

SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

SELECTED BY

CHRISTOPHER STONE

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION

How far is a collection of Sea Songs a monument to the memory of poets and musicians who have endeavoured to represent the taste and spirit of sea-faring folk, or a record of compositions commonly sung by sailors to audiences of their brethren? This question is nearly sure to meet every one whose experience goes back to the time when seamen tried to relieve the monotony of a long voyage and entertain their ship-mates by singing—to tunes never made the subject of musical notation—songs never reduced to writing. Most of these have disappeared beyond hope of recovery. A few have been preserved, but have been so altered in the process of preservation that they only faintly resemble the originals. The Introduction to this little volume is surely a proper place in which to remind or for the first time inform landsmen that, till a date within living memory, British sailors had a set of folk-songs of their own; composed and sung by their own minstrels; and almost, perhaps quite, unknown to their fellow countrymen on shore. We should have to go back to a remote period in order to reach the days in which these songs were the only ones

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that sailors cared to listen to or to sing. Though they have now been completely supplanted by the compositions of regular song-writers and musicians, the process of supplanting them has been slow in operation. In its gradual extension we may trace the history of the lessening isolation of seamen as a class, of their increasing association with the rest of their fellow men.

The old and true sea songs were peculiar in construction and in melody. Occasionally there was real poetry in them, but it was poetry of the thought or idea, not of the phraseology. The versification was simple; there was much latitude as to rhymes and as to metre; and most of the airs might have seemed monotonous to ears accustomed to more highly developed music. These airs sometimes lent themselves to the expression of gentle melancholy, and the minstrels who managed, as many of them did manage, to infuse into their performance a slight element of sadness could always hold the attention of an audience. There was something moving in the contrast between the perfect silence with which a crowd of men closely packed in a small space listened to each stanza and the volume of sound put forth by earnest voices in the chorus. In the Royal Navy the term sea song was unknown. What landsmen would have so designated, blue-jackets called 'Fore-bitters'. The stage or rostrum on which the singer took his place was the fore-bitts—a stout construction of timber near the fore-mast through which

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many of the principal ropes were led. This raised him some three feet above his audience, who squatted on the deck, on coils of rope, or on the trucks and brackets of neighbouring gun-carriages. In the Fore-bitter the singer had no accompaniment. He trusted to his voice alone. The songs were almost always of great length, and any failure of memory on the part of the singer was practically unknown. As they were not written down they could have been learned only by listening to them often and attentively.

The sentiment was invariably unexceptionable. No one could point to a single song of the kind in which there was the smallest taint of lubricity. They usually had some sort of lesson in them, something that might be called a moral. The merits of the brave, the loving, the loyal sailor were, not too noisily, held up for admiration and imitation, neither of which was to fail because courage, and affection, and loyalty had not always sufficed to preserve the hero and bring him back safe to his home and his sweetheart. The kind of female friend to whom there are so many allusions in the sea songs of regular song-writers had no existence in the Fore-bitter. It is certain that no singer who introduced them into his lay would have been listened to. It took a good many years and the complete extinction of the old sea-dogs of 'King Billy's' reign or of Queen Victoria's earlier years before the *double-entendres*, or worse, of the music halls obtained toler-

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ation on the forecastles of British men-of-war. Justice to a bygone race demands that this should be made clear. An unavowed, perhaps unconscious, censorship was extended to other songs when these were carried on board ship from the shore. Melodious obscenities may have been endured in exceptional cases, but the immense majority of men-of-war audiences would not put up with them.

There were other places, besides the forecastles of their ships, at which blue-jackets could hear songs. An archaic form of music-hall existed from an early date at most naval ports. Sometimes it was simply an appendage to a public-house. Whatever the artistic merit of the performances may have been, I confidently call upon all those who can remember the old Blue Bell at Portsmouth—the first edition of that place of entertainment is meant—to say if, in the matter of decency, they ever fell quite to the level of those which delight West End audiences at the present day. Some of the more celebrated sea songs, or songs intended to bring before shore-going listeners the ways of seamen, rarely came under the latter's notice. For example, the earliest of C. Dibdin's sea songs was sung at Covent Garden Theatre, a place not much patronized by men-of-war's-men. For a long time the air of such a song would have been as much above the heads of an audience of sailors as the music of Wagner would be above the heads of most of their successors. The old

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Fore-bitter airs pervaded the musical stage of the fore-castle, and new tunes brought off from the shore were affected by them. They even passed into the religious services held on board the ships; and, when hymns were sung, they were made to conform to the fore-castle pattern. Some nine or ten years ago I met with an interesting survival of this. One Sunday at Norfolk Island I attended divine service in the Pitcairn Islanders' Church. I had been told beforehand that they had a remarkable style of singing. The first hymn recalled the old Fore-bitters; and no doubt the islanders were continuing a tradition delivered to them by their ancestors who had belonged to the *Bounty*. The church in Norfolk Island was the last place at which music of the kind could be heard.

There was another and even larger body of British sailors who had songs and song-tunes of their own—viz. the merchant-seamen. The Fore-bitter was common to them and to the men-of-war's-men. One particular class of song was known only in the merchant-service. This was the Chanty, which was sung whilst work was being done. In the Royal Navy it was and still is the rule that work should be done in silence. The effect of stirring music in stimulating the efforts of men employed in laborious jobs was well understood: and a band of music where there was one, or a fiddler where there was no band, played lively tunes when it was desired that the labours of the ship's company should be

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especially energetic. There were therefore no Chanties in the Navy. Owing to the greatly extended use of mechanical appliances in steamers of the mercantile marine, and the diminished number of sailing vessels, the merchant-seamen's Chanty is less often sung than it used to be: but it may still be heard on board coasters.

The disappearance of the Fore-bitter and the great recent intrusion afloat of songs and airs of a widely different character must be attributed to several causes. The chief of these was the introduction of steam propulsion. Voyages have been thereby greatly shortened and their duration made much more certain. For more than a generation after steam-machinery had been adopted in the Navy, men-of-war continued to make passages under sail, steam being rarely used except when the ship had to put to sea or enter a harbour irrespective of the direction of the wind. Voyages in these circumstances were long; those lasting five or six weeks were common, and those which occupied two or three months were not very rare. In some latitudes, and especially when 'running down the trades', long spells of fine weather were often experienced. The evenings were not infrequently delicious. The sea was too smooth to cause rolling; the sails were bulged out into silent rigidity by the fair and steady breeze; whilst, as the ship ran on her course, the wash of the water along her sides made a low and pleasing murmur. The

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conditions invited the minstrel to display his powers. So an informal concert was soon in progress. Steamship voyages are generally so short that both the desire and the opportunities for a similar mode of passing an evening have become rarer; and steamship conditions are not encouraging to the songster of the fore-castle.

The very fact that voyages are shorter has permitted the seaman to see more of his countrymen on shore than was possible in the old sailing days. Visits to his home have become more frequent; and he and his fellows belong less to a class apart than they used to do. The occasions of sharing in the amusements of his friends have greatly increased in number; and, if places of entertainment meant almost exclusively for sailors have disappeared, sailors now form no inconsiderable section of the public for whose amusement the managers of many music-halls and concert-rooms arrange their programmes. The consequence is that the supersession of real sailors' songs by songs intended to illustrate the habits and tone of sailors or to be enjoyed by them is now complete. In addition to this, there are now on board the great majority of ships of both the Navy and the mercantile marine considerable bodies of men who in no sense represent the seamen of former days. It is not to be expected that people who deal solely with the ship's engines and boilers, or with the many electrical and mechanical appliances now installed afloat, would appreciate the charm of a wind

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that filled the white and rustling sail and bent the gallant mast. Sweet William would now be less likely to be found high upon the yard than deep down in the stokehold or submerged torpedo-flat. For these important sections of modern crews there are no traditional songs and they have to take over their minstrelsy ready made from the music-halls.

It has been said already that what they themselves would have described as 'shore-going' songs long ago found their way to audiences of sailors. We should probably have to go back to the sixteenth century before getting to a time at which nothing but the nautical folk-song was heard on the fore-castle. The Fore-bitter, however, held its own down to the appearance of sail-less steamships. It was the leading ingredient in every fore-castle programme. The other songs were mere interludes, as it were. A great number of our printed sea songs were never heard afloat, or only amongst the officers. They have delighted generations of shore-going hearers; but they did not in former days, and do not now, affect audiences of sea-faring men. These songs have not taken the place of the Fore-bitter: that has been taken by a very different production. The old informal fore-castle concerts have ceased, and what, on board ship, is now called a 'Sing-Song' has been substituted for them.

This entertainment requires a good deal of preparation. There is a recognized body of performers,

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amongst whom players on the banjo and the bones often have a place. A stage has to be erected; a painted drop-scene has generally to be provided; and rows of seats have to be arranged for the audience. A programme, sometimes printed, is indispensable. Most frequently these entertainments take place in harbour, as men-of-war now are but little at sea compared with the length of time spent there in the days of sails. The crews of other ships, when there are any in company, are invited to attend, as sometimes are also acquaintances from the shore. The programme bears a close resemblance to that of a music-hall of moderate distinction. It is not all singing; and a clog-dancer or a ventriloquist is regarded with high favour. The songs are of two kinds: a few are extraordinarily sentimental, and others, generally the greater number, unpleasantly vulgar. There is no actual indecency—the commanding officer would not allow that—but there is much indelicacy, a thing not easy to control. A curiously large proportion of the songs gives what is supposed to be humorous illustrations of the effects of strong drink. The tipsing husband, subjected to his wife's efforts to reform him, is expected to have the sympathies of the audience. As the singers are usually in costume, an intensely red nose and a battered hat often extort hearty applause before a line has been sung. Fine voices are sometimes heard and occasionally there is good music; but the greater part of the songs

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are delivered in the shrill tones associated with many of the lower music-hall ditties.

There are few ships' crews in which there cannot be found sufficient talent to permit of entertainments of real merit being given. Has the taste of the fore-castle deteriorated so greatly that efforts to bring this about would be hopeless? I make bold to express the opinion that it has not. Looking around and noticing what is to be seen on shore, one may be forgiven for believing that fashion sometimes gains a temporary victory over good taste, but that good taste wins in the end. Let us admit that nearly all the old true sailors' songs have gone beyond hope of recovery, and also the conditions in which they were sung and listened to. Can we not substitute for the indelicate inanities now too much in fashion in sing-song programmes some of the fine things which are contained, for example, in this collection? The indications are that it can be done. Sailors have never refused to receive songs coming from circles outside their own. Though, as long as the conditions enabled them to do so, they clung to their own peculiar minstrelsy, they accepted gifts from others. Of late, perhaps, they have shown too much facility in this, as is indicated by the general taking over of the songs of the music-hall. What is good and what is bad will after all be a matter of taste, influenced no doubt by the fashion of the hour; and neither improvement nor deterioration can be forced. It will

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be enough to furnish the means of making a good selection, and that is the aim of such a volume as this. It is, of course, meant to appeal also to a far larger public than that which is composed of sailors only, but no one can talk of sea songs without letting sailors have a prominent place in his thoughts.

How do songs such as are here collected appeal to them? Of this some indication will be found in the degree of popularity amongst seamen attained by particular pieces. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Dibdins' have none. It is even doubtful if they were ever very popular on the fore-castle. At places of entertainment on shore some of them may have been heard with pleasure by seamen; but the great majority of them were either never favourites afloat or at any rate had but a short-lived popularity. By the middle of the nineteenth century, when the old Fore-bitter had still a vigorous existence, C. Dibdin's songs were very rarely sung on board ship. It could not have been age that made them so little in favour; because older songs were often heard. The fine piece, 'Farewell, and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies!' (no. 91 in this collection) is a century older than many of Dibdin's; yet even to this day it has not quite lost its vogue. It is, probably, more often sung now by the midshipmen than by the blue-jackets; but the latter, especially in the Channel Fleet, will always hear it with pleasure. The fact is that Dibdin is quite obsolete in more ways than one.

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Most of the technical nautical phraseology introduced into his lines is now quite out of date. Many of its terms would be unintelligible to the man-of-war's-man of the twentieth century. Out of date and even repulsive to the seamen of our day is his presentation of the sailor of his own. Social advancement is almost necessarily accompanied by sensitiveness: and it is frequently disagreeable to be reminded of origin. We may be ready to accept the position of inheritors of the martial glory won by Dibdin's tars, but we wish it to be understood that socially we stand on a higher level than they did. This state of mind is not peculiar to sea-faring folk. Repeated reminders that they used to live in Hoxton or Clapton and to have high tea would probably be distasteful to recently enriched families settling in Mayfair.

This makes it highly probable that a collection only of the Dibdin songs would not be acceptable to sailors in these days. A more comprehensive collection has a far better chance of gaining their attention: and many of them will be glad to find such songs as no. 1 in this volume and 'Farewell, and adieu to you, Spanish Ladies!' (no. 91) already referred to. The first of these is one of the oldest English songs in existence.

It was evidently composed when the distinction between the man-of-war's-man and the merchant-seaman was unknown; in days when the trading-vessels of the Cinque Ports reinforced the Royal Navy in time of

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war, and when the King's ships were employed as traders in time of peace. Both of the songs were probably sung long before they were written down : and both are perhaps fragments, more or less amended by a succession of editors, of Fore-bitters or of some other kind of nautical folk-song.

A far larger number of landsmen than of seamen must have listened to every sea song which has appeared in print and of which the air has been recorded on paper. The people who take an interest in sailors have always formed a vastly greater body than the latter. The singers of such pieces in the last part of the eighteenth, and the early years of the nineteenth, century seem to have always had good audiences, and this too when the sailors were on the high seas looking for or fighting with the enemy. The kindly interest taken in them by their fellow countrymen is as strong as ever. To most landsmen anything that reminds them of seamen is more than welcome : and some of the grand old songs that illustrate life at sea, though it may be of an early period, may perhaps again be found in the programmes of those who offer opportunities for refined amusement to members of a refined society.

A collection like that printed in this volume is more than a mere store-house from which the conductor of a concert may pick out the items of his programme. Many of these songs deserve to be read as well as to be listened to when sung. It is not intended to submit

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them to a critical examination here ; but attention may be directed to one or two interesting points. The collection is a sort of rapid epitome of our maritime history for some five hundred years. In it are brought before us the ill-defined distinction between the war and the mercantile fleets of early days ; the risks of the peaceful trader from other foes besides the storm and the shoal ; the ill-requited labours of the sailor ; the perils to which his calling specially exposed him ; his conflicts with opponents as gallant as himself ; his love of country ; his triumphs over its enemies. Besides this we can learn something about the sailor's private life. The picture is exaggerated, to be sure, but it is not all untrue. We see at least something of the way in which he spent his few hours of leisure afloat and ashore. We learn a little about those who were or professed to be his friends : and, although in reality he may be caricatured, some of his real qualities are brought to our knowledge.

A perusal of these songs and a slight acquaintance with the crews of the men-of-war and merchant-ships of the day will let us see how great a change there has been in both. It is common to dwell upon the revolution that has been effected in nautical material. Wood has given place to iron and steel ; sails have disappeared entirely from the Royal Navy and nearly so from the mercantile marine ; machinery has largely taken the place of human power ; armaments bear little resem-

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blance to those of former days. The change in moral characteristics, as far as these admit of change, has been as great as in material. Formal scholastic instruction has taken the place once held by that inestimable training which depended on actual work and practical experience. There is now much more learning about things than doing them. Prolonged continuous service in blue water is now almost unknown. The difference between the seaman and the landsman is now in many points either faint or non-existent. To sing an English sea song on the forecastle of a merchant-vessel would be to sing in a language foreign to half the audience. In the man-of-war the corresponding audience would be composed of men many of whom could talk intelligently about gravitation, had attended lectures on ballistics, and could give you a definition of electrical potential.

Yet in many other ways there has been no moral change. The sailor as man retains the indelible characteristics of his race. Valour, zeal, and acuteness exist in the same proportion as always, neither more nor less. Means may be wanting to utilize these to the best advantage. That depends on discipline and training. A powerful, but not always recognized, aid to discipline is sound public opinion on naval matters. In these days both the man-of-war's-man and the merchant-seaman have facilities, undreamed of in earlier times, for ascertaining what the opinion of the country

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is ; and its force acts upon them as effectively as on other classes. If we can enlist the sympathy of the nation for the sailor's needs, we have gone a long way towards making the nation understand what it has a right to expect from him. Everything, therefore, that helps to bring the nation and its seamen more closely together—be it only a collection of sea songs—has a value higher than that collection's literary excellence or melodious grace, a value not easy to measure exactly, though its magnitude can hardly be over-estimated.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

October, 1906.

PREFATORY NOTE

FOR the selection of these sea songs, nearly all of which were written before the date of Trafalgar, the volumes of the Ballad Society have been invaluable; and through the courtesy of Dr. Furnivall and the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth it has been possible to use the text of certain Roxburghe and Bagford ballads (nos. 56, 57, 59, 60), of which only inferior versions could be found among the Bodleian collections. My thanks are also due to the Leadenhall Press for permission to reprint nos. 64, 86, 87, 88, and 89 from Mr. Ashton's admirable *Real Sailor-Songs*; to Professor Firth for no. 18; to Mr. Frank Kidson for no. 43, 'Henry Martin,' which is taken from his *Traditional Tunes*; to Mr. David Nutt for permission to reprint no. 100 from W. E. Henley's *Poems*; and to Miss Lucy Broadwood for the use of her ballad-version of no. 79, 'Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty town.' And it will be clear from the notes that Mr. J. O. Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads* (Percy Society) were a source of great value.

Of the text itself it is only necessary to say that nothing has been altered except a few obvious errors of the press. Often a satisfactory text has not been within reach; and sometimes corrupt versions have been printed, beside their archetypes, in order to show the degeneration which sea ballads often exhibit. The arrangement is not purely fortuitous, the songs being

PREFATORY NOTE

grouped roughly into those which are concerned with the sea-faring life, those which describe fights and historical characters, and those which represent the sailor as a lover. The middle group is as far as possible in the chronological order of the events described: and the only good reason for not arranging all the songs by their date is that a leaden batch of Dibdin would sink to the end.

C. S.

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I

Earliest Sea Song

MEN may leve all gamys
 That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
 For many a man hit gramys,
 When they begyn to sayle.

For when they have take the see,
 At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
 At Bristow, or where that hit bee,
 Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
 To hys shyp-men in all the hast,
 To dresse hem sone about the mast,
 Theyr takelyng to make.

With 'howe! hissa!' then they cry,
 'What, howe! mate, thow stondyst to ny,
 Thy felow may nat hale the by';
 Thus they begyn to crake.

gramys] grieves, distresses. hast] haste. dresse] ar-
 range. to ny] too near. crake] cry, shout.

SEA SONGS

A boy or tweyne anone up-styen,
 And overthwart the sayle-yerde lyen;—
 ‘Y how! taylia!’ the remenaunt cryen,
 And pull with all theyr myght.

‘Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
 That our pylgryms may pley thereon;
 For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
 Or hit be full mydnyght.’

‘Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!
 Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
 Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
 I pray God yeve hem rest.’

‘Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere!
 Steward, felow! a pot of bere!’
 ‘Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
 Anone all of the best.’

‘Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles!
 Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles!
 O se howe well owre good shyp sayles!’
 And thus they say among.

‘Hale in the wartake!’ ‘Hit shall be done.’
 ‘Steward! cover the boorde anone,
 And set bred and salt thereone,
 And tary nat to long.’

up-styen] ascend. remenaunt] remainder, others.
 bestowe] place. lust] desire. yeve] give. no nere]
 no nearer (to the wind). fayles] failest.

EARLIEST SEA SONG

Then cometh oone and seyth, 'be mery ;
Ye shall have a storme or a pery.'
'Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery,
Thow medlyst wondyr sore.'

Thys menewhyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast them by,
And cry aftyr hote malvesy,
'Thow helpe for to restore.'

And som wold have a saltyd tost,
For they myght ete neyther sode ne rost ;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
As for oo day or twayne.

Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se ;—
'Allas! myne hede woll cleve on thre !'
Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth oure owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde
To see all thyng be well.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And biddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,
With many a febyll cell.

pery] squall. canst no whery] ? knowest nothing about
a ship. malvesy] malmsey. sode] sodden, boiled.
oo] one. gere] tools.

SEA SONGS

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
For som must lyg them in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
Without mete or drynk.

For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh our beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede,
As smell thereof the stynk.

II

'Lustely, Lustely'

LUSTELY, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe,
The winde trim doth serve us, it blowes from the north.
All things we have ready, and nothing we want,
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

Her flagges be new trimmed, set flanting alofte,
Our ship for swift swimmyng, oh, she doeth excell;
Wee feare no enemies, we have escaped them ofte;
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

And here is a maister excelleth in skill,
And our maisters mate he is not to seeke;
And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,
And here is a ship boye, we never had leeke.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

lyg] lie. leeke] the like.

‘LUSTELY, LUSTELY’

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage prove,
Wee will returne merely and make good cheare,
And hold all together as friends linkt in love,
The cannes shal be filled with wine, ale and beere.
Lustely, lustely, &c.

III

*In Prais of Seafaringe Men, in Hope
of Good Fortune*

WHOE siekes the waie to win renowne,
Or flies with winges of hie desire,
Whoe seikes to wear the lawrea<t> crouen,
Or hath the mind that would espire,
Lett him his native soylle eschew,
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.

Eche hawtie harte is well contente,
With everie chance that shal betyde ;
No hap can hinder his entente ;
He steadfast standes, though fortune slide.
The sunn, quoth he, doth shine as well
Abrod, as earst where I did dwell.

In chaynge of streames each fish can live,
Eche foule content with everie ayre,
Eche hautie hart remainethe still,
And not be dround in depe dispaire
Wherfor I judg all landes alieke,
To hautie hartes who fortune sieke.

SEA SONGS

'Too pas the scaes som thinkes a toille,
Sum thinkes it strange abrod to rome,
Sum thinkes it a grefe to leave their soylle,
Their parents, cynfolke, and their whome.
Thinke soe who list, I like it nott ;
I must abrod to trie my lott.

