

THREE EXCELLENT

New Songs,

- 1, The Americans in Tears since Collier's Victory.
- 2, A new Song on a French fleet having appeared in the Frith of Forth.
3. The Quaker's courtship.



Entered according to Order.

Edin. C. 1779

America in Tears.

O Black's the conclusion of this strong delusion
 Has ruin'd the lands of sweet America ;
 For honour a itching, for liberty a stretching,
 Your tea now Bostonians is better to draw,
 Your flattering presumption is come to consumption ;
 Death and destruction, and sorrow, and woe ;
 There's sad lamentation in every plantation :
 We're ruin'd, we're ruin'd ; O where shall we go

The maidens are moaning, the widows are groaning
 The children are crying no father for me ! (ning
 O Hancock and Adams ! you have been the soldiers
 The bane of our sorroy and sad destiny. (bottom
 For Washington and Putnam it's time that pluto go
 And to the bargain both Arnold and Lee, (them
 It's been their occupation to blow up tribulation,
 We're ruin'd, we're ruin'd ; O ! where shall we fly

Now since the lion's roused, he will not be abused
 Fierce nations combine our pride to subdue,
 And past is our sentence, submission and repentance
 And what for our labour but lives not a few ;
 It's brought us to consternation, & deep humiliatic
 The flowers of our country we never can recal,
 Good men of brave station, and peaceful inclinatio
 Were forc'd to the field, and there they did fall,

{ And the sons of the widows were dragg'd from
 the meadows ;

The plowmen and planters were hurried away,
 No planting, no plucking, but firelocks a cocking,
 Plantations look barren, and fields they ly lea,
 Our trade is come to nothing, no ships arrive with
 cloathing.

Our sailors are rovers and robbing's their trade :
 Our landsmen half naked, going like men distracted,
 With torn down breeches bare footed and head.

Dismal is the hearing, old women their hair
 a tearing ;

The maidens a moaning and tears tinkling down ;
 is most the occupation in every plantation :

As tidings of slaughter the country flies round.
 Likewise our gold and silver is transformed into
 paper,

A silver bit in a bargain is rare for to see :
 and those that do refuse them, the way our con-
 gress use them,

Without form or trial, high hanged for to be.

This has been a revolution to the height of confusion
 occasioned by pride and fullness of bread.

Our Congress's has been our ruin by their fatal doing
 lack Hancock our Pharaoh will crush us to dead
 vain is their boasting, in risslemen a trusting,

Who faints with confusion, when fired at again ;
 More timorous than women to see their foes coming
 their hands does waver and loses their aim.

Alas! our ships no more can trade to foreign shore
 vain have we trusted in proud France and Spain.
 like Egypt's bruised reed, has pierc'd our hand indeed
 Britain ! O Britain ! thy pity we claim.

To war they us decoyed, but now our fleet's destroyed,
 Great Collier has burned, and destroyed them a';
 Our trading is all gone, now we are left moan
 Into the lands of poor America,

*A new Song on the French Squadron, that
 appeared in the Frith of Forth, on Fri-
 day the 17th of September, 1779.*

THE French in this war,
 Designed for Dunbar,
 To plunder the great provost Faa, man
 The town was in steer,
 They trembl'd with fear,
 Old wives they were greeting a', man

C H O R U S.

*So, he ran, and she ran,
 And she ran, and he ran,
 They frighted both great and sma', man.
 If the French they come o'er,
 To our unguarded shore,
 They'll burn and plunder us a', man.*

Upon Berwick sands
 Were thousands to land,
 To plunder both great and sma', man

The people for fear
 Had pack'd up their gear, (man,
 Cry'd, the French dogs will worry us a,
So he ran, &c.

To Haddington bent,
 For Dragoons they sent; (man.
 They mounted their horse and awa',
 And when they came there
 They damn'd and they swore,
 They'd slaughter the French with their
 pa', man.
So he ran, &c.

But, in spite of their teeth,
 They came to Inchkeith.
 The folk in Edinburgh them saw, man;
 They bred such a steer
 About Leith Pier,
 They thought they wou'd burn them
 a', man.
So he ran, &c.

Some swore by their saul,
 'Twas plundering Jack Paul;
 The greatest villain that ever you saw,
 And on the Fife shore, (man.

They heard the guns roar ;
 They were near to Wemyss-castle and
 a', man.

So he ran, &c.

Sir John sent to see
 What ships they could be,
 With a boat, a pilot and a', man.
 But, instead of tea,
 Some powder did gi'e;
 And the pilot they took awa', man.

So he ran, &c.

Such a preparation,
 Was ne'er seen in our nation,
 The men they got broad swords and a'
 I laugh'd at the fun, (man.
 With their rusty guns,
 They look'd as they were to shoot craws,
So he ran, &c. (man.

Then from Edinburgh town,
 The cannon came down,
 They placed them all in a ra', man ;
 Such batteries before,
 Placed on a shore,

In my life before I ne'er saw, man.
So he ran, &c.

They'd great packs of woo,
 Their cannon was few ;
 But were to slaughter down a', man.
 The French took a fright,
 Got off in the night,
 They hoised their sails and awa', man.
So he ran, &c.

Some says they were Dens,
 Others say Frenchmen,
 Others say smugglers and a', man ;
 But if I tell right,
 For a' our great fright,
 Ne'er a Frenchman was there at a', man.
*So he ran, and she ran,
 And she ran, and he ran,*
 They frightened both great and sma', man.
*If the French they come o'er,
 To our unguarded shore,
 They'll burn and plunder us a', man.*

The Quaker's Courtship.

IF thou canst like a friend,
 He'll take it kind ah!
 As true in the end,
 Thou wilt sweetly find ah, &c.
 He'll give thee a new gown,
 With a purse to this crown,
 And kiss thee up and down,
 Like a stiff Quaker.
 I am good flesh and blood,
 Damsel believe me,
 Good as on legs e'er stood,
 I'll ne'er deceive thee, &c.
 Oh! how thy beauty warms,
 Good now resign thy charms,
 Into the glowing arms of a stiff Quaker
 Of a stiff Quaker.

F I N I S.