

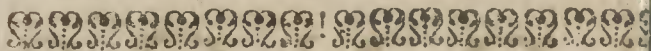
Four Excellent New

SONGS

- 1, Captain Johnston's last Farewell.
- 2, De'il tak' the Wars.
- 3, Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.
- 4, Banks of Forth.



Entered according to Order.



Captain Johnston's last Farewell.

YOU noble lords of high degree,
that see my dismal doom,
Have some regard to pity me,
who now, alas! am come
To die an ignominious death,
as it doth well appear,
While I declare with my last breath,
the laws are most severe.

In Scotland I was bred and born
of noble parents there;
Good education did adorn
my life I do declare:
No crime did e'er my conscience stin
till I adventur'd here,
Thus have I reason to complain
the laws are most severe.

In Flanders I the French have fac'd,
and likewise in Ireland,
Still eagerly pursu'd the chace
with valiant heart and hand,
Why was I not in battle slain,
rather than suffer here,

A death which mortals do disdain?
the laws are most severe.

I did no hurt nor wrong indeed,
I solemnly protest;

But merely for to serve my friend,

I granted his request:

To free his lady out of thrall,

his joy and only dear;

And now my life must pay for all;

the laws are most severe.

In coming from my native land,

in this unhappy time,

Alas! I did not understand

the nature of the crime:

Therefore I did soon condescend,

as it doth well appear,

and find therein I did offend;

the laws are most severe.

In the same lodging where I lay,

and liv'd at bed and board,

My landlord did my life betray

for fifty pounds reward.

When being into prison cast,

altho' with conscience clear,

was arraigned at the last,

the laws are most severe.

The lady would not hear my moan,
 while dying words I sent ;
 Her cruel heart more hard than stone
 would not the least relent :
 But triumphing in my wretched state,
 as I did often hear,
 I fall here by the hand of fate,
 the laws are most severe.

Will not my good and gracious king,
 be merciful to me ?
 Is there not in his breast a spring
 of princely clemency ?
 No ; not for me, alas ! I die,
 the hour is drawing near,
 To the last minute I shall cry
 the laws are most severe.

Farewell my countrymen, said he,
 and this tumultuous noise,
 My soul will soon transported be
 to more celestial joys.
 Tho' in the blossom of my youth,
 pale death I do not fear,
 For to the last I'll speak the truth,
 the laws are most severe.

Alas ! I have not long to live,
 and therefore now, said he,

All that wrong'd me, I them forgive,
as God shall pardon me.

My landlord and his subtile wife,
I do forgive them here;
farewell this transitory life,
the laws are most severe.

De'il tak' the Wars.

DE'IL tak' the wars that hurried Billy frac
who to love me just had sworn, (me,
they made him captain surely to undo me,
woes me he'll ne'er return.

thousand loons abroad will fight him.

he from thousands ne'er will run,

day and night I did invite him,

to stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,

with muckle kind embraces,

now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;

And had he my soft arms

Prefer'd to wars alarms,

By love grown mad, without the man of God,

near in my fit I had granted all.

wash'd and patch'd to mak' me look provoking,

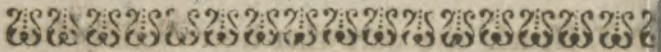
snarles that they told me would catch the men,

and on my head, a huge commode sat pocking,

which made me shew as tall again;

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 which with golden flowers did shine,
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lac'd shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought,
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoon
 When he, silly lown, might have plunder'd me



Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.

MY bonny Jean long have I been
 a seeking thee from morn to e'en
 Thy bonny face is the fu' of grace,
 the like is not in Aberdeen.

I was as brisk as any lad,
 when first thy bonny face I saw,
 Come sit thee down my bonny maid,
 and give to me a kiss or twa.

A kiss or twa if I might give,
 I know not how it might be ta'en,
 For suddenly you'd me betray,
 it's better for to lie alane.

First you may seek and I'll say na,
 you know a woman's modesty,
 Come slide your hand about my neck,
 when I cry cease let me not be.

What wad I gi'e to tell the truth,
 for a sweet kifs of thee my dear?
 or all the pleasure of this earth,
 there's nane like thee can compare.

Thy cherry cheeks, thy coal black hair,
 a briske lass was never seen,
 there's nane with thee that can compare
 in Edinburgh, or Aberdeen.

That bonny fair doth me inspire,
 since e'er thy lovely face I saw;
 therefore my dear, you need not fear,
 to grant to me a kifs or twa,

For I hae houses and lands enough,
 to portion me with any man,
 If you should tak' your word and rue,
 what wad become of Jenny then.

For you have lands at your command,
 a good house-wife you then will be;
 think for the priest we'll send,
 and then my dear we'll married be.

But my minny sent me to the well,
 the night was dark I could not see,
 My foot did slip and I did fall,
 and Jockey fell a top of me.

But gin he be cunning I'll be crafty,
 and gin he be crafty I'll be flee;
 And was he the bonniest lad in a' the lan,
 he's ne'er get another bairn wi' me.

Banks of Forth.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
AThe sun returning glides the day.
 Awake, the balmy Zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glow:
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride,
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth, in dimples, glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur thro' the grove
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring:
 Then come, the transient blifs enjoy
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

F I N I S.