

## Snug Bit of Land in the Ocean.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Chloe how Blubber'd is thy Cheeks.

RUNDY'S SONG in the FARMER.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.

The beautiful Markets of GLASGOW.

THE WEDDING DAY.

FATHER DENNIS'S COMFORT.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. &amp; M. ROBERTSON,

Saltmarket, 1870.



The SNUG BIT OF LAND IN THE OCEAN

IN the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,  
 Pull away pull away, yo ho! there,  
 Stands an island, surpassing all others by far;  
 If you doubt it, you've only to go there;  
 By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm Base,  
 And for ever 'till last, I've a notion;  
 All the world I defy to produce such a place,  
 Pull away pull away pull away. pull, I say,  
 As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore puff'd with arrogant pride,  
 Pull away! pull away! so clever,  
 They've ofiswore, as how they would come along side,  
 And despoil the poor island for ever;  
 But BRITANNIA is made of such durable stuff,  
 And so tighly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,  
 She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,  
 Pull away, etc.

If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in the glorious cause,  
 Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys,

Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,  
 And Monsieur he put to the stout boys

The next was St VINCENT, who kick'd up a dust,  
 As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion

For they ty're not to strike; says he, damme but  
 Pull away, etc.

(you must,  
 To the lads of the land in the ocean.

ADAM DUNCAN came next, 'twas in autumn you know,  
 Pull away, pull away, so jolly,  
 That he made big Mynaher strike his flag to a foe,  
 Against whom all resistance was folly;  
 And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,  
 But a sad story home, I've a notion;  
 So DUNCAN he beat a whole WINTER at once,  
 Pull away, etc

What d'ye think of the land of the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their  
 Pull away, -pull away, so hearty; (stare,  
 For NELSON has set all the world in a stare,  
 And land-lock'd even the great BONAPARTE,  
 And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs in-  
 But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion; (dine,  
 Then may victory's sword to the olive resign,  
 Pull away, etc.

And peace crown the land in the ocean.

Tho' I owe, Vincent, Duncan and Nelson have told,  
 Pull away, pull away, again boys  
 'That our Tars now surpass all the Heroes of old,  
 And prov'd themselves true British boys;  
 French pride was such, thought Ireland a place,  
 Fit to send a few Thieves, what a notion!  
 When Warren they met, were soon in disgrace,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull away say  
 And came prisoners to the Land in the Ocean.

---

CHLOE HOW BLUBBER'D IS THY FACE

**D**EAR Chloe how blubber'd is that pretty face?  
 thy cheeks all on fire, and thy hair all uncur'd!

Prithee quit that caprice, and as old Falstaff says,  
let's talk a little like folks of this world.

How can'st thou presume thou hast leave to destroy,  
the beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping?  
Thou'st looks were design'd to inspire love and joy;  
more ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vex'd at a trifle or two that I writ,  
my judgement at once and my passion you wrong,  
You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit;  
o'er life, must one swear to the truth of a song?

The God of us verse-men you know child the—Sun,  
how after his journey he sets up his rest;  
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,  
at night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I quite wearied with wandering all day,  
to thee my delight in the evening I come;  
No matter what beauties I meet in the way,  
they were but my visits, but thou art my home!

Then finish dear Chloe, this pastoral war,  
and let us like HORAS and LYDIA agree,  
For thou art, than Lydia, much brighter by far,  
as he was a poet superior to me.

(+) ❁ (+) ❁ (+) ❁ (+) ❁ (+) ❁ (+) ❁ (+)

RUNDY'S SONG in the FARMER.

A Flaxen-headed cow-boy, as simple as may be,  
And next a simple plow-boy I whistled o'er the lee,  
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,  
And soon I'll be a butler, and wag my jolly face!

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a trades-  
man's bill,

My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;  
When rolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plow-boy that whist'd o'er  
the lee.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,  
I'll stand poll for the parliament, & then vote in myself;  
Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose,  
When all my ay's are sold off, why then I'll sel my no's.

