

BELFAST Shoemaker.

T. Whitford, Printer, Bridewell-lane, Bath.

I AM a bold shoemaker from Belfast town I came,
And to my sad misfortune I listed in the train,
The usage being very hard did not with me agree,
That was the very night brave boys, I thought of
liberty,

I being drunk and list'd not knowing of the same,
And coming to my senses I called out amain,
And seeing of my colours the tears did flow amain,
At what I dare not mention nor neither will I name.

I had a loving sweetheart Jane Wilson was her name
She said it griev'd her to the heart to see me in the
train,
She told me if I did desert and for to let her know,
She'd dress me in her own clothes and wander to and
fro.

We march'd from Tipperary, our captain gave com-
mand,
That me and my poor comrades that night on guard
should stand,
The night being wet and very dark did nor with us
agree,
It was the very night I thought of liberty.

And taking of my liberty I fled into the north,
And being wet and weary I rested in the forth,
I had not long remained there before I rose again,
And gazing all around me I espied five of the train.

Come on you cowardly rascals I do not you regard
I don't regard your officers tho' they you do reward,
I don't regard your officers nor with them will I stay,
Your lives I'll spare for to declare I fought for liberty.

But in the cruel account Book my hammer they did
steal,
They sold it for five loves which was a curious meal,
But had I known they'd hungary been when they first
came to me,
Instead of loves I'd gave them blows their dinners for
to be

There was one called captain Carey but woe bnt he
was mean,
For the fake of forty shillings he got me took again
They put me in the guard house my case for to deplore
There was two at every window and four at every door
Being in the guard house I gazed all around,
I jump'd out of window and knock'd ten of them
down,

But the train men of Artillery soon did follow me,
But a friend I met did me assist I gain'd my liberty.



Lovely Nancy.

A NEW SONG.

Whitford, Printer, 9, Bridewell-Lane, Bath.

FAREWEL lovely Nancy my joy and delight
First comes a bright evening & then a dark night,
Fills my heart full of sorrow my mind full of woe,
Dare you let me go with you, no my love no.

To see you stand sentry in a cold winter's day,
Your colour will fail you, your beauty decay,
Before all the officers your duty I'll do,
Dare you let me go with you, no my love no.

Blue jacket and trowsers I will quickly put on,
And pass for your comrade like another young man
I will stand on your sentry, guard you from all harm,
Dare you let me go with you, no my love no.

I'll go down to your captain and go on my knee,
And with fifty bright guineas I will buy you free,
And if that will not do I have twice as much more
Dare you let me go with you, no my love no.

I will go to a nunnery and there end my life,
I ne'er will be married, nor yet made a wife,
But still be constant, true hearted to my love,
And never will be marry'd by the powers above,