

THE  
Polly Privateer.

To which are Added,

COLIN AND LUCY.

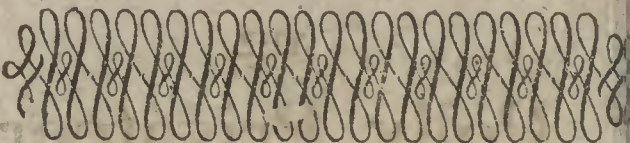
CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

AND

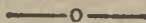
DENNIS DELANY.



GREENOCK :—Printed by W. SCOTT.



The Polly Privateer ; or Unfortunate  
Jack's last Shift.



Come all ye gallant Seamen,  
and listen unto me,  
While I relate a bloody fight,  
was lately fought at sea,  
When we set sail from Liverpool,  
to the salt sea did steer,  
To try our hard fortune,  
in the Polly privateer.

On the 25th of December,  
it being on Christmas day,  
When we espied a large French ship,  
To windward of us lay ;  
Our noble Captain view'd her,  
and told her guns quite clear,  
And said, cheer up, my British boys,  
in the Polly privateer.

We fought them full four glasses,  
our cannons they did roar,  
And many a British seaman  
lay bleeding in his gore ;  
Our noble Captain wounded,  
by the loss of his leg, is cle

But still he cried, fight on my boys,  
in the Polly privateer.

Our Captain he lay bleeding,  
and unto us did say,  
Give her another broadside,  
we'll show them British play;  
Then we gave her a broadside,  
also three British cheers,  
And down her colours quickly came,  
to the Polly privateer.

Now this prize we have taken,  
from Dunkirk she set sail,  
To take our British merchant ships,  
upon the raging main,  
Her name is the La Cæsar,  
of thirty guns, is clear,  
And to Liverpool she was brought, my boys,  
by the Polly privateer.

The Polly she had twenty killed,  
the La Cæsar forty-one,  
Which causes many a mother cry,  
alas! my darling son;  
Be kind unto those widows  
that are left in distress,  
And also their dear children,  
who are left fatherless.

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### COLIN AND LUCY.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!  
"come, Lucy! (it cries) come away:

The grave of thy Colin has room  
to rest thee beside his cold clay."

"I come my dear shepherd, I come:  
ye friends and companions, adieu!

I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
to die on his bosom so true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
when Lucy, sad Lucy! arose,  
And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
where Colin's pale ashes repose.

All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,  
While stormy winds over her blew,  
and night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my dear shepherd! she cry'd  
how long must thy Lucy complain?

How long shall the grave my love hide?  
how long e'er it join us again?

For thee has thy shepherdess liv'd,  
with thee o'er the world would she fly;

For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,  
for thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it, how dear  
his Lucy was once to her swain,

Her face like the lily so fair,  
her eyes that gave light to the plain?

Since now the dear shepherd is gone,  
that face and those eyes charm no more,

And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
to death must her Colin deplore.



As thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 and mourn'd to the echoes around,  
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,  
 and thunders shook dreadful the ground.  
 "I hear the kind call, and obey;  
 receive me, dear Colin!" she cry'd,  
 Then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,  
 she hung on his tombstone, and dy'd.

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### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Stra'bogie,  
 Whar ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
 But I maun hae my cogie.  
 For I maun hae my cogie, troth,  
 I canna want my cogie:  
 I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife  
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;  
 But were she mine, upon my life,  
 I'd duck her in a bogie.  
 For I maun hae my cogie, troth,  
 I canna want my cogie;  
 I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa-three todlin weans they hae,  
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;

Whene'er the totums cry for meat,  
 She curses ay his cogie :  
 Crying " Wae betide the three-gird cog !  
 " Oh, wae betide the cogie !  
 " It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 " That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,  
 And what they maist did laugh at,  
 She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet :  
 Crying " Wae betide the three-gird cog !  
 " Oh, wae betide the cogie ;  
 " It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 " That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul,  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie ;  
 And for ilk silly whingin fool,  
 We'll duck him in the bogie.  
 For I maun hae my cogie, Sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie ;  
 I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
 For a' the queens in Bogie.

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DENNIS DELANY.

IN sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,  
 I have danc'd a good jig and have sung a good song ;  
 On the green where I caper'd I scarce bent the grass,  
 To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a lass :

At hurling, my fellow could never be found,  
 For whoe'er I jostled soon came to the ground;  
 And the girls all swore they never met any  
 Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany.

With my whack about, see it out, Dennis my jewel,  
 Ah! why will you leave us? how can you be so cruel  
 Paddy Whack may good trudge it with Muttagh O'  
 Blaney,

We'll part with them all for you, Dennis Delany.

Young Sheela O'Shannon, who was so fond of me,  
 That whenever we meet we could never agree:  
 Says I, my dear Sheela, we'll soon end the fray,  
 For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay;  
 When the girls all found I was going to leave them,  
 They swore that from death Father John could not  
 save them;

They would part with relations, tho' ever so many,  
 If I'd let them go with me, sweet Dennis Delany.

With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, and I trudg'd it along,  
 And by way of being silent I lilted a song;  
 Hey for Dublin, says I, where I'll see some fine lasses  
 Get married and drunk, nor e'er mind how time  
 passes;

But when I arriv'd, and found every lady  
 Short-waisted—thinks I, they are married already;  
 By my soul now, says I, marriage here is the fashion,  
 To get young recruits for the good of the nation.

With my whack, &c.

To the grand Panorama that every one talks of,  
 Away then I goes, and immediately walks off;  
 Where I was astonished as much as e'er man was  
 'To see a sea-fight on an ocean of canvas;  
 But some were a-weeping, and some were a-wailli  
 Where London stood once to see ships now a-sailli  
 But what in my mind made it still seem the strang  
 Tho' I stood in the midst I was still out of danger  
 With my whack, &c.

As I came back again then, quite sober and stea  
 I met three or four buckeens attacking a lady,  
 With my slip of shillelah I made them forbear,  
 For an Irishman always will fight for the fair;  
 But the police they call'd, who came great and sn  
 Devil burn me, says I, but I'll leather you all;  
 And tho' still I was fighting, yet this I will say,  
 'They were tight active fellows at running away.  
 With my whack, &c.

Then to see a fine play that I ne'er saw before,  
 To Crow-street I went with three or four more,  
 And up stairs I walk'd to see things the better,  
 'The play-bill I bought, tho' I knew not a letter,  
 But the crowd was so great, and the players so fun  
 I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my mon  
 Altho' with their noise they set me nearly quite m  
 When the boys above stairs call'd for Moll in the W  
 With my whack, &c.

FINIS