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On Board the Victory

Author Unknown

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JOHNNY DOYLE

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher,
177, Union Street, Borough. S. E.

I AM a fair maiden what's crossed in love,
My case I'll refer to the powers above ;
Since grieving's no pleasure, I'll count it no toil,
To roam the world over for my Johnny Doyle.

It was upon one Saturday night,
As me and my true love were about taking a flight,
My waiting-maid standing by as you may plainly see,
She went unto my mother and told upon me.

My mother confined me in a room that was high,
Where no one could see me, not even a passer by ;
She packed up my clothing and bade me begone,
So slowly and sadly as I passed along.

Six hundred thousand pounds my father did provide,
Likewise a horse and pillion for me to ride,
And six noble horsemen to ride by my side,
In order to make me young Samuel Moore's bride.

We rode and we rode till we reached the town,
We rode to the churchyard and there we got down,
Singing, ' you've had the pleasure but I've had the toil,
For my poor heart is breaking for young Johnny Doyle.

By the side of Samuel Moore they compell'd me to stand
They likewise did force me to give him my hand,
But when I should have spoken I scarcely could sigh,
The thought of young Johnny ran so in my eye

Just as the minister entered the door,
My ear-rings they burst and fell on the floor,
In fifty-five pieces my stay-laces flew,
Me-thought that my heart it would have burst too.

But now then you see I'm Samuel Moore's wife,
And true and constant unto him I will be all my life ;
Grieving would be sinful, so I'll bear up 'gainst my toil,
But my poor heart is broken for the love of Johnny
Doyle



ON BOARD THE VICTORY.

I AM a young girl whose fortune is great.
My tongue is scarce able my sorrows to relate,
For loving of a young man who is below my degree,
He was forced from my arms on board of the Victory.

His eyes are like diamonds bright, or like the clear full
moon, (June,
His cheeks are like two roses that blow in the month of
He is nicely composed in every degree,
My heart lies in his bosom on board of the Victory.

Many a pleasant hour my love and me did meet,
With kisses and embraces and compliments so sweet,
I gave my hand and promised I would wed with none
but he,
I did not know my love would go on board the Victory.

Twenty of the press-gang they did my love surround,
Where seven of these cowardly dogs lay bleeding on
the ground ;
Until he was o'erpowered he fought most manfully,
He was forced to yield and then to go on board of the
Victory.

At night upon my pillow I can take no rest,
The thoughts of my dear jewel disturbs my wounded
breast ;
When I sleep I dream I do enjoy my lover's company,
So close rolled in his arms on board the Victory.

It was my cruel parents first sent my love away,
It was my cruel father that sent my love to sea ;
Was he a man of blood, or of any high degree,
He would never have sent the lad that I adore on board
the Victory.

Now since that I am robb'd of the lad that I adore,
My prayer will be offered up for him for evermore,
It will be my daily prayer, wherever that may be,
That Providence will protect me till he comes home
from sea.