went to the captain and told him out of hand,
She said I am a pretty maid I never can deny,
I have left my dear parents, for my dear 'prentice boy,
Then the captain together this couple did bring,
The music did play, and the sailors did sing;
On board the same vessel he put them out of hand,
And soon they returned to old England.
And when that they came to her own father's hall,
On their bended knees this young couple did fall;
She said, dearest father, stab me to the heart,
Before from young William you force me to part.
To see these true lovers, tears ran down his face,
He took them in his arms and did them embrace
Saying, to morrow you shall be married by break of day
And fifty bright thousands your portion shall be.

So now this young couple are join'd heart in hand,
With fifty bright thousands all at their command:
So all young men be constant and true,
Since no one can tell what true love can do.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, 46, Sadler-Street, Durham.
Sold by J. Livesy, 43, Hanover-Street, Shudehill, Manchester
193

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. II, BS 92

64. THE FEMALE TAR (II)

Female Tar.

Come all you blooming damsels and listen to my song
And all you pretty maidens that know what to love belong,
It is of pretty Sally I unto you shall name,
That for the sake of her true love Jemmy did plow the
raging main.

Jemmy and Sally vow to be true to each other and "like a pair of turtle doves did agree." Sally's father sends her to her "rich old uncle" to be "guarded both night and day." He has Jemmy sent to sea. Early in the morning Sally ventures to London "drest in man's apparel" and enters aboard Jemmy's ship. They set sail, and in "scarcely days more than eight or nine," they encounter and fight a French ship. The battle lasts four hours and is "fierce and hot." Neither Sally nor Jemmy is hurt. After returning to England, Sally makes herself known, and they marry before "a number of the ship's company which made a jovial band."

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(1816-43)
25242.25, 34^v
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6 Great St Andrew Street 7 Dials. (1819-44)

Cambridge,
Madden Coll., IV, no. 609, p. 286

National Library of Ireland,
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II. CATALOGUES

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FEMALE TAR (II)

Female Tar.

J. Pitts, Printer, & Wholesale Toy Warehouse
6 Great st, Andrew street 7 Dials.

Come all you blooming damsels & listen to my song
And all you pretty maidens that know what to love belong,
It is of pretty Sally I unto you shall name,
That for the sake of her true love Jemmy did plow the raging
main,
Young Jemmy was a Waterman at Wapping he did ply
Pretty Sally loved him dearly and lived hard by,
And oft abroad in boat or skift where silver streams did flow,
This loving pair to take the air together they would go
Like a pair of turtle doves this young couple did agree
And vow'd to each other true and constant for to be,
But at length young Sally's father the same came to know,
I'll part you both he then did say Jemmy to sea shall go.
Dear honoured father the young damsel then did say,
Pray don't be cruel as to force my love away,
For my Jemmy's my delight we have vow'd ne'er to part,
Whilst life remain no other swain shall ever gain my heart,
Then seventeen miles from London Sally was sent away
Unto a rich old uncle guarded both night and day,
While her father cruel hearted had Jemmy sent to sea
In hopes that he might neer return his son in law to be,
Thus those two lovers were forced to part,
Which grieved pretty Sally quite sorely the heart,
But fortune did befriend this pretty maiden fair,
And soon she did follow her true love that she did love so dear,
Twas early in the morning just as day light did appear,
Pretty Sally from her uncle's house got both safe and clear,
Drest in man's apparel to London came straightway,
And soon she found that Jemmy's ship in Sheerness lay
With jacket blue and heart true trowsers so neat and white,
Pretty Sally ty'd back her hair and follow d her love outright.
And when she came unto the ship that Jemmy he was in,
Straightway she enter'd on board and sail'd along with him
Scarcely days more than eight or nine had they sail'd on the sea,
When a French ship they spy'd sailing with a stiff breeze
All hands were called then to pursue the enemy,
No sooner we came up with them but a shot we let fly
Four hours and some minutes these two ships did engage
At length their colours down did fall and yield to Britons brave,
But altho' the battle was so fierce and hot,
Pretty sally well escap'd the fire and shot,

Our ship she did return with her prize to England's shore.
Young sally she made herself known to Jemmy she ador'd,
While Jemmy gaz'd upon her he unto her did say,
Now I'll make you my lawful bride without any more delay.
Then these two loyal lovers to church went hand in hand,
And a number of the ship's company which made a jovial band
The first lieutenant also who gave the bride away,
While bells in steeples they did ring and music sweet did play,

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division, Uncat. BSS, Box II.

65. POLLY OLIVER (N-14)

(Polly Oliver; Polly Oliver's Rambles; The Female Soldier; The Maids Resolution to Follow her Love; In Dublin's Fair City Pretty Polly did Dwell; Lovely Annie; Pretty Polly; Pretty Polly Oliver; There was a Fair Damsel)

Polly Oliver's Rambles

One night as Polly Oliver lay musing on her bed,
A comical fancy came into her head,
Neither father or mother shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier and follow my love.

Putting on "coat and breeches," "pistols and sword", Polly rides "to fair London town," where she dismounts "at the sign of the Crown." Her love enters, and she gives him a letter from his "true love, Polly Oliver." Opening the letter, he finds "a guinea" for him to "drink her health round." When Polly calls "for a candle to light her to bed," her love offers his bed. She replies that "to lie with a captain is a dangerous thing." The next morning Polly rises and puts on her own clothes, revealing herself to her captain. He laughs "at the fun," and they marry.

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(1829-37)
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- 25242.27, 265
London:--Printed and Published by H. Such,
177 (late 123) Union-street, Boro' SE and
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- 25242.75F, II
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(c.1849-56)

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house Great st. Andrew street, 7 Dials.
(1797-1844)

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house Great st. Andrew street, 7 Dials.
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(1797-1844)

UCLA/Special Collections,

#605

#605

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177, Union-street, Borough.--SE (1869-86)

#605

London.--H. Such, Printer and Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough.--SE (1869-86)

University of Kentucky,

BS Ballads, V, 13

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Long, 140
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Reeves, Everlasting Circle, 209

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II. CATALOGUES

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Rosenberg, 102, no. 1143

Wilgus-Long

III. COMMENTS

Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 739) notes that a parody entitled "The Pretender's Army" was published in 1717 sung "to the same tune" and with the opening line, "as Perkin one morning lay musing in bed." (See Mughouse Diversions [London: S. Popping, 1717]).

POLLY OLIVER (N-14)

Polly Oliver's Ramble.

One night as Polly Oliver lay musing on her bed,
A comical fancy came into her head,
Neither father or mother shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier and follow my love.
Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
She dressed herself in a man's suit of clothes
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches and sword by her side,
On her father's black gelding like a dragoon did ride.
She rode till she came to fair London town,
She dismounted her horse at the sign of the Crown,
The first that came down was a man from above,
The next that came down was Polly Oliver's love.
Good evening, good evening, kind captain said she,
Here's a letter from your true love, Polly Oliver, said she,
He opened a letter and a guinea there was found,
For you and your companions to drink her health round.
Supper being ended she held down her head,
And called for a candle to light her to bed,
The captain made this reply, I have a bed at my ease,
You may lie with me countryman if you please.
To lie with a captain is a dangerous thing,
I am a new enlisted soldier to fight for our king,
To fight for our king by sea and by land,
Since you are my captain I'll be at your command.
Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
And drest herself in her own suit of clothes,
And down stairs she came from the chamber above.
Saying here is Polly Oliver your own true love
He at first was surprised, then laughed at the fun,
And then they were marry'd and things were all done,
If I laid with you the first night, the fault it was mine,
I hope to please you better love for now it is my time.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,
6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

University of Kentucky, Vol. V, p. 64.

POLLY OLIVER (N-14)

The Maids Resolution To Follow Her Love

There was a fair creature in the Islands did Dwell,
Was courted by a Captain & lov'd very well,
When her cruel Parents came it for to here,
They kept Madam Molly from her dearest dear.

One Night as Madam Molly lay musing in bed
A frolicksome fancy came into her Head,
Neither Father nor mother shall make me false prove
For I'll be a Soldier & follow my love.

She put a Coat & a pair of Breeches on
And deck'd herself in Aparent like a Man,
With a Case of Pistols and Sword by her side,
So like a Jolly Trooper Madam Molly did ride.

Madam Molly rode till she came to a Sea-port Town;
At the Sign of the Dreadnought she sat herself down,
The first that came in did unconstant prove,
But the next that appear'd was Mollys true love.

She said here's a Letter from Molly you adore,
And in this said letter is a Guinea or more,
For you & your Soldiers to drink her Health round,
Ay, that we will do Cry'd the Capt. G--d Zounds.

Madam Molly she held down her drowsey head
Saying fetch me a candle & shew me my Bed,
The Capt. reply'd, Sir, I lie at my Ease,
And you may lie with me sir if you please.

Sir, to lie with a Soldier is a difficult thing,
I am a new listed squire to fight for the King,
Next Morning Madam Molly arose,
And dress'd herself in her own feamale Cloaths

Saying here is your Molly whome you do adore,
She has ventur'd to follow you by Sea & shore,
Who has left her cruel Parents to sigh & Complain
Who would give Thousands & Thousands to see her again.

Now the Captain has marr'd her and calls her his Dear,
And settled upon her 500 a Year.
Now, etc.

Holloway and Black, Later English Broadside Ballads, p. 174.

POLLY OLIVER (N-14)

There Was A Fair Damsel.

There was a fair damsel, from London she came,
She was courted by a Captain, a man of great fame,
She was courted by a Captain, a Captain on shore,
Pretty Polly was a girl that we all did adore.

One Thursday evening as she lie in bed,
A notion came into her head,
Neither Father or Mother could make her untrue,
She woulddress like a soldier and follow her love.

Early next morning Polly arose,
Dressing herself in a suit of mens clothes,
Coat, west coat, and britches, pretty Polly put on,
Every feature was dressed like a man.

She went out to the stables to view the steed round,
Soon choosing the one that could travel the ground,
With a course of bright pistols and a sword by her side,
On her father's best guilden and away she did ride.

She rode and she rode till she came to the town,
There she put up by the side of the Crown,
The first man that entered was a brave Irish Lord,
The next man that entered was Polly's true love.

Here is a letter, here is a letter from Polly, your friend,
Here is a letter, here is a letter to you she did send,
There is health for all people that live in this town,
There is health for all soldiers tho they may drink round.

When Polly got sleepy, she hung down her head,
She called for candle to light her to bed,
To bed said the captain, here is a bed at your ease,
You can lie here with me kind sir if you please.

To lie with a Captain is a dangerous thing,
He is a brave squier, he will fight for his king,
I will fight for my King boys, on sea and on shore.
Pretty Polly is a girl that we all do adore.

Early next morning Pretty Polly arose,
Dressing herself in her own female clothes,
She came down the stairs from her chamber above,
Saying this is Polly Alberts, your Royal true love.

Now Polly is married she leaves at her ease,
She goes when she is willing, returns when she pleases,
She has left her old Father and Mother at home,
They would give thousands for Pollys return.

Western Kentucky Folklore Archive (UCLA Folklore Archive)--
Ohio Co., Kentucky, 1959.

66. THE LADY LEROY (N-5)

(The Lady Leroy; Lady Del Roy; Sally and
Her Lover; Lady Uri; Bill Roy)

The Lady Leroy

Bright Phoebus was shining all on the broad main,
The birds they were singing, all nature serene;
I espied a fair couple on Ireland's shore
A-viewing the ocean, while the billows did roar.

The young man is "persuading" his beloved to go with him away from her disapproving father. She disguises herself and purchases a vessel from her father. Upon discovering that they have gone, the father follows them himself (or sends a crew in pursuit of them, in some versions). The two ships encounter each other, and the battle is won by the daughter and her lover.

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II, 210

Shoemaker, 72
Stout, 32

Folk Legacy FSC-10 (recording)
S. Henry, no. 214

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THE LADY LEROY (N-5)

Lady Leroy

Bright Phoebus was shining all on the broad main,
The birds they were singing, all nature serene;
I espied a fair couple on Ireland's shore
A-viewing the ocean, while the billows did roar.

The one was a lady, both beauteous and fair,
The other a captain, persuading his dear,
Persuading his jewel to cross the wide sea,
In a ship he commanded, called Lady Leroy.

Oh, no, cried this fair maid, this never can be.
My father has vessels, full twenty and three,
And should he o'ertake us, our lives he'd destroy,
So I dare not venture in the Lady Leroy.

Oh, then, cried the captain, I'm surely undone--
I wish that my mother had ne'er borne a son.
May sweet peace go with you, for wretched am I,
For the love of pretty Polly I am doomed for to die

Then she dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
And disguised unto her old father she goes.
She purchased a vessel, and paid full demand;
But little did he think, 'twas his own daughter's hand.

Then to her lover--and to him did she say,
Make haste and get ready, no time for delay.
They hoisted their topsails, their colors let fly,
And they swore by their Maker, they will conquer or die.

They had not sailed more than a week or ten days
Before from the southeast there blew a fair breeze.
They espied a fine vessel, which was to their joy,
They hailed her and found her the Lady Leroy.

Turn back, oh, turn back to the Ireland shore,
Or this very instant a broadside I'll pour.
Then broadside from broadside these vessels did pour,
And like loud peals of thunder their cannon did roar.

They had not fought more than an hour and a half,
When this pretty fair maid gained her victory at last.
Now go tell my father it is to his shame,
I have conquered his vessel, I have conquered his name.

They sailed into Boston, that city of fame,
With two as fine vessels as e'er crossed the main.
The one was the Essex, the other Leroy--
Success to Pretty Polly, she's the source of all joy.

Shoemaker, p. 72.

THE LADY LEROY (N-5)

The Lady Leroy.

As I went walking one evening in June,
To view the green fields and the meadows in bloom,
I spied a lovely couple on Erin's green shore,
They were viewing the ocean where the loud billows roar.

O, Sally, lovely Sally, you're the maid I adore,
To be parted from you it would grieve my heart sore;
But your parents are rich, love, and angry with me,
And for me to enforce you my ruin might be.

Sally dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,
And down to her father she instantly goes;
She purchased a vessel, paying down his demand,
But little he knew 'twas from his own daughter's hand.

She wrote her love a letter, and this she did say,
Be quick and make ready, there's no time to delay;
They hoisted their topsails with signs of great joy,
And over the ocean sailed the Lady Leroy.

When Sally's old father came this for to know,
Like a man in distraction to a captain he did go;
He bid him go find them, and her lover destroy,
For he ne'er will enjoy the fair Lady Leroy.

With bold indiscretion this sea-captain did go,
And quickly made ready like some daring foe;
He spied a large vessel with her colours let fly,
And he hailed her and found her, the Lady Leroy.

Return you young couple to Erin's green shore,
Or a broadside of grapeshot on your lives I will pour;
But Sally's true lover he made this reply,
I'll never surrender, I'll conquer or die.

Then broadside to broadside they on other did pour,
Far louder than thunder their cannons did roar;
But Sally's true lover gained the victorie,
And he sunk the proud captain in the dark raging sea.

We landed in Boston, that city of fame,
With a bold chief commander, I'll not mention his name;
Drink a health to lovely Sally and the Lady Leroy,
She's the source of all comfort and my only joy.

Write home to your father and this let him know,
That I would not be conquered by friend or by foe;
We wish him good fortune, long life to enjoy,
But he lost all his prospects on the Lady Leroy.

Sam Henry, No. 214

THE LADY LEROY (N-5)

Bill Roy

The sun was just rising
Shone all o'er the plains
The cavvy was bucking
All nature seemed strange
I spied a fair couple
On old Mexico's shore
A viewing the country
All over and o'er.

The one was a Spanish girl
Pretty and fair
The other a vacquero
Persuading his dear
Persuading his jewel
To cross the wild plains
To the city of Cheyenne
The city of fame.

Pretty Molly, pretty Molly,
The girl I adore,
To leave you behind me
Would grieve my heart sore.
Your Father's and old calender
And he's angry with me
To stay in old Mexico
My ruin he'd be.

Now this girl being in trouble
She hung down her head
And then she looked up
With more courage and said
I've resolved to go with you
We shall have a convoy
And a fine lot of mustangs
To give us much joy.

She dressed herself up
In vacquero's best clothes
And unto her father
In this guise she goes
She purchased the mustangs
Paid down the demand
Little thought he 'twas done
By his own daughter's hand.

Then they saddled their mustangs
Their spurs they let roll
As they dashed o'er the prairie
To Cheyenne their goal.

Now when her father
Came this to understand
He swore his revenge
On the contempting young man
He swore pretty Molly
Should ne'er be his wife
And for her disobedience
He would take her sweet life.

He went to his greasers
In a fit of despair
And there he told them
The whole affair
He told them to pursue them
Their lives to destroy
For she ne'er should wed
Her lover Bill Roy.

Then the greasers made ready
Made ready for a fight
A fight with the cowboys
Their only delight.
They saddled their mustangs
Their whips they threw by
To start on the trail
Of the daring Bill Roy.

They had not been gone
But a week or ten days
And the cowboys were causing
The cowtrails to blaze.
Where they spied some vacqueros
And hailed them with joy
And among them pretty Molly
And her lover Bill Roy.

So they bade them come back
To old Mexico's shore
Or they from their pistols
Bright fire would pour.
But the brave young cowboys
Gave back this reply
For the sake of Bill's sweetheart
We'll fight till we die.

From pistols and pistols
The bright fire poured
And louder than thunder
The old rifles roared.
The cowboys gained victory
And sweet liberty
And now I'm a cowboy
Both happy and free.

To the city of Cheyenne
The city of fame
The name of this couple
I'll mention again.
The one pretty Molly
Her lover Bill Roy
Sam Wilson, young cowboy
Who had the convoy.

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11/15/26 in response to Adventure, "Lady LeRoy", 10/23/26.
Earnest: "the enclosed which is I guess a parody on the Lady
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Laws, 191

THE PLOUGHBOY (M-24)

The Ploughboy.

It is of a pretty Plough-boy was ploughing of his land,
His horses stopped underneath the shade;
It was down in yonder plain he was whistling at his plough,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.

CHORUS. Pretty maid--

And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.
He sang to her a song as he ploughed it along,
Saying you are a maid of higher degree,
If I should fall in love, and your parents not approve,
There's the next thing they'll send me to the sea.
O soon her aged father he came for to know
That in love with a ploughing boy she was;
A press gang he did send, he pressed her love away,
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.
Then she dress'd herself in man's attire,
And her pockets she wel' fill'd with gold;
And see how she trip'd the street so nimbly and so neat
And walked like a jolly sailor bold.
Now the first that she met was a jolly bold sailor;
Did you meet with my pretty ploughing boy?
Yes he's just gone on the deep, and I'm going to the fleet;
O, he says, my pretty man, can you row, can you row?
They both jump'd in the boat, and they rowed to the fleet,
To the ship that her ploughing boy was in;
O Captain, she did cry, with the tears all in her eye,
Will you let me have my pretty ploughing boy?
One hundred bright guineas and more she pull'd out
Of her pocket, where she had gold in store,
And strew'd it about till she found her ploughboy out,
And she bought him and she brought him to the shore.
O now this couple's landed and joined hand in hand,
In spite of all friends or all foes;
The bells they did ring, and the maiden she did sing,
When she'd got her young lad she adored--she adored!

Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. I, BS 427

THE PLOUGHBOY (M-24)

Pretty Little Plough Boy.

Pitts Printer. Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 dials

A Pretty little Ploughboy a driving of his team;
And his horses stood under the shade,
Tis all for your sweet sake I came this way,
And so well I'm rewarded for my pains
The tears ran down her cheeks from her sloe black eyes,
She was dress'd like some goddess I vow,
You had better keep at home says he, my pretty maid,
And away he went singing to the plough
He finish'd his song as he walk'd along
And thus to himself he did say,
If I should have you pretty maid
The next day I should be sent to sea.
Soon as her cruel parents came to know
As he was ploughing on a hill,
A press gang came and pressed him,
And sent him to the wars to be slain
She dressed herself in gallant attire
And her pockets were lined with gold,
She went to the seas in hopes to find ease,
And she met with a sailor bold.
I'm to the sea young sailor said she,
Did you meet with a pretty ploughboy
He's gone across the deep I am going to the fleet,
So pray young man let me ride,
She got to the boat and sailed along
Till she came to the Spanish shore
O how she sigh'd and cry'd for her little ploughboy
When she heard the loud cannons roar.

Harvard, 25242.75F, Vol. II, BS 43.

THE PLOUGHBOY (M-24)

The Plough Boy.

It's of a jolly plough boy was ploughing on the plain,
And his horses stood under yon shed;
He was whistling to his plough, he was ploughing on the plain,
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.
And his chance it was to meet a pretty maid.
He finished his song as he rolled along.
You're a maid of a higher degree
And if I should fall in love and thy parent come to know,
Then the next thing would send me to the sea,
Then the next thing would send me to the sea.
When that her parents came for to know
And the plough boy was ploughing on the plain,
Then the press gang they sent and they prest her love away
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.
And they sent him to the wars to be slain.
She dressed herself, in her best riches did shine,
And her pockets were lined with gold,
See how she trudg'd the streets with the tears in her eyes,
And she march'd like a jolly sailor bold,
And she march'd like a jolly sailor bold.
The first that she met was a jolly [sailor] bold,
Did you see my plough boy she cried;
He is joined with the fleet and he's sailing on the deep,
And he's going to the war to be slain,
And he's going to the war to be slain.
When she came to the ship that her true love was in,
To the Captain she then did complain;
She said Sir, I am come for that pretty plough boy
For they've sent him to the war to be slain,
For they've sent him to the war to be slain.
A hundred guineas she then pulled out,
And strew'd them gently on the cabin floor,
And when her plough boy she had got into her arms,
Then she row'd him till she row'd him safe on shore,
Then she row'd him till she row'd him safe on shore,
When that she came unto the dry land,
And the places where she had been before,
Then so sweetly she did sing made the valleys for to ring,
Then she sang of the laddie she ador'd, she ador'd,
And she sang of the laddie she ador'd.

THE PLOUGHBOY (M-24)

The Pretty Ploughboy.

It's of a pretty ploughboy who was driving of his team,
And a fair pretty maid he did spy;
He unto her did say, at home you'd better stay,
And away he went singing to his plough.

And this was his song as he trudged on his way,
Pretty maid, you are of high degree;
If you should fall in love, and your parents not approve,
The next thing they will send me off to sea.

As soon as this her cruel parents came to know,
And he was a ploughing on a hill,
To him the pressgang came, and they sent him o'er the main,
And he's gone in the wars to be slain.

But his love dressed herself in a man's suit of clothes,
And she went for her ploughboy to search,
With her pockets lined with gold--she met a sailor bold,
And these words unto her he did say--

Where are you a going, my fair pretty maid,
So anxious and so early in the morn?
They have pressed my love, said she, and have sent him to sea,
And he's gone in the wars to be slain!

Said he, My pretty maid, will you go along with me?
And she went with the sailor to his boat;
So they pushed from the shore, while the cannons they did roar,
Which caused her to shed many tears.

So he rowed her along till they came to the ship,
On board which her pretty ploughboy sailed;
He is here, the captain said, you are welcome pretty maid;
But he's going in the wars to be slain.

But a hundred bright guineas at once she put down,
And the captain he soon told them o'er;
Now you for him have paid, you can take him, pretty maid,
And she hugged him till she got him safe ashore.

So all you pretty fair maids, wherever you may be,
That values your true love more than gold;
You must cross the raging main, and fetch him back again,
And I'll warrant you'll be happy till you die.

W.H. Long, A Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect, And of
Provincialisms Used in the Island &c. (London: Reeves and Turner,
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Peacock, II, 327

Palmer, 108

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THE CONSTANT FEMALE (N-12)

The Rakish Female Sailor.

A. Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

I am a rakish fair maid, who dare not well be seen,
And for the sake of Jemmy, I dare not be seen,
I'll cross the raging seas, if Jemmy he is dead,
I will mourn constantly, all for my Jemmy's sake
I'll cross the raging seas, &c.

A tarry jacket and blue trousers this maiden did put on,
And like a gallant sailor she briskly moved along
She bargain'd with a captain her passage to get free,
To be his own companion crossing o'er the sea.
As they were a stripping them, and jumping into bed,
The captain did sigh and say, I wish you were a maid:
Your ruby lips and cherry cheek have so enticed me.
That I do wish with all my heart you were a maid said he.
O hold your tongue, dear captain, O hold your tongue said she,
If the sailors should now hear us, they would make game of me
For when that we do reach the shore, some handsome girls you'll
find,

To sport among the fair maids I always was inclin'd
In less than two days sailing our ship did reach the shore,
She said farewell, dear captain, adieu for evermore
A sailor I was once on board, but now I'm a maid on shore,
He said, return my dearest lady, for you I do adore
It is a handsome portion I will bestow on thee
Five hundred bright sovereigns now the sum shall be.
If you consent to marry me, O say you will be mine,
O, hold your tongue, dear captain, you talk is all in vain,
O, for the sake of Jemmy I cross'd the raging sea
For he was the only lad, I could love none but he
If my Jemmy should be he dead, I will mourn constantly,
And for the sake of Jemmy, a maid I'll live and die.

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. VII, BS 123.

THE CONSTANT FEMALE (N-12)

The Constant Female.

I am a maid in love and I cannot get free,
I'm lamenting here for Jemmy who is across the raging sea,
Now I'm taken and tied unto the ground,
My hands and feet are handcuffed like a murderer I'm bound.

But now her cruel parents have set her free at last,
Still hoping insome comfort with them she might pass
Shirt jacket and blue trousers this maid she put on,
Like a gallant sailor she walked and roved along.

She engaged with the captain her passage to go free
To be her own companion across the raging sea,
One night as they were walking and going to their bed
[The] captain then he sigh'd and said I wish you was a maid.

Thur cherry cheeks and rosy lips have so enticed me
[That] I could wish with all my heart you was a maid for me;
Hold your tongue dear captain your talk is all in vain
If the sailors were to hear they would mock and make thee game.

But when we do reach the shore two pretty girls we'll find
[We'll] port among the fair maids and to them we'll prove kind,
Its in a few days sailing this maid got safe on shore,
Saying farewell now dear captain adieu for evermore.

Altho a sailor I was on board a maid I am on shore,
Altho a sailor I was on board a maid I am on shore,
Come back, come back my pretty maid come back and talk with me,
I have a handsome fortune which I will bestow to thee.

I have eighty pounds a year besides I'm gentle bound
If you'll consent to be my wife and say you will be mine,
Hold your tongue dear captain, your talk is all in vain,
I [have] a loyal sweetheart and for him I've ploughed the main,

If I do not fine him I'll mourn him constantly,
But for the sake of Jemmy a maid I'll live and die,
If I do not find him I'll mourn him constantly
But for the sake of Jemmy a maid I'll live and die.

Robert M Intosh, Printer, 203 Gallowgate Glasgow
A Good Variety always on hand, Shops and
Travellers Supplied on Liberal Terms.

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division-Uncatalogued Broadside
Ballads, Box II

THE CONSTANT FEMALE (N-12)

The Maid in Sorrow

I am a maid in sorrow, in sorrow to complain,
And it's all for the sake of my Jimmy I crossed the raging main;
And if I do not find him, I'll more contented lie;
It's all for the sake of my Jimmy a maid I'll live and die.

O small boots, vest, and trousers this fair maid she put on;
She looked just like a sailor brave, and slowly she marched
along.
She bargained with the captain her passage to go free
And to be his chief companion all on the raging sea.

One night as they sat talking, just as they were going to bed,
The captain sighs and then replied, saying, I wish you were a
maid;
For the blushed of your rosy cheeks it so entices me
That I could wish with all my heart you are the maid for me.

O hold your tongue, dear captain, O hold your foolish tongue;
If the sailor boys should hear of this, of us they'd make great
fun;
But when we do get safe on shore two handsome maids we'll find,
We'll roam and sport and pleasure with those that are due inclined.

In two or three days after when they did get on shore,
Adieu, adieu, sea captain, and farewell forever more.
Adieu, adieu, sea captain, and farewell forever more,
For once I was a sailor on board, but now I'm a maid on shore.

Gardner and Chickering, p. 401.

69. THE LONDON MERCHANT (M-19)

(The London Merchant; The Rich Merchant's Daughter;
The Old Merchant and Daughter; Willie)

The London Merchant

It is of a rich merchant near London we hear,
Had a comely young daughter most beauteous and fair,
20,000 bright guineas was her portion in gold,
Till she fell in love with a young sailor bold.

Her father, upon finding out, threatens to kill William "before [the next] morning." Trying to warn her true love, the daughter dresses herself in "bold sailor's apparel complete" and meets William. She gives him some gold, and he kisses her and departs for Dover. Walking up "the Strand," she meets her father who mistakes her for William and kills her. Realizing what he has done, the father then kills himself. When William hears what has happened he dies "broken hearted by grief and despair."

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A. Printed Versions

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25242.18

R. Evans, Printer Foregate-Street, Chester.
(1825-32)

25243.10PF

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(1828-29)

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Yale,

Ib57+t2, Misc. English BSS
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Hill

JFSS, I, 222

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LONDON MERCHANT (M-19)

London Merchant.

'Tis of a rich Merchant near London we hear,
Had a comely young daughter most beauteous and fair,
20 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 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 up from the head to the feet,
With pumps on her feet, and a cane in her hand,
She met her dear William as she 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 48 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 pierc'd quite through.
When he found what he'd done he sunk down in despair,
He wringed his hands and he tore off his hair.
Crying wretched monster Oh! what have I done,
I have killed the flower of fair London town.
Then up from the ground he did instantly start,
And he lean'd on his sword till he pierced his heart,
Forgive me he cry'd as he drew his last breath,
Then he closed 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 gold.

R. Evans, Printer Foregate-Street Chester.

Harvard, 25242.18, BS 28

70. ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY (Child 103)

Rose the Red and White Lily

O Rose the Red and White Lilly,
Their mother dear was dead,
And their father married an ill woman,
Wishd them twa little guede.

Two sons of the stepmother court the two girls in a "bowr." Wishing to stop the courting, the mother tells the sons that they must go to sea. The girls disguise themselves and follow their lovers unrecognized. One day while moving a stone White Lilly moans, and her lover, Brown Robin, recognizes that she is a woman. He goes into her "bowr" and impregnates her. When her time to deliver comes, she refuses him entrance and takes up a "bugle-horn" to call her "brother," Rose the Red. Rose, who is a page at the court, hears the horn, and as they had agreed, she goes to her sister. Brown Robin refuses to let the "page" enter the bowr, and the two fight. Finally at evening Rose the Red, who is wounded, reveals herself to Robin. White Lily delivers "a bonny young son," and word spreads throughout the land. The king hears of it and journeys to see. Upon reaching the place he recognizes his footpage, Rose. She says that she wanted to see her brother, and tells the king not to enter the bowr. He insists and sees Lily nursing her son. Rose tells him the whole story, the king dresses the girls in "robes of green," and they are joyfully wed to the two brothers.

I. SOURCES

B. Folksong Versions

Child II, pt. 2, no. 103

Greig-Duncan, 407, no. 162

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY (Child 103)

Rose the Red and White Lily.

O Rose the Red and White Lilly,
Their mother dear was dead,
And their father married an ill woman,
Wishd them two little guede.

Yet she had twa as fu fair sons
As eer brake manis bread,
And the tane of them loed her White Lilly,
An the tither lood Rose the Red.

O biggit ha they a bigly bowr,
And strawn it oer wi san,
And there was mair mirth i the ladies' bowr
Than in a' their father's lan.

But out it spake their step-mother,
Wha stood a little foreby:
I hope to live and play the prank
Sal gar your loud sang ly.

She's calld upon her eldest son:
Come here, my son, to me;
It fears me sair, my eldest son,
That ye maun sail the sea.

Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But be never war to Rose the Red
Than ye ha been to me.

O had your tongue, my eldest son,
For sma sal be her part;
You'll nae get a kiss o her comely mouth
Gin your very fair heart should break.

She's calld upon her youngest son:
Come here, my son, to me;
It fears me sair, my youngest son,
That ye maun sail the sea.

Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,
Your bidding I maun dee;
But be never war to White Lilly
Than ye ha been to me.

O haud your tongue, my youngest son,
For sma sall be her part;
You'll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth
Tho your very fair heart should break.

When Rose the Red and White Lilly
Saw their twa loves were gane,
Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,
And tane up the still mournin;
And their step-mother stood listning by,
To hear the ladies' mean.

Then out it spake her White Lilly:
My sister, we'll be gane;
Why should we stay in Barnsdale,
To waste our youth in pain?

Then cutted ha they their green cloathing
A little below their knee,
And sae ha they there yallow hair,
A little aboon there bree;
An they've doen them to haely chapel,
Was christened by Our Lady.

There ha they chang'd their ain twa names,
Sae far frae ony town,
An the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,
An the tither o them Roge the Roun.

Between this twa a vow was made,
An they sware it to fulfil;
That at three blasts o a bugle-horn,
She'd come her sister till.

Now Sweet Willy's gane to the kingis court,
Her true-love for to see,
An Roge the Roun to good green wood,
Brown Robin's man to be.

As it fell out upon a day
They a' did put the stane,
Full seven foot ayont them a'
She gard the putting-stane gang.

She leand her back against an oak,
And gae a loud Ohone!
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,
But that's a woman's moan!

O ken ye by my red rose lip?
Or by my yallow hair?
Or ken ye by my milk-white breast?
For ye never saw it bare?

I ken no by your red rose lip,
Nor by your yallow hair;
Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,
For I never saw it bare;
But come to your bowr waeveer sae likes,
Will find a lady there.

O gin ye come to my bowr within,
Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,
Wi this same bran that's in my han,
I swear I will the kill.

But I will come thy bowr within,
An spear nae leave, quoth he;
An this same bran that's i my han
I sall ware back on the.

About the tenth hour of the night
The ladie's bower-door was broken,
An eer the first hour of the day
The bonny knave-bairn was gotten.

When days were gane, and months were run,
The lady took travailing,
And sair she cry'd for a bowr-woman,
For to wait her upon.

Then out it spake him Brown Robin:
Now what needs a' this din?
For what coud any woman do
But I coud do the same?

'Twas never my mither's fashion, she says,
Nor sall it ever be mine,
That belted knights shoud eer remain
Where ladies dreed their pine.

But ye take up that bugle-horn,
An blaw a blast for me;
I ha a brother i the kingis court
Will come me quickly ti.

O gin ye ha a brither on earth
That ye love better nor me,
Ye blaw the horn yoursel, he says,
For ae blast I winna gie.

She's set the horn till her mouth,
And she's blawn thr-e blasts sae shrill;
Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,
And came her quickly till.

Then up it started Brown Robin,
An an angry man was he:
There comes nae man this bowr within
But first must fight wi me.

O they hae fought that bowr within
Till the sun was gaing down,
Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red
Came hailing to the groun.

She leand her back against the wa,
Says, Robin, let a' be;
For it is a lady born and bred
That's foughten sae well wi thee.

O seven foot he lap a back;
Says, alas, and wae is me!
I never wisht in a' my life,
A woman's blude to see;
An a' for the sake of ae fair maid
Whose name was White Lilly.

Then out it spake her White Lilly,
An a hearty laugh laugh she:
She's lived wi you this year an mair,
Tho ye kentna it was she.

Now word has gane thro a' the lan,
Before a month was done,
That Brown Robin's man, in good green wood,
Had born a bonny young son.

The word has gane to the kingis court,
An to the king himsel;
Now, by my fay, the king could say,
The like was never heard tell!

Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,
An a hearty laugh laugh he:
I trow some may has playd the loun,
And fled her ain country.

Bring me my steed, then cry'd the king,
My bow and arrows keen;
I'll ride mysel to good green wood,
An see what's to be seen.

An't please your grace, said Bold Arthur,
My liege, I'll gang you wi,
An try to fin a little foot-page,
That's strayd awa frae me.

O they've hunted i the good green wood
The buck but an the rae,
An they drew near Brown Robin's bowr,
About the close of day.

Then out it spake the king in hast,
Says, Arthur, look an see
Gin that be no your little foot-page
That leans against yon tree.

Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,
An blew a blast sae shrill;
Sweet Willy started at the sound,
An ran him quickly till.

O wanted ye your meat, Willy?
Or wanted ye your fee?
Or gat ye ever an angry word,
That ye ran awa frae me?

I wanted nought, my master dear;
To me ye ay was good;
I came but to see my ae brother,
That wons in this green wood.

Then out it spake the king again,
Says, Bonny boy, tell to me
Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,
Stands by yon green oak tree?

O pardon me, says Sweet Willy,
My liege, I dare no tell;
An I pray you go no near that bowr,
For fear they do you fell.

O haud your tongue, my bonny boy,
For I winna be said nay;
But I will gang that bowr within,
Betide me weel or wae.

They've lighted off their milk-white steeds,
An saftly enterd in,
An there they saw her White Lilly,
Nursing her bonny yong son.

Now, by the rood, the king coud say,
This is a comely sight;
I trow, instead of a forrester's man,
This is a lady bright!

Then out it spake her Rose the Red,
An fell low down on her knee:
O pardon us, my gracious liege,
An our story I'll tell thee.

Our father was a wealthy lord,
That wond in Barnsdale;
But we had a wicked step-mother,
That wrought us meickle bale.

Yet she had twa as fu fair sons
As ever the sun did see,
An the tane o them lood my sister dear,
An the tither sayd he lood me.

Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,
As by the king he stood:
Now, by the faith o my body,
This shoud be Rose the Red!

Then in it came him Brown Robin,
Frae hunting o the deer,
But whan he saw the king was there,
He started back for fear.

The king has taen him by the hand,
An bade him naithing dread;
Says, Ye maun leave the good green wood,
Come to the court wi speed.

Then up he took White Lilly's son,
An set him on his knee;
Says, Gin ye live to wiald a bran,
My bowman ye sail bee.

The king he sent for robes of green,
An girdles o shinning gold;
He gart the ladies be arrayd
Most comely to behold.

They've done them unto Mary Kirk,
An there gat fair wedding,
An fan the news spread oer the lan,
For joy the bells did ring.

Then out it spake her Rose the Red,
An a hearty laugh laugh she:
I wonder what would our step-dame say,
Gin she this sight did see!

Child, Vol. II, Pt. 2, No. 103A (Jamieson-Brown MS., fol. I).

B. Ballads in Which the Heroine
Disguises Herself to Accompany or Pursue
Her Beloved (No. 71-100)

71. LOVE AND GLORY

(Love and Glory; Henry and Jane;
Young Harry)

Young Henry was as brave a youth,
As ever graced a martial story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
She sighed for love, and he for glory.

Henry means to "plight his faith," but war calls him "from love to glory." Jane follows "in man's attire," and both die, she "for love," and he, "for glory."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Thomas J. Dibdin, The English Fleet in 1342 (1805)
[Thomas Dibdin] Songs, Duets, Choruses &c. in A
New Historical Comic Opera in Three Acts
called The English Fleet, in 1342. As Per-
formed at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden
(1803), 14

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
Uncat. BSS, III
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Library of Congress/Music Division,
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L. Deming, corner Merchant's Row, and
Market Square, Boston. (c.1829-31)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
HB2645, 37

UCLA/Special Collections,
PR1187G19r, A Right Choise ("Lover's Songster")
Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed by J.
Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market. (1811-29)

Yale,
Ib57t800g/case 2, "Garland of New Songs," No. 7
J. Marshall, Newcastle upon Tyne. (1810-31)

The American Songbook (1815), 38
The American Star (1817), 22
The Blackbird (1834), 29
Boston Musical Miscellany (1811), 36
Northumbrian Minstrel (1811), 27

Songsters Multum in Parvo, III, 24

II. CATALOGUES

Thomson, 56, no. 428

III. COMMENTS

"Love and Glory" was written by Thomas John Dibdin (music by Braham) for The English Fleet in 1342; An Historical Comic Opera in Three Acts, which was performed at Covent-Garden 13 December 1803.

LOVE AND GLORY

Love and Glory.

Young Henry was as brave a youth,
As ever grac'd A martial story;
Young Henry was as brave a youth,
As ever grac'd a martial story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for love,
And he for glory.
She sigh'd for love,
And he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane follow'd, fought, (ah! hapless story!)
In man's attire, by Henry's side--
She died for love, and he for glory.

The Boston Musical Miscellany. Boston: J.T. Buckingham, 1811, p. 36.

72. A SONG OF MARION'S MEN

A Song of Marion's Men

In the ranks of Marion's band
Through morass and wooded land
Over beach of yellow sand
 Mountain, plain and valley
A southern maid in all her pride
Marched gayly at her lover's side
 In such disguise
 That e'en his eyes
 Did not discover Sally

In his sleep "on his straw couch in the camp," he dreams of his true love. The maid rejoices when she finds him "true." The battle begins and, to ward the death-spear from his side," she dies by the "Santee," and they sing a "ceaseless dirge" over her grave.

I. SOURCES

C. Manuscript Versions

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
"Russell MS Book," I (1817-42)

A SONG OF MARION'S MEN

A Song of Marion's Men.

In the ranks of Marion's band
Through morass and wooded land
Over beach of yellow sand
 Mountain, plain and valley
A southern maid in all her pride
Marched gayly at her lover's side
 In such disguise
 That e'en his eyes
 Did not discover Sally
When returned from midnight tramp
Through the forest dark and damp
On his straw couch in the camp
 In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted gentle fair
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair
 So near him seem
 That in his dream
 He breathes his love for Sally.
Oh! what joy that maiden knew
When she found her lover true
Sudently the trumpet blew
 Marion's men to rally
To ward the death-spear from his side
Battling by broad Santee she died
 Where sings the surge
 A ceaseless dirge
 Near the stone grave of Sally.

Princeton University/Rare Book Division - Malinda and Samuel
Russel, Manuscript Commonplace Book (Bristol, Maine, 1817-1841),
Vol. I.

GEORGE'S QUAY

George Quay or

The Forgetful Sailor.

Ye sons of Dan O'Connell's Guard,
pray pay attention to my ditty,
Its all about a sailor lad,
his birthplace was in Dublin city.
My song is for to demonstrate,
a story with a pious moral,
Beginning close to Carlisle Bridge
and ending in the isles of coral.

A schooner sailed from George's Quay
for foreign parts one sultry season,
And on the shore a maiden stood
and wept like one bereft of reason;
O! Johnny Doyle, my love for you
is true but full of deep contrition,
For what will all the neighbours say
about myself and my condition.

The capstan turned, and sails unfurled,
the schooner scudded down the Liffey,
The damsel gave a piercing wail,
she was a mother in a jiffy;
The vessel crossed the harbour bar,
her course was set for foreign waters,
To China where they're very wise,
and drown at birth their surplus daughters.

Now years and years are passed and gone
and Mary's child is self-supporting,
And Mary's heart is fit to break
when that young buck goes out a-courting;
And so, says she, on one fine day
he'll leave me lone and melancholy,
I'll dress me up in sailor's clothes
and scour the seven seas for Johnny.

She shipped aboard a pirate bold
which raided on the hot equator,
And with these hairy buccaneers
there sailed this sweet and virtuous crathur;
The Captain thought her name was Bill,
his character was most nefarious,
Consorting with this heinous beast
her situation was precarious.

'Twas in the Saragossa sea
two rakish barques were idly rolling,
And Mary in the middle watch
the quarter deck she was patrolling;
She calmly watched the neighbouring ship
then suddenly became exclamant,
For there upon the gilded poop
stood Mr. Doyle in gorgeous raiment.

And now they're back in sweet Ringsend,
that gem that sparkles on the Dodder,
He lives a peaceful merchant's life
and does a trade in oats and fodder;
By marriage lines she's Mrs. Doyle
she runs a stall of perry winkles,
And when he hears she's that-a-way
his single eye with joy it twinkles.

O'Lochlainn, More Irish Street Ballads, p. 176.

74. MY WILLY WAS A SAILOR BOLD

My Willy Was A Sailor Bold

My Willy was a sailor bold,
He lov'd no other lass but me,
To earn for Anna store of gold,
My constant Willy went to sea;
When on his trembling lip farewell
Hung, dew-drop like, it rent my heart,
I felt my throbbing bosom swell,
And vow'd from Willy ne'er to part.

"In jacket blue and trowsers neat" she joins the ship, and in a storm "a pirate flag apall'd each heart." When the pirates "forc'd him join their crew," she goes too, though Willy knows her "not as his true love, but a kind messmate." "His constant theme at sea," she says that she will "guard him in the raging fight."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25274.2, IV, 11
Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41,
Long-lane, London. (c. 1790-95)

MY WILLY WAS A SAILOR BOLD

Just Published, price one penny, The Brave
Lord Nelson's Garland; Being a Choice Collection...&c.

