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Four Songs.



THE BONNET SO BLUE

The Bonnet so Blue,

Helen of the Spey.

Irish Contradiction &

Banished Soldier.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers

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FOUR SONGS
THE BONNET SO BLUE.

KINGSTON upon Woolwich, a town near York
shire,

I lived in splendour, and free from love's care
I rolled in riches and sweethearts not a few,
I'm wounded by a bonny boy, and his bonnet
blue.

There came a troop of soldiers, and soon you shall
hear,

From Scotland to Woolwich abroad for to steer
There is one among them I wish I ne'er knew
He's a bonny Scots lad, and his bonnet so blue

His cheeks are like the roses, his eyes like the stars
He is handsome and proper, and kills where
goes,

He is handsome and proper, and comely to view
He's a bonny Scots lad, and his bonnet so blue

When I go to my bed I can find no rest,
The thoughts of my true love still runs in my
breast,

The thoughts of my true love still runs in my
view,

He's a bonny Scots lad, and his bonnet so blue

Early in the morning when I rose from my bed
I called upon Sally that is my waiting maid,

dress me as fine as the two hands could do.
 away and see the lad, and his bonnet so blue.
 was instantly dress'd, and parade did attend,
 stood with patience to hear her love nam'd,
 Charles Stewart they do call him; my love did
 renew,
 ce a Prince of that name wore a bonnet so blue.
 love he past by me with his gun in his hand,
 rove to speak to him but all was in vain, A
 rove to speak to him but away quite he flew,
 heart it went with him and his bonnet so blue.

says my dear fiddle I'll buy your discharge,
 free you from a soldier and set you at large,
 free you from a soldier if your heart it be true,
 d you'll ne'er wear a stain on your bonnet so
 blue.

says my dear lady you'll buy my discharge,
 a'll free me from a soldier and set me at large,
 your kind offers I'm obliged to you.
 d I'll ne'er wear a stain on my bonnet so blue.

ave a dear lass in my own country,
 never forsake her for her poverty,
 the girl I love I will always prove true,
 d I'll ne'er wear a stain on that bonnet so blue.

send for a Limner from London to Hull,
 draw my love's picture out in the full,
 it in my chamber, keep it close in my view,
 d I'll think on the lad, for his heart it is true.

HELEN OF THE SPEY

BEGONE thou rude winter and loud terrible
howling,

Come, blithe blooming summer, aye bonny
green;

No more shall thy beauties with hail
scowling,

Or storm on thy lillies blow fiercely and
The pink and the daisie with sweet-scented
blo

Again shall rejoice on the meadow so gay
Whilst I with my Helen in youth's rosy
blos

The walk will renew on the banks of the

No ear to intrude while we happily wander,

The warblers will cheer us with each
strain,

How sweet are the green leaves, and purling
under,

And sweet are the wild-flower all o'er
plain

Around in the woodland the blackbird is
sing,

The sun climbs aloft to enliven the day,
All nature doth cheer me, there's nothing

wanting,
While walking with Helen, dear Helen

Spey.

Love chooseth her breast for its best habitation

Integrity vows to remain in her mind,

And modest good nature a fit situation

Ea Hath found in my Helen, whose virtues are

I c

Now smile on my charmer ye birdies around
 Rejoice with the echoes ye mountains in
 And I of my lover will sing since I found her
 The beauty of fair ones, and pride of the S

THE IRISH CONTRADICTION.

ALL you that are nigh at a distance,
 and you that are distant at hand,
 Ill sing of a dreadful sea battle
 which happen'd one day upon land.
 We sailed from England to Plymouth
 in the year of our Lord eighty five,
 Our ship was as handsome a frigate
 as ever was dead or alive.

We hoisted our sails for the ocean,
 and so briskly we pushed along,
 But durst not go out from the harbour,
 because that the wind blew so strong.
 Our Captain, a tall little fellow,
 who long had been plagu'd with a wife,
 who died with a stop in her windpipe
 as soon as she closed her life.

And O how the clouds roll'd beneath us,
 the billows did over us rear,
 I gript for my head and my shoulders,
 I wish'd I had left them on shore.
 I being confounded and speechless,
 I utter'd a terrible wail,

by St. George, and St. Patrick,
that there was a Frenchman on sail.

Our Captain came up from the cabin,
and snor'd through his nose unto me,
You dogs, go make ready for action,
or else I will half you in three.
Our ship she began for to rattle,
and fired a ball of broadsides,
All those that were headless and legless
was running for fear of their hides.

At long ere the action commenced,
I was put to the greatest surprise,
When one of my messmates he told me
a swivel had blown out my eyes,
at when that I look'd at my eye-balls,
and saw that they were out indeed,
whipt up my legs in my oxters,
and walk'd on the crown of my head.

Our Captain came up to give orders,
and swore he had nothing to say,
jump'd overboard in a fright
when they told him his head was away.
O what a dreadful massacre,
our mate he was killed out right,
t down to his bed in confusion,
and died the next morning at night.

Ever, the Frenchman subjected,
and lower'd their main-mast with speed,
Our captain gave orders for striking,
soon as he found he was dead.
And next morning for Portsmouth,
as the moon it would rise;

Ea

I c

we tied a mast to her main sail,
and tow'd her away for a prize.

Our ship then she landed at Dublin,
the crew went to find out their wives,

They tied up their legs in a napkin,
and ran away wanting their lives.

Our servant, I landed quite sober,
and scarcely could open my mouth,

I went into a toy shop in London,
and eat a whole rabbit for drouth.

I'm sure you may hear that I'm wounded,
and see how dejected I cry,

I wander all night upon horseback,
without e'er a leg or an eye.

But now I'm so plenty of money,
I'm forc'd for to beg up and down,

And if you can't give me a shilling;
I'll just be content with a crown.

So now I go begging, good people,
and when you have nothing to give,

I'll die and be buried in Ireland,
and then I'll give over to live.

And when I am laid in my coffin,
You may scratch on my lid with your knife

Here lies an adventrous seaman
who ne'er was on board in his life.

THE BANISHED SOLDIER.

FAREWEL, my dear Polly, I am going
Where I ne'er shall see you any more;

Think on the dangers in crossing the ocean
While you stay at home on the shore.

When the stormy winds are blowing,
 And tempests so loudly do rise,
 Our sails and our rigging are tearing,
 And we're toss'd between billows and skies.

My parents unto me prov'd cruel,
 And they banish'd me over the main,
 Where I am depriv'd of my jewel,
 I never shall see her again.

When the drums they beat unto arms,
 And the trumpets so loudly do call,
 Our Captain commands us before him,
 'Tis march on my merry men all.

Forward was the fate to confine me,
 And keep me from my heart's delight,
 In strong iron chains and confinement,
 Cold stones for my pillow at night.

Here's once farewell you well to my sweet heart,
 Here's twice farewell you well to my joy,
 Three times farewell to my Polly,
 I will see you no more he did cry.

In a shady grove I was walking,
 Lamenting the loss of my love,
 And wandering alone, I was talking,
 Thinking she inconstant would prove.

Sometimes have I wish'd that the eagle
 Would lend me his wings for to fly,
 Ere I'm into the arms of my Polly dear,
 I care no more in her bosom to lie.