Whoe list at whome at carte to drudge,
And carke and care for worldlie trashe,
With buckled sheoes let him goe trudge,
Instead of launce a whip to slashe ;
A mynd that's base his kind will show,
Of caronn sweete to feed a crowe.

If Jasonn of that mynd had bine,
The Gresions when they cam to Troye,
Had never so the Trogian's foylde,
Nor never put them to such anoye :
Wherfore who lust to live at whome,
To purchus fame I will go rome.

IV

Another of Seafardingers, describing Evill Fortune

WHAT pen can well reporte the plighte
Of those that travell on the sea?
To pas the werie winters nighte
With stormie cloudes wisshinge for daie,
With waves that toss them to and fro,—
Thair pore estate is hard to show.

ANOTHER OF SEAFARDINGERS

When boistering windes begins to blowe
On cruell costes, from haven wee,
The foggie mysts soe dimes the shore,
The rocks and sandes we maie not see,
Nor have no rome on seas to trie,
But praie to God and yeld to die.

When shauldes and sandie bankes apears,
What pillot can direct his course?
When fominge tides draueth us so nere,
Alas! what fortenn can be worse?
Then ankers haald must be our staie,
Or ellce we falle into decaye.

We wander still from loffe to lie,
And findes no steadfast wind to blow;
We still remaine in jeopardie,
Each perelos poynt is hard to showe;
In time we hope to find redresse,
That longe have lived in hevines.

O pinching, werie, lothsome lyfe,
That travell still in far exsulle,
The dangers great on sease be ryfe,
Whose recompence doth yeld but toylle!
O Fortune, graunte me mie desire,—
A hapie end I doe require.

When freats and states have had their fill,
And gentill calm the cost will clere,
Then hautie hartes shall have their will,
That longe has wept with morning cheere;
And leave the seas with thair anoy,
At home at ease to live in joy.

shauldes] shallows. haald] hold. loffe, lie] luff, lee.
freats] gusts, squalls.

SEA SONGS

V

'I rue to see the raging of the seas'

I RUE to see the raging of the seas,
 When nothing may king Eolus' wrath appease.
 Boreas' blastes asunder rendes our sayles:
 Our tacklings breake, our ankers likewise fayles.
 The surging seas, they battred have my shippe,
 And eke mine oares avayle me not a chippe.
 The ropes are slackte, the mast standes nothing strong:
 Thus am I tost the surging seas along.
 The waves beate in, my bark to overflowe;
 The rugged seas my ship will overthrowe.
 Yea, driven I am, sometimes against a rocke,
 Sometimes against a whale his back I locke.
 When Neptune thus and Eol falles to stryfe,
 Then stand I most in daunger of my lyfe.
 And when the winde beginneth moste to rage,
 Then out I caste (my barke for to asswage)
 Each thing of waight, and then if sea at will
 I chauce to have, I lesse regard mine ill.
 If shipwrack once I suffer in my lyfe,
 Farewell my goodes, farewell my gentle wife:
 Adewe my friends, adewe my children all,
 For nought prevayles, though on your helpe I call.
 First goe I to the bottome of the seas,
 And thrice I rise, but nothing for mine ease.
 For why? at length when last of all I fall,
 My winde doth fayle wherewith I burst my gall.
 My body then, so full as it may be
 With water store, then may each men me see
 All borne aloft amid the fomyng froth,
 whale his] whale's. asswage] lighten.

I RUE TO SEE THE RAGING SEAS

And dryven to lande, if Neptune waxeth wrothe.
But yet, if so I cunningg have to swimme,
When first I fall into the water brimme,
With streaking armes, and eke with playing feete,
My part I play, the water floudes to grete.
And then, perchaunce, some shippe comes sayling by,
Which saves my life, if me they doe espie,
Perchaunce, likewise, I drowne before they come,
Perchaunce the crampe my feet it maketh numme.
If so it dothe, then sure I am to die,
In this distresse the sea will ayde denie.
Wherefore I wishe, who well may live by land,
And him forbid the sea to take in hande.

VI

'We be three poor Mariners'

WE be three poor Mariners, newly come from the Seas,
We spend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease.
 Shall we go dance the Round, around?
 shall we go dance the Round?
And he that is a Bully-boy,
 come, pledge me on this ground!

We care not for those Martial-men that do our states
 disdain;
But we care for those Merchant-men that do our states
 maintain:
 To them we dance this Round, around;
 to them we dance this Round;
And he that is a Bully-boy,
 come, pledge me on this ground!
 streaking] stretching.

SEA SONGS

VII

The Praise of Saylor's

*here set forth, with the hard fortunes which
do befall them on the Seas, when Land-
men sleep in their Beds*

To a pleasant New Tune

As I lay musing in my bed,
full warm and well at ease,
I thought upon the Lodgings hard
poor Sailors had at Seas.

They bide it out with hunger and cold,
and many a bitter blast,
And many times constrain'd they are,
for to cut down their Mast.

Their Victuals and their Ordnance,
and ought else that they have,
They throw it over-board with speed,
and seek their lives to save.

Whenas the raging Seas do fome,
and lofty winds do blow,
The Saylor's they go to the top,
when Landmen stay below.

Our Masters mate takes helm in hand,
his course he steers full well,
Whenas the lofty winds do blow
and raging Seas do swell.

THE PRAISE OF SAYLORS

Our Master to his Compass goes,
so well he plies his charge,
He sends a youth unto the main,
for to unsling the Yards.

The Boatson he's under the Deck,
a man of courage bold,
To th' top, to th' top, my lively Lads,
hold fast, my hearts of gold.

The Pylot he stands on the Chain,
with a line and lead to sound,
To see how far, and near they are,
from any dangerous ground.

It is a testimonial good,
we are not far from Land,
There sits a Mermaid on the Rock,
with comb and glass in hand.

Our Captain he is on the Poop,
a man of might and power,
And looks how raging Seas do gape,
our bodies to devour.

Our Royal Ship is run to rack,
that was so stout and trim,
And some are put into their shifts,
either to sink or swim.

Our Ship that was before so good,
and eke likewise so trim,
Is now with rageing Seas grown leakt
and water fast comes in.

SEA SONGS

The Quarter-Master is a man,
so well his charge plies he,
He calls them to the Pomp amain,
to keep their leakt Ship free.

And many Dangers likewise they
do many times endure
Whenas they meet their enemies
that come with might and power,

And seek their lives likewise to take,
their lives and eke their goods ;
The Saylor they likewise endure
upon the surging Floods.

But whenas they do come to Land
and homewards do return,
They are most good fellows all,
and scorn ever to mourn.

And likewise they will call for Wine,
and score it on the post ;
For Saylor they are honest men,
and love to pay their Host.

For Saylor they be honest men,
and they do take great pains,
When Land-men, and ruffling Lads
do rob them of their gains.

Our Saylor they work night and day,
their manhood for to try,
When Landed men, and ruffling Jacks,
do in their Cabins lye.

THE PRAISE OF SAYLORS

Therefore let all good minded men,
give ear unto my Song,
And say also as well as I,
Saylor's deserve no wrong.

This have I for Saylor's sake
in token of good will,
If ever I can do they good,
I will be ready still.

God bless them eke by Sea and Land,
and also other men,
And as my Song beginning had,
so must it have an end.

VIII

Cordial Advice

*to all rash young Men, who think to Advance
their decaying Fortunes by Navigation :
Shewing the many Dangers and
Hardships that Sailors endure*

To the tune of, 'I'll no more to Greenland sail,' &c.

You merchant men of Billingsgate,
I wonder how you can thrive,
You bargain with men for six months,
and pay them but for five :

SEA SONGS

But so long as the water runs under the *bridge*,
and the tide doth ebb and flow,
I'll no more to Greenland sail,
no, no, no.

Our drink it is fair water,
that floweth from the rocks,
And as for other dainties,
we eat both bear and fox :
Then boyl our biskets in whale-oyl,
all to increase our woe :
But I'll no more, &c.
no, no, no.

Our Captains and Commanders,
are valiant men and stout :
They've fought in France and Flanders,
and never wou'd give out,
They beat our men like stock-fish,
all to increase our woe :
Then I'll no more, &c.
no, no, no.

In storms we must stand to it,
when thundring tempests rage ;
When cables snap and main mast split,
and the briny seas ingage :
Whilst sable blackness spreads its vail,
all to increase our woe :
But I'll no more, &c.
no, no, no.

Testy Neptune's mounting waves,
still o'er our hatches tower :
Each minute threatens silent graves
for fishes to devour ;

CORDIAL ADVICE

Or be intomb'd by some vast whale,
and there to end our woe :

But I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

To face the cold north eastern winds,
whilst shrowds and tackle roar :

And man our wracking pinnace,
which mountain high is bore :

To laboard, starboard tack we trail,
our joynts benumb'd with snow :

But I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

Abaf before : helm a lee,
all hands aloft, they cry :

When strait there comes a rouling sea
and mounts us to the sky :

Like drowned rats, we cordage hail,
whilst scarce we've strength to go :

But I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

For if we faint or falter,
to ply our cruel work,

The Boatswain with the halter
does beat us like a turk :

Whilst we in vain our case bewail,
he does increase our woe :

But I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

Then to take our lading in,
we moil like Argier slaves :

And if we to complain begin,
the cap-stal lash we have :

SEA SONGS

A cursed cat with thrice three tails,
does much increase our woe :

But I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

And when we faint, to bring us back
they give us bruise strong :

The which does not creepers lack,
to usher it along :

With element which smells so stale,
all to increase our woe :

Then I'll no more, &c.

no, no, no.

Therefore young men I all advise,
before it is too late,

And then you'll say that you are wise,
by dashing of your fate :

The which your rashness did intail,
for to insist your woe :

Then I'll no more to Greenland sail,
no, no, no.

IX

Dirge

FULL fadom five thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corral made :
Those are pearl's that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich and strange :
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Hark now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

bruise] broth.

X

Song from 'The Tempest'

THE Master, the Swabber, the Boat-swain and I;
 The Gunner, and his Mate,
 Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
 But none of us car'd for Kate,
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a Sailour go hang:
 She lov'd not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
 Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
 Then to Sea Boys, and let her go hang.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XI

The Mermaid

ON Friday morning as we set sail,
 It was not far from land,
 O, there I spy'd a fair pretty maid,
 With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 The stormy winds did blow,
 And the raging seas did roar,
 While we poor Sailors went to the top,
 And the land lubbers laid below.

Then up spoke a boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well-speaking boy was he,
 I've a father and mother in Portsmouth town,
 And this night they weep for me.

The stormy, &c.

SEA SONGS

Then up spoke a man of our gallant ship,
And a well-speaking man was he,
I've married a wife in fair London town,
And this night she a widow will be.

The stormy, &c.

Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a valiant man was he,
For want of a boat we shall be drown'd,
For she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The stormy, &c.

The moon shone bright, and the stars gave light,
And my mother was looking for me,
She might look and weep with watery eyes,
She might look to the bottom of the sea.

The stormy, &c.

Three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
Three times round went our gallant ship,
Then she sunk to the bottom of the sea.

The stormy, &c.

XII

The Storm

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !
List, ye landsmen, all to me ;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

THE STORM

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top gallants, quick, be hauling,
Down your staysails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee topsail-sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you, on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fears our minds enthal;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Hark! again the boatswain's call!

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should prove worse;
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yards! Cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder rolling,
Peal on peal, contending, clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash:
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us.—
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

SEA SONGS

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,—
Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick! the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys!
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys!
See, our mizen-mast is gone!
'The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury foremast,—
She rights! she rights, boys! we're off shore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune saved our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives:
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to the lips a brimmer join.—
Where's the tempest now? who feel it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine.

XIII

‘*Blow, Boreas, Blow*’

BLOW, Boreas, blow, and let thy surly winds
Make the billows foam and roar.
Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,
But, spite of thee, we'll live and find a shore!
Then cheer, my hearts, and be not awed,
But keep the gun-room clear;
Tho' hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,
Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear!—

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!
The mounting topmast touch'd a star!
The meteors blazed as through the clouds we came,
And, salamander-like, we live in flame!—
But now we sink! now, now we go
Down to the deepest shades below.
Alas! where are we now? who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell!
Or where the sea-gods dwell!—
With them we'll live—with them we'll live and reign—
With them we'll laugh and sing and drink amain.
But see, we mount! see, see we rise again!

Though flashes of lightning, and tempests of rain,
Do fiercely contend who shall conquer the main;
Though the captain does swear, instead of a pray'r,
And the sea is all fired by the demons of the air!—
We'll drink, and defy
The mad spirits that fly
From the deep to the sky,

SEA SONGS

And sing while the thunder does bellow ;
For Fate will still have a kind home for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave of a salt-water wave,
To drown,—no, never to drown a good fellow.

R. BRADLEY.

XIV

*Neptune's Raging Fury ;
or, The Gallant Seaman's Sufferings*

You Gentlemen of *England*,
that lives at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon
the Dangers of the Seas :
Give ear unto the Marriners,
and they will plainly show,
The cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be Seamen,
must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the Seas,
you must not think to start :
Nor once to be faint hearted,
in hail, rain, or snow,
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
poor Seamen must endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
we seldom rest secure :

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY

Our sleep it is disturbed
with visions strange to know,
And with Dreams, on the Streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our Ships to stray
beyond our wonted course :

Which causeth great distractions,
and sinks our hearts full low,

'Tis in vain to complain
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes on *Neptune's* bosom,
our Ship is lost in waves,

And every man expecting
the Sea to be their graves :

Then, up aloft she mounteth,
and down again so low,

'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer ;
with all our might and thought,

When refuge all doth fail us,
'tis that must bear us out ;

To God we call for succour,
for He it is we know,

That must aid us and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The Lawyer and the Usurer,
that sits in gowns of Fur,

In closets warm, can take no harm,
abroad they need not stir ;

SEA SONGS

When winter fierce, with cold doth pierce,
and beats with hail and snow,

We are sure to endure

When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandize,
and Jewels of great price,

To serve our *English* Gallantry
with many a rare device :

To please the *English* Gallantry
our pains we freely show,

For we toyl, and we moile

When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
to fetch home Spices rare,

Sometimes 'gain, to France and Spain
for wines beyond compare ;

While gallants are carrousing
in Taverns on a row,

Then we sweep o'er the deep,

When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
and greatest fears are past,

Ay, weather fair and temperate air,
we straight lye down to rest :

But, when the billows tumble,
and waves do furious grow,

Then we rouse, up we rouse,

When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,

when *England* is at wars

With any foreign Nations,

we fear not wounds and scars ;

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY

Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
our Valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the Keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
but *Englishmen* true bred,
We'll play our parts like valiant hearts,
and never fly for dread ;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
where'er we come or go,
With our Mates to the Straights,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave Marriners,
and never be dismaid,
Whilst we have bold adventures,
we ne'er shall want a trade ;
Our Merchants will imploy us
to fetch them wealth, I know,
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
with wages for our pains,
The Tapster and the Vintner
will help to share our gains ;
We'll call for liquor roundly,
and pay before we go,
Then we'll roar, on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

XV

Neptune's Resignation

THE wat'ry god, great Neptune, lay,
 In dalliance soft and amorous play
 On Amphitrite's breast;
 When Up roar rear'd its horrid head,
 The tritons shrunk, the nereids fled,
 And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
 The liquid world was wrapp'd in flame;
 The god, amazed, spoke—
 'Ye Winds, go forth and make it known
 Who dares to shake my coral throne,
 And fill my realms with smoke.'

The Winds, obsequious, at his word
 Sprung strongly up t'obey their lord,
 And saw two fleets a-weigh—
 One, victorious Hawke, was thine,
 The other, Conflans' wretched line—
 In terror and dismay.

Appall'd, they view Britannia's sons
 Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
 And strike the dreadful blow,
 Which caused ill-fated Gallic slaves
 To find a tomb in briny waves,
 And sink to shades below.

NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION

With speed they fly and tell their chief
That France was ruin'd past relief,
And Hawke triumphant rode.
'Hawke!' cried the Fair; 'Pray who is he
That dare usurp this power at sea,
And thus insult a god?'

The Winds reply—'In distant lands
There reigns a king who Hawke commands,
He scorns all foreign force;
And when his floating castles roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Great Hawke directs their course.

'Or when his winged bullets fly
To punish fraud and perfidy,
Or scourge a guilty land;
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
Though death and horror round him wait,
Performs his dread command.'

Neptune, with wonder, heard the story
Of George's sway and Britain's glory,
Which time shall ne'er subdue;
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,—
Then cried, 'Can this be true?—

'A king! he sure must be a god,
Who has such heroes at his nod
To govern earth and sea:
I yield my trident and my crown
A tribute due to such renown,—
Great George shall rule for me.'

J. WIGNELL.

XVI

The Sailor's Resolution

How little do the landmen know,
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow !
But we have hearts of steel :
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout.
We'll make the monsieurs right us,
So toss the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,
We'll plunder, burn, and sink,
Then France have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink :
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And Moll, and Kate and Nancy
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more :
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly,
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

XVII

A Hymn in Praise of Neptune

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding:
To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields

Wherein they dwell:

And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his wat'ry cell
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding:
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the sirens, taught to kill

With their sweet voice,
Make ev'ry echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise
The praise of Neptune's empery.

THOMAS CAMPION.

XVIII

Homeward Bound

Now to Blackwall Docks we bid adieu,
'To Suke, and Sal, and Kitty too,
Our anchor's weighed, our sails unfurled,
We are bound to plough the watery world.

Huzza, we are outward bound.

SEA SONGS

Now the wind blows hard from the east-nor'-east,
Our ship will sail ten knots at least,
The purser will our wants supply,
And while we've grog we will ne'er say die.

Huzza, &c.

And should we touch at Malabar,
Or any other port as far,
The purser he will tip the chink,
And just like fishes we will drink.

Huzza, &c.

And now our three years it is out,
It's very nigh time we back'd about,
And when we're home, and do get free,
Oh! won't we have a jolly spree.

Huzza, &c.

And now we haul into the docks,
Where all those pretty girls come in flocks,
And one to the other they will say,
'Oh! here comes Jack with his three years pay.'

Huzza, &c.

And now we haul to the Dog and Bell,
Where there's good liquor for to sell,
In comes old Archer with a smile,
Saying 'Drink, my lads, it's worth your while,
For I see you are homeward bound.'

But when our money's all gone and spent,
And none to be borrowed nor none to be lent,
In comes old Archer with a frown,
Saying 'Get up, Jack, let John sit down,
For I see you are outward bound.'

XIX

' For England, when, with fav'ring gale '

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tow'r, an harbour fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true:
While oft' the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark seven.

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transports we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof:
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less five.

W. PEARCE.

XX

The Bay of Biscay O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs;
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs!
 The night both drear and dark;
 Our poor deluded bark!
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now, dash'd upon the billow,
 Her op'ning timbers creak:
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow!
 None stop the dreadful leak!—
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds
 Each breathless seaman tries,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh!—
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

Her yielding timbers sever ;
Her pitchy seams are rent !
When Heav'n (all bounteous ever)
Its boundless mercy sent !
A sail in sight appears !
We hail her with three cheers !

Now we sail
With the gale
From the Bay of Biscay O !

ANDREW CHERRY.

XXI

The Mid-watch

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think, should but the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts to hear
That their old companion he was one !

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you,—
O when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,

SEA SONGS

Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think, only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
That her own true sailor he was one.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

XXII

'I am a brisk and sprightly lad'

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
 But just come home from sea, sir,
Of all the lives I ever led,
 A sailor's life for me, sir.

Chorus.

 Yeo, yeo, yeo,
 Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
 With yeo, yeo, yeo.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
 We o'er the ocean roam, sir,
In every clime we find a port,
 In every port a home, sir.

 Yeo, &c.

But when your country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his guns, sir,
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
 And bang the haughty Dons, sir.

 Yeo, &c.

‘I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD’

Our foes reduc'd, once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, sir,
And when all's gone we crown our care,
And out again to sea, sir.
Yeo, &c.

XXIII

The Fisher's Life

WHAT joy attends the fisher's life!
Blow, winds, blow!
The fisher and his faithful wife!
Row, boys, row!
He drives no plough on stubborn land,
His fields are ready to his hand;
No nipping frosts his orchards fear,
He has his autumn all the year!

The husbandman has rent to pay,
Blow, winds, blow!
And seed to purchase every day,
Row, boys, row!
But he who farms the rolling deeps,
Though never sowing, always reaps;
The ocean's fields are fair and free,
There are no rent days on the sea!

SEA SONGS

XXIV

We'll go to Sea no more

OH blythely shines the bonnie sun
Upon the isle of May,
And blythely comes the morning tide
Into St. Andrew's Bay.
Then up, gude-man, the breeze is fair,
And up, my braw bairns three;
There's gold in yonder bonnie boat
That sails so well the sea!

When life's last sun goes feebly down,
And death comes to our door,
When all the world's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
I've seen them green as grass;
But I never feared their heaving yet,
From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
I've seen it white as snow:
But I never feared its foaming yet,
Though the winds blew high or low.

I never liked the landsman's life,
The earth is aye the same;
Give me the ocean for my dower,
My vessel for my hame.
Give me the fields that no man ploughs,
The farm that pays no fee:
Give me the bonnie fish, that glance
So gladly through the sea.

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes softly blow ;
The gude-man has the lines aboard—
Awa', my bairns, awa'.
An' ye'll be back by gloaming grey,
An' bright the fire will low,
An' in your tales and songs we'll tell
How weel the boat ye row.

XXV

A Cruising we will go

BEHOLD upon the swelling seas,
With streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the waves,
While glory leads the way.
And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a cruising we will go,—o—oho,
And a cruising we will go.

Ye beauteous maids, your smiles bestow,
For if you prove unkind,
How can we hope to beat the foe?
We leave our hearts behind.

When a cruising, &c.

See Hardy's flag once more display'd,
Upon the deck he stands ;
Britannia's glory ne'er can fade.
Or tarnish in his hands.

So a cruising, &c.

SEA SONGS

Be Britain to herself but true,
To France defiance hurl'd :
Give peace, America, with you,
And war with all the world.
And a cruising, &c.