My Willy Was a Sailor bold
Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-Lane, London.

My Willy was a sailor bold,
He lov'd no other lass but me,
To earn for Anna store of gold,
My constant Willy went to sea;
When on this trembling lip farewell
Hung, dew-drop like, it rent my heart,
I felt my throbbing bosom swell,
And vow'd from Willy ne'er to part.
In jacket blue and trowsers neat,
Snow-white that play'd around my knee,
I join'd the ship in Willy's fleet--
Most dear to dear--and went to sea;
A storm came on, rude tempests blew,
A pirate flag appall'd each heart--
We struck, they forc'd him join their crew
I scorn'd from Willy still to part.
He knows me not as his true love,
But a kind messmate makes to me,
His truth his constancy I prove,
For I'm his constant theme at sea;
Link'd thus by love two minds unite,
Conjoin'd each boasts a faithful heart,
I'll guard him in the raging fight,
nor e'en in death with Willy part.

Harvard, 25274.2 Vol. IV, Ch. 11

75. THE HAPPY COUPLE (N-15)

(The Happy Couple; The Valiant Maid; The
The Valiant Maiden; Billy and Sally's
Parting; The Noble Duke; The Damsel Dis-
guised; She Dressed Herself like a Duke)

Come all you brisk young damsels that sport in Cupid's
chain,

'Tis of a brisk young maiden, lay sporting on the plain;
All with her true love Billy, as she did sport and play,
The press-gang overtook them and prest her love away.

She weeps and wishes that the "French may kill them" who
stole her love from her. She dresses up "like a Duke, with
a star upon her breast" and resolves to be her love's bride.
Just as the ship is about to sail, she goes aboard and
takes her true love, claiming that he is a servant man who
has robbed her of her "gold and store." He begs for liber-
ty saying he has never robbed any man. She mentions her
own name, and the lover weeps "when hearing of her." She
reveals herself, they embrace, and they go to the church
to be married.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, I
54-784, I
T. Hoggett, Printer, Durham. (1816-43)
54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean Street, Newcastle.
(1829-37)
54-784, II
Newcastle: Marshall Printer. (1810-31)
54-784, II
Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Andrew
street 7 dials. (1797-1819)
25242.4
Printed at, Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)
25242.71
25242.85F, 46^r
Pitts, Printer Wholesale toy and Marble
warehouse 6, Great st. Andrew Street 7
dials. (1819-44)
25242.24, 99^r
Pitts, Printer Wholesale toy and Marble
warehouse 6, Great st. Andrew Street 7
dials. (1819-44)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, I, 44^r
Printed at, Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)
KVB, II, 4^v

KVB, II, 47^r
Pitts, Printer Wholesale toy and Marble
warehouse 6, Great st. Andrew Street 7
dials. (1819-44)

New York Public Library/Arents Collection,
BS Ballads
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house 6, Great st. Andrew Street 7 dials.
(1819-44)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
BS Ballads, 1790-1830, 18
Printed at, Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
EX3598.321, 18
Printed at, Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great
st. Andrew street 7 Dials. (1819-44)

B. Folksong Versions

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
Western Kentucky Collection (Ill., 1948)

JAF, LII, 163
Thomas, Devil's Ditties, 76

S. Henry, no. 584

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 210
Rosenberg, 91, no. 1013
Wilgus-Long

THE HAPPY COUPLE (N-15)

The Valiant Maid

Printed at, Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great st.
Andrew street 7 Dials

All you maids that love to play with Cupid's chain,
Tis of a brisk young maiden who was sporting on the plain,
It was for her true love Willy she did sport and play,
A press gang overtook them & prest her love away.

In floods of tears she mourn'd for him both night and day,
Crying I'm undone for ever with the losing of my dear
I wish the French may kill them that prest my love away,
And send their bodies sinking for ever in the sea.

She dressed like a duke with a star upon her breast,
And swore she kill the captain if he did her mistrust,
Her life she boldly ventur'd for her true love so brave
Resolved to be his wife or the sea to be her grave.

This ship was just a sailing when she came to the sea,
She called out for the captain before they sail'd away,
The officers stood cap in hand this noble duke to see,
Expecting she was come their commander for to be.

So when she saw her true love she took him by the hand,
Saying this is my servant man and him I do demand,
For he has robbed me of my store I will try him for his life.
She ventur d life & fortune all for to be his wife.

So then she had him fetter'd she handed him along
Saying I will conduct him all to some prison strong
The young man begged for liberty to plough the raging seas,
I know I never robbed any man my Lord in all my days.

So when she had him safe away she sat down in the shade
Then she began to ask him if he knew such a maid,
His eyes began to flow with tears when hearing of her name
My dear said she don't troubled be, for sure I am the same.

With everlasting joy they flew into each others arms
Tis everlasting pleasure while kissing of her charms
My dear how could you benture your sweet and precious life
Then to the church they went and so made her his wife.

Princeton University/Rare Book Division, Ex3598.321, BS 18

76. THE CABIN BOY

The Cabin Boy

Poll Pennant's father was a tar,
Her uncle smuggled tea,
And her relations near and far,
Had bus'ness with the sea.

Poll marries Jack, "pride of the crew," and she learns to "hand and reef and steer." Jack goes to sea, and Poll, disguised as a cabin boy, accompanies him unrecognized. She rushes "to danger" with him and "kindly dress'd his wound." When the "cruise was out," Poll goes home first "in a prize." Jack returns and sings the praises of the cabin boy who had attended him. Poll reveals that she was his messmate, and Jack cries, "'Come to my faithful heart!'"

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Hogarth, Songs of Charles Dibdin (1842), i, 281

Harvard,
25242.85F, 6v

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the
Duke's Palace, Norwich. (c.1820)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, II, 7v

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the
Duke's Palace, Norwich. (c.1820)

New York Public Library/Arents Collection,
BS Ballads

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the
Duke's Palace, Norwich. (c.1820)

II. CATALOGUES

Thomson, 20, no. 35
68, no. 517

Wolfe, Secular Music in America, I, 244

III. COMMENTS

Charles Dibdin, the elder, wrote this piece. George Hogarth (Songs of Charles Dibdin, I, 277) says that the song was "written for the New Belle Assemblée, Lady's Magazine, During the Years 1811-1812."

THE CABIN BOY.

The Cabin Boy.

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the
Duke's Palace, Norwich.

Poll Pennant's father was a tar,
Her uncle smuggled tea,
And her relations near and far,
Had bus'ness with the sea.
She married Jack, pride of the crew,
One to her bosom dear;
And 'mongst these sailors quickly knew
To hand and reef and steer.
That Jack was off, the ship unmoor'd,
She heard with silent joy,
And cunningly repair'd on board,
Dress'd like a cabin boy.
Whene'er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a helpmate found:
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dress'd his wound.
The cruise was out; from her disguise
Poll now with pleasure burst!
Then took her passage in a prize,
And to their home come first.
Jack chas'd her soon, in eager gaze,
Unladed all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise,
Of the kind cabin boy.
How he had watch'd him, how his care,
Had nicely dress'd his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tipt off their grog:--
'Twas I,' cry'd Poll, 'that messmate, who
'In all your toil took part; "--
'You my sweet Poll!' Jack cry'd out, 'you!
'Come to my faithful heart!"

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division, *KVB (Ballads p.v. 1-2),
Vol. II, p. 7 v

77. THE CAPTAIN OF LOVE

(The Captain of Love; The Lady and the
Farmer; The Rich Nobleman and His
Daughter)

The Captain of Love

There was a rich noble as lately we hear,
Who had but one daughter, most charming and fair,
He often admired this beautiful child,
But soon by sly Cupid her heart was beguil'd.

After her father's death, she visits his workmen and falls in love with a handsome young farmer. She dresses in officer's clothes and impresses the boy, telling him that he must go abroad as a soldier. She confines him in a room, reveals herself, and they are married.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, p.v.3, 22
Manchester--J. Swindells, Printer.
(1819-53)

National Library of Ireland,
McCall, II, 82

Dublin University Magazine, 62 (1863), 633
(Wexford, 1817)
Ireland's Own (18 April 1942) p. 9
Universal Irish Song Book (1904), 93

B. Folksong Versions

Broadwood, English Traditional, 68
JFSS, I, 185

THE CAPTAIN OF LOVE

Captain of Love

There was a rich noble, as lately we hear,
Who had but one daughter, most charming and fair,
He often admired this beautiful child,
But soon by sly Cupid her heart was beguil'd.

Her father he died; and one day, at her ease,
To visit her workmen she rode in her chaise;
A handsome young ploughman she then did espy,
And in raptures upon him she then fix'd her eye.

The flame in her bosom so strongly did glow,
To gaze on his beauty to the fields she would go;
He whistled so sweet that the vallies did ring,
And his cheeks they did bloom like the roses in spring.

Then home to her maidens the lady she goes,
Resolving to dress in gay military clothes,
With a broadsword in hand, she went to the grove,
And the ploughman was press'd by this captain of love.

Unto this young ploughman the lady she said,
Come, come, jolly farmer, and join the parade;
No longer to toil at the plough and to sow,
But abroad for a soldier with me you must go.

You are handsome and proper, well fitted to shine,
With lac'd hat and feather, and scarlet so fine;
With me you'll away, and your captain I'll be,
And a lady shall court you of noble degree.

When to a close room he was straightway confin'd,
While she changed her clothes, and told him her mind;
He flew to her arms, and he solemnly swore,
That the captain of love he'd for ever adore.

Then straight off to church this couple they went,
And in wedlock were join'd by mutual consent:
How happy the ploughman, for chang'd now is he,
From a poor man's estate, a rich noble to be.

J. Swindells, Printer.

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division, *KVBp.v.3, A Coll. of Ballads, (Manchester: J. Swindells), p. 22.

78. THE SAILOR ON THE SEA

(The Sailor on the Sea; It Happened One Day)

The Sailor on the Sea

It was in London fair that a lady she lived there,
This lady was of beauty and delight,
When unto this lady gay I became a servant maid,
And in me she took great delight.

The servant is courted and betrayed by the woman's son, "a sailor on the sea." He promises that he will not prove false to her. She cuts "her long yellow hair" and goes to the captain. While on board they drink wine, and the captain weeps and says that she reminds him of his beloved. She quotes his promise, and he recognizes his words and her, flying "into her arms like a dove." They are married and "now live happy on the sea."

I. SOURCES

B. Folksong Versions

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
T7-69-37 (Longford, 1969)

Ulster Folk Museum,
Shields Coll., T-1968/UCLA T7-73-2 (Antrim,
1968)

Greig-Duncan, 475, no. 178

S. Henry, no. 203

II. CATALOGUES

Wilgus-Long

III. COMMENTS

This ballad is an excerpted portion of The Faithless Captain (79.).

THE SAILOR ON THE SEA

The Sailor on the Sea.

It was in London fair that a lady she lived there,
This lady was of beauty and delight,
When unto this lady gay I became a servant maid,
And in me she took great delight.

She had one only son, of beauty, birth was born,
Although he was a sailor on the sea;
And he courted this fair maid till he had her heart betrayed,
And then he was bound for the sea.

It happened to be in a bedroom where she lay
That the tears from her cheeks at morn did flow,
Saying, "Are you going away, from me to ever stay,
And leave me on the shores for to mourn?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" says he, "such things will never be
For as long as I'm a sailor on the sea;
And the ship that I command may she never reach the land
If ever I prove false, love, unto thee."

Her long yellow hair it hung down in ringlets fair,
To cut them off she thought no one would know;
The next morning she arose, dressed herself in sailor's clothes,
And straightaway to the captain she over did go.

She was both neat and trim, complete on every limb,
And the clothes she wore they fitted her so well;
As she gazed among the crew then the captain near her drew,
And he says, "Young man, have ever you been to sea?"

"Oh, no, kind sir," said she, "I have never been to sea,
But take me as a young sailor bold,
For I do mean to go where the stormy winds do blow,
And it's neither for your money nor fine clothes."

So it happened on a time when the crew was drinking wine
That the tears from the captain's eyes did flow,
Saying, "You're like a lover of mine I remember many's a time
That I left upon the shore for to mourn."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" says she, "such things can never be,
For as long as I'm a sailor on the sea,
And the ship that I command may she never reach the land
If ever I prove false, love, unto thee."

The captain knew his own dear words, for they still ran in his
mind,
And he flew into her arms like a dove;
Saying, "Since you have ventured here, love, all for the sake of
me,
It's married then, oh, married we shall be."

They called for a boy, and they called for a girl,
And they called on a clergyman as well,
So their marriage lines were wrote, and these couple married got,
And now they live happy on the sea.

Sam Henry, No. 203

79. THE FAITHLESS CAPTAIN

(The Faithless Captain, or Betrayed Virgin;
The Faithless Sea Captain)

The Faithless Captain, or Betrayed Virgin.

All ye maidens fair I pray awhile draw near,
I a tragical story have to tell,
It will make your heart bleed, when further I proceed,
As for the truth it has befel,
In London city liv'd a maiden there,
Blest with a store of wit and beauty bright,
Unto a lady fair she a servant were,
And the lady in her took delight.

The lady's son, a ship's captain, promises to marry the servant but seduces her the night before they are to be wed. He goes to sea, and she cuts "her lovely locks" and enters with him unrecognized. He is reminded of his mother's maid and finally recognizes her "by her breasts so fair." While on ship she finds herself with child. He tells her he will be "revenged," but she pleads with him, and he agrees to marry her. But "fortune to them proves unkind," and a storm comes upon them, and she is swept to sea. When he discovers her body "floating on the main," he leaps into the sea to "share the same fate."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

National Library of Ireland,
I6551, Song Books (Derry, 1806-9)

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, III, 10
J. Pitts, Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble
Ware-house, 6 Great st. Andrew street 7
dials. (1819-44)

BS Ballads, VI, 194
Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane,
Fleet-street, London. (1802-09)

II. CATALOGUES

"A Catalogue of Maps, &c...Printed and Sold by William and Cluer Dicey...1754," Bodleian MS 258.c.109, reproduced in Thomson, "Development," 291

"The Stock Ballads of Samuel Harward, printer at

Tewkesbury between 1760 and 1775," Gloucestershire Notes and Queries, III, 227

Cleveland Public Library, John G. White Department, Catalogue of Folklore and Folk Songs, I, 186
Crawford, 44

Ford, Broadsides, 415, no. 3101

National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh, Catalogue of Lauriston Castle Chapbooks, 74

Thomson, 29, no. 113 and 114

THE FAITHLESS CAPTAIN,
OR BETRAYED VIRGIN

The Faithless Captain, or Betrayed Virgin.

All ye maidens fair I pray awhile draw near,
I a tragical story have to tell,
It will make your heart bleed, when further I proceed,
As for the truth it has befel,
In London city liv'd a maiden there,
Blest with a store of wit and beauty bright,
Unto a lady fair she a servant were,
And the lady in her took delight.
She had a son we hear, who a captain were,
A ship the Burford called, he did command,
And as it was found was to India bound,
And he must forsake the English land.
His mother's waiting-maid had his heart betray'd,
He great kindness unto her did bear,
Though she was poor, yet he did her adore,
But at length he did her heart ensnare.
Rich gold and silver bright on his heart's delight,
With some rich things he did bestow,
Cloth'd her in array like a lady gay,
But at last it prov'd her overthrow.
The joyful day we hear appointed were,
For the marriage as you shall find,
Men lay many a snare for the maiden's fair,
Hard it is for maids to trust mankind.
The night before they married were to be,
He unto the maiden fair did come,
Saying, my heart's delight, go with me to night,
About some business that I must have done.
Unto a tavern he took the maid straightway,
She poor innocent maid did think no ill,
But wine as we hear, her senses did ensnare,
Thus the traitor had his lusted will.
But when the morning fair it did appear,
And sleep her gentle senses did restore.
Finding thus her charms infolded in his arms,
Down her cheeks the chrystal streams did pour,
My heart's oppress'd with grief finding no relief,
Since a victim to your lust I'm fell;
Now my virgin bloom you've cropt too soon,
All joys and pleasures now I bid farewell.

Wilt thou wed me, sir, as you did say,
This day you know the knot was to be tied,
For ever undone my honour is gone,
I am afraid I shall not be your bride.
Though your charming person I've enjoy'd,
If I forsake my dear, heaven be severe,
May all the substance I have be destroyed.
The ship that I command when I leave the land,
May it never more return again;
And then my tomb shall in this youthful bloom,
Be in the deep and raging main.
But first I'll go to sea, ere I'll married be,
To look after honour and renown.
A dream she said she had, they never should be wed.
With many vows and oaths he from her rose,
And on board the ship he soon did steer,
The beauteous damsel bright went that same night,
And bought some clothing then to wear,
Her lovely locks of hair, as bright as silver were,
She cut off that none might her know,
Cloth'd like a sailor bright, she went that night,
To enter at the rendezvous did go.
Being tall and slim, and straight in every limb,
Both dress and shape together did agree,
The crew at her did gaze, the lieutenant says,
Young man, have you ever been at sea?
No, she reply'd, but if you'll enter me,
I soon shall become a sailor bold.
For I have a mind to go, where the storms do blow,
And to seek for honour and upright gold.
She was entertained straight to be a second mate,
And on board in a little time did go;
For the Indies soon did sail away,
The captain his truelove did not know.
Once upon a day he to her did say,
Mate, thy person doth much so appear,
Just like a love of mine I think many a time,
When I look on you, I look on my dear.
She was my mother's maid, I her heart betrayed,
Now I have left her thus to grieve alone,
I wish that soon she may married be,
To some other man ere my return.
This was a piercing dart to her tender heart,
With a deep sigh she from him turn'd away,
Revenge ye god! she said, on his perjured head,
Who cruelly my honour did betray.

Now comes this tragical part, enough to pierce a heart.
Quick she found herself with child to be,
This cut her heart almost in twain;
The ship's crew we hear did love her dear.
Soon the lovely charming second mate,
Begun to look quite thick about the waist,
Forth from her eyes came many a briny tear.
The Captain soon did take notice of the mate,
One day as she in the cabin were,
The Captain by her breasts so fair,
Thought indeed she might a woman be.
The more he on her gaz'd, the more was he amaz'd
Perfectly he thought her face he knew,
He said, Reveng'd I'll be, if it should be she;
Then out of the cabin straight he flew,
And bid the surgeon go and call the mate.
She trembling to the captain did come,
He said, I plainly see Madam, who you be,
I shall be revenged for what you have done.
At his feet then she fell immediately,
And said do not be to me severe;
Pity my distress my dearest dear,
It is for the love of thee I've cross'd the sea,
You've been you know my sad overthrow,
Little did I think I with child were,
But since it is so, some pity to me show,
Favour a poor distress creature here.
Arise and go from me, he unto her did say,
See none of this matter you let be known.
Soon as we can get sight of land,
I am resolv'd you on shore shall go.
She said, dearest dear, be not too severe,
Call to mind the oaths that you made to me,
And how you did betray my virginity,
The night before we married were to be;
Do not from me part in this wild desart,
Drown me in the watery main,
Freely I'd comply this moment for to die,
So let me now love by you be slain.
As thus she spoke, tears bedew'd her cheek,
Earnestly upon her he did gaze,
He unto her did cry, and made this reply.
In these arms sweet Molly make your grave,
I cannot cruel be to such constancy,
But as to your distress, heaven knows best,
My dearest, what will become of you,
We are far from shore, the billows roar,
The doctor he must thy comfort be.

The minister I'll tell what has befel,
And we'll married be upon the sea.
The men were confused who heard the news,
And mov'd in pity the charming fair,
But as we hear they married were,
Ere morning light did appear,
Yet fortune, as we find, to them proves unkind,
Those happy lovers to divide,
As he sleeping were by his lovely fair,
The winds blew high, and dreadful storms arose,
All hands aloft they run all dangers for to shun,
While the swelling bosom of the sea,
Toss'd them mountains high, they for help did cry,
To the Lord in their extremity.
At last upon a rock they receiv'd a shock,
Expecting every moment for to die,
The men employed thus to save their lives,
As on a rock the gallant ship did lie,
The woman, on the deck, she came among the rest,
In the hurry overboard she fell;
No one could her save, the sea was her grave,
A tragical story to her love to tell.
The powers did decree she saved should not be,
With waves they from the rocks were driven,
The storm abated were to their joy,
For this happiness they thanked kind heaven,
The captain he cry'd, where is my lovely bride,
Having searched no one could her see,
For oh! unlucky day, she was cast away,
At that he wrung his hands most bitterly,
No rest could he take but sat on the beach,
Earnestly of heaven he did implore,
That her corpse he might see floating on the sea.
To gaze his last upon her he did adore,
When two days were past he spy'd at last,
Her body floating on the main,
Oh! Neptune kind, said he, thus to favour me.
With the sight of my love again.
Now like Leander here, I'll go to my dear,
Evermore within her arms to sleep,
It was for the love of me she cross'd the sea.
And made her tomb in the silent deep.
Her love to retaliate I will share the same fate,
The Gods unto our vows will all witness be,
My promise I'll perform this unhappy morn,
So instantly he leap'd into the sea.

Many of them strove to save him then,
When too true it was the fatal hour,
For the swelling wave did become his grave,
They were never after seen more,
Young men a warning take how your oaths you break
Of young virgins do not make game,
Keep your vows and oaths as you propose,
Then happy blessings will attend the same.

Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London.
(Price one penny.)

University of Kentucky, Vol. VI, p. 194.

80. POOR PEGGY

(Poor Peggy; Poor Peg)

Poor Peg.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad,
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez:
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah! too prophetic were her fears,--
They call'd him from her arms to battle!

Her lover "wonders perform'd" against the foe, but is soon "laid low" in death. "Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth," follows after him to the battlefield, "directed by the fife and drum." Finding her beloved, "her very soul was chill'd with woe," and she falls crying that she will meet her "murder'd lover."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Charles Dibdin, Sr., Professional Life of Mr. Dibdin, Written by Himself (1803), III, 131

Hogarth, Songs of Charles Dibdin (1842), I, 115

III. COMMENTS

Charles Dibdin, the elder, wrote this piece. Hogarth describes it as "from Private Theatricals" (Songs, 115). Concerning this production, he says, "'Private Theatricals, or Nature in Nubibus,' in three acts, was produced in September, 1791, at a place called the Royal Polygraphic Rooms, in the Strand."(84)

POOR PEG

Poor Peg.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad,
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez:
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah! too prophetic were her fears,--
They call'd him from her arms to battle!
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,--
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,--
Her very soul was chill'd with woe!
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The Martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, 'I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

Hogarth, George. The Songs of Charles Dibdin, Chronologically Arranged, &c. (London: How & Parsons, 1842), Vol. I, p. 115.

81. MARY'S FATE

(Mary's Fate; Faithful Mary; Ben and Mary;
Ben Block and Mary)

Ben Block and Mary

(Dibdin.)

The decks were cleared, the gallant band
Of British tars, each other cheering;
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolved, no danger fearing.
Ben Block turned pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy;
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

"An envious ball" kills her, and Ben catches "the falling
fair." Not caring for his safety, he rushes on the foe
and dies "for Mary."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25274.2, XXV, 31
Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-
lane, London. (1790-1820)
- 25242.75F, II
25242.17, II
J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate, York.
(1803-48)
- Harvard/Widener Library,
25252.20, I, 17
Marshall, Newcastle (1810-31)
- Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
Garland of New Songs, 27
Marshall in the Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle.
(1811-29)
- UCLA/Special Collections,
PR1187G19r, Right Choyse (Sailor's Songster)
Newcastle upon Tyne: Printed by J. Marshall
in the Old Flesh Market. (1811-29)
- The American Songster (1829)
The Universal Songster, III, 234

II. CATALOGUES

Cleveland Public Library, John G. White Department,
I, 63

Sonneck, Bibliography of Early Secular American Music,
42

Thomson, 43, no. 298

68, no. 517 and 518

Wolfe, Secular Music in America, I, 244

III. COMMENTS

This piece has been attributed both to Charles Dibdin, the elder (Wolfe, 244) and to his son, Thomas John Dibdin (Sonneck, 42). It seems more in the style of Thomas Dibdin.

MARY'S FATE

The Mariner's Concert, Being a new collection of the most favorite
Sea Songs, Written and sung by Dibden, Dignum, Fawcett, &c. And
sung at the Places of Public Amusement in the Year 1797.

Mary's Fate.

Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long-Lane, London.

The decks were clear'd, the gallant band
Of British tars each other cheering,
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,
With hearts resolv'd--no danger fearing;
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
When on the deck he saw appear,
In seamm's dress, his faithful Mary,
Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
Yet such for love her noble daring
No prayers could keep her down below,
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing;
When cruel fate ordain'd it so,
Ere Ben had time to say, how fare ye,
An envious ball convey'd the blow
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.
Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
Grief, rage, and love his bosom tearing.
His eyes reflected wild despair,
No more for life or safety caring;
Close came the foe, Ben madly cry'd,
Ye adverse powers come on, I dare ye,
Then springing from the vessels side,
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.
In the engagement both were slain,
Ben Block, and his true love Mary,
And when the battle it was o'er,
They did prepare their dead to bury;
His loving messmates heav'd a sigh,
As they on these true lovers gaz'd,
Each turn'd his head and dropt a tear,
When in the deep they both were bury'd.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol.XXV, Ch. 31

82. WILLIAM TAYLOR (N-11)

(William Taylor; Billy Taylor; Bold William Taylor; Female Lieutenant; Willy Taylor; The False Lover; If You'll Get Up Early in the Morning)

Bold William Taylor

I'll sing you a song about two lovers,
Who from Lichfield town did come,
The young man's name was William Taylor,
The maiden's name was Sarah Taylor.

William enlists as a sailor, and Sarah disguises herself and follows him. One day while exercising she is discovered when her breast is exposed. She tells the captain of her search for her beloved, and he reveals that William is untrue. He walks at "break of day" with another woman. Sarah calls for "a brace of pistols" and shoots William and "his bride." The captain, "well pleased," makes her a "bold commander" and marries her.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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25274.2, XVII, 8
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54-784, II
Printed for W. Armstrong, Banastre-street
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Street, Boro.' (1869-86)
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Boston: Frederic Hill, 1832

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
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Uncat. BSS, III

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NCK, Erin Machree, &c.
Dublin, 45 Capel St. (Richard Grace, 1833-46)

New York Public Library/Music Division,
BS Coll.

H. DeMarsan, Publisher. 60 Chatham Street,
New York. (c.1850)
BS Coll.
"Catnach Press" by W. Fortey, Monmouth Court,
Bloomsbury. (c.1859)

American Antiquarian Society,
Uncat. BS Ballads
Leonard Deming, at the sign of the Barber's
Pole, No. 61, Hanover Street, Boston.
(1838-43)

Uncat. BS Ballads,
L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street, 2d door
from Friend Street, Boston. (1832-34)

Boston Public Library/Rare Book Division
G382.46
Laurie and Whittle, London, 1804

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
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3588.99, Coll. of Pamphlets (No. 11 Billy Taylor)
Sold at No. 101 North 3rd St., Philadelphia,
1838

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66.u.165

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(1881), 99
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B. Folksong Versions

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3814A3 (Calif., 1938) (also UCLA T7-66-134)
4340A4 (Lincolnshire, 1906)
4345A3 (Lincolnshire, 1906)

4370B2 and 3 (Lincolnshire, 1908)
4376B4 (Lincolnshire, 1908)
4389B2-4 (Gloucestershire, 1908)
5686B4 (Texas, 1941)

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"Percy Grainger's Coll." (facs.)

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Brown, II, 330
Cox, 382
Creighton, 64
Flanders-Brown, 152
Fowke, 152
Greenleaf, 49
Hubbard, 58
JAF, XXII, 380
JAF, LIII, 21 and 62
Karpeles, Folk Songs from Newfoundland, 171
Mackenzie, 132
Manny and Wilson, 232
Moore, 171
Randolph, I, 295
Sharp, English Folk Songs in Southern Appalachians,
I, 373

Christie, II, 208
JFSS, I, 254
JFSS, III, 214
JFSS, V, 68 and 161
Karpeles, Cecil Sharp's Coll., II, 63
Leader LEA 4050 (recording)
O'Brien, II, 462
Reeves, Idiom of People, 227
Sharp, English Folk Songs, 114
Sharp, Folk Songs from Somerset, 46

Greig, Folk-Song of North-East, CL
Greig-Duncan, 438, no. 169
Lyle, k 53
Tocher, 26:85

Ceol, II, 62
S. Henry, no. 213 and 757
Joyce, Old Irish, 235
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C. Manuscript Versions

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25262.2, Murison MS, 53

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MSS/Osborn d215, "A Book of Ballads, JJS,1856"

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II. CATALOGUES

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Wilgus-Long

WILLIAM TAYLOR (N-11)

Bold William Taylor.

I'll sing you a song about two lovers,
Who from Lichfield town did come;
The Young man's name was William Taylor,
The maiden's name was Sarah Dunn.

Now for a sailor William enlisted,
Now for a sailor William's gone;
He's gone and left his charming Sally,
All alone to make me mourn.

She dress'd herself in man's apparel,
Man's apparel she put on,
And for to seek her true lover,
For to find him she is gone.

One day as she was exercising,
Exercising among the rest;
A silver locket flew from her jacket,
And exposed her milk-white breast.

O then the captain stepped up to her,
And asked her what brought her there;
All for to seek my own true lover,
For he has proved to me severe.

If you are come to find your lover,
You must tell to me his name.
His name is bold William Taylor
And from Lichfield town he came.

If your lover's name is William Taylor,
He has proved to you severe;
He is married to a rich lady,
He was married the other year.

If you will rise early in the morning,
In the morning by the break of day;
There you will see bold William Taylor,
Walking with his lady gay.

Then she called for a brace of pistols,
A brace of pistols I command;
Then she shot bold William Taylor,
With his bride at his right hand.

O then the captain was well pleased,
Well pleased with what she'd done.
And soon she became a bold commander,
On board the ship with all the men.

Then the captain loved her dearly,
Loved her dearly as his life;
Then it was three days after,
Sarah became the captain's wife.

Printed at the "Catnach Press" by W. Fortey, Monmouth Court,
Bloomsbury. The Oldest House in the World for Ballads
(4,000 sorts) Song Books, &c. &c.

New York Public Library/Music Division - Special Collections,
Broadside

WILLIAM TAYLOR (N-11)

Billy Taylor.

Entered According to Order.

Billy Taylor, a brisk young Sailor,
full of youth and sprightly air,
And his mind he did discover
to a bright young lady fair.

When his father came to hear it,
he flew in a passion straight,
Swearing to be Billy's ruin,
and deceive him of his right.

Fifteen Sailors brisk and jolly,
all was drest in rich arry.
Instead of Billy's being married,
press'd he was that very day.

Soon this maiden followed after
by the name of Richard Kerr,
Her soft hands and milk white fingers,
were all daub'd over with pitch and tar.

But behold the first engagement,
bold she fought amongst the rest,
The silver button flew off her waistcoat,
which exposed her milk white breast;

When the Captain came to hear it,
he said what wind hath brought you here
I am in search of my true lover,
him you have press'd I love so dear.

If you be in search of your true lover,
tell to me his name I pray?
William Taylor is my true love's name,
him you have press'd and sent away.

If William Taylor is your true love's name
he lives in the Isle of Man;
If you will rise early in the morning,
you'll see him walking on the sand.

If you'll rise early in the morning,
early by the break of day,
There you'll see your Billy Taylor,
walking with his lady gay.

She called quickly for a pistol,
it was brought at her command,
There she shot her own true lover
and his bride at his right hand.

Then the Captain did commend her
for the deed that she had done,
Straight he made her head commander,
on board the Bassilonian.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. XXVIII, Ch. 10

WILLIAM TAYLOR (N-11)

Billy Taylor.

Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellow,
Full of fun and full of glee,
And his heart he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.
Right fal la, &c.

Four-and-twenty stout fellows,
Clad they vas in blue array,
Came and pressed young Billy Taylor,
And quickly sent him off to sea.

Soon his true love follow'd after,
Under the name of Richard Carr;
And her lily-white hands she daubed all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.

Ven she came to the first engagement,
Bold she sit among the rest,
Untill a cannon ball did cut her jacket open,
And diskivered her lily-white breast.

Ven the Captain kim'd for to hear on't,
Says he, vot wind has blowed you here?
Says she I come to seek my true love,
Whom you pressed and I love so dear.

If you come to seek your true love,
Tell unto me his name, I pray?
His name, kind sir, is Billy Taylor,
Whom you press'd and sent to sea.

If his name be Billy Taylor,
He's both cruel and severe,
For rise up early in the morning,
And you'll see him with a lady fair.

With that she rose up in the morning,
Early as by break of day,
And she saw her Billy Taylor
Avalking with a lady gay.

Forwith she called for sword and pistol,
Vich did come at her command;
And she shot her Billy Taylor,
Vith his fair von in his hand

Ven the Captain kim'd for to know on't,
He wery much applauded her for vot he'd done,
And quickly made her first Lifetenant
Of the gallant Thunderbomb.

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division - Uncatalogued Broadside
Ballads, Box III

83. CANADA I O

(Canada I O; Canada Heigho; The Lady's Trip
to Kennady; The Gallant Lady; A New Song called
Canada Heigho; Kennady-I-O; Canada-Hi-Ho; Cal-
ladee-I-O; Canadee-i-o)

A New Song Called Canada Heigho!!

Its of a merchants daughter lived in her prime of
years,
Who fell in love with a sailor bold, its true she
loved him dear,
But how to get on board with him this lady did not
know,
For she longed to see that lovely place called
Canada heigho.

She bargains with the sailors, and they dress her up in
sailor's clothes and put her on board. Her lover finds
out and threatens to throw her overboard. When the cap-
tain finds out, he rescues her and puts her in his cabin
during a storm. He falls in love with her, and "she's now
a Captain's lady in Canada heigho."

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UCLA/Folklore Archive,
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C. Manuscript Versions

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II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 56
Wilgus-Long

CANADA I O

The Lady's trip to Kennady.

There was a gallant lady,
All in her tender years,
She was courted by a sailor,
'Twas true she lov'd him dear;
And how to get to sea with him,
The way she did not know,
She fain would see the pretty place
Call'd Kennady-i-o.

She bargain'd with a sailor,
All for a purse of gold;
And soon they did convey the lady,
Down into the hold;
Then dress'd she up in sailor's clothes,
The colours are true blue,
You soon shall see the pretty place
Call'd Kennady-i-o.

When her true-love he came to hear,
It put him in a rage
And all the whole ship's company
His passion to engage;
I'll tie you hand and foot, my love,
And overboard you'll go,
You ne'er shall see the pretty place
Call'd Kennady-i-o.

Out then spoke our Captain bold,
Such things shall never be,
For if we drown this lady,
Then hanged we will be;
We'll dress her up in sailor's clothes,
The colours are true blue,
And she soon shall see the pretty place
Call'd Kennady-i-o.

She had not been in Kennady
Scarcely half a year,
Till the Captain he married her,
And he made her his dear;
She dresses in silks and satins,
And she cuts a gallant show,
She's the grandest Captain's lady
That's in Kennady-i-o.

Come all you pretty fair maids,
A warning take by me
Be loyal to your husbands
In every degree;
For if the Mate deceiv'd me,
The Captain he's prov'd true,
And the Captain he's prolong'd my days
For wearing the true blue.

Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. II, BS 15

CANADA I O

Canadee-i-o

It was of a fair and pretty maid
She was in her tender care,
She dearly lov'd a sailor,
It was true she lov'd him well,
And how to get to sea with him
She did not like why know,
But she long'd to see that seaport town
Call'd Canadee-i-o.

She bargain'd with a young sailor
All for a piece of gold,
And straightway he led her
All down into the hold,
Saying, 'I will dress you up in sailor's clothes,
Your collar shall be blue,
And you shall see that seaport town
Call'd Canadee-i-o.

Now when the sailors heard of it,
They fell into a row,
And all the whole ship's company
Were willing to engage;
'We'll tie her hands and feet, my boys,
And overboard we'll throw,
She never will see that seaport town
Call'd Canadee-i-o.'

Now when the captain heard of this,
He too fell in a rage,
Saying, 'If you drown that fair maid
All hanged you will be;
I will dress her up in sailor's clothes,
Her collar will be blue,
And she will see that seaport town
Call'd Canadee-i-o.'

She had not been in Canada
Scarcely above half a year,
She married this bold captain
Who call'd her his dear;
She's dress'd in silks and satins now,
She cuts a galliant show,
She's the finest captain's lady
In Canadee-i-o.

Now come all you fair and pretty maids,
Wherever you may be;
I will have you to follow your true love
When he goes out to sea;
If the sailors they prove false to you,
The captain he'll prove true,
You can see the honour that I have gain'd
By wearing of the blue.

84. THE DUBLIN TRAGEDY

The Dublin Tragedy, Or the Unfortunate Merchant's Daughter

Ye lovers far and near, unto me lend an ear,
Whilst I relate a doleful tragedy,
'Twill make your hearts to bleed, when I do proceed,
It's known full well to be no falsity.

A Belfast merchant's daughter is courted by a young ensign who says that "grim death" will be his "sad physician" if she does not marry him. She admits that she loves him and goes with him in "men's array." They marry at "Stratford town" and sail for England. They are sent to America and serve at "Fort Montgomery" and are captured "with Burgeyn." After their release, they sail for England. He steals her "watch and money" and goes to Dublin where he marries. She goes to Dublin and finds him. When he refuses to admit that he knows her, she poisons herself.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

New York Public Library/Research Division,
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Dublin. Sold at the Wholesale and Retail
School Book Warehouse, 3, Mary-street.
(Richard Grace, 1818-32)

Trinity College Dublin,
66.u.165

THE DUBLIN TRAGEDY

The Dublin Tragedy,
Or the Unfortunate Merchant's Daughter,
in two parts.

Part I. Setting forth a brief and authentic account of a rich Merchant's Daughter in the town of Belfast, who was deluded by an Ensign in the army, and for love of him, dressed herself in man's apparel, and saild with him to England, and were married at Stratford.

Part II. How she bought a Lieutenant's Commission for him and became an Ensign herself and soon after went to America; also giving an account of their hardships whilst in an American Prison, shewing how after their return to Ireland, she was slighted by her false lover, and afterwards poisoned herself for his sake.

To which is added,
The Answer to Roslin Castle.
Money is your Friend.

Dublin. Sold at the Wholesale and Retail School Book Warehouse,
3, Mary-street.

The Dublin Tragedy,
Or the unfortunate Merchant's Daughter, &c.

Ye lovers far and near, unto me lend an ear,
Whilst I relate a doleful tragedy,
'Twill make your hearts to bleed, when I do proceed,
It's known full well to be no falsity.
In Felfast as we hear, a merchant lived there,
Posses'd of wealth in riches did abound,
He had a daughter fair, who was his only care,
Her fortune it was full two thousand pounds.
She was a beauty bright, lovely in each sight,
And courted was by men of high degree;
But none of them could move her tender heart to love,
Their suit she still refus'd with modesty.
At th' age of seventeen, young cupid sly and keen,
His winged arrow did with speed prepare;
And by a subtle dart, shortly she felt the smart,
A young ensign soon did her heart ensnare.
Once upon a day, this young man he did say,
Fairest of creatures will you marry me?
If you my suit deny, sweet angel he did cry,
Grim death my sad physician soon will be.

My father, sir, said she, might use severity,
If I should yield to be your wedded wife,
On that account therefore, I pray persist no more,
I'm rather young to join a married life.
Said he sweet lady fair, oh, be not too severe,
I earnestly implore you'll pity me,
If you are not my wife, this blade shall end my life
At which he drew his sword immediately.
This sad and doleful sight the lady did affright,
Her trembling arms round his neck she threw,
Saying my dearest dear, I will not be severe,
My love no longer I'll conceal from you.
But now my love said she, how will this matter be,
When that my father he does come to know,
If you disloyal be, or inconstant to me,
My tender heart will break with grief and woe.
If I prove false said he or inconstant to thee,
May cruel fortune on me still attend;
And may I never thrive, or prosper while alive,
But make my exit by a shameful end.
They liv'd in sweet content, but now observe at length,
His regiment got orders for to sail;
Over to Old England as we understand,
Which made this charming lady to bewail.
But they contrived it so, that she with him might go,
For to disguise herself a way she did invent;
Dress'd in man's array, upon that very day,
As passenger on board she went.
Rich jewels and gold rings, with other costly things,
She brought besides the sum of two thousand pounds.
Then quickly sail'd o'er, bound to the English shore,
And soon arriv'd in fair Plymouth Sound.
As soon as they did land, they march'd out of hand,
Then to wed this couple did prepare;
And without more delay, he and his lady gay,
In stratford town they quickly married were.
Then with what gold they brought, they both commissions bought,
She was an ensign, he a lieutenant,
Not long they did remain, they sail'd again,
Straight to America the regiment went.

PART II.

In nine long weeks or more they reach'd that bloody shore,
Where hostile danger raged on every side,
Nothing but smoke and fire seen thro' wood and mire,
But providence for them did still provide.

Thro' winter's frost and snow she with her love did go,
And for his sake all dangers did defy,
She often times did yield to lie in open fields,
With nothing for her covering but the sky.
At Fort Montgomery she acted gallantly,
Likewise at Saratoga bore command,
And there at length we find was taken with Burgeyn,
Tho' like a valiant soldier she did stand.
Then they were march'd along and put in prison strong,
Hunger and hardships there they did endure,
Dark walls did 'em surround no help could be found,
For their distress alas! there was no cure.
When they releas'd were to England they did steer,
Where he and she agreed for to sell out,
And there this lieutenant a scheme did soon invent,
To rob his loyal comrade without doubt.
One morning he arose and putting on his clothes
He tok her watch and money as were told,
Then left her to bewail and speedily did set sail,
For Ireland with all her store of gold.
In Dublin city he married speedily,
And kept a grocer's shop it is well known,
Whilst his poor comrade in England it si said,
Was forced to beg her bread from town to town.
She ventur'd home once more to her native shore
And in short time arrived in Dublin town,
By searching here and there from place to place we hear,
In Nassau-street there her love she found.
With heart opprest with woe she unto him did go
Expecting he would give her some relief,
But for to ease her mind no comfort she could find
This savage man only encreas'd her grief.
Pray who are you said he that seems to make so free,
I never saw you in my life before,
Don't come to trouble me begone immediately,
And never let me see your face once more.
Perfidious man said she when you deluded me,
I might have had a match of high degree,
Yet for the love of you much hardships I went thro'
Thus I'm rewarded for my loyalty.
Then from his door she went in doleful discontent,
In floods of tears she wept most bitterly,
Crying oh! perjured man I'll do the worst I can,
Alive or dead revenged on you I'll be.
Some halfpence she had got with which she poison bought,
Then to a cellar went most speedily,
Where in a pint of beer which she purchas'd there,
She drank the woeful draught immediately.

When she had done the same she did go back again,
Vowing revenge unto him for the deed;
Her cruel lover then, straight for the watch did send,
To St. Anne's Watch-house she was sent with speed.
And there she did relate, all their misfortunes great,
At length her body it began to sweel,
Then with a hollow tone, she gave a deadly groan,
And to this sinful world bid farewell.
Young men of each degree, and maids where'er ye be,
By this example her a warning take;
Still to your vows be true, a blessing will ensue,
So ne'er disdain your love for riches' sake.

New York Public Library/Research Division, NCK (Coll. of Irish
Chapbooks)

85. WOUNDED NANCY'S RETURN

Wounded Nancy's Return.

'Twas after a long and tedious voyage
Young Nancy came from the cruel wars,
Where, in the cause of king and country,
She gloried in her wounds and scars.
All side by side with her own true love,
This brave young lass fought valiantly;
And, with a courage most undaunted,
Followed up the enemy.

"Clad in male attire," Nancy sets sail with her lover, going with him into battle "on a coal-black gelding mounted." She charges with him and fights "for many hours" until she receives a wound and falls behind. Her true love continues to fight until "the foe turned right about," then he returns to look for Nancy whom he finds exhorting her comrades. He carries her from the field and watches over her until she recovers. They return to England and marry, and Nancy doffs "her manly garments."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Logan, Peddler's Pack, 97
J. Davenport, 3 Compass Court, Cow-
Cross, West Smithfield, London. (1795-1805)
Roth and Jolley, War Ballads, no. 31

WOUNDED NANCY'S RETURN

Wounded Nancy's Return.

'Twas after a long and tedious voyage
Young Nancy came from the cruel wars,
Where, in the cause of king and country,
She gloried in her wounds and scars.
All side by side with her own true love,
This brave young lass fought valiantly;
And, with a courage most undaunted,
Followed up the enemy.

