

THE  
Middlesex Flora.

To which are Added,

5 TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

THE POSIE.

The Joys of Highland Donald's Wife.



GREENOCK:—Printed by W. SCOTT.



## THE MIDDLESEX FLORA.

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WE loos'd from the Downs out of fair London  
And then we had pleasant fine weather,  
For two days or three we had a fine sea,  
And our good ship we wrought with great pleasure  
There rose a great fog, and our vessel did log.  
You scarce could discern her mizen,  
But to our surprise the storm did arise,  
And the billows did foam thro' the ocean.

As we passed by Wales, under close reef'd top  
And the point of land kept under,  
The hail, wind and sleet, with lightning did m  
With tremendous loud claps of thunder.  
All things we made fast to stand the sad blast,  
The pilot stood close by the helm,  
Captain, pilot, and mate on their stations did stand  
But still the proud waves they were swelling

To the isle of Man our course we did stand,  
And the wind from the south-east was blowing  
Then on the spring tide our vessel did ride,  
And all the whole time it was snowing.  
The gale did increase, and then you may guess  
What was our most sad situation,  
Death did appear when that we drew near  
To the coast of the Irish nation.

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The hail and frost on the mountians were tost,  
And the snow lay in Ballachanary,  
And round Morney shore the billows did roar,  
From Strangford to sweet Portaferry.  
To the bar of Dundrum this vessel did come,  
No hand at their post was neglecting,  
Captain, pilot, and mate, the truth to relate,  
But they could not prevent her from sinking.

For, O the sad cries that went to the skies,  
When our good ship split asunder,  
Our main mast so tall overboard did fall,  
And some of our good men fell under.  
But soon the proud waves did beat her to staves,  
Her name was the Middlesex Flora,  
Away they did sweep our men to the deep,  
Which greatly increases my sorrow.

Just I, and no more escap'd to the shore  
Where the billows were roaring like thunder,  
I am one alive out of twenty five,  
And this is a very great wonder.  
But thanks be to he who ruleth the sea,  
Can save in the middle of dangers,  
I'm wounded and bruis'd, yet very well us'd,  
Tho' here in the middle of strangers.

Our loading was fine both brandy and wine,  
And every thing costly and bonny,  
Lisson and Green Tea, Coffee and Bohea,  
And fine silk from sweet Barcelona,  
With rich merchant store from the extending shore,  
Were brought thro' great tempests and dangers,

Along the shore side on waves they did ride,  
Were promiscuously gather'd by strangers.

Our captain James Bell, likewise John Clemell,  
And our foremast-man was Jamee Corrua,  
Our boatswain Will Weir, and James and John Gree,  
And our pilot was James M'Murray.  
One Rober Store and Richard Balfour,  
And our mate he was young Thomas Taylor,  
One Henry Mead, and Archibald Kinead,  
With William Campbell, that famous young sailor

With a few swivel guns, and three hundred tons,  
Was the burden our good ship did carry  
Our crew twenty-five, as brave men as e'er alive,  
And made up of young men so merry.  
But alas! now no more will they come to our shore  
To visit the girls so pretty;  
Our good ship was bound to Belfast's fair town,  
And belonged to London's fair city.



## O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

O tell me my bonny sweet lassie,  
O tell me the way for to woo,  
O tell me my bonny sweet lassie,  
O tell me the way for to woo;

O say, maun I roose your red cheeks like the morning  
Lips like the rose when it's moisten'd wi' dew  
Or say maun I roose your e'ens' pauky scorning,  
O tell me, dear lassie, the way for to woo.

O far ha'e I wander'd, dear lassie  
 To see thee ha'e sail'd the sa't sea,  
 I've travel'd o'er moorland and mountain  
 An' houseless lain cauld on the lee.

never ha'e try'd yet to mak' love to ony,  
 Never lo'ed ony till ance I lo'ed you ;  
 an' now we're alone in the green wood sae bonny,  
 Now tell me, dear lassie, the way for to woo.

What care I for your wandering laddie,  
 Or yet for your sailling the sea,  
 It wasna for nought you left Peggy,  
 My tocher it brought you to me.

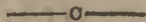
an' say, ha'e ye goud for to busk me ay gaudy,  
 Ribbons an' pearling an' breast-knots anew  
 A house that is canty, wi' plenishing plenty,  
 Without them ye never need come for to woo

I ha'e nae goud to busk thee ay gaudy,  
 Nor yet buy ribbons anew,  
 I brag na o' house nor o' plenty,  
 But I ha'e a heart that is true:

came na for tocher, I ne'er heard o' ony,  
 Never lov'd Peggy, nor e'er braké my vow,  
 ye wander'd, poor fool ! for a face fa'se as bonny,  
 I little thought this was the way for to woo.

ha'e na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning  
 Ay prais'd my cherry-red mou',  
 ye come o'er the sea, moor an' mountain,  
 What mair, Johnny, need ye to woo :

An' far ha'e ye wandred, I ken, my dear laddie,  
 Now ye ha'e found me, ye ha'e nae cause to rue.  
 Wi' health we'll ha'e plenty, I'll never gang gaudy.  
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.



### THE POSIE.

O love will venture in where it darena weel be seen  
 O love will venture in whare wisdom ance has been  
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood  
 green,

And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu'; the firstling o' the year;  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms w  
 out a peer;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in  
 It's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou;  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging hue.

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o'  
 But the songsters's nest within the bush I win  
 away;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near  
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her e'en sae  
clear ;

The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,  
and I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'  
above,

That to my latest draught o' life the band I'll ne'er  
remuve,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.



### THE JOYS OF HIGHLAND DONALD'S WIFE.

YE wives at hame my Donald's gone,  
Let him take care by thinking,  
For gayly I'll the hours pass on,  
And whisky I'se be drinking.

The real joys of love I'll hare,  
By those who are discreetest,  
And here's his health who first declar'd  
Stol'n pleasures were the sweetest.

Highland Donald swore a wife,  
Was not so great an evil,  
And any but a husband's life,  
Was sure a Highland devil.

Then Highland Donald tun'd his pipe  
 He had been some months married;  
 Severely now he feels the whip,  
 For horns our Donald carried.

Now highland Donald thump'd his wife  
 He swore she was not civil,  
 And to get quit he'd part with life,  
 And send her to the Devil.

Highland Donald's got a wife  
 And O! an he be wordie o' her;  
 For every night that he comes home,  
 He claws the Highland hurdies o' her.

Now Maggie fidg'd and claw'd her head  
 Cry'd Donald will ye murder me,  
 But he laid on the other thump,  
 You cockold me oh-on-o-r-e.

When Donald and his wife had done,  
 They both with one consent did part,  
 A sodger he went off with her,  
 And Maggie keeps a chearfu' heart.

FINIS.