

YOUNG JIMMY or INTO THE DEEP

This song is a shortened version of The Yarmouth Tragedy or The constant lover's garland, of which I have included the full broadside text as most of the oral sets of this song are very abbreviated, and consist like Broomfields version of different verses from the ballad sheet. Judging by the length of the broadside text there's no wonder that the song has been shortened.

The ow squire he sent for young Jimmy in a passion
Saying if you have my daughter you shall ever rue
If you're going to seek for one such way
Indeed I think it's of foreign degree

Our squire found out young Jimmy kept coming
He wrote a letter to the boatman of war
A fine handsome present I'll immediately give you
If you will the life of young Jimmy destroy

By the look of the money
By the look of the money
As they were walking on the deck together
Overboard young Jimmy did throw

By the dead of the night the moon it shone bright
She thought she had heard the sweet voice of her dear
She immediately rose from her soft downy pillow
And soon to the galley she did repair

She says Jimmy boy you do seem in passion
Your face is to me more colder than clay
Yes according to promise you must follow after
My body lies deep in the watery main

O yes Jimmy boy I will follow after
And on your soft bosom I'll take a long sleep
This young lady had no sooner spoken
She plunged her body right into the deep

Young Jimmy

THE CONSTANT LOVERS' GARLAND

PART I

Lovers I pray lend an ear to my story,
Take an example by this constant pair,
How Love, a young virgin did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.

She was a Merchant's only daughter,
Heir unto fifteen hundred a year,
A young man courted her, who call'd her his jewel,
The son of a gentleman who lived near.

Many long years the maid he admired,
When they were infants, in love they agreed,
And when at age this young couple arrived,
Cupid, an arrow between them displayed.

Their tender hearts were linked together,
But when her parents the same did hear,
They to their charming young beautiful daughter,
Acted a part that was hard and severe.

Daughter, they said, give over your proceedings,
If that against our consent you do wed,
For evermore we resolve to disown you,
If you wed with one that is mean bred.

Her mother said, you are a great fortune,
Besides you are beautiful, charming and young,
You are a match, dear child, that is fitting,
For any Lord that is in Christendom.

Then did reply the beautiful virgin,
Riches and honour I do defy,
If that I am denied of my dearest lover,
Then farewell world, which is vanity.

Jemmy's the man that I do admire,
He is the riches that I do adore,
For to be great, I never desire,
My heart is fix'd never to love more.

Then said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Although I have no more daughters but thee,
If that with him you resolve for to marry,
Banished for ever from me thou shalt be.

Well, cruel father, but this I desire,
Grant me that Jemmy once more may I see,
Though you do us part, I still will be loyal,
For none in the world I admire but he.

For the young man he sent, in a passion,
Saying, For ever, Sir, take your leave,
I have a match more fit for my daughter,
Therefore it is but folly to grieve.

Honour'd father, then said the young lady,
Promis'd we are by the Powers above,
Why of all comfort will you bereave me?
Our love is fixed, never to be remov'd.

Then said the father, a trip to the ocean,
You first shall go in a ship of my own,
And, I'll consent you shall have my daughter,
When to Yarmouth again you return.

Honour'd Sir, then said the two lovers,
Since 'tis your will, we're bound to obey,
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
But our eager desires no longer can stay.

Then said kind Nancy, behold dearest Jemmy,
Here, take this ring, the pledge of our vows,
With it my heart, keep it safe in your bosom,
Carry it with you wherever you may go.

Then in his arms he closely did infold her,
While chrystal tears like a fountain did flow,
Crying, my heart in return I do give you,
And you shall be present wherever I go.

When on the Ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
The thoughts of my jewel the compass shall steer
These tedious long days, speedy time will devour,
And bring me home safe to my dear.

Therefore be constant, my dear lovely jewel,
For, by the heavens, if you are untrue,
My troubled Ghost shall torment you for ever,
Dead or alive, I will have none but you.

Her lovely arms around his neck she twin'd,
And saying, My dear, when you are on the Sea,
If the Fates unto us should prove cruel,
That we each other, no more ever see.

No man alive shall ever enjoy me,
Soon as the tidings of death reach my ear,
Then like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I will go to my dear.

Then with a sorrowful sigh he departed,
The winds next morning blew a pleasant gale,
All things being ready, the famed Mar Galley,
Then for Barbadoes she straightway set sail.

PART II

Jemmy was floating upon the wide ocean,
And her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter,
With cursed gold should strive to beguile.

Many a Lord, of fame, birth and breeding,
Came to court this beautiful young maid,
But their rich presents and proffers she slighted,
Constant I'll be to my jewel, she said.

Now, for a while we leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with him did go,
In fair Barbadoes the ship duly arrived,
But now observe this lover's overthrow.

Young Jemmy, comely in every feature,
A Barbadoes Love, whose fortune was great,
So fix'd her eyes, that she cry'd, If I have not
This brave English sailor, I die for his sake.