I'll bawl harangue, and paragraph, with speeches  
charm the ear, (Peers;  
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll set up a  
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be (lee.  
You'll forget the little plow-boy that whist'd o'er the

✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕ + ✕ ✕

### THE MARRIAGE ACT.

**T**HE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;  
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide:  
The slave that is poor must starve all his life,  
In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads,  
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;  
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,  
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then prithee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;  
Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:  
You can never be poor, who have all those charms;  
And I shall be rich, when I've you in mine arms.



## The BEAUTIFUL MARKETS OF GLASGOW.

Ood people of Glasgow, give ear to my lay,  
 And learn from my tale, and go wiser away;  
 Concerning your Markets, I vow and declare,  
 There's few in the nation can with them compare.

There's all sorts of food to pleasure your mind,  
 The Butchers are honest, free, frank, and kind,  
 Meat of all kinds, comes here in great store,  
 With health to enjoy it, what can ye want more!

There's fish, flesh, and fowl, with herbs & roots,  
 There's cloth of all kinds, there's good shoes & boots;  
 There's butter & cheese, there's pudding & pye,  
 And if you've money, may drink when you're dry.

There's eggs, there's soyfles, there's ribbons & rings,  
 There's straw hats & bonnets, with many fine things,  
 There's wheat, there's barley, good oats & good rye,  
 If reason doth guide you, you'll go there and buy.

All ranks of people, now hither do come,  
 With store of provision, contented go home,  
 The poor in the market, may cope with the rich,  
 Their money's as good, tho' they've not so much.

Yet flat cheek'd Hobby, with sanctify'd grace,  
 Despiseth the market with his musflur face;  
 Ye simple beware of the selfish and sly  
 There's nought like a market, to sell or to buy.

Some butcher's there be, still keep up a stall,  
 To suit their own ends, hangs meat 'gainst the wall,  
 I'll let them to know, the law is severe, (mare.  
 We may catch them napping, as Moss catch'd his

Our gentlemen here hath finish'd a plan,  
 Establish'd a market, a credit to man,  
 So grand the design, for the good of the poor,  
 Which will be encourag'd, till time is no more.



## THE WEDDING DAY.

**W**HAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or grove,  
 will envy my innocent lays.

The song of the heart, and the offspring of love,  
 when sung in my Corydon's praise.

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bow'r,  
 how lightsome my shepherd can trip;

And sure when of love he describes the soft pow'r,  
 the honey-dew drops from his lips.

And sure when of love, etc.

How sweet is the primrose, and violet how sweet,  
 and sweet is the eglantine breeze.

But Corydon's kiss when by moonlight we meet,  
 to me is far sweeter than the sea.

I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,  
 I sigh when I offer to speak;

And with what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,  
 when I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

And with what delight, etc.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,  
 let the pipe through the village resound;

Be smiles in each face. O ye shepherds to-day,  
 and ring the bells merrily round:

Your favours prepare my companions with speed,  
 assist me my blushes to hide,

A twelve month ago on this day I agreed,  
 to be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

A twelvemonth ago, etc.



## FATHER DENNIS'S COMFORT.

**Y**OU are old, Father Dennis, the young man said,  
 your locks that are left, are quite grey;  
 You are hale, Father Dennis, a hearty old man;  
 now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Dennis reply'd,  
 I remember'd that youth would fly fast:  
 And abus'd not my health nor my vigour at first,  
 that I never might want them at last.

You are old, Father Dennis, the young man said,  
 and pleasures with youth pass away,  
 And yet you regret not the days that are gone,  
 now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth Father Dennis reply'd,  
 I remember'd that youth could not last;  
 I thought of the future whatever I did,  
 that I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father Dennis, the young man said,  
 and life must be hastening away,  
 You're chearful, and love to converse upon death,  
 now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am chearful indeed, Father Dennis reply'd,  
 let the cause thy attention engage:  
 In the days of my youth, I remember'd my God,  
 and he has not forgotten my age.