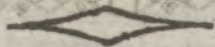


14 Four Songs.



Blue Flowers and Yellow.

Seaman's Last Shift.

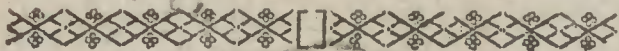
The Happy Strangers.

Banished Soldier. 69



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



THE
BLUE FLOWERS AND THE YELLOW.

THESE seven long years I've courted a Maid,
As the sun shines over the valley;
And she never would consent for to be my bride,
Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

O Jamie, O Jamie, I'll learn you the way,
As the sun shines over the valley;
How your innocent love you'll betray,
Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

If you will give to the Bellman a great,
As the sun shines over the valley;
He will toll you down a merry night-wake,
Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

Now he has given the Bellman a groat,
As the sun shines over the valley;
And he has toll'd him down a merry night-wake,
Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

'Tis I must go to my true love's wake,
As the sun shines over the valley;
For late last night I heard he was dead,
Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

Take with you your horse and boy,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 And give your true lover his last convoy,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

I'll have neither horse or boy,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 But I'll go alone and I'll mourn and cry
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

When that she came to her true love's hall,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 Then the tears they did down fall
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

She lifted up the sheets so small,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 He took her in his arms, and he threw her to the
 wall,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

'Twas let me go a maid, young Jemie, she said,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 And I'll be your bride, and to-morrow we'll be wed,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

If all your friends wer^e in this bower,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 You should not be a maid one quarter of an hour,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

Ye came here a maid, meek and mild,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 But you shall go home, both marry'd and with
 child,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

He gave to her a gay gold ring,
 As the sun shines over the valley;
 And the next day, they had a gay wedding,
 Among the Blue Flowers and the Yellow.

THE SEAMAN'S LAST SHIFT.

ON the second of August, Eighteen hundred
 and one,
 As we sailed with Lord Nelson to the Port of
 Boulogne,
 For to cut out their Shipping, which proved all
 in vain,
 And to our sad misfortune they were all moor'd
 on chain.

Our boats being well mann'd, by eleven at night
 For to cut out their Shipping, not expecting fight
 to fight.
 But the grape from their batteries so heavily did
 play,
 Nine hundred brave Seamen kill'd and wounded
 there lay.

We hoisted our colours, and the bloody flag did
spread,

With the British flag royal at our royal mast head ;

For the honour of Great Britain we will always
maintain,

Whilst the brave British Seamen plough the
watery main.

Exposed to the firing of our enemies we lay,

Whilst ninety bright pieces of cannon did play,

There was many a brave Seaman lay bleeding in
gore,

Whilst the shot from their batteries like thunder
did roar.

Our noble Commander, with his heart full of
grief,

Used every endeavour for to grant us relief,

Our own ships could not assist us, as well we did
know,

In this wounded condition we were toss'd to
and fro.

THE HAPPY STRANGERS.

AS I was a walking one morning in the spring,
To hear the birds whistle and nightingale sing,
I heard a fair maid who was making her moan,
Saying, I am a poor stranger and far from my home.

I stepped up to her and made a low gee,
 And asked her pardon for making so free,
 Saying, I have taken pity on hearing your moan,
 As I am a stranger, and far from my home.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses, and she shed a tear,
 And said, Sir, I wonder at meeting you here,
 But I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,
 For I'm a poor stranger, and far from my home.

My dear, to ill use you indeed I ne'er will,
 My heart's blood to save you indeed I would spill,
 I'll try for to serve you, and relieve all your moan,
 And wish to convey you safe back to your home.

Therefore, my dear jewel, if you would agree,
 And if ever you marry, to marry with me,
 I'll be your guardian thro' these desarts unknown,
 Until, with your parents I leave you at home.

Sir, where is your country, I wish for to know?
 And what's the misfortune you did undergo?
 That caus'd you to wander so far from your home,
 And made us meet, strangers, in this desert alone.

I said, my fair girl, the truth I will tell,
 When in my own country, near Newry I dwell,
 But yet, to misfortune, my love, I was prone,
 Which makes a man often go far from his home.

Sir, the lads of sweet Newry are all roving blades,
And take great delight in courting fair maids,
They kiss them, and press them, and call them
their own,

And perhaps their own darlings lie mourning at
home.

Believe me, my jewel, the case is not so,
I never was married; the truth you must know.
So these strangers agreed, as the case it is known
And I wish them both happy and safe to their
home.

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.

Then 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.

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

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

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

Oft times have I wish'd that the eagle
 Would lend me his wings for to fly,
 To fly into the arms of my Polly dear,
 Once more in her bosom to lie.

FINIS.