All clad in male attire, sweet Nancy
With her lover had set sail;
She said that only death should part them;
Dissuasions were of no avail.
No sooner landed than came orders
For our regiment to go
On the sudden forward boldly
To repel the haughty foe.

A sorrowing smile gave Nancy's true love
As we into the field did ride,
With courage and strong resolution
To subdue the foeman's pride.
All on a coal-black gelding mounted,
With a glittering sword in hand,
Young Nancy looked so smart and noble,
Waiting our officers' command.

And, drawn up in line of battle,
Eager for the coming fray,
No sooner did the cannons rattle,
Than Nancy trembled in dismay.
But ere long her nerves grew stronger,
And Forward! was the battle-cry;
Said she aloud, Why should we falter?
We'll be conquerors or die!

Then onward with our troopers rushing,
Sword in hand she cleared the way:
For many hours in equal balance
Hung the fortunes of the day.
Her true love was a handsome serjeant,
Who so manfully did ride;
Shielding her from all the dangers
Which came thick on every side.

Still in the very heat of action
Young Nancy she received a wound,
Which drove her lover to distraction,
As down she fell upon the ground.
He dared not stay to yield her succour,
As charging foremost in the fight;
One anxious look he cast behind him,
But the smoke obscured his sight.

In reckless manner plunging onward,
The frightened foe turned right about ;
And following up our great advantage,
We put them utterly to rout.
Our serjeant, who ne'er shirked his duty,
From pursuit returning late;
Fatigued, he hastened quite downhearted,
To ascertain young Nancy's fate.

There amid the dead and dying,
Some kindly hand a couch had made;
And patiently was Nancy lying,
Cheering those around her laid.
While her wound was being tended,
Said she, Frail mortals that we are--
There's small occasion to be daunted,
'Tis but the accident of war.

When she saw her true love bending
O'er her couch with streaming eyes,
She said, Don't weep--still let us trust in
God who rules our destinies.
From the field he gently bore her,
And by her side watched night and day;
Till returning health came o'er her,
And safely she could come away.

Then to England home returning
With such joyous hearts and light,
For their valour both rewarded
Were with glory's stars bedight.
Doffing then her manly garments,
Nancy sought a happy life;
In presence of her former comrades,
She became the serjeant's wife.

(Logan, p. 97: "'Wounded Nancy's Return' was printed and sold by J. Davenport, 3 Compass Court, Cow-Cross, West Smithfield, London, circa 1780.")

WOUNDED NANCY'S RETURN

Wounded Nancy's Return

A New Song.

Twas after a long and tedious voyage,
Young Nancy came from the cruel wars,
A fighting for her king and Country,
With many a wound and many a scar
She with her true love did fight so bravely,
All by his side so valiant and true.
This brave young lass was never daunted,
But after her enemy she did persue.

This female hero then went with her true love.
With a fair wind they then set sail,
Kind Neptune he then befriend them,
With a kind and pleasant gale.
The enemy then for to meet them
It was our orders for to go.
All for to do our best endeavour
To humble the proud and haughty foe.

When this young couple they arrived,
Unto the field they then did go
With courage and a resolution,
They boldly faced the daring foe.
Nancy was mounted on a black gelding
With a glittering sword drawn in her hands,
This brave young lass did look quite noble,
She obeyed her officers commands.

And drawn up in a line of battle
We then was ordered for to fight
But when she heard the cannons rattle
It put this young female into a fright,
But soon her senses she recovered
And said fight on my lads so true,
For while life remains I'll never be daunted,
I hope we shal conquer the insulting foe.

For several hours this engagement lasted,
Young Nancy fought most courageously,
Twas for the honour of your king and country,
She fought to subdue the enemy.
Her true love, this gay handsome serjeant
He all the while fought by her side,
This gay young lass did look quite noble
As on her black gelding she did ride.

But in the very heat of action
Young Nancy she received a wound,
Which drove her lover to distraction,
She from her horse fell to the ground,
And while her wound it was a dressing
She said to the surgeon, Sir, I don't fear,
It is no use for to be daunted,
For I see it is the fortune of the war.

Now all you young lads, likewise ye lasses,
You plainly see what love can do,
Altho' her lover he did persuade her,
Yet along with she then would go.
She valued neither storm nor dangers,
But boldly ventured life and limb,
She was resolved to follow her true love
For the true love she bore for him.

(Roth and Jolley, p. 1: "The greater part of these
handbills appear to have been issued in Halifax
from the well known press of E. Jacobs. . . .")

86. SUSAN'S ADVENTURES IN A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR

(Susan's Adventures in a British Man-of-War;
Susan's Adventures in a Man of War; On Board of
a Man of War)

Susan's Adventures in a 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 seas for love,
On board of a man-of-war.

With 900 men, including her "sweet William," Susan serves "like a jolly sailor bold, fearing neither wound or scar." They travel to "the Bay of Biscay" and face "the walls of Chin" where she is "slightly wounded" by a cannon ball. When she falls on deck, and William goes to her assistance, she reveals herself to him. "At length," they return to England, marry, and "often think upon that day, when she received a scar."

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A. Printed Versions

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(c.1840)
- 54-784, I
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(c. 1840)
- 25242.17, III, 39
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Court, Seven Dials. (1838-45)
- 25242.17, IV, 108
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- 25242.17, VII, 156
Ryle and Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth
Court, Seven Dials. (1845-59)
- 25242.17, XII, 96
H. Such, Printer and Publisher, 177(late 123)

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25242.74, Bluebound book, 52

Uncat. BSS,

Devonport: Printed and Sold by Elias
Keyes. Sold also by R. Stone, Exeter;
A. Brown, General Dealer, 27, Bristol-
Bridge, Bristol; and by S. Reed, Newport,
Monmouthshire. (1825-55)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,

Uncat. BSS, II

Harkness, Printer, Church-street, Preston.
(1839-60)

Uncat. BSS, IV

Harkness, Printer, Church-street, Preston.
(1839-60)

UCLA/Special Collections,

#605

Printed by W.S. Fortey, 2 and 3 Monmouth
Court, Seven Dials, London. (1849-82)

Yale,

IIb57T1, Fraser Ballads, I, 5

Birt, Printer, 39, Great st. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials. (1829-41)

B. Folksong Versions

Kidson, Trad. Tunes, 102

Kidson and Moffat, Folk Songs from North Country

Greig-Duncan, 479, no. 179

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 95

SUSAN'S ADVENTURES IN A BRITISH MAN OF WAR

Susan's Adventures in a British Man of War. Answer
to the British Man of War.

Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by G. Jacques, Oldham-road
Library, Manchester.

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

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. I, BS 322.

87. THE FROLICSOME MAID, WHO WENT TO GIBRALTER

The Frolicsome Maid, Who Went to Gibraltar, and
from a Single Soldier turn'd a Captain, and yet
Chaste.

It's out of a frolic, this love did begin,
I was courted at fifteen by a jolly brisk drum,
He promis'd me marriage, but after refus'd,
My youthful affection that wretch did abuse.

After finding that her love comes "for no other intention than to beat on [her] drum," she dresses "in man's apparel" and joins the army. She chooses her faithless lover for her comrade. She spends three months as a soldier. She fears "being betray'd," but smiles every time she pulls off her "breeches" to think how she'd "lien by a man all the while." Her comrade is "draghted," and she offers to go with him, but the "captain" says no. She tells the "press-master" that her name is "Johnston," and she is from "Chester." In Gibraltar she guards "o'er that Tower" and becomes an ensign. In a tavern she hears that "Donald" is to be wed. She goes to his room and orders him "home" and has the damsel taken out of town and married "to one of our drums." "Seven years and better" she has been a Captain and intends to bestow her "commission" on her faithless comrade who "a private does go."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25274.2, XXVIII, 8 (Duke of Gordon's Three
Daughters) (c.1760)
25274.2, XXVIII, 41 (Duke of Gordon's Three
Daughters) (c.1760)

THE FROLICSOME MAID, WHO WENT TO GIBRALTER

The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters. To which are added,
John Uproars Chant, and The frolicsome Maid, who went to
Gibraltar, and from a single Soldier turn'd a Captain, and
yet Chaste.

Entered according to Order.

The Frolicsome Maid, who went to Gibraltar, and from a single
Soldier turn'd a Captain, and yet Chaste.

It's out of a frolic, this love did begin,
I was courted at fifteen by a jolly brisk drum,
He promis'd me marriage, but after refus'd,
My youthful affection that wretch did abuse.

As soon as I found my love did me slight,
For all his good promises, he bade me good night,
I found by his carriage he only was come,
For no other intention than to beat on my drum.

Then in man's apparel soon dressed was I,
And straight for the army then I did fly;
So like a bold soldier then enlisted was I,
Resolving on my love, my valour to try.

Then to the barracks they ordered me home,
The sergeant conducted me to my lover's room,
I chose for my comrade that faithless young man,
My secrets I'll keep from them all if I can.

These three months and better, a soldier I've been,
Afraid every moment of being betray'd;
When I pull'd off my breeches, to myself I wou'd smile,
To think how I'd lien by a man all the while.

In six months thereafter then draughted were we,
My comrade was draughted, those thoughts grieved me;
I threw down my arms, and said, I would go
Volunteer with my comrade, but my Captain said no.

The press-master ask'd me, from whence I came?
I told him from Chester, Johnston was my name;
It's throw down your arms, for since it is so,
I vow a bold soldier, on board he shall go.

Then I in Gibraltar stood guard o'er that Tower,
Where every man there stands his own hour,
Our General then told me preferred was I,
From a soldier to an ensign, my colours to fly.

One day in the tavern a drinking of wine,
With many more gentlemen of that same line,
I called for Donald, wher's Donald, I said?
The answer they made me, he's gone to be wed.

I call'd for a candle, and likewise a man,
To go and find Donald for me if you can;
The man being ingenious, and searching the town
He quickly conducted me to my love's room.

Then to the barracks I ordered him home,
The guard house, or land post shall sure be his doom,
And convoy'd this damsel quite out of the town,
I gave her a guinea to buy a new gown.

The very next quarters that ever we came,
I married that girl to one of our drums,
And finding the girl both loyal and true,
I gave her my linens to wash and to do.

Seven years and better a Captain I've been,
You may know all that while what a fortune I've won,
But now my commission I intend to bestow
On my faithless comrade who a private does go.

FINIS.

Harvard, 25242.2, Vol. XXVIII, Ch. 8.

88. THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

(The Female Warrior; The Female Sea-Captain,
or The Painful Damsel; The Valiant Maiden;
The Beauty of Baltimore; The Bold Damosel;
The Rainbow; Aboard the Resolution; Pretty
Polly; As We Were A-Sailing; The Rich Damsel)

The Valiant Maiden.

A story a Story to you I will tell,
'Tis of a brisk Damsel in London did dwell,
'Tis of a brisk Damsel, the truth you shall hear,
Who ventur'd her life for the sake of her dear.

Dressing "herself in men's array," she goes aboard ship and after "three years and of the fourth a part," she learns "the mariner's art." When an enemy ship is spied, a battle ensues, and the woman "fights them so courageously with both sword and gun." When the captain is slain, "this fair maid" takes over the command urging the men to fight "or jump overboard." After the victory is gained, they return to England where she "laid up her Ship and paid off her men." Drinking a toast, she reveals herself to "her Honey," they are wed after "the King did allow her a Thousand a Year."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25252.6, G.55

Brown University/John Hay Library,
Cat. BSS, Harris 40361 (c.1800)

Royal Irish Academy,
12.B1.12

American Songster (1829, 1835, and 1836), 245

B. Folksong Versions

Harvard,
25262.2, Murison MS, 4

Irish Folklore Collections,
*976, p. 215 (Kerry)

Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and
Language Archive,

Leach Coll., #11A (St. Vincent's, Nfld.)
66-24; C259 (Cow Head, Nfld.)

Doerflinger, 143
Eddy, 145
Gardner and Chickering, 220
Mackenzie, 223

Christie, II, 176
JFSS, II, 180
JFSS, VIII, 222
Kidson, Garland, 100
Ranson, 124
Williams, 261

Greig-Duncan, 482, no. 180

C. Manuscript Versions

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division,
"Orderly Book of Thomas Cole," Boston, 1778, Item
64 Handbook AC966

II. CATALOGUES

Dean-Smith, 47
Laws, 203
Rosenberg, 35, no. 397
Wilgus-Long

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

The New Play-House Garland: Containing several of the best New Songs. I. A new Song before the Royal Family. II. The Female Sea-Captain; or, the painful Damsel. III. A new Play-house song, in the Beggars Opera IV. The Tradesman's Resolution.

Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The Female Sea-Captain; or, The painful Damsel.

Come all you Damsels of Sunderland fair,
Come listen a while, I will to you declare;
It's of a brisk Damsel, as now you shall hear.
Who ventur'd her Life for the Sake of her Dear.

Then in Man's Apparel well rigged was she,
She was gallantly rigged and fit for the sea;
She was gallantly riggee in Royal State,
And on board the sweet William she shipped herswelf straight.

This Damsel was brought up to write and to read,
And also to cypher, if she stood in need;
She served him two Twelve-months with all her whole Heart,
So bravely she learned the Mariner's Art.

She served him two Twelve-months, two Twelvemonths and more,
At length they steer'd from fair England's Shore,
They 'spied a proud Frechman stand off in the Main,
Which caused them to hoist up their Top-sails again.

Come let us be merry Boys, let our Hearts live,
And often our Enemies let us observe:
We soon overtook them on the Ocean so wide,
The first Salutation was a Broad-side.

They gave us another as good as we sent,
And to sink each other it was our intent;
But in the second Broad-side our Captain was slain,
And this Damsel was forced in his Room to remain.

We fought them four Hours in Battle so rare,
We scarce had a man in our ship that could steer,
We scarce had a Man that could fire a Gun,
Till at length the Blood out of their Scoppers did run.

Then Quarter, Oh! Quarter, the Frenchmen they cry'd,
No Quarter, no Quarter, the Damsel reply'd,
You have the best Quarters' can you afford,
You must either Sink, or all come on board.

We sunk the proud Frenchman in the Ocean so wide,
The Ship she carried fifty Brass Guns in her Side;
And our goodly Ship carried just Thirty-three,
So bravely we overcome our Enemy.

Come let us away for Old England with speed,
Sweet William he knew not his true love indeed;
Nor did she make herself known unto him,
Till she had laid up her ship, and paid off the men.

Come let us be merry Boys, here's a Glass of good Wine
You may drink to your true Love, and I'll drink to mine,
You may drink to the gallant brisk Damsel of Fame,
That went Captain of the New Frigate by Name,

With that the Colour struck into his Face,
He could not speak for a pretty long Space;
He call'd her his Honey, his Joy, and his Dear,
She said, it was true Love that bid me not hear.

So if you any more of the Ditty will hear,
The King he gave to her one Hundred a Year,
All for to maintain her in Raiment of Gold,
Because she fought with a Courage so bold.

Harvard, 25252.6, Garland 55

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

Valiant Maiden together with
The Rake and Roving Boy

The Valiant Maiden.

A story a Story to you I will tell,
'Tis of a brisk Damel in London did dwell,
'Tis of a brisk Damsel, the truth you shall hear,
Who ventur'd her life for the sake of her dear.

Then in Man's Attire well rigged was she,
And gallantly cloathed and fit for the Sea;
O she cloathed herself in decent estate,
On board the Ship William she shipt herself strait.

Nothing would put this fair maid in a fright,
She lay betwixt two Men every Night,
It sore did surprize her, and made her Heart fear,
She had beauty to spare, but it did not appear.

This fair Maid was taught to write and to read,
And finely could cypher if she had need,
She served two twelvemonths with a free heart,
And so bravely she learned the Mariners Art.

After two twelvemonths time it was o'er,
Resolved she was to return to the shore,
But we espied a French Admiral plowing the main,
Which caused us to hoist up our Top sails again.

Boys let us be merry and let us be true.
And after our Enemies let us pursue.
We soon overtook them on the Ocean wide,
And for a Salutation gave them a Broadside.

They gave us another as good as we sent,
To sink one another it was our intent,
The second Broad-side our Captain was slain,
And this fair Maid is forc'd in his place to remain.

We fought them four hours in battle so near,
We scarce had a man in the ship that could steer,
We scarce had a man that could fire a Gun,
At length the blood out of the Scuppers did run.

O Quarters! O Quarters! you stout English boys,
No Quarters, no Quarters this fair Maid replies,
You have the best Quarters which I can afford
You must either sink or jump over board.

We drown'd all the Frenchmen in their great pride,
Whose ship carried fifty bright Guns of a side,
While our ship carried but twenty and three,
Yet so bravely we overcame our Enemy.

Now let us return to Old England with speed,
Sweet William he knew not his true Love indeed,
Nor she never discover'd herself unto him,
'Til she had laid up her Ship and paid off the men.

Boys let's drink at parting here's a glass of good wine
You drink to your true love and I'll drink to mine,
Here's a health to that noble brisk Damsel of fame,
The Captain on board the ship William by Name.

With that his Colour flew up in his Face,
He had not the power to speak for a space,
She call'd him her Honey, her Joy and her Dear,
And said I'm thy true Love, and bid him not fear.

This couple were wedded with speed as we hear,
O the King did allow her a Thousand a Year,
All for to maintain her in garments of gold,
Because that she fought with a Courage so bold.

Brown University/ John Hay Library, Harris 40361

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

A Story A Story to you i will tell
Tis of a Rich Damsell in London did Dwell
Its of a Rich Damsell the Truth you shall hear
Who Venturd hir Life for the sake of hir dear

its in mens atire well Riced was she
and Galantly clothed all fit for the Sea
She Dressed herself in Desent astate
on Board the Ship William she shipt hir self strait

And Nothing would put this fair maid in a frite
She Lies Betwene two men every night
it seam to seprise hir and make hir heart fear
She had Beauty to spear But it Did not Appear

This fair maid was taut for to Rite and to Read
And finly to sifer if she had nead
She served a twelvemonth it was with a Brave heart
So Bravely She larned the maraners art

Library of Congress/Manuscript Division - Thomas Cole, Orderly
Book of Thomas Cole, at Headquarters, Boston, Massachusetts,
1777-78, p. 3v. (Item 64, Handbook, AC966)

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

Female Warrior.

A story, a story, to you I will tell,
Concerning a damsel, in Baltimore did dwell,
As beautiful a creature as ever you did see,
And she ventur'd her life for the sake of her dear.

She dress'd herself in men's array, all fitting for the sea,
On board of the Union, she ship'd herself away,
She served 3 years, and of the 4th a part,
'Till at length she had learned the mariner's art.

And its 1st when she landed on the brave Scottish shore,
Where drums they do rattle, and cannons loudly roar,
She espied a British admiral, a playing on the main,
Which caused her to haul on her topsails again.

The 1st salutation she gave them a broadside,
The 2nd salutation her brave captain was slain;
She fought them so courageously with both sword and gun,
That at length through the portholes the blood began to run.

For quarters, for quarters, the enemy did cry,
No quarters, no quarters the damsel did reply,
The very best quarters that I can afford,
Is to fight, sink, or swim, my boys, or jump overboard.

And 'tis now we've gained the victory, let's take a glass of
wine,
Here's a health to your true love, and for forgetting mine;
And here's also a health to the girl reknown'd by fame,
She's captain on board of the ship Union by name.

The American Songster (New York: N.C. Nafis, 1829), p. 245. (UCLA/SC)

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (II) (N-4)

Nancy O? or A? Pearl "(This represents the sound,
whatever maybe the sense)"

1. Nancy, a pearl, weel rigged was she,
She was weel rigged an bound for the sea;
She was weel rigged, in royal state,
An' aboard wi' sweet William, she placed herself mate.
2. The girl was learned to read and to write
Of all the sea business she had ta'en in head
She sailed on for six months, for six months at hand,
Till we was determined to return to the land.
3. When we spied a French admir (admiral?) was plouhting
the main
Which caused them hoise up their top sails again.
So let us be loyal, boys, an' let us be true,
An after oor enemies so bold as we'll pursue.
4. And we'll soon overtake them i' the middle o' their pride
An' oor first salutation we'll gie them a broadside.
At the second broadside our captain was slain,
An' the girl in his station an' there she does remain.
5. We focht for six oors in hot battle so near
Till scarce a man on board oor goodly ship could steer,
Our goodly ship could steer an' yet could fire a gun
An oot at their scofer the red blood did run.
6. O quarters! O quarters! ye brave British clan!
O quarters! O quarters! ye brave British clan!
O quarters, says the girl, yes hae the best we can afford,
What's to fecht, or be slain, or else leap overboard.
7. She never told it to ane, nor she told it to one,
Till she laid up yer ship an' paid off her men
Let us be merry boys & take a glass o' wine:
Drink ye to your love an' I'll drink to mine;
An' here's to the lassie on the Sunderlain' faem
'At's ventured her life for young William by name
8. So William's colour flew a' in his face
An' he cudna speak for a pretty long space
She's taen him in her arms an' ca'ed him her oney an' her dear
Since that I'm yours, love, you needna to fear.

9. Now they are got married, just as we do hear
The king he allows them some thousand a year.
An' now she wears the silks all trimmed ur' gold
An' it's a' for her fechtin wi' her courage sae bold.

Harvard 25262.2, Murison Manuscript, "Pieces collected in Old
Deer, Scotland, by Mrs. A.F. Murison for Prof. Child", p. 4

89. MARY AMBREE

(Mary Ambree; Mary Aumbra; Marye Aumbree;
Mary Ambree, an Old Ballad; The Valarous Acts
Performed at Gaunt...by Mary Ambree; The Siege
of Gaunt: or, the Valorous Acts of Mary Ambree)

Mary Ambree: An Old Ballad.

When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They muster'd the soldiers by two and by three,
And foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

She vows revenge when her "true lover" is slain. Clothing herself "from the top to the toe, in buff of the bravest," she bids "all such as would be of her band." "Thousand and three" respond, and she leads them against three times their number." For each of her own men "a score killed she," and when her "false gunner" spends all her "pellets and powder," she slashes "him in three." Betrayed, she retires to a castle where her foes hold her in siege. "Mounting the walls," she dares her foes to fight her. When they are about to take her prisoner thinking her a "knight of England," she reveals herself. Her captors applaud her valor. The "prince of Great Parma" offers her presents to woo her, but she says that she will "ne'er sell [her] honour." She returns to her country "still holding the foes of fair England in scorn."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
pEB75P4128C, no. 250
Printed and Sold in Bow-Church-Yard,
London. (Dicey, 1736-63)

New York Public Library/Research Division,
NACM+, Manchester Free Lib. Coll. (facs.), 14
London Printed for W. Gilbertson in Gilt-
spur-Street. (1640-45)

Cambridge,
Madden Coll., III, no. 797, p. 199
Printed for Joseph Hinson, at the Sun and
Bible in Giltspur-street near Pye Corner.
(c.1720)

Bagford Ballads, I, 308

Printed for W. Thackeray at the Angel in
Duck-lane. (1664-92)

The Vocal Magazine (1778), 156

C. Manuscript Versions

Percy Folio, I, 515

II. CATALOGUES

"Trade List of William Thackeray, London, c. 1689,"
in Shepard, John Pitts, opposite p. 20
"Catalogue of Maps, &c...Printed and Sold by William
and Cluer Dicey...1754," Bodleian MS 258.c.109,
reproduced in Thomson, "Development," 298
British Museum, Vol. 4, p. 498
Crawford, 1288 and 1289
Rollins, Analytical Index, 242, no. 2803 and 2804
Wing, V52

III. COMMENTS

References to "Mary Ambree" can be found in Ben
Jonson's Epicoene (IV, ii), Tale of a Tub (I,ii),
and Fortunate Isles, in Fletcher's Scornful Lady
(V), and in Nathaniel Field's Amends for the Ladies
(II).

MARY AMBREE

The Valorous Acts performed at Gaunt, By the brave
Bonny Lass Mary Ambree, who in Revenge of her Loves
death, did play her part most gallantly.

Tune of, the Blind Beggor.

When captain couragious, whom death could not daunt
had roundly besieged the city of gaunt
And manly they marched by two and by three,
But the foremost in battel was Mary Ambree.

Thus being enforced to fight with her Foes,
On each side most fiercely they seemed to close:
Each one fought for honour in every degree,
But, none so much won it as Mary Ambree.

When brave Serjeant Major was slain in the fight
Who was her own true love her joy and delight
She swore unrevenged his blood should not be
Was not this a brave bonny lass mary Ambree.

She cloathed her self from the top to the toe,
With Buff of the bravest and seemly to show;
A fair shirt of Male over that striped she
Was not this a brave bonny lass Mary Ambree

A Helmet of proof she put on her head,
A strong armed sword she girt on her side;
A fair goodly Gauntlet on her side wore she,
Was not this a brave bonny lass Mary Ambree?

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand
And called all those that would be of her band
To wait on her person there came thousands three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass Mary Ambree.

The Drums and the Trumpets did sound out alarm
And many hundred did loose Leg and Arm;
And many a thousand she brought on her knee
Was not this a brave bonny Lass Mary Ambree.

The Sky then she filled with the smoak of her shot
And her Enemies bodies with Bullets so hot,
For one of her own men a Score killed she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass Mary Ambree.

And then her false Gunner did spoil her intent,
Her Powder and Bullets away he had spent
And then with her weapon she slasht them three,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass Mary Ambree.

Then took she her Castle where she did abide,
Her Enemies besieg'd her on every side!
To beat down her Castle walls they did agree,
And all for to overcome Mary Ambree.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand
And on her Castle walls stoutly did stand;
So daring the Captains, to march any three,
O what a brave Captain was Mary Ambree.

At her then they smiled, not thinking in heart,
That she could have performed so valarous a part;
The one said to the other, we shortly shall see
This gallant brave captain before us to flee.

Why what do you think or take me to be?
unto these brave Soldiers so valiant spoke she:
A Knight Sir of England and Captain (quoth they)
Whom shortly we mean to take prisoner away.

No Captain of England, behold in your sight,
Two Breasts in my bosom, and therefore no Knight
No Knight Sir of England nor Captain quoth she,
But even a poor bonny lass Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman as thou dost declare,
That hath made us thus spend our armour in War;
The like in our lives we never did see,
And therefore we'l honour brave Mary Ambree.

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for Englands fair Crown,
In token he sent for a Globe and a Ring,
And said she should be his Bride at his wedding.

Why what do you think or take me to be,
Though he be a Prince of great dignity;
It shall never be said in England so free,
That a stranger did marry with Mary Ambree.

Then unto fair England she back did return,
Still holding the Foes of brave England in scorn;
In Valour no Man was every like she,
Was not this a brave bonny Lass Mary Ambree,

In this Womans praises I'll here end my Song,
Whose heart was approved in valour most strong;
Let all sorts of people whatever they be,
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

Printed for Joseph Hinson at the Sun and Bible in Giltspur-street
near Pye Corner.

Madden Collection, Vol. III, No. 797, p. 199.

90. THE LANCASHIRE HEROS

Lancashire Heros

My father is a squire and I am his heir,
And I fell in love with his footman so fair,
They sent him to sea where the waters roll along,
The Lancashire heros play Britons strike home.

Resolved to follow her dear, she lists "for a volunteer."
They sail on the "Neptune," landing at Spithead. Nine
hundred are aboard the ship, and of these, five hundred
"got slain." She is shot by "a large bullet" which took
off "her left breast." The Captain and lieutenant are
killed, as is her sweetheart. She is never afraid to
fire off her gun. The French are beaten, and she is "got
cured" and returns to "Old England!"

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
54-784, II
Printed for W. Armstrong, Liverpool.

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
BS Ballads, 1790-1830, 174
Printed for W. Armstrong. Banastre-st.
Liverpool.

LANCASHIRE HEROS

Lancashire Heros.

Printed for W. Armstrong. Liverpool.

My father is a squire and I am his heir,
And I fell in love with his footman so fair,
They sent him to sea where the waters roll along,
The Lancashire heros play Britons strike home.

Then I was resolv'd to follow my dear,
Straightway I did go and list for a volunteer.
We soon went to sea where the waves roll along,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

The ship that we sail'd in was call'd the Neptune,
We landed at Spithead the 14th of June,
Not a finer ship on the sea sal'd along,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

Our ship she set sail with nine hundred men.
And out of that number five hundred got slain.
Like lions we fought, while the blood down did run,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

There came a large bullet right over our main,
Which took off her left breast, so great was her pain
Resolved to conquer she fir'd a gun,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

Our captain was kill'd, and lieutenant likewise,
And so was my sweetheart to my great surprise,
But I never seem'd afraid but fir'd off my gun,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

From Broadside to broadside we fir'd away.
Those French beaten cowards from us drove away,
But now I'm got cured to Old England I come,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

Come all you young virgins attend to my song,
See how boldly I ventur'd my life for a man,
I took up arms and a soldier did become,
The Lancashire Heros &c.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. II, BS 96

91. THE FEMALE SAILOR BOLD (N-3)

(The Female Sailor Bold; The Female Sailor; The Gallant Female Sailor; A Faithful Account of the Perilous Adventures of that Courageous Young Female, Anne Jane Thornton)

The Gallant Female Sailor

Good people give attention and listen to my song,
I will unfold a circumstance that does to love belong,
Concerning of a pretty maid who ventured we are told;
Across the ocean as a female sailor bold.

Anne Jane Thornton from Glostershire is engaged at 15 to a captain who went to sea. Dressing herself "in sailor's clothes," she engages herself as a cabin boy and sails to New York in search of her beloved. Going to his father, she finds that he has died. "In anguish," she travels 70 miles "through woods in North America," then serves as "cook and stewart in the Adelaide." She then "sailed on board the Rover." From "St. Andrews," she "did reef and steer" aboard the "Sarah" and "always done her duty" until "February, 1835"(or 1845) when her sex is discovered in London. She is "examined by the Lord Mayor" and her story is covered in the "public papers."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,

54-784, I

54-784, I

W. Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean Street,
Newcastle. (1829-37)

25242.17, IV, 70

Printed and Sold by John Gilbert, Royal
Arcade, Newcastle; may be had of B. Stewart,
Botcher-gate, Carlisle; and W.W. Murray,
Claypath, Durham. (1853-55)

25242.17, IV, 140

Printed and Sold by John Ross, Royal Arcade,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and may be had of
Stewart, Botchergate, Carlisle, and W.
Dalton, Walmgate, York. (1847-52)

25242.17, I, 119 - Spencer, Broadstones, Bradford.
New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,

KVB, p.v.3, 40

Swindells, Printer. (Manchester, 1760-1850)

KVB, p.v.3, 72

Swindells, Printer. (Manchester, 1760-1850)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
HB17763

Printed and sold at No. 42 North Main Street
(opposite the Museum) Providence.

Providence Public Library/Special Collections,
Coll. of Irish BS Ballads

Trinity College Dublin,
Gall.R.15.35

UCLA/Special Collections,
#605

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, V, 30

J. Catnach, Printer, 2 and 3 Monmouth-
court, Seven Dials. (1836-38)

BS Ballads, V, 31

Printed by Birt, No. 39, Great st, Andrew
street Seven Dials. (1829-41)

Elton's Forget Me Not Songster, 104

Forecastle Songster (1848), 96

Forget Me Not Songster (1845), 11

B. Folksong Versions

Irish Folklore Collections,
*782, p. 32 (Kerry, 1941)

Creighton, 68

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 202

Wilgus-Long

III. COMMENTS

See London Times accounts, 9 February 1835 (p.1,
col. 5, "Extraordinary Circumstance"), 10 February
1835 (p. 4, col. 2, "Ship News"), and 11 February
1835 (p.6, col. 5, "Police").

THE FEMALE SAILOR BOLD. (N-3)

A Faithful Account of the Perilous Adventures of that Courageous Young Female, Anne Jane Thornton, who left her Father's House, and, in the Dress of a Sailor, entered as a Cabin Boy on board of an American Vessel in search of her Sweetheart,--with an Account of her Arrival at New York, where she learnt her Sweetheart was Dead--of her Travelling Seventy Miles on Foot alone, through the Forests of America--of her entering as Cook and Steward on board the Sarah; with many other wonderful Adventures, As Related by Herself before the Lord Mayor of London.

A Song.

Good people give attention and listen to my song
I will unfold a circumstance that does to love belong.
Concerning of a pretty maid who ventur'd we are told
Across the briny ocean as a Female Sailor bold
Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, of Glostershire we hear
And was courted by a Captain all in her 15th year
But he sail'd to America, as I will now unfold
And she ventur'd o'er the ocean, disguis'd a Sailor bold.
Disguised in her sailor's clothes, as cabin-boy she went,
To New York, in America, with pleasure & content,
But when the damsel landed of her lover's death was told,
Then in agony & sorrow wept the Female Sailor bold.
Some thousand miles from home, from her parents far away,
She travelled thro' the dismal woods of North America,
She serv'd on board the Adelaide, as steward we are told,
And sailed with the Rover did the Female Sailor bold
At length in the Sarah from St. Andrew's she set sail,
And nobly did the seaman's part in tempest, storm, and gale
Would run to the top gallant-sail, did reef and steer were told,
By the captain much respected was the Female Sailor bold.
In the month of February, 1825,
She to the port of London in the Sarah did arrive,
Her sex was then discovered and the secret did unfold,
And the captain gaz'd with wonder on the Female Sailor bold.
It was to seek her lover that she sailed across the main,
Thro' love she did encounter storm, tempest, wind, and the rain;
It was love caused all her trouble and hardships we are told.
May she rest at home contented now the Female Sailor bold.

The Lord Mayor having read in the Times a marvellous account of a female sailor, directed one of the City police officers to make inquiry into the circumstances, in order that if she required any assistance, it might be rendered to her. Accordingly the officer thought it best to bring her to the Mansion-house, that his Lordship might hear the remarkable details of the case from the girl's own lips.

Capt. M'Intire of the Sarah, stated that he met the girl at St. Andrew's, North America: he engaged her as cook and steward, and considered what she seemed to be, until a few days before the arrival of the vessel in the port of London. It appeared that some of the crew had suspected her sex before she was seen washing in her berth, from the circumstance of her having refused to drink grog. She performed the duties of a sailor admirably-- she would run up to hand the top-gallant-sail in any sort of weather, during a severe passage. The poor girl had had a hard time of it, and she suffered greatly from the wet, but she bore it all excellently, and she was a capital seaman. Her hands appeared as if they were covered with thick brown leather gloves, and it was by repeated questioning, the Lord Mayor got from her the facts, of which the following is the substance:--

Anne Jane Thornton stated, she was in the 17th year of her age. Her father, who is now a widower, took her and the rest of his family from Gloucestershire, where she was born, to Donegal, when she was 6 years old. He was in good circumstances, and was always affectionate to her. She regretted that she quitted her home, for her departure, of which she had given no previous notice to her father, must have caused him many a sorrowful hour. When she was only 13 years old, she met Capt. Alexander Burke, whose father resided in New York, and was the owner of vessels there, and before she was 15, they became strongly attached to each other. Soon afterwards Alexander Burke was obliged to go to New York, and she resolved to follow him.

She quitted her father's house, accompanied by a maid servant and a boy; and having procured a cabin-boy's dress, she exerted herself to obtain a passage to America. She succeeded in her object: the servant maid and boy took leave of her immediately upon her embarking, the latter being charged with a message to her father, informing him of her intention. By degrees she became reconciled to the labours of her new employment, and she beheld with joy the shores of New York, where she thought her labours would terminate: the moment she landed, she went off in her cabin-boy's dress to the house of Captain Burke's father, and said that she had worked under the Captain's orders, and wished to be engaged by him again. It was by the father of the young man she was informed of the event which placed the eternal barrier between them, and she retired from the house disconsolate.

America was, however, no place in which to look for sympathy. In the belief that the sea, which no doubt her feelings of affection for Burke recommended to her, was a more probable mode of existence than any she could adopt in the dress of her sex, she applied for and obtained a situation as cook and steward in the *Adelaide*, and subsequently in the *Rover*, in which vessel she sailed to St. Andrew's, where she fell in with Capt. M'Intire: the captain of the *Rover* had agreed to take her to Belfast, but he received an order from the owners to sail for the West Indies, and, as she was resolved to return to her father as soon as possible, she refused to accompany him. For 31 months, she had been engaged in these remarkable adventures, and participated in the most severe toils of the crews of which she performed a part.

The Lord Mayor asked how she fancied to assume the sailor's dress?

The Girl--I could not think of any other way, and I did the duties as well as I could. I underwent a good deal. I travelled from East Point, in North America, to St. Andrew's, by myself, a distance of 70 miles, through the woods. I walked all the way.

Captain M'Intire said he bore testimony to the extraordinary propriety of the girl's conduct, who said she was bound in gratitude to acknowledge the kindness and humanity of the captain.

The Lord Mayor--I will give directions that you be taken care of until I hear from your father, to whom I will write to-night.

After receiving some salutary advice from the Lord Mayor, she retired, and placed under the care of the worthy proprietor of the Cooper's Arms, Lower Thames Street. She is low of stature, and her limbs are firmly knit; comely face; dark eyes; and teeth very white.

On Saturday the 14th, Mr. M'Lean, the inspector of police, applied to the Lord Mayor, to have our heroine removed from the Cooper's Arms; for, on account of the intense interest her case excited, multitudes of persons so beset the house to get a sight of her, that the landlord found it impossible to conduct his business.--The proprietress of a minor theatre offered her a guinea a night to appear in character in a piece to be got up on purpose. A celebrated artist had applied to take her likeness; and numberless persons have supplicated her to exhibit herself; but all in vain; as she feels a great repugnance to the various offers, being determined never again to assume the sailor's dress. She possesses a great flow of spirits; is communicative; but extremely correct in her behaviour. Upon the whole, she is, undoubtedly, one of the most extraordinary strong-minded girls that ever lived.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court, Seven Dials.

University of Kentucky, Vol. V, 30.

THE FEMALE SAILOR BOLD (N-3)

The Female Sailor.

The following song is founded on fact, however romantick it may appear. In the month of Febuary 1835 this interesting girl arrived at Fresh Whart London Bridge, on board the Sarah; her sex having been discovered a few days previous. Of course so singular a circumstance as that of a young Female Sailor could not long be kept a secret; and, as is always the case, the most exaggerated reports were immediately propogated; at length this extra ordinary histroy reached the ears of the Lord Mayor, who with the greatest humanity, ordered one of the police to ascertain the particulars of the case and see whether she was ill used. The officer brought her to the Lord Mayor to whom she related the following interesting particulars--She said her name was Ann Jane Thornton, that she was in the 17th year of her age: her father being a widower took her and the rest of the family from Gloucestershire, where she was born to Donagel, when six years old, where her father now resides; she regreted leaving hom, as it must have caused him many a sorrowful hour, he being always affectionate to her. When she was only 13 years old she met Capt. Alexander Burk, an Englishman but whose father resided in New York; and before she was 15 they became strongly attached to each other; soon afterwards Alexander Burk was obliged to go to New York, and she resolved to follow him: she quited her father's house, accompanied by a maid servant and boy; and having procured a cabin boy's dress, she obtained a passage direct to America by degrees she became reconciled to her new situation; and when she arrived at New York, she hastened to the father of her sweetheart, whom she learnt was dead, disconsolate as she was, she hastened from East Point in North America, to St. Andrew's a distance of 70 miles through the woods alone walking all the way on foot. She then obtained the sitution of cook and steward on board the Adelaide, and next in the Rever, in which latter vessel she sailed to St. Andrew's where she fell in with the Sarah, Cap. M'Intire, who engaged her as cook and steward, and in which ship she arrived in the port of London.--For 31 months she had been engaged in these remarkable adventures and participated in the most severe toils of the crews of which she performed a part, with the greatest propriety and decorum.

Good people give attention and listen to my song,
I will unfold a circumstance that does to love belong;
Concerning of a pretty maid who ventur'd we are told,
Across the briny ocean as a female sailor bold.

Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, as you presently shall hear,
And also that she was born in fam'd Gloucestershire;
Her father now lives in Ireland, respected we are told,
And grieving for his daughter--this female sailor bold.

She was courted by a captain when not fifteen years of age,
And to be joined in holy wedlock this couple did engage,
But the captain was bound to America, as I will now unfold
And she followed him o'er the ocean did this female sailor bold.

She dress'd herself in sailors clothes and was overcome with joy
When with a captain she did engage to serve as cabin boy,
And when New York in America this fair maid did behold
She determined to seek her true love did this female sailor bold.

Then to her true loves fathers she hastened with speed,
When the news that she did hear most dreadful indeed,
That her love had been dead some time they to her did unfold
Which very near broke the heart of this female sailor bold.

Some thousand miles she was from home from friends far away
Alone she traveled seventy miles thro' woods in North America.
Bereft of all her kindred nor no parent to behold,
In anguish she cried my true love did this female sailor bold.

Then she went on board the Adelaide, to cross the troubled wave
And in storms of hail and gales of wind she did all dangers brave
She served as cook and steward in the Adelaide we are told
Then sailed on board the Rover did the female sailor bold.

From St. Andrew's in America, this fair maid did set sail,
In a vessel called the Sarah and brav'd many a stormy gale
She did her duty like a man did reef and steer we're told,
By the captain she was respected well--the female sailor bold.

She weighed the anchor, heav'd the lead and boldly went aloft
Just one and thirty months she braved the tempest we are told,
And always did her duty did the female sailor bold.

'Twas in the month of Febuary eighteen hundred thirty five,
She in the port of London in the Sarah did arrive;
Her sex was then discovered which the secret did unfold,
And the captain gaz'd in wonder on the female sailor bold.

At the Mansion-House she appear'd before the Lord Mayor.
And in the public papers then the reasons did appear,
Why she did leave her father and her native land she told,
To brave the stormy ocean, did this female sailor bold.

It was to seek her lover that sailed across the main,
Thro' love she did encounter storms tempest wind and rain
It was love caused all her troubles and hardships we are told,
May she rest at home contented now the female sailor bold.

Printed and sold at No. 42, North Main street (opposite the Museum)
Providence. Where are kept for sale 100 other kinds.

Brown University/Hay Library, HB17763

92. THE FEMALE SAILOR

The Female Sailor

Come all you pretty females, whoever that you be,
I pray give attention and listen unto me,
It's of a brisk young lady, worth thousands of gold,
How she ventured her life for a jolly sailor bold.

Going with her father to "view this fine vessel, the George," she beholds a "beautiful swain" who is the chief mate, "William Brown." Brown leaves for Liverpool, and she, packing up "her jewels and costly array," follows him. Finding that he has gone to America, she journeys after him. Arriving, she inquires about him and finds that he is dead. Deciding not to return to her parents, "she cut off her yellow locks, blue jacket and trousers she quickly put on." For three years she sails aboard the Hero undetected, serving as cook and steward. In port, "so sailor-like a jolly tar was she, she could drink a glass of grog, and kiss the girls merrily." Near Liverpool the captain "was inclined to pass away a joke" and discovering that "she was a maid," he betrays her secret. She resolves to go aboard the "Commerce steampacket," but she had not been on board "an hour or more" before the "constables brought her on shore." She tells her story to "the magistrate" saying that "she was determined to follow the sea, and in a short time commander she would be." She gives her name as "S____ a A____ a H____ n, and says that she is a "rich merchant's daughter." The magistrate asks the captain if he has anything to say, and he requests charge of her, dresses her "like a lady so gay," and "now this little steward has become a charming wife."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
Coll. of BS Ballads, I, 521

L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street, 2d door
from Friend Street, Boston. (1832-38)

Library of Congress/Music Division,
Uncat. BSS

L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street, 2d door
from Friend Street, Boston. (1832-38)

American Antiquarian Society,
Uncat. BSS

L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street, 2d door

from Friend Street, Boston. (1832-38)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
HB/12667

Printed and Sold at No. 25, High Street,
Providence. (H. Trumbull, 1826-36)

Book of A Thousand Songs (1843), 421

Forecastle Songster (1848), 84

Forget Me Not Songster (1845), 138

Uncle True Songster, 96

III. COMMENTS

See London Times accounts, 9 February 1835 (p.1, col. 5, "Extraordinary Circumstance"), 10 February 1835 (p. 4, col. 2, "Ship News"), and 11 February 1835 (p. 6, col. 5, "Police"). (See also The Female Sailor Bold [91] above.)

THE FEMALE SAILOR

The Female Sailor.

Come, all you pretty females, whoever you be,
I pray you give attention and listen unto me:
It's of a brisk young lady, worth thousands of gold,
How she ventured her life, for a jolly sailor bold.

One day with her father, she instantly went,
To view his fine vessel, it was her intent;
On board of one fine vessel, the George, by name,
She first saw this young man, which caus'd her much pain.

