

A New Song

One Morning Early in the Spring
 I went on board to serve the King
 I left my dearest Love behind
 Who often said her Heart was mine
 Her Love did seem so true to me
 That she on board would go with me
 She said in far as Bouy at the Nore
 And would have said the Word with me
 A Chain of Gold she did present
 And seemed very discontent
 She sigh'd and said it broke my heart
 To think my Dear and I must part
 O then I hugged her in my Arms
 And that she had ten thousand Charms
 Our Vows we made with Kisses Sweet
 To marry the next time we meet
 As I was sailing on the Seas
 I took all opportunities
 For to send Letters to my Dear
 But from her I could never hear
 When we bomb'd Carthage town
 Where Cannon Balls flew up and down
 And when in greatest Danger there
 My chiefest Thoughts was on my Dear
 When unto England I did come
 Thinking my Love to wait upon
 I did in Weeping Livey late
 Whom I am unfortunat

When to her father House I came
 I asked for my Love by Name
 Her father Churlishly did say
 Is all your Love she doth defy
 I asked then the meaning of this
 Tell the truth she married is
 A rich old man for her life
 You may seek another Wife
 A Curse on God and Silver too
 A Curse on that old miser who
 Dath make his Daughter change her mind
 Tho Women Words are like the Wind
 A Curse on God Where are it be
 A Curse on all such treachery
 And Curse on those who would make
 And break them all for Riches sake
 Will go Where Drums and trumpets play
 That are never ceasing Night and day
 I had rather be Where Bullets fly
 Than in such a womans Company

Written on board of the Brig Polly July 12 1774
 in Lat 7:30 North by Samuel Atkins

I steal not this Book for Fear of
 For in it is the owners Name
 the first is in all men sight
 the second is to tell you Right
 Samuel Atkins. His hand & Pen
 Written July 27 1774

Written on board the Brig Polly
 Samuel Atkins his hand & pen