XXVI

Song and Chorus of Sailors

OLD England to thyself be true,
Firm as this rock thy fame shall stand :
The sword that Elliott, Curtis drew,
Be never wanted through the land :
Join then this prayer, our foes shall rue,
Let England to herself be true.

Though foes on foes contending throng,
And dreadful havock threaten round,
Thy flaming bolts shall whirl along,
Throughout the world thy thunders sound :
Nought then on earth shall make us rue,
Let England to herself be true.

What, though no grand alliance share
Each warlike, envied deed of thine ;
'Tis doubly glorious thus to dare
Against the world in arms to shine.
Nought then shall make Britannia rue,
Let Britons to themselves be true.

XXVII

'Come, come, my jolly lads!'

COME, come, my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft:
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd;
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatswain pipes aloud;
The ship's unmoor'd;
All hands on board;
The rising gale
Fills ev'ry sail
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.

Then sling the flowing bowl—
Fond hopes arise—
The girls we prize
Shall bless each jovial soul:
The can, boys, bring—
We'll drink and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
We're bound to steer,
We'll still our rights maintain;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
Soon we'll see
Old England once again:
From shore to shore
While cannons roar,

SEA SONGS

Our tars shall show
The haughty foe
Britannia rules the main.

Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

XXVIII

'All Hands up aloft'

ALL Hands up aloft,
Swab the Coach fore and aft,
For the Punch Clubbers strait will be sitting;
For fear the Ship rowl,
Sling off a full Bowl,
For our Honour let all things be fitting:
In an Ocean of Punch
We to Night will all sail,
I' th' Bowl we're in Sea Room,
Enough we ne'er fear;
Here's to thee Mess-mate,
Thanks honest Tom,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the Larboard Man drinks,
Let the Starboard Man sing,

*With full double Cups,
We'll Liquor our Chaps,
And then we'll turn out,
With a Who up, Who, Who,
But let's drink e'er we go,
But let's drink e'er we go.*

Punch Clubbers] members of a Punch Club.

‘ALL HANDS UP ALOFT’

The Winds veering aft,
Then loose ev’ry Sail,
She’ll bear all her Topsails a-trip :
Heave the Logg from the Poop,
It blows a fresh Gale,
And a just Account on the Board keep :
She runs the eight knots,
And eight Cups to my thinking,
That’s a Cup for each Knot,
Must be fill’d for our Drinking ;
Here’s to thee Skipper,
Thanks honest *John*,
'Tis a Health to the King,
Whilst the one is drinking.
The other shall fill,
With full, &c.

The Quartier must Cun,
Whilst the foremast-man steers ;
Here’s a Health to each Port where’er bound,
Who delays ’tis a Bumper,
Shall be drubb’d at the Geers ;
The Depth of each Cup therefore sound :
To our noble Commander
To his Honour and Wealth,
May he drown and be damn’d,
That refuses the Health :
Here’s to thee honest *Harry*,
Thanks honest *Will*,
Old true Penny still,
Whilst the one is a drinking,
The other shall fill.
With full, &c.

Quartier] Quarter-master.

Cun] direct the course.

SEA SONGS

What News on the Deck ho?
It blows a meer Storm;
She lies a try under her Mizen,
Why what tho' she does,
Will it do any Harm?
If a Bumper more does us all Reason:
The Bowl must be fill'd Boys,
In spight of the Weather,
Yea, yea, huzza, let's howl altogether;
Here's to thee *Peter*,
Thanks honest *Joe*,
About let it go;
In the Bowl still a Calm is
Where'er the Winds blow.
With full, &c.

XXIX

Rule Britannia

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
'Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations not so bless'd as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

meer] absolute.

RULE BRITANNIA

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Bless'd isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves!

JAMES THOMSON.

XXX

Hearts of Oak

COME cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of Oak are our ships, Hearts of Oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They ne'er meet us but they wish us away;
 If they run, then we follow, and drive them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

Monsieur Thurot in the absence of Boyce,
 Went over to Ireland to brag the dear boys;
 Near Man, Elliot met him, and gave him a blow,
 Which sent him to tell it to Pluto below.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

They talk to invade us, these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
 But, if their flat bottoms in darkness come o'er,
 Sure Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

HEARTS OF OAK

We'll make them to run, and we'll make them to sweat,
In spite of the Devil and Russel's Gazette;
Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

D. GARRICK.

XXXI

Tom Bowling

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

SEA SONGS

Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XXXII

Ben Backstay

BEN BACKSTAY was a boatswain,
A very jolly boy,
No lad than he more merrily
Could pipe all hands ahoy.
And when unto his summons
We did not well attend,
No lad than he more merrily
Could handle a rope's end.
Singing Chip cho, cherry cho,
Fol de riddle ido. (*bis.*)

It chanced one day our captain,
A very jolly dog,
Served out to all the company
A double share of grog.
Ben Backstay he got tipsy,
Unto his heart's content,
And being half seas over,
Why overboard he went.
Singing Chip cho, &c.

BEN BACKSTAY

A shark was on the larboard bow :
Sharks don't on manners stand,
But grapple all they come near,
Just like your sharks on land.
We heaved Ben out some tackling,
Of saving him in hopes ;
But the shark he bit his head off,
So he couldn't see the ropes.
Singing Chip cho, &c.

Without his head his ghost appeared
All on the briny lake :
He piped all hands aloft, and said :
'Lads, warning by me take :
By drinking grog I lost my life,
So, lest my fate you meet,
Why, never mix your liquors, lads,
But always drink them neat.'
Singing Chip cho, &c.

XXXIII

The Naval Subaltern

BEN BLOCK was a veteran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward ;
For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,
As no interest he had with my Lord.

Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
And he laughed at the cannon's loud roar ;
When the death-dealing broadsides made worm's-
meat of men
And the scuppers were streaming with gore !

SEA SONGS

Nor could a Lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog.

Thus year after year, in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his King fought and bled,
Till time had unroof'd all his thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled!

When on humbly saluting with *sinciput* bare,
The first Lord of Admiralty once:
Says his Lordship 'Lieutenant, you've lost all your
hair,
Since I last had a peep at your sconce.'

'Why, my Lord,' replied Ben, 'it with truth may
be said,
While a bald pate I long have stood under,
There have so many Captains walk'd over my head,
That to see me quite scalp'd were no wonder!'

XXXIV

Poor Jack

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ent to a little I'll strike;
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,

POOR JACK

Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything
tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud :

Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft

To be taken for trifles aback ;

For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard the good chaplain palaver one day

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;

And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,

Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :

For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,

Without orders that come down below ;

And a many fine things that proved clearly to me

That Providence takes us in tow :

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft

Take the top-sails of sailors aback,

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,

When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,

What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?

Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !

Can't you see, the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?

And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,

Why you never will hear of me more :

What then ? all's a hazard : come, don't be so soft ;

Perhaps I may laughing come back,

For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

SEA SONGS

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XXXV

Tom Tough

My name, d'ye see, 's Tom Tough, I've seen a little
sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow;
I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sail'd with noble
Jarvis,
And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've sung out Yo,
heave ho!
Yet more ye shall be knowing,—
I was coxon to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly faced the
foe.
Then put round the grog,—
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing Yo, heave ho!

TOM TOUGH

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below,
I'd like to've catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,

But I brought up my sorrows with a Yo, heave ho!
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seized the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spite of tears and sighs, sung out Yo, heave
ho!

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones
were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was given to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung Yo, heave
ho!

For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy when he grows up will nobly face the foe:
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out Yo,
heave ho!

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-
mission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with Yo, heave ho!
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,—
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,

SEA SONGS

And my girl shall breed young sailors, nobly for to
face the foe;—

Then to country and king,

Fate can no danger bring,

While the tars of Old England sing out Yo, heave ho!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XXXVI

Jack Robinson

THE perils and the dangers of the voyage past,
And the ship at Portsmouth arrived at last,
The sails all furled, and the anchor cast,
The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson.
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,
Besides Prize Money quite a store,
And along with the crew, he went ashore,
As Coxwain to the boat, Jack Robinson.

He met with a man, and said, 'I say,
Perhaps you may know one Polly Gray?
She lives somewhere hereabout'; the man said, 'Nay,
I do not, indeed,' to Jack Robinson.
So says Jack to him, 'I have left my ship,
And all my messmates, they gave me the slip,
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip?
For you're a good sort of fellow,' says Jack Robinson.

In a public house, then, they both sat down,
And talked of Admirals of high renown,
And drank as much grog as came to half a crown,
This here strange man, and Jack Robinson.

JACK ROBINSON

Then Jack call'd out the reckoning to pay,
The landlady came in, in fine array,
'My eyes and limbs, why here 's Polly Gray!
Who'd have thought of meeting here!' says Jack
Robinson.

The landlady staggered against the wall,
And said, at first, she didn't know him at all.
'Shiver me,' says Jack, 'why here 's a pretty squall,
D——n me, don't you know me? I'm Jack Robinson!
Don't you remember this handkerchief you giv'd me!
'Twas three years ago, before I went to sea,
Every day I've looked at it, and then I thought of thee,
Upon my soul, I have,' says Jack Robinson.

Says the Lady, says she, 'I have changed my state.'
'Why! you don't mean,' says Jack, 'that you've got
a mate?

You know you promised—' Says she, 'I could not
wait,

For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson;
And somebody, one day, came up to me and said,
That somebody else, had somewhere read
In some newspaper, as how you were dead.'

'I've not been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson.

Then he turn'd his quid, and finish'd his glass,
Hitch'd up his trousers, 'Alas! alas!
That ever I should live to be made such an ass!
To be bilked by a woman,' says Jack Robinson.
'But to fret and to stew about it 's all in vain,
I'll get a ship and go to Holland, France and Spain,
No matter where, to Portsmouth I'll ne'er come again,'
And he was off before you could say, Jack Robinson.

SEA SONGS

XXXVII

Jack the Guinea-Pig

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoored,
And the landsmen lag behind, sir,
The sailor joyful skips on board,
And, swearing, prays for a wind, sir :
 Towing here,
 Yehoing there,
 Steadily, readily,
 Cheerily, merrily,
Still from care and thinking free,
Is a sailor's life, at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
And landsmen all grow sick, sir,
The sailor lolls, with his mind at ease,
And the song and the can go quick, sir :
 Laughing here,
 Quaffing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
And sings to landsmen dreary,
The sailor fearless goes to sleep,
Or takes his watch most cheary :
 Boozing here,
 Snoozing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard
And landsmen skulk below, sir,

JACK THE GUINEA-PIG

Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard,
And turns his quid as he goes, sir :

Hawling here,
Bawling there,
Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
And landsmen cry 'All's gone', sir,

The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
And he jokes with Davy Jones, sir !

Dashing here,
Clashing there,
Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
And landsmen hoist the boat, sir,

The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
While a single plank 's afloat, sir :

Swearing here,
Tearing there,
Steadily, &c.

XXXVIII

'Ye Mariners of England'

YE Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !

SEA SONGS

While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow!
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow!
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow!

‘YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND’

When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL.

XXXIX

A Sea Song

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

XL

Sir Patrick Spens

THE king sits in Dumfermline town
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
 ‘O whare will I get a skeely skipper
 To sail this new ship o’ mine?’

O up and spak an eldern knight,
 Sat at the king’s right knee ;
 ‘Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sail’d the sea.’

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And seal’d it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

‘To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o’er the faem ;
 The king’s daughter o’ Noroway,
 ’Tis thou must bring her hame.’

The first word that Sir Patrick read
 So loud, loud laugh’d he ;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read
 The tear blinded his e’e.

‘O wha is this has done this deed
 And tauld the king o’ me,
 To send us out, at this time o’ year,
 To sail upon the sea?’

skeely] skilful.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

· Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

· Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
' Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

· I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud.
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

· Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

lift] sky. lap] sprang.

SEA SONGS

They fetched a web o' the silken claih,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

flatter'd] tossed afloat.

kames] combs.

XLI

The Saylor's only Delight

Shewing the brave Fight between the George-Aloe, the Sweepstake, and certain Frenchmen at Sea

THE *George-Aloe*, and the *Sweepstake*, too,
 with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
 O, they were Marchant men, and bound for *Safee*,
 and alongst the cost of Barbary.

The *George-Aloe* to Anchor came,
 with hey, &c.

And the jolly *Sweepstake* kept on her way,
 and alongst, &c.

They had not sailed leagues two or three,
 with hey, &c.

But they met with a Frenchman of war upon the Sea,
 and alongst, &c.

All hayl, all hayl, you lusty Gallants,
 with hey, &c.

Of whence is your fair Ship, whether are you bound?
 and alongst, &c.

We are Englishmen, and bound for *Safee*,
 with hey, &c.

Of whence is your fair Ship, or whether are you bound?
 and alongst, &c.

Amain, amain, you gallant Englishman,
 with hey, &c.

Come, you French Swads, and strike down your sails,
 and alongst, &c.

SEA SONGS

They laid us aboard on the Star-board side,
with hey, &c.

And they overthrew us into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, &c.

When tidings to the *George-Aloe* came,
with hey, &c.

That the jolly *Sweepstake* by a Frenchman was tane,
and alongst, &c.

To top, To top, thou little Ship-boy,
with hey, &c.

And see if this Frenchman of war thou canst descry,
and alongst, &c.

A Sayl, a Sayl, under our Lee,
with hey, &c.

Yea, and another under her obey,
and alongst, &c.

Weigh anchor, Weigh anchor, O jolly Boat-swain,
with hey, &c.

We will take this *Frenchman*, if we can,
and alongst, &c.

We had not sayled leagues two or three,
with hey, &c.

But we met the Frenchman of war upon the Sea,
and alongst, &c.

All hayl, All hayl, you lusty Gallants,
with hey, &c.

Of whence is your faire Ship, and whether is it
bound?

and alongst, &c.

THE SAYLOR'S ONLY DELIGHT

O, we are Merchant-men and bound for *Safee*,
with hey, &c.

I, and we are French-men, and war upon the Sea,
and alongst, &c.

Amain, Amain, you English Dogs,
with hey, &c.

Come aboard, you French rogues, and strike down
your sayls,
and alongst, &c.

The first good shot that the *George-Aloe* shot,
with hey, &c.

He made the Frenchmen's hearts sore afraid,
and alongst, &c.

The second shot the *George-Aloe* did afford,
with hey, &c.

He strook their Main-mast over the board,
and alongst, &c.

Have mercy, have mercy, you brave English men,
with hey, &c.

O what have you done with our Brethren on shore,
as they sayled into Barbarie?

We laid them aboard on the Star-boord side,
with hey, &c.

And we threw them into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, &c.

Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,
with hey, &c.

Even the like mercy shall you have againe,
and alongst, &c.

SEA SONGS

We laid them aboard on the Lardboard side,
with hey, &c.

And we threw them into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, &c.

Lord, how it grieves our hearts full Sore,
with hey, &c.

To see the drowned Frenchmen swim along the shore,
and alongst, &c.

Now gallant Seamen all, adieu,
with hey, &c.

This is the last news that I can write to you,
to England's Coast from Barbarie.

XLII

Andrew Barton

A true Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton, a Pirate and Rover on the Seas

To the tune of, 'Come, follow me, Love.'

WHEN *Flora* with her fragrant flowers
bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
And *Neptune* with his dainty showers,
came to present the month of May:
King *Henry* would a progresse ride,
over the River *Thames* past he,
Unto a Mountaines top also,
did walke some pleasure for to see.

ANDREW BARTON

Where forty Merchants he espied,
with swiftest saile came towards him,
Who then no sooner were arrived,
but on their knees did thus complaine:
And't like your Grace, we cannot saile,
to *France* no voyage to be sure,
But Sir *Andrew Barton* makes us quaile,
and robs us of our Merchants ware.

Vext was the King, and turned him,
said to his Lords of best degree,
Have I nere a Lord in all my Realme,
dare fetch that Traitor unto me:
To him repli'd Lord *Charles Howard*,
I will, my Liege, with heart and hand;
If it please you grant me leave, he said,
I will performe what you command.

To him then spake King *Henry*,
I feare my Lord you are too young:
No whit at all my Liege, quoth he,
I hope to proove in valour strong:
The Scottish Knight I vow to seeke,
in place wheresoever that he be,
And bring on shore with all his might,
or into *Scotland* he shall carry me.

A hundred men, the King then said,
out of my Realme shall chosen be,
Besides Saylor, and Ship-boys,
to guide a great Ship on the Sea.
Bow-men and Gunners of good skill,
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will,
in all affaires shall waite on thee.

SEA SONGS

Lord *Howard* cald a Gunner then,
who was the best of all the Realme,
His age was threescore yeares and ten,
one *Peter Simon* was his name.

My Lord cald then a Bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman borne in *Yorkeshire*
and *William Horsly* was his name.

Horsly, quoth he, I must to sea,
to seeke a Traytor with great speed,
Of an hundred bow-men brave, quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be my head:
If you, my Lord, have chosen me,
of an hundred men to be the head,
Upon maine Mast Ile hanged be,
if twelve score I misse one shilling breadth.

Lord *Howard* then of courage bold,
went to the sea with pleasant cheere,
Not curb'd with winters piercing cold,
though it was the stormy time of the yeare.
Not long had he beene on the seas,
no more then dayes in number three,
Till one *Henry Hunt* he then espied,
a Merchant of *New-castle* was he.

To him Lord *Howard* cald out amaine,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
and where he did intend to land.
The Merchant then made answer soone
with heavy heart and carefull minde:
My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto *New-Castle* upon *Tine*.

ANDREW BARTON

Canst thou me shew, the Lord did say,
as thou didst sayle by day and night,
A Scottish Rover who lyes on Sea,
his name is Sir *Andrew Barton* knight.
Then to him the Merchant said, and sigh'd
with a griev'd mind and a wellaway,
But over well I know that wight,
for I was his prisoner but yesterday.

As I, my Lord, did passe from *France*
a *Burdeaux* voyage to take so far,
I met Sir *Andrew Barton* thence,
who rob'd me of my Merchants ware,
And mickle debts (God knowes) I owe,
and every man did crave his owne,
And I am bound to *London* now,
of our gracious King to beg a boone.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same tune.

Shew me him, said Lord *Howard* then,
let me but once that villaine see,
And for one penny he hath from thee tane,
Ile double the same with shillings three.
Now (God forbid) my Lord, quoth he,
I feare your ayme that you will misse,
God blesse you from his tyranny,
for you little know what man he is.

He is brasse within and steele without,
his ship most huge and very strong:
With eightene pieces strong and stout,
he carieth on each side along:

SEA SONGS

With beames from her Top-castle,
as also being huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugall,
can Sir *Andrew Barton* passe by.

Hard news thou shewest, then saith my Lord,
to welcome strangers to the Sea,
But as I said Ile bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me :
The Merchant said, if you will do so,
take counsell then I pray withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe,
nor strive to let his beames downe fall.

Lend me seven pieces of Ordinance then,
of either side my ship, quoth he,
And tomorrow my Lord twixt sixe and seven,
againe I will your honour see :
A glasse Ile set that may be seene,
whether you saile by day or night :
And to morrow surely before seven
you shal see Sir *Andrew Barton* knight.

The Merchant set my Lord a glasse,
so well apparant to his sight,
Then on the morrow, as his promise was,
he saw Sir *Andrew Barton* knight.
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
now by the heavens that be of might,
By faith believe me and by truth,
I thinke he is a worthy weight.

Fetch me my Lyon out of hand,
saith the Lord, with Rose and Streamers hye,

weight] wight.

ANDREW BARTON

Set up withall a Willow wand,
that Merchant like I may passe by.
Thus bravely Lord *Howard* past,
and did on Anchor ride so high,
No top-sale downe at all he cast,
but as his foe did him defie.

A piece of Ordinance soone was shot,
by the proud Pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord *Howards* middle Deck,
which cruell shot killed fourteen men.
He called then *Peter Simon* he
looke now thy word do stand in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on maine Mast,
if thou misse twelve score one penny bred.

Then *Peter Simon* gave a shot,
which did Sir *Andrew* mickle scarre,
In at his Decke it came so hot,
kill'd fifty of his men of war.
Alas, then said the Pirate stout,
I am in danger now I see,
This is some Lord I greatly doubt,
that's now set on to conquer me.

Then *Henry Hunt* with rigor hot,
came bravely on his other side,
Who likewise shot in at his decke,
and kild five of his men beside.
Then out alas, Sir *Andrew* cri'd,
what may a man now thinke or say,
Yon Merchant theefe that pierceth me,
he was my prisoner but yesterday.

one penny bred] by a penny's breadth.

SEA SONGS

Then did he on one *Gordian* call,
unto Top-castle for to goe,
And bid his beames he should let fall,
for I greatly feare an overthrow.
The Lord cald *Horsly* then in hast,
looke that thy word stand now in stead,
For thou shalt be hanged on maine Mast,
if thou misse twelve score a finger bred.

Then up Mast tree then swarmed he,
this stout and mighty *Gordian*,
But *Horsly* he most happily
shot him under the collar bone:
Then called he of his Nephew then,
saith, sisters sonnes I have no moe,
Three hundred pounds Ile give to thee,
if thou wilt to Top castle goe.

Then stoutly he began to climbe,
and from the Mast scornd to depart,
But *Horsly* soone prevented him,
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His men being slaine then up amaine,
did this stout Pirat climbe with speed,
For armour of prooffe he had put on,
and did not dint of Arrow dread.

Come hither *Horsly*, then said the Lord,
see that thy arrow ayme aright:
Great meanes to thee I will afford
and if thou speed Ile make thee knight.
Sir *Andrew* he did climbe up the tree,
with right good will, and all his maine,
Then upon the brest hit *Horsly* he,
till the arrow did returne againe.

ANDREW BARTON

Then *Horsly* spied a privie place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote sir *Andrew* to the heart,
Fight on, fight on my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slaine,
Ile but lie downe and bleed a while,
and come and fight with you againe.

And do not, saith he, feare English Rogues
and of your Foes stand in no awe,
But stand fast by S. *Andrewes* crosse,
untill you heare my whistle blow.
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid:
Then *Horsly* said, my Lord, aboard,
for now Sir *Andrew Bartons* dead.

