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# When the Moon is on the Water

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# POTBOY SOLDIER

OH, I vonce vos a potboy, a sojer am I now,  
 And no lark vos there in the street,  
 But I'd off vith my things, and first in a row,  
 For fighting to me vos a treat,  
 A pal of mine a corporal, who vos regler vide awake  
 He said as how as I a stunning sojer would make:  
 And he boasted of his pals,  
 The sojer and the gals,  
 And every day did come to me at the Sun,  
 'Till I left off scouring pots to go shouldering a gun,  
 Where a crusher, like old bricks,  
 Knock'd me up each morn at six.  
 I listed through the Corporal werry much against  
 my m'nd, [behind.  
 Wot made me for to come to go to leave my Sal  
 I did not much relish to go unto the war,  
 Where the cannon balls were flying about ;  
 I liked my victuals coo'k, but I had to eat it raw,  
 If not I was blig'd to go without.  
 Oh, then there was a battle, I did not like that,  
 For a bullet graz'd my nose, and another crush'd  
 my hat,  
 Ah ! Cried I, vy did I stray,  
 And leave my pot and tray ?  
 Where every day at one I went out from the  
 Sun,  
 Till I left scouring pots, to go shouldering a gun.  
 Where a crusher, &c.  
 When I got my discharge, says I, go home I shall,  
 Nor did I bid 'em good day,  
 I vos told by a pal, whom I axed for old Sal,  
 Why she's in a pekoolier way,  
 Sarves me right, says I, though it grevies me  
 werry sore,  
 If I'd not left her behind, she'd not been so before.  
 Cried I, vy did I stray,  
 And leave my pot and tray ?  
 Where every day at one I went out from the  
 Sun,  
 'Till I left scouring pots, to go shouldering a gun.  
 Where a crusher, &c.  
 If that be the case, said this werry same bloke  
 And you duzzent mean no more for to stray,  
 Never mind my tulip, it was only a joke,  
 Sal's not in a pekooliar way.  
 As nimble as a goat, I ran with all my might,  
 I soen found old Sal, and O didn't I hug her tight ;  
 Crying, no more will I stray,  
 And leave my pots and tray,  
 But vunce more at the Sun I'll go out each  
 day at one, [a gun,  
 And no more I'll leave my pots, to go shouldering  
 Once more then old flicks  
 I'll be called each morn at six,  
 Nor shall any Corporal, swade me gainst my mind,  
 To go for to come to go to leave my Sal behind.



## WHEN THE MOON IS ON The Waters.

E. HODGES (from PITT'S Wholesale  
 Toy & Marble Warehouse,) 31,  
 y Street, 7 Dials

WHEN the moon is on the waters  
 I will hasten love to thee,  
 For of all earth's fairest daughters  
 Thou the dearest art to me.  
 Tho' rude winds may ruffle the ocean,  
 Still my bark shall tempt the sea,  
 And in strains of pure devotion,  
 I will sing love's song to thee.  
 When my star of hope was waning,  
 There was one, but one heart true,  
 And which shar'd without complaining  
 All the pain my bosom knew,  
 It was thine my gentle Mary,  
 Thou wert all the world to me,  
 And, however fortune vary,  
 I will be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,  
 When the rose-bud on the tree,  
 As it blossom'd in the wild-wood,  
 Was an emblem, love, of thee ;  
 In thy youth thou wert still dearer—  
 With the dawn of reason came,  
 Thoughts that brought thee to me  
 nearer,  
 Tho' they bore not yet love's name,  
 But thy womanhood, unfolding,  
 Won the secret from my hear ;  
 And my life was in thy keeping,  
 For 'twas death from thee to part,  
 I have lov'd thee gentle Mary  
 I have lov'd thee thro' the past,  
 And however fortune vary,  
 I will love thee to the last.