When first she beheld this beautiful swain,
She thought it a pity, he should venture the main;
She turn'd to her father, and to him did say,
Ah! is this your captain, I pray do tell to me.

O no, my dearest daughter, her father thus spake,
He is not my captain, he is the chief mate;
He is a fine youth, William Brown is his name,
And for seven long years he has crossed the main.

From fine London city, this young man set sail,
Bound for Liverpool, with a sweet pleasant gale.
When she heard he had sail'd, resolved was she,
To follow this young man by land or by sea.

She pack'd up her jewels, and costly array,
And to Liverpool came, without more delay;
But when she came there, she heard he was gone
To a port in America, called St. Johns.

Resolved was she to follow her dear,
And to cross the salt seas, without dread or fear;
The wind it blew calm, and the elements clear,
And to St. John's, New Brunswick, this lady did steer.

But, oh! fatal to tell, when she arrived there,
She went to the ship, to find out her dear;
She asked for William Brown, for that was his name,
The captain said, fair lady, he is drown'd in the main.

With great grief and anguish this lady did mourn,
She thought to her parents, she would not return;
Her golden locks she cut off, as you will understand,
Blue jacket and trowsers, she quickly put on.

She went on board the Hero, without more delay,
And inquired for the captain, as you may plainly see;
He enter'd her as cook, and steward likewise,
But little did he think she was a maid in disguise.

For three years and better, she sail'd on the main,
And still there were none could to the secret obtain;
For when in port, she was as jolly as a sailor could be,
Her grog she would drink, and kiss the girls merrily.

This ship was for Liverpool, and near to the port,
The captain was inclin'd to pass away a joke;
And to his great surprise, he found she was a maid,
When he arrived in Liverpool, the secret he betray'd.

To the Commerce, Steam Packet, she was resolv'd to go,
Not thinking that the captain or any one would know;
She had not been on board half an hour or more,
Before that the constables brought her on shore.

It's then before the magistrate, she had to appear,
And she told them her story, without dread or fear;
She said she was determin'd to follow the sea,
And in a short time commander she would be.

Then said the magistrate, what is your name,
And where does your father dwell, tell me the same;
S-a-A-a-H-n, it is my own name,
I'm a rich merchant's daughter, from London I came.

Then the magistrate addressed the captain, and said,
Have you any thing to say, concerning this fair maid;
Your honor, said the captain, I have nothing for to say,
But only beg you will give her in charge unto me.

Then the captain he took this fair damsel away,
And she dressed herself like a lady so gay;
He vow'd that he lov'd her as dear as his life,
So now his late steward, has become his charming wife.

Sold, wholesale and retail by L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street,
2d door from Friend Street, Boston.

American Antiquarian Society, Uncatalogued Ballads ("H")

93. THE FEMALE SAILOR (ANN JANE THORNTON)

The Female Sailor (Ann Jane Thornton)

Draw near, ye loyal lovers all, and to me lend an ear,
While I relate as true a tale as ever you did hear,
Concerning a bonny lass, who lately, we are told,
Did cross the stormy ocean in search of her sailor bold.

At sixteen in Donnegal she and a sea captain pledge their love. He must leave before they are married, so she goes in disguise to America in search of him. She lands in "East Port" and then journeys to "St. Andrew's" to "the place where her true lover lay." She mourns for him and returns to St. Andrew's and engages on the "Sarah" which "belongs to Belfast." For three years she sails under the name of "James." On "their last voyage" she is discovered as she is washing. The seaman says that he will keep her secret if she will "comply with his wishes." She refuses and is discovered. "At the Fresh-wharf, near Billingsgate" a "tide-waiter" goes aboard and finds her being beaten by the crew. She tells him her secret, and he takes her to the "Lord Mayor of London," and she is restored to her friends.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean Street, Newcastle.
(1829-37)

B. Folksong Versions

Ulster Folk Museum (Belfast),
Shields Coll., T-1969-7/UCLA T7-73-18

III. COMMENTS

See London Times accounts, 9 February 1835 (p.1, col. 5, "Extraordinary Circumstance"), 10 February 1835 (p. 4, col. 2, "Ship News"), and 11 February 1835 (p. 6, col. 5, "Police"). (See also The Female Sailor Bold [91] and The Female Sailor [92] above.)

THE FEMALE SAILOR (ANN JANE THORNTON)

The Female Sailor (Ann Jane Thornton)

Draw near, ye loyal lovers all, and to me lend an ear,
While I relate as true a tale as ever you did hear,
Concerning a bonny lass, who lately, we are told,
Did cross the stormy ocean in search of her sailor bold.
This beautiful young maid liv'd in the county Donnegal,
It was with a sea captain straightway in love she did fall.
She was but sixteen years of age that captain twenty two
They pledg'd their words they'd constant be, what more could
lovers do.

Before the marriage knot was tied the wind it blew fair,
The Captain must leave her behind and to his ship repair,
Of his Ann Jane he took farewell, then he sail'd away,
From Derry town to Saint Andrew's in North America.
Ann Jane Thornton she was sorely distressed in mind,
To think her lover he was gone and she was left behind,
Nine months and more this maid did wait her lover's return,
But she no word of him could hear, which caused her to mourn.
This lovely damsel her sad grief no longer could conceal,
At the same time to no person her mind she did reveal,
She says here like a troubl'd sea my mind's toss'd to and fro,
Then straight off to America, in search of him I'll go.
A ship being ready for sea, away Ann Jane she goes,
And purchas'd without delay a sailor suit of clothes,
When she got on her sailor's dress, and hair cut close behind,
A bonnier looking sailor lad its nowhere could you find.
Ann Jane after her lover to America did steer,
Her friends they made enquiry for her both far and near,
At length she landed in East Port in North America,
From that into St. Andrew's she travell'd the whole way.
Through woods and lonely valleys she wander'd night and day.
At length she came into the place where her true lover lay,
She shed a mournful tear over the place he did lie,
Crying hard fate did separate my true lover and I.
When she came to St. Andrew's, twas there she did enquire
For the captain of the Sarah, his name is M'Intyre,
The Sarah belongs to Belfast, as I do understand,
The captain soon agree'd with her as he did want a hand.
As cook and steward he engaged her immediately,
By her appearance he took her a sailor lad to be,
Nine Spanish dollars in the month of the captain she had,
Brave M'Intyre he did admire his bonny sailor lad.
Under the name of James she went for three long years and more
All the hard work they put her to it patiently she bore
She learned to hand reef and steer, likewise to heave the log,

On shore she'd court the pretty girls and push about the grog.
On their last voyage from Portugal a seaman full of mirth
Watched this sailor washing herself in her berth,
Her jacket it flew open and her breasts he chanc'd to spy,
Is this our cook and steward lad? the sailor he did cry.
He says my pretty girl, my mind to you I'll reveal,
If to my wishes you'll comply the secret I'll conceal,
This bonny sailor lass, she answer'd him right modestly
Here on the sea I'll suffer death before that I yield to thee.
When he did make the secret known to the captain and crew,
The hardest work that they could get they always put her to;
When the vessel did encounter a boisterous gale
She would be foremost up aloft a refing the top-sail.
At the Fresh-wharf, near Billingsgate, they did at anchor lie,
When the tide-waiter went on board, it was there he did espy
A sailor beating this young lad, as he took her to be,
The secret unto him there she related instantly.
It is in Ballyshannon town my father he does dwell,
He is a corn factor there, and is respected well;
I have been reared tenderly, sir, in my youthful days
I never thought 'twould be my lot to plough the raging seas.
Before the Lord Mayor of London this damsel he did take,
It's there a full confession of her sufferings she did make;
This female sailor to her friends once more he did restore,
In search of her true lover she will plough the seas no more.

(No. 87) Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean Street, Newcastle.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. I, BS 880

94. THE FEMALE RAMBLING SAILOR

(The Female Rambling Sailor; The Female
Ramling Sailor; Rambling Female Sailor)

The Female Rambling Sailor

Come all young people, far and near,
And listen to my ditty,
At Gravesend lived a maiden fair,
Who was both young and pretty.
Her lover he was pressed away,
And drowned in a foreign sea,
Which caused this maiden for to [say]
I'll be a female sailor.

She resolves to go across the ocean and "gain promotion."
"Like a sailor true," she does her duty aboard ship. She
sweetly sings "in calm," is "ready at her station" in a
storm, and "[loves] her occupation." On a wager she goes
aloft, misses her hold, and falls to her death. As she
is dying the sailors say farewell to "young faithful Willy"
until they see her "snow-white breast." Her name was
"Rebecca Young," and she was well-known "on the River
Thames."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

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54-784, I
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Newcastle. (1837-41)
54-784, I
Printed and sold by W. and T. Fordyce,
Newcastle and Hull;--to be had also of
J. Whinham and Co., 66 Scotch St, Carlisle.
(1837-44)
54-784, I
Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean-street, Newcastle.
(1829-37)
25242.27, 255
25242.17, I, 131
25242.17, XII, 147
London--H. Such, Printer and Publisher,
177 Union Street, Boro'--SE. (1869-86)
Uncat. Misc. BSS, folder
Uncat. Misc. BSS, folder

Providence Public Library/Special Collections,

Irish Ballad Coll.

Royal Irish Academy,
66.H.17

Trinity College Dublin,
21.66.51, p. 222

UCLA/Folklore Archive,
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University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, I, 61

Yale,
Folio 254

THE FEMALE RAMBLING SAILOR

Female Ramling Sailor.

Come all young people far and near
And listen to my ditty,
At gravesend lived a maiden fair,
Who was both young and pretty.
Her lover he was press'd away,
And drowned in a foreign sea,
Which caus'd this maiden for to say
I'll be a female Sailor.
This maid she was resolv'd to go
Across the foaming ocean,
She was resolv'd to let them know
How she could gain promotion.
With jacket blue, and trowsers white
Just like a sailor neat and tight,
The sea it was the heart's delight
Of the Rambling Female Sailor.
Like a sailor true she went on board,
All for to do her duty.
She was always ready at her call,
This maid, the queen of beauty.
When in a calm, this damsel young
Would charm the sailors with her tongue,
As she walk'd the decks and sweetly sung,
The Rambling Female Sailor.
When in a storm upon the sea,
She was ready at her station,
Her mind as calm as calm could be
She loved her occupation;
From stem to stern she'd boldly go,
She brav'd all dangers, fear'd no foe,
But soon you'll hear the overthrow
Of the Rambling Female Sailor.
This maiden gay did a wager lay,
She would go aloft with any,
And up aloft she straight did go,
Where times she had been many.
This maiden bold--ah! sad to tell,
She missed her hold and down she fell,
And calmly bid this world farewell!
Did the Rambling Female Sailor.

This maiden gay did fade away
Just like a drooping willow,
Which made the sailors for to say
Farewell, young faithful Willy.
When her snow-white breasts in sight became,
She prov'd to be a female frame,
And Rebecca Young it was the name
Of the Rambling Female Sailor.
May willows wave all on her grave,
And laurels round it planted,
May roses sweet grow at the feet
Of one who died undaunted.
May a marble stone be inscribed upon
Near here lies one so lately gone,
A maiden fair as the sun shone on
The Rambling Female Sailor.
So all young men and maids around,
Come listen to my story,
Her body is anchor'd to the ground,
Let's hope her sould's in glory.
On the river Thames she was known full well,
Few sailors could with her excel
One tear let fall as the fate you tell,
Of the Rambling Female Sailor.

W. & T. Fordyce, Printers, Dean-street, Newcastle.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. I, BS 75.

DRUM MAJOR

Drum Major.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts 14 Great
St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials

Come listen to my story so plainly you shall hear,
Concerning a damsel that follow'd the drum
In search of her true love to Flanders she is gone,
Her arms were long and slender, her fingers long and small.
By the beating of the drum, she excell'd them all,
By the beating of the drum great honor she's got
And now's she's Drum Major and carries the sword.
Just in the midst of battle where many one did fall
she fought with such courage she excell'd them all,
she fought with such courage on every degree,
Though never a one took her a woman for to be.
As she was a washing in yonder pool so deep
A soldier from the garrison so softly did creep,
At the side of the pumper and there he did lie,
Is this our Drum Major the soldier did cry,
When laughing at the jest, and regaling at the fun,
I wish you would learn me to beat upon your drum
You are not practiced the Major then did say
So she was exposed that very same day.
He went unto his officers, Colonels & all
And telling them the ditty and how it did befall,
Our Drum Major is a woman so plainly shall see,
Tho never a one took her a woman for to be,
The Major was called for to come in great haste
To speak with her officers, and colonels and all,
You listed voluntary or was you betray'd
Or was it for your sweet heart come now let us hear,
I have served seven years in the reigiment foot,
I listed voluntarily and so I came here,
And it was for Jack Line, our young Grenadier,
They drest her in her in silks and sattins so fine,
She shined like an angel of all beauty bright,
When ever he saw her he flew to her arms
And said she had millions of charms,

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division, Uncat. BSS, Box II

DRUM MAJOR

The Drum Major.

In response to advertised request, versions of this very old song have been received from Mrs. Joseph Hemy, of Drumless, Finvoy, who learnt it from her father when he "was weaving at the linen trade" and from Mr. James Carmichael, 32, Waring Street, Ballymena, both of whom are cordially thanked.

Come all ye young fellows and bachelors too,
A comical story I'll tell unto you
Concerning a fair maid who carried a drum,
Who in search of her true love to Holland has gone.
Refrain:--
Ladlio toor an ti a.

She enlisted voluntarily in a regiment of foot,
And being our drum major, great honour she got;
She acted so manly in every degree,
That no one e'er took her a girl for to be.

She went down to bathe in a river so clear,
When a jolly young rifleman chanced to draw near;
He cried as she parted the waves like a swan,
Though your clothes are a soldier's, you are not a man.

Then out of the water she quickly did run,
And with her small fingers her clothes she pinned on,
Saying It's not for your godl, sir, that I listed here,
But for sake of young Shelton, the bold grenadier.

Call on the sergeant and officers all;
Call on this fair maid: they on her did call:
You are a woman, this day we do hear,
And the cause of your listing we fain would now hear.

These seven long years in your regiment I've been,
Still hiding the face of a poor wounded dame:
It's not for your gold that I'm listed here;
I'm in search of young Shelton, the bold Grenadier.

Call on the sergeant and officers all;
Call on young Shelton; they on him did call:
They say, Here is a letter from your true love this day,
And to your drum major the postage you'll pay.

Give me the letter, young Shelton did say:
Give me the letter, the postage I'll pay:
With a tear in her eye the drum major did stand;
Saying, Read me all over, for I'm just the one.

Then he clasped her in his arms and embraced for a while,
Till at length this young damsel began for to smile;
And now they are married, the truth for to tell,
And our gallant drum major pleases young Shelton well.

S. Henry, No. 797.

96. THE LADY TURNED SOLDIER

The Lady Turned Soldier.

Come all you young lovers and listen a while,
I'll sing you a song that will make you to smile,
'Twas of a young lady of fame and renown,
For the sake of a Captain she a soldier has gone.

Dressed "in man's apparel like an angel so neat," she is listed "in King George's name" by a corporal. He takes her to the captain, "which pleased her well," and she learns her exercises "wonderfully well." She lays with a corporal "a fortnight or more," and he cries that he has "listed a lady." The soldiers laugh at him, and he begs to be transferred to "some other regiment." The "Cornal" gives him his discharge, and the lady and the captain are married.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
54-784, II
Pollock, Printer, North Shields. (1815-44)

THE LADY TURNED SOLDIER

The Lady Turned Soldier.

Come all you young lovers and listen a while,
I'll sing you a song that will make you to smile,
'Twas of a young lady of fame and renown,
For the sake of a Captain she a soldier has gone.
This beautiful creature she dressed herself neat,
All in man's apparel like an angel so neat,
And for to be a soldier to the Corporal she came,
And he gave her a shilling in King George's name.
You are a young fellow are you able and free,
To serve as a soldier in the regiment with me.
In the bold thirty-second, that's royal and true,
She said, sir, I am, and I'll go along with you.
Then away to the Captain, which pleased her well,
Down on the drum head her 10 guineas he did tell,
He said, here young man, take it from the drum head,
And go along with the Corporal he'll find you a bed.
She learned her exercise wonderfully well,
That few in the regiment could her excel,
Her arms and accoutrements so clean and so neat,
She behav'd as a soldier in all things complete.
She lay with the corporal a fortnight or more,
But my him was never discerned before.
He cried, but alas she did me trepan,
I've listed a lady that I thought was a man.
The soldiers they daily on him made their fun,
Always ageering him for what he had done,
He was so ashamed, he beg'd leave to go away,
Into some other regiment, for in his own he could not stay.
The Cornal, with laughter, gave him his discharge,
Desiring those verses might be printed at large,
He said, my brave soldier, when you list a recruit,
Take him to the doctor, that will end all dispute.
This lady of honour so ventur'd her life,
That the captain thought proper to make her his wife,
The bells they did ring, the music did play,
The Cornal stood father, and gave her away.

Pollock, Printer, North Shields.

Harvard, 54-784, Vol. II, BS 206

97. THE MAIDEN SAILOR

The Maiden Sailor:

Being a true Relation of a Young Damsel, who was Press'd on Board the Edgar Man of War, being taken up in Seamans Habit; after being known, she was discharged, and at her examination, she declared she would serve the King at Sea, as long as her Sweetheart continued in Flanders.

Tune of Guinea wins her: Or, Farewel my dearest
Nancy.

Good people e'ery one Sir,
Come listen to my ditty
The like was never known Sir,
a Jest both true and pretty;
Of a very pretty Damsel fair,
who chang'd her cloaths indeed,
and put on Seamans weed,
and then she did appear
a Youth, both fair and clear,
like to a Seaman rare,

So that you, would swear that she'd been a sailor too.

A maiden, thought to be a "very pritty Colliers lad," is pressed into service and "brought down to the Nore." A sailor "that us'd to sport and play" strives to "feel her knee." When she flees, he suspects that she is a maid. She is examined and admits her sex, declaring that she went "to sea, so that she, might serve the King as well" as her sweetheart who is in "the King's Campaigne." "Captain Pedder" of the ship "Edgar" sets her free.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, VI 174

Written by John Curtin, Seaman on
Board the Edgar. Printed for J. Blare
at the Looking-glass on London Bridge.
(1683-1706)

III. COMMENTS

Rollins (Pepys Ballads, VI, 174) notes that the "Edgar" was built in 1679 and appears on ships' lists of 1693, 1694 and 1697. A "Captain Pedder" is mentioned on these lists as well as in a document of 1691-92.

THE MAIDEN SAILOR

The Maiden Sailor:

Being a true Relation of a young Damsel, who was
Press'd on Board the Edgar Man of War, being taken
up in Seamans Habit; after being known, she was
discharged, and at her examination, she declared
she would serve the King at Sea, as long as her Sweet-
heart continued in Flanders.

Tune of Guinea wins her: Or, Farewel my dearest Nancey.

Good people e'ery one Sir,
come listen to my ditty
The like was never known Sir,
a Jest both true and pretty;
Which hear I come for to declare,
Of a very pretty Damsel fair,
who chang'd her cloaths, indeed,
and put on Seamans weed,
and then she did appear
a Youth, both fair and clear,
like to a Seaman rare,
So that you, would swear that she'd been a sailor too.

This Maiden she was press'd, Sir,
and so was many more,
And she, among the rest, Sir,
was brought down to the Nore,
Where ev'ry one did think they had
Prest a very pritty Colliers Lad;
but yet it prov'd not so,
when they the truth did know,
they search'd her well below,
and see how things did go,
and found her so and so,
And then swore, the like was never known before.

But at length a sailor bold, Sir,
that us'd to sport and play, Sir,
Did chance for to behold, Sir,
where this young Damsel lay, Sir,
Who thought she like a Maid did speak,
When he felt, she did begin to squeak,
by which, he found that she
could not a sailor be,

he strove to feel her knee,
but she would not agree,
but strove from him to flee,
And he said, that she was certainly a Maid.

But when the truth was known, Sir,
and ev'ry one did hear it,
She examin'd was alone, Sir,
and then she did declare it,
That she this thing did undertake,
For a very loving sweet-heart's sake,
who does in Field remain,
within the King's Campaigne,
expecting night and day,
to fight the Enemy,
which made her go to sea,
So that she, might serve the King as well as he.

'Twas done on board the Edgar,
as you may understand, Sir,
Where noble Captain Pedder
does bear the chief Command, Sir,
Who set this woman sailor free,
And then gave to her her liberty
to go to Maiden-head,
where she was born and bred,
for wars will not agree
with such a one as she,
it's better for to be
On the shore, to drive the trade she did before.

You Damsels far and near, when
you hear this true Relation,
See how this Damsel fair, then
did venture for her Nation,
Who like a sailor bold and true,
Never fearing what the French could do,
but for to serve her King,
would venture Life and limb,
and I do make no doubt,
had not she been found out,
but she'd have prov'd as stout
As all they, that longer time had been at Sea.

Written by John Curtin, Seaman, on Board the Edgar.
Printed for J. Blare at the Looking-glass on London-bridge.

Pepys Ballads, Vol. VI, p. 174.

98. THE FAMOUS WOMAN DRUMMER

The Famous Woman Drummer;

Or, The valiant proceedings of a Maid which was
(deep) in Love with a Souldier, and how she went
with him to the wars; and also of many brave
actions that she performed, after he had made her
his wife: that here be exprest in this ensuing
Ditty.

To the Tune of, Wet and Weary.

Of a Maiden that was deep in love
with a Souldier brave and bold sir,
I'le tell you here as true a tale,
as ever hath been told sir;
And what brave actions she perform'd,
after she was his Wife, sir;
And how she did behave her selfe,
to save her Husband's Life, sir:
She marcht with him, in wet and dry,
in Winter and in Summer,
For he was then a Musketier,
and she became a Drummer.

They make a bargain that "she would not him forsake," and they go to war together, she in man's apparel. They fight in Ireland, Spain, and "famous France," and in every place she shows her gallantry and toughness until she becomes pregnant. She delivers a son "the 16th day of July," and the women are kind to her. She is praised for keeping her husband company "both day and night."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 730
finis. L.P. [Laurence Price]
London: Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright,
T. Vere and W. Gilbertson. (1655-58)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 178, p. 109
Crawford, 1302
Newton, Catalogue of Old Ballads, 23, no. 68
Simpson, 775
Wing, P3364

THE FAMOUS WOMAN DRUMMER

The Famous Woman Drummer;
Or, The valiant proceedings of a Maid which was [deep]
in Love with a Souldier, and how she went with him
to the wars; and also of many brave actions that she
performed, after he had made her his wife: that here
be exprest in this ensuing Ditty.

To the Tune of, Wet and Weary.

Of a Maiden that was deep in love with a Souldier brave & bold sir,
I'll tell you here as true a tale, as ever hath been told, Sir;
And what brave actions she perform'd, after she was his Wife, Sir;
And how she did behave her selfe, to save her Husband's life, Sir:
She marcht with him, in wet and dry, in Winter and in Summer,
For he was then a Musketier, and she became a Drummer.

When first this couple fell in love, a bargain she did make, sir,
That when that he had need of her, she would not him forsake, sir;
And so they went for two Comrades, most lovingly together,
And plaid their parts most actively, like two Birds of one feather.
She marcht with him, in wet and dry, in Winter, &c.

She had got man's apparel on, gay doublet and brave hose, sir;
And manfully she beat her Drum, her enemies to oppose, sir;
And she was daintily bedeckt, according to her Colours:
And she was like a man indeed, just to great Mars his followers.
She marcht with him, in wet and dry, &c.

They have been both in Ireland, in Spain, and famous France, sir,
Where lustily she beat her Drum, her honour to advance, sir,
Whilst Cannons roar'd, and bullets flye, as thick as hail from sky, sir
She never fear'd her forraign Foes, when her Comrade was nigh, sir;
She stood the brunts in heat and cold, in winter and in summer,
Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she was then a Drummer.

In every place where she did come, she shew'd herself so valiant;
And few men might compare with her, her actions were so gallant;
She manage could her sword full well, and to advance a pike, sir;
But for the beating of a Drum, you seldome saw the like, sir.
In frost and snow, in wet and dry, in winter and in summer,
Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer.

She beat with three men at one time, and won of them a wager;
And had not one strange chance befell, she would have been Drum-
Major,

Her b[od]y it began to swell, and she grew plump and jolly,
But she us'd all the means she could, whereby to hide her folly.
She marcht by day and watcht by night, in winter and in summer,
And still they took her for a man, she was so stout a Drummer.

In company she would merry be, and sometimes sing a song, sir,
And take Tobacco oftentimes, and drink strong Beer among, sir;
If any one had angred her, or done her any evill,
Shee'd quickly make them for to know, they were better crosse the
Devil.

Near Tower-hall she quartered was, in famous London Citie,
But more strange newes I have to tell before I end my Ditty.

For she was grown so big with child, which made her fellows wonder,
And in a short time after that, poor soul! she fell asunder,
But when her painful hour approacht, (I doe not lie nor flatter,)
The women cut her codpeece-oint, to see what was the matter,
But to be brief, it came to passe, as I must tell you truly,
She was delivered of a Son, the sixteenth day of July.

The women all were kind to her, whilst that she was in labour,
Because she was a Souldier's wife, they shew'd to her much favour.
They furnisht her with everything, as meat and drink and clothing,
For child-bed linnen and the like, they let her want for nothing.
Her husband was a Muskettier, and she a lusty Drummer,
It seems they soundly plaid their parts, in Winter and in Summer.

Let no man nor no woman think that she hath been dishonest;
But what she did was done in love, as she before had promist,
To keep her husband com[p]any, the truth of all was so, sir,
And pleasure him, both day and night, wherever they did go, sir.
Her husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer,
It seems they ply'd the businesse well in Winter and in Summer.

You Maidens all that hear this song, consider what is told here,
Concerning of this woman kind, that dearly lov'd a Souldier:
If you with Souldiers be in love, I wish you to be loyal,
For they to you will faithful prove, if you put them to the trial.
Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a famous Drummer, &c.

For Love is such a powerful thing, if it be rightly given,
There cannot be a better gift under the copes of Heaven;
So now, brave Souldiers all, adieu! remember what is spoken,
Come buy my songs, and send them to your Sweet-hearts for a token.
Her Husband was a Muskettier, and she a warlike Drummer,
I would that I had such a mate, to walk with me this Summer.

Finis. L.P.

London: Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, & W. Gilbertson.

Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. VII, p. 730.

99. THE GALLANT SHE-SOULDIER

The Gallant She-Souldier; Or, A
brief Relation of a faithful-hearted Woman,

Who for the Love that she bore to her Husband, attired her selfe in Man's Apparell and so became a Souldier, and marcht along with him through Ireland, France, and Spain, and never was known to be a Woman till at the last she being quartered neer unto Tower-hill, in London, where she brought forth a gallant Man-Child, to the wonder of all her fellow-Souldiers. Of her valiant actions, honest carriage, and excellent behaviour: You shall presently heare (if you please).

The Tune is, Farewell to St. Giles's.

You noble-minded Souldiers all, that faithful are and
true,
This Ditty I have written for love I beare to you;
Concerning of a Woman that was upright and just,
Honest in her actions, and true in her trust.
Seek England, Scotland, and all the world about,
There's hardly such another to be found out.

She puts on "man's apparel" to accompany her husband "to the wars" and has "many brave adventures" in Ireland, France and Spain. Equal to the soldiers in "exercising of her Armes" and "other manly practices," she "would Drink and take Tobacco, and spend her money to." She becomes pregnant, conceals the fact as long as possible, then finally delivers a boy "the 16th day of July." Crowds come to see mother and son. The ballad concludes with the invitation, "All that are desirous to see the young Souldier and his Mother, let them repair to the sign of the Black-Smith's-Armes, in East Smithfield, neere unto Towerhill, in London, and inquire for Mr. Clarke, for that was the Woman's name."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 728

London, Printed for Richard Burton, in
Smithfield. (1641-74)

III. COMMENTS

Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 729) describes this ballad as "written, probably, by Laurence Price." More likely this is in imitation of Price's

Famous Woman Drummer (98.), or vice versa. Even if one of the ballads was not modeled on the other, they both probably depict the same incident.

THE GALLANT SHE-SOULDIER

The Gallant She-Souldier; Or, A brief Relation
of a faithful-hearted Woman,

Who for the Love that she bore to her Husband, attired her
selfe in Man's Apparell and so became a Souldier, and marcht
along with him through Ireland, France, and Spain, and never was
known to be a Woman till at the last she being quartered neere
unto Tower-hill, in London, where she brought forth a gallant
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valiant actions, honest carriage, and excellent behaviour: You
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The Tune is, Farewell to St. Giles's.

You noble-minded Souldiers all, that faithful are and true,
This Ditty I have written for love I beare to you;
Concerning of a Woman that was upright and just,
Honest in her actions, and true unto her trust.
Seek England, Scotland, and all the world about,
There's hardly such another to be found out.

Her Husband was a Souldier, and to the wars did goe,
And she would be his Comrade, the truth of all is so.
She put on Man's apparel, and bore him company,
As many in the Army for truth can testify. Seek, &c.

With Musket on her Shouldier, her part she acted then,
And every one supposed that she had been a Man;
Her Bandeleers about her neck, and sword hang'd by her side:
In many brave adventures her valour have been try'd.

She oft have crost the Ocean, and travelled over the maine,
And she have been in Ireland, in famous France and Spaine;
And now of late returned to lovely London towne,
And bore her Armes most stoutly, with credit and renowne.

For exercising of her Armes, good skill indeed had she,
And knowne to be as active as any one could be;
For firing of a Musket, or beating of a Drum,
She might compare assuredly with any one that come.

For other manly practices she gain'd the love of all,
For Leaping and for Running, or Wrestling of a fall;
For Cudgells or for Cuffing, if that occasion were,
There's hardly one of ten Men that might with her compare.

Yet civill in her carriage, and modest still was she,
But with her fellow Souldiers she oft would merry be;
She would Drink and take Tobacco, and spend her money too,
When as occasion served, that she had nothing else to do.

But now behold with wonder what hap'ned at the last,
After much time in merriment she had in London past,
She found by several passages her selfe to be with child;
'Twas by her honest Husband, she could not be beguil'd.

Yet secretly she kept it, so long as ever she could,
Till such time a Commander her be[teeming] did behold;
What is the reason, Tom, quoth he, that you are grown so fatt?
'Tis strong Beere and Tobacco, Sir, which is the cause of that.

But when her painefull houre was come, that she must delivered
be,
The Women flockt about her, her grievances to see;
Her Breeches then were pulled off, and there began the wonder,
For in a short time after she was fallen quite in sunder.

The sixteenth day of July, as true reports do say,
The Souldier was delivered of lusty chopping Boy;
The people that heares of this newes, each day do flock dnd
run,
To see the Woman-Souldier and her little pretty Son.

Some gives her beds and blankets, her Baby for to Nurse,
Some gives her wholesome dyet, and money in her purse,
All them that comes to see her their bounty doth bestow:
Indeed it is but fitting that they should all doe so.

To draw to a conclusion, I wish in heart and mind
That Women to their Husbands were every one so kind,
As she was to her Sweet-heart, her love to him was so,
That she forsooke all others, along with him to goe.

Whereby we may perceive and see, and very well approve,
There's nothing in ye world can be compar'd to faithfull Love;
The Hammer will breake Marble, and Hunger breake stone-wall,
But LOVE is sole Commander, and Conqueror of all.
Seeke England, Scotland, and all the world about,
There's hardly such another to be found out.

All that are desirous to see the young Souldier and his Mother,
let them repair to the sign of the Black-Smith's-Armes, in East
Smithfield, neere unto Towerhill, in London, and inquire for Mr.
Clarke, for that was the Woman's name.

London, Printed for Richard Burton, in Smithfield.

Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. VII, p. 727.

100. THE FEMALE WARRIOR (I)

The Female Warrior.

Relating how a Woman in Man's attire, got an Ensigns place:
and so continued till the necessity of making use of a
Midwife discover'd her.

This valiant Amazon with courage fill'd,
For to Display her Colours was well skill'd,
Till pregnant nature did her Sex discover,
She fell a pieces, and was made a Mother.

Tune of I am a jovial Batchelor.

Come all you jovial buxome Girls,
attend me here a while,
Here is a pleasant Story that
perhaps will make you smile:
'Tis of a valiant Amazon,
whose Courage was most free,
To take up Arms, and march along
out of the North Country.

"For the love of a dear friend" a girl who "scorn'd to be controul'd" and who "unto wars was inclin'd" serves in the army as an "Ensign." She "pushes the Pike," "furls the Flag," and so familiarizes herself with playing "cards and dice," and with "the Bottle" that she "presumes upon her strength, she could not daunted be." However, she becomes pregnant and, to her vexation, "her growing belly" forces her to admit her sex and "lay the Colours down."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Bagford Ballads, I, 322

Printed for C. Passinger, at the sign of
the Seven-Stars on London-bridge. (c.1695)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 630

Wing, F671

THE FEMALE WARRIOR (I)

The Female Warrior.

Relating how a Woman in Man's attire, got an Ensigns place: and so continued till the necessity of making use of a Midwife discover'd her.

This valiant Amazon with courage fill'd,
For to Display her Colours was well skill'd,
Till pregnant nature did her Sex discover,
She fell a pieces, and was made a Mother.

Tune of I am a jovial Batchelor. With Allowance.

Come all you jovial buxoms Girls,
attend me here a while,
Here is a pleasant Story that
perhaps will make you smile:
'Tis of a valiant Amazon,
whose Courage was most free,
To take up Arms, and march along
out of the North Country.

The Company to London came,
to quarter there a space,
And all the while this noble Girl,
supply'd the Ensigns place:
And when that she did march along,
there's none did her suspect,
Although she lay upon the Guard,
and never did neglect.

Her mild behaviour and sweet face,
much favour did her gain,
She acted nothing that was base,
whilst she did there remain:
But for the love of a dear friend,
disguised she would go:
To try her Fortune to the end,
against the daring Foe.

You know what strange effects this love
in many a one hath wrought,
To dangers and to perrils great,
it often hath them brought;
But yet they valu'd not the same,
no more did this brave Lass,
Who though she was a jovial Dame,
did for an Ensign pass.

Her colours bravely to display,
she often had the luck,
And was at push of Pike some say,
as good as ever struck:
To fold her Arms, and furl the Flag
she was expert and quick,
And never was a bungler found
at any pritty trick.

To play a game at Cards or Dice,
to pass the time away,
Or any Gentile exercise,
she never would say nay.
But for a Bottle of the best,
her little heart to cheer,
She smiling, often would protest
she loved it most dear.

When she amongst young gallants came,
she often was afraid,
Least in their wanton talk she should
by blushed be betraid;
But custome made her at the length
so confident and free,
She did presume upon her strength,
she could no daunted be.

Unto the wars she was inclin'd,
being of courage bold,
And always bore a stately mind,
she scorn'd to be controul'd.
When Mars and Venus conjunct were,
'tis thought that she was born,
Which is an evidence most clear,
that some must wear the Horn.

Thus cunningly the time she past,
and none did her detect,
Until the Souldiers at the last
began for to suspect:
And by some certain signs in short,
they plainly did perceive
Their Ensign Metamorphosed,
and did them all deceive.

To make the case more evident,
and cause it to be known,
Her growing belly forced her
to lay the Colours down:
Unhappy chance it was alas,
and sore it did her vex,
Because that she, was found to be,
one of the Female Sex.

And now her groaning time being come,
a Midwife was prepar'd,
She could not march by beat of Drum,
nor mount the Court of Guard:
For why she did in pieces fall,
here one part, there another,
Did ever any know the like,
An Ensigne made a Mother.

Thus have you heard, as I conceive,
a Story strange and true,
And verily I do believe,
the like you seldom knew:
Now all that ever can be said,
she was a jocial Lass,
(Had not her Belly, her betraid)
as ever any was.

Printed for C. Passinger, at the sign of the Seven-Stars on
London-bridge.

Bagford Ballads, Vol. I, p. 322.

C. Ballads in Which the Heroine Disguises
Herself because of Her Patriotism or Her Desire
for Adventure (No. 101-107)

101. THE WOMAN WARRIER

The Woman Warriar:

Being An Account of a young Woman who lived in Cow-Cross near West Smithfield; who changing her Apparel Entered her self on Board, in quality of a Soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where she Valliantly behaved her self, particularly at the Siege of Cork, where she lost her Toes and received a Mortal Wound in her Body, of which she since Dyed in her return to London.

To the Tune of Let the Soldiers rejoice.

Let the Females attend,
To the Lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall give a Relation;
Of a Young marry'd Wife,
Who did venture her Life,
For a Soldier, a Soldier she went from the Nation.

She leaves her husband for "the Ocean, her Life there to venture." The Captain admires her, thinking her a "Gentleman's Son or a Squire." She fights "under Grafton" in Ireland, makes "the proud Tories retire," and loses two of her toes in battle. At the siege of Cork she is wounded and is returned to England where her sex is revealed, and she dies entering London where her parents "with sorrow was fill'd, for why they did dearly adore her."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
25242.68/pEB-B65H, II, 307r
Printed for Charles Bates next to the
Crown Tavern in West-smith field.
(1709-12).
D'Urfey, Pills to Purge Melancholy (1719), v, 8
Croker, Historical Songs, 74

II. CATALOGUES

- Crawford, 764
Lamson, "Let the Females"
Simpson, 440
Wing, W3323

THE WOMAN WARRIER

The Woman Warriar:

Being An Account of a young Woman who lived in
Cow-Cross near West smithfield; who changing her
Apparel Entered her self on Board, in quality of
a Soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where she
Valliantly behaved her self, particularly at the
Siege of Cork, where she lost her Toes and received
a Mortal Wound in her Body, of which she since Dyed
in her return to London.

To the Tune of Let the Solders rejoice.

Licensed according to Order.

Let the Females attend
To the Lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall gi-----ve a Relation,
Of a young Married Wife,
Who did venture her Life,
For a Soldier, a Soldier,
she went from the Nation.
She her Husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
her Arms and on B----ard she did enter,
And right valiantly went,
With a Resolution bent
To the Ocean, the Ocean,
her Life there to venture.
Yet of all the Ship's Crew
Not a Seaman that knew
They then had a Wo----man so near'em;
On the Ocean so deep,
She her Council did keep,
Aye, and therefore, and therefore
she never did fear 'em.
She was valiant and bold,
And would not be controll'd
By any that da-----re to offend her;
If a Quarrel arose,
She would give them dry Blows,
And the Captain, the Captain
did highly commend her.

For he took her to be
 Then of no mean Degree,
 A Gentleman's So----n or a Squire;
 With a hand white and fair,
 There was none could compare,
 Which the Captain, the Captain
 did often admire.
 On the Irish Shore
 Where the Cannons did roar,
 With many stout La----ds she was landed;
 There her Life to expose,
 She lost two of her Toes,
 And in Battel, in Battel
 was daily commanded.
 Under Grafton she fought,
 Like a brave hero stout,
 And made the proud To----ries retire;
 She in field did appear
 With a heart void of fear,
 And she bravely, she bravely
 did charge and give fire.
 While the battering Balls,
 Did assault the strong Walls
 Of Cork, and the Swe----et Trumpets sounded,
 She did bravely advance
 Where by unhappy Chance,
 This young Female, young Female,
 was fataly wounded.
 At the end of the fray,
 Still she languishing lay,
 Then over the O----cean they brought her,
 To her own Native Shore,
 Now they ne'er knew before,
 That a Woman, a Woman,
 had been in that slaughter.
 What she long had conceal'd,
 Now at length she reveal'd,
 That she was a Wo----man that ventur'd,
 Then to London with care,
 She did streight ways repair,
 But she dy'd, oh! she dy'd
 e'er the City she enter'd.

When her Parents beheld,
They with Sorrow was fill'd,
For why they did dear----ly adore her,
In her Grave now she lies,
'Tis not watry Eyes,
No nor, sighing, nor sighting,
that e'er can restore her.

Printed for Charles Bates next to the Crown Tavern in
West-smith field.

Harvard, 25242.68-pEB-B65H, Vol. II, BS 307 recto

102. THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER (I)

The Female Volunteer.

Attention pray you lend an ear to what I am going to say,
It's of a fearless maiden fair, of spirit light and gay,
Who volunteered her service, most strange now to behold,
And fought in the Union Army like a gallant soldier bold.

She enlists in the army, and "with courage rare she fought
most brave." At the battle of "the Wilderness" she dis-
plays great courage. One day while she is "marching," she
is discovered by a private who reveals her secret to the
"Colonel." "Early the next morning" the colonel calls her
and tells her "a false-hearted young man" betrayed her. She
replies that she is "a bold undaunted maid" who has fought
for her country and bids farewell to "each loyal comrade."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Library Company of Philadelphia,
Wolf, 626 (c. 1864)

II. CATALOGUES

Wolf, no. 626

THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER (I)

The Female Volunteer.

Attention pay, you lend an ear to what I am going to say,
It's of a fearless maiden fair, of spirit light and gay,
Who volunteered her service, most strange now to behold,
And fought in the Union Army like a gallant soldier bold.

She enlisted in the service as you may plainly see,
Unknown to her kind parents, a soldier there to be,
Beneath the Starry banner to the battle did repair,
With courage rare she fought most brave, this Female Volunteer.

At the battle of the Wilderness, where cannons loud did roar,
And many a gallant hero there lay weltering in his gore,
Regardless of these fearful scenes, her courage did display,
And braved the tide of danger in the midst of wild dismay.

One day as she was marching, as you shall quickly hear,
A private in the army at her countenance did stare,
In secret conversation to the Colonel did reveal,
That young Henry is a female, the truth I'll not conceal.

Early the next morning, just by the break of day,
This maiden, she was sent for without no more delay,
The Colonel viewed her features, he smiled and thus did say,
A false-hearted young man, fair maid, did you betray.

She stood amazed, right on she gazed, to the Colonel did reply,
I am a bold undaunted maid, the truth I'll never deny,
My life I braved for my Country's sake, until the present day,
So farewell each loyal comrade for now I must away.

Far down the annals of our land, recorded be her name,
Let her heroic deeds inserted be in the history of fame,
Who was never seen in battle-field to yeild or flinch away,
So let each loyal patriot now a tribute to her pay.

Library Company of Philadelphia, No. 626.

103. THE VALIANT DAMSEL

The Valiant Damsel;
Giving an Account of a Maid at Westminster, Who Put Her
Self in Mans Apparel, and Listed Her Self for a Soldier
for the Wars of Flanders

Tune of, Let Mary live love.

Good People attend,
I bring a Relation,
Of Girls in this Nation,
Who fought to defend
the Kingdom and Crown:
In this present Reign,
They fought on the Main,
like strangers to Fate,
And now here's another,
And now here's another
was listed of late.

First referring to a woman who was wounded "at the Siege of Cork," this ballad then tells of a Westminster girl who arrays herself "in Robes like a Youth" to "list for Flanders." She tells the captain that her parents are dead, and he enlists the "young stripling." Her mother, finding "where she lay," secures her discharge and takes the disappointed girl home.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, VI, 221

Printed for C. Bates, next the Crown-Tavern, in West-Smithfield. (1690-1712)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 437

III. COMMENTS

Rollins (Pepys Ballads, VI, 221) suggests that the events of the ballad probably date to 1692.

THE VALIANT DAMSEL

The Valiant Damsel;
Giving An Account Of A Maid At Westminster, Who Put Her
Self In Mans Apparel, And Listed Her Self For A Soldier For
The Wars Of Flanders

Tune of, Let Mary live long.

Licensed according to Order.

Good People attend,
I bring a Relation,
Of Girls in this Nation,
Who fought to defend
the Kingdom and Crown:
In this present Reign,
They fought on the Main,
like strangers to Fate,
And now here's another,
And now here's another
was listed of late.

At fair Ireland,
In Souldier's Attire,
A Woman did Fire,
And valiantly stand
at the Siege of Cork;
While the Shot did rebound,
She received a Wound,
yet fear'd not the foe;
And now here's another
And now here's another
for Flanders would go.

A generous Maid,
Both youthful and pritty,
In westminster City,
Her self she array'd,
in Robes like a Youth,
To a Captain she came,
Where her sweet Maiden name
she chang'd and conceal'd,
Then listed for Flanders,
Then listed for Flanders,
to fight in the field.

The Captain when he
Did look on this Beauty,
Contrary to Duty,
Was troubled to see
so pleasant a Youth
To go out of this Land,
Under Martial command,
to face a proud foe;
But yet this young Stripling,
But yet this young stripling
resolved to go.

My Parents are dead,
Both Father and Mother,
And therefore no other
Thoughts runs in my head,
but a Soldiers Life:
If I happen to dye,
There is no one to cry
for me, Sir, I know;
And therefore a Soldier,
And therefore a Soldier
to Flanders I'll go.