She drest herself in a gallant attire,
With costly diamonds she plated her hair,
A hundred slaves drest to attend her,
She sent for this young man to come to her.

Come, noble sailor, she cry'd, can you fancy
A lady whose riches are very great,
A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you,
Music to charm you in your silent sleep.

In robes of gold, my dear, I'll deck you,
Pearls, and rich jewels I'll lay at your feet,
In a chariot of gold you shall ride for your pleasure,
If you can fancy me, answer me straight.

Amaz'd with wonder, awhile he stood gazing,
Forbear noble lady, at length he reply'd,
In flourishing England, I've vow'd to a Lady,
At my return to make her my bride.

She is a charming, beautiful young creature,
She has my heart, I can love no more,
I bear in my eyes her sweet lovely feature,
No other creature on earth I adore.

Hearing of this she did rave in distraction,
Crying, unfortunate maid thus to love
One that does basely slight all my glory,
And of my person he will not approve.

Lords of renown, I their favour slighted,
Now I must die for a Sailor so bold,
I must not blame him because he is constant,
True love is better far than gold.

A costly jewel she instantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand she took a knife,
One fatal stroke before they could save her,
Quickly did put an end to her life.

Great lamentation was made for this lady,
Jemmy on board the ship he did steer,
And then to England they homeward came sailing,
With a longing desire to meet with his dear.

But, when her father found he was returning,
A letter he wrote to the boatswain, his friend,
Saying a handsome reward I will give you,
If you the life of young Jemmy will end.

Void of all grace, and for the sake of the money,
The cruel boatswain, the same to complete,
As they on deck were lovingly walking,
He suddenly tumbled him into the deep.

PART III

In the dead of the night, when all were asleep,
His troubled Ghost to his love did appear.
Crying, Arise you beautiful Nancy,
Perform the vow you made to your dear.

You are my own, therefore tarry no longer,
Seven long years for your sake I did stay,
Hymen does wait for to crown us with pleasure,
The bride guests are ready, then come away.

She cry'd who is there, under my window?
Surely it is the voice of my dear,
Lifting her head from her downy pillow,
Straight to the casement, she did then repair.

By the light of the moon, which brightly was shining,
She espied her lover, who to her did say,
Your parents are sleeping, before they awake,
Stir, my dear creature, and come away.

O, Jemmy, she cry'd, If my father should hear thee,
We shall be ruin'd, therefore, pray prepare,
At the sea side I will instantly meet you,
With my two maids, I'll come to you there.

Her night gown embroidered with gold and silver,
Carelessly round her body she throws,
With the two maids who did attend her,
To meet her true love, she instantly goes.

Close in his arms the Spirit did enfold her,
Jemmy, she said, you are colder than clay,
Sure you can never be the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear unto me.

Yes, fairest creature, I am your true lover,
Dead or alive you know you are mine,
I come for my vow, my dear, you must follow,
My body now, to a watery tomb.

I, for your sake, refus'd gold and silver,
Beauty and riches for you I despis'd,
A charming young lady for me did expire,
For, thinking of you I was deaf to her cries.

Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And I do sleep in a watery tomb,
Now, for your promise, dear, I am suing,
Dead, or alive, love, you are my own.

PART IV

The trembling lady was sorely affrighted,
Amaz'd she stood near the bank of the sea,
With eyes lift up to heaven, she cry'd, Cruel parents,
Heaven requite you for your cruelty.

Indeed, I promis'd my dearest creature,
Dead or alive I would then be his own,
Now to perform my solemn vow, I'm ready,
And to follow him to his wat'ry tomb.

The maids, they heard the sad lamentation,
But the apparition indeed could not see,
Thinking the lady was fallen into distraction,
They strove to persuade her, contented to be.

But still she cry'd, My dear, I am coming,
And on thy bosom, I'll soon fall asleep,
When she had spoken, this unfortunate lady
Suddenly plung'd herself into the deep.

But when to her father the maids told the matter,
He wrung his hands, crying, What have I done?
O, dearest child, it was thy cruel father,
That did provide thee with a wat'ry tomb.

Two or three days being expired,
These two unfortunate lovers were seen,
In each others arms, they were floating,
By the side of the ship, on the wat'ry main.

The cruel boatswain was struck with horror,
Straight did confess the sad deed he had done,
Shewing the letter that came from her father,
Which was the cause of these lover's doom.

On board of the ship, he was tried for the murder,
At the yard's arm was hang'd for the same,
Her father soon broke his heart for his daughter,
Before the ship into the harbour there came.

The Cursed Gold has caused destruction,
Why should the rich cover after gain,
I hope this story will be a warning,
That cruel parents may ne'er do the same.

True love is better than jewels and treasure,
Riches can never buy true love, I know,
But this young couple they liv'd without measure,
Love was th'occasion of their overthrow.