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Ward the Pirate

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WARD THE PIRATE.

COME all you valiant seamen bold, with courage
beat your drum,
I'll tell you of a rover that on the seas has come,
His name it is bold Captain Ward, so quickly you shall
hear,
Such a rover there has never been for this many a year.

On the 7th of February a ship sailed from the west,
Loaded with silks and satins, a cargo of the best,
Until they met bold Captain Ward upon the watery
main, [back again.
He took from her the wealth and store, then sent her

Captain Ward wrote a letter to our Queen on the 14th
of February,
To know of her if he might come in and all his company
To know of her if he might come in old England to
behold,
And for his pardon he would give 500 tons of gold.

Our Queen she got a ship built, a ship of noble fame,
And she was called the Rainbow, you might have heard
her name : [she,
And she was called the Rainbow, and in the seas went
With full five hundred seamen to bear her company.

When the Rainbow came unto the place where Captain
Ward did lay, [say,
Where is the Admiral of your ship? the captain he did
I'm here, I'm here, cried Captain Ward, my name I'll
not deny,
But if you are one of the Queen's fine ships you are
welcome to pass by.

O no, says gallant Rainbow, it grieves our Queen full sore,
That her rich merchant ships can't pass as they have
done before ;
Come on, come on, cries saucy Ward, I value you not
a pin, [within.
For if you've got brass for an outward show, I've got steel

Oh, then the gallant Rainbow she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six-and-thirty of their men all on the deck lay slain,
Fight on, fight on, says saucy Ward, your style so
pleases me,
I'll fight for a month or two, for your master I must be.

At eight o'clock in the morning the bloody fight began,
Lasted till eight in the evening—till the setting of the
sun :
Go home, go home, cried saucy Ward, and tell your
Queen from me,
If she rules Queen of England, I'll rule King at sea.



MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

London:—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough, S.E.

MERRY words, merry words, ye come bursting
around,
Telling all that affection can say,
'Tis the music of heart's chords that's breathed in the
sound—

“ Many happy returns of the day.”
The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
And the bright eye more swift in its ray,
When its mate hails its birth, in its holiday mirth—
“ Many happy returns of the day.”

But if 'midst the greeting there's one that we miss,
And that one was the dearest of all,
'Tis then we feel lone in a moment like this,
When our loudly hailed birthday shall fall.
What would we not give if the hours could restore,
That dear form that is far, far away,
If the form of that loved one could wish us once more,
“ Many happy returns of the day.”

The old man may smile as he listens, and fear
He has little time longer to stay,
Still he loveth to hear from the lips that are dear—
“ Many happy returns of the day.”
Then a garland, a bumper, a dance, and a feast,
Let the natal day come when it may,
Be it summer or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,
“ Many happy returns of the day.”