Immediately then,
The Youth being willing,
Received a shilling,
With other new men,
Thus listed was she.
Lest they should change their mind,
They were straitways confin'd
from running away;
At length her dear Parents,
At length her dear Parents,
was told where she lay.

Her mother strait went,
Where she did behold her,
The Damsel she told her,
There's none should prevent
her noble design:
For in brisk Armour bright,
She resolved to fight,
and often reply'd:
There's Captains and Coll'nels,
There's Captains and Coll'nels
to stand by our side.

Dear Daughter forbear,
You never shall merrit,
True fame by that Spirit,
For I have took care
to get your Discharge.
When she found it was so,
And that home she must go,
her grief did excell.
In Westminster City,
In Westminster City
this Damsel does dwell.

Printed for C. Bates, next the Crown-Tavern, in West-Smithfield.

The Pepys Ballads, Vol. VI, p. 221.

104. THE FEMALE SOULDIER

The Female Souldier: Or,
The Virgin Volunteer

To the Tune of, Let the Souldiers Rejoyce.

I Sing in the Fame
Of a pritty young Dame,
And praise of her Warlike behaviour;
With a heart void of fear,
She went Volunteer,
No Souldier, no Souldier, could ever do braver.

Going by the name of "John Change," a woman enlists as a soldier, sleeps "with a young brisk Comrade" and rises "undiscover'd a Maid in the Morning." She is sent to "Tilbury Fort," but, being "too short," she is sent back. Waiting to be made "a Dragoonier," her sex is discovered by a comrade "when they both were in Bed," and she rises and runs home. The ballad exhorts "each jolly blade" to fight "for King William."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Pepys Ballads, VI, 301

Printed for C. Bates next the Crown-
Tavern, in West-Smithfield. (1690-1712)

II. CATALOGUES

Simpson, 440 (The tune "Let the Souldiers Rejoyce"
is from Henry Purcell's 1690 opera The Prophet-
ess.)

THE FEMALE SOULDIER

The Female Souldier:
Or, The Virgin Volunteer:

To the Tune of, Let the Souldiers Rejoyce.

Licensed according to Order.

I Sing in the Fame
Of a pritty young Dame,
And praise of her Warlike behaviour;
With a heart void of fear,
She went Volunteer,
No Souldier, no Souldier, could ever do braver.

John Change, by that Name,
To the Marshal she came,
Disguised, and said she was willing,
To serve their Majesties,
On the Land or the Seas;
The Marshal then Listed the Youth with a shilling.

Then he Cloath'd her in Red,
Put a Sword by her side,
With all things a Souldier adorning:
Who at night went to Bed
With a young brisk Comrade,
And rose undiscover'd a Maid in the Morning.

So pritty a Face,
And so comely a Grace,
With an Eloquent Tongue so Ingenious,
Had her new Comrade
Known she was a Maid,
No doubt he'd a serv'd her as Mars did his Venus.

To Tilbury Fort,
She was sent, being too short,
For the Guards which in Town now are Quarter'd:
But too young being thought,
Was back again brought,
Thus all her designs by ill Fortune were thwarted.

At the Marshals she lay,
Still expecting each day
To be Mustred and made a Dragoon:
But an unlucky trick,
Happen'd just in the nick,
A scurvy Misfortune chanc'd to light upon her.

One Night her Comrade,
When they both were in Bed,
Mistrusting what he would not tell her:
As she lay asleep,
Did close to her creep,
And found a she Volunteer was his Bed-fellow.

When the Riddle was known,
She arose and run home,
With such innocent Blushes they'd charm yee:
Then what need we fear
The French coming here,
Since young pritty Women run into the Army.

Let the Souldiers now raise,
A new Trophy in praise
Of a Virgin as brave as a Roman:
Why may not each Wench,
Encounter the French,
Since the bravest of Heroes are conquer'd by Women.

Let each jolly Blade,
Do then as this Maid,
And with Courage go fight for King William:
Were all men so stout,
We the French soon should rout,
Our true English Courage with Terror should fill 'em.

FINIS.

Printed for C. Bates next the Crown-Tavern, in West-Smithfield.

The Pepys Ballads, Vol. VI, p. 301.

105. THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY (N-13)

(The Handsome Cabin Boy; The Female Cabin Boy;
The Handsome Cabin Boy, or a Row among the Sailors)

Female Cabin Boy

It is of a pretty female as you shall understand,
She had a mind for roving unto a foreign land,
Attired in Sailor's clothing she boldly did appear.
And engaged with the captain to serve him for one year

The "Captain's lady" who is on board enjoys "the handsome cabin boy." The captain soon finds out "her secret," and the sailors smile and say "he looks just like a girl." In the "Bay of Biscay" the cabin boy groans in childbirth and calls for the doctor. The sailors swear the child is not theirs, and the lady says to the captain, "It's either you or I betray'd the female cabin boy." All drink "success to trade and likewise to the cabin boy, though neither man nor maid."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

- Harvard,
54-784, II
Stephenson's Slap-Up-Songs. (1821-38)
25243.10PF
25242.17, III, 201
J. Todd, Easingwold. (c.1855)
25242.17, IV, 68
W.R. Walker, Royal Arcade, Newcastle.
(1856-66)
25242.17, V, 37
25242.17, VII, 75
25242.17, IX, 52
John O. Bebbington, 22, Goulden Street,
Oldham Road, Manchester. (c.1855-70)
25242.17, XI, 140
Such's Song Mart, 123, Union Street, Boro'--
SE (1849-69)
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Uncat. BSS, II
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 KVB, p.v.3, 126
 Swindells, Printer, Manchester. (1760-1853)

New York Public Library/Music Division,
 Sp. Coll., BS Coll.
 H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street,
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 *MP.US, American Songs and Ballads
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Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
 Coll. of BS Songs, II, 125
 H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street,
 New York. (c.1850-70)

American Antiquarian Society,
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 L. Deming, at the Sign of the Barber's
 Pole, No. 61, Hanover St. Boston, and
 at Middlebury, Vt. (1838-43)
 Uncat. BSS
 published by Horace Partridge, No. 27,
 Hanover St., Boston. (c.1850-70)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
 Coll S6981, II, 141
 H. DeMarsan, 54 Chatham St., New York.
 (c.1850)

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 259490, Coll. Songs. American
 H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street,
 New York. (c.1850-70)
 297337, Coll. of 300 BS Ballads, I
 J. Catnach, Printer, 2 and 3, Monmouth-
 court, 7 Dials. (1836-38)

Library Company of Philadelphia,
 Wolf 836
 H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street,
 New York. (c.1850-70)

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 EX Pr1181 XC6, 1080

Printed and Sold by James Lindsay Wholesale
Stationer, &c., 11 King Street, (City)
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Providence Public Library/Special Collections,
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National Library of Ireland BSS

UCLA/Special Collections,

#605

London:--Printed at Such's Song Mart, 123
Union Street, Boro'--SE (1849-69)

#605

H. DeMarsan, Publisher, 60 Chatham Street,
New York. (c.1850-70)

University of Kentucky,
BS Ballads, I, 16

B. Folksong Versions

Library of Congress/Archive of Folk Song,
Davids MSS, 13 (Fla., c. 1924)
Gordon MSS, 1520 (NS)

British Broadcasting Corporation Archive of
Recorded Sound,
17035 (Leader LEE 4054)

Irish Folklore Collections,
183, p. 240 (Waterford, 1936)

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Gardner and Chickering, 399
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Ord, 160

II. CATALOGUES

Laws, 209
Wolf, no. 836

Wilgus-Long

THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY (N-13)

The Female Cabin Boy.

Or, the Row among the Sailors.

Tune,--Female Drummer.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court,
7 Dials.

It's of a pretty female as you shall understand,
She had a mind of roving into a foreign land
Attired in sailor's clothing she boldly did appear,
And engaged with the captain to serve him for one year.

She engaged with the captain as cabin boy to be,
The wind it was in favor so they soon put out to sea
The captain's lady being on board who seem'd it to enjoy,
So glad the captain had engaged the pretty cabin boy.

So nimble was that pretty maid & done her duty well
But mark what followed often the thing itself will tell
The captain with that pretty maid did oftentimes kiss and toy,
For he soon found out the secret of the female cabin boy.

Her cheeks appeared like roses and with her side locks curled
The sailors often smiled and said he looks just like a girl,
By eating captain's biscuit her colour did destroy,
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell the pretty cabin boy.

As thro' the Bay of Biscay their gallant ship did plow,
One night among the sailors there was a pretty row,
They bundled from their hammocks it did their rest destroy,
And they swore about the groaning of the handsome cabin boy.

O doctor, O doctor, the cabin boy did cry,
The sailors swore by all was good the cabin boy would die,
The doctor ran with all his might and smiling at the fun,
For to think a sailor lad should have a daughter or son.

The sailors when they heard the joke they all began to stare,
The child belong'd to none of them they solemnly did swear,
The lady to the captain said, my dear I wish you joy,
For it's either you or I betray'd the handsome cabin boy.

So they all took a bumper and drank success to trade,
And likewise to the cabin boy, tho' neither man nor maid,
And if the waves should rise again the sailors to destroy,
Why then we must ship some sailors like the handsome cabin boy.

Huntington Library, 297337 ,I

106. THE FEMALE DRUMMER

(The Female Drummer; The Pretty Drummer Boy)

The Female Drummer

A maiden I was at the age of sixteen,
From my friends I ran away and a soldier became,
I listed in a regiment and a drummer I was made,
And I learnt to beat on a drum, rum-a-dum.

She recounts many battles with the French in which "so boldly [she] fought." She was with "the noble Duke of York, at the siege of Valenciens" until she was sent back to England. With her "hat and feather" she passed as a man, and "the drummer's enjoyed [her] with [her] fingers long and small." In London a girl falls in love with her and conveys her secret to her officers who order her "a bounty from the king" for her courage. Now she has a husband whom she has taught to play the drum. Should war be proclaimed again, she would fight for the king.

I. SOURCES

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54-784, I
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(1829-37)
- 25243.10PF
25242.17, I, 132
Spencer, Bradford
25242.17, II, 75
George Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street,
Durham. (c.1835-59)
25242.17, IV, 96
W.R. Walker, Royal Arcade, Newcastle-upon-
Tyne; and may be had of B. Stewart, Botcher-
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25242.17, VII, 186
J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court,
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25242.17, X, 64
25242.17, XIII, 36
H. Such, 177 (late 123), Union-street,

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25242.74, Bluebound book, 18

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Library of Congress/Music Division,
Uncat. BSS
L. Deming, No. 62, Hanover Street, 2d door
from Friend Street, Boston. (1832-34)

American Antiquarian Society,
Thomas 87
Thomas 253
N. Coverly, Jr. Printer, Milk-street,
Boston. (1810-23)
Uncat. Ballads
at the corner of Marshall and Hanover
Streets, Boston (N. Coverly, Jun.,
c.1805)

Brown University/John Hay Library,
LBSS HC/HB17819
B/HB3491
HB2690,p.81 Coll.S433.2
Printed and Sold at No. 25, High Street,
Providence. (H. Trumbull, 1826-36)

Massachusetts Historical Society,
Bdse
Hunts and Shaw, No. 2 Mercantile Wharf, and
Head of City Wharf. (1837-42)
Bdse
J.G. Hunt, at NE corner of Faneuil Hall
Market, Commercial St., Boston. (1836)

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
Ex3598.847
Birt, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street
Seven Dials. (1829-41)

UCLA/Special Collections,
PR974C691, Coll. of 12 English Chapbooks,c.1839-50

American Songster (1860), 79

Palmer, 163

B. Folksong Versions

British Broadcasting Corporation Archive of
Recorded Sound,
22915

Irish Folklore Collections,
MacDonagh, 583

Peacock, II, 346

Dallas, 34
Purslow, Wanton Seed, 41
Stubbs, Life of Man, 34
Topic 12T167 (recording)
Topic 12T258 (recording)

Greig, Folk-Song of North-East, CIV
Greig-Duncan, 488, no. 182
494, no. 183

Ord, 311

Gael-Linn CEF 043 (12"LP)(recording)
S. Henry, no. 497

II. CATALOGUES

Ferguson, "On Some Additions," 61
Ford, Broadsides, 442, no. 3346
Thomson, 32, no. 146 and 147

THE FEMALE DRUMMER

Four Excellent New Songs. The Female Drummer. Come under my pladdie with the Answer. The Kail Brose of Auld Scotland.

Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren.

The Female Drummer.

When I was a girl of the age of sixteen,
From my parents run away and a soldier I became
I listed for a private and a drummer I became,
I learned to beat on a rum a dum a dum.

Many a prank I've seen in the field,
Many is the French dog to me has been forc'd to yield
Many is the slaughter I've seen among the French
And so boldly as I fought when I was but a wench.

A noble top gallant I have been in my time,
With the noble Duke of York at the siege of Valenciennes,
I got favour'd by my officers for fear I should be slain,
And they sent me to old England recruiting again.

With my hat cap and feather, if you had me seen
You would have said and sworn that a man I had been.
The drummers all envy'd me my fingers long and small,
I beat upon my rum a dum the best of them all.

Every night to my quarters when that I came,
I was no ways ashamed to ly with a man,
When stripping of my breeches to myself I often smil'd,
To lie with a soldier and a maid all the while.

They sent me to London on guard of the tower,
Where I might have been a maid to this very day and hour
A young girl fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,
And she through the regiment my secret betray'd.

My officer he sent for me to know if that was true
For scarce such a thing I can believe of you.
They smiled unto me and this is what they said,
It's a pitty we should lose such a drummer as you made

My girl for your loyalty at the siege of Valenciennes
My girl you shall be allowed a bounty from the Queen
And now I've got a husband, and a drummer he's become,
And I have learned him to beat on my rum a dum dum.

Here's a health to the Duke and a health unto his crew,
And a health unto every boy that sticks to his colours true.
And if the Duke be short of men before the French gets slain,
So boldly as I'll enter and fight for him again.

Harvard, 25252.19, Ch. 31

THE FEMALE DRUMMER

Female Drummer.

A maiden I was at the age of sixteen,
From my parents run away, and a soldier became;
I enlisted in a regiment, a drummer I become,
Where I learned for to beat upon a rub a dub a dum.

My hat, cap, and feather, if you had but seen,
A noble Duke of York, at the siege of Allenseine;
The drum boys all admired me, my fingers neat and small,
I could beat upon my drum a drum the best of them all.

Many is the prank I have play'd in the field,
And many a proud Frenchman I caus'd for to yield;
My officers they guarded me for fear I'd be slain,
And they sent me to old England, recruiting back again.

Every night when to my quarters I came,
To lie with a soldier I was not asham'd;
When pulling off my small clothes to myself I did often smile,
To think I lay with a soldier, a maid all the while.

They sent me up to London, to keep guard over the tower,
Or I should have been a maid until this very day and hour;
A lady fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,
And she unto my officer the secret betrayed.

My officer he came to me to know if it was true,
I said, sir, what you ask me, I cannot deny to you;
He smiled at me and said, my pretty fair maid,
It's a pity we should lose such a drummer as you made.

For your good behavior at the siege of Allenseine,
A bounty shall on you be laid by your noble queen;
And now I have a husband, a drummer he's become,
And I learn him for to beat upon the rub a dub a dum.

Here's a health to me, and another unto you,
And every young man that sticks to his colors true;
And if the Duke is short of men, before he should be slain,
So boldly I would march away and fight for him again.

Sold wholesale and retail by Hunts and Shaw, No. 2 Mercantile Wharf,
and head of City Wharf

Massachusetts Historical Society, Broad­sides, 1837-41.

THE FEMALE DRUMMER

The Female Drummer

When I was a young girl at the age of sixteen,
Far from my parents ran away all for to serve the Queen,
The officer enlisting me said I was a nice young man;
I think you'll make a drummer, so it's come along young man.
So it's come along young man, so it's come along young man,
I think you'll make a drummer, so it's come along young man.

I was sent up to my quarters all for to go to bed,
And sleeping by a soldier's side I did not feel afraid,
In pulling off my red jacket it often made me smile,
To think I was a drummer and a maiden all the while.
And a maiden, etc.

My waist being long and slender, my fingers thin and small,
All for to beat upon the drum I soon exceeded all.
I played upon my kettledrums like other drummers played,
I played upon my kettledrums and still remained a maid.
And still remained, etc.

I was sent up to London all for to guard the Tower,
And there I might have been till this very day and hour,
But a young girl fell in love with me, I told her I was a maid,
And straightway to my officer the secret she betrayed.
The secret, etc.

The officer he sent for me to know if it was true,
Of such a thing I cannot nor I won't believe of you.
He looked me in the face and he smiled as he said,
It's a pity we should lose you such a drummer as you've made.
Such a drummer, etc.

So fare you well, dear officer, you have been kind to me,
And likewise dear comrades, I'm not forgetting thee,
And if your army should be short for the want of any man,
I'll put on my hat and feather and I'll march with you again.
I'll march with you, etc.

Purslow, Wanton Seed, 41.

107. THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

(The Female Smuggler; The Female Smuggular;
The Female smuggler and the Bold Commodore)

The Female Smuggler

Come, attend a while, and you shall hear,
By the Rolling Sea lived a maiden fair,
Her father followed the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero that never was afraid.

"In sailor's clothing" Jane takes up the trade brandishing "pistols, sword, and two daggers." She encounters "a strange sail," and the two vessels engage in battle. Jane and her crew beat "the robbers," taking "their store." A "commodore of the blockade" orders her to surrender, but she refuses, shooting him and attempting to escape. She is captured by another ship and "put in irons." Brought to trial, she enters "dress'd like a bride." When the commodore sees her he drops charges, begs for a pardon for her, and marries her.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,

54-784, I

W. Stephenson of the Cheap Song Emporium
No. 8 Bridge Stroe (1821-38)

54-784, I

W. and T. Fordyce, Printers, Dean Street,
Newcastle. (1837-41)

54-784, I

George Walker, Jun., Printer, 46 Sadler-
Street, Durham. Sold by J. Livsey, 43
Hanover-Street, Shudhill, Manchester.
(1846-51)

54-784, I

Fordyce, Printer, 48, Dean Street,
Newcastle. (1829-37)

25242.17, I, 135

Spencer, Bradford

25242.17, II, 20

George Walker, Jun., Printer, 46 Sadler-
Street, Durham. Sold by J. Livsey, 43
Hanover-Street, Shudhill, Manchester.
(1846-51)

25242.17, IV, 10

W.R. Walker, Royal Arcade, Newcastle-on-
Tyne, and may be had of B. Stewart, Botcher-

gate, Carlisle. (1856-66)
 25242.17, IV, 208a
 Forth, Printer, Pocklington. (c.1855)
 25242.17, VI, 237
 Cadman, Printer, 152 Great Ancoats St.,
 Manchester. (c.1850)
 25242.17, IX, 182
 Bebbington, Printer, 22 Goulden Street,
 Oldham Road, Manchester, Sold by H.
 Andrews 27 Peter St., Leeds. (c.1855)
 25242.17, XI, 11
 Such's Song Mart 123, Union Street,
 Borough, London. (1849-69)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
 KVB, p.v.3, 16
 Swindells, Printer [Manchester] (1760-1853)
 Uncat. BSS, II

New York Public Library/Music Division,
 Sp. Coll., BS Coll.
 H. DeMarsan, 38 and 60 Chatham St., New
 York. (c.1850)
 Sp. Coll., BS Coll.
 A.W. Auner's Card and Job Printing Rooms,
 Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
 (c.1850-70)

*MP.US, American Songs and Ballads
 H. DeMarsan, 38 and 60 Chatham St., New
 York. (c.1850)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
 Coll. of BS Songs, II, 90
 H. DeMarsan, 38 and 60 Chatham St., New
 York. (c.1850)
 Songs. Civil War, I, 171
 Johnson, Song Publisher, No. 7.10th St.,
 Philadelphia. (c.1850-70)

Library of Congress/Music Division,
 Uncat. BSS
 Johnson, Song Publisher, No. 7. 10th St.
 Philadelphia. (c.1850-70)

American Antiquarian Society,
 Uncat. BSS
 A.W. Auner's Card and Job Printing Rooms,
 Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
 (c.1850-70)

Cambridge,

Madden Coll., XVI, no. 122
W. and T. Fordyce, Printers, 48 Dean-
street, Newcastle and at 43, Myton Gate,
Hull. (1837-41)

Huntington Library,
259490, Coll. Songs. American
H. DeMarsan, 38 and 60 Chatham St., New
York. (c.1850)

Library Company of Philadelphia,
Wolf no. 625

UCLA/Special Collections,
#605

at Such's Song Mart, 123 Union Street,
Borough, London. (1849-69)

#605

A. Ryle, Printer, 2 and 3, Monmouth Court,
7 Dials. (1845-59)

PR974C691, Coll. of Chapbooks
University of Kentucky,

BS Ballads, V, 72

BS Ballads, V, 153

J. Catnach, 2 and 3, Monmouth-Court, 7
Dials. (1836-38)

Yale,

IIb57T1, Fraser Ballads, X, 62

Hodges, Printer (from Pitts) Wholesale Toy
and Marble warehouse, 6 Great St. Andrew
street, 7 Dials. (1844-c.50)

Beadle's Dime Melodist (1859)

Beadle's Dime Song Book, IX, 63

Sanford's Plantation Melodies (1860), 46

Ashton, Modern Street Ballads, 246

B. Folksong Versions

Peacock, II, 333

Shay, Sea Songs, 190

Whall, 27

II. CATALOGUES

Wolf, no. 625

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

Come list awhile, and you soon shall hear,
By the rolling sea liv'd a maiden fair,
Her father follow'd the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero that ne'er was afraid.

In sailor's clothing young Jane did go,
Drest like a sailor from top to toe;
Her aged father was the only care
Of the female smuggler, who never did despair.

With her pistols loaded she went on board,
By her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers--well arm'd for war,
Was the female smuggler, who never fear'd a scar.

Not far they sailed from the land,
When a strange sail put them all to a stand;
Those are sea-robbers, this maid did cry,
The female smuggler will conquer or die.

Close alongside these two vessels came,
Cheer up, said Jane, we'll board the same,
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,
Cried the female smuggler, who never fear'd a ball.

They beat the robbers, and took their store,
And soon return'd to old England's shore;
With a keg of brandy she walk'd along,
Did the female smuggler, and sweetly sung a song.

Not far she travell'd before she espied
A commodore of the blockade,
He said--surrender, or you must fall,
But the female smuggler said, I never fear'd a ball.

What do you mean? said the commodore--
I mean to fight, for my father's poor,
Then she pulled the trigger, and shot him through,
Did the female smuggler, and to her father flew.

But she was follow'd by the blockade,
In irons strong they put this fair maid:
But when they brought her to be tried,
The female smuggler stood dress'd like a bride.

The commodore against her appear'd,
His health restor'd, and from danger clear'd;
But when he found, to his great surprise,
'Twas a female smuggler had fought him in disguise--

He to the judge and jury said,
My heart won't let me prosecute that maid,
Pardon I beg for her on my knees,
She's a valiant maiden, so pardon if you please.

If you pardon that maid, said the gentleman,
To make her my bride is my plan;
Then I would be happy for evermore,
With the female smuggler, said the bold commodore.

Then the commodore to her father went,
Though he was poor, to get his consent;
He gain'd consent, so the commodore,
And the female smuggler are join'd for evermore.

W. & T. Fordyce, Printers, 48 Dean-street, Newcastle and at
43, Myton Gate, Hull.

Madden Collection, Vol. XVI, No. 122.

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

Female Smuggular.

In sailor's clothing young Jane did go,
Dressed like a smuggular from top to toe,
With a brace of pistuals all by her side,
Like a warlike hero, like a warlike hero,
In all his martial pride.

Like a female smuggular, like a female smuggular,
So galliant and bold.

What do you mean? sed de commodore,
I mean to fight for my fader's store.
She took her seben inch revolvayure,
And she shot de commodore, and she shot him through,
And den to her fader flew.
Like a female smuggular, &c.

But the police followed her with an arrest,
When her saileur's clothuing Jane put in her chest,
Oh, they searched the forecastle, the cabin and poop,
And they found sweet Jane, they found sweet Jane,
A puttin' on her hoop.
Like a female smuggular, &c.

In her natural garments they dressed young Jane,
And her sex the commodore did ascertain;
Then the commodore he soon got well,
And he felt much beter, and he felt much better,
Case he was nursed by a nice young gal.
Like a female smuggular, &c.

But when young Jane at the bar did stand,
He made her a hoffuer ob his heart and hand,
And the female smuggular and de commodore
Libed forever happy, and hab little smuggulars,
A dozen now, or more.
Like a female smuggular, &c.

Now all young maidens who follow the sea,
Neber gib in--fight for victory;
The female smuggular was nobly wed,
And libed quite happy, and she libed quite happy,
She died, and now she's dead.
Like a female smuggular, &c.

Library Company of Philadelphia, BS 625.

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

The Female Smuggler.

In sailleur's clothing young Jane did go,
Dress'd like a sailleur from top to toe,
With a brace of pistuels all by her side,
Like a female smuggler,
Like a female smuggler that fear'd not wind nor tide.

What do you want? says the commodore,
I come to fight for my father's store--
She drew a pisteuil and shot him through,
Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler,
Then to her parient flew!

Oh! mothier, mothier, make my bed,
In a seving foot grave have me buiried--
Let four young maidings my body bear.
Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler,
That nothing could scare!

She says my heart is for ever broke,
And as these cruel words she spoke,
She swallowed laudlium and perished,
Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler
She died, and now she's dead.

UCLA/SC, Beadle's Dime Melodist. (New York: William Hall & Son, 1859).

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

Female Smuggler.

New Edition.

'Tis of a maid as I've heard tell,
In Philamydelphia city she does dwell,
Her galli-ant deeds, no one would share,
For she was a female smugular,
A female smugular, that nothing could scare.
Chorus.

For she was a female smugular,
A female smugular, that nothing could scare.

She fell in love with a drover's son,
Who very soon her affections won,
But his parients wouldn't let him share,
His love for this female smugular,
With this female smugular,
This female smugular that nothing could scare.
Chorus.--For she was, &c.

She went upstairs to go to bed,
And on the floor she bumped her head,
Then she raved, and swore, and tore her hair,
Did this female smugular,
Did this female smugular, that nothing could scare.
Chorus.--For she was, &c.

Oh mother, mother, makey my bed,
And in a seven foot grave let me be laid,
And six young feminines my body bear,
Said the female smugular,
Said the female smugular that nothing could scare.
Chorus.--For she was, &c.

UCLA/SC, Sanford's Plantation Melodies. (Pittsburgh: Hunt and Miner, 1860), p. 46.

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER

The Female Smuggler

Come listen a while and you soon shall hear
Of a comely maiden I do declare,
Her father he followed the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero,
Like a warlike hero she never was afraid.

With two loaded pistols she went on board,
Down by her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers, well-armed for war
Stood the female smuggler,
Stood the female smuggler saying, "I never feared a scar."

They had not sailed long on the deep
Before they spied oh that Turkish fleet.
"They are sea-robbers," young Jane did cry,
But said she to her father,
But said she to her father, "We will conquer them or die."

They beat those robbers and saved their store,
And they soon returned to old England's shore.
With her keg of brandy she marched along,
Did the female smuggler,
Did the female smuggler and she sweetly sang a song.

But the commodore oh from the blockade
He said, "Surrender!" to that pretty maid.
He said "Surrender, or you shall fall."
Said the female smuggler,
Said the female smuggler, "I never feared a ball."

Said she then unto the commodore,
"I will bravely fight for my father's store."
She pulled the trigger and she shot him through,
Did the female smuggler,
Did the female smuggler and to her father flew.

But she was followed from the blockabe,
And in irons strong they put that fair maid.
Next morning when she was brought forth to be tried
'Twas the female smuggler,
'Twas the female smuggler, she stood dressed just like a bride.

The commodore he then on her gazed,
To see that fair one he was amazed,
'Twas there he found to his great surprise
'Twas the female smuggler,
'Twas the female smuggler, she had fought him in disguise.

The commodore to the jury said:
"My mind won't let me persecute that maid,
I will beg her pardon upon my knees,
For she's a gallant maiden,
For she's a gallant maiden so pardon her if you please."

"I will pardon her," the wise judge replied.
Said the commodore, "I will make her my bride."
Now they lived happy forevermore,
Did the female smuggler,
Did the female smuggler with her young commodore.

Peacock, Vol. II, p. 332.

IV. MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS

(No. 108-113)

108. THE VALIANT MAIDENS

The Valiant Maidens

Farewell my sweet and pretty Poll,
Since I am prest and forc'd to go,
To serve the nation in a sailor station
Like jolly tars to face our foe.

He offers her his "watch and rings according to the pleasant hours" he has "spent along with [her]." He says that there are "500 valiant maidens, and ev'ry one resolv'd to go" in disguise to "face their foe." He maintains that they will "be staunch unto [their] guns." He asks God to "preserve our gracious king."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Yale,
Ib57t800, Coll. of Popular English Songbooks
(The Pleasing Songster)
London: Printed and Sold by J. Evans,
No. 41, Long-lane, West Smithfield.
(1790-1820)

THE VALIANT MAIDENS

The Pleasing Songster: Being A Choice Collection
of the Newest and most Favorite Songs, Now Sung in
the Different Places of Public Amusement, &c.

London: Printed and Sold by J. Evans,
No. 41, Long Lane, West Smithfield.

23. The Valiant Maidens

Farewell my sweet and pretty Poll,
Since I am prest and forc'd to go,
To serve the nation in a sailor station
Like jolly tars to face our foe.
F come on board for my will & power
My watch and rings give to thee,
According to the pleasant hours,
My dear I have spent along with thee
There are 500 valiant maidens,
And ev'ry one resolv'd to go
Without hair and wear long trowsers,
Like jolly tars they'll face their foe.
We will stand watch with sword and pistol
And when our enemies do come
We'll observe our boatswains whistle
And we'll be staunch unto our guns.
Broadside for broadside we will return them,
While we have life or limbs to stand,
And God preserve our gracious king,
And send him long to rule the land.

Yale, Ib57t800

109. THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER (II)

The Female Volunteer

Air.--The White Cockade.

In danger's hour, when haughty foes
Our British standard dare oppose,
When our gallant lads are obliged to roam
Why should women idly stay at home?
I'm volunteer turn'd, and indeed what's more
A smart drill'd sergeant of the corps;
And whenever old England's claims require,
Can soon make ready, present, and fire!

"A merry little wag in a scarlet frock," she will fight
"Britain's foes," and she will win the day for "the
British throne," and "pink the cowards as they fly."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
Ex3598.847

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble
Warehouse, 6 Great St Andrews St., Seven
Dials. (1819-44)

Songsters Multum in Parvo, III, 113

Universal Songster, I, 82

Wilson, Musical Cyclopaedia (1834), 210

III. COMMENTS

Wilson (Songsters Multum, 113) describes the piece as "written by Mr. C. Dibdin, and sung by Mrs. Dibdin, in character, with universal applause, at the aquatic theatre, Sadlers Wells." The composer must have been the younger Charles Dibdin, son of Charles Dibdin, senior. Arundell (Story of Sadler's Wells, 71) states that the water tanks were installed in Sadler's Wells in 1804, at which point it became "the new water theatre." Mrs. Dibdin died in 1816, so The Female Volunteer was performed between 1804 and 1816. Arundell describes The British Amazons, a revue by Dibdin, which satirized the volunteer system begun in 1803. "The show ended with the female volunteers in scarlet doing military exercises"(71) The Female Volunteer may have been part of this revue.

THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER (II)

The Female Volunteer

Air.--The White Cockade.

In danger's hour, when haughty foes
Our British standard dare oppose,
When our gallant lads are obliged to roam
Why should women idly stay at home?
I'm volunteer turn'd, and indeed what's more
A smart drill'd sergeant of the corps;
And whenever old England's claims require,
Can soon make ready, present, and fire!
I'm a merry little wag in a scarlet frock,
And my heart's as stout as my musket stock,
The rat-tat-to I love to hear,
Like a merry little British Volunteer!

With Britain's foes what can't we do,
When sirs, you must own, we conquer you,
See us marshall'd out and the fight begun,
The word's charge bayonet, away they run!
While we pink the cowards as they fly,
Till loudly all for quarter cry;
And as mercy's the pride of the British throne,
The word's ground arms! and the day's our own!
I'm a, &c.

Their arms all grounded to our view,
To take up arms! is of course our due;
And having boldly gain'd the day,
'Tis shoulder arms? and we march away!
Then soldier like, each jovial soul,
Crowds daily round the flowing bowl,
And toasts with voice and heart with three,
Britannia, Queen, and liberty!
I'm a, &c.

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,
6, Great St. Andrews St., Seven Dials.

Princeton/Rare Book Division, Ex3598.847

110. THE FEMALE CAPTAIN

The Female Captain

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

Sound the fife, beat the drum, to my standard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At request of my sex, as a captain I come,
The mens courage and valour to try;
'Tis your king and your country now calls for your aid;
'Tis the ladies command you to go
By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,
Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

She declares that to "the single" the women will grant not "a kiss, an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze." To "the married" a similar threat is proffered if the men will not serve. As "our dernier resort," she says, should the men refuse to fight, the women will "the breeches assume." They will "march, beat the French, then march back" and beat the men.

I. SOURCES

British Museum,
G311(105), Selected Tracts

Roundelay or the New Syren, 14

II. CATALOGUES

British Union Catalogue of Early Music, II, 966

III. COMMENTS

According to one copy (British Union Catalogue, II, 966) the piece was "sung by Mrs. Wrighten. The words by Mr. Wrighten." James Wrighten was the prompter to the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and the Haymarket. (See Thespian Dictionary, "Wrighten".) His wife, Mary Ann Matthews Wrighten Pownall, left him and went to America in 1792. (See Who Was Who in America, 493.) The Female Captain must have been written and performed before that date.

THE FEMALE CAPTAIN

The Female Captain.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

Sound the fife, beat the drum, to my standard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At request of my sex, as a captain I come,
The mens courage and valour to try;
'Tis your king and your country now calls for your aid;
'Tis the ladies command you to go;
By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,
Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare,
So each maiden most firmly decrees;
Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown, or fair,
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.
To the married, if they but look glum, or say no,
Should the Monsieurs dare bluster or huff;
We've determin'd nem. con. that their foreheads shall show;
A word to the wise is enough.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd;
But still, shou'd your valour but lack,
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
Which egad will soon make you all pack.
We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honour 'tis true,
So determine maids, widows, and wives,
First we'll march, beat the French, then march back and beat you,
Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

Roundelay or the New Syren, a Collection of Choice Songs. London:
W. Lane, n.d.), p. 14.

111. THE FEMALE PRESSGANG

The Female Pressgang; The Maidens Frolic)

The Female Press Gang.
Or, A True and Particular Account of
Seven Young Women that Prest Fourteen
Taylors in One Night in London.

It was in London town as we do understand,
Seven lasses they took a brisk frolic in hand,
And as I protest they were in sailor's dress,
Not far from Cheapside they resolved to press
Fourteen Taylors.

With "Nancy" as "the guide" these women force the "Taylors"
they meet, one by one, through various tricks and "thump-
ings" into "King George's" (or "William's") service.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
25242.25, 33^r

J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy
Warehouse, 6 Great st Andrew Street,
7 Dials. (1819-44)

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division,
KVB, II, 15^r

J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy Ware
house, 6 Great st. Andrew street. 7 Dials.
(1819-44)

Uncat. BSS, II

J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy Ware
house, 6 Great st. Andrew street. 7 Dials.
(1819-44)

New York Public Library/Arents Collection,
J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy Ware
house, 6 Great st, Andrew sreet, 7 Dials.
(1819-44)

Library of Congress/Rare Book Division,
BS Ballads, 1790-1830, 99

J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy Ware
house, 6 Great st, Andrew sreet, 7 Dials.
(1819-44)

Princeton/Rare Book Division,
Ex 3598.321, 10

J. Pitts, Printer and Wholesale Toy Ware
house, 6 Great st, Andrew sreet, 7 Dials.
(1819-44)

Holloway and Black, 95
Roxburghe Ballads, III, 401
Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare,
J. Back. (1682-96)

II. CATALOGUES

British Museum, Vol. 150, p. 575
Simpson, 794
Wing, M269

THE FEMALE PRESSGANG.

The Maidens Frolick:

OR, A BRIEF RELATION HOW SIX LUSTY LASSES
HAS PREST FULL FOURTEEN TAYLORS ON THE
BACKSIDE OF ST. CLEMENTS, AND THE OTHER
ADJACENT PLACES.

To the tune of An Orange.

Licensed according to Order.

Of late near the Strand, we well understand,
Six lasses that took a brisk frolick in hand;
'Twas thus I profess, they in seaman's dress,
Not far from the May-pole resolved to press
Fourteen Taylors.

Young Nancy she ty'd a sword by her side,
And she was resolved for to be their guide:
This young female crew, Kate, Bridget, and Prue,
And she that went formost was Lieutenant Sue,
Pressing Taylors.

These maids by consent, their minds fully bent,
First thro' the back side of St. Clements they went,
Where just in the street they a Taylor did meet,
They prest him, and streight he fell down at their feet,
I'm a Taylor.

I tell, said he, I ne'er was at sea,
And therefore, kind gentlemen, pray set me free,
And pity these tears, I have liv'd forty years,
And never us'd weapon, but bodkin and shears,
I'm a Taylor.

But Susan and they strait haul'd him away,
While Tom the poor Taylor did sigh, beg, and pray,
Yet all was in vain, for they did him retain,
And told him that now he must fight on the main,
Tho' a Taylor.

Then to White-hart-yard they went with regard,
And there a poor Taylor was labouring hard
Upon his shop-board, Nandrew out her sword,
Saying, he must King William his service afford,
Tho' a Taylor.

The Taylor did quake, nay, quiver and shake,
At length with a pitiful voice he did spake,
While tears down did run, he cry'd, I'm undone,
I never did know the right end of a gun,
I'm a Taylor.

Then stout Boston Bess said, Nevertheless,
You must go with us, we've a warrant to press;
Then wave this excuse, and lay by your goose,
Such nimble young fellows may be of great use,
Tho' a Taylor.

And then, by report, they went to Round Court,
Where seven young Taylors were making of sp[ort,]
Their hearts void of care, tho' when they come the[re]
These maids did catch napping, as Moss catch'd [his] ma[re].
Seven Taylors.

They thought to resist, but Joan with her fist,
She thumpt them about till the Taylors they Pi[st]
And then in a rage, the rest did engage
And brought them away to the Round-house or Ca[ge]
These poor Taylors.

With all might and main, down to Dutchy-lane,
These petticoat press-masters hurried again,
To press some they knew, 'twas Morgan and Hu[gh],
A couple belong'd to the cross-legged crew,
And Welsh Taylors.

Then Morgan hur railes, crys, Splutter-a-nails,
Hur newly come up to fair London from Wales,
Then pray cease your strife, hur has a young wife
Besides hur was never yet kill'd in hur life,
A Welsh Taylor.

But yet, right or wrong, they brought 'em along,
And happen'd to meet with three more in the thro[ng]
Then said lusty Jane, You must serve King and Que[en]
And thus these stout females did press full fourte[en]
And all Taylors.

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

Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. III, p. 401.

112. THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE

The Soldier's Bride

Young Delia once, a soldier's bride,
Assumed the soldier's garb;
But yet not hers the warrior's stride,
Not hers the snaffled barb;
A cap and feather graced her brow,
Her form the Highland plaid;
In vain--her voice, so faint and low,
The trembling fair betrayed.

She goes to "the distant camp" seeking to be Henry's page, and "his country's foes t'engage." Finding him, she guards his tent. The trumpet sounds, and "the hostile legions shout." She becomes afraid--"where now her look, of nought afraid?" The battle rages, and she watches. She finally sees that her Henry survives.

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Universal Songster, II, 444

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE

The Soldier's Bride.

Young Delia once, a soldier's bride,
Assumed the soldier's garb;
But yet not her's the warrior's stride,
Nor hers the snaffled barb;
A cap and feather graced her brow,
Her form the Highland plaid;
In vain--her voice, so faint and low,
The trembling fair betrayed.

The distant camp her Henry sought,
His country's foes t'engage,--
Why cannot I, delightful though!
She cried, be Henry's page?
Love urged the fond deceit, and Love
First, too, belied the maid,--
The dimpled smile, the chamois glove,
The trembling fair betrayed.

Now, bolder grown, she moved along,
All fled Love's sighs and tears;
Unscared, beheld the martial throng,
Nor dreamed of future fears;
Yet oft, to arms and camps unused,
She sought the woodland glade,
Whilst o'er her cheek the blush suffused,
The trembling fair betrayed.

And now, as page, her Henry's tent
And arms 'twas hers to guard,
As he, with toil and danger spent,
For soft repose prepared:
With firm and measured step she pace,
Nor asked Minerva's aid;
But still the foot and taper waist
The trembling fair betrayed.

But, hark! the trumpet sounds from far,
The hostile legions shout--
Forth from its sheath, to meet the war,
The glittering sword leaps out;
Where now her warrior step, where now
Her look, of nought afraid?
Her pallid cheek and hectic brow
The trembling fair betrayed.

The legions join, the battle burns,
Now these, now those prevail,
And many a shriek and shout, by turns,
Swell on the vesper gale;

But who is he that stands alone?
I ken his Highland blade;
He lives! she cried, and Love's fond tone
The trembling fair betrayed.

Universal Songster; or Museum of Mirth (London: George
Routledge and Sons), Vol. II, p. 444.

113. THE CHESTER GARLAND

The Chester Garland

A Merchant of London, as many report,
He for a long time a young lady did court,
At length by long courtship this handsome lady
Did promise this merchant his bride to be.

They marry, and the merchant sails for India before they have lain together. The lady stays home. Coming from Russia the ship encounters a storm and, altering course, lands at Chester. In a tavern the merchant lays a wager with a shopkeeper on his wife's chastity. The shopkeeper goes to London and contrives to be delivered inside a chest to the wife's room. While she is asleep, he takes her girdle and watch. Returning to Chester, he shows the articles to the merchant to win the bet. The merchant plots to murder his wife, sending John, a servant, to perform the deed. John spares the woman, killing a hog in the forest instead. He brings the hog's heart and the clothes of the wife to the merchant. The woman dresses "in man's apparel" and becomes a servant to a gentleman. She gets "a commission for a captain's place" and goes to Flanders where she fights "with great courage." She "and her men" return for the winter to West Chester where she, "dress'd as a commander," encounters the merchant who tells her that his wife is dead. Going to a justice of the peace, she reveals "the whole matter," and the husband and servant are sent for. John recounts his killing of the hog, and the woman reveals herself in the court. The shopkeeper who had made the wager is ordered "to stand in the pillory" and pay 40,000 pounds to the merchant. He is then sent to prison where he kills himself. The merchant and lady "dwell together in love," and she loves the young servant "as a child of her own."

I. SOURCES

A. Printed Versions

Harvard,
pEB75P4128C, no. 58
25242.61F, 21^F

Huntington Library,
287426

Printed and Sold by S. Harward. (1760-75)

UCLA/Special Collections,
*PR1181C92, A Curious Coll.

Printed and Sold in Bow Church-Yard,

London.

(1736-63)

University of Kentucky,

BS Ballads, VI, 67

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14 Great
St, Andrew street, 7 Dials. (1797-1819)

BS Ballads, VI, 161

Sold by G. Gamidge in Worcester. (1758-68)

Yale,

Ib58Td1

Ib58Td1

Ib58Td1

Ib58Td1

Printed and Sold in Bow-Church-Yard,
London.

(1736-63)

II. CATALOGUES

"Catalogue of Maps, &c...Printed and Sold by William
and Cluer Dicey...1754," Bodleian MS 258.c.109,
reproduced in Thomson, "Development", 290

"The Stock Ballads of Samuel Harward, printer at
Tewkesbury between 1760 and 1775," Gloucestershire
Notes and Queries, III, 227

British Museum, Vol. 37, p. 1232
Shipton and Mooney, I, 146

III. COMMENTS

A striking parallel to this story can be found in
the ninth novel of the second day in Boccaccio's
Decameron.

THE CHESTER GARLAND

The Chester Garland.
In Four Parts.

PART I.

