

THREE EXCELLENT SONGS.

THE

Sailor's Caution

The Happy Clown,

and the

Belfast Shoemaker.



PETERHEAD:

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THE SAILOR'S CAUTION.

ONE night as I lay on my bed,
I lay warm at my ease,
I dream'd about bold mariners,
and sailors on the seas.

We do endure both hot and cold,
and many bitter blasts,
And oftentimes we are obliged
to cut away our masts.

And over board our guns to throw,
with many cargo brave.
And in the long boat forced to jump,
our precious lives to save.

Our Captain in his cabin stood,
a man of courage, brave and bold,
Cheer up my lively jolly lads,
jump up my hearts of gold.

Our boatswain at the wheel does stand,
steering her course right well,
He looks around with watery eyes,
saying see how the seas do swell.

Our plumber on the deck does stand,
 with lead and line in hand,
 To see how far or near we be
 from any rock or sand.

The Mermaid on the rock doth sit,
 with comb and glass in hand,
 Cheer up, cheer up bold mariners,
 you are not far from land.

So now cheer up bold mariners,
 or smother in the deep;
 All this I do for a sailors sake,
 whilst losing of my sleep.

Here is a token bold mariner,
 a token of good will;
 And if ever you come this way,
 'tis here you'll find me still.

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The Happy Clown.

How happy is the rural clown,
who far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
and in his safe retreat
Is pleas'd with his low degree,
is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care and business free,
at once baith good and great?

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
he fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
vexation on the mind.
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
no hopes can bribe, no threats can dare
From state intrigues he holds afar,
and livith unconfu'd

Like those in golden ages born,
he labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
and on their product feeds:
Each season of the wheeling year,
industrious he improves with care;
And still some ripned fruits appear,
so well his toil succeeds.

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Now by a silver stream he lies,
 and angles with his bait and flies,
 And next the sylvan scene he tries,
 his spirits to regale
 Now from the rock or height he views
 his fleecy flock, or teeming Cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 that waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 no cares his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 beneath his just regard:
 He's fond to feel the zephyrs breeze,
 to plant and shed his tender trees:
 And for attending well his bees,
 enjoys the sweet reward.

The flowery meads and silent covas,
 the scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,
 afford a wish'd delight:
 But O! how pleasant is this life?
 bless'd with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And childaen prattling void of strife,
 around his fire at night.

The Belfast Shoemaker.

I am a bold Shoemaker,
from Belfast town I came,
And to my sad misfortune,
I list'd in the train.

My usage being very bad,
with me did not agree,
That was the very time my boys,
I thought of liberty.

And being drunk I list'd,
knew nothing of the same,
But coming to my senses,
I called out again.

On seeing of my colours,
the tears did flow again;
For which I dare not mention,
nor neither will I name.

I had a loving sweetheart,
Jane Wilson was her name,
She said it grieved her to the heart
to see me in the train.

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 She said that if I would desert
 And was to let her know,
 She would dress me in her own cloths,
 I might ramble to and fro.

We marched to tiperary,
 our Captain gave command,
 That I and my poor comrade
 all night on guard should stand.

The night being wet and very dark,
 with me did well agree,
 That was the very night my boys,
 I thought on liberty.

In taking of my liberty,
 I fled into the north,
 And being wet and weary
 I rested in a forth.

I had not long remained there,
 till I rose up again,
 And looking all around
 I spy'd five of our train!

Come on ye cowardly rascals,
 I do not you regard,
 I dont regard your officers,
 tho' they should you reward.

I don't regard your officers,
 nor with them will I stay,
 But your life will spare for to declare,
 I gain my liberty.

But one called Captain Carry,
 O wow but he was mean,
 For the sake of twenty shillings,
 he got me basely tane.

They put me in the gaurd-house,
 my state for to deplore,
 With two at every window,
 and four at every door.

I being in the gaurd house,
 and gazing all around,
 I jumpt out of a window,
 and knockt ten of them down.

But the light horse and train men
 they soon did follow me,
 But a friend I met did me assist,
 and gain'd my liberty.

F I N I S.