

# Three Songs.

Admiral Benbow.

Donald and Bess.

O wha's that but Finlay.

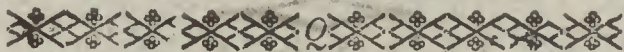
---



KILMARNOCK:

*Printed for the Booksellers.*





ADMIRAL BENBOW.

**C**OME all ye seamen bold,  
 Lend an ear, lend an ear,  
 Come all ye seamen bold, lend an ear,  
 'Tis of our Admiral's fame,  
 Brave Benbow call'd by name,  
 How he fought on the main,  
 You shall hear, you shall hear;  
 How he fought on the main, you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail,  
 For to fight, for to fight,  
 Brave Benbow he sat sail for to fight;  
 Brave Benbow he set sail,  
 With a sweet and pleasant gale;  
 But his Captains they turn'd tail,  
 In a fright, in a fright.  
 But his Captains turned tail in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wood,  
 I will run, I will run,

Says Kirby unto Wood, I will run,  
 I value no disgrace,  
 Nor the losing of my place,  
 For mine en'mies I'll not face,  
 With a gun, with a gun,  
 For mine en'mies I'll not face with a gun.

'Twas the Ruby, and Noah's Ark,  
 Fought the French, fought the French,  
 'Twas the Ruby & Noah's Ark fought the French;  
 For there were ten in all,  
 Poor souls they fought them all,  
 They valued them not at all,  
 Would not flinch, would not flinch,  
 They valued them not at all, would not flinch.

Hard fortune that it was,  
 By chain shot, by chain shot.

Hard fortune that it was, by chain shot;  
 Our Admiral lost his leg,  
 And of his men did beg,

Fight on, my boys, he said,  
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot,  
 Fight on, my British boys, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,  
 How he cry'd, how he cry'd,

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds how he cry'd

- Let my cradle, now in haste,  
 On the quarter-deck be plac'd,

That mine enemies I may face,  
 Till I die, till I die,  
 That mine enemies I may face, till I die.

And there brave Benbow lay,  
 Crying out boys, crying out boys,  
 And there brave Benbow lay, crying out, boys,  
 Let's tack about once more,  
 We'll drive them all on shore,  
 We value not half a score,  
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.  
 We value not half a score, nor their noise.

Unsupported thus he fought,  
 Nor would run, nor would run,  
 Unsupported thus he fought, nor would run,  
 Till his ship was a mere wreck,  
 And no man would him back,  
 For the other would not slack  
 To fire a gun, to fire a gun,  
 For the other would not slack to fire a gun.

For Jamaica then at last,  
 He set sail, he set sail,  
 For Jamaica then at last he sail,  
 Where Wentworth he did try,  
 Those cowards that did fly,  
 And from the French in fright  
 Turned tail, turned tail,  
 And from the French in fright, turned tail.

And those found most to blame,  
 They were shot, they were shot,  
 And those found most to blame, they were shot.  
 Brave Benbow, then at last,  
 For grief of what was past,  
 In a fever died at last,  
 By hard lot, by hard lot,  
 In a fever died at last, by hard lot.

### DONALD AND BESS.

**T**HERE ance was a wife they ca'd Bessy,  
 Weel ken'd i' the place whare she dwalt;  
 And she had a man they ca'd Donald,  
 Wha lang at the change-house wad halt.  
 Hale nights he wad bouse wi' his cronies,  
 He car'd na for daw nor for diel,  
 When he snuff'd, and took up his drap toddy,  
 Ye ne'er saw a cantier chiel.

But Bess was a fae to a' drinkers,  
 She hated the whisky like soot,  
 And cursed ay the day she was buckled  
 To sickan a poor drunken brute.  
 Her tongue, night and day, was nae cripple,  
 But what did her yattin' serve,  
 For Donald manna ay nae his toothfu',  
 Tho' Bess and the bairnies should starve.



Ae night, I ken brawlv about it,  
 As Sawney cam<sup>a</sup> hame frae the fair,  
 He met wi' his auld drouthy neighbour,  
 Wha was ay a stranger to care;  
 Away to the alehouse they slipped,  
 The win frae the north did blaw chill,  
 And baith moralized on the duty,  
 O' drinkin nae mair but ae gill.

But wha could withstan<sup>r</sup> sic temptations,  
 Some bodies were planted fu' snug,  
 And the landlord-leugh loudly amang them,  
 While he poured the sweet broe frae the jug;  
 Then bells rang frae seats in a minute,  
 And ilka ane hands them a glass;  
 Now Donald grown canty wi' claver,  
 Forgat a' the threats o' his Bess.

But, shifting the scene o' their pleasure,  
 At length comes a chap to the door,  
 Unwelcome starts in Donald's Bessie,  
 Ill set and as mad as a bear.  
 As soon as the room she had enter'd,  
 The glasses play'd clash to the wa',  
 The taddy in torrents were streaming',  
 The bowl got its death by a fa'.

The candle she flung i' the fire,  
 The snuffers at Donald let drive,  
 An' roar'd out wi' awfu' vexation,  
 Was there ere sic a mortal alive!

To me ye're as sour as the devil,  
 To others ye look like a saint,  
 I'm sure that nae good can attend ye,  
 As lang as sic houses ye haunt.

Then awa to the door slippet Donald,  
 Ay grumblin' at Bessie's misca',  
 The landlord said pay what ye've broken,  
 Says Bess ye may gang to the law:  
 Ye'll ne'er get a farthing ye monster,  
 Ye sit at your tea an' your toast,  
 And feed up your belly on fatness,  
 An' a at a puir body's cost.

She left them to club for the damage,  
 Rampagin' without any shame,  
 And follow'd the back o' her Donald,  
 She saw was gaun swaggerin' hame:  
 The bed made them happy together,  
 He promised nae mair to be fu',  
 If Bess wad but leave aff her fliting,  
 Nae whisky should e'er weet his mou.

---

### WHA WAS IT BUT FINLAY.

WHA is that at my bower door?  
 Oh! wha is it but Finlay.  
 Then gae your gate, ye's no be here,  
 Indeed I maun, quoth Finlay.

What maks ye sae like a thief?

Oh! come and see, quoth Finlay.

Before the morn ye'll mak mischief;

Indeed I will, quoth Finlay.

Gif I rise and let you in,

Let me in, quoth Finlay.

Ye'll keep me wauken wi' your din.

Indeed I will, quoth Finlay.

In my bower gif ye should stay,

Let me stay, quoth Finlay.

I fear ye'll bide till break of day,

Indeed I will, quoth Finlay.

Here this night if ye'll remain,

I'll remain, quoth Finlay.

I dread ye'll learn the gate again.

Indeed I will, quoth Finlay.

What may pass within this bower,

Let it pass, quoth Finlay.

Ye maun conceal till your last hour.

Indeed I will, quoth Finlay.

FINIS.