

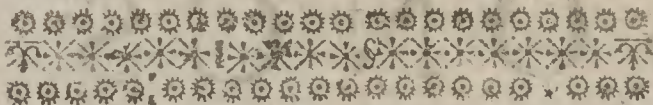
Four Excellent New.

SONGS

the Captain's Frolic.
Picking Lillies,
The distressed Sailors
on the rocks of Scylla.
The Generous Gentle-
man.



Entered According to Order.



The Captain's Frolic.

Come says the Captain, I think it high time,
 To go to that lady to see if she'll prove kind,
 'To go to that lady since she is alone,
 I'll make her a mother before I come home.
 With my fal, lal, ladie a day.

O come nob'e lady and see how I us'd,
 And by your kind favours I'm tadely abus'd.
 Will you grant me the favour of one single kiss,
 The slice of a cut loaf will never be mis'd.

The captain and lady to bed they did go,
 Cook-maid and postillion did likewise do so,
 Chamber-maid and footman lay in the next room
 The stewart he lay up in the garret with Jean.

When nine months they were gone and past,
 The young squire returns home at last,
 He gave to his lady o'ie single kiss;
 I think my dear jewel you're round in the waist,

'Tis nothing but fatness the lady she said,
 You'd you have me as jimp's when I was amaid,
 'Tis nothing but fatness the lady she cry'd,
 Wou'd you have me as jimp's when I was a bride

Supper was not over till she gave a loud roat,
 Which made all the company run to the door,

Which made them all in haſt from the table to
Peer,

With that ſhe cry'd out it is a collic my dear.

They ſent for the doctor her pulſe for to feel,
And then ſhe was pain from the neck to the hell;
Which made the young doctor for to ſhake his
head, (bed.
Madam you'll be better when you're brought to

O ſays the ſquire what mean you by that,
The lady crys out the pain's in my back,
O ſays the doctor I do not doubt that,
But you'll be better when you're brought to bed,

The ſquire like a mad man he rap't up and
down,
For help to his lady but none could he find,
He went to the hall door and gave a loud call,
I believe the devil's got Jenny and all.

He went to the kitchen to call the cook maid,
But ſhe on a bed by herſelf there was laid,
The chamber maid made answer out of the next
room,
Sir I am ſo bad that cannot come down.

O come noble lady tell me if you can,
If all theſe childern were got by one man,
He gave her a kiſs it was in good cheer,
for the ſake of the jeſt I forgive you my dear.
With my fal, lalal, ladie a day.

Picking Lillies.

DOWN in yon meadow freſh and gay,
Picking lilies freſh and gay,

Picking lillies both red and blue,
I little thought what Iove could do.

Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and blossoms like any rose,
It has such a sweet and pleasant smell,
No flower on earth can it excell,

There is thousands, thousands in a room,
My love she carries the brightest bloom,
she surely is some chosen one,
I will have her, or I'll have none.

I saw a ship sailing on the sea,
As deeply loaded as she could be,
But not so deep as in love I am,
I care not whether I sink or swim.

Must I go bound shall she go free,
Must I love one that loves not me;
Why should I set such a childish part,
As to love one that would break my heart.

I put my hand into a bush,
Thinking the sweetest rose to find;
But I prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind,

If roses be such a prickly flower,
They should be gathered when they are green,
For he that weds with an unkind love,
I'm sure they strive against the stream.

If my love were dead and gone to rest,
I'd think on her that I love best,
I'll wrap her up in the linen strong,
And I'll think on her when she's dead and gone.

(5)
The Distress'd Sailors.

COME all jolly sailors bold
that plough the raging main,
And listen to my tragedy,
whilst I relate the same,
I parted with my wedded wife,
whom I did still adore,
Unto the seas we was commanded,
where lofty billows roar,
To the East Indies we were bound,
our course we then did steer.
And all along I still thought on,
my lovely Molly dear.
Sometimes on deck, sometimes aloft,
sometimes I am below,
But Molly she's still in my eye,
fond love commands me so,
She's charming beautiful and fair,
she's all my souls delight,
By my self alone I sigh and moan,
whilst others sport and play,
Where Molly she alone with me,
it allwise would be day,
My very heart's lodg'd in her breast,
which does increase my pain,
Both night and day I do think still,
we ne'er shall meet again,
When we our loading had receiv'd,
and were to England bound,
We little thought it was our fate,
on the Scylla rocks to drown.
In the rocks of Scylla we were cast,
by the tempest of the main,
If all our ships jolly crew,

but four could reach the land.
 We had no sail'd a day but seven,
 when the storm began to rise,
 The swelling seas ran mountains high,
 and dismal were the skies.
 Aloft, aloft, our boatswain cries,
 each man his post observe,
 And reef your sails both fore and aft,
 our ship and lives to save,
 To the top then cries our captain bold,
 and he that first sees land,
 For his reward he shall receive.
 the sum of fifty pound,
 To the top then went our boat swain's mate,
 to the main top so high.
 He looked round on ev'ry side,
 but no land he could spy,
 In head of us a light we saw,
 which did his spirits cheer,
 Be of good courage hearts of gold, he cries,
 some harbour we are near,
 About your ship the boatswain cries,
 and of the rocks keep clear,
 For on the deeps we will remain,
 until the day appear.
 Sail on, sail on our captain cries,
 we're right before the wind,
 For by the light that we have seen,
 we are not far from land.
 But as we sail'd before the wind,
 and thought all dangers past,
 On the rocks of Scylla we poor souls,
 that fatal night were cast,
 The first stroke that our ship she got,
 our captain he did cry,
 The Lord have Mercy on our souls,

for in the deeps we die.
 Of eighty jolly sailors bold,
 But four could reach the shore,
 Our gallant ship in pieces split,
 and ne'er was seen no more.
 But when the news to Plymouth came,
 our gallant ship was lost,
 this caused many failors fear,
 the danger of that coast,
 How Molly dear she may lament,
 for the lose of her sweet heart,
 by the tempest of the stormy wind,
 the deep their love did part,
 When Molly heard the fatal news,
 her tender heart did break,
 and like a faithful lover she,
 died for her lover's sake.

The Generous Gentleman.

So I came in by Teviot side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 here first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsome ;
 Her skin was faster than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
 In straightness nane surpafs'd her.
 Her glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 Her beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :
 Her filken hose, with gooshets fine,
 Her shoon with glancing laces,

On her fair leg, forbade to shine,
Well shapen native graces.

A little coat and bodice white,
Was some of a' her clathing;
Even thae's o'er meikle; mair delyte,
She'd given cled wi' naithing,
She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glow'd my saul away,
While on her sweets I doted.

A thousand beauties of desert,
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
and bot designing; charm'd me.
Hurray'd by love, close to my breast
I grasped this found of blisses:
Wha smil'd, and said, without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her,
What she demanded, ilka charin,
Of hers pled, I shou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a trowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

F I N I S.