

Four Excellent New

# S O N G S:

1. Auld Robin Cray.
2. Auld Robin's Answer
3. Auld Robin's Death,
4. The Female Press gang



Entered According to Order.

(12)  
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the ke  
and all the world ar to sleep are gane (no  
The wass of my heart sa's in show'rs frae my ee  
when my gudeman lys found my me,

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me for  
but saving a crown, he had naething beside (b  
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gale to fi  
and the crown and the pound were both for

He hadna been, awa' a week but only twa,  
when my mither she fell sick, and the cow wa  
flown awa';  
My father brake his arm and my Jamie at the fea  
and auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna work and my mither condna f  
I toil'd day and night but their bread I couldna  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith and wi' tears in  
said Jénuy for their sakes O marry me.

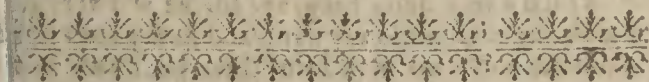
My heart it said nay I look'd for Jamie back,  
but the wind it blew high and the ship it was  
The ship was a wreck why didna Jenny die' (wie  
and why do I live to say wae's me.

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna sp  
she look'd in my face till my heart was like to br  
So they gied him my hand though my heart was  
and auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me. (the  
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,

when sitting sae mournfully at the door.  
 Aw my Jamies wreath for I coudna think he,  
 till he said I'm come b. k for to marry thee,

Sair did we great and meikle did we say  
 we took but a kiss and we tore ourselves away,  
 wish I were dead but I'm no like to die,  
 and whey do I live to say wae's me.

ring like a ghaist, and I carena to spin.  
 I carena think on Jamie for that wou'd be a sin,  
 at I'll do my best a gudewife to be,  
 for auld Robin Gray is kind to me.



### Auld Robin's answer.

My lovely Jenny, how fond I am of thee.  
 And all I've done for thee, it's in sincerit.  
 My father and they mother shall ne'er want from  
 and a loving kind husband I will be to thee, (me)

our Jamie who is gone and wreck'd in the sea.  
 no more you must mourn or him you canna see,  
 and not about his wreath, or troubled you will be  
 but cheer up your heart, since I married thee.

I give thee, and love thee until the day I die:  
 and nothing I have but shall go to thee,  
 I'm sure you'll do your best a good wife to be,  
 and your auld Robin Gray will be kind to thee.

## The Death of Auld Robin Gray.

**T**He summer was smiling all nature round was green  
 When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Gray  
 For he was sick as heart and had nae friend beside  
 But only me poor Jenny who newly was his bride  
 Ah! Jenny I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had breath  
 Then see my poor auld bane, pray, laid in the earth  
 And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and a day  
 And I'll leave thee whate'er belongs to Auld R. Gray

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could  
 And shed a tear upon his grave for he was very good  
 I took my rock all in my hand and in my cot I fix'd  
 Ah wae's me, what shall I do, since poor auld Robin  
 dy'd, (like me forlorne)  
 Search every part throughout the land there's nae  
 I'm ready even to ban the day that ever I was born  
 For Jemmy all I lov'd on earth ah he is gone away  
 My father's dead my mother's dead, and eke Auld  
 Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till  
 ing day, (Robin Gray)  
 And one whole year of windowhood I mourn'd  
 I did the duty of a wife both kind and constant  
 Let every ane example take, and Jenny's plain purport  
 I thought that Jemmy he was dead, or he to me was  
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was chang'd  
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time away  
 For I hadne'er friend alive since dy'd Auld R. Gray

At length the merry bell's rang round I cou'd  
 guess the cause, (much applaud)  
 But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd

doubted if the tale was true, 'till Jemmy came to me  
 and shewd a purse of goldenore and said it is for the  
 old Robin Gray I find is dead & still you heart is true  
 then take me, Jenny, to your arms & I will be so too  
 as John shall join us at the kirk & we'll be blair h & gay  
 with'd consented & reply'd Adieu to Robin Gray

