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The Wandering Savoyard

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PAUL JONES.



J. Catnach, Prints 2, & 3, Moanmouth Court,
Dials.

AN American frigate, call'd the Richard by name,
Mounted gun forty-four, from New York
she came,

To cruise in the chanel of old England's fame,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.

We had not cruise long, before two sails we
espied,

A large forty-four, al a twenty likewise,
Fifty bright shippingwell loaded with stores,
And the convoy stood for the old Yorkshire shore.

Bout the hour of twee, we came alongside
with long speaking trumpet; whence came you, he
cried,

Come answer me quicly, I hail you no more,
Or else a broadside intyou I will pour.

We fought them four gsses, four glasses, so hot,
Till forty bold seamen b dead on the spot,
And fifty-five more lay beding in gore,
While the thund'ring lar, cannons of Paul Jones
did roar.

Our carpenter being frighned, to Paul Jones did
say,

Our ship she leaks water sin, fighting to-day,
Paul Jones he made answe in the height of his
pride,

If we can do no better, we'll sik alongside.

Paul Jones he then smiled, & his men did say,
Let every man stand the best of his play,
For broadside for broadside theyought on the main,
Like true buckskin heroes we return'd it again.

The Ceraphus wove round our saip for to rake,
Which made the proud hearts of the English to ach,
he shot flew so hot, we could not stand it long,
Till the bold British colours from the English came
down.

Oh now my brave boys, we have taken rich prize,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise.
Flip the poor mothers that have reason to weep,
He the los oi their sons in be unfath made



The Wandering SAVOYARD.

Singing by Mr. Mears at Vauxhall
Gardens.

Tune—How, When, and where?

J. CATNACH, Printer, Moanmouth-Court

AH! hear the wandering Savoyard's tale
With my wild guitar I'll breathe a
strain,

Whose plaintive notes in my native vale
Have never sigh'd in vain.

And many an hour my love to tell,
To her lattice I've eagerly flown,
As the evening chime of the vesper bell,
Played over the broad Garonne.

In the graceful dance and sprightly song,
By the moon's bright rays, my pretty
Brunette,

I've led her forth in the rustic throng,
To the sound of the castinet.

And memory dear will ever burn,
For the scenes of my peaceful home,
While I sigh for the days that may never
return,

On the banks of the broad Garonne.
Then list the wandering, &c.



I Love her, how I Love her.

I Love her, how I love her,
Though mine, alas! she ne'er can b
The sun that shines above,
Is far less bright to me.

The time by tears I measure,
I prize my fatal treasure,
And feel a fatal pleasure,

In suffering, dear love, for thee.
Deep in my bosom concealing the fierce
flame. (my lips vea

That consumes me, ne'er e'er to thee shall
All the woes feel,

The voice of honour I obey, peats
the d'ship's sacred name