

SIX

Favourite Songs.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ROY'S WIFE.

GREEN BUSHES.



GLASGOW :

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SONGS.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare ;
His friends were many and true-hearted—
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah ! many's the time and oft ;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

As I walked out one May morning,
 The flowers they were a-springing,
 I met a fair maid by the way,
 She being so sweetly singing.

I did salute this pretty fair maid,
 It being so brisk and airy,
 She appeared to be a venus bright,
 Was the charming blue-eyed Mary.

Where are you going, my pretty maid,
 This summer morning early?
 I am going to milk my cows,
 And then to mind my dairy.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?
 She answered me so cheerily,
 Just as ye please, kind sir, says she,
 Replied the blue-eyed Mary.

We were walking over the flowery field,
 The flowers they were a-springing,
 Down on a mossy bank we sat,
 Where the larks were sweetly singing.

Down on the mossy bank we sat,
 I'm sure no one was near me,
 So there I kiss'd the ruby lips
 Of my charming blue-eyed Mary.

O now you've had your will of me,
 Kind sir, O do not leave me ;
 For if I should prove with child by thee,
 My parents they will slight me.

O then I kiss'd her rosy cheeks,
 Soon as these words she'd spoken,
 I gave to her a diamond ring,
 To keep now as a token.

I said, fair maid, I must begone,
 My ship will sail so early,
 I'll prove as true as a turtle-dove,
 To you, my blue-eyed Mary.

When six long weeks were gone and past,
 No letter came to Mary ;
 She often viow'd her diamond ring,
 When she was in her dairy.

She was crossing o'er the flowery fields,
 Next Monday morning early,
 A sailor stepped up to her,
 Saying, how are you, my Mary ?

For I am now return'd from sea—
 Forsake your cows and dairy,
 And I'll make you my lawful bride,
 My charming blue-eyed Mary.

She went with him without delay,
 Forsook her cows and dairy,

And he made her a captain's bride,
The charming blue-eyed Mary.

GREEN BUSHES.

When I was a-walking one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle, and nightingales play,
I heard a young damsel, so sweetly sung she,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet
me.

I'll buy you fine beavers, and fine silken gowns,
I'll buy you fine petticoats flounc'd to the ground,
If you will prove loyal and constant to me,
Forsake your own true love, and marry with me.

I want none of your beavers and fine silken hose,
For I ne'er was so poor as to marry for clothes ;
But I will prove loyal and constant to thee,
Forsake my own true love, and married we'll be.

Come let us be going, kind sir, if you please,
Come, let us be going from under these trees,
For yonder is coming my true love I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet
me.

But when he got there and found she was gone,
He stood like some lambkin left quite forlorn ;
She's gone with some other, and forsaken me,
So adieu to the green bushes, for ever adieu.

I'll be like some school-boy, spend my time in play,
 For I never was so foolishly deluded away,
 There's no false-hearted woman shall serve me so more,
 So adieu to the green bushes, it's time to give o'er.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed, and cast his eyes below.
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return ;
 Lovo turns aside the balls that round mo fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye

The boatswain gavo the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand.



THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There's a song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear.
 And even amidst the grand and gay,
 When Music tries her gentlest art,
 I never hear so sweet a lay,
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,
 As that song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chimo
 Which in youth we lov'd to hear.

And when all this life is gone—
 Even the hope lingering now,
 Like the last of the leaves left on
 Autumn's sear and faded bough—

'Twill seem as still those friends were near
 Who loved me in youth's early day,
 If in that parting hour I hear
 The same sweet notes—and die away
 To that song of the olden time,
 Breath'd like Hope's farewell strain,
 To say, in some brighter clime,
 Life and youth will shine again.

ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wifo of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how sho cheated me
 As I camo o'er the braes of Balloch?
 She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed mo best of ony;
 But ah, the fickle, faithless queen,
 She's ta'on the carle and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Oh sho was a canty queen,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sac fair, her een sac clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sac sweet and bonnie,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.