Then boarded they that gallant ship,
with a right good wil and al their maine,
Eighteenescore Scots alive in it,
besides as many moe were slaine.
The Lord went where sir *Andrew* lay,
and quickly then cut off his head:
I would forswear England many a day,
if thou wert alive as thou art dead.

Thus from the wars Lord *Howard* came,
with mickle joy, and triumphing,
The Pirats head he brought along,
for to present unto the King:
Who briefly then to him did say,
before he knew well what was done,
Where is the knight and Pirate gay,
that I my selfe may be his doome.

SEA SONGS

You may thanke God, then said the Lord,
and foure men in this ship with me,
That we are safely come to shore,
sith you never had such an enemy,
That's *Henry Hunt* and *Peter Simon*,
William Horsly and *Peter's sonne*:
Therefore reward them for their paine,
for they did service at their turne.

To the Merchant then the King did say,
in lieu of what he had from thee taine,
I give to thee a Noble a day,
sir *Andrewes* whistle and his Chaine,
To *Peter Simon* a Crowne a day,
and half a Crowne a day to *Peter's* son,
And that was for a shot so gay,
which bravely brought sir *Andrew* down.

Horsly I will make thee a knight,
and in Yorkeshire there shalt thou dwell,
Lord *Howard* shal Earle of Bury hight,
for his title he hath deserved well,
Seven shillings to our English men,
who to this fight did stoutly stand,
And 12 pence a day to the Scots, till they
come to my brother King his Land.

XLIII

Henry Martin

IN Scotland there lived three brothers of late,
In Scotland there lived brothers three;
Now, the youngest cast lots with the other two,
Which should go rob on the salt sea.

HENRY MARTIN

The lot it did fall to bold Henry Martin—
The youngest of all the three;
And he had to turn robber all on the salt seas,
To maintain his two brothers and he.

He had not been sailing past a long winter's night,
Past a long winter's night before day,
Before he espied a lofty, fine ship,
Come sailing all on the salt sea.

'O! where are you bound for?' cried Henry Martin,
'O! where are you bound for?' cried he.
'I'm a rich loaded ship bound for fair England,
I pray you to let me pass free.'

'O, no! O, no!' cried Henry Martin,
'O, no! that never can be;
Since I have turned robber all on the salt sea,
To maintain my two brothers and me.

Heave down your main tack, likewise your main tie,
And lig yourself under my lee;
For your rich glowing gold I will take it away,
And your fair bodies drown in the sea.'

Then broadside to broadside they merrily fought,
For fully two hours or three,
When, by chance, Henry Martin gave her a broad-side,
And right down to the bottom went she.

Bad news! bad news! unto old England,
Bad news I tell unto thee;
For your rich glowing gold is all melted away,
And your mariners are drown'd in the salt sea.

SEA SONGS

XLIV

Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Low-lands

SIR WALTER RALEIGH has built a Ship,
in the Neatherlands,
Sir *Walter Raleigh* has built a Ship
in the Neatherlands,
And it is called the *Sweet Trinity*,
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Is there never a Seaman bold
In the Neatherlands?
Is there never a Seaman bold
in the Neatherlands?
That will go take this false Gallaly,
And to redeem the *Sweet Trinity*,
sailing in the Low-lands?

Then spoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neatherlands,
Then spoke the little Ship-boy
in the Neatherlands,
Master, master, what will you give me?
And I will take this false Gallaly,
And release the *Sweet Trinity*,
sailing in the Low-lands.

I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands,
I'le give thee gold, and I'le give thee fee,
in the Neatherlands,
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast, and away he did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
Until he came to the false Gallaly,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,
in the Neatherlands,
He had an Augor fit for the <n>once,
in the Neatherlands;
The which will bore
Fifteen good holes at once,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,
in the Neatherlands,
Some were at Cards, and some at Dice,
in the Neatherlands;
Until the salt water flash'd in their eyes,
sailing in the Low-lands.

Some cut their hats and some cut their caps,
in the Neatherlands,
Some cut their hats and some their caps,
in the Neatherlands;
For to stop the salt-water gaps,
sailing in the Low-lands.

He set his breast and away did swim,
in the Neatherlands,
He set his breast and away did swim,
in the Neatherlands;
Until he came to his own Ship again,
sailing in the Low-lands.

SEA SONGS

I have done the work I have promis'd to do
in the Neatherlands,
I have done the work I have promis'd to do
in the Neatherlands;
For I have sunk the false Gallaly,
And released the *Sweet Trinity*,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You promis'd me gold, and you promis'd me fee,
in the Neatherlands;
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be,
sailing in the Low-lands.

You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,
in the Neatherlands,
You shall have gold, and you shall have fee.
in the Neatherlands;
But my eldest daughter your wife shall never be,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands,
Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands;
Seeing you are not so good as your word,
for sailing in the Low-lands.

And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands,
And thus I shall conclude my Song,
of the sailing in the Low-lands:
Wishing all happiness to all Seamen, both old
and young,
in their sailing in the Low-lands.

The Golden Vanity

I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,
 And she goes by the name of the *Golden Vanity*;
 I'm afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,
 As she sails on the Low Lands Low.

Then up starts our little cabin boy,
 Saying, 'Master, what will you give me if I do them
 destroy?'

'I will give you gold, I will give you store;
 You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,
 If you sink them in the Low Lands Low.'

The boy bent his breast, and away he jump't in;
 He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,
 As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice;
 While some were playing cards, and some were playing
 dice,

He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,
 And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.

The boy he bent his breast, and away he swam back
 again,

Saying, 'Master, take me up, or I shall be slain,
 For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low.'

'I'll not take you up,' the master he cried,—

'I'll not take you up,' the master replied;

'I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you
 with the tide,

I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.'

SEA SONGS

The boy he swam round all by the starboard side ;
They laid him on the deck, and it's there he soon
died :

Then they sewed him up in an old cow's hide,
And they threw him overboard to go down with the
tide,

And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

XLVI

The Fame of Sir Francis Drake

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did compasse round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound.

The starres above would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The sun himselfe cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

XLVII

The Triumph of Sir Francis Drake

Steersman.

ALOOF! and aloof! and steady I steer!
'Tis a boat to our wish,
And she slides like a fish,
When cheerily stem'd, and when you row clear.
She now has her trimme!
Away let her swim,

TRIUMPH OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Mackrels are swift in the shine of the moon,
And herrings in gales when they wind us,
But, timeing our oars, so smoothly we run
That we leave them in shoals behind us.

Chorus.

Then cry one and all!
Amain! for Whitehall.

The Diegos wee'l board to rummidge their hould,
And drawing our steel they must draw out their
gold.

Steersman.

Our master and's mate, with bacon and pease,
In cabins keep aboard;
Each as warm as a lord,
No queen, lying-in, lies more at her ease.
Whilst we lie in wait
For reals of eight,
And for some gold quoits, which fortune must send:
But, alas, how their ears will tingle,
When finding, though still like Hectors we spend,
Yet still all our pockets shall jingle!

Chorus. Then cry one and all! &c.

Steersman.

Oh how the purser shortly will wonder,
When he sums in his book
All the wealth we have took,
And finds that wee'l give him none of the plunder;
He means to abate
The tyth for the state;

SEA SONGS

Then for our owners some part he'll discount:
But his fingers are pitcht together;
Where so much will stick, that little will mount,
When he reckons the shares of either.

Chorus. Then cry one and all! &c.

Steersman.

At sight of our gold the boatswain will bristle,
But not finding his part
He will break his proud heart,
And hang himself strait i' th' chain of his whistle.
Abaft and afore!
Make way to the shore!
Softly as fishes which slip through the stream,
That we may catch their sentries napping.
Poor little Diegos, they now little dream
Of us brave warriors of Wapping.

Chorus. Then cry one and all!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

XLVIII

The Spanish Armada

FROM mercilesse invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God! arise and helpe us,
To quele owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
Their strength and corage breake,
O God! arise and arm us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.

THE SPANISH ARMADA

Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathene legions come,
O God! arise and arm us,
We'll dye for owre home!

We will not change owre Credo
For Pope, nor boke, nor bell;
And yf the Devil come himself,
We'll hounde him back to hell.

BISHOP JOHN STILL.

XLIX

Sir Francis Drake: or Eighty-Eight

SOME Years of late, in Eighty Eight,
As I do well remember a;
It was, some say, on the Ninth of May,
And some say in September a.

The Spanish Train launch'd forth amain,
With many a fine Bravado;
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible Armado.

There was a little Man that dwelt in Spain,
That shot well in a Gun a;
Don Pedro hight, as Black a Wight,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

SEA SONGS

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay a ;
But to destroy both Man and Boy,
And so to come away a.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire a ;
Sir Francis Drake, for Her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on Fire a.

Away they ran by Sea and Land,
So that One Man slew Three-score a ;
And had not they run all away,
O my Soul, we had killed more a.

Then let them neither brag nor boast,
For if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not speed,
As they did they knew when a.

L

The Spanish Armada

IN May fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,
Cries Philip, the English I'll humble ;
I've taken it into my Majesty's pate,
And their lion, oh ! down he shall tumble.
They lords of the sea !—then his sceptre he shook,—
I'll prove it an arrant bravado.
By Neptune ! I'll sweep 'em all into a nook,
With th' invincible Spanish Armada !

THE SPANISH ARMADA

This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did
blow,

Their guns made a terrible clatter ;

Our noble Queen Bess, 'cause she wanted to know,
Quill'd her ruff and cried, 'Pray what's the
matter ?'

'They say, my good Queen,' replied Howard so
stout,

'The Spaniard has drawn his toledo ;

Cock sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,
With th' invincible Spanish Armada.'

The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,

What to do in this case vastly wonder'd ;

Says the Queen, 'Send in fifty good ships if you can.'

Says my Lord, 'Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred.'

Our fire-ships they soon struck their cannons all dumb,
For the Dons run to ave and credo.

Great Medina roars out, 'Sure the devil is come
For th' invincible Spanish Armada.'

On Effingham's squadron though all in a breast,

Like open-mouth curs, they came bowling ;

His sugar-plums finding they could not digest,

Away home they ran yelping and howling.

Whene'er Britain's foes shall, with envy agog,

In our Channel make such a bravado—

Huzza, my brave boys ! we're still able to flog

An invincible Spanish Armada !

Huzza, my brave boys ! &c.

JOHN O'KEEFE.

SEA SONGS

LI

*Queen Elizabeth's Champion ;
or Great Britain's Glory*

*Being a Victory obtained by the young Earl
of Essex over the old Emperor of Germany,
by a Fight at Sea, in which he took
the Emperor's Son, and brought
him a Prisoner to Queen
Elizabeth*

COME sound up your Trumpets and beat up your
Drums,
And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer,
In search of a mighty vast Navy of Ships,
The like has not been for these fifty long Years.
*Raderer two, tandaro te,
Raderer tandorer, ran do re.*

The Queen she provided a Navy of Ships,
With sweet flying Streamers so glorious to see,
Rich Top and Top-Gallants, Captains and Lieutenants,
Some forty, some fifty Brass-Pieces and three.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not sail'd past a Week on the Seas,
Not passing a Week and Days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,
Both him and all his proud Company.
Raderer two, &c.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAMPION

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,
Sailing a long in their Glory and pride,
He was amaz'd at their Valour and Fame,
Then to his warlike Commands he cry'd.
Raderer two, &c.

These were the Words of the old Emperor,
Pray who is this that is sailing to me,
If he be King that weareth a Crown,
Yet I am a better Man than he.
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a King nor Lord of a Crown,
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come,
But the young Earl of *Essex*, the Queen's Lieutenant,
Who fears no Foes in *Christendom*.
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! is that Lord then come to the Seas?
Let us tack about, and be steering away,
I have heard so much of his Father before,
That I will not fight with young *Essex* To day.
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! then bespoke the Emperor's Son,
As they were tacking and steering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of *S⟨h⟩ips*,
And I will go fight with *Essex* To day.
Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,
Most of them are of a capital Size,
But should he do as his Father has done,
Farewel thine Honour and mine likewise.
Raderer two, &c.

SEA SONGS

With Cannons hot, and thundering Shot,
These two Gallants fought on the Main,
And as it was young *Essex's* Lot
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &c.

Give me my Son the Emperor cry'd,
Who you this Day have taken from me,
And I'll give to (you) the three Keys of Gold,
The one shall be of *High Germany*.
Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,
Which thou hast proffer'd to set him free,
But thy Son he shall to *England* sail,
And go before the Queen with me.
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good Ships of the best,
As good as ever were sent to the Sea,
And e'er my Son into *England* sail,
They shall go all for good Company.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous Battle,
They had not fought it Hours three,
But some lost Legs, and some lost Arms,
And some lay tumbling in the Sea.
Raderer two, &c.

Essex he got this Battle likewise,
Tho' 'twas the hottest that ever was seen,
Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,
And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen.
Raderer two, &c.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAMPION

O then bespoke the Prentices all,
Living in *London* both proper and tall,
In a kind Letter sent straight to the Queen;
For *Essex's* Sake they would fight all.

Raderer two, tandero te.

Raderer, tandarer, tan do re.

LII

The Famous Fight at Malago :
Or, The Englishmen's Victory over the
Spaniards :

Relating how Five English Frigats, viz.
The Henry, Ruby, Antelope, Grey-hound,
and Bryan, burnt all the Spanish Ships
in their Harbour at Malago ; battered
down their Churches, and their Houses
about their ears, kill'd abundance of their
Men, and obtained an Honourable
Victory

Where ever English Seamen goes,
They are a Terror to their foes.

To the tune of, 'Five Sail of Frigats bound for
Malago,' &c.

COME all you brave Sailors
that sails on the Main,
I'll tell you of a Fight
that was lately in *Spain* ;

SEA SONGS

And of five Sail of Frigats
bound to *Malago*,
For to fight the proud *Spaniards*,
our Orders was so :

There was the *Henry* and *Ruby*,
and the *Antelope* also,
The *Grey-hound* and the *Bryan*,
for Fire-ships must go,
But so bravely we weighed,
and played our parts,
That we made the Proud *Spaniards*
to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor
so nigh to the Mould,
Methinks you proud *English*
do grow very bold ;
But we came to an Anchor
so near to the Town,
That some of their Churches
we soon battered down.

They hung out their Flag of Truce,
for to know our Intent,
And they sent out their Long-boat,
to know what we meant ;
But our Captain he answered
them bravely, it was so,
For to burn all your Shipping,
before we do go.

For to burn all our Shipping
you must us excuse,
'Tis not five Sail of Frigats
shall make us to muse ;

THE FAMOUS FIGHT AT MALAGO

But we burnt all their Shipping
and their Gallies also,
And we left in the City
full many a Widow.

Come then, says our Captain,
let's fire at the Church,
And down came their Belfrey,
which grieved them much ;
And down came the Steeple,
which standeth so high,
Which made the Proud *Spaniards*
to the Nunnery fly.

So great a Confusion
we made in the Town,
That their lofty Buildings
came tumbling down ;
Their Wives and their Children
for help they did cry,
But none could relieve them,
though danger was nigh.

The flames and the smoak,
so increased their woe,
That they knew not whither
to run nor to go ;
Some to shun the Fire,
leapt into the Flood,
And there they did perish
in Water and Mud.

Our Guns we kept firing,
still shooting amain,
Whilst many a Proud *Spaniard*
was on the place slain ;

SEA SONGS

The rest being amazed,
for succour did cry,
But all was in vain,
they had no where to flye.

At length being forced,
they thought it most fit,
Unto the brave *English* Men
for to submit ;
And so a conclusion
at last we did make,
Upon such conditions
as was fit to take.

The *Spanish* Armado
did *England* no harm,
'Twas but a Bravado
to give us alarm ;
But with our five Frigats,
we did them bumbast,
And made them of *English* Men's
valour to taste.

When this noble Victory
we did obtain,
Then home we returned
to *England* again ;
Where we were received
with Welcomes of Joy,
Because with five Frigats
we did them destroy.

bumbast] bombard.

LIII

*A Famous Sea Fight between Captain
Ward and the Rainbow*

STRIKE up you lusty gallants
 with musick and sound of drum,
 For we have descryed a Rover
 upon the Sea is come ;
 His name is Captain *Ward*,
 right well it doth appear,
 There has not been such a Rover
 found out this thousand year :

For he hath sent unto the King,
 the sixth of *January*,
 Desiring that he might come in
 with all his company ;
 And if your King will let me come,
 till I my tale have told,
 I will bestow for my ransome,
 full thirty tun of gold.

O nay, O nay, then said our King,
 O nay, this may not be,
 To yield to such a Rover,
 myself will not agree ;
 He hath deceiv'd the *French* man,
 likewise the King of *Spain*,
 And how can he be true to me,
 that has been false to twain ?

SEA SONGS

With that our King provided
a ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow is she called,
if you would know her name ;
Now the gallant *Rainbow*
she rows upon the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
to bear her company.

The *Dutch* man and the *Spaniard*,
she made them for to flye,
Also the bonny *French* man,
as she met him on the Sea.
When as this gallant *Rainbow*
did come where *Ward* did lye ;
Where is the Captain of this ship ?
this gallant *Rainbow* did cry.

O that am I, says Captain *Ward*,
there's no man bids me lye ;
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
thou art welcome unto me.

I'll tell thee what, says *Rainbow*,
our King is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lye upon the Sea,
and play the arrant thief,

And will not let our merchants ships
pass as they did before ;
Such tydings to our King is come,
which grieves his heart full sore.
With that this gallant *Rainbow*
she shot out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces,
charged on every side.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT

And yet these gallant shooters
prevailed not a pin,
Though they were brass on the out side,
brave *Ward* was steel within:
Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain *Ward*,
your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over,
shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wrong'd an *English* ship
but *Turk* and King of *Spain*,
And the jovial *Dutch* man,
as I met on the Main.
If I had known your King
but one two years before,
I would have sav'd brave *Essex* life,
whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of *England*,
go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the Land,
I will reign King at Sea.
With that the gallant *Rainbow* shot,
and shot, and shot in vain,
And left the Rover's company,
and home return'd again.

Our Royal King of *England*,
your ship's return'd again,
For *Ward's* ship is so strong
it never will be tane.

O everlasting, says our King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud *Ward* to me:

SEA SONGS

The first was Lord *Clifford*,
Earl of *Cumberland*;
The second was Lord *Mountjoy*,
as you shall understand;
The third was brave *Essex*
from field would never flee,
Which would have gone unto the Seas,
and brought proud *Ward* to me.

LIV

*The Seamans song of Captain Ward,
the famous Pyrate of the world and
an English man born*

The tune is, 'The King's going to Bulloign.'

GALLANTS you must understand
Captain *Ward* of *England*,
A Pyrate and a Rover on the Sea,
Of late a simple Fisherman
In the merry town of Feversham,
grows famous in the world now every day.

From the Bay of *Plimouth*
Sailed he toward the south,
with many more of courage and of might:
Christian Princes have but few
Such Seamen, if that he were true,
and would but for his King and Country fight.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG

Lusty Ward adventrously,
In the Straits of *Barbary*
did make the *Turkish* Gallies sore to shake,
Bouncing Canons fiery hot
Spared not the *Turks* one jot,
but of their lives great slaughter he did make.

The Ilanders of *Malta*,
With Argosies upon the Sea,
most proudly braved *Ward* unto his face :
But soon their pride was overthrown,
And their treasures made his own,
and all their men brought to a woful case.

The wealthy ships of *Venice*
Afforded him great riches,
both gold and silver won he with his sword :
Stately *Spain* and *Portugal*
Against him dare not bear up sail,
but gave him all the title of a Lord.

Goldenseated *Candie*,
Famous *France* and *Italy*,
with all the Countries of the Eastern parts,
If once their ships his pride withstood,
They surely all were cloth'd in blood,
Such cruelty was plac'd within their hearts.

The riches he hath gained
And by blood-shed obtained
may well suffice for to maintain a King,
His fellows all are valiant wights,
Fit to be made Princes Knights,
but that their lives do base dishonour bring.

SEA SONGS

This wicked gotten treasure,
Doth him but little pleasure,
the land consumes what they have got by sea.
In drunkenesse and letchery,
Filthy sins of *Sodomy*,
these evil gotten goods do wast away:

Such as live by theeving,
Have seldom times good ending,
as by the deeds of Captain *Ward* is shown,
Being drunk among his drabs,
His nearest friends he sometimes stabs,
such wickednesse within his heart is grown.

When stormy tempest riseth
The causer he despiseth,
still denies to pray on to the Lord:
He feareth neither God nor the Divel,
His deeds are bad, his thoughts are evil,
his only trust is still upon his sword:

Men of his own Countrey,
He still abused vilely,
some back to back are cast into the waves,
Some are hewn in pieces small,
Some are shot against a wall,
a slender number of their lives he saves.

Of truth it is reported,
That he is strongly guarded,
by *Turks* that are not of a good belief:
Wit and reason tells them,
He trusteth not his Countrey-men,
but shews the right condition of a thief.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG

At *Tunis* in *Barbary*,
Now he buildeth stately
a gallant Palace, and a Royal place,
Decked with delights most trim,
Fitter for a Prince than him,
the which at last will prove to his disgrace.

To make the world to wonder,
This Captain is Commander,
of four and twenty ships of sail,
To bring in treasures from the sea
Into the markets every day,
the which the *Turks* do buy up without fail.

His name and state so mounteth,
These Countrey men accounteth
him equal to the Nobles of that Land,
But these his honours we shall find
Shortly blown up with the wind,
or prove like letters written in y^e sand.

LV

*The Sea-mans song of Dansekar the
Dutch-man,*

his Robberies done at Sea

To the same tune.

SING we (*Sea-men*) now and than,
Of *Dansekar* the *Dutch-man*,
whose gallant mind hath won him much renown.
To live on land he counts it base,
But seeks to purchase greater grace
by roving on the Ocean up and down.

SEA SONGS

His heart is so aspiring,
That now his chief desiring,
 is for to win himself a worthy name,
The Land hath far too little ground,
The Sea is of a larger bound,
 and of a greater dignity and fame.

