

# TOM AND POLLY.

To which are added,

*Fair Susanna.*

*The Battle of Killicrankie.*

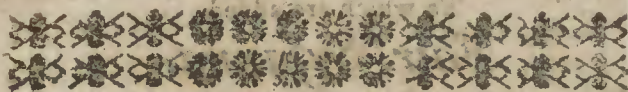
*Down the burn Davie.*

*Greenwich Moorings.*

*Nature's Richest Mine.*



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



TOM AND POLLY.

AS Tom and Cupid went astray,  
for to pass the time away,  
Tom he thought himself quite happy,  
while he walk'd the new moon hay:  
By the brink of a crysta' river,  
joining to a shady grove,  
Cupid being a cunning master,  
he pierc'd him with the dart of love.

A thousand goddesses surrounded,  
to divert the lovely pair,  
Polly's beauty, Tom confounded,  
love's passion wrought him to despair:  
How to gain this lovely creature,  
you god of love pray let me know,  
Must I shall I, kiss you Polly,  
still she answer'd no, no, no.

To a tavern straight he brought her,  
gave her liquer of the best,  
By the hand he often took her,  
saying, I love you the best,  
Poll grew warm and thought no harm,  
after a harm'ess glass or two,  
To what he said, the silly maid,  
could hardly answer no, no.

Madam, your smiles are so engaging,

and your bright eyes do me confound,  
 Let my persecutions be prevailing,  
 for you have given a mortal wound,  
 By the hand he softly press'd her,  
 saying, My, darling, don't be coy,  
 Must I, shall I, kiss you Pilly,  
 then she answer'd ay, ay, ay.

### FAIR SUSANNA.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,  
 that scents the ambient air,  
 Than ask the ch shepherd that you meet,  
 if dear Susanna's fair.

Say will the vulture quit his prey,  
 and warble through the grove!  
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,  
 then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
 let pride and splendour shine;  
 Ye bards, ye envy'd laurels wear,  
 be fair Susanna mine.

### THE BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,  
 came down upon the raw man,  
 Who bring stout gave many a shout,  
 the lads began to claw then.

Wi' sword and targe into their hand,  
 wi' which they were not slaw man,  
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy figh,  
 the lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank o'er ditch, o'er flank  
 she flang among them a' man,  
 The butter-box got mony knocks,  
 their rigging paid for a' then,

They got ther paks wi' sudd'en straik',  
 which to their grief they saw man,  
 Wi' clinkum—c'ankum o'er their crowas,  
 the lads began to fa' man.

Her ski, t about, her lapt about,  
 and flang among them a' man;  
 The English blades got broken heads,  
 their heads were cleav'd in twa then.

The durk and dour made their last hour,  
 and prov'd their final fa' man;  
 They thought the devil had been there,  
 that play'd them sic a pa' man.

The Solemn League and Covenant,  
 came whigging up the hill man;  
 Thought High and crews durst not refuse,  
 for to subscribe their bill then.

In Willie's name they thought rae sne,  
 durst stop their course at a' man;  
 But her n'infel, wi' mony a knock,  
 cry'd, Furigh sigs awa' man;

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,  
 came linking up the brink man;  
 The Hovan Dutch they feared such,  
 they bred a horrid stink then.

came in amang them a' man,  
Nare durst withstand their heavy hand,  
all fled and ran awa' then.

“ Oh on a ri! oh, on a ri!”  
why shou'd we lose king Shames, man!  
“ Oh, rig in di! oh rig in di!”  
she shall break a' her banes then.

Wi' “ Furichinesh,” and stay a while,  
and speak a word or twa man,  
She's gi' a fra k out o'er her neck,  
before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame ye're three for ane,  
her naise's won the day man;  
King Shames' red coats shou'd be hung up,  
because they ran awa' then:

Had bent their brows like Highland trows,  
and made as lang a stay man,  
They'd sav'd their King, that sacred thing,  
and Wi' he run awa' then.

### DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,  
and broom bloom'd fair to see;  
When Mary was complete fifteen,  
and love laugh'd in her ee;

Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,  
to speak her mind thus free,  
Gang down the burn Davie, love,  
and I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 that dwelt on this burn-side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 just fit to be a brice;

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,  
 her een were bountiful;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 what tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to hers he airt did lay,  
 and with her bosom play'd;

Till baith at last impatient grown  
 to be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down,  
 love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
 and naething sure unmeet;  
 For ganging hame I heard them say,  
 they lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;

And that they aften should return,  
 such pleasures to renew,  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 and ay shall follow you.

### GREENWICH MOORINGS.

WITH timbers green from childhood's dock  
 buoy'd up by youthful notions,

My roving fancy dar'd to tack  
 the raging storms of ocean;  
 Thus braving fear, my mind became  
 well sheath'd with emulation;  
 Tight rigg'd on board the good ship Fame,  
 I took an early station,  
 Nor dream'd, when thus I went to sea,  
 that after hard endurings,  
 It would so hap that I should be  
 laid up in Greenwich moorings.

From boy to man, from cime to cime,  
 in quest of glory roaming,  
 Weather'd oft and many a time  
 rough gales and billows foaming:  
 Where lightnings flash and thunders jar,  
 and fever'd seas are rolling:  
 Where mermaid smile in liquid car,  
 'midst dread tornadoes howling,  
 Still Hawser's heart was rigg'd with glee,  
 in spite of pain endurings:  
 Nor harbour'd e'er a thought that he  
 should lie in Greenwich moorings.

Whate'er I earn'd by sweat of brow,  
 was squander'd soon in folly  
 Nor one reflecti'n did bestow,  
 except on lovely Molly:  
 But tho' love's compass fill my heart  
 to Molly's charms direct'd,  
 I ne'er from duty did depart  
 nor Britain's fame neglected.  
 When gold grew scant, I went to sea,  
 and left her fond assurances;  
 Nor thought my batter'd hull should be  
 laid up in Greenwich moorings.

## NATURE'S RICHEST MINE:

PURSUING beauty, men descry,  
 the distant shore, and long to prove,  
 (Still richer in variety),  
 the treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak indians, stand,  
 inviting, from our golden coast,  
 The wand'ring rovers to our land;  
 but she who trades with them is lost

With humble vows they first begin,  
 stealing unseen, into the heart:  
 But by possession settled in,  
 they quickly act another part.

For beads and babbles we resign,  
 in ignorance our shining store;  
 Discover Nature's richest Mine,  
 and yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,  
 how he can court, or you be won;  
 For love is but discovery,  
 when that is made the pleasure's done.

FINIS.]