

No. 2.

FIVE

EXCELLENT SONGS.

NAMELY:—

We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen.

A Sailor's Life.

The banks of the Devon.

Lash'd to the Helm.

The Bay of Biscay.



FALKIRK:

SOLD BY T. JOHNSTON.

SONGS.

We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen,
On yon burn side,
Where the bushes form a cozy den,
On yon burn side.
Though the broomy knowes be green
Yet there we may be seen,
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en,
Down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower,
On yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower,
On yon burn side :
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ither arms they lie,
Down by yon burn side.

Away ye rude unfeeling crew,
Frae you burn side,

Those fairy scenes are no for you,
 By yon burn side,
 There fancy smooth's her theme,
 By the sweetly murmuring stream,
 And the rock lodg'd echoes skim,
 Down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi'
 goud,
 On yon burn side,
 And gloaming draws her foggy shroud,
 O'er yon burn side,
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields alane,
 There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean!
 Down by yon burn side.

A Sailor's Life.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
 He works now late, now early,
 Now up and down, now to and fro;
 What then? he takes it cheer'ly,
 Blest with a smiling can of grog,
 If duty call,
 Stands, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog:

The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish,
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head

The ponderous anchor fish ;
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man ;
 We sing a little, and laugh a little,
 And work a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas,
 Give proof of coming dangers,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack to fear's a stranger.
 Blest with the smiling grog we fly,

Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high.
 Spite of the gale
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck
 To clear some wreck,

To give the ship relief.
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man ;
 We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us ;
 For coming home—a sweet reward !—
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us.
 Now to the friendly grog we quaff
 Our amorous toast.
 Her we love most,
 And gayly sing and laugh.
 The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display ;
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey :
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We dispise it to a man ;
 We sing a little, &c.

The Banks of the Devon.

How pleasant the banks of the clearwinding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes and flowers bloom-
 ing fair !
 But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew

And gently the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.

○ spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be you distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded liles,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,
Where Devon sweet Devon, meandering flows.

Lash'd to the Helm.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunder roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to gude;
In varied shapes when death appears,

The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.

The troubled main,

The wind and rain,

My ardent passion prove :

Lash'd to the helm,

Should seas o'erwhelm,

I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,

Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,

And waft me to thy arms once more,

Safe to my long-lost native shore ;

No more the main,

I'd tempt again,

But tender joys improve ;

I then with thee

Should happy be,

And think on nought but love.

The Bay of Biscay.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,

The rain a deluge show'rs ;

The clouds were rent asunder

By lightning's vivid pow'rs :

The night, both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

There she lay till next day,

In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Her op'ning timbers creak ;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling the slippery shrouds
 Each breathless seamen crowds,
 As she lay till the day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved the bitter sigh.
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to our crew,
 As she lay on that day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timber sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;
 When Heaven, all-bountous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent.
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers.
 Now we sail with the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

FINIS.