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Take Back those Gems You Gave Me

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CAROLINE

AND HER

YOUNG SAILOR

BOLD!



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

His cheeks they appear'd like two roses,
His hair was as black as a jet,
Young Caroline watched his departure,
Walked round, and young William she met,
She said I am a nobleman's daughter,
Possess'd of ten thousand in gold,
I will forsake both my father and mother,
To wed with a young Sailor bold.

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

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

Take back those Gems you gave me.

London:—H. SUCH, Printer, 177, Unicorn-street, Bow

TAKE back those gems you gave me,
I prized them but for thee,
Thou art changed, and they no longer,
Possess one charm for me;
Alas! they but remind me,
Of bright hopes passed away,
Oh! would that they might banish,
The dream of yesterday.
Thou can'st not call me faithless,
For never vow of mine,
Was breathed or lightly broken,
Say, was it so with thine?

Take

And yet I'll not upbraid thee;
My presence shall not throw—
One cloud upon thy pathway
One shadow on thy brow,
Go, mingle with the thoughtless,
And revel with the gay;
Leave me the sad remembrance,
That dreams of yesterday.
My last "farewell" is spoken,
One sad word lingers yet,
Altho' my voice may falter,
My heart would say 'Forget!'

Take back, &

Young Sailor Bold.

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

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

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