Now many a worthy Gallant,
Of courage was most valiant,
 with him have put their fortunes to the Sea.
All the world about have heard,
Of *Dansekar* and *English Ward*,
 and of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any Kingdom,
In *Turkey* or in *Christendom*,
 but by these Pyrates have received loss :
Merchant men of every Land,
Do dayly in great danger stand,
 and much do fear the Ocean Main to cross.

They make children fatherless,
Woful widows in distresse,
 in shedding blood they took too much delight.
Fathers they bereave of Sons,
Regarding neither cries nor moans—
 so much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant hearing,
To hear the Canons roaring,
 and Musket-shot to rattle in the sky :
Their glories would be at the highest,
To fight against the Foes of Christ,
 and such as do our Christian faith deny.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG OF DANSEKAR

But their cursed Villanies,
And their bloody Pyracies,
 are chiefly bent against our Christian friends :
Some Christians so delight in evils,
That they become the sons of Divels,
 and for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger,
As well as any stranger,
 nations are alike unto this company.
Many *English* Merchant-men,
And of *London* now and then,
 have tasted of their vile extremity.

Londons Elizabeth,
Of late these Rovers taken have,
 a Ship well laden with rich Merchandise,
The nimble *Pearl* and *Charity*,
All Ships of gallant bravery,
 are by these Pyrates made a lawful prize.

The *Trojan* of *London*,
With other ships many a one,
 hath stooped sayl and yeilded out of hand,
These Pyrates they have shed their bloods,
And the *Turks* have bought their goods,
 being all too weak their power to with-stand.

Of *Hull* the *Bonaventer*,
Which was a great frequenter
 and passer of the Straits to *Barbary* :
Both ship and men late taken were,
By Pyrates *Ward* and *Dansekar*,
 and brought by them into Captivity.

SEA SONGS

English Ward and *Dansekar*,
Begin greatly now to jar,
 about dividing of their gotten goods,
Both Ships and Souldiers gather head,
Dansekar from *Ward* is fled,
 so full of pride and malice are their bloods.

Ward doth only promise,
To keep about rich *Tunis*,
 and be Commander of those *Turkish* Seas,
But valiant *Dutch-land Dansekar*
Doth hover neer unto *Argier*,
 and there his threatning colours now displays.

These Pyrates thus divided,
By God is sure provided,
 in secret sort to work each others woe.
Such wicked courses cannot stand,
The Divel thus puts in his hand,
 and God will give them soon an overthrow.

LVI

Captain Glen

THERE was a ship, and a ship of fame,
Launch'd off the stocks, bound to the main,
With a hundred and fifty brisk young men,
Was picked and chosen every one.

William Glen was our Captain's name:
He was a tall and brisk young man;
As good a sailor as went to sea,
For he was bound to New Barbary.

CAPTAIN GLEN

The first of April when we set sail,
Blest with a sweet and pleasant gale ;
For we were bound to New Barbary,
With all our whole ship's Company.

We had not sailed one day but two,
Till all our whole ship's jovial crew
All fell sick but sixty-three,
As we went to New Barbary.

One night the Captain he did dream,
There came a voice and said to him,
Prepare you and your company,
To-morrow night you must be with me.

This wak'd the Captain in a fright,
It being the third watch of the night,
Then for his boatswain he did call,
And told to him the secret all.

When I in England did remain,
The holy Sabbath I did prophane,
In drunkenness I took delight,
Which doth my trembling soul affright.

There's one thing more I've to rehearse.
Which I shall mention in this verse,
A Knight I slew in Staffordshire,
All for the love of a Lady fair.

Now it's his Ghost, I am afraid,
That hath to me these tidings bred ;
Altho' the king has pardon'd me,
He's daily in my Company.

SEA SONGS

O, worthy Captain, since it's so,
No mortal of it e'er shall know;
So keep the secret in your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest.

We had not sail'd a league but three,
Till raging grew the roaring sea;
There rose a tempest in the skies,
Which fill'd our hearts with great surprize.

Our main-mast sprung by the break of day,
Which made our rigging all give way;
This did our seamen sore affright,
The terrors of the fatal night!

Up then bespake our foremast man,
As he did by the foreyard stand;
He cry'd the Lord receive my soul,
So to the bottom he did fall.

The sea did wash both fore and aft,
'Till scarce one soul aboard was left,
Our yards were split, and our rigging tore,
The like you never see'd before.

The Boatswain then he did declare
The Captain was a murderer;
Which did enrage the whole ship's crew,
Our Captain overboard they threw.

Our treacherous Captain being gone,
Immediately there was a Calm;
The winds did cease, and the raging sea,
As we went to New Barbary.

CAPTAIN GLEN

Now, when we came to the Spanish shore,
Our goodly ship for to repair,
The people all were amazed to see
Our dismal case and misery.

So when our ship was in repair,
To fair England our course did steer ;
And when we came to London town,
Our dismal case was there made known !

Now many wives their husbands lost,
Whom they lamented to their Cost ;
And caused them weep bitterly,
These tidings from New Barbary.

A hundred and sixty brisk young men,
Did to our goodly ship belong ;
Of all our whole ship's Company,
There now remain'd but seventy-three.

Now Seamen all, where e'er you be,
I pray a warning take by me,
As you love your lives, still have a care,
You never sail with a murderer.

'Tis never more I do intend
For to cross o'er the raging main,
But live in peace in my own country,
And so I end my tragedy.

SEA SONGS

L.VII

The Honour of Bristol

ATTEND you and give ear awhile,
and you shall understand,
Of a battel fought upon the seas,
by a ship of brave command ;
The fight it was so famous,
that all men's heart doth fill,
And makes them cry, 'to sea
with the Angel Gabriel.'

The lusty Ship of *Bristol*,
sail'd out adventurously,
Against the foes of *England*,
their strength with them to try ;
Well victual'd, rig'd and man'd,
and good provision still :
Which makes men cry, 'to Sea,
with the Angel Gabriel.'

The Captain, famous *Netherway*,
so was he call'd by name ;
The Master's name *John Mines*,
a man of noted fame :
The Gunner *Thomas Watson*,
a man of perfect skill,
With other valiant hearts
in the Angel Gabriel.

They waving up and down the Seas,
upon the Ocean Main ;
'It is not long ago,' quoth they,
'since *England* fought with *Spain* !

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

Would we with them might meet,
our minds for to fulfil,
We would play a noble Bout
with our Angel Gabriel.

They had no sooner spoken,
but straight appear'd in sight
Three lusty *Spanish* vessels,
of warlike force and might;
With bloody resolution,
they sought our men to spill,
And vow'd to make a Prize
of our Angel Gabriel.

Then first came up their Admiral,
themselves for to advance,
In her she bore full forty-eight
pieces of Ordinance;
The next that then came near us
was their Vice-Admiral,
Which shot most furiously
at our Angel Gabriel.

Our gallant ship had in her
full Forty fighting Men;
With twenty pieces of Ord'nance
we play'd about them then;
And with Powder, Shot, and Bullets,
we did imploy them still,
And thus began the Fight
with our Angel Gabriel.

Our Captain to our Master said,
'Take courage, Master bold';
The Master to the Seamen said,
'Stand fast, my hearts of Gold';

SEA SONGS

The Gunner unto all the rest,
‘Brave hearts, be valiant still,
Let us fight in the defence
of our *Angel Gabriel*.’

Then we gave them a Broadside,
which shot their Mast asunder,
And tore the Bowsprit of their Ship,
which made the *Spaniards* wonder ;
And caused them for to cry,
with voices loud and shrill :
‘Help, help, or else we sink,
by the *Angel Gabriel*.’

Yet desperately they Boarded us,
for all our valiant shot ;
Three-score of their best fighting-men
upon our Decks were got ;
And then at their first entrance,
full thirty we did kill ;
And thus we clear’d the Decks
of the *Angel Gabriel*.

With that, their three ships boarded us
again with might and main,
But still our noble *English-men*
cry’d out, ‘A fig for *Spain* !’
Though seven times they Boarded us,
at last we shew’d our skill,
And made them feel the force
of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Seven hours this fight continued,
and many brave men lay dead,
With purple gore, and *Spanish* blood
the Sea was coloured red ;

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

Five hundred of their men
we there outright did kill;
And many more were maim'd
by the *Angel Gabriel*.

They seeing of these bloody spoils,
the rest made haste away,
For why, they saw it was no boot,
any longer for to stay;
Then they fled into *Cales*,
and there they must lye still,
For they never more will dare to meet
our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our *English Ship*
but onely three men slain;
And five men hurt, the which, I hope,
will soon be well again;
At *Bristol* we were landed,
and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men,
and our *Angel Gabriel*.

Now let me not forget to speak
of the Gift given by the Owner
Of the *Angel Gabriel*,
that many years have known her;
Two hundred pounds in coyn and plate,
he gave with free good will,
Unto them that bravely fought
in the *Angel Gabriel*.

SEA SONGS

LVIII .

England's Triumph at Sea

A MIGHTY great fleet, the like was nere seen,
Since the reign of K. W. and Mary his queen,
Design'd the destruction of France to have been,
which nobody can deny.

This fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,
For ships, guns, and men, there never were such,
Nor so little done when expected so much,
which nobody can deny.

Eighty-six ships of war, which we capitall call,
Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,
Sayl'd out and did little or nothing at all,
which nobody can deny.

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,
Had they chanc'd to have met the French fleet, O
then,
As they beat 'em last year, they'd have beat 'em again,
which nobody can deny.

Six thousand great guns, and seventy-eight more,
As great and as good as ever did roar,
It had been the same thing had they left 'em ashore,
which nobody can deny.

Torrington now must command 'em no more,
For we try'd what mettal he was made on before,
And 'tis better for him on land for to whore,
which nobody can deny.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH AT SEA

For a bullet, perhaps, from a rude cannon's breach,
Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and rich,
Instead of his dog might have tane off his bitch,
which nobody can deny.

But Russell, the cherry-cheekt Russell, is chose
His fine self and his fleet at sea to expose ;
But he will take care how he meets with his foes,
which nobody can deny.

We had sea-collonells o' th' nature of otter,
Which either might serve by land or by water,
Tho' of what they have done we hear no great matter,
which nobody can deny.

In the midst of May last they sail'd on the mayn,
And in September are come back again,
With the loss of some ships, but in battle none slain,
which nobody can deny.

LIX

Admiral Russel's Scowering the French Fleet : or, The Battle at Sea

'THURSDAY in the Morn, the Ides of *May*,
recorded for ever the famous *Ninety two*,
Brave *Russel* did discern by dawn of Day,
the lofty sails of *France* advancing ; Now
All hands aloft, aloft, let *English* Valour shine ;
Let fly a Culvering, the Signal of the Line ;
Let ev'ry hand supply his Gun,
Follow me, and You'll see,
that the battle will be soon begun.

SEA SONGS

Turvil o'er the main triumphant rowl'd,
to meet the gallant *Russel* in Combat on the deep;
He led the noble train of Heroes bold,
to sink the *English* Admiral at his feet.
Now every Valiant mind to Victory does aspire,
The bloody Fight's began, the Sea itself on fire;
and mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
fill'd the port-holes of the *Royal Sun*.
Sulphur, smoak and Fire, disturb'd the air,
with thunder and wonder to fright the gallick-shore;
Their Regulated bands stood trembling near,
to see their lofty streamers, now no more:
At six a Clock the Red, the smiling Victor led,
To give a second blow, their total overthrow;
now death and horror equal Reign,
Now they cry, Run or Dye,
Brittish Colours ride the Vanquish'd main.
See, they run amaz'd thro' Rocks on Sands:
one danger they grasp at to shun a greater fate;
In vain they crie for aid to weeping Lands,
the *Nymphs* and *Sea-Gods* mourn their Lost estate;
For evermore adieu, thou dazling *Royal Sun*,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun;
enough, thou mighty God of War!
Now we sing, bless the Queen,
let us drink to ev'ry English tar.
Come, Jolly Seamen all, with *Russel* go,
to sail on the main proud *Mounsier* for to greet,
And give our enemy a second blow,
and fight *Turvil*, if that he dare to meet.

gallick-shore] French coast.

ADMIRAL RUSSEL'S SCOWERING

Come, brother Tar, what cheer? Let each *(his gun)*
supply,
And thump 'em off this Year, or make Mounsier to
fly,

while we do range the Ocean Round,
Day or Night we will fight,
when our Enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that *English* boys
should e'er stay behind when their Admiral goes;
But let each honest Lad crie with one voice,
brave *Russel*, Lead us on to fight the foes:
We'd give them gun for gun, some sink, and others
burn.

Broadsides we'll give 'em too, till Monsieur crys
morblew!

des *En(g)leteer* vill Kill us all;
Whilst they scower, we will Pour,
thick as hail amongst them Cannon-ball.

LX



The Royal Triumph

VALIANT Protestant Boys,
Here 's Millions of Joys,
And Triumph now bro . . . ught from the Ocean;
For the *French* Mighty Fleet,
Now is Shattered and Beat,
And Destruction, Destruction, Boys, will be their
portion.

SEA SONGS

Here's the *Jacobite* Crew,
Now believe me, 'tis true,
Invited the *Fre nch* to this Nation;
Who was crossing the Seas,
With the *Teague Rapparees*,
True Cut-Throats, true Cut-Throats, upon my Salva-
tion.

But alas! they did find
A *true-Protestant* Wind,
Which five Weeks or lon ger it lasted;
Till the most Royal Fleet,
And the *Dutch* both compleat,
They with Thunder, with Thunder, this Project
soon blasted.

On the Nineteenth of *May*,
The *French* Fleet made way,
To make of our Cou rage a Tryal;
They suppos'd we'd ne'r fight,
But they won't in the right,
For we show'd them, we show'd them, we were
true and Loyal.

Our Admirals bold,
With their brave hearts of Gold,
They fell on like bra ve Sons of Thunder;
And their Chain-Shot let fly,
As the Fleet they drew nigh,
Where they tore them, and rent them, and tore them
asunder.

Our Squadron True-Blew,
Fought their way through and through,

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH

At length in *Lob's Po und*, Boys, we got 'um
Where we gave the proud *French*,
Such a Fiery Drench,
That we sent them, we sent them, straight down to
the bottom.

Such a Slaughter we made,
While the loud Cannons play'd,
Which laid the poor *Mo nsieurs* a bleeding;
Nay, their Chief Admiral,
We did bitterly Maul,
And have taught him, have taught him, I hope,
better Breeding.

Our brave Admiral,
Being stout *Dellaval*,
Whose actions all *M en* may admire;
For the *French Rising-Sun*,
Was not able to run,
Which with seven, with seven more Ships did he Fire.

Valiant *Rook* Sail'd straightway,
Where a *French* Squadron lay,
Close amongst the *Ro cks* then for shelter;
But we fell on *Gillore*,
And we Fir'd Twelve more,
Thus we Fir'd and Burn'd the *French* Fleet, helter-skelter.

Being Sunk, Took and Burn'd,
There's not many return'd,
Was this not a wo full Disaster?
How they far'd on our Coast,
Let 'em Sail Home and boast,
To Old *Lewis*, Old *Lewis*, their *Fistula-Master*.

Gillore] in plenty.

SEA SONGS

When he hears how they sped,
It will strike him near Dead,
Losing what he lo ng has been getting ;
But we'll have him to know,
That we'll still keep him low,
He shall never, shall never, Boys, conquer *Great-Britain*.

LXI

The Duke of Ormond's Health

NEPTUNE frown, and *Boreas* roar,
Let thy Thunder bellow ;
Noble *ORMOND'S* now come o'er,
With each gallant *English* fellow :
Then to welcome him ashore
To his Health a brimmer pour,
Till every one be mellow,
Remembring *Rodondello*, remembring *Rodondello*,
Remembring, remembring *Rodondello*,
Remembring, remembring *Rodondello*.

Tho' at *Cales* they scap'd our Guns,
By strong wall'd umbrello :
Civil Jarrs and Plundring Dons,
Curse upon the metal yellow :
Had the valiant Duke more Men,
He a Victor there had been,
As late at *Rodondello*,
As late, &c.

THE DUKE OF ORMOND

Mounsieur and *Petite Anjou*,
Plot your state Intrigo :
Take new Marshall *Chateaurenault*,
Then consult with *Spanish Deigo* :
And new Glory to advance
Sing *Te Deum* through all France,
Pour la Victoire at Vigo,
Pour la, &c.

We mean while to crown our Joy,
Laughing at such folly,
To their Health full Bowls employ,
Who have cur'd our Melancholy :
And done more to furnish Tales
Now at *Vigo*, then at *Cales*,
Fam'd *Essex* did, or *Rawleigh*,
Brave *Essex*, &c.

Great *Eliza* on the Main,
Quell'd the Dons Boastado ;
In Queen ANN'S Auspicious Reign,
Valour conquers, not Bravado :
Come but such another Year,
We the spacious Sea shall clear,
Of *French* and *Spain's* Armado,
Of *French*, &c.

Once more then tho' *Boreas* roar,
And loud Thunder bellow ;
Since Great ORMOND is come o'er,
With each gallant *English* fellow :
Let us welcome all a Shore,
To each Health a brimmer pour,
Till everyone be mellow,
Remembring *Rodondello*, &c.

SEA SONGS

LXII

The Death of Admiral Benbow

The brother tars' song

COME all you sailors bold,
Lend an ear, lend an ear,
Come all you sailors bold, lend an ear:
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow was his name,
How he fought on the main
You shall hear, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail
For to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight:
Brave Benbow he set sail,
With a fine and pleasant gale,
But his captains they turn'd tail
In a fight, in a fight.

Says Kirby unto Wade,
I will run, I will run,
Says Kirby unto Wade, I will run:
I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place,
My enemies I'll not face
With a gun, with a gun.

'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark*
Fought the French, fought the French,
'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark* fought the French:
And there was ten in all,
Poor souls they fought them all,

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW

They valued them not at all,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

It was our admiral's lot,
With a chain-shot, with a chain-shot,
It was our admiral's lot with a chain-shot :
Our admiral lost his legs,
And to his men he begs,
Fight on, my brave boys, he says,
'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,
Thus he said, thus he said,
While the surgeon dress'd his wounds, thus he said :
Let my cradle now in haste
On the quarter-deck be placed,
That my enemies I may face
Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lay
Crying out, crying out,
And there bold Benbow lay, crying out :
Let us tack once more,
We'll drive them to their own shore,
I value not half a score,
Nor their noise, nor their noise.

LXIII

Admiral Hosier's Ghost

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode ;

SEA SONGS

There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the *Burford* rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal story;
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost,
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think of my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
These were English captains brave :
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty ships attended
Did this Spanish town affright,
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders, not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom ;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

SEA SONGS

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request :
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England—sham'd in me.

RICHARD GLOVER.

LXIV

The Arethusa

COME all ye jolly Sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While England's glory I unfold,

Huzza to the Arethusa.

She is a Frigate tight and brave,
 As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;

Her men are staunch

To their fav'rite Launch,

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike we'll all expire,

On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
 'The English Channel to cruize about,
 When four French sail, in show so stout,

Bore down on the Arethusa.

The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
 The Arethusa seem'd to fly,

Not a sheet, or a Tack,

Or a brace did she slack,

Tho' the French men laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,

On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France,
 We, with two hundred, did advance,

On board of the Arethusa.

Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !
 The Frenchman cry'd out hallo !

SEA SONGS

‘Bear down, d’ye see
To our Admiral’s lee.’
‘No, no,’ says the Frenchman, ‘that can’t be.’
‘Then I must lug you along with me,’
Says the Saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman’s land,
We forc’d them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we’ve driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favorite lass!

A health to our Captain, and Officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa!

PRINCE HOARE.

LXV

On the loss of the Royal George

To the March in Scipio.

Written when the news arrived. (September, 1782.)

TOLL for the brave—
The brave! that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side;

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock ;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes ;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his Eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

W. COWPER.

SEA SONGS

LXVI

'Our line was form'd'

I

OUR line was form'd, the French lay to,
One sigh I gave to Poll on shore,
Too cold I thought our last adieu—
Our parting kisses seem'd too few,
If we should meet no more.
But love, avast! my heart is Oak,
Howe's daring signal floats on high;
I see through roaring cannon's smoke—
Their awful line subdu'd and broke,
They strike! they sink, they fly!

Chorus.

Now (danger past) we'll drink and joke—
Sing 'Rule Britannia'; 'Hearts of Oak!'
And toast before each Martial tune—
'Howe, and the Glorious First of June!'

II

My limb struck off, let soothing art
The chance of war so Poll explain;
Proud of the loss, I feel no smart,
But as it wrings my Polly's heart
With sympathetic pain.
Yet she will think (with love so tried)
Each scar a beauty on my face,
And as I strut with martial pride,
On timber toe by Polly's side,
Will call my limp a grace.

‘OUR LINE WAS FORM’D’

III

Farewell to every sea delight
To cruize with eager watchful days,
The skilful chace by glim’ring night,
The well-work’d ship, the gallant fight,
The lov’d Commander⟨’s⟩ praise ;
Yet Polly’s love and constancy,
With prattling babes more joy shall bring,
Proud when my boys shall first at sea
Follow great Howe to Victory,
And serve our noble King.

EARL OF MULGRAVE.

LXVII

Admiral Nelson

COME listen, my honies, awhile, if you please,
And a comical story I’ll tell soon,
Of a tight little fellow that sail’d on the seas,
And his name it was Admiral Nelson :
I am sure you have all of you heard of his fame,
How he fought like the devil wherever he came.
Speaks :—Aye, the Dutch, Spaniards, and French
won’t, well, they won’t
Have plenty of cause to remember the day
When first they saw Admiral Nelson.

His arm having lost at that damn’d Teneriffe,
Never mind it, says he, I’ll get well soon ;
I shall catch ’em one day, as you see, lads, and if—
They escape me, blame Admiral Nelson :
To doubt what I’ve promis’d, is mighty absurd,
For I’ve left ’em my hand as a pledge of my word.

SEA SONGS

Speaks:—Faith he did, arm and all: and good security <it> was, for, as the old proverb says,
One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,
So success to brave Admiral Nelson.

At length, by my soul, it would make the dead smile,
Just to hear what Sir Horace befel soon;
The French took a trip to the banks of the Nile,
To make work for brave Admiral Nelson.

