

Three Excellent New

S O N G S;

1. Down by a River Side.

2. The Laird of Glen-lee.

3. Donnel and Flora.



Entered according to Order.

DOWN BY YON RIVER SIDE, &c.

WHEN Sol did cast no light, being darkned over
At the dead time of the night when skies did
cover,

Down by a river side where ships were sailing,
A fair maid I spy'd weeping and wailing.

I stept unto her straight, dearest what grieves thee?
She answer'd me and said, none can relieve me;
'Tis seven long years and more since me and my
love parted,

He left me on the shore quite broken hearted.

Which makes me to fear death hath prevented,

O that I could but hear some tidings from him

How it my heart would cheer for all my longing,

A young man straight she spy'd like one amazed,

Who did a token bring whereon she gazed;

Where is my love quoth she that he come not near me?

The young man he reply'd, please for to hear me,

Your love and I did fight under one banner,

Maintaining England's right purchasing honour,

He was a seaman bold of courage valliant,

Scorning to be controul'd by any gallant

But in dreadful fight where guns did rattle

And many a gallant knight fell in the battle,

His fatal destiny was approaching,

And summon'd him away by death approaching,

When he his death's wound got and his brains broken

To me these words he spoke, deliver this token

To her who has my heart, and is more dear,

Wishing her for my sake to love the bearer,

And having spoke these words he then declined,

And in a stream of blood his life resigned,

Leaving me full of care sad news to bear it,

His death for to declare as ye now hear it.

When that these words she heard his sad passion,
 She like a stock appear'd without all motion,
 At length her spirites came by grief inflamed,
 And then with floods of tears she thus exclaimed,
 O! Ye powers above which life did lend us,
 And you the god of love who doth befriend us,
 Why have you snatch'd away my dearest sweeting,
 And by your cruelty spoiled our meeting,

Since that my love is dead whom I did tender,
 No comfort will I take but life surrender,
 In some unbounded paths there will I wander,
 And prove more constant then e'er Leander,
 And so vain world farewell and all thy pleasure
 Since he is gone that was my chiefest treasure,
 To the Elysian shades there will I hide me,
 Untill I find my love whatever beside me,

But for to try her more he still persisted,
 To tell her o'er and o'er how that he acted,
 And then he did begin after this manner,
 To prove her constancy unto her lover.

All this I witness can having stood by him,
 For courage I must say none did outvy him;
 For he must foremost be striving for honour,
 But fortune is a whore, vengeance upon her.

Intomb'd he now doth ly in stately manner,
 Cause he fought valiantly for love and honour,
 That right he had to you he freely gave it,
 Now since it is my due pray let me have it.

She raging flung away like one distracted,
 Not knowing what to do nor what she acted,
 At last she curs'd her fate and shew'd her anger,
 Saying friend your come too late I'll have no stranger

To your own house return, I am well pleased,
 Here for my love to mourn since he's deccased.
 In sabbie weeds I'll go let who will jeer me,
 Since death hath serv'd me so none shall come neare me

The chaste Penelopium, mourn'd for Ulysses,
 I have more grief then she rob'd of such blessings,
 I'll never love again therefore pray hear me,
 I'll slight you with disdain if you come near me

I know he lov'd me well, for when we parted,
 None cou'd in grief excel, both were true hearted,
 These promises he made ne'er shall be broken,
 These words that then he said ne'er shall be spoken.

He hearing what she said made his love stronger,
 Off his disguise he laid and staid no longer,
 When her dear love she knew in wanton fashion,
 Into his arms she strew such is loves passion,

He ask'd her how she lik'd his counterfeiting,
 Or if she was well pleas'd with such like greeting,
 You well wou'd gouth she in several speeches,
 Cou'd you coin money so you might get riches,

O happy gale of wind that brought you over,
 May heaven preserve the ship that brought my lover
 Come kiss me now my sweet true love's no slander,
 I shal they Hero be, thou my Leander.

Dido of Carthage queen lov'd stout Eneas,
 But my true love is found more true then he was,
 Venus no fonder was of young Adonis,
 Than I well be of thee, since my love known is,

Now hand in hand they walk with joy and pleasure
 They laugh they kiss and talk, love knows no measure.
 Now both doth sit and sing but she sings clearest,
 Like nightingale in spring, welcome my dearest.

THE LAIRD of GLENLEE

MY name's J ckey miller I care nor who knows it
 My dwelling is at the mill of Glenlee ;
 and I'm the lad that can potage and brose it.
 And drink my fix bottles if you'll keep me free,

(5)

As for Jockey Miller, there's not such another,
 the laird of Glenlee, the justice clerk's brother,
 A score of kin weathers like rabbits I smother,
 and eats them my lean at the mill of Glenlee.

The 'ligions of wheem I know nothing about it,
 it's precepts yet never was study'd by me,
 My belly's my god, and if that ye doubt it,
 my altar and statute's at the mill of Glenlee.
 Where thousands of victims I yearly do offer,
 to no other being devotion I proffer,
 Except twice a year to the gold in my coffer,
 when I lift the rents of the lands of Glenlee.

It's many long years since my trunk was disformed,
 and handsomeness now is a stranger to me ;
 My head's like a bull's, and if it were horned
 it would fright all the bairns at the mill of Glenlee
 My belly's grown big with the weight of my paunches
 the grease of my sides hangs over my haunches,
 and makes me unfit for to kiss the bright wenches,
 which makes me lament at the mill of Glenlee.

Since I am unfit for the pleasures of Venus,
 and nothing like that is expected of me,
 With sot-ing and drinking I'll nourish my genius,
 and live like a hean at the mill of Glenlee ;
 and when I'm dead they'll say here lyes a fat one,
 the other will say it's a drunken glutton ;
 let them say what they will I'll devour my lov'd
 mutton,
 and eat it with greed at the mill of Glenlee.

DONNEL and FLORA

A Ballad on the late misfortune of Gen-
Burgoyne and his Gallant Army—
By a Lady.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of ought but play,
Poor Flora flipt away,
Sad'ning to Mora.
Loose flow'd her coal black hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
And thus to the troubled air,
She vented her sorrow.

Loud howels the northern blast,
Bleak is the dreary West ;—
Haste then, O Donnel haste,
Haste to thy Flora !

Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since on a foreign shore,
You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in mora,

Where now is Donnel dear ?
(Maids cry with taunting sneer)

Say he is still sincere,
To his lov'd Flora! —

Parents upbraid my moan;
Each heart is cold as stone—
Ah! Flora thou'rt alone,
Friendless in mora.

Come then, O come away,
Donnel no longer stay,
Where can my rover stray,
From his dear Flora?
Ah! sure he ne'er could be,
False to his vows and me.
O heav'n! is not yonder he,
Bounding in mora.

Never, O wretched Fair;
(Sigh'd the sad messenger)
Never shall Donnel mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Could cold beyond the main,
Donnel thy love lies slain,
He sent me to soothe thy pain,
Weeping in mora.

Well fought our gallant men,
Led by brave Burgoyne,

Our heroes were thrice led on,
 To British glory.
 But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
 Sad was the loss to thee,
 While ev'ry fresh victory
 Drawn'd us in sorrow.

Here take this trusty blade,
 (Donnel expiring said!)
 Give it to yon dear maid
 Weeping in mora.—
 Tell her, Oh! Allan tell,
 Donnel thus bravely fell,
 And in his last farewell,
 He thought on his Flora.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair,
 Then striking her bosom bear;
 Sigh'd out poor Flora!—
 Oh! Donnel! Oh willaday!
 Was all the fond heart could say—
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in mora.

W

(

F I N I S.