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The New York Trader

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THE NEW YORK TRADER

To a New York trader I did belong,
She was built both stout and strong,
Well rigg'd, well mann'd, well fit for sea,
Bound to New York in America.

On the first of March we did set sail,
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
Like hearts undaunted we put to sea,
Bound to New York in America.

Our cruel captain as we did find,
Left half of our provisions behind,
Our cruel captain as we understand,
Meant to starve us all before we made the land.

At length our hunger grew very great,
We had but little on board to eat,
And being in necessity,
All through our captain's cruelty.

Our captain in his cabin lay,
A voice came to him and thus did say,
Prepare yourself and ship's company,
For to-morrow night you shall lay with me.

Our captain woke in a terrible fright,
It being the first watch of the night,
Aloud for his boatswain he did call,
And to him related the secret all.

Boatswain, said he, it grieves me to the heart,
To think that I have acted a villian's part,
To take what was not my lawful due,
To starve the passengers and the ship's crew.

There is one thing more I have to tell,
When I in Waterford town did dwell,
I killed my master, a merchant there,
All for the sake of his lady fair.

I killed my wife, and children three,
All through that cursed jealousy,
And on my servant laid the blame,
And hanged he was all for the same.

Captain, said he, if that be so,
Pray let none of your ship's crew know,
But keep the secret within your breast,
And pray to God to give you rest.

Early next morning a storm did rise,
Which our seamen did much surprise,
The sea was over us both fore and aft,
That scarce a man on deck was left.

Then the boatswain he did declare,
That our captain was a murderer,
It so enraged the whole ship's crew,
They overboard their captain threw.

When this was done a calm was there,
Our good little ship homeward did steer,
The wind abated and calmed the sea,
And they sailed safe to America.

When we came to anchor there,
Our good like ship for to repair,
The people wondered much to see,
What a poor distress'd shipwreck were we.

PEGGY BAND.

H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro', S.E.

AS I walked out one morning,
To a farmer's house I came,
The night being wet and something cold,
I entered into the same.

Then I became a courtier,
And a bonny lass I espied,
She asked me if I had a wife,
But the marriage I denied.

I courted her the live-long night,
And part of the next day,
Till smiling she said to me,
Along with you I'll stay. **446.**

For Ireland is a bonny place,
And bonny men therein,
And I will gang along with you,
The world for to begin.

The supper being over,
And all things ready got,
Said the good man to the good wife,
Be kind unto our guest.

For the stranger is an Irishman,
An Irishman so brave,
And if he'll stay in our country,
Our daughter he shall have.

The night being past and the day being come
To the par'our I was taken,
And the good man kindly asked me,
Would I marry his daughter Jane.

Full fifty marks he would give me,
Besides a piece of land,
But no sooner had I said the word,
Than I thought of Peggy Band.

I took off my hat, and kindly
Saluted them every-one,
Especially that pretty girl,
That was left to make her moan.

I took off my hat and came away,
My mind still on her ran,
Now blithe and merry was the day,
I spent with Peggy Band.

Peggy Band she is my jewel,
And my heart still lies in her breast,
And while we are at a distance,
I still love her the best.

Altho' we are now at a distance,
And the sea between us roar,
I'll be constant to my Peggy Band,
So now adieu for evermore.