

Five Songs.

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The Mariners of England.

The General Toast.

Caroline.

Down-hill of Life.

The Lass in yon Town.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers;

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FIVE
THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep thro' the deep
While the stormy tempests blow—
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from ev'ry wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame
And ocean was their grave!
Where Blake (the boast of freedom) fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you sweep thro' the deep
While the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long—
And the stormy tempests blow!

Britannia needs no bulwark;
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep:—
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below.

As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy tempests blow!
 When the battle rages loud and long—
 And the stormy tempests blow!

The meteor flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,
 'Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye Ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the tempests cease to blow—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the tempests cease to blow.

THE GENERAL TOAST

HERE'S to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
 Now to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And then to the housewife that's thrifty.
*Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the damsel with none, sir;
 Here's to the maid with her pair of blue eyes,
 And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with her bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill us a bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.

CAROLINE.

WHERE Yarrow's current, waving blue,
 Nurses the scented meadow-queen,
 A flower of beauty's fairest hue
 Blooms lovely in its bower of green.
 The lustre of the ruby gem;
 The brightest tinge that decks the sky;
 The wild-briar's blushing diadem,
 With Caroline will never vie.

Soft evening smil'd in mantle fair,
 The swain on Yarrow's banks reclin'd;
 How sweetly sounded through the air,
 The anthems of the wand'ring wind!
 I saw, enthron'd, life's morning star
 Through cloudless skies of rapture shine:
 Green fields of pleasure bloom'd afar,
 Till first I saw my Caroline.

But now a prey to dull dismay,
 A boding pang distracts my mind;
 From Yarrow I must bend my way,
 And leave my Caroline behind.
 I leave the wild flower-woven plains,
 So pleasing to my youthful view,
 And heave to Yarrow and her swains
 A long, perhaps a last adieu!

Enchanting girl! though we must part,
 And part in love's delightful road,
 When far away, still, still my heart
 Will linger near thy lov'd abode.
 My memory often shall bequeath
 A pensive throb, to nature true,
 Where'er I go, I'll often breathe
 A sigh to Yarrow and to you.

When far in foreign lands I roam,
 And nurs'd by pallid peril's gloom,
 In exile from my native home,
 Ha! wilt thou weep thy wanderer's doom?
 Or wilt thou scorn thy early love?
 Bid plighted passion cease to burn?
 False to the young affections prove?
 And break my heart when I return?

Ah, no! methinks that breast of thine
 The gentle thrill can ne'er repel;
 Where lingers sympathy divine,
 Sure faithless love can never dwell.
 Then, when my wanderings all are o'er,
 A wreath to constant love I'll twine;

The wild sea-billows never more
 Shall roll 'twixt me and Caroline.

THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

IN the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
 With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade,
 too,

As the sun-shine or rain may prevail;
 With a small spot of ground for the use of the
 spade too,
 And a barn for the use of the flail.

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
 I'll envy no nabob, his riches or fame,
 Or what honour may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-
 pletely

Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more
 sweetly;

By the sound of a murmuring rill!

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends I will share what to-day may
 afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail
 cov'ring,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep
 hov'ring,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and fur-
 row,
 As this old worn out stuff, which is thread-bare
 to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

THE LASS IN YON TOWN.

O WAT, ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 His setting beams e'er shone upon.
 How haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee,
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year.

But doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green;

But my delight's in yon town,
And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;

But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky:

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rents the air,

And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gaun down upon;

The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,

I'd careless quit aught else below,
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;

For as most lovely is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

FINIS.