Arah faith he fell in with them close by the land,
And he stuck in their skirts as you'll soon understand.

Speaks:—Faith it would have made the very devil himself laugh,
To see how he leather'd the French with one hand,
Och! the world for brave Admiral Nelson.

On the first of sweet August, you know was the day,
As the boatmen of London can tell soon;
When for coal and for badge they all rowed away,
Little thinking of Admiral Nelson,
Who then won a badge of so brilliant a cast,
That its mem'ry with Britons will never go past.

Speaks:—And every first of August, while the health of Nelson floats on the glass, may the liquor be enriched with a tear to the memory of those brave fellows who fell in the action; and come as many first of Augusts as there will,
There's no first of August will e'er beat the last,
When the French struck to Admiral Nelson.

LXVIII

The Battle of the Baltic

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like Leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held their breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between:
'Hearts of Oak!' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

SEA SONGS

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
'Ye are brothers! ye are men! . . .
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.' . . .

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LXIX

To Her Seafaring Lover

SHALL I thus ever long, and be no whit the neare?
And shall I still complain to thee, the which me will
not hear?

Alas! say nay! say nay! and be no more so dumb,
But open thou thy manly mouth and say that thou
wilt come:

Whereby my heart may think, although I see not
thee,
That thou wilt come—thy word so sware—if thou a
live man be.

The roaring hugy waves they threaten my poor
ghost,
And toss thee up and down the seas in danger to be
lost:

Shall they not make me fear that they have swallowed
thee?

—But as thou art most sure alive, so wilt thou come
to me.

Whereby I shall go see thy ship ride on the strand,
And think and say *Lo where he comes and Sure here
will he land:*

And then I shall lift up to thee my little hand,
And thou shalt think thine heart in ease, in health
to see me stand.

SEA SONGS

And if thou come indeed (as Christ thee send to do!)

Those arms which miss thee now shall then embrace
[and hold] thee too:

Each vein to every joint the lively blood shall spread
Which now for want of thy glad sight doth show
full pale and dead,

But if thou slip thy troth, and do not come at all,
As minutes in the clock do strike so call for death
I shall:

To please both thy false heart and rid myself from
woe,
That rather had to die in troth than live forsaken so!

LXX

*The Valiant Seamans happy return to his
Love, after a long Seven Years absence*

*Tune of, 'I am so deep in love: Or, Through
the cool shady Woods.'*

WHEN *Sol* did cast no light,
being darken'd over,
And the dark time of night,
did the skies cover,
Running a River by,
there were Ships sailing,
A Maid most fair I spy'd,
crying and wailing.

THE VALIANT SEAMAN'S RETURN

Unto this Maid I stept,
 asking what griev'd her,
She answer'd me and wept,
 fates had deceiv'd her :
My Love is prest, quoth she,
 to cross the Ocean,
Proud Waves to make the Ship,
 ever in motion.

We lov'd seven years and more,
 both being sure,
But I am left on shore,
 grief to endure.
He promis'd back to turn,
 if life was spar'd him,
With grief I dayly mourn,
 death hath debar'd him.

Straight a brisk lad she spy'd,
 made her admire,
A present she receiv'd,
 pleas'd her desire.
Is my Love safe, quoth she,
 will he come near me,
The young man answer made,
 Virgin pray hear me.

Under one Banner bright
 for *England's* glory,
Your love and I did fight,
 mark well my story ;

SEA SONGS

By an unhappy shot,
we two were parted,
His deaths wound then he got,
though valiant-hearted.

All this I witness can,
for I stood by him,
For courage I must say,
none did out-vye him;
He still would foremost be,
striving for honour;
But fortune is a Whore,
vengeance upon her.

But e're he was quite dead,
or his heart broken,
To me these words he said,
pray give this token
To my love, for there is
then she none fairer,
Tell her she must be kind
and love the bearer.

Intomb'd he now doth lye,
in stately manner,
'Cause he fought valiantly,
for love and honour:
That right he had in you,
to me he gave it:
Now since it is my due,
pray let me have it.

She raging flung away,
like one distracted,

THE VALIANT SEAMAN'S RETURN

Not knowing what to say,
nor what she acted:
To last she curst her fate,
and shew'd her anger,
Saying, friend you come too late,
i'le have no stranger.

To your own house return,
I am best pleased,
Here for my love to mourn,
since he's deceased:
In sable Weeds i'le go,
let who will jear me;
Since death has serv'd me so,
none shall come near me.

'The chast *Penelope*
mourn'd for *Ulisses*,
I have more grief then she,
rob'd of my blisses:
I'le ne'r love man again,
therefore pray hear me;
I'le slight you with disdain.
if you come near me.

I know he lov'd me well
for when we parted,
None did in grief excell,
both were true-hearted.
'Those promises we made,
ne'r shall be broken;
'Those words that then he said,
ne'r shall be spoken.

SEA SONGS

He hearing what she said,
made his love stronger,
Off his disguise he laid,
and staid no longer:
When her dear love she knew,
in wanton fashion,
Into his arms she flew,
such is loves passion.

He ask'd her how she lik'd,
his counterfeiting,
Whether she was well pleas'd
with such like greeting:
You are well vers'd, quoth she,
in several speeches,
Could you coyn money so,
you might get riches.

O happy gale of wind,
that waft thee over,
May Heaven preserve that ship,
that brought my Lover;
Come kiss me now my sweet,
true love's no slander;
Thou shalt my *Hero* be,
I thy *Leander*.

Dido of *Carthage* Queen
lov'd stout *Aeneas*,
But my true love is found
more true then he was:
Venus ne'r fonder was,
of young *Adonis*,
Then I will be of thee,
since thy love known is.

THE VALIANT SEAMAN'S RETURN

Then hand in hand they walk,
with mirth and pleasure,
They laugh, they kiss, they talk,
love knows no measure ;
Now both do sit and sing,
but she sings clearest ;
Like Nightingale in Spring,
welcome my dearest.

LXXI

Love and Loyalty

*A letter from a Young-Man, on Board of
an English Privateer to his beloved
Susan in the City of London*

SUSAN, I this Letter send thee,
Let not Sighs and Tears attend thee ;
we are on the Coast of *France*,
Taking prizes from those Nizeys,
my sweet Jewel to advance.

Since we *London* have forsaken,
Five Rich Prizes have we taken ;
two of them *Nantz* Brandy Wine,
Chests of Money, my sweet Honey,
with rich Silks and Sattin fine.

The first Merchants Ship we Boarded,
Which great store of Wealth afforded,
we fell on most eagerly ;
Search and Plunder, burst in sunder,
making Chests and Cabins fly.

SEA SONGS

Where the Treasure was inclosed,
We wan't in the least opposed;
 rich Embroidered Silks we found,
Other Treasure, out of Measure,
 worth near seven thousand pound.

Fortune she did still befriend us,
And another Booty send us;
 twice the worth of that before,
Though we gain'd it, and obtain'd it,
 yet our Guns was forc'd to Roar.

While we did both Charge and Fire,
They endeavour to retire;
 but the Contest was not long
E'er we enter'd, bravely ventur'd,
 yet received but little wrong.

Love, we'll plunder French and Tory
For to raise great Britains Glory,
 and to pull proud *Lewis* down;
Each great spirit then will merit,
 double honour and renown.

Dearest, when I first did leave thee,
Parting with thy Love did grieve thee,
 but I vow'd I'd Letters send,
To improve thee, for I love thee,
 as a true intire Friend.

Love this Promise is not broken,
Here I have sent thee a Token,
 a rich Chain and Diamond Ring,
And ten times more I have in store,
 which I to thee in time will bring.

LOVE AND LOYALTY

Like a Lady thou shalt flourish,
Thy poor drooping heart I'll nourish,
and thy former Joys restore ;
Gold and Treasure, Love and Pleasure
if I live to come on shore.

Love, the world shall now admire,
When they see thy rich attire,
like a youthful Lady Gay ;
I declare it, thou shalt wear it,
yet proud *France* for it shall pay.

Dearest, though we now do sever,
Yet I will be thine for ever ;
I prefer no one beside,
E'er before thee, I adore thee,
none but Death shall us divide.

LXXII

The two Faithful Lovers

To the tune of, ' Francklin is fled.'

Man.

FAREWEL my Hearts delight,
Lady adue ;
I now must take my flight,
what ere insue.
My Country-men I see,
cannot yet agree,
Since it will no better be,
England farewell :

SEA SONGS

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,
Ere I from thee will part,
my Turtle Dove.

Man.

I'll leave thee Gold good store,
thee to maintain,
What canst thou wish for more,
do not complain.
Servants shall wait on thee,
I'll give thee Jewels three
That thou mayest think on me,
when I am gone.

Maid.

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'de rather live alone,
from company.

Man.

I am resolv'd to go,
Fortune to prove.
Advise me what to do,
my dearest Love.

THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS

For here I will not bide,
What ere it me betide
Heavens now me guide,
and lead the way.

Maid.

Then let me with you go,
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.

Man.

The Seas are dangerous,
strangers unkind,
The Rocks are perillous,
so are the Wind,
My care is all for thee,
As thou mayest plainly see,
Dear heart go not with me,
but stay behind.

Maid.

Though Seas do threaten death,
my heart's delight,
with thee I'll spend my breath,
nought shall affright,
With thee I'll live and die,
In thy sweet company,
Though dangers still be nigh,
both day and night.

SEA SONGS

In man's Apparel she
to Sea now went.
Because with him she'd be,
her heart's content.
She cut her lovely hair,
And no mistrust was there,
That she a Maiden fair
was at that time.

To *Venice* were they bound,
with full 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 swum to shore that day,
but she was drown'd;
O his true Love was drown'd,
And never after found,
And he incompast round
with grief and care.

O cruel Seas, quoth he,
and Rocks unkind,
To part my Love and me,
in love combin'd:
O cast her on the shoare,
I may her death deplore,
And mourn for evermore
until I die.

THE TWO FAITHFUL LOVERS

Ye loyal Lovers all
that hear this Ditty,
Sigh and lament her fall
moves you to pittty.
She lies now in the Deep,
In everlasting sleep,
And left me here to weep
in great distress.

Dear Love I come quoth he,
Heavens me guide,
I long to be with thee,
my only Bride.
In *Venice* did he die,
And there his Corps doth lie,
And left his friends to cry,
O bone, O bone.

LXXIII

The Lawlands o' Holland

'THE love that I hae chosen,
I'll therewith be content;
The saut sea sall be frozen
Before that I repent.
Repent it sall I never
Until the day I dee;
But the Lawlands o' Holland
Hae twinn'd my love and me.
'My love he built a bonny ship,
And set her to the main,
twinn'd] separated.

SEA SONGS

Wi' twenty-four brave mariners
To sail her out and hame.
But the weary wind began to rise,
The sea began to rout,
And my love and his bonny ship
Turned withershins about.

'There sall nae mantle cross my back,
No kaim gae in my hair,
Neither sall coal nor candle-light
Shine in my bower mair;
Nor sall I choose anither love,
Until the day I dee,
Sin' the Lawlands o' Holland,
Hae twinn'd my love and me.'

'Noo haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Be still, and bide content;
There's ither lads in Galloway;
Ye needna sair lament.'

'O there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me.
I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.'

LXXIV

Bonnie Annie

THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie!
A ship's captain courted her to be his honey.

BONNIE ANNIE

There cam a ship's captain out owre the sea sailing,
He courted this young thing till he got her wi' bairn.

'Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's
money,
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.'

She's stown her father's gowd, and her mother's
money,
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.

'There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail
for me,
There's fey folk in our ship, she winna sail for me.'

They've casten black bullets twice six and forty,
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

'Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her
cannie,
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear
Annie.

'What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye ;'
'Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.'

'Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.'

'I've laid about, steerd about, laid about cannie,
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.'

'Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

SEA SONGS

He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

LXXV

The Sea-mans Compass :

or

*A dainty new Ditty composed and pend,
The deeds of brave Seamen to praise and
commend,
Twas made by a Maid that to Gravesend
did pass,
Now mark and you quickly shall hear how
it was.*

To the tune of, 'The Tyrant hath stolen.'

As lately I travelled
towards *Gravesend*,
I heard a fair Damosel
a Sea-man commend,
And as in a Tilt-boat
we passed along,
In praise of brave Sea-men
she sung this new Song,

THE SEA-MAN'S COMPASS

Come Tradesman or Merchant,
 whoever he be,
There's none but a Seaman
 shall marry with me.

A Sea-man in promise
 is faithful and just,
Honest in carriage
 and true to his trust,
Kinde in behaviour
 and constant in love,
Is firm in Affection
 as the Turtle-Dove,
Valiant in action
 in every degree,
There's none, &c.

The Sea-men adventures
 their lives at the Seas,
Whilst Land-men on shore
 takes pleasure and ease,
The Sea-men at all times
 their business must ply,
In Winter and Summer,
 in wet and in dry.
From toyl and painstaking
 they seldome are free,
There's none, &c.

Moreover i'de have you
 for to understand,
That Sea-men brings treasure
 and profit to land.

SEA SONGS

Above and beneath ground
for wealth they have sought,
And when they have found it
to *England* 'tis brought,
With hazard of lives
by experience we see,
There's none, &c.

Sea-men from beyond Seas
bring silver and gold,
With Pearls and rich Jewels,
most rare to behold ;
With Silks and rich Velvets
their credits to save,
Or else you gay Ladies
could not go so brave.
This makes my heart merry,
as merry may be.
There's none, &c.

The Sea-men brings Spices,
and Sugar so fine,
Which serve the brave gallants,
to drink with their wine,
With Lemmons and Oranges
all of the best
To relish their Pallats
when they make a feast,
Sweet Figs, Prunes, and Raysins
by them brought home be,
There's none, &c.

To comfort poor people
the Sea-men do strive,

THE SEA-MAN'S COMPASS

And brings in maintenance
to keep them alive,
As raw silk and cotton wool,
to card and to spin,
And so by their labours
their livings comes in.
Most men are beholding
to Sea-men we see,
*With none but a Sea-man
I married will be.*

The Mercer's beholding
we know well enough,
For Holland, Lawn, Cambrick,
and other gay stuff,
That's brought from beyond seas
by Sea-men so bold,
The rarest that ever
mens eyes did behold,
God prosper the Sea-men
where ever they be,
There's none, &c.

The Merchants themselves
are beholding also,
To honest Sea-men
that on purpose do go,
To bring them home profit
from other strange lands,
Or else their fine Daughters
must work with their hands,
The Nobles and Gentry
in every degree
Are also beholding, &c.

SEA SONGS

Thus for rich and poor men,
the Sea-men does good,
And sometimes comes off with
loss of much blood,
If they were not a guard
and defence for our Land,
Our Enemies soon would
get the upper hand,
And then in a woful case
straight should we be.
There's none, &c.

To draw to Conclusion
and to make an end.
I hope that great *Neptune*
my Love will befriend,
And send him home safely,
with health and with life,
Then shall I with joyfulness
soon be his Wife.

You Maids, Wives, and Widdows
that Sea-mens Loves be,
With hearts and with voices,
joyn prayers with me.

God bless all brave Sea-men
from quicksands and rocks,
From loss of their blood
and from Enemies knocks,
From lightning and thunder
and tempests so strong,
From Shipwrack and drowning
and all other wrong,

THE SEA-MAN'S COMPASS

And they that to these words
will not say *Amen*,
'Tis pitty that they should
ever speak word agen.

L(AURENCE) P(RICE).

LXXVI

The Fair Maid's Choice ;

or

The Seaman's Renown

*Being a pleasant Song made of a Saylor,
Who excells a Miller, Weaver, and a Taylor,
Likewise brave gallants that goes fine and
rare*

None of them with a Seaman can compare.

To the tune of 'Shrewsbury for me'.

As I through *Sandwich* town passed along,
I heard a brave Damsel singing of this song,
In the praise of a Saylor she sung gallantly,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me.

I gave good attention unto her new ditty,
My thoughts it was wondrous gallant and pretty,
With a voice sweet and pleasant most neatly sung she,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me.

SEA SONGS

The fair Maid's song in praise of a Seaman

Come, all you fair maidens in country and town,
Lend your attention to what is pen'd down;
And let your opinions with mine both agree,
of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me.

The gallant brave Seaman God bless him I say,
He is a great pains-taker both night and day,
When he's on the Ocean so hard worketh he,
then of all, &c.

Of all sorts of Gallants so gaudy and fine,
That with gold and silver so bravely doth shine,
The Seaman doth out-pass them in each degree,
then of all, &c.

For a Seaman will venture his life and his blood,
For the sake of his King and his countries good,
He is valiant and gallant in every degree,
then of all, &c.

He ventures for traffique upon the salt seas,
To pleasure our Gentry which lives at ease,
Through many dangerous places pass he,
then of all, &c.

Amongst all your tradesmen and merchants so brave,
I can't set my fancy none of them to have,
But a Seaman I will have my husband to be,
then of all, &c.

With a thievish Miller I never will deal,
Because out of a bushel a peck he will steal,
I will have no society with such knaves as he,
but of all, &c.

THE FAIR MAID'S CHOICE

Likewise a pimping Taylor and a lowsie weaver,
To steal cloath and yarn they'l do their endeavour,
Such fellows are not for my company,
but of all, &c.

Also the Carpenter and the Shoomaker,
The Blacksmith, the brewer, and likewise the baker,
Some of them use knavery, and some honesty,
but of all, &c.

For I love a Seaman as I love my life,
And I am resolv'd to be a Seamans Wife,
No man else in *England* my husband shall be,
then of all, &c.

Now ile tell why I love a Seaman so dear,
I have to my Sweet-heart a Seaman most rare,
He is a stout proper Lad as you shall see,
then of all, &c.

If that I were worth a whole ship-load of gold,
My love should possess it, and with it make bold,
I would make him master of every penny,
then of all, &c.

Through fire and Water I would go I swear,
For the sake of my true love whom I love so dear,
If I might have an Earl i'de forsake him for he ;
then of all, &c.

Here 's a health to my dear, come pledge me who please,
To all gallant seamen that sail on the seas,
Pray God bless and keep them from all dangers free,
so of all sorts of tradesmen a Seaman for me.

T. L(ANFIERE).

SEA SONGS

LXXVII

*A pleasant new song betwixt a Saylor
and his Love*

To the tune of 'Dulcina'.

WHAT doth ayl my love so sadly,
in such heavy dumps to stand?
Doth she grieve, or take unkindly,
that I am so nigh at hand?
Or doth she vow
she will not know,
Nor speak to me when I do come?
if that be so,
away i'le go,
First kiss and bid me welcome home.

Had I ever thee forsaken,
putting thee out of my mind,
Then thou might'st have justly spoken
that I to thee was unkind:
or should I take
some other mate,
then might thou have cause to mourn,
but let me dye,
before that I
Do so, then bid me welcome home.

Sooner shall the grass leave growing,
from the Hare the Hound shall run,
Husband-men shall leave their sowing,
floods shall run the Lands upon:
the Fish shall flye,
the Sea run dry,

A PLEASANT NEW SONG

The birds shall sing no more but mourn,
e're I of thee
unmindful be,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,
pardon grant for my amiss,
Let thy favour so befriend me,
as to seal it with a kiss,
to me I swear,
thou art so dear,
That for thy sake i'le fancy none ;
then do not frown,
but sit thee down,
Sweet kiss and bid me welcome home.

If thou hast prov'd chast *Diana*,
since from thee I did depart ;
I have as constant been to thee,
for on thee fixed was my heart ;
no not for she,
Jupiter see,
Diana in her Tower alone,
should me intice,
no i'le be nice,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

No, nor *Venus*, *Cupid's* Mother,
nor the fairest Wife of *Jove*,
Should *Lucretia* or some other
seek by gifts to win my love,
should *Hellen* fair
to me compare,

SEA SONGS

And unto me for love make moan,
yet none of these
my mind shall please,
Then kiss and bid me welcome home.

From thy sight tho I were banisht,
yet I always was to thee
Far more kind then *Ulisses*
to his chast *Penelope* ;
for why away
he once did stay,
Ten years and left her all alone,
but I from thee
have not been three,
Sweet kiss and bid me welcome home.

Come sweet-heart and sit down by me,
and let thy lap my Pillow be,
While sweet sleep my mind beguileth,
all my dreams shall be on thee.
I pray then stay,
steal not away,
Let Lullaby be all thy Song ;
with kisses sweet,
lull me asleep,
Sweet kiss and bid me welcome home.

The Woman's Answer

I have been sad to see how from me,
thou so long from me didst stay,
Yet now I more rejoyce to see thee,
happily arriv'd this way :
thou from our shore
shalt go no more,

A PLEASANT NEW SONG

To wander thus abroad alone,
but thou shalt stay
with me alway,
And here's my hand, thou'rt welcome home.

I have prov'd Diana to thee
since from me thou wentst away,
I have Suitors well nigh twenty,
and much ado I had to stay,
but I deny'd,
when they reply'd,
And sent them all away with scorn,
for I had sworn
to Live forlorn,
Until that I see thee come home.

Seeing thou art home returned,
thou shalt not go from home in haste,
But lovingly come sit down by me,
let my arms imbrace thy waste:
farewel annoy,
welcome my joy,
Now lullaby shall be the song,
for now my Heart,
sings loath to part.
Then kiss, &c.

Since sweet-heart thou dost befriend me,
thus to take me to thy Love,
Never more will I offend thee,
but will ever constant prove;
thou hast my heart,
not to depart,

SEA SONGS

But ever constant to remain ;
and thou art mine,
and I am thine,
Then let us kiss and welcome home.

LXXVIII

To Lucasta, going beyond the Seas

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls ;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,

TO LUCASTA

And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.
RICHARD LOVELACE.

LXXIX

'Oh Yarmouth is a pretty Town'

OH Yarmouth is a pretty town
And shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it
The more it runs in my mind :
The more I think of it
It makes my heart to grieve,
At the sign of the Angel
Pretty Nancy did live.

The rout came on Sunday,
On Monday we marched away :
And the drums they did beat
And the music did play.
Many hearts were rejoicing,
But my heart was sad
To part from my true love—
What a full heart I had !

