

August 2019

# Young Henry of the Raging Main

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Young Henry of the Raging Main" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1107.  
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# YOUNG HENRY of the RAGING MAIN

## THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.



ONE summer's morning as day was dawning,  
Down by a pleasant river side,  
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,  
And a youth called 'England's Pride.'  
He was a tight and a smart young sailor,  
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,  
Saying, adieu! my lovely Emma,  
I'm going to plough the raging main.

Cried Emma, Henry, will you leave me,  
Behind in sorrow to complain,  
For your sweet features lovely Henry,  
I may ne'er behold again!  
See Emma dear, our ship's weigh'd anchor,  
'Tis a folly love for to complain,  
Tho' you I leave, I'll ne'er deceive,  
I'm bound to plough the raging main.

Said Emma, stay a little longer,  
Stay at home with your true love!  
But if you enter, I will venture,  
I swear by all the powers above.  
I'll venture with my lovely Henry,  
Perhaps great honour I may attain.  
She cried I'll enter, and boldly venture,  
With Henry on the raging main.

Cried Henry, love, don't be distracted,  
Perhaps you may be cast away;  
'Tis for that reason, cried young Emma,  
That behind I will not stay.  
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,  
So dearest Henry don't complain,  
In a jacket blue and tarry trousers  
I will plough the raging main.

Then on board the brig Eliza,  
Henry and his Emma went,  
She did her duty like a sailor,  
And with her lover was content.  
Her pretty hands once soft as velvet,  
With pitch and tar appear'd in pain.  
Tho' her hands were soft, she went aloft,  
And boldly plough'd the raging main.

The Eliza brig was bound for India,  
And 'ere she had three weeks set sail,  
From land or light, one stormy night,  
It blew a bitter and heavy gale.  
Undaunted, up aloft went Emma,  
'Midst thunder, light'ning, wind, and rain,  
With courage true, in a jacket blue,  
Did Emma plough the raging main.

Twelve long hours the tempest lasted,  
At length quite calm it did appear,  
And they proceeded on their voyage,  
Emma and her true love dear.  
When just two years they had been sailing,  
To England they return'd again,  
And no one did suspect young Emma,  
Ploughing on the wat'ry main.

In three weeks after, gay young Henry,  
Emma made his lawful bride,  
Like turtle doves they live and love  
Each other by the river side:  
They happy dwell, and often tell  
Their tales of love, and ne'er complain,  
See how young Emma boldly ventur'd  
With young Henry o'er the raging main.

### The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turned,  
To take a last fond look,  
Of the valley and the village church,  
And the cottage by the brook;  
He listen'd to the sounds,  
So familiar to his ear,  
And the soldier leant upon his sword,  
And wiped away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch,  
A girl was on her knees,  
She held aloft a snow white scarf,  
Which flutter'd in the breeze.  
She breath'd a pray'r for him,  
A pray'r he could not hear,  
But he paus'd to bless her as she knelt,  
And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot,  
Ah! do not deem him weak,  
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,  
Tho' tears was on his cheek.  
Go watch the foremost ranks,  
In danger's dark career,  
Be sure the hand most daring there,  
Has wiped away a tear.