### Thurot's Defeat: Or Carrick Fergus.

From Dunkirk in France in the month of September,  
 Fitted out was a fleet and away they did sail  
 and monsieur Thurot being their only commander  
 when he for their headman they thought not to fail  
 away they did steer without dread or fear,  
 they robbed and plund'ed all ships that they found  
 until that they came to the coast of old Ireland,  
 and landed their men upon Irish ground,  
 was at Carrick Fergus in the north of that kingdom  
 they landed their men and marched up to their walls  
 then cried out the brave colonel Jennings,  
 My boys comme salute them with powder and balls  
 so the battle began and the guns they did rattle,  
 and bravely they fought under Jennings command  
 says he play play on my brave boys,  
 these cowards the force of our fire cannot stand,  
 the town they did take without any resistance,  
 the castle they thought was as easy likewise;  
 they came up all marching in three grand divisions  
 but guarded it was by the brave Irish boys.  
 Who kept constant fire, and made them retire,  
 till their amunition entirely was done  
 Then aloud he did say, my boys lets away,  
 And well sally out upon them, sword in hand,  
 but then says the General how can we defend it,

For to make a fally it is but in vain,  
 As our amunition entirely is ended ;  
 Therefore we'll submit and good terms obtain  
 For plainly you see; for one they are three,  
 'Therefore it is better to capitulate,  
 If they take it by storms then the law of arms,  
 Then death without mercy shall sure be our fate,  
 So the French dogs obtain possession of Carrick,  
 Where they lay a snoring and drinking a while  
 The people they souley did ransack and plunder,  
 And hoisted it all on board Be-leyle  
 But brave Elliot met them no way he would let them  
 But made them yield back their ill gotten store,  
 So moisiear lements in th' deepe't condition  
 For now they can brag of their Thurot no more.  
 Let us praise the brave Elleot who gained this actio  
 And sing to his praise in the joyful song  
 That we of our foes have got satisfactio,  
 And Thurot lies rotting near the Isle of man ;  
 The general was wounded then Ichemis confounde  
 The bold British tars they can never withstand,  
 The fire of the fierce and bold British Lion.  
 Appeared to them under brave captain Bland.  
 So now for to bring my song to conclusion,  
 Let us drink a health to our Officers all,  
 To noble colonel Jennings likewise Bland our captai  
 And never forgetting the brave Mr. Hall;  
 Let's be blyth and jolly and drown melancholy;  
 So merrily les us rejiouce and sing,  
 Come fill up your bowls all you loyal fowls ;  
 And drink a health to great George our King,

The Female Paes's gange

It was in London as we do understand,  
 Seven lasses they took a briik frolic in hand,

And as I protest they were in sailors dress,  
Not far from Cheapside resolved to press.

Fourteen talors.

Then Nancy she tied her sword by her side;  
Resolved she was to be their guide.

This young female crew Kate Bridget and Sue,  
And she that went first was lieutenant Prue.

To press taylors

These girls by consent their minds fully bent,  
Into the house of call in St. James's they went,  
ut there in the street a poor taylor did meet,  
hey prest him who straight fell down at their feet

I'm a taylor.

I tell you said he I ne'er was at sea  
o I pray you young gentlemen to set me free.  
nd pit my tears for I've liv'd twenty years,  
never had weapen but bodkin and shears

I'm a taylor

Withut any regard unto the White yard,  
hen a poor taylor was labouring hard,  
to the shop board Nancy drew out her sword,  
nd said you must King George service afford.

Tho' a taylor,

The taylor did shake nay quiver and quake  
t length with a trembling voice he did speak  
hat I do ge I'm surely undone,  
r alas I dont know the right end of the gune.

I'm a taylor,

vertheless then said bouncing Bess,  
u must come along we've warrants to press,

We'll have no excuse but lay by your goose,  
Such young fellows are fit for our use,

Tho' your a tay

Then into round court they went by report,  
Where seven taylors were making their sport,  
Then 'tis void of fear but when they came there,  
These maids caught them papping as Mofs catch  
his mare. Seven tay

They at first did resist but Joan with her fist  
She thump'd them about till these taylors all pist  
And then in a rage the rest did engage,  
And brought them away unto Bridewell or cage  
Seven tay

Then to the tower lane with all might and m  
These petticoat presmasters hurrid again,  
To pres where they knew both morgan and Hu  
A cuple belonging to the cross legged crew,  
And welsh tay

Then Morgan he rail'd cod plutter nails,  
Hur's master taylor tho' bread up in Wales,  
So pray cease your strife for hur has a young wif  
Besides hur never was pres'd in her life,  
Hur's a tay

But right or wrong they haul'd him zlong,  
Til at last they met two more in the throng.  
Then said lusty Jrne you must go serve the king  
These girls did pres and brought them all in,  
Fourteen tay

F I N I S.