A Merchant of London, as many report,
He for a long time a young lady did court,
At length by long courtship this handsome lay
Did promise this merchant his bride to be.
Of one thing this lady she was ignorant,
To go his own factor the merchant was bent.
The ship was freighted, all thing ready were
In order to sail, but the wind was not fair.
So he to make sure of this lady bright,
Was marry'd one morning before it was light.
And marry'd they were, but the same day
Tidings came to him the ship must away.
He said, My dear jewel, the thing it is so;
That I my own factor to India must go.
It will not be long ere I shall return
To you home in safety; so, dear, do not mourn.
So then he embraced, and away did hie.
To be left alone the lady did cry,
As he is gone from me I'll do what I can,
To keep myself free from the scandal of man.
Then this noble lady, with troubled mind,
She unto her chanber herself close confin'd;
Wherein we must leave her to sigh and complain,
And turn to the merchant, who's gone o'er the main.
He sail'd into Russia, where, as we find,
His ship was laden with traffick so fine,
Then to come to London his course he did steer,
And what happen'd to him you quickly shall hear.
Upon the wide ocean a storm did arise,
In which gloomy clouds did darken the skies.
The wind did blow, and the storms did roar,
Which drove them almost to the Irish shore.
For several hours by the waves they were tost,
Expecting each moment their lives would be lost.
In the midst of their danger one did contrive
To alter their course, and at Chester arrive.
The thing was soon noised abroad in the town,
And many shopkeepers to this ship came down.

One bought the whole cargo; the money, 'tis said,
To this London merchant in a few days was paid.
One day at a tavern these dealers, we find,
Stay'd several hours with drinking of wine.
At length the shopkeeper said, Shall we go
And get us a miss?--The merchant said, No.
Sir, with such a lady I fairly did wed,
And never had time to enjoy her bed.
A woman whose body no man ever knew.
Then to such a wife I will be chaste and true.
The shopkeeper said, Your conceit is strong
To think any woman can tarry so long,
To wait for a husband. I'll lay what you dare
That I can defile your chaste lady fair.
To which the merchant said, Sure I am free
To lay ship and money on her chastity.
Then before witness the thing was agreed,
And the shopkeeper came up to London with speed.
PART II.

He went to a tavern, and there did presume
To call for a bottle of wine, and a room.
'Twas a widow-woman who lived then there,
For the sake of some money the wife did ensnare.
He ask'd, If she knew such a one? the reply,
Was, Yes, sir, and she lived hard by.
He said, Fifty guineas I'll give you straitway,
If into her chamber you will me convey.
Her answer was to him, As I am alive,
A way to get you there I soon will contrive.
She went to this lady, and said, It is so,
To my dying father this night I must go.
My jewels and plate and other things brave,
Lie lock'd in a chest, which by me I have,
This night in your chamber pray let them lie here,
Tomorrow I'll fetch them, you need not fear.
This lady not knowing her wicked design,
Gave leave to bring them at night, as we find,
This vile subtle bawd, to compleat the jest,
Had him convey'd then lock'd in the chest.
This lady she used to keep a great light,
To burn in her chamber always in the night.
And as this lady was in a deep sleep
The shopkeeper out of the chest did creep.
When he came to the bed, like one in amaze,
He on this lady did stand and gaze.
And on her right breast he spied a mole,
Which for some time he did stand to behold.

Likewise on the table he chanced to spy
A girdle and watch her name was plac'd.
Which things in his pocket he put up in haste,
Saying, These tokens my wager will gain,
And now to disturb her I will refrain.
Then into the chest he went, and there lay
Until the next morning he was fetch'd away.
So then for West-Chester he did repair,
And with a good horse he soon came there;
Crying to the merchant, the wage I've won,
And, if I mistake not, thou art undone.
Upon her right breast there is a mole grows,
Which you to long courting have seen I suppose,
Sir, there is a girdle and a watch likewise,
Therefore you may see I tell you no lies.
To see this, the merchant wept bitterly,
And said, Wicked strumpet, thou hast ruin'd me;
For to be undone thus makes my heart ake,
Now for a subsistence what course can I take.
To hear this moan some merchants being there,
Said to him, Brother, do not yet despair.
Since you are ruin'd by a vile woman,
We'll make a man of you once more, if we can.
So among them they raised two hundred pound,
And set him up shopkeeper in Chester-town.
But Satan was busy, and to stir up strife,
He tempted the merchant to murder his wife.
PART III.

He then kept a servant whose name was John,
He then sent a letter to her by his man.
These words were in it: At Chester I be.
With all expedition, dear wife, come to me.
Perusing the letter, she said with a smile,
My dear, I'll be with you in a short while.
Next day with this young man away she went,
Of these ill designs she was innocent,
Riding thro' a wood to make her his prey,
He with a penknife did turn and say,
Come, lady, alight from your horse presently,
For it is ordered here you must die.
To hear these expressions she cry'd out amain,
Young man, wherefore is it I must be slain?
His answer was, For playing the whore;
The man that defiled you I knew before.
She said, If I must die I'll take it on my death,
No man ever knew me since I drew breath.

He said, These excuses never will do,
My master sent me to murder you.
He charg'd me to bring your cloaths and heart.
Then I'll not prove false to him for my part.
Thus as she stood trembling, and for life did cry,
By providence a hog did chance to come by.
She said, Save my life, and kill that swine,
And take the heart, he'll think it is mine.
Likewise take these my cloaths also,
And give me yours, then a-wandering I'll go.
For to save her life then he thought good,
And the thing desired was done in the wood.
He went home and said, Sir, to finish the strife,
Here are the cloaths and heart of your wife.
To see this the merchant did blush,
And into the fire the heart did push.
Crying, There is the heart of a strumpet again,
Who has been my ruin, and fed me with pain.
Thus he in vile manner did burn this heart,
By which we may see revenge is sweet.
But now I will leave him mistaken, and hear,
What course of life this lady did steer.

PART IV.

Dress'd in man's apparel she wander'd away.
But as she was going thro' a town one day,
She went to a gentleman's door, it is said,
And heartily begg'd for a morsel of bread.
This man came forth, and look'd in her face,
And said, Young man, it is a disgrace
For to go a-begging. Art willing, said he,
To serve such a master as now I may be?
Her answer was, Yes, and thank you beside.
Come in and sit down, the master reply'd;
And soon I will put better cloaths on thy back,
Be but a good servant thou nothing shalt lack.
This man so lov'd her, that in a short space
He got her a commission for a captain's place.
Then she with great courage to Flanders went o'er.
And was in the battle where cannons did roar.
Summer being ended, both she and her men
All that were alive, came to England again.
For winter quarters it was order'd so.
That she and her men to West Chester should go.
Where walking the streets one night, this lady
Look'd into a shop, and her husband did see.
For to think of his actions that were so base,
Her heart was disturb'd and mov'd from its place.

Dress'd as a commander, she to him did go,
And said unto him, Sir, do you know
Such a man in this town! tell me, if you can.
His answer was, Sir, I am the man.
Sir, did you not marry with such a lady,
A noble knight's daughter? pray where is she?
Yes, I marry'd her, the merchant reply'd,
About three years ago she sicken'd and dy'd.
Then unto a justice of peace she retir'd.
And told the whole matter, which thing he admir'd.
He sent for her husband and young man in haste,
With the villain that was shut in the chest.
But first he examin'd the lady's husband,
But he with blushes appear'd very wan.
And thinking his lady she had been dead,
With fear his teeth gnashed in his head.
The justice said, Young man, for thee,
Didst thou kill this man's wife? tell unto me.
He said, Sir, I was sent the lady to kill.
Unto her, thro' mercy, I shewed no ill.
My master charged me to bring her heart,
But he was mistaken that time, for his part.
For 'twas a hog's heart I brought him to show.
And I hope she is living, but where I don't know.
Dress'd in man's apparel she said to him, John,
I am the young lady, tho' dress'd like a man.
To hear this the merchant began to sweat,
And look'd like a woodcock caught in a net.
And then the shopkeeper was call'd in place,
Who on this lady had brought sorrow apace.
He being examined was found guilty.
And order'd to stand in the pillory.
Nay, this was not all, he was order'd to pay
Forty thousand pounds to the merchant next day.
Which sum was produc'd with great discontent,
And strait to a prison he quickly was sent,
Saying, I am ruin'd by playing the cheat,
And shall be exposed to shame in the street,
To prevent all scandal, he took a penknife,
And stabbed himself, which ended his life.
And now this merchant and lady do dwell
Together in love, and agree very well.
And as for the young man who pity'd her moan,
This lady loves him as a child of her own.

Printed and Sold in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

UCLA/SC, A Curious Coll. of Old Songs and Ballads.

APPENDIX II

Ballads Which Resemble
The Female Warrior Ballads

Introduction

Appendix II contains ballads which in some ways resemble the female warrior ballads in Appendix I. In Appendix II I have included texts which depict a woman in male disguise in other than a military setting, texts which depict a woman in a military setting but do not portray her in disguise, and texts which structurally resemble the female warrior ballads. The arrangement of these ballads follows that of the main collection. The texts include: (1) ballads depicting discourse, (2) ballads depicting discourse and action, and (3) ballads depicting only action. The discourse ballads are dialogue-debates or statements of intention. The narrative ballads which depict a woman in male disguise in other than a military context include: (A) ballads involving parental interference in a courtship, (B) ballads in which a woman disguises herself to follow, to test, or to save a lover, and (C) miscellaneous ballads involving women disguised as men. The narratives also include texts which depict women in a military context but portray them undisguised. Because these pieces resemble the female warrior ballads, I have included them as a textual context for the ballads in my collection.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BALLAD TITLES

- The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (17.)
The Boys of Wexford (36.)
Cheat upon Cheat (33.)
Child Waters (24.)
The Cruel Father, or The Affectionate Lover (21.)
The Cruel Mother (35.)
The Doating Mother's Garland (20.)
The Fate of Faithful Nancy (38.)
The Famous Flower of Serving-Men (31.)
The Female Duel (32.)
The Female Highway Hector (34.)
The Female Highwayman (30.)
The Female Volunteer for Texas (15.)
The Golden Glove (29.)
The Heroine of the Revolution (37.)
The Honest Maidens Loyalty (20.)
I'm Going to Join the Army (4.)
Johnny and Molly (3.)
The Jolly Roving Tar (14.)
The Kind-Hearted Maidens Resolution (6.)
Molly and Johnny (2.)
The North-Country Maids Resolution (12.)
Northern Knight's Garland (27.)

The Pretty Green Coat Boys Garland (18.)
The Princely Lovers Garland (19.)
Robin Hood and Maid Marian (26.)
Say, Bonny Lass (8.)
The Saylor's Departure (9.)
The Smuggler's Bride (39.)
The Suffolk Comedy (25.)
Tarry Trowsers (7.)
The True-Lovers Holidays (11.)
The True Mayde of the South (23.)
The Two Faithful Lovers (16.)
The Two Kinde Lovers (13.)
The Unkind Parents (1.)
The Virtuous Wife of Bristol (28.)
The Wexford Lovers (22.)
Young Irish Soldier (5.)

I. DISCOURSE BALLADS

A. Dialogue-Debates (No. 1-8)

1. THE UNKIND PARENTS

The Unkind Parents: Or,
The Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers

To an Excellent New Tune.

Now fare thou well my Dearest Dear,
and fare thou well a while,
Altho' I go, I'll come again;
if I go ten thousand mile, Dear Love,
If I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand miles is far, dear Love,
for you to come to me,
Yet I could go full ten times more,
to have thy company, dear Love,
to have thy, &c.

Thou art my Joy and chief delight,
Love, leave me not behind,
If from my presence you take flight,
then are you most unkind, dear Love,
then are you &c.

I cannot be unkind, my Dear,
my heart is link'd to thee;
But while on Shore I tarry here,
thy Friends does frown on me, dear Love,
thy Friends &c.

For they in Riches for abound,
that I am held in scorn;
This gives my heart a fatal wound,
which makes my life forlorn, dear Love,
which makes &c.

O cruel Parents, most unkind,
the cause of all my woe;
This parting to my grief I find,
will prove my overthrow, dear Love,
will prove &c.

If thou dost cross the roaring seas,
into a Forreign Land,
My heart will never be at ease,
destruction is at hand, dear Love,
destruction &c.

O say not so, let patience guide
thy heart, and don't complain;
For tho' I cross the Ocean wide,
I may return again, dear Love,
I may &c.

Thy Parents that are so unkind,
who does our peace annoy,
May then be of another mind,
and Crown our days with joy, dear Love,
and Crown &c.

Maid.) If thou shoulst languish in distress
in Forreign parts alone;
Thy grief in Tears thou might'st express,
and I not hear they moan, dear Love,
and I &c.

If solemnly you do ingage
to range perpetually,
I will in habit of a Page,
go through the world with thee, dear Love,
go through &c.

Ah! say not so my Charming Fair;
for why sweet Saint behold,
Thy tender nature cannot bear
the melting heat and cold, dear Love,
the melting &c.

Altho' I may in Deserts range,
my heart is linked fast;
Therefore my mind shall never change,
so long as life does last, dear Love,
so long &c.

Mountains and Rocks on wings shall fly,
and roaring Billows burn.
Ere I will act Disloyalty;
then wait for my return, dear Love,
then wait &c.

Love, might I have a Lord or Earl,
the chief Nobility,
Who would deck me with Orient Pear.
I'd slight them all for thee, dear Love,
I'd slight, &c.

And even as the Turtle Dove
sits Cooing on a Tree,
For the return of his true Love,
So will I wait for thee, dear Love,
So will I wait for thee.

Printed for C. Bates, next the Crown Tavern in West-Smithfield.

Harvard - photostat "322" from Uncat. box of "Misc. BSS" (on bottom
shelf)

2. MOLLY AND JOHNNY

The Ranelagh Concert, Being a Choice Collection of
the Newest Songs Sung at All the Public Places of
Entertainment.

Sold at No. 42, Long-Lane

Molly and Johnny.

Hark! hark! the wars call me away
My dearest dear I cannot stay,
For I am going to fight proud Spain,
Altho' I leave you altho' I leave you,
Altho' I leave you, love don't complain.
O dearest Johnny say not so,
I ne'er can yield to let you go,
For if in the wars you should be slain,
I shall never, no, no, no, never,
Never shall see my dear Jewel again.
Take me on board, my dear, said she,
And well contented I will be,
No storms nor dangers will I fear,
I will venture, boldly venture,
In strong battles with you, my dear.
Amorous Molly, charmer fair,
To hear you talk I can't forbear,
Women in wars will frighted be,
I am in hopes love, I am in hopes love,
For to return in all joy to thee.
When the war is over, and all's at peace
I hope our joys they will encrease,
Then I will return to my turtle dove,
And in sweet pleasure out of measure,
Telling sweet prattling tales of love.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. VII, Ch. 22

3. JOHNNY AND MOLLY

Johnny And Molly;

Or The Parting Lovers.

Hark! hark the War calls me away,
My dearest love I cannot stay,
For I must go across the Main,
Altho' I leave thee, Altho' I leave thee,
Altho' I leave thee Love don't complain.

Alas my lovely Fair will say
My heart forebodes the bloody fray;
But do not fear, safe o'er the Main,
That to my Love, that to my Love,
That to my Love I shall come again.

Gentle Johnny said the Fair,
Let I in all your dangers share;
No arms, or Battles will affright,
While I behold, while I behold,
While I behold my Souls delight.

Ah! cease my Fair to rend my heart,
'Tis Fate ordains, and we must part;
Thy softer Sex was never made,
To meet in War, to meet in War,
To meet in War the dreadful Blade.

But soon as Conquest spreads her Wings,
And home the peaceful Olive brings;
Then I'll return to meet my Love,
Joy and Pleasure, Honour, Treasure,
Every moment shall improve.

Coll. of English Ballads from the Beginning of the Present
Century when they were first engraved and published singly
with music, Vol. III, MDCCXC (BMus. G308 (93))

4. I'M GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY

I'm Going to Join the Army

So fare you well, my darling,
So fare you well, my dear;
I'm going to join the army,
I'm going to volunteer.

It's been my sad misfortune
A soldier for to be;
O be contented, darling,
And don't you weep for me.

I'm going to Pensacola
To tarry for awhile;
So far from you, my darling,
About five thousand mile.

She wrung her lily-white hands,
So mournfully she cried:
You're going to join the army,
And in that war you'll die.

Your waist it is too slender,
Your fingers long and small,
Your cheeks too red and rosy
To face a cannon ball.

I know my waist is slender,
My fingers long and small;
But it would not make me shudder
To see ten thousand fall.

I hear the cannons roaring,
The balls are flying high;
The drums and fifes are sounding
To drown the dreadful cry.

In the center you'll be wounded,
In the center you'll be slain;
It'll break my heart asunder
If I never see you again.

The ships all stand at anchor,
The boys all dressed in blue,
You're going away to join them,
And love, what shall I do?

I'll sail around the enemy
My fortune for to try;
I'll think of you, my darling,
And oft sit down and cry.

If you'll portray a single life
Throughout the great campaign,
I'll marry you, my darling,
When I return again.

Then fare you well, my darling,
Then fare you well, my dear;
I'm coming back to see you,
If't takes ten thousand year.

Combs, 207

5. YOUNG IRISH SOLDIER

Young Irish Soldier

As I roved out one evening in the spring time of the year,
By the shady groves of sweet Clontarf my course I chanced to
steer,
Where I espied a young soldier with a charming fair maid,
And gazing on each other sequestered in a shade.
I was struck with amazement when I saw a comely fair,
Her jet-black locks were hanging upon her shoulders bear,
Her fair form so majestic it caused me to delay
And I stood awhile in ambush to hear what they would say.
At length he broke the silence and this to her he said:
Cheer up my dearest Sally and don't be now dismay'd,
Right well you know that I must go as here I cannot stay,
For I hear the bugle sounding and that call I must obey.
She says my dearest Johnny how can you prove unkind,
To go off to the battle field and leave me here behind,
For the Russians they are powerful by land and on the main,
So do not leave, for I'm your slave, my Love, for to be slain.
You know my dearest Sally the young soldier he did say,
Our Regiment they have got the rout and shortly must away,
With thousands more young Irish boys that joined as well as me,
Who now must fly, conquer, or die, before the enemy.
But since you cannot stay at home this fair one did reply,
Along with you I'll venture let me either live or die,
And if you from the Russians, should by chance receive a ball,
For to bandage up your bleeding wounds my love I'm at your call.
He said my dearest Sally you cannot come with me,
For hardships in a Foreign Land with your health would not agree,
But I hope I will return home with lots of Gold in store,
And God will help our union when this war it is all o'er.
She says my dearest Johnny when once you part from me,
I can't tell then but the Russians may gain the Victory,
then won't know but by the foe, my love you might be slain,
And left stretched amongst the heaps of dead amongst the
battle plain.
He said my dearest Sally cheer up and banish woe,
For Irishmen were always brave wherever they did go,
At trafalgar, Copenhegan, the Nile, and Waterloo,
And on the plains of India they have shewed what they could do?

As this couple they were parting down her cheeks the tears did
flow,
And then embraced each other with hearts oppressed with woe,
She says may fortune favour you and Victory crown your joy.

National Library of Ireland BSS (UCLA Folklore Archive)

6. THE KIND-HEARTED MAIDENS RESOLUTION

The Kind-hearted Maidens Resolution.

Wherein she doth shew her real Affection and true Love
unto her dearest Friend.

Her Father and Mother they still do say no;
Yet she is resolv'd with her Love for to go.

Tune is, Jenny, Jenny.

Now farewell dear Father, and Mother also,
Pray give me your blessing before I do go;
Whether I travel on Sea or on Shore,
For I will go with my Love all the World o'r.
But I hope my dear Daughter you'll not be such a one,
As to go and forsake us and leave us alone,
Now we have brought you up, and by you set great store,
Now you will go, &c.
But let Reason rule you at home for to stay,
And go not such a journey, least you lose your way;
Thou'st have all when we dye, what would'st thou have more
If thou'lt not go, &c.
I value not your Riches, nor your brave attire;
So I have but the Man whom my heart doth desire,
There is no Locks nor Bolts shall keep me in a door:
But I will go with my Love all the World o'r.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

For his sight and his presence is dearer to me,
Then all the rich Treasures i'th world I can see:
In my arms i'll imbrace him my joys to restore
And I will go with my love all the world o'r.
For what joy or what comfort has any young Girl,
Though she wears rich jewels of Gold or of Pearl,
If her Sweet-heart be wanting her heart will be sore.
So I will go &c.
Do not Ladies of honor a Man much regard:
And shall I for his kindness with disdain him reward,
No, first i'll be hang'd upon the next door.
For I will go &c.
Oh! did not fair Phillis that Lady so bright,
Unknown at her Gate feed her Husband and Knight,
And at his death she grieved full sore:
So I will go, &c.
Then why may not I be as true to my friend,
As ever was Phillis unto my lives end:
There's no inchanting tongue, shall win me on no score.
But I will go, &c.

He may be in danger, or sick he may be,
And for want of my company there he may dye
But i'll be his Surgeon for to cure his sore:
And I, &c.
All that I can do for him the truth for to tell,
Nothing shall be wanting my Love to maintain,
I'll run through Fire and Water and through the deep shore;
But I, &c.
His behaviour and favour he's so civil in's Ways,
That whoever sees him they give him the praise;
Which makes me so much his Fame to implore:
And for to go, &c.
He's no Ranter nor Swearer, nor Drunkard,
Yet he'l laugh and be merry, and modest withall;
He's courteous and humble to Rich and to Poor:
Which makes me go, &c.
And thus I have told to young Maids in some part,
The conditions of him whom I love as my heart:
But pray don't long for him, nor yet cry nor Rore,
But I will go with my Love all the World o'r.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Veres, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

Harvard, 25254.24.25, Photostat 20.

7. TARRY TROUSERS

Tarry Trowsers

As I was a walking one May summer's morning
The weather being fine and clear;
There I heard a tender mother,
Talking to her daughter dear.

Says she daughter I would have you marry,
And live no longer a single life;
No said she, I'd sooner tarry,
For my jolly sailor bright.

Daughter sailors are given to roving,
And to foreign parts they go;
Then they leave you broken hearted,
And they prove your overthrow.

O sailors they are men of honour,
And do face their enemy,
When the thundering cannon's rattle,
And the bullets they do fly.

I know you would have me wed a farmer.
And not give me my heart's delight;
Give me the lad whose tarry trowsers,
Shines to me like diamonds bright

Polly my dear our anchor's weighing,
And I'm come to take my leave,
Tho' I leave you my dear jewel,
Charming Polly do not grieve,

Jemmy my dear let me go with you,
No foreign dangers will I fear;
When you are in the height of battle,
I will attend on you my dear.

Hark! how the great guns rattle,
And small guns do make a noise:
When they were in the height of battle,
She cries fight on my jolly tars.

Now all young maidens pray take warning,
Who a jolly sailor is your delight;
Never be forced to wed with another,
For all their gold and silver bright.

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

New York Public Library/Rare Book Division - Uncat. BSS, Box IV

8. SAY, BONNY LASS

O, Bonny Lass

O Bonny lass will you lie in a barrack?

O Bonny lass, &c.

And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet?

O yes I will do it, and think no more of it

I'll marry my soldier, and carry his wallet,

I'll neither spercleave of my mammy or daddy,

But mount and away with my soldier laddie.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning,

Endure all the hardships of battle and famine,

When bleeding and fainting, O could you draw near me,

And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

O yes I will go thro those hardships you mention,

And twenty times more if you have the invention,

Neither danger nor death, nor battles alarm me,

My soldier is near me, and nothing can harm me.

O bonny lass in the heat of the battle,

When men lay a bleeding and cannons do rattle,

While your soldier with enemies fierce is assailed,

Your heart that's most tender, O sure it will fail you

Not so, no such dangers shall ever affright me,

To follow my soldier shall ever delight me,

In battle's fierce conflict I'll closely attend him,

And cheerfully venture my life to defend him.

Harvard, 25274.2, Vol. IV, Ch. 34

B. Statements of Intention
(No. 9-15)

9. THE SAYLORS DEPARTURE

The Saylor's Departure From His Dearest Love,

WISHING THAT STILL (TO HIM) SHE'D CONSTANT PROVE,
SHE (IN THE SECOND PART) DOTH THUS REPLY,
E'RE SHE'D FROM HIS DEPART, SHE'L CHOOSE TO DIE.

To a new Tune of, Adieu My Pretty One.

Now I am bound to Seas, and from my Love must part,
May ought my Dear displeas, that lies so near my heart:
Nor mourn my sweet for me, to perturbate thy mind;
Since there no help can be, I must leave thee behind.
Remember me on shore, as I thee on the main,
So keep my love in store, till I return again.

Poor Saylor's must indure the stormes of Boreas blast,
Of life no man is sure. while Seas do raging last.
But when the storms are o'er. that wind and tide serves well,
We hast to kiss the shore where our true Lovers dwell.
Remember me on shore, &c.

When we are landed there, and come to greet our friends,
Strange wonders we declare, how God us safe defends:
Then Love (if thou so please) pray still for my success,
And prosperous gale at Seas, to shield us from distress.
Remember, &c.

Our shipping shall be built, without the help of tree;
The hardest flint shall melt, ere I prove false to thee:
And though I be inforc'd, to part thy company,
My love bide's undivorc'd, and shall do till I die.
Remember, &c.

The fire shall freeze...kind, the snow shall flaming burn;
The rain shall turn to wind, or e're my love return.
Young men and maidens all, that live in England wide,
To witness I you call, how firm my love shall bide.
Remember me, &c.

The Mountains high shall fall beneath the Valleys deep,
E're I prove false at all, my promise so i'll keep.
And if I hold not true, to thee my gentle Dove,
Let not mine eyes e're view, Earth, Aire, or heaven above.
Remember, &c.

The Fish shall seem to fly, yea Birds to Fishes turn,
The Sea be ever dry, and Fire surcease to burn:
When I turn false to thee, shall these things come to pass;
But that will never be, nor yet so ever was.
Remember, &c.

Let no deluding tongue bereave me of my Love;
Nor (sweet) do me such wrong, lest it my death should prove.
Though seest I must away, our Ship lies under sail:
And time for none will stay, God send's a happy gale.
Remember me on shore, as I thee on the Main,
So keep my love in store, till I return again.

Her Answer to the Saylor's wishes. The second Part,
To the same Tune.

Must thou depart my Dear, and leave me thus alone?
'Twill cost me many a tear, though to thee it be unknown:
But be assur'd I'll pray, and to the Powers Divine,
To prosper thee the way, where Fate shall now design.
While I remember thee, and keep thy love in store:
Do thou the like for me, on Sea or on the shore.

O till thou dost return from off the Ocean Main.
Full often I shall mourn, in a lamenting strain:
And when fierce winds arise or but contrary blow,
My sighs and watery eyes, shall sympathize thy woe.
Thus I'll remember thee, &c.

Each hour shall seem to me, in length (at least) a year,
Till thy return, I see my joys are fill'd with fear:
For on the Seas, I know, what sundry dangers be,
Rocks, sands and many a foe, from which Lord keep thee free.
Thus I'll, &c.

I would I might but sail through surging Seas with thee,
My heart would never faint, while thou wert near to me.
Or that I could but hear thy voice, I should be well,
But thou'lt not be so near, to hear or see thy Nell.
Yet I'll, &c.

Though loth we be to part, yet since it seemes wee must;
To Sea bear thou my heart, with whom it's put in trust.
And thine with me let rest, till thou return'st again,
And each be doubly blest, my making one of twain.
So I'll, &c.

Mean while my jem and joy, ile kiss thee lovingly,
Our hopes doth time destroy, would I could him deny.
But time will comfort bring, though wee a time are crost:
And Winter finds a Spring. restores what seemed lost.
Yet i'le, &c.

Man. Farewell my Love, farewell ten thousand times adieu,
My witty, pretty Nell, till my return to you.
Maid. Farewell to thee Sweet-heart, That now to Seas art gone,
With what great grief I part, to Lovers best 'tis known.
Yet i'le remember thee, and keep thy love in store,
Do thou the like by me, &c.

London, Printed for M. Wright at the Kings head in the Old Baily.

Euing Ballads, No. 315, p. 519.

10. THE HONEST MAIDENS LOYALTY

The Honest Maidens Loyalty:
Or, The Young Mans Faithful Constancy.

He vows to endure the Rack and the Stake
And suffer dearly for his true Lovers sake.

To a pleasant new tune, Wert thou more fairer

Now early in a morning fair, a young man sung this pleasant quire.
Where his dear sweeting did use to lye, and thus lamenting he did cry
Farewell sweet heart for I must be gone,
but I'le have my love or I'le have none.

Set forty thousand on a row, there's none can make so fair a show.
For in the Pallace of her twinkling eyes, I see how amorous Cupid
flies,
As for my part I have chosen one, &c.

No rack nor stake with tortures great, That shalt my Love entire
defeat,
O do not waver like the turning wind, But bear a lovers constant mind,
As for my part, &c.

Thus who can love so true as I, That am so sick yet cannot dye:
A cordial kiss can my heart revive, And make a love-sick man alive,
And by experience is well know, &c.

A Lady in her high degree, Her lofty mind cannot fancy me:
For many are ambitions in their ways, But maidens chaste young men
should praise
I will be faithful to my own, For ile have, &c.

Your city dames with mincing feats, Have many tricks and fine conceits
But my true Love is virtuous chaste and wise And like an Angell in
mine eyes,
As for my part, &c.

Into some far Countrey I'le go, Confine myself to care and wo,
Till fickle fortune please to smile, That hath so lower'd all this
while,
As for my part I have chosen one, And I'le have, &c.

The Second Part to the same Tune.

The Young-man ending of his Song, The Maiden knew his voice and
And stepping then unto his window-side How fares my Love, aloud she
As for my part I have chosen one, I'll have my true or I'll have
tongue,
cry'd,
none.

Though Locks and Bolts do hinder me, There's none shall keep my
Love from thee,
But as the Dove is constant to the end, So I'll prove true to thee my
friend.
As for, &c.

My Father and my Mother both, Have bound it with a fearful oath,
They will thee kill and spill thy harmless blood, And so disturb us
of our good,
As for, &c.

My Brother does in ambush wait, Thee to betray with all deceit;
Though Father frown and Mother angry be, Yet I will have no Man but
thee,
As for, &c.

My Uncles and my Kindred all, Are much enrag'd (to) scold and brawl
And wish that day that I to thee am wed, That we may perish in our
bed.
As for, &c.

And I ten thousand pounds of gold, Or Lands, they surely should be
sold.
I'll change my state into a low degree, And go a begging along with
thee.
As for &c.

Through fire and water I will go Along with thee who e're say no,
I am coming now to take with thee my lot, That we may tye the
Trueloves knot.
as for, &c.

Welcome my sweet to him that bears A loyall heart, overwhelm'd with
cares.
Welcome a thousand times my dearest Love For I most faithfull to thee
will prove.
as for, &c.

Heaven blesse the day as we enjoy True Lovers bliss without annoy
A thousand kisses to my love I'le give, Our hearts united in love
to live.

as for, &c.

Young men and Maids wh[a]t e're you be, Make all your choices firm
and free
Prove Loyal, constant, to your dearest friend, So Heavens will
blesse you unto the end.

Let all your voices thus go into one,
I will have my true Love or Ile have none

London, Printed for Richard Burton at the Horse-shoe
in Smithfield.

Yale, BS BY6 f (1641)

11. THE TRUE-LOVERS HOLIDAIES

The True-Lovers Holidaiies:

OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
OF A FAIR DAMOSEL; PERFORMED BY A
LUSTY SOULDIER, BEING ONE OF THE
AUXILIARIES.

The Souldier Woo'd the Maid with words most kind,
She answered him according to his mind.

To the Tune of, Nobody else shall plunder but I.

My sweetest, my fairest, My rarest, my dearest,
Come sit thee down by me and let's chat a while,
It doth my heart good, when I see thee most nearest,
That we with pleasant talk & sad times may beguile
If thou'lt have the patience to stay in this Bower,
That I may discourse with thee just half an hour,
I'll shew thee a Ticket from Cupids Commission,
Which Venus set hand to, upon this condition,
that no body else shall enuoy thee but I.
The Summer is come, and the time is in season,
That each pretty bird have made choise of his Mate,
Now I being a young man of judgement and reason,
Have cause to be doing e're time's out of date,
Hark, hark how I hear the sweet Nightingales verses
Whose ecchoes records what true-lovers rehearses;
The true-hearted Turtle-Doves now are a billing,
And so will I do my Love, if thou art willing
that no body else shall enuy thee but I.
I pray thee Love leave me not, though I am a Souldier,
And want skill in wooing to deal with a Maid;
Yet if thou wilt kisse me, and make me thy bolder,
Mark well and consider what here shall be said,
My hand and my sword shall from danger defend thee,
My purse and my person shall stoutly attend thee;
I'll buy thee a new kirtle, wrought waiscoat and beaver
A dainty silk Apron, my mind shall not waver,
So no body else shall enjoy thee but I.
If thou wilt consent, that things shall be so carried,
Before this day fortnight I'll make thee my wife,
And we in the Church will be lawfully married,
So shalt thou live bravely all dayes of thy life;
Tho shalt have thy servants to wait on thy leisure,
Thy purse shall be cram'd with gold crowns & rich tresure
Nothing shall be wanting & I can procure thee,

So thou wilt be constant and thus much assure me,
that no body else shall enjoy thee but I.
Make answer sweet hony to what I have spoken
That I may the better know whereon to trust,
Receive this Gold Ring as an eminent token,
My love shall be permanent, loyal and just;
One lovely look from thee, for aye will revive me,
But a frown of thine will of life streight deprive me,
Then answer me kindly at this time dear sweeting,
That I may finde comfort by this happy meeting,
and no body else shall enjoy thee but I.

THE SECOND PART TO THE SAME TUNE.
BEING THE MAIDS LOVING ANSWER TO THE SOULDIER.

I'le leave all my kindred both father and mother,
My Uncle, my Aunt, and my Grandam also,
My nearest acquaintance, my Sister and Brother,
For tis my desire with a Souldier to go,
In weal and in woe I will with my Love travel
Whilst some at my service and toyle do much marvel
So long as my life lasts, if fortune will guide me
I'le march with thee bravely, what ever betide me.
And I'le be thy true-love until I dye.
'Tis not the great Ordance when they do rattle,
Shall make me fly from thee, my minde is so stout,
For when I perceive thee preparing for battel,
I'le closely stick to thee, of that make no doubt,
And when thou hast drawn they brave blade to befriend me
For courage and valour and skill I'le commend thee
In peace and in warres if thou pleasest to prove me,
By day and by night thou shalt finde how I love thee,
I'le still take thy part till the day that I dye,
Moreover sweet Souldier thus much I must tell thee,
When I understood you took mee for your choice,
It made the very heart of me Leap in my belly,
And all the merry veins in my body rejoyce;
You also requested of me certain kisses,
The which you accounted as true-Lovers blisses,
Instead of one kisse, now I'le give thee full twenty,
So thou wilt repay me again with like plenty.
and I'le be thy true love until I do dye.
This Ring which thou gavest me, shall serve for a token,
I'le keep it for thy sake whiles heaven lends me life,
The promise betwixt us shall never be broken,
Be thou my sweet Husband, I'le be thy kinde Wife;
Then serve Cupids warrant upon me and spare not,
For what thou canst do with thy Ticket I fear not:
Let Vulcan and Venus with Cupid conspire,

To kindle Loves fuel, or quench Lovers fire,
yet I'le love my Souldier until that I dye.
You said in a fortnight that we should be married
But I am unwilling to stay for't so long:
Besides in my minde I have over much tarried;
Delays amongst Lovers doty oftentimes wrong.
Pray make all things ready 'twixt this and Sunday,
That we may be married on the next Munday,
So we in the Holy-days may make us merry,
With Banquets and Patimes until we be weary.
and I'le be thy true-love until that I dye.
L.P.

FINIS.

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

Harvard, 25242.68 - pEB-B65H, Vol. II, BS 273r

12. THE NORTH-COUNTREY MAIDS RESOLUTION

The North-Countrey Maids Resolution & Love To Her Sweetheart.

Her Daddy and Mammy she'l rather forsake,
Then be seperated from her loving Mate:
She sold all her Linnen, her Goods and her Geer
And followe her sweet-heart his Snapsack to bear.

To a pleasant new Northern Tune.

As from Newcastle I did pass,
I heard a blithe and bonny Lass,
Who in the Scottish Army was,
Saying, prethee le me gang with thee man,
Unto a Cavaliero Blade,
As I suppose, her moan she made,
For ever more these words she said,
Ile follow my Cavalilly man,
O my dainty Cavalilly man,
My finnikin Cavalilly man,
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,
I prithee le me gang with thee man.
Sweet-heart, quoth she, if hou't consent,
To follow thee my minde is bent,
I'll strive to give thee all content,
Then prethee le me gang with thee man;
I'll sell my Rock and eke my Reel,
And after that my Spinning wheel,
To buy my Love a Cap of Speel,
And follow my Cavalilly man:
O my dainty, &c.
My Uncle gave me a House and Land,
I'll sel't for money out of hand,
And all sall be at thy command,
Then prethee le me gang with thee man:
My Mammy gave me a Pot and a Pan,
My Dady gave me a Yew and a Lamb,
Yet I's forsake my Dady and Mam,
To follow my Cavalilly man:
O my dainty, &c.
I'le pawn my Kirtle and eke my Gowne,
Which cost my Mother many a Crowne
And goe with thee from Town to Town
Then prethee le me gang with thee Man:

I'll sell my Petticoat from my back,
 My Smock and all ere thou shalt lack,
 For either Money Beer, or Sack:
 Then prethee le me goe with thee man,
 O my dainty, &c.
 Thy company I love so deere,
 Then rather then I'll tarry here,
 Thy Snapsack on my back I'll beare
 And follow my Cavalilly man,
 I'll sell off all my Hemp and Pardes,
 And throw aside my wooll and Cards,
 To march along from gards to gards,
 Then prethee le me goe with thee man.
 O my dainty Cavalilly man,
 My finikin Cavalilly man,
 For Gods Cause and the Protestants,
 prethee le me gang with thee man.
 Whatsoever shall of my selfe betide,
 Where thou shalt either goe or ride,
 Throughout the Kingdom far and wide,
 I'll follow my Cavalilly man:
 I neither care for dirt nor mire,
 Nor marches long my legs to tire,
 Thy company I most desire,
 Then prethee le me goe with thee man,
 O my dainty Cavalilly man;
 My finikin Cavalilly man,
 For Gods Cause and the Protestants,
 I prethee le me goe with thee man.
 For hose and shoes thou's want for nean,
 Though thy Apparrell be but mean,
 I's wash thee weel and keep thee clean,
 Then prethee le me go with thee man:
 Thou salt have cleath to make thee a sark
 That every yard sall cost a Mark.
 And whether it sall be light or darke,
 I'll follow my Cavalilly man,
 O my dainty, &c.
 Give me thy Musket in my hand.
 And when thy Captain gives command,
 Upon the Centry I will stand,
 In stead of my Cavalilly man:
 I'm not afraid of Pistoll shot,
 Nor Cannon bullets burning hot,
 Since that it is my happy lot,
 To follow my Cavalilly man,
 O my dainty, &c.

Whilst drums are beating loud alarms
I will be ready in thine arms,
To keep my love from further harms,
To follow my Cavalilly man,
In frost, in Snow, in Hail, and Raine,
Ore Hill, and Dale, and many a Plaine,
I'le follow thee through all the Traine,
Then prethee le me goe with thee man,
O my dainty, &c.

And when the Wars are at an end,
That I's return heam with my Friend,
I'le worke for means for thee to spend,
Then prethee le me goe with thee Man,
I'le buy thee new Apparell gay,
To wear upon thy Wedding day,
Then doe not hinder me I pray,
To follow my Cavalilly man.

O my dainty,
The Soldier hearing of her mean,
Was loath to leave her all alean,
And she along with him is gean,
To follow her Cavalilly man:
She vows that he his part will take,
And though her life were laid at'th stake,
Sheel rather die then him forsake,
To follow her Cavalilly man.

O my dainty Cavalilly man,
My finnikin Cavalilly man,
For Gods Cause and the Protestants,
I prethee le me gang with thee man.

Entered according to Order. London: Printed for F. Grove dwelling
on Snow-Hill.

Euing Ballads, No. 257, p. 419

13. THE TVVO KINDE LOUERS

The Tvvo Kinde Louers:
Or,
The Maidens Resolution And Will
To Be Like Her Truer Loue Still.

To a Dainty new tune.

Two louely Louers, walking all alone:
The Female to the Male, was making pittious mone:
Saying, If thou wilt goe, Loue let me goe with thee,
Because I cannot liue, without thy company.

Be thou my Master, Ile be thy trusty Page,
To waite on thee in thy weary Pilgrimage.
So shall I still enjoy thy louely presence,
In which alone consists my earthly essence.

Be thou the Sunne, Ile be the heavnes so bright,
Be thou the Moone, Ile be the light all night:
Be thou Aurora, the giver of the day,
I will be the pearly dew, upon the flowers gay.

Be thou the Rose, thy smell I will assume,
And yeild a sweet odoriferous perfume:
Be thou the Rain-bow, Ile be the colours many,
Be thou the cloud, Ile be the weather rainy.

Be thou the Lyon, Ile be the Lionesse:
Be thou the seruant, Ile be the Mistresse:
Be thou the Porpentine, and ile be the quill,
That wheresoeuer thou goest: I may be with thee still.

Be thou the Turtle and I will be thy Mate,
And if thou dye, my life ile euer hate:
Be thou the nimble fairy, that trips upon the ground,
And I will be the circle, where thou maist dance a round.

Be thou the swan, ile be the bubling riuer:
Be thou the gift, and I will be the giuer:
Be thou the chast Diana, and I will be as chast:
Be thou the Time ile be the houres past.

Be thou the Ship ile be the surging Seas,
That shall transport my Loue, where he doth please:
Be thou the Neptune, ile be triple Mace,
Be thou the iocund Hunter, ile be the Deere in Chase.

The Second Part.

To the same Tune.

Be thou the Shepheard, ile be the Shepherdesse,
To sport with thee in ioy and happinesse:
I will be the Marigold, if thou wilt be the Sunne:
Be thou the Fryer, and I will be the Nun.

I will be the Pelican, and thou shalt be the yong,
Ile spend my blood, to succour thee from wrong:
Be thou the Gardner, and I will the flowers,
That thou maist make me grow with fruitfull showres.

Be thou the Falconer, the falcon I will be,
To yeeld delight and pleasure unto thee:
Be thou the Lantherne, I will be the light,
To lead thee to thy fancy meny darkesome night.

Be thou the Captaine, ile be the Souldier stout,
And helpe in danger still to beare thee out:
Be thou the louely Elme, and I will be the Vine,
In sweet concordance, to smypathize and twine,

Be thou the Pilot, ile be the Sea Mans Card,
Ile be the Taylor and thou shalt be my yard:
Be thou the Weauer, and ile the (thread) be,
Be thou the (Forester) and I will be the tree.

Be thou the Blakc-smith, I will be the Forge:
Be thou the Waterman, I will be the barge:
Be thou the Broker, and I will be the Pawne:
Be thou the Parasite, and I will learne to fawne.

These louely Louers being thus combind,
Most equally agreed both in heart and mind.
Accursed may they be, who seeke to part these twaine:
Whom Loue and Nature did to loue ordaine.

I wish all yong men, that constant are in Loue,
To find out a woman that will so loyall proue:
And to all honest Maidens, in heart I wish the same,
That Cupids lawes may be deuoyd of blame.

Finis.

Printed at London, by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

NYPL/Research Division, *ZKC 893-16865 (Microfilms of Books
Printed in England before 1640).

14. THE JOLLY ROVING TAR

The Jolly Roving Tar.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2 & 3 Monmouth Court.

It was in London City & near to the highway,
I overheard a pretty maid as I along did stray,
She did appear like Venus or some sweet lovely star,
As she walked the beach, lamenting for her jolly roving tar.

O William, gallant William how could you sail away,
I have arrived at 21, I am a lady gay,
I'll man one of my father's ships and brave the Chinese war,
And to cross the briny ocean for my jolly roving tar.

Young William look'd so manly drest in his Sailor's clothes,
His cheeks are like two roses his eyes as black as sloes.
His hair hung down in ringlets but now he's gone afar
And my heart lays in the bosom of my jolly roving tar.

Its many pleasant evening my lad and I did pass,
With many a jolly Sailor gay, and many a bonny lass,
The harp was sweetly playing likewise the wild guitar
I went hand & hand together with my jolly roving tar.

Come all my jolly Sailors and push the boat from shore,
That I may view my father's ship to find she is secure,
Provision you'll have plenty and lots of grog in store,
Give chace my jolly Sailors for my jolly roving tar.

She quickly jump'd into the boat, and boldly left the land,
And as the Sailors row'd, she wav'd her lily, lilly hand,
Farewell you girls of London I fear no wo und or scar,
And away went pretty Susan for her jolly roving tar.