Will you go on board of ship ?
My love, will you try ?
I'll buy you as fine seafare
As money will buy.

SEA SONGS

And while I'm on sentry
I'll guard you from all foe :
My love, will you go with me ?
But her answer was 'No'.

Oh Yarmouth is a pretty town
And shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it
The more it runs in my mind :
The more I think of it
It makes my heart to grieve,
At the sign of the Angel
Pretty Nan I did leave.

LXXX

'Twas when the Seas were Roaring'

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wistful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest :
Oh ! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast ?

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS WERE ROARING

The merchant rob'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair ;
But what 's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear !
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.
How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white wave, stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd ;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

JOHN GAY.

LXXXI

Black-eyed Susan

ALL in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board—
Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?

SEA SONGS

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain of the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear—
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee!

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go!

If to far India's coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay on board :
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
The less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu ! she cried, and waved her lily hand.

JOHN GAY.

LXXXII

The Sailor Laddie

My love has been in London City,
So has he been at Port Mahon,
My love is away at Greenland,
I hope he will come back again.

Oh ! my bonny sailor laddie,
Oh ! my bonny sailor, he,
Well I love my sailor laddie,
Blyth and merry may he be.

SEA SONGS

Greenland altho' it is no City,
Yet it is a bonny place,
Soon will he come back to England,
Then to court his bonny lass.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

Fisher lads go to the fishing,
Bonny lasses to the braes,
Fisher lads come home at even,
Tell how their fishing goes.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

Sailor lads come home at even,
Casting off their tarry cloaths,
Calling for their own true lovers,
And telling how their trading goes.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

Sailor lads has gold and silver,
Fisher lads has nought but brass,
Well I love my sailor laddie,
Because I am a sailor's lass.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

Our noble Captain's gone to London,
Oh! preserve them from the press,
Send him safely back to Terry,
There to court his bonny lass.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

How can I be blythe and merry,
And my true love so far from me,
When so many pretty Sailors,
Are prest, and taken to the Sea.
Oh! my bonny, &c.

THE SAILOR LADDIE

When my love, he was in Terry,
He came and saw me once a night;
But now he 's prest to the St. Ann's
And is kept quite out of my sight.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

Oh! I wish the press was over,
And all the wars was at an end;
Then every bonny sailor laddie
Would be merry with his friend.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

Here has been so much disturbance,
Our Sailor lads dare not look out,
For to drink with their own lasses,
Or to have a single rout.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

My love, he's a bonny laddie,
Blyth and merry may he be,
If the wars were at an end,
He would come and marry me.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

Some delight in jolly farmers,
Some delight in soldiers free;
But my delight's in a sailor laddie,
Blyth and merry may he be.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

Oh, I wish the war was over,
And peace and plenty come again,
Then every bonny sailor laddie,
Would come sailing o'er the main.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

SEA SONGS

If the wars they were all over,
And all our sailors were come home,
Then every lass would get her laddie,
And every mother get her son.

Oh! my bonny, &c.

Come you by the Buoy and Nore,
Or come you by the Roperie,
Saw you of my love sailing,
Oh, saw you him coming home to me.

Oh! my bonny sailor laddie,
Oh! my bonny sailor, he,
Well I love my sailor laddie,
And my sailor he loves me.

LXXXIII

The Seaman's Adieu

*To his pritty Betty, living near Wapping ;
or, A Pattern of True Love*

SWEET *William* and pritty *Betty*,
They were loving, kind, and pritty,
none alive could be more true ;
Yet at last, how they was crost,
in brief I will declare to you.

He aboard was then commanded,
By no means he could withstand it,
she was left with grief on shore ;
Discontented, she lamented
for the loss of him therefore.

THE SEAMAN'S ADIEU

S'd he, my dearest, cease thy weeping,
Heavens have thee still in keeping,
for if I return alive,
Here's my hand, by Sea and Land,
no Creature shall my Love deprive.

Thus, with sighs and tears they parted,
She to him was loyal-hearted,
but her tears could not prevail;
She was left, of joy bereft,
for then the Ship was under Sail.

But, alas! Tempestuous Weather,
Wind and Rain, and Storms together,
thus the raging Seas did rore;
Quoth he, my dear, I greatly fear
that I shall never see thee more.

Thus the Claps of roaring thunder,
Rais'd the waves to all men's wonder,
they were cast upon the Sand;
The Ship was lost, and they was crost,
they being many Leagues from Land.

Thus their goodly Ship was staved,
Nothing that they had was saved,
but the lives of onely three;
We on shore, may grieve therefore,
to think of their extremity.

While their grief they were expressing,
Heavens now doth send a blessing,
for a Ship that sailed by,
Which did see them, and did free them,
from that woful Destiny.

SEA SONGS

They were bound for *London* City,
Where they found his true love's pitty,
thus they did declare indeed ;
That *William* he, was in the Sea,
which made her very heart to bleed.

O my dearest Love, she cryed,
Would I for thy sake had dyed,
thou li'st rouling in the deep ;
Hear my Ditty, Lovers pitty,
can you now forbear to weep ?

O ye Rocks and Waves so cruel,
You have rob'd me of my Jewel,
you have got my heart's delight ;
O come seize me, Death, and ease me,
thus she cryed day and night.

Then the Messenger came creeping,
All her friends was round her weeping,
seeing of her misery :
Then she cryed, as she dyed,
Love, I long to be with thee.

LXXXIV

Constance and Anthony
or an
Admirable Northern Story

Two Lovers in the *North*,
Constance and *Anthony*,
Of them will I set forth
a gallant History ;

CONSTANCE AND ANTHONY

They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear ;
But that which I shall tell,
the like you ne'er did hear.

*Still she cries, Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.*

Anthony must to Sea,
his calling doth 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 Ship's 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 ;
for the means do not doubt,
A Woman's 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 say'st thou to me now ?

SEA SONGS

The Sea thou can'st 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 Man's array,
She seem'd the blithest Lad,
seen on a Summer's 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,
great Pains she had took ;
She serv'd ev'ry one
fitting to their degree ;
And now and then alone
she kissed *Anthony*.

My bonny, &c.

Alack and well-a-day,
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 cries for her Dear.

My bonny, &c.

CONSTANCE AND ANTHONY

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 thee more !
Fair *Constance*, do not grieve,
the same good Providence,
Hath sav'd thy Lover sweet,
but he is far from hence.
Still she, &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, &c.

The Merchant asked her
what was that *Anthony* ?
Quoth she, My Brother, Sir,
who came from thence with me.

SEA SONGS

He did her entertain,
thinking she was a Boy,
Two years she did remain,
before she met her Joy.

Still she, &c.

Anthony up was ta'en
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, &c.

Now mark what came to pass,
see how the Fates did work,
A ship that her Master's was,
surpriz'd this *English-Turk* :
And into *Bilbo* brought
all that aboard her were,
Constance full little thought,

Anthony was so near.

Still she, &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.

CONSTANCE AND ANTHONY

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 own Bounty give,
A Sum of Gold, on which
they now do bravely live :
And now in *Westmorland*,
they were joyn'd hand in hand,
Constance and *Anthony*,
they live in Mirth and Glee.

*Still she cries, Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Good Providence we see,
both guarded thee and me.*

LXXXV

*The Gallant Seaman's Return from the
Indies ;
or, The Happy Meeting of two Faithful
Lovers*

I AM a stout Seaman, newly come on shore,
I have been a long voyage, where I nere was before ;
But now I am returned, I'me resolved to see
My own dearest honey, whose name is *Betty*.

SEA SONGS

I have been absent from her full many a day,
But yet I was constant in every way;
Though many a beautiful Dame I did see,
Yet none pleased me so well as pretty *Betty*.

Now I am intended, whatever betide,
For to go and see her, and make her my bride;
If that she and I can together agree,
I never will love none but pretty *Betty*.

The gallant Seaman's Song at his meeting of Betty

Well met, pretty *Betty*, my joy and my dear,
I now am returned thy heart for to chear;
Though long I have been absent, yet I thought on
thee,

O my heart it was always with pretty *Betty*.

Then come, my own dearest, to the Tavern let 's go,
Whereas wee'll be merry for an hour or two;
Lovingly together we both will agree,
And I'll drink a good health to my pretty *Betty*.

And when we have done, to the Church we will hy,
Whereas wee'll be joyned in Matrymony;
And always I'll be a kind husband to thee,
If that thou wilt be my wife, pretty *Betty*.

I will kiss thee, and hug thee all night in my arms,
I'll be careful of thee, and keep thee from harms;
I will love thee dearly in every degree,
For my heart it is fixed on pretty *Betty*.

THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S RETURN

For thee I will rove and sail far and near,
The dangerous rough sea shall not put me in fear
If I do get treasure, I'll bring it to thee,
And I'll venture my life for my pretty *Betty*.

And more then all this, I'll tell thee, my Dear,
I will bring thee home rich Jewels for to wear;
And many new fashions I will provide thee,
So that none shall compare unto pretty *Betty*.

Then come, mine own Dearest, and grant me thy
Love,
Both loyal and constant to thee I will prove;
If that thou wilt put trust and beleif in me,
I vow nere to love none but pretty *Betty*.

*Betty's reply, wherein she shews her Love,
Promising him alwayes constant to prove.*

O welcome, my Dearest, welcome to the shore,
Thy absence so long hath troubled me sore;
But since thou art returned, this I'll assure thee,
It is thou art the man that my Husband shall be.

Although that some Maids, now a dayes, prove
untrue,
Yet I'll never change my old Love for a new;
My promise I'll keep while life remains in me,
For tis thou art the man that my Husband shall be.

I have been courted by many a proper youth,
If thou wilt beleive me, I'll tell you the truth;
But all my affections I have set on thee,
For thou art the man that my Husband shall be.

SEA SONGS

Then, Dearest, be not discontented in mind,
For to thee I'll always prove loving and kind;
No Lord nor Knight I'll have, if they would
have me,

For tis thou art the man that my Husband shall be.

If that I might gain a whole Ship-load of money,
I would not forsake my true Love and Honey:
No wealth, nor yet riches shall force or tempt me,
To forsake him who ever my true Love shall be.

This lusty brave Seaman and his dearest Dear,
Was married full speedily as I did hear;
Now they both together do live happily,
And he vows to love his pretty *Betty*.

He is overjoy'd now he has gain'd his mate,
They do love and live without strife or debate;
He is kind unto her in every degree,
So I wish him well to enjoy pretty *Betty*.

All you young men and maidens pray learn by my song,
To be true to your sweethearts and do them no wrong;
Prove constant and just, and not false-hearted be,
And so I will now conclude my new Ditty.

T(HOMAS) L(ANFIERE).

LXXXVI

The Sailor Boy

THE sailing trade is a weary life,
It's robb'd me of my heart's delight,
And left me here in tears to mourn,
Still waiting for my love's return.

THE SAILOR BOY

Like one distracted this fair maid ran,
For pen and paper to write her song,
And at ev'ry line she drop't a tear,
Crying alas! for Billy my dear.

Thousands, thousands all in a room,
My love he carries the brightest bloom,
He surely is some chosen one,
I will have him, or else have none.

The grass doth grow on every lea,
The leaf doth fall from every tree,
How happy that small bird doth cry,
That her true love doth by her lie.

The colour of amber is my true love's hair,
His red rosy cheeks doth my heart ensnare,
His ruby lips are soft, and with charms,
I'd fain lay a night in his lovely arms.

Father, father, build me a boat,
That on the ocean I may float,
And every ship that doth pass by,
I may enquire for my sailor boy.

She had not sail'd long upon the deep,
Till a man of war she chanc'd to meet :
O, sailor, sailor, send me word,
If my true love William be on board.

Your true love William is not here,
For he is kill'd and so I fear,
For the other day as we pass'd by,
We see'd him last in the Victory.

SEA SONGS

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying, alas! my dearest dear,
And overboard her body threw,
Bidding all worldly things adieu.

LXXXVII

The Welcome Sailor

As I walked out one night, it being dark all over,
The moon did show no light I could discover,
Down by a river side where ships were sailing,
A lonely maid I spied weeping and bewailing.

I boldly stepped up to her, and ask'd her what griev'd
her,

She made me this reply, None could relieve her,
For my love is pressed, she cried, to cross the ocean,
My mind is like the Sea, always in motion.

He said, my pretty fair maid, mark well my story,
For your true love and I fought for England's glory,
By one unlucky shot we both got parted,
And by the wounds he got, I'm broken hearted.

He told me before he died his heart was broken,
He gave me this gold ring, take it for a token,
Take this unto my dear, there is no one fairer,
Tell her to be kind and love the bearer.

Soon as these words he spoke she run distracted,
Not knowing what she did, nor how she acted,
She run ashore, her hair showing her anger,
Young man, you've come too late, for I'll wed no
stranger.

THE WELCOME SAILOR

Soon as these words she spoke, her love grew stronger,
He flew into her arms, he could wait no longer,
They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest,
Like a Nightingale in spring, Welcome home, my
dearest.

He sang God bless the wind that blew him over,
She sang God bless the ship that brought him over,
They both sat down and sung, but she sung clearest,
Like a Nightingale in spring, Welcome home, my
dearest.

LXXXVIII

The Maid's Lamentation for the Loss of her True Love

As I walk'd out one May morning down by a river's
side,
There I beheld a gay lady that was to have been a
Bride,
She was to have been a Bride, my boys, and a
charmer to behold,
May the Heavens above protect and keep all jolly
sailors bold.

I built my Love a very fine Ship, a Ship of noble Fame,
With twenty-five Mariners to box about the Main;
When the Wind blows, Boys, and Seas begin to spout,
My true Love, and his gallant Ship, was sadly tost
about.

Our Anchor and our Cables we overboard did throw,
Our Main-mast and our Rigging, overboard did blow,

SEA SONGS

By the Tempest of bad Weather, and the Raging
of the Sea,

I never had but one true Love, and him they took
from me.

Says the Mother to the Daughter, what makes you
to lament?

Is there never a Lad in this Town that can give
you Content?

No, there's never a Lad in the Town ever shall
suffer for me,

Since the Seas and the Winds has parted my Love
and me.

There shall no Scarf go on my Head, no Comb
into my Hair,

No Fire burn, no Candle light to shew my Beauty
fair,

For never will I married be, until the Day I die,
Since the Seas and the Winds has parted my Love
and me.

LXXXIX

The Distressed Ship Carpenter

WELL met, well met, my own true Love,
Long time I have been seeking thee,
I am lately come from the salt salt Sea,
And all for the Sake, Love, of thee.

I might have had a King's Daughter,
And fain she would have married me,
But I've forsaken all her Crowns of Gold,
And all for the Sake, Love, of thee.

Ship Carpenter
Child (#)

THE DISTRESSED SHIP CARPENTER

If you might have had a King's Daughter,
I think you much to blame,
I would not for Five Hundred Pounds,
That my Husband should hear the same.

For my Husband is a Carpenter,
And a young Ship Carpenter is he,
And by him I have a little Son,
Or else, Love, I'd go along with thee.

But, if I should leave my Husband dear,
Likewise my little Son also,
What have you to maintain me withal,
If I along with you should go?

I have seven Ships upon the Seas,
And one of them brought me to Land,
And Seventeen Mariners to wait on thee,
For to be, Love, at your Command.

A pair of Slippers thou shalt have,
They shall be made of beaten Gold,
Nay, and be lin'd with Velvet Soft,
For to keep thy Feet from Cold.

A gilded Boat then thou shalt have,
Thy Oars shall be gilded also,
And Mariners to row thee along,
For to keep thee from thy overthrow.

They had not been long upon the Sea,
Before that she began to weep;
What weep you for my Gold? he said,
Or do you weep for my Fee?

SEA SONGS

Or do you weep for some other young Man,
That you love much better than me?
No, I do weep for my little Son,
That should have come along with me.

She had not been upon the Seas,
Passing Days three or four,
But the Mariner and she were drown'd,
And never were heard of more.

When Tidings to *Old England* came,
The Ship's Carpenter's wife was drown'd,
He wrung his Hands, and tore his Hair,
And grievously fell in a Swoon.

Oh! cursed be those Mariners,
For they do lead a wicked life,
They ruin'd me a Ship Carpenter,
By deluding away my Wife.

XC

'To all you Ladies now at Land'

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,

‘TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND’

Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By *Dutchman*, or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of Old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall* stairs.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The *Dutch* would scorn so weak a foe
And quit their fort at *Goree* ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind,
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
No sorrow shall we find.

'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SEA SONGS

To pass our tedious hours away,

We throw a merry main;

Or else at serious ombre play,

But why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?

We were undone when we left you.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,

And cast our hopes away;

Whilst you, regardless of our woe,

Sit, careless, at a play:

Perhaps, permit some happier man

To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,

That dies in every note;

As if it sigh'd with each man's care,

For being so remote;

Think then how often love we've made

To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse

To think of our distress,

When we for hopes of honour lose

Our certain happiness;

All those designs are but to prove

Ourselves more worthy of your love,

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,

And, likewise, all our fears,

‘ TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND ’

In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let’s hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

EARL OF DORSET.

XCI

‘ *Farewell and Adieu* ’

FAREWELL, and adieu to you, <gay> Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain !
For we’ve received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We’ll rant and we’ll roar like true British heroes,
We’ll rant and we’ll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England ;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou’-
west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear ;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we
did steer.

The first land we made it was calléd the Deadman,
Next, Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland
and Wight ;
We passed by Beechy, by Fairleigh, and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to, off the South Foreland light.

SEA SONGS

'Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs, that night for to sleep;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-
painters,
Haul all your clew-garnets, stick out tacks and
sheets.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy:
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

XCII

'Blow High, Blow Low'

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee!

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

‘ BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW ’

And on that night when all the crew
The mem’ry of their former lives
O’er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I’ll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XCIII

Sailor’s Journal

’Twas post meridian, half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger’d on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.
At seven, while tautening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else ’twas fancy ;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy !
Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look’d on the moon, and thought of Nancy !
And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses ;

SEA SONGS

When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy ;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy !

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves ;
For me—it may be only fancy,—
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy !

Scarce the foul hurricane had clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.
And now, while some loved friend or wife
Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy !

At last,—'twas in the month of May,—
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discover'd day
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy !

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XCIV

The Token

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
 Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
 When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
 His true-love's tokens overhaul'd:
 The broken gold, the braided hair,
 The tender motto, writ so fair,
 Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
 Nancy the poet, Love the muse:
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
 Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
 That tars for sharks had given a feast,
 And left the ship a hulk—had ceased:
 When Jack, as with his messmates dear
 He shared the grog, their hearts to cheer,
 Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
 And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

The battle—that with horror grim,
 Had madly ravaged life and limb,
 Had scuppers drenched with human gore,
 And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
 When Jack to his companions dear
 First paid the tribute of a tear,
 Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
 Restored his comfort, as he spell'd,
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

SEA SONGS

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward ;
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end ;
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore,
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the willing maid,
‘If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.’

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XCV

The Standing Toast

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
Affording a chequer'd delight,
The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tippie,
And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night :
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life
Each drank while he wish'd he could hail her ;
But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
And some the constitution,
Some, May our foes and all such rips
Own English resolution !
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her ;
But the standing toast, &c.

THE STANDING TOAST

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
Our glorious land of freedom !
Some that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em !
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her ;
But the standing toast, &c.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XCVI

The Sailor's Adieu

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea ;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee.
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we've sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Love breath'd constant gales :
Thou art the compass of my soul
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers and not slaves :
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

SEA SONGS

These are our cares, but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows and the wind,
The power of France and Spain;
Now England's glory rests with you:
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu.
MICHAEL ARNE.

XCVII

Ballad in Great News

I

SWEET is the ship that under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale,
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

2

The needle faithful to the North,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

BALLAD IN GREAT NEWS

3

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran :
No ship performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man ;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

4

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love, truth, and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran ;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man ;
To sail through life, by honour's breeze—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

XCVIII

' Sweet Annie frae the Sea-beach came '

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jockey's speel'd the vessel's side :
Ah! wha can keep her heart at hame,
When Jockey's toss'd aboon the tide?

speel'd] climbed.

SEA SONGS

Far off 'till distant realms he gangs,
But I'se be true, as he ha' been;
And when ilk lass around him thrangs,
He'll think on Annie's faithful een.

Our wealthy laird I met yestreen;
With gowd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, and rowan een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie.

But though my Jockey's far away,
Blaw'd up and down the awsome main,
I'se keep my heart anither day,
Syne Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, fause Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
Thy Jockey wad be trubled sair,
To see his frien' his lo'e betray.

Yer sangs, and a' yer verse is vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow;
To him my heart shall true remain,
I'se keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jockey's head;
And gar the waves be cawm and still
His hameward sails with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasures spill.

Though full o'erlang will be his stay,
Yet then he'll braw in siller shine.
I'se keep my heart anither day,
Syne Jockey will again be mine.

XCIX

I'd think on thee, my Love

IN storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms;
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my Love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
 The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore;
 No more the main
 I tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

C

'O, Falmouth is a fine town'

O, FALMOUTH is a fine town with ships in the bay,
 And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day ;
 I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
 Sitting in my parlour and talking to my dear.

For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be,
 Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea ;
 O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
 They're all growing green in the old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet
 With her babe on her arm, as she came down the street ;
 And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing
 ready
 For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddy.

And it's home, dearie, home, &c.

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring ;
 And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king :
 With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue
 He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.

And it's home, dearie, home, &c.

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
 And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
 For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
 And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.

For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be,
 Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea ;
 O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree
 They're all growing green in the old countrie.

W. E. HENLEY.

NOTES

- Ash. = J. Ashton's *Real Sailor-Songs*. (London. 1891.) Reference to numbers.
- Hall. = J. O. Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*. (Percy Society. 1841.) Ref. to pages.
- R. B. = Roxburghe Ballads. (Ballad Society.) Ref. to volumes and pages.
- B. B. = Bagford Ballads. (Ballad Society.) Ref. to volumes and pages.
- D. B. = Douce Ballads in Bodleian. Ref. to volume and number.
- Rawl. = Rawlinson's Ballads in Bodleian. Ref. to volume and number.
- W. = Wood's Ballads in Bodleian. Ref. to Shelf-mark.
- D. S. = Douce's Collection of English Songs in Bodleian. (5 vols.)
- Chap. = Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. (London. 1855-7.) Ref. to pages.
- Child = Prof. F. J. Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. (5 vols.) Ref. to numbers.
- L. = W. H. Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*. (Edinburgh. 1869.) Ref. to pages.

