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The New Privateer

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The New
PRIVATEER.

—————
J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-
court, 7 Dials.

IT is of a young female in London did dwell,
For wit and for beauty few could her excel,
She was courted by a sailor who loved her sin-
cere, (vateer.
And the ship that he sailed in was a bold Pri-
Young George he came over to his own native
shore,

With rings & with jewels; likewise gold in store,
He met this young damsel, who like Venus did
appear, (Privateer."

Crying, "welcome to young Julia, from a bold
Long time her he courted on his own native
shore, (poor:

His gold was all squandered and he grown quite
Oh! then said false Julia, no longer stay here,
But go join your shipmates in a bold Privateer.

Next day in a alehouse he chanced her to see,
She was drinking and carousing on another man's
knee,

She sung like a linnet and her voice was so clear,
Farewell to my sailor of a bold Privateer.

He soon went on ship-board & soon sailed away,
Farewell to my country and Julia so gay,
If ever I return she shall know, never fear,
How she slighted her sailor of a bold Privateer.

'Twas three years he sailed all on the salt sea,
With gold he returned to his own country,
He went to his sister's who lived very near
To the place where he landed from a bold Pri-
vateer.

Then early next morning young George did arise,
Saying we will change out cloathing to go in dis-
To see if young Julia her sailor do know, (guise,
So carelessly young George and his sister did go.

Then away to an alehouse this young couple
went, (pent;

He spied his young Julia, who made them re-
de was jealous of a female with her young sai-
lor dear, (vateer.

In mistake stabbed young George of a bold Pri-
His ister fell down then in great grief and pain,
And she died for her brother that had ploughed
o'er the main, (beware,

smidens all, both great and small of jealousy
think on the sailor of a bold Privateer.



**I should very much
like to Know.**

Sung by Madame Vestris and
Miss Love.

AS I walked last night
By the dim twilight,
Some one whisper'd soft and low,
'What a pretty girl is she!
I wish she would fancy me.'

Whoever that could be,
I should very much like to know.
I should, &c.

Last Valentine's day
Came a letter so gay,
With hearts above, around, & below,
I love thee, dearest maid
But to tell thee so I'm afraid'

Whoever it was said so,
I should very much like to know.
I should, &c.

A gipsy in the wood
Said she'd tell me something good,
For his name began with O!
And he'd surely marry me
For it was his destiny.

Whenever that could be,
I should very much like to know
I should,
Whose name begins with O!
I should very much like to know.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court
7 Dials.