Huntington Library, 297337.

15. THE FEMALE VOLUNTEER FOR TEXAS

The Female Volunteer for Texas.

Tune -- The Dashing White Sergeant.

Oh! had I a beau,
Who for Texas would go,
Do you think I'd say no,
No, no, not I;
When his rifle I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But give him eclat,
For his bravery.
If a band of young patriots should come in my way
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.
March, march, &c.

When the field I am on,
Do you think I would mourn,
Or wish to return,
No, no not I --
With freedom I'd burn,
All fear would I scorn,
Till Texas was crowned with Liberty!
If a band of young patriots should come in my way
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.
March away, march away, &c.

Then arouse, man & maid,
Fair Texas to aid,
Grasp rifle and blade,
And never fly,
Till freedom again,
Shall smile on her plain,
Your life's blood drain,
For victory.
If a band of young patriots should come in my way
A volunteer for Texas I'd march away.
March away, march away, &c.

Brown/John Hay Songster Coll./A52368/SmBks - The American Sailor's Songster. Philadelphia, New York, Boston: Fisher & Bro., (185-), p. 210.

II. DISCOURSE-NARRATIVE

BALLADS

(No. 16)

16. THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS.

The Two Faithful Lovers.

To the Tune of, Franklin is fled away, &c.

Man) Farewell my heart's delight
Ladies adieu,
I must now take my flight,
what e're ensue;
My Country Men i see,
They cannot yet agree;
Since it will no better be,
England farewel.

Maid.) O be not so unkind,
Heart love and joy,
To leave me here behind,
breeds my annoy:
O have a patient heart,
I'll help to bear the smart
E're I from the will part,
my turtle dove.

M) I'll leave the gold good store,
thee to maintain;
What can'st thou wish for more?
do not complain:
Servants shall wait on thee,
I'll give the jewels three,
That thou may'st think on me
when i am gone.

M.) Your gold i count but dross,
when you are fled,
Your absence is my loss,
'twill strike me dead;
Servants i will have none,
When you are from me gone,
I'd rather lye alone,
from company.

M.) I am resolv'd to go,
fortune to prove;
Advise me what to do,
my dearest love:
For here i will not bide,
What e're doth me betide;
Heavens now be my guide,
and lead the way.

M.) Then let me go with you,
 heart love and joy;
I will attend on you
 and be your boy;
If you will go to sea,
i'll serve you night and day;
For here i will not stay,
 if you go hence.

M.) The seas are dangerous,
 strangers unkind,
The rocks are perillous,
 so is the wind;
My care is all for thee
As thou may'st plainly see,
Dear heart, go not with me
 but stay behind.

M.) Tho' seas do threaten death,
 my hearts delight
With the i'll spend my breath,
 naught shall affright,
With the i'll live and dye,
In thy sweet company,
Though dangers shall be nigh,
 both day and night.

In man's apparel now to sea she went,
Because with him she'd be
 her heart's content;
She cut her lovely hair,
And no mistrust there were,
That she a maiden fair,
 was at that time.

To Venice they were bound
 with ful consent,
With sorrows compast round
 away they went.
On an unhappy day
The ship was cast away,
Which wrought their lives decay
 Friends discontent.

The ship being cast away
 fortune so frown'd,
He swam to land that day,
 but she was drown'd
Oh! his true love was drown'd,
And never after found,
And he encompass round
 with grief and care.

O cruel seas (quoth he)
 and rocks unkind,
To part my dear and me,
 in love combin'd:
O cast her on this shore;
I may her death implore,
And mourn for ever more
 until i dye.

You loyal lovers all
 that hear this ditty,
Sigh and lament my fall
 let's move you to pity:
She now lies in the deep,
In everlasting sleep,
And left me here to weep
 in great distress.

Dear love, I come quoth he,
 heaven's me guide.
I long to be with thee
 my only bride
In Venice he did dye,
And there his corpse doth lye,
And left his friends to cry,
 O Hone, O Hone.

Harvard, 71-217F, No. 11

III. NARRATIVE BALLADS

1. Ballads Which Depict a Woman in Male Disguise in Other than a Military Context

(A) Ballads Involving Parental Interference in a Courtship (No. 17-22)

17. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON (Child 105)

The Bailie's Daughter

There was a youth an a weel-faurt youth
An he wis a squire's son
An he loved the Baillie's ae daughter
That lived at Islington - ton
That lived at Islington.

But when his parents came to know
His fond and foolish mind
They sent him on to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

When all the maids of Islington
Went out to sport and play
All but the Baillie's ae daughter
She privately stole away.

She pulled off her gowns o silk
And put on men's attire
And she has to fair London gone
For her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the road
The weather being hot and dry
She set her down upon a bank
And her true love came riding by.

She started up with her colour so red
Catching hold of his bridal rein.
One penny one penny kind sir she said
Would ease me o much pain.

Before I give you a penny he said
Pray tell me where you were born.
At Islington town kind sir said she
Where I've had many a scorn.

I prithee then tell to me he said
Oh tell me if you know
The Bailie's daughter of Islington?
She is dead some years ago.

If she be dead whom I like well
And in her grave laid low
Ye'll take fae me my milk-white steed
My arrow and my bow.

If she be dead then take my horse
My saddle and bridle also
For I will go to some far countrie
Where no one shall me know.

She is well she is well and very very well
And she stands by your horse side
She is well and she's well and very very well
And she's willin to be your bride.

O, farewell grief and welcome joy
Ten thousand times farewell
For now I've found mine own true love
Whom I thought I would never see more.

Greig-Duncan, p. 434, No. 168.

18. THE PRETTY GREEN COAT BOYS GARLAND

The Pretty Green Coat Boys Garland.

Ye pretty young maidens and batchelors sweet,
Come draw near to me while I do relate,
Tis a true story as e'er you did hear,
Wherefore good people I pray now draw near.
Near Durance in France there lived at a town,
A noble lord of fame and renown,
Who had a fine lady and by her we hear,
He had a fine son whom he loved dear.
There was an old farmer who lived just by,
Who had a fine daughter as ever you did spy,
Sure in this country there never was bred,
Such a sweet creature for white and red.
Which made the nobility both far and near,
Dukes lords and knights thither to repair,
To couple this beauty but all in vain,
Since none of them could her favour obtain.
At length this young lord's son among the rest,
Came a courting to her as I do protest,
O pretty Jenny now grant me thy love,
Or else you will my destruction prove.
She said noble lord I am poor and low,
My father is a poor farmer you know,
And he is not able to portion me,
And so to consent I'm not willing said she.
If I yield unto you perhaps they will say
This lord has thrown himself quite away,
And so noble lord we shall never agree,
A labouring man is much better for me.
Who getteth his bread by the sweat of his brow,
And still take delight to follow the plough,
He has more delight I'll make it appear,
Than a noble knight of ten thousand a year.
Who has health and riches of houses and land,
Has men and maid-servants now at his command,
If thou canst but love me sweet Jenny said he,
A lady of honour you quickly shall be.
She said noble lord I would be your bride,
But what will become of us both she reply'd,
If your honoured father should chance to know,
How you love a poor farmer's daughter so.
If my father chance to be angry with me,
Or my mother frown when my jewel she see,
I'll work while I'm able to follow the plough,
And get my bread by the sweat of my brow.

I hope my Jenny will never complain,
Whatever I promise while life doth rem(ain)
I'll faithfully perform my jewel said he,
Jenny consent my bride for to be.
As they were discoursing by a grove we hear,
His father was walking to take the air,
He drew near to them close by a ditch side,
Where these lovers met this debate to decide.
And having heard what between them did pass,
He came to his son and said to him alas,
Are you going to disgrace your family,
One farthing I never will give unto thee.
But straight will banish you from this place,
Thou shalt not be to me a scorn and disgrace,
By wedding a husbandman's daughter so poor,
And so son do not come nigh me any more.
The son on his knees to his father did say,
O do not take from me my jewel I pray,
And if I'm obliged to beg for my dear,
I'll travel the world around far and near.
The father in a rage to the mother did go,
And told her the news with a heart full of woe,
Sweet wife your son will be wedded indeed,
To a farmer's daughter it makes my heart bleed.
Unto whom sweet husband? the wife did reply,
To one of my tenants who liveth hard by,
With that his mother in a passion did run,
Go fetch my son to me or I am undone.
He came to her presence when she saw his face,
O son thou hast brought me to shame and disgrace,
By joining to one that's not fitting for thee,
I am not wedded sweet mother said he.
The son on his knees to his mother did cry,
If you part me from my jewel I die,
Was I lord of ten thousand a year,
I'd part with it all for the sake of my dear.
The father in a passion replies to the son,
I will take heed you shall not be undone,
And for the jewel thou dost love so dear,
I'll have her transported so you shall not hear.
Which way is she gone or where does she go,
And how to find her you never shall know,
With that the son fell on his knees,
Dear parents do with me just as you please.
Now I'll leave the son in tears to complain,
And unto the farmer's daughter return,
She knowing his father would send her away,
She went to the taylor the very next day.

And bargain'd with him for a livery of green,
Coat waistcoat and breeches so neat and so trim,
She got a black bag and ty'd up her hair,
And then for a journey she did prepare.
She goes to the town whereat she did dwell,
Good people now mind but what I shall tell,
The lord sent his servant to bring her with speed,
In hopes to have her transported indeed.
They came to her father and thus did say,
We come for your daughter to send her away,
You may look for her the farmer did cry,
If I lose my daughter I surely shall die.
Away they did ride to their master with speed,
And said she is gone noble lord indeed,
Well if it is so I am glad he replies,
With that the young lord most bitterly cries.
The very next morning when daylight did peep,
The mother rose and left the father asleep,
She went to her son and to him did say,
Having opened the door where lamenting he lay.
She said sweet son here's five hundred pound.
And take my horse and go out of town.
Before thy father gets out of sleep,
My blessing go with thee then he did weep.
I thank you mother the son did reply,
At parting both kiss'd and then did cry.
Cries he I'll travel the world far and near,
In search of my jewel whom I love so dear.
Then taking his horse away he did go,
Leaving his parents in sorrow and woe,
But as he was riding along the highway.
He met with his lover in pages array.
She bowed to him with cap in hand,
And said noble lord I do understand,
That you are going a journey said she,
Are you willing to have such a servant as me.
He said my pretty lad what is thy name,
And where was you born tell me the same,
I was born in Durance kind sir said she,
Adonis is the name my parents gave me.
He said you're a pretty lad as I do live,
And as for the wages I surely will give.
Where I to travel the world round said she,
A comlier child I never could see.
He bought her a horse and away they did ride,
With sword case and pistols and all by her side,
At length they did travel many a long day,
Until they were weary almost we hear say.

Now we will leave them in grief for awhile,
And turn to the old lord to grieve for his child,
The old man arising and missing his son,
He stamp'd like a madman and said I'm undone.
His wife said to him cruel you were,
To banish from me my own son and heir,
Thou was cruel thus to spoil thy son in love,
Perhaps it may to him his destruction prove.
The father cried I'm griev'd to the heart,
With thinking my son should from me part,
For now he is gone the wide world to range,
But had he been here my mind I would change.
I wish I had give him my consent to wed,
But now he is gone my joys are fled,
If he and his love were here with me now,
With all that I have I would them endow.
Now we will leave them to sorrow and moan,
And back again to the son will return,
Who spent all his days in searching his dear,
And how he did find her you soon shall hear.
Altho' he was searching for her night and day,
She wandered with him pages array,
And each night with him in bed did lie,
And was partaker of his calamity.
When he did lament it made her to weep
That very few nights could they sleep,
Thus for want of rest and great poverty,
They in strange countries were like to die.
Along they did travel in sorrow and grief,
From door to door begging some relief,
Which made the young lord to shed many a tear,
And cry'd had I once but the sight of my dear.
O then would I freely resign up my breath,
For hear I am weary of living on earth,
Then the sweet heavens do pity me,
And grant me a sight of my jewel to see.
Then spoke his lover in pages array,
Come let us go home dear sir I pray.
And there your true love you will surely find,
Your father and mother both living and kind.
My sweet loving child I pity thy case,
But I am resolv'd to die in this place,
My father and mother I never more will see,
Because in my love they proved cruel to me.
O do not say so then answered the lad
Your father to see you will surely be glad.
And also your mother who on you doth wait,
Would be glad to see you and fly to your feet.

He heard what she said and took her advice,
Then taking of shipping they sailed in a trice,
Unto fair Durance city when landed they were,
He unto his parents doth straight repair.
Then going towards home with tears in his eyes.
At last his father and mother he spies,
For as they were standing both by the door,
They spied their son come distressed and poor.
His father said yonder cometh my son,
His mother with joy away did run,
As soon as she saw him she fell in a swoon,
And with perfect joy she fell on the ground.
Then in they went with joy overspread,
The father to see his son was overglad,
For joy of his coming great feasting was made,
But yet for his lover his heart it did ache.
The father said son what makes you so sad,
I'm sure to see you my heart it is glad,
If that your lover was but here now,
With all that I have I would you endow.
His lover standing by in pages array,
With tears in her eyes she to him did say,
I am the young creature that should be your bride,
Altho' seven years I have laid by your side.
With that the younglover was in amaze,
And for a long time upon her did gaze,
Art thou the poor farmer's daughter said he,
Who seven years have begged with me.
Then said the father sure that cannot be,
That you whom he sought was in his company,
Now I consent you shall be his bride,
That word has reviv'd me the son did reply.
They sent for her father and mother with speed,
To hear of her company they were glad indeed,
Come play us a jig the old woman did cry,
Since my daughter's a lady I'll dance till I die.
They sent to the gentry both far and near,
To view this couple they thither did repair,
For a finer couple there never was seen,
The old farmer's daughter as fine as a queen.
Let all loyal lovers take warning by this,
Do as they did and you'll never do amiss,
If you were to travel the wide world all round
Two loyaler lovers could never be found.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

University of Kentucky, Vol. VI, 72.

19. THE PRINCELY LOVERS GARLAND

The Princely Lovers Garland.

Once I read a noble volume, Or a history book, some call em,
Of two lovers true indeed, None for love could them exceed.
It is of a king's fair daughter, (pray now mark what follows after)
And a noble prince of fame; To her father's court he came.
Where he soon observ'd her beauty. Now, quoth he, it is my duty
For to woo both day and night, Since thy charming beauty bright
Has my heart so deeply wounded, That my senses are confounded.
Yet to her I dare not speak, Because her father is so great.
No, no, no, I dare not venture, Or into her presence enter,
Fearing of her father's rage. Would I were her serving-page.
Then should I observe my duty, Still admiring her beauty;
Which doth glance from her fair eyes, As the morning star doth rise.
In the private garden walking, He thus to himself was talking,
From her window she did him spy, Then on the prince she cast an eye.
Where young Cupid soon did hover Round about this princely lover,
With his conquering bended bow, She was wounded with love also.
This young princess had a brother, Who her love did soon discover.
Where he soon declar'd the same This noble knight of fame.
This young knight, and did enquire Of his noble birth and fame?
None could tell from whence he came. Tho' he was both son and heir
To a king and queen so fair, Yet he never understood,
He was born of royal blood. And for that very same reason,
It was counted as high treason For to court this princely dame,
Where he suffer'd for the same.
Her father hearing of the story, Now, quoth he, I'll blast the glory.
How dare he this thing presume? Nought but death shall be his doom.
Since it lies within my power, Instead of love I'll him devour.
Him by these hungry lions jaws, And with his body fill their maws.
To my daughter you'd be marry'd, To a den you shall be carry'd;
Where instead of bridegroom's bed, Lions shall your hearts blood shed.
Yet these lions had no power His poor carcass to devour.
Which from them he understood He was born of noble blood.
Then came down the lions keeper, For to cleanse the den, and sweep her,
Where this noble knight got hold Of this keeper, stout and bold.
Where he made him for to swear That he never would declare,
For his life, to any one, But that the lions had pick'd his bone.
Now within a short time after, He wrote to the king's fair daughter,
That he was alive and well, Living in a lonesome cell.
The young princess told her brother, He with joy then soon went
thither
Where they soon contriv'd, we hear, To steal her from her father dear.

Then a ship was soon made ready, To convey this princely lady.
But now comes a great surprise, Violent storms did soon arise.
Where the ships was tore and shatter'd, And those loyal lovers
scatter'd

From each other, as we hear, Fortune proving so severe.
On a plank then swam her brother, And the princess on another.
Where in short time we understand, They were drove unto the land.
The poor knight in his condition Was taken up by one a fishing.
To the land he was convey'd, And to the king he was betray'd.
Tho' you was preserv'd from lions, You shall now be bound in irons,
Where you shall resign your breath, In a dungeon starv'd to death.
He bing thus confin'd in fetters, To the jailor he sends letters,
To speak with him speedily, He being sick and like to die.
Then the jailor he did enter, Now, quoth he, pray jailor venture
From these irons set me free. Store of gold I'll give to thee.
And being greedy of the treasure. Soon he freed him with great

pleasure
Being from the irons freed. He the jailor kill'd with speed.
Once more he his freedom gained, And his liberty obtained.
Yet his heart was filled with woe, That he must from his princess go.
Travelling with grief and sorrow, To the court of Bohemia,
From that court he understood He was born of noble blood.
Being at a great collation, Strait appear'd an apparition
At the table where he din'd, With a flaming torch, we find.
Most gracious king and queen so royal, That's your son, make no
denial,

Ever since the rebellion, He has been missing so long.
I'm his nurse, who was disloyal. To murder that young prince so royal.
My knife was three times at his throat, To let his royal blood run
out.

Yet I having not the power, Into the woods with him did scower,
Where three years I did maintain The royal prince, till I was slain.
As the child and I were walking, To the young prince, I was talking,
Came a lion from the wood, Nurs'd the child and suck'd my blood.
When she had the same revealed Which long time had been concealed
Then she vanish'd clear away, And left them all surpriz'd that day.
Now this frightful apparition Brought good news unto the nation,
Tongue nor pen cannot express The nation's joys the prince possess
Now we'll leave his in this nation To relate the great vexation
Of that tyrant king once more, Of whom we rehears'd before.
He with royal passion fretted, When to him it was related,
That the knight was dead and gone,
And the jailor dead was found.

With revenge said to his daughter, In great spightful smiles and
laughter,
Madam, you would fain be wed, Go and take your love that's dead.
You shall not have your desire, I his corps will burn with fire.

The great princess in distress Ran unto the mournful hearse.
At the hearse she met her brother With a dagger; she had another.
Come dear brother, she did cry, Since he's dead let us two die.
Cruel father, prince of tyrants, You would fain destroy with lions;
But his royal, blood you see Sav'd him from that tyranny.
Since you are to me so cruel, His dead corps to burn with fuel.
With my tears I'm him embalm, And then burn within his arms.
Strait the princess with her brother, Ddi the mournful hearse

uncover,

Where unto their joy they found The jailor corps; the prince was gone.
Said the princess with discretion I will travel from the nation,
For to find my dearest dear. Father, you are too severe.
Strait she dress'd in man's attire, Thro strange nations did enquire
After this brave knight of fame. To his court at length she came.
For a service she enquired. Her sweet charms the prince admired,
Come, sweet youth, the prince he said, You will be my waiting-page.
A hunting went the prince soon after With his nobles, full of

laughter

In the middle of the sport, The prince left the royal court,
The prince with his page did wander Till at length he spy'd a farmer
In one bed the royal pair Forced to take their lodging were.
The royal prince was discontented, In the right he thus lamented
Oh! my royal love, said he I wish you was along with me.
Said the page, Dear lord and master, Don't lament your sad disaster
Her dear picture you shall see For I have it here with me.
I mean at your palace royal. The next day without denial,
Returning thanks, they pass'd away To the court, without delay.
For her picture long he waited, Tarrying long, at length he fretted.
Strait he went, in a great rage, For to seek his servant-page.
The young princess being ready, There was no page, but a lady.
Oh! great princess most divine. Lovely picture, thou art mine.
With great joy beyond expressing, Were this royal pair possessing.
The great day appointed were For to join this happy pair.
News was carry'd to her father, That they both were join'd together
Tho' you held him once in scorn, He is ace, borrhnp royal fir,n.

Huntington Library, 289716-289788

20. THE DOATING MOTHER'S GARLAND

The Comical Wedding, A Garland, in Four Parts.
I. How a wealthy old Gentlewoman having but one Daughter, would not let her marry her Lover who was a Sailor. And how she detained her Daughter's Portion in order to purchase herself an Husband. II. How her Daughter, seeing her so eager for an Husband, dressed herself in Man's Attire, and went to Court her Mother. III. How she consented to marry her, and agreed to resign over all her Riches to her. IV. How she was discovered by her Aunt: and how the Daughter married the Sailor.

Belfast: Printed in the Year, 1766.

The comical Wedding.

Part I.

To the Tune of, Butter and Eggs.

You maidens all that here do dwell, I pray you draw near a while,
To hear this pleasant Ditty, 'Twill make you for to smile,
'Tis of a Merchant's widow That does in London dwell,
And she had store of Riches As many People tell.
She had a handsome Daughter, Indeed she had no more,
And she was Heir as we do find To all her worldly Store.
A Sailor for to court this Maid Did come, but he was poor,
Yet ne'ertheless this Maiden Heir She did him much adore.
This youthful Couple had agree'd To wed in little time,
If the good old Woman They could get in that mind:
But of her Gold and Silver She such a God make,
She kept her Daughter single, All for her Portion's sake.
The Maiden said, pray Mother Let me go Wed my Dear;
For we have lov'd each other Above these seven years.
The Mother to her then did say, Have him, with all my Heart,
One Farthing of your Portion To you I'll ne'er impart.
The Daughter said, your Reason For that give me to know;
Six thousand Pounds my Father He left me, that is true.
As long as I have Wealth enough I'll have the Man I love.
And therefore I hope that you will Never unfaithful prove.
The old Woman in a passion flew, And thus she out did swear,
You are too young to marry first, And therefore pray forbear:
For you must let me marry first, Tho' I am old and Gray,
I have a tooth within my Head, That's cloutish yet, I say.
Dear Mother, you do make me blush To hear you talk thus wild;
But since you do a Husband want, I swear, as I'm your Child,
I'll stay till you are marry'd first, And when it is my turn,
I hope to have the Man I love, So let the Game go on.

Pray fit me for the Country, For there I mean to go,
And there the jolly Sailor Will not be in my view.
The old Woman rejoic'd at this; Did fit her out straightway,
Thinking she to Worcester shire Wou'd go without delay.

Part II.

This young crafty damsel had A Frolick in her Head.
She went then for her True-Love, And unto him she said,
My Mother says, my Portion Must her a husband buy,
For she without a Bed-Fellow Much longer cannot lie.
And therefore I'm resolved This Frolick for to play;
I'll cut my lovely white Hair, And Dress in Man's array;
A Suitor to my mother, I'll go in this Disguise,
And bite the good old Woman Of all her Golden Prize.
Her Lover he did heartily Laugh for to hear the same,
Saying, if you do proceed, my Dear It will be pretty Game,
But, prithee, do you think That she'll not know your Face,
Ne'er fear, reply'd the Maiden fair, For thus must stand the Case.
I'll stifle her with Kisses, And put her in surprize:
I'll vow and swear I nothing see But Beauties in her Eyes.
And if that she at any time But gazes in my Face,
I'll on her bosom lay my Head, Her Bubles to embrace.
The old Woman then thinking Her Daughter out of town
She was resolved not very long Then for to lie alone:
And she among her Friends A visiting did go,
In hopes a Husband for to get, As she walk'd to and fro.

Part III.

Her Daughter dress'd up like a Beau, One Day she chanc'd to meet,
Who kindly did embrace her, And swore the Kiss was sweet;
Dear Madam, I'm so deep in Love, Before that we do part,
I beg you tell me where you live, Or else you'll break my Heart.
She said, you may go along with me, And if your Love be true,
You are a charming pretty Youth, And I can fancy you.
I have store of Gold and Silver To make you Rich and great
A Chariot wherein you may ride, And Footmen on you wait.
She little thinking who this brisk Young airy Spark might be;
She took her new acquaintance Home immediately.
The Spark he fell a courting her, And solemnly did swear,
Ten thousand charming Beauties In her bright Eyes there were.
Then gave her melting Kisses, And pull'd her on his Knee,
And with her ancient Bubbles play'd A pleasant Comedy.
The old Woman did simper, And was pleased to the Heart
Saying, my Dear, a Diamond Ring I'll give before we part.
And then up she took her Love To see her Golden Store;
Saying, the Day I marry you I'll give you this and more.
But can you love me heartily? Tell me, my pretty Dear,
Because you see that I am old, And stricken well in Years.

And you are but a stripling, I fear you'll a Whoring run,
And leave me for to pine, Then I shall be undone.
Dear Madam I did never love A Whore in all my Life;
I'll be as constant as the Dove, When you are made my Wife.
My dear, said the old Woman, Upon Saint Andrew's Day,
We will be join'd together In private, I do say;
I'll make you Master of my Store Before to Bed we go,
That you the better may reward My love, for doing so.
With many amorous Kisses They parted for that night,
She goes unto the Sailor, Her Joy and Heart's delight;
She gave him the Diamond Ring And told her good success;
And tho' she had the Breeches on They lovingly embrac'd.
A courting to her Mother, Each Day she constant went,
At length Saint Andrew's Day came Unto their great content.
To Church then to be Married, This Couple they did hie,
The marriage being over, The Fun comes by and by.

Part IV.

As soon as e'er the Bridegroom Did come within the Door,
She took him in, and made him Master of all her Store,
Her Gold, her Bonds and Leases, She did to her Spouse resign:
Saying, take Possession of my Store, For thou art fairly mine.
Thus done, the Female Bridegroom Began to be in fear,
Which way the Golden Prize To convey unto her Dear,
Then turning to her Mother, She said, my Heart's delight,
We'll go Abroad to Dine to Day So home to Bed at Night.
The Bride she had a Sister Liv'd in Hanover Square,
She agree'd for to go thither, And her Spouse to meet her there,
Her Chariot was made ready, And as soon as she was gone,
The Bridegroom for the Sailor sent, And told him what was done.
Ten thousand Pounds to the jolly Sailor she did give
Saying, to-morrow I'll be with you, If that I do live:
But I must give my Bride My Company this Night;
I fear her Bargain she'll repent Before the Morning light.
The Sailor steer'd off with the Prize, The Bridegroom to the Bride,
And when he enter'd the Room The Aunt in surprize said
Is this your Husband, Sister dear? I verily do fear
It is your only Daughter now, That does the Breeches wear.
The Devil take her if it be, The old Woman did say,
Now steadfastly I look at her, I really think 'tis she:
But to be further satisfy'd I solemnly do swear,
I soon will have the Breeches down, To know what sort of ware.
Then rising in a passion, Did to the Breeches fall;
The Daughter laughed heartily, She had no strength at all,
She cry'd how can you be so rude Such things for to discover,
I'm sure I am as good a Man As ever was my Mother.
She having got the Breeches down, She found the thing was true,
She said, Since you have me deceiv'd; I'll surely make you rue.

It is not in your Power, The Daughter she did say:
You fairly did surrender Your treasure unto me.
The old Woman tore with Anger The teeth out of her Head,
Next Day the youthful Lady She did the Sailor Wed.
The Mother an Hundred a Year She now does possess,
And when it does come in her turn She is to be caress'd.
FINIS.

Harvard, 25276.2, Vol. III, ch. 6

21. THE CRUEL FATHER, OR
THE AFFECTIONATE LOVER

The Cruel Father, or the Affectionate Lover.

'Twas of a damsel both fair and handsome
Those lines are true as I've been told,
On the banks of the Shanon in a lofty mansion
Her parents claimed stores of gold.
Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features describe who can,
But still tis a folly belonging to nature,
She fell in love with her servant man.

Sweet Maryann with her love was walking,
Her father to them nearer drew,
And as those true lovers were fondly talking,
Home in anger her father flew.
To build a dungeon was his intent,
To part these true loves he contrived plan,
He swore an oath 'tis vile to mention,
He'd part that fair one from her servant man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
With a flight of steps, it was underground,
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer that for her was found.
Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,
Unto her father she thus began:
As I have transgressed, now, dear father
I'll live and die for my servant man.

Young Edward found out her habitation,
It was well secured by an iron door,
He vowed in spite of all this nation,
He'd gain her freedom or rest no more.
It was his leisure, he toiled with pleasure,
To gain relief for his Maryanne.
He gained his object and found his treasure,
She cried, my faithful servant man.

A suit of clothing he brought his lover,
Of man's apparel, her to disguise,
Saying for your sake I'll face your father,
To see me here it will him surprise.
When her cruel father brought bread & water
To call his daughter he then began,

Said Edward, enter I've cleared your daughter
I will suffer, your servant man.

When her father found him so tender,
Down he fell on the dungeon floor,
He said, true lovers shall not be parted,
Since love can force an iron door.
Soon they joined to be parted never,
And roll in riches this young couple can,
This fair young lady has rural pleasure,
And lives content with her servant man.

W. Birmingham, 103, Thomas-street, Dublin

Providence Public Library, Irish Bs. Coll., Special Collections

22. THE WEXFORD LOVERS

The Wexford Lovers.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.

Being in the summer season, In the lovely month of June,
When cowslips and primroses and daises, where in full bloom,
I heard a lovely maid complain, these words to me did say,
Cruel was my parent that sent my love away.

My father was a nobleman, his riches they were great,
I was his child & only heir all for his whole estate
Near Wexford Town of high renown, there liv'd a sporting blade,
My heart's delight there he was reared a carpenter by trade.

Young Preston was my lovers name, he was full six feet three,
My father said he'd take his life, if married we would be,
False oaths my cruel father swore, and sent my dear away,
I'll find out the man I love I'll travel night & day

She dressed herself like a man, her passage she did pay
On board ship this lady went bound for America
She advertised for young Preston, but no tidings could get there
For New South Wales, like a man, this female did prepare.

It was in twelve months after she arrived in New South Wales,
Young Preston was the first she seen her carpenter by trade,
She hired him her servant man for twenty pounds a year,
And when she'd think of Wexford Town, she'd surely shed a tear.

They both set out for Ireland, without the least delay,
For seven years and six long months this couple was away,
when they arrived at Waterford shore these words she did say
You're welcome here my heart's delight, this is our wedding day.

This couple they were married all in their youth and bloom,
By the river sunny side they live near to waxford town,
They have a son, and lovely heir and gold for him in store,
of her cruel parents she brought her love safe home.

University of Kentucky, Vol. II, 164.

(B) Ballads in Which a Woman Disguises Herself
To Follow, To Test, or To Save a Lover
(No. 23-30)

23. THE TRUE MAYDE OF THE SOUTH

The True Mayde Of The South:

OR, A RARE EXAMPLE OF A MAIDE DWELLING AT
RIE, IN SUSSEX, WHO, FOR THE LOVE OF A YOUNG
MAN OF LESTER-SHIRE, WENT BEYOND THE SEA IN THE
HABIT OF A PAGE, AND AFTER, TO THEIR HEARTS'
CONTENT, WERE BOTH MARRIED AT MAGRUM, IN
GERMANY, AND NOW DWELLING AT RYE AFORESAID.

To the Tune of Come, come, my sweet and bonny one.

With the haven towne of Rye,
That stands in Sussex faire,
There dwelt a maide, whose constancie
Transcendeth all compare:
This turtle dove
Did dearely love
A youth, who did appeare
In minde and face
To be the grace
And pride of Lester-shire.

This young man, with a noble peere
Who lik't his service well,
Went from his native Lester-shire
In Sussex for to dwell:
Where living, nye
The towne of Rye,
This pretty mayde did heare
Of his good parts,
Who by deserts
Was pride of Lester-shire.

For comming once into that towne,
It was at first his chance
To meet with her, whose brave renowne
All Sussex did advance:
And shee likewise
In his faire eyes,
When once she came him neere,
Did plainely see
That none but hee
Was pride of Lester-shire.

Then little Cupid, God of Love,
Began to play his part;
And on the sudden from above
He shot his golden dart;
Which did constraine
These lovers twaine
To prize each other deare:
Sweet Margery
Lov'd Anthony,
The pride of Lester-shire.

Thus with concordant sympathy
These lovers were combin'd;
One lov'd the other heartily,
Yet neither told their mind:
She long'd to speake,
Her minde to breake
Unto her lover deare,
She durst not tell,
Though she lov'd well
The pride of Lester-shire.

Within short time it came to passe
To sea the young man went,
And left this young and pretty lasse
In woe and discontent:
Who wept full sore,
And griev'd therefore,
When truely she did heare
That her sweet-heart,
From her must part,
The pride of Lester-shire.

THE SECOND PART.
To the same tune.

It was his hap that time to goe
To travell with his lord,
Which to his heart did breed much woe,
Yet could he not afford
A remedy
To 's misery,
But needs hee must leave here
His Madge behinde,
Who griev'd in minde
For the pride of Lester-shire.

She being then bereaved cleane
Of hope, yet did invent,
By her rare policy, a meane
To worke her heart's content:
In garments strange
She straight did change
Her selfe, rejecting feare,
To goe with him,
Whom she did deeme
The pride of Lester-shire.

And, in the habit of a page,
She did intreat his lord
That, being a boy of tender age,
He would this grace afford--
That he might goe,
Service to show
To him both farre and neere;
Who little thought
What love she ought
To the pride of Lester-shire.

This lord did take her, as she seem'd
To be a pretty lad,
And for his page he her esteem'd,
Which made her heart full glad:
To sea went shee,
And so did hee
Whom shee esteem'd so deare;
Who, for her sake,
Great moane did make,
And shed full many a teare.

Thus he, poore lad, lay with his love
Full many a tedious night;
Yet neither of them both did proove
A lover's true delight:
She heard him weepe
When he should sleepe,
And shed forth many a teare
For Margery,
Who then lay by
The pride of Lester-shire.

Long time these lovers travelled,
And were bed-fellowes still,
Yet she did keepe her mayden-head
Untill she had her will.
Yet still unknowne

She kept her selfe, for feare;
Yet, at the last,
She cleaved full fast
To the pride of Lester-shire.

For having travelled sixe weekes
Unknowne unto her lover,
With rosie blushes in her cheekes
Her minde she did discover:
See here, quoth she,
One that for thee
Hath left her parents deare--
Poore Margery,
The mayde of Rie,
I am, behold me here!

When Anthony did heare this word,
His heart with joy did leape;
He went unto his noble lord,
To whom he did report
This wonderfull thing,
Which straight did bring
Amazement to him there:
Of such a page,
In any age,
Quoth he, I did not heare.

At Magrum then, in Germany,
Their lord did see them marryed,
From whence unto the towne of Rye,
In England, were they carry'd;
Where now they dwell,
Beloved well
Of neighbours farre and neere;
Sweet Margery
Loves Anthony,
The pride of Lester-shire.

You mayds and young men, warning take
By these two lovers kinde,
Whoever you your choyce doe make,
To them be true in minde;
For, perfect love
Comes from above,

As may by this appeare,
Which came to passe
By Sussex lasse,
And the lad of Lester-shire.
FINIS.

Printed at London for Francis Coules.

Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. I, p. 626.

24. CHILD WATERS (Child 63)

Child Waters

Childe Watters in his stable stoode,
And stroaket his milke-white steede;
To him came a ffaire young ladye
As ere did weare womans wee[de].

Saies, Christ you saue, good Chyld Waters!
Sayes, Christ you saue and see!
My girdle of gold, which was too longe,
Is now to short ffor mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
I ffeelee sturre att my side;
My gowne of greene, it is to strayght;
Before it was to wide.

If the child be mine, Faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee,
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the child be mine, Ffaire Ellen, he said,
Be mine, as you doe sweare,
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee saies, I had rather haue one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth,
Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lyes by north and south.

And I had rather haue a twinkling,
Child Waters, of your eye,
Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine ounne to bee.

To-morrow, Elen, I must forth ryde
Soe ffarr into the north cuntrye;
The ffairest lady that I can ffind,
Ellen, must goe with mee.
And euer I pray you, Child Watters,
Your ffootpage let me bee!

If you will my ffootpage be, Ellen,
As you doe tell itt mee,
Then you must cutt your gownne of greene
An inche aboue your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellow lockes,
Another inch aboue your eye;
You must tell noe man what is my name;
My ffootpage then you shall bee.

All this long day Child Waters rode,
Shee ran bare ffoote by his side;
Yett was he neuer soe curteous a knight
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

But all this day Child Waters rode,
Shee ran barffoote thorow the broome;
Yett he was neuer soe curteous a knight
As to say, Put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee said, Child Watters;
Why doe you ryde soe ffast?
The child which is no mans but yours
My bodye itt will burst.

He sayes, Sees thou yonder water, Ellen,
That fflowes from banke to brim?
I trust to god, Child Waters, shee said,
You will neuer see mee swime.

But when shee came to the waters side,
Shee sayled to the chinne:
Except the lord of Heauen be my speed,
Now must I learne to swime.

The salt waters bare vp Ellens clothes,
Our Ladye bare vpp her chinne,
And Child Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To ssee Faire Ellen swime.

And when shee ouer the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
He said, Come hither, Ffaire Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see!

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shine the gates;
There's four and twenty ffayre ladyes,
The ffairest is my wordlye make.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of redd gold shineth the tower;
There is four and twenty ffaire ladyes,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of redd gold shineth the yates;
God giue good then of your selfe,
And of your wordlye make!

I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,
That of redd gold shineth the tower;
God giue good then of your selfe,
And of your paramoure!

There were four and twenty ladyes,
Were playing att the ball,
And Ellen, was the ffairest ladye,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There were four and twenty faire ladyes
Was playing att the chesse;
And Ellen, shee was the ffairest ladye,
Must bring his horsse to grasse.

And then bespake Child Waters sister,
And these were the words said shee:
You haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother,
That euer I saw with mine eye;

But that his belly it is soe bigg,
His girdle goes wonderous hye;
And euer I pray you, Child Waters,
Let him goe into the chamber with mee.

It is more meete for a little ffootpage,
That has run through mosse and mire,
To take his supper vpon his knee
And sitt downe by the kitchin fyer,
Then to goe into the chamber with any ladye
That weares soe [rich] attyre.

But when the had supped euery one,
To bedd they took the way;
He sayd, Come hither, my little footpage,
Harken what I doe say.

And goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And low into the street;
The ffairest ladye that thou can find,
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her vp in thine armes two,
For filinge of her ffeete.

I pray you now, good Child Waters,
That I may creepe in att your bedds feete;
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may say a sleepe.

This [night] and itt droue on affterward
Till itt was neere the day:
He sayd, Rise vp, my litle ffoote-page,
And giue my steed corne and hay;
And soe doe thou the good blacke oates,
That he may carry me the better away.

And vp then rose Ffaire Ellen,
And gaue his steed corne and hay,
And soe shee did and the good blacke oates,
That he might carry him the better away.

Shee layned her backe to the manger side,
And greiuouslye did groane;
And that beheard his mother deere,
And heard her make her moane.

Shee said, rise vp, thou Child Waters,
I thinke thou art a cursed man;
For yonder is a ghost in thy stable,
That greiuouslye doth groane,
Or else some woman laboures of child,
Shee is soe woe begone.

But vp then rose Child Waters,
And did on his shirt of silke;
Then he put on his other clothes
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable-dore,
Full still that hee did stand,
That hee might heare now Faire Ellen,
How shee made her monand.

Shee said, Lullabye, my owne deere child!
Lullabye, deere child, deere!
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother layd on a beere!

Peace now, he said, good Faire Ellen,
And be of good cheere, I thee pray,
And the bridall and the churching both,
They shall bee vpon one day.

Child, Vol. II, Pt. 1, No. 63 A (Percy Manuscript, p. 274).

25. THE SUFFOLK COMEDY

The Suffolk Comedy.
In Three Parts.

To the Tune of Phillis the Lovely.

You young men and maidens of beauty most bright,
Give ear to my story of live and delight,
I know that most people will of it approve.
It shews that some maidens are crafty in love.
It is an old saying we often do hear,
That maids go a courting when it is Leap-year,
A comical courtship this proves in the end,
Most people will smile ere my song's at an end.
Young Cupid he ranges about now and then,
Fair maidens are wounded as well as the men.
For all must submit to his conquering bow,
As now by experience you soon shall know.
A pretty bright lady in London did dwell.
Whose parents were dead, 'tis known very well,
She had the possessions all in her own hands,
Of great sort of riches and houses and lands.
A gentleman out of the country did ride,
And at a great milliner's shop in Cheapside
He took up his lodgings, as I do declare,
That many a beautiful lady came there.
Fine gloves, and rich ribbons, and fans to buy,
And other fine nick-nacks that pleased their eye.
The gentleman of them did take a full view,
And often would pass a fine compliment too.
This beautiful lady amongst all the rest,
She came to the milliner's shop I protest,
And seeing this gentleman she for her part.
This instant was wounded by Cupid's dart.
This honoured beautiful lady by birth,
She thought him the beautifullest creature on earth,
Sweet was his carriage with eloquent ways,
That he was much deserving of praise.
When business was over this man to be plain,
He took coach, and rid to Suffolk again;
At which the lady was grieved full sore,
For he was the person that she did adore.
The fire of love it was kindled so great,
Her heart it lay panting, and so did beat;
So deeply was wounded, that she could not rest,
The tortures of love so inflamed her breast.

Then said the young beautiful lady, I find
That now I am deeply perplexed in mind;
In love I am deeply entangled, she cry'd,
Oh! that I could be that gentleman's bride.
Methinks I could be much pleas'd at the choice,
I like well his temper, and likewise his voice.
His courteous behaviour in ev'ry degree,
So fine, so sweet, and so pleasing to me.
I never shall rest 'till I find out his name,
And likewise from what place he came;
But if I my passion to him should unfold,
I fear he should slight me and call me too bold.
But rather than I will quite languish and die,
In short time I am resolved to try,
Perhaps by policy I shall contrive
To gain whom I fance, my heart to revive.

PART II.

Soon after this beautiful lady so gay,
Then in man's apparel herself did array;
And after this said man enquiry made,
Because to love him her heart was betray'd.
They told her from St. Edmund's Bury he came,
Which is in the county of Suffolk by name.
Disguised she rid down to Suffolk we find,
In order to ease her poor troubled mind.
In the town of Bury then as it is said,
For this gentleman she enquiry made,
In short time she found out the place where he dwelt,
But who can express the hot flames she felt.
This lady she went to a tavern hard by,
But drest like a man that no one may spy
That she was a woman thus in her disguise,
You'll say that she acted most cunning and wise;
She sent for this gentleman, with a design
To come and take part of a bottle of wine,
And soon to the tavern this gentleman came,
To visit this stranger of honour and fame,
This lady was like a young man to behold,
And said, Sir, excuse me for being so bold,
Tho' I'm a stranger no harm I do mean.
In fair London city your face I have seen.
The gentleman straitway replied in mirth
You look like a person that means to cheat,
And not like a person that's bred by birth,
But what is your business let me entreat.
Sir, I come from London, and hope no offence,
To you in great business, and ere I go hence,
The truth of this matter you soon shall know,
This set him a longing when he talked so.

They call'd for a supper and when it was o'er,
The gentleman said, Sir, I do you implore
To tell me your business then in her disguise,
She acted her business, both cunning and wise.
Sir, I have a sister, a lady by birth,
She is the most beautiful creature on earth;
And she is worth hundreds and thousands a year.
To tell you the truth, she loves you most dear.
My sister lies languishing now for your sake,
And therefore I hope you compassion will take,
And slight not a captive in love so confin'd,
Your answer I hope will be loving and kind.
The gentleman answer'd, without more ado,
You question me hard, but now tell me true,
If that your faces resemble alike,
Then I with your sister a bargain will strike.
Dear sir, she is like me in every part.
Why then I can love her with all my heart,
If there is no bubble nor trick in the case,
Your sister's kind proffer I mean to embrace.
She said, I must ride down to Cambridge with speed;
But since you have answer'd so kindly indeed,
I will ride to London before you get there,
And sir, you shall find all the matters are fair.
PART III.

The gentleman then betweixt hope and despair,
His journey to London forthwith did repair;
He found where this beautiful lady did dwell,
Hearing her fame he was pleased well.
The lady got home as before she had said,
And he was admitted by her waiting maid
To the lady's chamber; approaching the room,
To pay her this visit he then did presume.
Dear honoured lady excuse me, I pray,
From St. Edmund's Bury in Suffolk by name.
I had the good fortune your brother to see,
And by him to you here invited to be.
Sir, what do you mean? I'll take it on my death,
I have ne'er a brother alive on the earth.
This fill'd the gentleman with discontent,
And said, that he of a fool's errand was sent.
So taking his leave, he was going away,
This beautiful lady she cas'd him to stay;
And then to a supper she did him invite.
The charms of her beauty his soul did delight.
She said, Worthy sir, right welcome you be,
But pray relate the whole matter to me!
What person it was made use of my name,
Besides to affront you he was much to blame.

