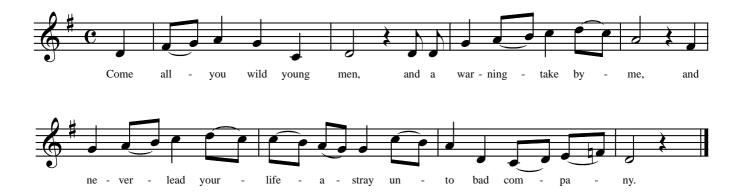
08 Bold Carter - Mr Whitby



1

Come all you wild young men, and a warning take by me, and never lead your life astray unto bad company.

2

Bold Carter is my name, and hard was my intent; till I got pressed by a press merchant, and on board a man-of-war got sent.

3

We had not sailed long before before the first thing that we spied, it was five French ships came sailing to war, and at length they were going to draw nigh.

4

We hoisted our main colours; our bloody red flag we let fly, saying, 'Every man stand to his gun, for the Lord knows the day he must die.'

5

Our captain got wounded full sore, and so did most of his men; our whole ship's rigging got all shot away, so at last we were forced to give in.

6

Our decks were all sprinkled with blood, and the great guns, so loud they did roar, I wished myself back home again with my Polly, that I loved upon the shore.

7

She's a tall and a handsome girl, she's a black and a roving eye; and here upon the deck where I lay shot, for her sweet sake I must die.

8

Here's adieu to my father and my mother, crying friends and relations too. I never should have crossed the salt seas so wide if I had been ruled by you.