

Four Excellent New

SONGS.

- 1, M'Naughton's Va-
lour.
- 2, Forlorn Damsel.
- 3, The Keeper.
- 4, The Sailor's Rant.



Entered according to Order.

M'NAUGHTON's Valour.

M'Naughton he's to England gone,
 The king's banner to bear;
 Johnny had been in England but a little
 while, (child.
 Until the king's daughter to him is with
 Word is up, and word is down,
 Word is to the palace ha',
 And word is to the king's own room,
 Among his nobles a':
 That his only daughter goes with child
 To Johnny that fair Scot.
 If my only daughter be with child,
 As I true well she be,
 I'll put her into strong prison,
 And hunger her till she die.
 But Johnny had a pretty little boy,
 And a pretty little boy was he,
 But Johnny had a pretty little boy,
 His name was Germanie.
 Don't you see yon castle, my boy;
 It's window'd round about,
 And there you'll see a fair lady
 At the window looking out:
 Here's a shirt of silk, fair lady,
 Your ain hand sewed the sleeve,
 And you must come to yon green wood,
 To Johnny your own true love.
 The castle it is very high,
 And it's walled round about,

My feet is in the fetters strong,
 And how can I win out :
 My garters is of black, black iron,
 And it is very cold ;
 My breast-plate is of sturdy steel,
 Instead of beaten gold ;
 But I will write a long letter,
 And seal it with my own hand,
 And I will send it to you green wood,
 To Johnny my own true love.
 When Johnny read the first of it,
 A blyth, blyth man was he ;
 But before he read it o'er and o'er,
 The tears blinded his eye.
 But Johnny will to England go,
 At home he will not bide.
 Then up bespoke Johnny's mother,
 And a wae woman was she,
 O if e'er you go to England, Johnny,
 O fare you well from me.
 Then up bespoke a Scottish prince,
 And a well bespoke man was he,
 Here's four and twenty of my gay troops,
 To go along with thee :
 The first good town that they came at,
 They made the bells to ring ;
 The next good town that they came at,
 They made the music sing ;
 The next good town that they came at,
 They made the drums go round,
 The king and all his gay armies
 Admiring at the sound.
 Are you the Duke of Marlborough?

Or James the Scottish king?
 Are you the Duke of Marlborough,
 From Scotland new come home?
 I'm not the Duke of Marlborough;
 Nor James our Scottish king;
 But I am a lusty Scot,
 M'Naughton is my name.
 If M'Naughton be your name, he said,
 As I think well it be,
 The fairest lady in my court,
 She goes with child to thee.
 M'Naughton is my name, he said,
 That I will not deny;
 The fairest lady in thy court,
 She is my true love too.
 If M'Naughton be your name, he said,
 As I true well it be,
 To-morrow, before I eat or drink,
 Hang'd then shalt thou be,
 Then up bespoke a pretty little boy,
 And a well bespoke boy was he,
 Before we lose our gay champion,
 We'll fight you till we die.
 Say on, say on, my pretty little boy,
 That is well spoke of thee;
 But I have a champion in my court,
 Will fight you three by three.
 The king call'd on his merry men all,
 Ay thirties and by tens,
 The queen and all her gay Maries,
 To see young Johnny slain.
 They fought on, and Johnny fought on
 With swords of temper'd steel,

Till av the drops of the red blood
 Came trickling down the field.
 They fought on, and Johnny fought on,
 They fought right manfully,
 Till not a man in all the kings guards,
 But what was made to flee
 A priest, a priest, McNaughton cries,
 To wed my bride and me.
 A clerk, a clerk, her father cried,
 To write her portion free.
 I'll not have any of your gold, he said,
 Nor I will not have any of your gear;
 But I will have my own true love,
 I'm sure I've bought her dear.

The Forlorn DAMSEL.

YE gods of love that rule above,
 Pity a maid that's wounded
 By Cupid's dart: I feel the smart,
 and grief has me surrounded:
 I sigh and moan, since he is gone,
 who was my chiefest fancy;
 The other day he sailed away,
 and parted with his Nancy.
 May woe attend my cruel friends,
 that caus'd his transportation;
 For him I pine, lament and whine,
 in woeful desperation.
 Thro' frightful dreams I often scream,
 and start out of my slumber,
 Then in amaze around I gaze,
 and of my dearest ponder.

I cannot blame my darling swain,
 tho' from me he is parted ;
 His absence makes me live in pain,
 I'm almost broken hearted.
 My parents they sent him away
 to face his foes, so cruel !
 All to part from me my heart,
 my dear and only jewel.
 My love is tall, comely withal,
 and rarely put together ;
 His person meek, his breath as sweet
 as dew in summer weather ;
 His carriage neat, his legs compleat,
 and all his form commodious ;
 When he doth sing the woods doth ring,
 his voice is so melodious.
 O guardian angels be his guide,
 defend him from all harms ;
 Let no hard fortune him betide
 in any wars alarms :
 Should he be slain on 'meriez plains,
 where cannons roar like thunder ;
 Then death would ease me of my pain,
 and break my heart asunder.
 Although my love he's cross'd the main,
 'twas what he ne'er intended ;
 I hope to see him once again,
 whene'er the wars are ended :
 When all my griefs will turn to joy,
 when he is in my arms,
 Then I'll invite the darling boy,
 and treat him with my charms.

The KEEPER.

THere was a keeper a shooting did go,
 And under his cloak he carried a bow,
 'Twas all for to shoot the merry doe
 Among the leaves so green O.

Jacky, master, sing you well,
 Very well, with my hey down, down,
 With my hey down down, &c.

The first doe he shot at he miss'd,
 The second doe he hugg'd and kiss'd,
 The third doe went where no body wist,
 'Twas among the leaves so green O.

Jacky, master, sing you well, &c.
 The fourth doe jumped over a brook,
 The keeper catch'd her fast with his hook;
 That he did there you may go look;
 'Twas among the leaves so green O.

Jacky, master, sing you well, &c.
 The fifth doe jumped over the stile,
 The keeper catch'd her fast by the heel;
 Where I believe he did both see and feel,
 'Twas among yon leaves so green O.

Jacky, master, sing you well, &c.
 The sixth doe run over the plain,
 The keeper with his hounds did turn her again
 Where he did tickle her all in the merry
 'Twas among the leaves so green O. (vein.)
 Jacky, master, sing you well, &c.

The SAILOR's Rant.

Ow pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main!

No treasure he ever amasses,
 but chearfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 to honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a bad action
 for power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 goes thro' the wide world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding;
 which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 and mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us;
 but skilful industry steers right.
 Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, who to politics are strangers,
 escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 in various nations we try:
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 who merrily live till we die.
 Then why should, &c.

F I N I S.