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# Paddy's Bride

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# Paddy's BRIDE.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, great  
st, Andrew street, 7 Dials.

COME all you loyal sailors listen unto me,  
I will sing you a song about pretty Peggy,  
With a sprig of &c.

On board the Defiance 'twas made complete,  
A lying in the Downs with the rest of the fleet.  
Sam Trot he is one thro' our horseshoes is fled,  
Our orders is on board for to sail for Spithead,  
With a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,  
Our anchor we weigh'd and our ship put to sea.  
We arriv'd at Spithead the very next day,  
With a sprig: &c.

Our number we made the news reach'd the shore  
The Defiance had anchor'd at Spithead once more  
says she I will be alongside this night if I can,  
sleep on board the Defiance with my fancy man,  
With a sprig, &c.

Now the lasses of Gosport was put to the rout,  
They run to their uncles to get their duds out,  
With a sprig, &c.

With their muffs and their tippets and dickies like  
A spencer over all their clothes to hide, (wise,  
In boat loads they come off and come clean along  
side.

Three shillings the price paddy paid for his bride  
With a sprig, &c.

I went down in the boat and took madam in,  
brought her down in the birth and she lugg'd a  
skin.

With a sprig, &c.

What news from the Downs Paddy tell me I pray  
I say we are saucy with eighteen months pay.  
The thought of the eighteen she completed the  
skin,

I wish the hammocks was down love that we  
might turn in,

With a sprig, &c.

The hammocks was down and we both tumbled in  
she call'd me her jewel and real fancy man,

With a sprig, &c.

With hugging and kissing all night as 'tis said,  
I soon found out the deceit of this proud Gosport  
Maid.

I gave her three shillings tied up in a rag,  
Says I go on shore put your head in a bag,

With a sprig, &c.

She arose in a passion and inside she goes,  
She cut down my bag and put on her clothes,

With a sprig, &c.

In crowding all sail to the gangway did steer,  
Her eyes they were fill'd with crocodile tears,  
She descended the gangway right into the boat,  
She exclaim'd with another you're a beggar afloat,

With a sprig, &c.

In hearing this expression she made i nth boat,  
I stood on the gangway and flash'd her a note,

With a sprig, &c.

With a tear in her eye as she shov'd off the boat,  
Says she, I was foolishly kissed there afloat,  
bad luck to the day Paddy made me his bride,  
For he gave me turnips going over the side.

With a sprig, &c.