Dear sir, I am sorry with all my heart
That you should have such affront for your part.
Then the whole story he soon did declare
The lady she smil'd and could not forbear.
He had but small stomach to eat at the first,
Her kind entertainment soon made him mistrust,
That it was some juggle; the matter to prove
He greeted the lady with proffers of love,
She said, I could fancy you, had you not red hair.
Dear madam, you wrong me, I solemnly swear.
With that he pluck'd off his fine wig, and threw down,
Saying, Madam my hair it is a dark brown
The lady burst out in a laughter, and said,
Your wig will just fit me as I am a maid.
Her dress she pull'd off, and his wig she put on
Saying, Sir, do I look like a handsome young man.
The gentleman's heart then began to rejoice,
Saying, that is the face and sweet pretty voice
That I saw at Bury, therefore be not coy,
For now I am crown'd with raptures of joy.
Why, sir, are you sure on't, perhaps you mistake.
No, madam, I do not, my oath I can take.
Then how do you like me, sir, tell unto me,
Sweet honoured lady, right happy I be.
Excuse then a lady, sir, I you intreat,
For I'm a poor captive who lies at your feet,
I now crave your pardon for being so rude,
On such a kind gentleman thus to intrude.
Tis true, sir, I want not for silver nor gold,
I hope you'll excuse me for being so bold.
For love is a witchcraft, none can it withstand,
When little brisk Cupid gets the upper hand.
Dear lady, your love makes amends for it all,
And therefore in right happy splendor we shall
Be crowned with comfort when we are both ty'd,
And I shall be blest with a beautiful bride.
At Bow Church in London soon married they were,
Attended with gentlemen and ladies fair,
They rode down to Bury, and as many say,
Great feasting lasted for many a day.

Printed and sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard.

Harvard, Uncat. BSS, Box IV

26. ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN (Child 150)

A Famous Battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian declaring their Love, Life, and Liberty.

Tune, Robin Hood Reviv'd.

A bonny fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down down a down down
Maid Marian calld by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Hellen shee did excell;
For Maian then was praisd of all men
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The Earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

With kisses sweet their red lips meet,
For shee and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly imbrace,
With love and sweet unity.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forced to part,
To the marry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
For the absence of her friend;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
And his person did much commend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
Shee drest her self like a page,
And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, Buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about to find Robin out,
Whose person was better then gold.

But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguisd,
And Marian was strangly attir'd,
That they provd foes, and so fell to blowes,
Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
To hear the sweet nightingall sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Her self shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good lord, what clipping was there!
With kind imbraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And wandring in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

A stately banquet the(y) had full soon,
All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear,
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear.

For in a brave veine they tost off the(ir) bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain,
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.

At last they ended their merrymment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John and Maid Marian
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In sollid content together they livd,
With all their yeomen gay;
They livd by their hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude, an end I will make
In time, as I think it good,
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

Child, Vol. III, Pt. 1, No. 150; Wood BS, 401, leaf 21 b.

27. NORTHERN KNIGHT'S GARLAND

Northern Knight's Garland.

Shewing, How a Northern Lord sold his beautiful
Daughter to a Knight, for her Weight in Gold,
Which was borrowed of a Jew.--How the Knight
fled from the Jew to the German Court, where
he was kindly received.--How a Dutch Lord
betray'd him to the Jew, from whom he was
delivered by his Lady in Man's Apparel.--How
the Northern Lord came to have the Knight exe-
cuted for the supposed Murder of his Daughter, who,
under the Name of the Green Knight, freed him
from Death, and discovered herself to them.

A Northern lord of high renown, Two daughters had, the eldest brown,
The youngest beautiful and fair, A noble knight by chance came there.
The said, kind sir I have Two daughters dear, which do you crave?
She that is beautiful he cry'd. The noble lord he then reply'd,
She is charming beautiful and gay, And is not to be given away,
But as rich treasure bought and sold, And shall fetch her weight in

gold
The price I think you need not grudge, For I declare to give as much
With her own sister, if I can Find out a loving nobleman.

With that reply'd the noble knight,
I'd rather have that beauty bright, At your own price, renowned lord,
Then th' other with a large reward.

The bargain thus it soon was made, But e'er the sum it could be paid,
he borrow'd of a wealthy Jew, The sum so large, and writings drew,
That if he fail'd, or miss'd his day,
Then equal ounces he should pay, Of his own flesh, instead of gold
As was agreed, the sum was told.

Then he return'd immediately To the great Lord, where he did buy
His daughter beautiful and fair, And paid him down the money there.
He bought her, therefore'tis well known To all mankind she was his

own.
With whom a son he did enjoy, A sweet and pleasant sprightly boy.
At length the time of pay drew near, And therefore he began to fear
The torments of the cruel Jew, Because the money it was due.

And since the same he could not pay, He just as many ounces pay
Of his dear flesh, pick'd from his bones. This made him sigh with
bitter groans.

His lady ask'd him why he griev'd: He said, dear jewel I receiv'd
The sum of money from a Jew, With which I bought and purchased you.

Indeed it did, for soon they call The maid, who on her knees did fall
Before the court, and did confess, The Dutch lord's base unworthiness.
He hired me to steal a ring, Which he did to my master bring,
And said he had it from his wife, Which is the cause of all this
strife.

The court reply'd, and is it so, The lady too, for all we know,
May be alive, therefore we'll stay His sentence to another day.
The Dutch lord gave to him the ton Of gold, which he had fairly won:
And so he did in shame and grief, And thus the knight obtain'd relief.
The Dutch lord to revenge the spight Upon the noble English knight,
Did send a letter out of hand, That so the Jew might understand,
That he was in the German court. Therefore upon this true report,
The Jew he crossed the ocean wide, Resolving to be satisfy'd.
So soon as e'er he fix'd his eyes Upon the noble knight, he cries,
Now I your face once more behold, Your flesh I'll have instead of
gold.

Then said the noble knight in green, May not the articles be seen?
Yes that they may, reply'd the Jew, And I resolve to have my due.
The knight in green began to read, At length he said, I find indeed,
You nothing else but flesh must have. The Jew reply'd, I'll want I
crave.

Then said the noble emperor, Pray let me see it, noble sir; Who did
this bloody bond contrive To cut him into flakes alive.

The poor distressed knight was brought, The bloody-minded Jew he
thought
To be revenged then of him, And part the flesh from every limb,
Then said the noble knight in green, Jew, is thy knife both sharp and
keen.

Yes 'tis, he said, you need not fear, His arms and legs of flesh I'll
clear

The knight in green said, Mr. Jew, There's nothing else but flesh
your due;

Then see no drop of blood you shed, For if you do, off goes your head:
Your due now take with all out heart, But with his blood we will not
part

With that the Jew he sneak'd away, And had not one more word to say.
The knight in green got great applause, In that he made him quit the
cause

By telling him what would ensue, If any drops of blood he drew.
No sooner were these troubles past, But his wife's father came at last
Resolving for to have his life, For drowning his beloved wife.
Over the seas her father brought Many fine horses; one was bought
By this pretended knight in green, The very best that ever was seen.
Then to the German court he came, Declaring such an one by name,
Had drowned his fair daughter dear, And ought to die a death severe.

They brought him from his prison then Guarded by many armed men,
Unto the place where he must die, The knight in green was standing by.
Then from her side her sword she drew, And run her gelding thro' and
thro'

Her father said, why do you so? I may; it is my own you know.
You sold this gelding; its well-known I bought it, making it my own,
And may do what I please with it. To what she said he did submit.
Here is a man arraign'd and cast, And brought to suffer death at last,
Because your daughter dear he slew: Perhaps he did, what's that to

you?
You took his money, when you sold, Your daughter for her weight in
gold;
Therefore he might, it is well known, Do what he pleased with what's
his own

The noble lord her father there When he these arguments did hear,
Forgave him then immediately, Declaring that he should not die.
Then having chang'd her garments green, And drest herself like a

fair queen,
Her father and her husband strait Both knew her, and their joy was
great.

Soon they did carry the report, Thro' all the famous German court,
How the renowned English knight, Had found his charming beauty
bright.

The emperor and lords of fame, With cheerful hearts they did proclaim
An universal joy, to see This lady's Life and liberty.

Sold by S. Gamidge, in Worcester

University of Kentucky, Vol. VI, 76

28. THE VIRTUOUS WIFE OF BRISTOL

The Virtuous Wife of Bristol.

Come all you husbands lude and wild that after wanton love do stray
Be kind unto your loveing wives and a warning take by this I pray
In Bristol city late did dwell a lady bless'd with beauty bright
She marry'd to a merchant man, in whom she plac'd her whole delight
Ten thousand pounds her fortune was but little time she had been wed
but by a wicked harlot bold he was deluded from her bed;
Whole nights he from his wife did go she in his absence made great
moan

And said, I am unfortunate the man I love is from me flown
He for his wanton harlot did a gilded coach then strait provide
cloathed in robes of silver bright with footmen running by her side
While the distressed lady she was robbed of her worldly store;
Because the worst of husbands he to her great grief did then add more
He made his gold and silver fly, his wanton Mistress to maintain;
And when his substance he had spent home to his wife he'd go again.
He plunder'd her both night and day his wanton pleasures to fulfill
For all her arguments were vain. When she found he would have his
will

She said, my dear and hearts delight Ah! what have I done to thee,
That you forsake my beauty bright for a wanton harlots company
My fortune great wich I did bring on her you daily do bestow,
You soon will come to poverty if in this course of life you go,
He said, your words are all in vain I can no more adore your charms
She is the Phoenix of the world, I have no rest but when she's in
my arms.

Go wicked man most unkind, in lawless love to spend your time
You ne'er will find a heart so true, as you have found this heart
of mine.

When all your gold and silver store is gone, you'll little comfort
find

A Harlot's love is like the wind some other spark she will admire,
That can maintain her fine and gay; your darling creature you will
see,

Before your face the wanton play Three Hundred pounds he then did
take

From her, with richest Jewels bright: while chrystal tears bedew'd
her cheeks,

She patiently bid him good night.

He to his wanton Mistress goes, and shew'd to her the golden store.
She said, now stay with me my dear when that is gone then get some
more.

His lady to her parents went; and told to them her wretched case.
Who kindly took there daughter home, that he her substance should
not waste.

But she no rest at all could take her husband still run in her mind;
Resolving now some pranks to play if she could make him prove more
kind

Five hundred Guineas bright she took and from her fathers house did
stray

Her female dress she quite forsook and cloathed herself in man's
array

Her dress her person did disguise; so much that no one did her know;
Rich scarlet overlaid with gold she appeared like a gallant beau.

She to the place away did go, where with his mistress he did dwell;
and in the house a lodging took, wich being stated to her will,

She for a wealthy merchant went, he soon with her acquainted were;
He often kept her company, but little dream'd his love was there.

He more and more did take delight in the young merchants company
His harlot thinking her a man, on him did fix her wanton eye.

Seeing that he had riches store, resolves her golden bait to lay;
Her former love she bids adieu, because his riches did decay.

The disguised lady seeing this did oft frequent her company;
And to this strumpet soon made love, who told her, if she would deny
The spark wich her companion were, and yield your charms he said to
me;

In robes of gold I'll cloath my girl, like a lady of high degree.

She then put on her coldest looks of high disdain upon her dear,

His pocket being poor and low she said, 'tis time for to take care
She said, your whole estate is gone you say our wife you cannot find
You're like to poverty to fall, 'Tis time for me my self to mind.

I must be kept in rich array go get your money where you can;

Or else you may be sure that I shall soon incline to other men.

He said, my joy and hearts delight, some hundreds I have spent on
thee;

And I forsook my charming bride. Don't scorn me in my poverty.

What would you have me do, she cry'd! Pray do not weary out my life

The only friend you can go to, I truly think it is your wife.

From him she in a passion flew, saying, I beg com e here no more;

This made him think up on his wife. Saying nothing is baser then a
whore.

My marriage vows I lately broke, I slighted her who did me adore:

I wrong'd my wife and babies dear. Now heaven scourges me therefore

Then he did wander up and down but know not where to find his wife:

His friends forsook his company, being weary of his wretched life,

He once more to his mistress goes, and there before his eyes he see,

The youthful merchant and his dear she said to him, scornfully

Why do you follow me she said you'll soon be in a tatter'd dress.

This is yr man that I admire. Then rose and gave her spark a kiss,
 The female merchant in disguise, your suit you must now cast aside
 For now within a day or two I intend to make this girl my bride.
 But if to morrow you will come a bargain with you I will make;
 The writings I'll have fairly drawn that you her company forsake.
 And since that you are in distress the things that you to her have
 gave
 Your jewels, rings, and costly cloaths I do intend that you shall
 have.
 A Chariot then of shining gold, six steeds that are whiter then snow,
 I do intend to buy this girl for to draw her beauty to and fro
 She shall be deck'd in diamonds bright the richest from the Indian
 shore
 I will bestow upon my dear, she shall return to you your store.
 The strumpet she did soon agree. To part with all her treasure
 bright
 And said we'll not stay another day for the writings shall be drawn
 to night
 This pleas'd the lady in disguise, than for a lawyer they did send.
 And madam fetch'd down all her things thinking she'd got a better
 friend.
 Rich costly rings, and jewels bright down on the table she did lay
 And Cloaths of fine brocaded silk wich from his wife he'd took away,
 She said, now take away your geer, let me be plag'd with it no more;
 This man besure did love me well, when he entic'd me for his whore.
 The virtuous wife at this did smile, but gallants come now lend an
 ear
 Thus cunningly she did beguile she that her husband did ensnare:
 The writings being fairly drawn he takes up all the golden store,
 He said, I'll seek my virtuous wife you are welcome Sir to wed my
 whore
 Base villain Madam did say; and at this face like fury flew
 I soon shall be a merchants wife, and no more will be a whore to you
 Then said his wife, were will you go? Now you have got some riches
 store;
 He said to seek my virtuous wife and for ever will her adore,
 Then to the strumpet's great surprize into her husband's arms she
 flew
 Saying now sorrow's at an end, here is your wife that still is true
 I am your dear and loving wife disguised thus to follow thee;
 I hope your eyes are open'd clear now see a harlots treachery,
 He clasp'd his arms around her waist crying now my dear your face I
 know
 The whore cry'd out I'll have my Cloaths but his sweet wife answered
 no.

29. THE GOLDEN GLOVE (N-20)

The Golden Glove.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-court, 7
Dials. Battledores, Primers, &c. sold very
cheap.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth we hear
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.
The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was appointed to give her away
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamed her heart, O my heart she did cry,
She turn'd from the squire but nothing she said
Instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind
A way for to have him she quickly did find,
Coat waistcoat & trowsers she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog & her gun.
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell
Because in her heart she did love him full well,
She oftentimes fired, but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field,
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went
I thought you had been at the wedding she cry'd
To wait on the squire, and give him his bride;
No sir said the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her whenever she commands
It pleased the lady to find him so bold
She gave him a glove that was flower'd with gold;
And told him she found it when coming alon
As she was a hunting with her dog & her gun
The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove,
And the man that found it & brought it to me
The man that did bringit her husband shouldbe
The farmer was pleased when heard of the news,
With a heart full of love to the lady he goes
Dear honoured lady I have pick'd up a glove,

And hope you will be pleased to grant me your love.
It is already granted I will be your bride,
I love the sweetbreath of a farmer she cried,
I'll be mistress of my dairy & milking my cows
While my jolly farmer is whistling at plough.
And when she was married she told of her fun
How she went a hunting with her dog & gun
(But) now I have got him fast in a snare
 enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.

University of Kentucky, Vol. V, 22.

30. THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN (N-21)

Sylvia's Request, And William's Denial.

Fair Sylvia on a certain day,
Drest herself in man's array;
With a brace of pistols by her side,
To meet her true love away did ride.
She met her true love on the plain,
And boldly bid him for to stand;
Stand and deliver kind sir I crave.
Or else this moment your life I'll have.
When she had got his watch and store,
She said kind sir there's one thing more
There's a diamond ring I saw you have
Deliver that, your life I'll save.
My diamond ring a token was
My life I'll lose but that I'll keep,
Being tender hearted like a dove,
She rode away from her true love.
One day this couple they were seen,
Like two lovers in a garden green,
He spied his watch hang on her clothes,
Which made him blush like any rose.
What makes you blush at such a silly thing,
I fain would have had your diamond ring,
For 'twas I that robb'd you on the plain,
So take your watch and gold again.
How could you venture such a plot,
If you had fired your pistol shot;
You must have suffered innocent,
And I in grief then should repent.
I only did it for to know,
Whether you were a true lover or no;
But now I've a contented mind,
My heart and all, my dear are thine.
The match was made without delay,
And soon they fix'd the wedding day;
And now they live in joy and content,
In happiness their days are spent.

Harvard, 25242.27, p. 319

(C) Miscellaneous Ballads Involving
Women Disguised as Men
(No. 31-37)

31. THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN (Child 106)

The Famous Flower Of Serving-Men;
Or, The Lady Turn'd Serving Man.

You beauteous ladies, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffer'd in this land.
I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir;
But when my good old father died,
Then was I made a young knight's bride.
And then my love built me a bower
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Than my true love did build for me.
But there come thieves late in the night,
Who robb'd my bower and slew my knight,
And after that my knight was slain,
I could no longer there remain.
My servents all did from me fly
In the midst of my extremity,
And left me by myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.
Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to despair,
Therefore in haste I chang'd my name,
From Fair Elise to Sweet William:
And therewithall I cut my hair,
And drest myself in man's attire,
My doublet, hose, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck,
With a silver rapier by my side;
So like a gallant I did ride:
The thing I did delight upon,
It was to be a serving-man.
Thus in my sumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the last it chanced so
That I to the King's court did go:
Then to the King I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to show;
And so much favour I did crave,
That I a serving man's place might have.

Stand up, brave youth, the King reply'd,
Thy service shall be not be deny'd;
But tell me first what thou canst do,
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.
Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,
To wait upon me when I dine?
Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both soft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee thy reward.
Sweet William, with a smiling face.
Said to the King, If it please your grace
To show such favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.
The King did then his nobles call,
To ask the counsel of them all;
Who gave consent Sweet William he
The King's own chamberlain should be.
Now mark what strange things came to pass,
As the King one day hunting was
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did alone remain.
Sweet William had no company then
With him at home, but an old man;
And when he saw the house was clear,
He took a lute which he had there:
Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,
And to the same he sung and said,
With a sweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice.
My father was as brave a lord
As ever Europe did afford,
My mother was a lady bright,
My husband was a valiant knight,
And I myself a lady gay,
Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array;
The bravest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.
I had my music every day,
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continually to wait on me.
But now alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former joys are past and gone;
For I am now a serving-man.

At last the King from hunting came,
And presently upon the same
He called for this good old man,
And thus to speak the King began.
What news, what news, old man! quoth he,
What news hast thou to tell to me?
Brave news! the old man he did say,
Sweet William is a lady gay.
If this be true thou tellest me,
I'll make thee a lord of high degree;
But if thy words do prove a lye,
Thou shalt be hang'd up presently.
But when the King the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound;
According as the old man did say,
Sweet William prov'd a lady gay.
Therefore the King, without delay,
Put on her glorious rich array,
And on her head a crown of gold,
Which was most glorious to behold.
And then, for fear of further strife,
He took Sweet William for his wife:
The like before was never seen,
A Serving-man became a Queen.

Printed and sold by J. Butler, in High-Street, Worcester. Sold
also by G. Lewis, in Broad Street, Worcester; and by S. Hazell, in
Bolt Lane, Gloucester.

Yale/Beinecke, BS BY6 ^{4°} 1705

32. THE FEMALE DUEL

An Excellent New Song, Call'd The Female Duel;
Or The Victorious Williamite Lady. Who Was
Challeng'd To Fight A Duel By A Jacobite Lady.

Tune of, If Love's a Sweet Passion.

In Yorkshire late happened a desperate fight,
'Tween a Jacobite Lady and a Williamite,
'Twas fought with such courage no men could do more,
Nor the like was nere known 'tween two women before,
For each met in the field with her sword by her side,
Resolving the same should their quarrel decide.

'Twas after this manner the fray did begin,
At a Knights in Yorkshire at a merry-making,
There many fair ladies and gentlemen din'd,
When dinner was over then round went the wind,
By that time each drank for their shear a whole quart,
Then a bumper round (for health) at a draught.

Says the Jacobite lady, Drink a health to the King,
Says the Williamite lady, that health I'll begin,
In the field he's a monarch that's valiant and brave,
And does venture his life these three kingdoms to save,
Come Madam, success to King William I say,
And to all his brave forces by land and by sea.

The Jacobite lady being put to a stand,
Immediately struck glass and wine from her hand,
And called her rebellious Heretick too,
Then took up a bottle to give her a blow;
But some there did hinder her furious design,
And fain would persuade her to friendship that time.

But nothing her passion that time could assuage,
She rise up in a fury, went away in a rage;
Next Morning she sent her a letter with speed;
When the Williamite Lady the same once did read,
She found she was challeng'd, a sword she must bring,
And fight her, for drinking a health to the King.

The Williamite lady not daunted in mind,
But answer did send, she would meet at the time;
A suit of her brother's this lady put on
With a sword by her side too she marched along,
To meet her bold challenger fairly to fight,
For she said she'd not fear any she-Jacobite.

You are for King William, the Jacobite cry'd;
I am so, and will be while I live, she reply'd:
Then you and I must have a tryal of skill;
You see I am prepared to kill, or be kill'd.
Then bravely they thrust at each other I say,
But the Jacobite lady was forc'd to give way.

Their glittering swords they did heartily push,
Till the Jacobite lady fell into a bush.
A man who did spie them came running in hast,
And held, as he thought, a young man by the wast,
Till the lady who fell, and lay bleeding, did cry,
I am wounded, come help me, or else I shall dye.

Her hat and wigg falling off made them to be known,
Or else they had gone for two young men unknown;
But when I found out who these young women were,
They beg'd I would not their strange quarrel declare;
And had not one's Brother come just as he did,
This secret for me should for ever been hid.

Printed and sold by P. Pelcomb.

FINIS.

Fawcett, Broadside Ballads of The Restoration Period, pp. 136-137.

33. CHEAT UPON CHEAT

Cheat Upon Cheat, Or, The Debaucht Hypocrite.

Being a True Account of two Maidens, who
lived in London near Fish-street, the one
being named Susan, the other Sarah, Susan,
being dressed in Mans Apparel, Courted Sarah, to
the Great Trouble of the deceived Damsel, who
thought to be pleasur'd by her Bridals Nights Lodging
as you may find by the sequel.

When Maidens come to Love and Dote. Against their wills they needs
must shew't
And want the use of man, Let them do what they can.
To the Tune of, Tender hearts of London City.

Come and hear the strangest Story, Ever Fortune lay'd before ye,
Of a wedding strange but true, For such a one was neverknown,
as I will now declare to you.
There was two maids in London-City, One was wanton 'tother witty;
Sue and Sarah were their Names, It doth appear they married were
and Sarah tasted Cupids flames.
A Gentleman that lived nigh 'um, had a mighty mind to try 'um,
and this Susan did ingage, That she would go and Court her so,
that she her passion might asswage.
Disguis'd went she, and fell to wooing Sarah she would needs be doing,
for she quickly gave consent, They soon agreed to match with speed,
but now poor Sarah doth lament.
Susan strangely was disguised, Sarahs heart was soon surprized,
so that she did condescend, She ne'r deny'd to be a Bride,
but her young Lover did commend.
While her joys were thus compleated, Sarah was extreamly cheated,
which did make her vitals fail, To bed they went with joynt consent,
and she found a Cat without a Taile.
Now is Sarah much concerned, But by this some wit she Learned,
though she for it paid full dear, For from her eyes with fresh
supplies,
down trickles many a brackish tear.
Sarah thought love her befriended, Now but mark what this attended,
and twill make you much admire, That Susan she, so arch should be,
to let poor Sarahs heart on fire.
With Sword & Wigg was Susan dressed Sarah thought that she was blessed
with a Gallant none more fair, But pittty 'twas, a wanton Lass,
should be so much mistaken there.

Now is Sarah discontented, her misfortune much lamented,
Maidens then pray have a care, Lest Susan comes with Sugar plums,
to bring poor damsels into a snare.
Quoth Sarah why would you abuse one, Whom you lov'd deceitful Susan,
why would you me thus betray, Oh then quoth she, 'twas jollitry,
that made me thus the antick play.
Let no one know how you miscary'd, how mistaken when you marry'd,
for twill make the world to laugh, You walkt your round, & then you
found

a Constable without a Staff.

Wonder not why this I write you, To be merry I invite you,
and to none I harm do think, Let Sarah grieve, Sue did deceive,
which made poor Sarahs heart to sink.

To all Maids let this be a warning, All are wise that still are
learning

Beauty is a meer decoy, Then have a care, least Cupids snare,
do make you curse the blinking Boy.

Printed for, I. Blare, at the Looking-Glass in the New-Buildings
on London-Bridge.

Harvard, 25242.68-pEB-B65H, Vol. I, BS 28 r

34. THE FEMALE HIGHWAY HECTOR

The Female Highway Hector:

Or, An Account Of A Woman, Who Was
Lately Arraign'd For Robbing On The High-Way
In Man's Apparel: Containing, A Relation
Of Several Noted Exploits Which She Perform'd
In That Bold Undertaking.

To an excellent new Tune called The Rant.

You Gallants of every Station, give ear to a frolicksome Song;
The like was ne'er seen in the Nation, 'twas done by a Female so young
She bought her a Mare and a bridle, a Saddle, and Pistols also,
She resolved she would not be idle, for upon the Pad she did go.
She Cloathed her self in great Splendor, for Breeches and Sword she
had on,

Her Body appear'd very slender; she show'd like a pretty Young-man.
And then like a Padder so witty, she mounted with speed on her Mare;
She left all her friends in the City, and steered her Course towards
Ware.

The first that she met was a Grocer was walking with Cane in his hand,
The soon to the Spark came up closer, and boldly she bid him to stand.
She took from him but a Guinea, and then met a Taylor with Shears,
And because the poor Rouge had no Money, she Genteely clipt of his
Ears.

The next that she met was a Tanner for loss of his money he cry'd,
And because he bauld in this manner, she handsomely tanned his hide.
She rode about seven miles farther, and then a Stage-Coach she did
Rob;

The Passengers all cry'd out Murther: but this was a Fifty-pound Jobb.
And then she robb'd a Welsh Miller, she fac'd him and gave him the
Word:

but splutter'd and swore hur would kill her, if that hur had got but
her Sword.
And then she came up with a Quaker, she told him, she must have his
Coin:

Quoth he, Tou silly Wise-acre thou shalt have no Money of mine.
She show'd him a Pistol to prove him; he told her by Yea and by Nay,
That since the good Spirit did move him, she might take his money
away.

An Excise-man, she then next accosted and bid him Deliver with speed;
He often of Valour had boasted, but he was a Coward indeed.

She Rifled him then of his Money; oh! this was a very rich Prize.
She took from him four-score Guineys, which he had receiv'd for

Excise.
The next that she met was a Padder, well mounted upon a bay Nag;
Oh! this made her for much the gladder, she told him she wanted a

bag.
He thought she would certainly fight him, prepared himself out of

hand:
And she was resolved to fright him, She damn'd him, and bid him to
stand.

He presently drew out his Rapier and bid her to stand on her guard;
But quickly away she did Caper. The highway man, follo'd her hard.
He follow'd and soon overtook her, and searched her Breeches with
speed;

And as he did well over look her, he found her a woman indeed!
The highway man stood all amazed; but she had no cause to complain.
Tho' with her he did what he pleased, he gave her the Money again.

Printed for C. Bates at the White hart in West Smithfield.

Harvard, 25242.68-pEB-B65H, Vol. I, BS 103 r

35. THE CRUEL MOTHER (Child 20)

The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty: Or
The Wonderful Apparition Of Two Infants
Whom She Murther'd And Buried In A Forrest,
For To Hide Her Shame.

To
an excellent new Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

There was a Duke's Daughter lived in York,
Come bend and bear away the Bows of Yew
So secretly she loved her Father's Clark,
Gentle Hearts be to me true.

She lov'd him long and many a day,
Come bend, &c.
Till big with Child she went away,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She went into the wide Wilderness,
Come bend, &c.
Poor she was to be pitied for her heaviness,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She leant her back against a Tree,
Come bend, &c.
And there she endur'd much misery,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She leant her back against an Oak,
Come bend, &c.
With bitter sighs these words she spoke.
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She set her foot against a Thorne
Come bend, &c.
And there she had two pritty Babes born,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She took her filliting off her head,
Come bend, &c.
And then she ty'd them hand and leg,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She had a penknife long and sharp,
Come bend, &c.
And there she stuck them to the heart
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She dug a Grave, it was long and deep,
Come bend, &c.
And there she laid them into sleep
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The coldest Earth it was their Bed,
Come bend, &c.
The green Grass was their Coverlid,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She cut her hair and changed her Name
Come bend, &c.
From Fair Elinor to Sweet William
Gentle Hearts, &c.

As she was gowing by her Father's hall,
Come bend, &c.
She see three Children aplaying at ball,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

One was drest in Scarlet fine,
Come bend, &c.
And the other as naked as e're they was born,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother, if these Children was mine,
Come bend, &c.
I would dress them Scarlet fine,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother, when we was thine,
Come bend, &c.
You did not dress us in Scarlet fine,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You set your back against a Tree,
Come bend, &c.
And there you endured great misery,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You set your foot against a Thorne,
Come bend, &c.
And there you had us pretty Babes born
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You took your filleting off your head,
Come bend, &c.
And there you bound us hand and leg,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You had a Penknife long and sharp,
Come bend, &c.
And there you stuck us to the heart
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You dug a Grave, it was long and deep
Come bend, &c.
And there you laid us into sleep,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The coldest Earth it was our Bed,
Come bend, &c.
The green Grass was our Coverlid,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O, Mother, O Mother, for your sin,
Come bend, &c.
Heaven-gate you shall not enter in.
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O, Mother, O Mother, for your sin,
Come bend, &c.
Hell-gates stands open to let you in,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The Lady's cheeks look'd plae and wand,
Come bend, &c.
Alas! said she, What have I done?
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She tore her silken locks of hair,
Come bend, &c.
And dy'd away in sad despair,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

Young Ladies, all of beauty bright,
Come bend and bear away the Bows of Yew,
Take warning by her last good-night
Gentle Hearts be to me true.

London, Printed for J. Deacon at the sign of the Angel in
Guiltspur Street.

Fawcett, Broadside Ballads of The Restoration Period, p. 150, No. 60.

36. THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

The Boys of Wexford.

Street Ballad.

Robert Dwyer Joyce, M.D.

Air--"The Boys of Wexford."

In comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying, Brave United man,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give you,
And fly from home with thee,
And dress myself in man's attire,
And fight for libertie!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbours
That were at Vinegar Hill!
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy--
A tyrant he laid low!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand,
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross, and Wexford town;
And, if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubber'neering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford,
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us--
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

My curse upon all drinking!
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost evermore;
And, if for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still!
We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain,
And free our native land!

Duncathail [Varian], Ballads, Popular Poetry and Household Songs
of Ireland, p. 100.

37. THE HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION

The Heroine of the Revolution.

By Philip Freneau.

To men in power.

Ye Congressmen and men of weight,
Who fill the public chairs,
And many a favour have conferr'd
On some unknown to Mars;
And ye, who hold the post of fame,
The helmsmen of our great affairs,
Afford a calm attentive ear
To her who handled sword and spear,
A heroine in a bold career,
Assist a war-worn dame.

With the same vigorous soul inspired
As Joan of Arc, of old,
With zeal against the Briton fired,
Her spirit warm and bold,
She march'd to face her country's foes
Disguised in male attire:
Where 'er they prowl'd through field or town,
With steady step she follow'd on;
Resolved the conflict to sustain,
She met them on the hill, the plain,
And hostile to the English reign,
She hurl'd the blasting fire.

Now for such generous toils undured,
Her day of warfare done,
In life's decline at length reward
This faithful Amazon:
She asks no thousands at your hands,
Though mark'd with many a scar;
She asks no share of Indian lands,
Though lands you have to spare!

But something in the wane of days
To make her snug and keep her warm,
A cottage and the cheery blaze,
To shield her from the storm;
And something to the pocket, too,
Your bounty might afford,
Of her, who did our foes pursue
With bayonet, gun, and sword.

Reflect how many tender ties
A female must undergo
Ere to the martial camp she flies
To meet the invading foe:
How many bars has nature placed,
And custom many more,
Less slighted woman should be graced
With trophies gain'd in war.

All these she nobly overcame,
And scorn'd a censuring age,
Join'd in the ranks, her road to fame,
Despised the Briton's rage
And men, who, with contracted mind,
All arrogant, condemn
And make disgrace in womankind
What honour is in them.

Wm. McCarty, Songs, Odes and Other Poems, on National Subjects;
Compiled from Various Sources, Vol. III. (Philadelphia: Wm.
McCarty, 1842), p. 273.

2. Ballads Which Depict Women in a Military Context
But Which Portray Them Undisguised

(No. 38-39)

39. THE SMUGGLER'S BRIDE

The Smuggler's Bride.

Attention give and a tale I'll tell,
Of a damsle fair that in Kent did dwell,
On the Kentish coast when the tempest rolled,
She fell deep in love with a smuggler so bold.
Upon her pillow she could not sleep,
When her valiant smuggler was on the deep,
While the winds did whistle, she would complain
For her valiant smuggler that ploughed the raging main
When Will arrived on his native coast,
He would fly to her that he valued most--
He would fly to Nancy his lover true,
And forget all hardships he'd lately been thro'.
One bright May morning the sun did shine,
And lads and lasses all gay and fine,
Along the coast they did trip along,
To behold their wedding and sing a cheerful song.
Young Nancy then bid her friends adieu,
And to sea she went with her lover true,
In storms and tempests all hardships braves,
With her valiant smuggler upon the foaming waves.
One stormy night when the winds did rise,
And dark and dismal appeared the skies,
The tempest rolled and waves did roar,
And the valiant smuggler were driven from shore.
Cheer up cries William, my valiant wife,
Says Nancy,--I never valued life,
I'll brave the storms and tempest through,
And fight for William with a sword and pistol too.
At length a cutter did on them drive,
The cutter on them did soon arrive,
Don't be daunted--though we're but two,
We'll not surrender-but fight like Britons true.
Cheer up, says Nancy with courage true,
I will fight dear William and stand by you
They like Britons fought, Nancy stood by the gun,
They beat their enemies and quickly made them run.
Another cutter now hove in sight,
And join'd to chase them with all their might;
They were overpowered and soon disarmed,
It was then young Nancy and William were alarmed.

A shot that moment made Nancy start,
Another struck William to the heart,
This shock distressed lovely Nancy's charms,
When down she fell and expired in William's arms.
Now Will and Nancy love bid adieu,
They lived and died like two lovers true,
Young men and maidens now faithful prove,
Like Will and Nancy who lived and died in love.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Sadler-Street, Durham.

Harvard, 25242.17, Vol. II, BS 5

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- 25252.19 [109 Chapbooks collected by John Bell, Newcastle]
- 25262.2 [Murison Manuscript. Pieces collected in Old Deer, Scotland, by Mrs. A.F. Murison for Prof. Child]
- 25274.2 [An extensive collection of histories, ballads, songs, jest-books. . . &c. probably formed by James and Sir Alexander Boswell. 55 Vols.]
- 25276.2 "Curious Productions" [A Collection of 83 Chap-books printed in London and Belfast; formed by James Boswell. 3 Vols.]
- 25276.4.7 [A Collection of Scottish ballads, tales, etc. published in Paisley, etc. from 1823-1838]
- 25276.9.5 [Grub St. Garlands]
- 25276.18 [A Collection of 17 Scotch chap-books from the Gibson-Craig Collection]
- 25276.19 [Collection of 88 Scotch Chap-books. 5 Vols.]
- 25276.20 [A Collection of 26 Chap-books, containing Songs, tales, etc. 2 Vols.]
- 25276.23 [A Collection of 34 pieces, containing songs, ballads, and tales, printed at Glasgow, Paisley, Stirling, Airdrie, and Otley, cir. 1827-29]

- 25276.43.5-43.13 [Collection of Miscellaneous
Chapbooks. 1 Box]
- 25276.43.8 [A Collection of 22 Chapbooks con-
taining English and Scotch Songs
and Ballads]
- 25276.44 [A Collection of 30 Chap-books, un-
bound, formerly belonging to Bishop
Percy, and having annotations in
his hand]

Uncatalogued Broadsides
4 Boxes

Uncatalogued Scrapbook, "Street Ballads"

[Miscellaneous Uncatalogued Broadsides. 1 Box]

[Miscellaneous Broadsides. "Uncatalogued Poetry"]

Widener Library (Widener)

25252.20 [Collection of Chapbooks]. 2 Vols.

25276.33 [Chapbooks]

Huntington Library
San Marino, California

- 55382 [A Collection of 87 Broadside Songs,
Mounted, and Numbered]
- 259489 [Collection of Broadside Songs]
- 289716-788 [Collection of 18th-century English
Broadside Ballads, &c.]
- 297337 [Collection of about 300 Broadside
Ballads, &c.]
- 430486 [A Collection of Broadside Ballads]

Irish Folk Music Collections
University College, Earlesfort Terrace
Dublin, Ireland

Irish Folklore Collections (formerly The Irish Folklore
Commission)
Irish Folklore Department
University College
Dublin, Ireland

A number with no prefix = Main MS Collection

S prefix = MSS. na Scol

R prefix = Disc recording

T prefix = Tape recording

Asterisk = Copy at UCLA Folklore Archive

McCall [Patrick J. McCall Collection of
Ballads, 2 Vols.]

MacDonagh [The Donagh MacDonagh Collection]

O'Leary [O'Leary, Simon. Irish Ballad Sheets
(collected by Simon O'Leary [1865-
1955] of 8 The Glen, Limestone Rd.,
Belfast, and deposited in the Irish
Folklore Commission 12 June 1968)]

Library Company of Philadelphia
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[Broadside Ballad Collection]

Library of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Archive of Folk Song

Gordon Manuscripts

Main Collection of Archive Recordings

Manuscript Division

[Cole, Thomas. Orderly Book]

Library of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Music Division

[Uncatalogued Broad­sides. 5 Boxes and Miscellaneous
Folders]

Rare Book Division

[Civil War Songs. Union. 3 Vols.]

[Collection of Broadside Songs]

PR974 [Chapbooks, Glasgow, &c., 1823-29]
C47

PR976. [Irish Ballads and Songs; a Collec-
I7 tion of Broad­sides]

PR977 [Broadside Ballads, London &c.
B7folio 1790-1830]

PR1187. "A Garland of New Songs" [Collection
G3 of Chapbooks]

PR1187. "Good Ship Kitty, &c. [Ballad garland]
G5

PS593. "American Ballads and Songs" [A
L8A3 Collection of Mounted Broad­sides.
V.1-4 4 Vols.]

Massachusetts Historical Society
Boston, Massachusetts

[Collection of Ballads]

Memorial University of Newfoundland
Folklore and Language Archive
St. John's Newfoundland

The MacEdward Leach Collection

Folklore and Language Archive Collection

National Library of Ireland
Dublin, Ireland

J39988 [Dublin Song Book, (c. 1820)]
Hume MS. [Songs and Ballads in use in the
490 Province of Ulster. . . 1845]

New York Historical Society
New York City, New York

[Broadside Ballads] The Happy Ship Carpenter
S.Y. 1817-8

[Broadside Ballads] The Happy Ship Carpenter
Y.S. 1800-43

[Irish Ballads]

New York Public Library
New York City, New York

The Arents Collection

[Broadside Ballad Scrapbook. c.1800]

Music Division

[Broadside Collection. Special Collections]

*MO+ Grainger, Percy and Rose Grainger.
(English) [Percy Grainger's Collection of
English Folksongs, Sea Chanties,
etc., Nos. 100-300] (fac.)

*MP [American Songs and Ballads. Col-
US lection of Broadside]

Rare Book Division

Individually The Bristol Bridegroom &c.
Catalogued
Ballads *KVB

*KVBp.v.1-2 [Collection of Street Ballads.
2 Vols.]

*KVBp.v.3 [Collection of Ballads. Manchester.
J. Swindells]

*KVDp.v.9, No.13 Bonny Mally Stewart; To which are
added Her Blue rollin' e'e. &c.

*KVDp.v.10,
No. 89 Bonny Mally Stewart; To which are
added, Her blue rollin' e'e. &c.

*KVDp.v.10,
No. 100 Rob Boy Macgregor, To which are
added, Mrs. F's Delight, &c.

[Uncatalogued Broadside Ballads. 4 Boxes]

Research Division

NCK Erin Machree &c. [Collection of
Irish Chapbooks]

Pearse Street Library
Dublin, Ireland

Gilbert The Sir John T. Gilbert Collection

Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

Firestone Library, Main Collection

3588.999 [American Ballads. A Collection of
Pamphlets]

Firestone Library, Rare Book Division

(EX)PR1181.
xc6 [A Collection of English, Scottish
and Irish Broadside Ballads]

EX
3598.321 [Eighteenth-century Broadside]

EX
3598.847 [Scrapbook containing Broadside,
Chapbooks, &c.]

Russell, Ma-
linda and
Samuel [Manuscript Commonplace Books]

Providence Public Library, Special Collections
Providence, Rhode Island

[Collection of Irish Broadside Ballads]

Royal Irish Academy
Dublin, Ireland

[Broadside Ballad Collections]

3.C.37	12.B1.12	66.H.17
3.C.38	12.73.18	

Schrader, Arthur F.
Southridge, Massachusetts

Selected photocopies of broadsides in "The Madden
Collection of Broadside Ballads," University Library,
Cambridge University, Cambridge, England

Trinity College
Dublin Ireland

[Broadside Ballad Collections]

21.bb.51	22.0.11	82.a.40
21.bb.52	66.w.165	Gall.R.15.35

Ulster Folk Museum
Belfast, Northern Ireland

University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA)
Los Angeles, California

UCLA Folklore Archive
Center for the Study of Comparative
Folklore and Mythology

Morton Collection	Folksong Collection of Robin Morton of Ulster, Northern Ireland; copies in UCLA Folklore Archive
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National Library of Ireland Broadside	Copies in UCLA Folklore Archive
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Shields
Collection

Folksong Collection of Hugh Shields,
Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland;
copies in Ulster Folk Museum, Belfast,
and UCLA Folklore Archive

Western
Kentucky Collec-
tion

Wilgus Collection, Western Kentucky
State University, Bowling Green, Ken-
tucky; copies in UCLA Folklore Archive

UCLA, Special Collections (University Research Library)

Sp.Coll.
#605

[Broadside Ballads. 6 Boxes]

PR974
C69

[Collection of 15 Ballad Chapbooks]

PR974
C691

[Collection of 12 English Ballad
Chapbooks]

PR1181
B198

[Collection of Chapbook Ballads]

*PR1181
C92

"A Curious Collection of Old Songs
and Ballads" [Mounted Broadside]

PR1187
G19r

"A Right Choyse and Merry Book of
Garlands" [Collection of Chapbooks
compiled by William Garret. 3 Vols.]

University of Kentucky
Margaret I. King Library, Special Collections
Lexington, Kentucky

[Collection of Broadside Ballads. 6 Vols.]

Folksongs
from East
Kentucky

"Collected by Folk Song Project of
the Federal Music Project in Ken-
tucky. Works Progress Administration"

Yale University
Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library
New Haven, Connecticut

BS₄^o
BY6

A Lover's Lamentation

Folio 254	[Miscellaneous English Broadside Ballads, &c.]
Ib57 +t2	[Miscellaneous English Broadside Ballads, &c. Collected by Charles Stonehill]
Ib57 +t3	[Miscellaneous English and Irish Broadside Ballads]
Ib57 t800	[A Collection of 37 Popular English Songbooks. London, c.1800]
Ib57 t800g	[A Garland of New Songs. Case 2]
Ib58 Td1	[A Collection of English Broadside Ballads of the Eighteenth Century]
Ib57 T1	[Ballads and Broadside Collected by Lovat Fraser. 20 Vols.]
MS Osborn Shelves d215 Holograph 1856	"A Book of Ballads Ancient." [Manuscript Book of Ballads]

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