N.B.—The following list of sources is not intended to be complete. In most cases only the source from which the present version has been taken is given. The notes signed C. A. G. B. are kindly contributed by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge.

I. From a MS. in the library at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is printed in *Early English Text Society*, 25, 1867; Ash. (preface), and Hall., p. 1. Cf. Sir Henry Ellis's *Original Letters*, 2nd series, vol. i. p. 110, for a letter requesting a licence on behalf of the Earl of Oxford to carry pilgrims to Compostella in 'the Jesus of Orwelle'. The exportation of pilgrims to the shrine of St. James (whose body was discovered in 797) was a regular trade; in 1434 a licence to carry no less than 2,433 pilgrims was granted by Henry VI. Cf. Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, ch. 27. 'War-take' in st. 10. 1 has

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baffled all editors. It might mean war-tackle, some apparatus outside the vessel: but this is not probable, and any alternative explanation is purely conjectural. 'Febyll cell' in st. 16. 4 is a slightly-built cabin such as was sometimes hastily constructed by the ship's carpenter down to the very last days of wooden ships.

'If the spelling of parts of this song were changed to present forms, and allowance made for altered or provincial pronunciation in a few words, it would appear surprisingly modern. The song is most likely the composition of a sailor on board what was certainly a merchant vessel ("then cometh our *owner* like a lord"), and one of its subjects—for it portrays seamen's life as well—is that which always was, and perhaps still is, a matter of unflinching interest and amusement to sailors—viz. the miseries of landsmen afloat in rough weather. The only thing that can give rise to doubt as to the calling of the author is its regular and rather artificial versification—four-lined stanzas of which the first three lines all rhyme and the fourth rhymes with the corresponding line in the next stanza. This may possibly be the result of editing.

Some of the phrases are especially interesting and are still extant.' [C. A. G. B.]

'St. 4. 1. "Howe! hissa!" would now be "Ho! hissa!" still used on board sailing merchant vessels instead of the inconveniently longer "Ho! hoist away!" *Hisser* is French for hoist; and a form of it is found in most Romance languages.

St. 4. 2. "What ho! mate," was in common use till very lately and, perhaps, still is.

— "thou stondest to ny, Thy fellow may nat hale the by," in modern spelling would be

"thou standest too nigh (near), Thy neighbour cannot haul beside thee," thou art too close to him to give him room to haul.

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St. 5. 3. "Y how! taylia!" is "Yeo ho! talley." I have heard "Talley and belay," which came from the merchant service: and the following quotations are from the *Century Dictionary*: "When they hale aft the Sheate of Maine or fore sailes, they say *Tallee* aft the Sheate." MS. Harleian, 6286 (Halliwell).

"And while the lee clew-garnet's lowered away,
Taut aft the sheet they tally and belay."

Falconer.

St. 8. 1. "What howe! no nere!" is "What ho! no higher!" of modern time; but "Near!" or "Too near!" instead of "No higher!" survived till my time; but was regarded as old-fashioned.

St. 10. 2. "Cover the boorde" may be "Lay the cloth." If so, it is interesting to know that tablecloths were in use afloat so long ago.

St. 14. 3. "Allas! myne hede woll cleve on thre!" This line shows that the sensations during sea-sickness were the same as they are now. One has often heard a sea-sick person say "My head is splitting." It is a common precursor of actual nausea.

The last stanza shows that in a crowded passenger vessel some of the passengers had to sleep in the hold. Thus they were near the pump and near the bilgewater: which in most wooden ships is offensive, and, when refuse was allowed to be thrown into the hold, as some authorities say it used to be in old days, the stink must have been nearly unendurable.' [C. A. G. B.]

2. Thomas Wright's *Festive Songs* (Percy Society, vol. xxiii). From *Common Conditions*, a comedy published about 1570.

'If it were not for the structure of the stanza, which indicates technical skill not to be looked for in nautical folk songs, this might be taken as a real sea song of

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the Fore-bitter class. Perhaps it is a fragment of one, amended by a shore-going editor.' [C. A. G. B.]

3, 4, 5. Hall., pp. 14-17, 79. **3** and **4** are from MS. Sloane 2497, fol. 47, in the British Museum, **5** from a private MS. A note at the end of **3**, 'Sur Richard Grinfilldes, farewell,' seems to refer the poem to Grenville's voyage of discovery in 1585. The transcription is illiterate and the text bears traces of a Scotch origin. The present text contains a few alterations, for the sake of the rhyme or the sense: in **3** Hall. has, in l. 2 'whinges of hie desarte', in l. 10 'stead-foot', in l. 17 'alicke', in l. 18 'whom fortune sicke', in l. 26 'trische', in l. 28 'slishe', and in l. 29 'that': but l. 30 does not seem to make sense as it stands, and l. 13 wants 'dwell' or some such word for the rhyme; in the last stanza 'bine' and 'foylde' need emendation. In **4** Hall. has in l. 2 'seaes', and in l. 34 'hast'.

'These are of a much higher class than genuine sailors' songs. Probably by the same author. The classical mythology in no. **5** proves its shore origin.' [C. A. G. B.]

6. From John Hinton's *Deuteromelia*, 1609. Printed in Chap., R. B., &c.

'An interesting fragment showing the jealousy between the war navy and the merchant service. It was probably written by some one in or connected with the latter.' [C. A. G. B.]

7. Rawl. 157; also in D. B. ii. 174. For other versions of this ballad, which may have been written by Martin Parker, cf. no. **11**, R. B. vi. 431, 796, 797; Chap. 778.

'Founded on a genuine Fore-bitter, if not a Fore-bitter but little altered. In singing songs of this kind when there was no chorus, the last line of each stanza was made to serve as one.' [C. A. G. B.]

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8. D. B. i. 37.

“You bargain with men for six months,
And pay them but for five.”

This most likely refers to the practice of paying seamen by the lunar month, there being not much difference in the number of days (148) in six lunar months and that (151) in five calendar months, January to May inclusive. Till a very late date the crews of short voyage steamers were victualled for a lunar month only, though serving for a full calendar month. The song is founded on a genuine sailor's song; and seems to be but little altered.' [C. A. G. B.]

II. Child, 289. Six versions of the ballad are there collated; this is from a broadside printed by Birt, and is copied from Ash. 41. Cf. no. 7.

‘This song was a favourite on the forecastle till well within my recollection. The air was a poor one.’ [C. A. G. B.]

14. D. B. ii. 168, cf. R. B. vi. 431 ff.; Chap. 291. It is interesting to compare this ballad with nos. 7 and 38. It is altered from Martin Parker's original song, circ. 1635.

15. Hall., p. 131. In commemoration of Sir Edward Hawke's splendid defeat of the French off Belleisle on Nov. 20, 1759. The author seems to have been the actor, John Wignell, whose poems were published in 1762.

16. Hall., p. 135. There is some reason for thinking that it was sung in Charles Shadwell's *Fair Quaker of Deal* in 1714.

17. From Davidson's *Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602. It was written for the Gray's Inn Masque (*Gesta Graiorum*) in 1594.

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18. From a slip-song in the possession of Prof. C. H. Firth.

1. D. S. i. l. 7 'deep'. 'A term used in estimating the fathoms intermediate to those indicated by marks on the 20-fathom sounding-line. Formerly also "dip".' *Oxford Dictionary*.

"Dip" was mere mispronunciation and was used within my recollection by people who never spelled the word in any way but "deep".' [C. A. G. B.]

20. 'Introduced to the forecastle from the shore and rather a favourite, most likely because of its rousing chorus.' [C. A. G. B.]

22. D. S. ii.

23, 24. From *Songs of the Seaports*, collected by Rev. F. Iliffe, London, 1861.

25. D. S. i.

26. D. S. iii.

27. D. S. i.; Hall., p. 141. In Kitchiner's *Loyal Songs of England* it is stated that this song was sung by Mr. Gawdry in a pantomime called *Robinson Crusoe* produced at Drury Lane in 1781, which, according to *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), 'is said to have been contrived by Mr. Sheridan, whose powers, if it really be his performance, do not seem adapted to the production of such kinds of entertainments.'

'This was a favourite on the forecastle and is probably a genuine sailors' song. It kept its popularity till recent years.' [C. A. G. B.]

28. Duffey's *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 1719; Hall., p. 96. In l. 2 'the Coach' was 'an apartment near the stern of a man of war, usually occupied by the captain'. *Oxford Dictionary*. In stanza 2, l. 3 'a-trip' means 'hoisted from the cap, sheeted home, and ready for trimming'. Smyth, quoted

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in *Oxford Dictionary*. St. 3, l. 5 'Shall be drubb'd at the Geers'. 'Tackle for hoisting and lowering the lower yards. 1672 NARBOROUGH *Jrnl.* 9 Sept., Captain Fowles comander of his Mastie Ann was dismissed from his comande for beateinge one Mr Murfeild comander of a collier at the Jers. 1712 W. ROGERS *Voy.* 34 He was lash'd to the Main-Geers and drub'd. 1725 DE FOE *Voy. round World* (1840) 87, I caused him to be brought to the gears, with a halter about his neck, and be soundly whipped.' *Oxford Dictionary*. l. 4 'the Logg' was 'an apparatus for ascertaining the rate of a ship's motion, consisting of a thin quadrant of wood, loaded so as to float upright in the water, and fastened to a line wound on a reel'. *Oxford Dictionary*. In stanza 4, l. 3 'To lye a Try (Sea-Phrase) is where the wind blows so hard, that the ship cannot maintain or bear out the mainsail, and they make her lie a Try under the misen-sail only'. *Bailey's Dictionary*.

'This looks like an attempt to copy a genuine sailors' song.' [C. A. G. B.]

30. 'This was brought off from the shore; but never got quite acclimatized afloat.' [C. A. G. B.]

31. 'Probably of all C. Dibdin's songs the greatest favourite among sailors.' [C. A. G. B.]

32. *Notes and Queries*, ser. 7, xi. 411.

'Had a certain vogue afloat.' [C. A. G. B.]

33. D. S. i. Cf. *N. and Q.* ser. 7, i. 310.

35. 'I have heard this song on the forecandle: but it never became common there.' [C. A. G. B.]

36. 'A song certain not to have been popular with forecandle audiences.' [C. A. G. B.]

37. D. S. v.

40. For various versions of 'Sir Patrick Spens' cf. Child, 48.

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41. Rawl. 183; D. B. ii. 197; cf. R. B. vi. 409. The rhymes are faulty in stanzas 4, 6, 13, 15, 16, and 18. R. B. suggests 'made' for 'shot' in 16, and omits 'on shore' in 18. In 15 'Dogs' and 'Rogues' offer a clue.

'Probably the work of a ballad-maker who had heard the men of returned crews give an account of their voyage. It recalls the days when merchant-ships were armed not much less heavily than men-of-war of the same size. "Amain, amain," means "Strike your flag." *Aenez votre pavillon!*' [C. A. G. B.]

42. W. 402. 37: cf. W. 401. 55; D. B. i. 19 and iii. 84. Child (167) collects many versions. The three sons of John Barton obtained letters of reprisal against the Portuguese for the seizure of a richly loaded ship commanded by their father; and they appear to have enjoyed the privilege till it became a habit. At any rate Andrew, one of the sons, used to take Englishmen's goods and say that they were Portuguese; and King Henry VIII, in June 1511, sent Lord Edmund Howard and Lord Thomas Howard to capture the pirate. The Lord Charles of the ballad was not born till twenty-five years after the fight. It is noticeable that Sir Andrew seems not to have fired any guns in the fight, but to have relied on the 'beams' which could be lowered on to the enemy's deck. The poet is not lucid as to their mechanism or efficacy: but the three attempts on the mainmast tree afford him scope for the finest passage in the ballad. 'Until you hear my whistle blow' is a misinterpretation of the Scotch version 'till', meaning 'while'.

'The Scotch resent Barton being considered a pirate. J. Hill Burton in his *History of Scotland* (8 vol. edition), iii. p. 70, calls him a "great Scots sea-captain". He was defeated and killed in 1512 by a force under two

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sons of the Earl of Surrey—Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Howard (Burton).

Part II, st. 4. 5: "A glass Ile set that may be seen."
"To set a glass" generally meant to turn the sand-glass, by which time was kept on board ship till near the middle of Queen Victoria's reign.' [C. A. G. B.]

43. Henry Martin is clearly no other than Andrew Barton of no. 42; see Child, 250. This version is copied, by kind permission of Mr. Frank Kidson, from his *Traditional Tunes*.

44, 45. The 'Sweet Trinity' occurs in broadsides printed about 1682-85, though Ash. (75) says that the date of the ballad 'is thought' to be 1635. Cf. Child, 286, where four versions of the 'Sweet Trinity' are given, thirteen versions of the 'Golden Vanity'. The variations in the story are mainly about the ending, the fate of the cabin boy being a subject for much difference of opinion. Professor Child remarks that not impossibly the source of the traditional copies of the 'Golden Vanity' may be as old as the broadside of the 'Sweet Trinity'. Cf. R. B. vi. 421; L. 42.

45. 'Probably a ballad recounting an episode in a merchant-vessel's voyage.' [C. A. G. B.]

46. Hall., p. 25; R. B. vi. 376. On his return from navigating the world in 1581.

47. From the opera of *Sir Francis Drake*, 'represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane at Three afternoon Punctually', 1659. Hall., p. 25.

48. Hall., p. 17; R. B. vi. 378. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the reputed author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, died in 1607.

49. Dufey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719. There are

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two distinct versions given in R. B. vi. 379 and other variants. Cf. Hall., pp. 19, 20; Chap., p. 213.

50. This song, by John O'Keefe, dramatist and actor (1747-1833), affords a strong contrast to the contemporary poems on the Armada. The music was by Dr. Arnold. R. B. vi. 383.

51. D. B. iii. 80: cf. R. B. vi. 404; Child, 288. An eighteenth-century ballad; the story is wholly fictitious.

52. D. B. i. 73: cf. R. B. vi. 411. Date, about 1600 (Ash.).

53. D. B. i. 81: cf. R. B. vi. 426; Hall., p. 55; Child, 287; L. 1. John Ward was a Kentish man and took to 'roving' in 1605. His career was meteoric; in 1609 he and Dansekar were called 'the two late famous pirates'. See Ashton's interesting note, (3).

54, 55. W. 401. 80, 402. 39; D. B. ii. 199: cf. R. B. vi. 422. No. **55** is the second part of no. **54** on the broadsides.

56. R. B. viii. 141; Ash. 82; L. 47. End of eighteenth century. Captain Glen is apparently a fictitious character. Compare the ballad of 'Bonnie Annie' (no. **74**) for the superstition.

57. R. B. vi. 428; Ash. 4. Date, about 1635. Probably by Laurence Price.

58. Hall., p. 100; see note on no. **60**.

59. B. B. i. 117 ('The Midshipman's Garland'). There is a somewhat different version in Ash. 7 and Kitchiner's *Loyal Songs of England*, containing the correct 'King' for 'Queen' in stanza 4, l. 8, but otherwise inferior and omitting the last two stanzas. See note on no. **60**. N.B. Ashton's version, l. 18, reads 'Fill'd the scuppers of the rising Sun'; cf. no. **60**,

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stanza 8, l. 4. Tourville's ship was the *Royal Sun*, named in allusion to Louis' favourite emblem, as Macaulay states in his *History of England*, ch. xviii. (quoted B. B. i. 117). She was 'widely renowned as the finest vessel in the world'.

““Culvering”—culverin, an 18-pounder gun. “Turvil,” the great French admiral Tourville.’ [C. A. G. B.]

60. B. B. i. 297; Ash. 8. These three ballads, nos. 58, 59, and 60, are an interesting comment upon the historical events. Lord Torrington's character has been entirely cleared of the imputation of cowardice or treason in the action off Beachy Head on June 30, 1690, when the Dutch allies, by their own foolhardiness, were crushed by the Count de Tourville. The danger was very great, since William was in Ireland; and if Tourville had not exasperated the south coast of England by burning Teignmouth, and William had not won the battle of the Boyne, James would doubtless have landed immediately in England. Torrington was court-martialled but acquitted. Russel, who succeeded him, was a Jacobite, and had promised *not to hinder* a French invasion by his huge fleet. However Louis, believing in his treachery, ordered Tourville to *attack* the English fleet at any disadvantage; and when they met off the heights of Barfleur, on May 19, 1692, only twenty-two out of Tourville's fifty ships escaped to St. Malo. Russel had declared, 'Do not think that I will let the French triumph over us in our own seas. If I meet them, I will fight them, even though King James were on board': and he kept his word.

'Can "Old Lewis, their Fistula-Master" mean that Louis XIV was the piper who called the tune of war?' [C. A. G. B.]

61. Durfey's *Wit and Mirth*, 1719. 'Sir George

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Rooke and the Duke of Ormond failed in their attempts on Cadiz, but defeated the French immediately afterwards in Vigo Bay, and took or burnt the whole Plate-fleet which Chateau-Regnault was convoying home to Spain.' (Kitchin.) This year, 1702, must have been the most popular period in the Duke of Ormond's chequered career. Durfey has another song on the same theme, 'Ye brave boys and tars.' Hall., p. 69; Chap. 678.

62. Hall., p. 122. Admiral Benbow was born at Shrewsbury in 1650. In August 1702, during an engagement with Du Casse off Carthage, his leg was carried away by a chain-shot; and at this critical moment he was deserted by the other ships of his squadron; he kept up the fight till the next morning, when the French sheered off. Captains Kirby and Wade were court-martialled and executed. Benbow died of his wounds at Jamaica in October. There is another ballad of his death, 'Oh we sailed to Virginia and thence to Fial.'

63. Hall., p. 114; Chap. 597. Hosier was sent to the Spanish West Indies in 1726 with orders to block the ports; and from his enforced inactivity was assailed by the derision of the Spaniards and the diseases of the climate. His crews, his ships, and his prestige suffered daily; and he is said to have died of a broken heart. A ballad, after the taking of Porto Bello in 1739, represents Vernon's answer to the ghost: Hall., p. 118. A parody of 'Hosier's Ghost', called 'Brissot's Ghost', appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

64. Ash. 7. This song first appeared in W. Shield's opera of *Lock and Key* in 1796. Captain Sam. Marshall of the *Arethusa* (32 guns), part of Admiral Keppel's fleet, encountered *La Belle Poule* off Ushant in June,

NOTES

1778. The *Arethusa* had not by any means the success which this ballad claims, and was worsted in the duel.

66. D. S. iii. 'Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.' On the outbreak of the war with revolutionary France in 1793, Lord Howe took command of the Channel Fleet, and bringing the enemy to an action some 500 miles off Ushant on June 1, 1794, he inflicted a decisive and important defeat upon them, capturing six ships of war, and sinking one.

67. This ballad is chiefly interesting because it is taken from the *Skylark* published at Edinburgh in 1803.

69. From *Songes and Sonnettes*, published by Richard Tottel in 1557. This song is under the heading 'Uncertain Auctours'. It is printed in the *Oxford Book of Verse*, 54.

70. W. e. 25. 153; D. B. ii. 286: cf. R. B. iii. 127 (a slightly different version by Cuthbert Birket); Hall., p. 108. Another version of this ballad, 'The Welcome Sailor' (no. 87) presents many interesting points of contrast.

71. D. B. i. 122.

72. D. B. ii. 214.

73. From William Allingham's *Ballad Book* (London, 1864). Two other versions are printed in L., pp. 24, 25. Cf. no. 88. In line 16 'withershins' means 'contrary to the course of the sun', i.e. unlucky.

74. Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 123; Child, 24. There is another 'Dumbarton' version in Child. Cf. 'Captain Glen', no. 56. In l. 11,

'There's fey fowk in our ship',

'fey' means 'doomed to die soon'.

NOTES

75. Rawl. 64; B. B. i. 261; Hall., p. 49. This ballad would perhaps be more appropriately placed in the first group among the songs 'in praise of sailors'; but it forms a good companion to the next ballad.

76. Hall., p. 42; B. B. i. 289. Date, about 1650-74.

77. Rawl. 188; Hall., p. 85.

79. Printed by kind permission of Miss Lucy Broadwood. This version is slightly altered and abridged (for concert-singing purposes) from that originally published in the *Folk Song Society Journal*.

80. Third Edition.

81. 'I never heard this song sung by sailors, or even alluded to by them, notwithstanding its being so well known ashore.' [C. A. G. B.]

82. Ash. 35.

83. D. B. ii. 196; B. B. i. 274; Ash. 38.

84. D. B. i. 29 (printed at Gosport) and iii. 16. Cf. R. B. i. 24. The tenth stanza is omitted in the former broadside.

85. Rawl. 97; D. B. i. 87; R. B. vi. 415; Hall., p. 76.

86. Ash. 63. There is another version in the *Folk Song Society Journal*, vol. i. 3. 20.

87. Ash. 74. Compare this with no. 70.

88. Ash. 59. The first stanza has been corrected from a version in the possession of Professor Firth. No. 73 is the same ballad in a Scotch and apparently later form.

89. Ash. 74.

NOTES

90. Edition of 1721. In the seventh stanza 'the main' is a technical term in the throwing of dice.

91. This is copied from J. H. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs* (Percy Society, vol. xvii); but versions vary considerably, and the song is still much sung in the navy. Chap. 736.

92. A curiously similar song of much the same date, 'Go High, Go Low,' was published in the *Dairy-maid*, Edinb. 1784. See L. 51.

97. D. S. iv.

98. *Skylark*, 1803.

99. D. S. ii.

100. From W. E. Henley's *Poems*, dated 1886. The note at the end of it, 'the burthen and the third stanza are old', is sufficient excuse for reprinting it, by kind permission of Mr. David Nutt, in this collection.

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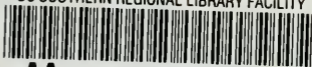


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