

FIVE
EXCELLENT SONGS.

—
The Bay of Biscay.

Sandy Gray.

Tom and Poll;

There's nae luck about the house.

O'er the water to Charlie.



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SONGS.

The Bay of Biscay.

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Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightnings vivid powers,
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor deluded bark,
Till next day,
There she lay,
In the Bay of Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Her op'ning timbers creak!
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak:
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crouds,
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 heav'd the bitter sigh!

The dismal wreck, wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew!
 As she lay,
 Till the day
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.
 Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent;
 A sail in sight appears!
 We hail it with three cheers!
 Now to sail
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

Sandy Gray.

Sandy Gray was a bit of a ranter,
 O, he was the Highlander gay,
 When M'Gregor he turn'd up his chanter,
 For footing a strathspey away.
 Himself, too, could pipe like a throstle;
 But then, if gude ale spied the chiel,
 He'd so often be wetting his whistle,
 While he pip'd, he'd be dancing a reel,
 With his toodle roodle.

Making poetry, too, was his pleasure,
 But wi' Helicon ne'er fash'd his lug;

Like a poet, was fond o' gude measure,
 Provided 'twas ale in a mug;
 He'd empty a flask down his throttle,
 And then, like a poetic ass,
 If you ask'd him the rhyme to the bottle,
 Ten to one but he'd answer you 'glass.'

Toodle, roodle, &c.

Quickly he got dole for his drinking,
 (Sorrow you sots a' sup, be assur'd;)
 He, a'night when the moon was na blinking,
 Fell in a dyke an' was smoor'd,
 His mind he'd to muggin a' been giving,
 An' couldna frae dancing reels stop;
 So as by the malt he stuck living,
 His fate was to die by the hop.

Toodle, roodle, &c.

—

Tom and Poll.

The wind blew low, the sea was calm,
 When Tom and Poll first parted;
 She hung upon his trembling arm,
 And vow'd to be true-hearted:
 The tears flow'd down her lovely face,
 And sorrow mark'd each feature;
 He kiss'd her oft, and did embrace
 This charming tender creature.

'My lovely Poll,' Tom faintly cries,
 'Thy poignant grief dispel;

Wipe off those tears which dim thine eyes;
 Then sigh'd and bade farewell:
 But, ah! e'er long poor Tom had left
 His Poll and native shore,
 When by a shot of life bereft,
 He fell, to rise no more.

The fatal news, Tom's death to tell,
 Resounded from afar;
 And told how brave in battle fell
 This gallant British tar.
 Poor Polly now, with piteous sighs,
 Tom's dismal end relate;
 And to some desert spot she flies,
 To mourn his hapless fate.

There's nae Luck about the House.

And are ye sure the news are true,
 And are ye sure he's well,
 Is this a time to ta'k of wark,
 Mak haste set by your wheel,
 Is this a time to ta'k of wark,
 Mak haste set by your wheel.
 Is this a time to ta'k of wark,
 When Collin's at the door;
 Gie me my clock, I'il to the quey,
 And see him come a-shore.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house,
When our goodman's awa.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle-pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat,
And make their shoon as black as aloe,
Their hose as white as spa,
It's a' to please our ain goodman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There is twa hens into the baw,
S'been fed fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin well may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
It's a' for love of my goodman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

•, Gie me down my big bonnet,
My bishop's sattin gown,
For I maun tell tell the baillie's wife,
That Collin's come to town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain goodman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath's like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ;
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ;
 But what puts parting in my head,
 It may be far awa,
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Collin's well, I'm well content,
 I ha'e na mair to crave,
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ;
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weel, come woc, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him;
 But, O! to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll o'er, &c.
 I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as oft for Charlie.
 We'll o'er, &c.

FINIS.