

Allan Tine o' Harrow;

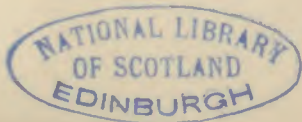
To which are added,

Jack in his Element.

The Beds of Roses.



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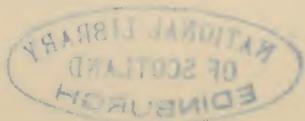
To which are added,

ALLAN TINE O' HARROW.

I am a darling highwayman,
My name is Tine O' Harrow,
I'm come of poor but honest folks
Nigh to the hills of Yarrow.
For getting of a maid with child,
For England I sail'd over.
Leaving my parents almost wild,
Since I became a Rover;

Then straight to London I did go
Where I became a soldier.
Resolved to fight Britannia's foes,
Great Hector ne'er was bolder.
They sent me to a foreign court,
Where cannons loud did rattle,
Believe me boys, I do not boast,
How I behaved in battle,

For many's the battle I've been in,
In Holland and French Flanders
I always fought with a courage keen,
Led on by brave commanders,



I always fought with a courage keen,
 And aye was valiant hearted,
 On account of the usage that I got,
 Alas! I soon deserted.

Then straight for England I set sail,
 As fast as wind could heave me,
 Resolv'd that of my liberty,
 There should no man deprive me.
 I slept into the fields all night,
 For fear of being detected,
 I could not walk the road by day,
 Lest I should be suspected.

I being of a courage keen,
 and likewise able bodied,
 To stand the road was my intent,
 with my pistols heavy loaded,
 To rob upon the king's highway,
 was my determination,
 And for a robbery I was bent,
 No other hesitation.

The very first man that ever I robb'd
 He was a Lord of honour,
 I own this man I did assault,
 All in a roguish manner

Says I, my Lord, your gold I want,
 Make no delay, but give it,
 For if you don't 'tis my intent,
 By powder and ball to have it.

I clapt my pistol to his breast,
 Which made him for to shiver,
 Five hundred pounds in ready gold
 To me he did deliver.
 His gold, repeating watch likewise,
 To me he did surrender.
 I thought it a most gallant prize,
 When he this gold did tender.
 With part of this said money I got,
 I bought a famous gelding,
 That over a five bar gate could jump,
 I bought him from Mr Fielding.
 When I was mounted on my steed,
 I looked most bold and daring,
 Then to the road I set with speed,
 No man I now was fearing.

That night I robb'd lord Arkinstone,
 Nigh unto Covent-Garden,
 And two or three hours after that,
 I robb'd the Earl of Warren.

Through streets, broad streets, and lanes also,
 I robb'd Lords, Dukes and Earls,
 Myself in grandeur to maintain,
 And to support my girls.

I never robb'd a poor man in my life
 But those of a high character;
 I robb'd nigh unto Turnham-green,
 A revenue Collector,
 Five hundred pounds I took from him;
 And smiling it was ready,
 A hundred guineas of bright gold,
 I did return his lady.

Wherever I saw the distressed poor,
 When poverty did grieve them,
 Always found my heart inclin'd,
 By money to relieve them.
 I laid upon the rich and great,
 To rob the poor I scorned,
 Unless that God prevents my fate,
 In deom I now lie borned.

For straight in Newgate I'm confin'd,
 And by the law convicted;
 My burn-tree proves my destiny
 At which I'm much affrighted.

Farewell, my home and countrymen,
 And the ancient hills of Yarrow;
 Kind providence may rest the soul
 Of Allan Tine o' Harrow.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Bold Jack the Sailor, here I come,
 Pray how do you like my nib;
 My trowsers wide, my trampers run,
 My nab and flowing jib;
 I sail the seas from end to end,
 And lead a roving life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 At every port a wife.
 I have heard them talk of constancy,
 Of grief and such like fun;
 I have constant been to ten, cry'd I,
 But never griev'd for one;
 The flowing sails we tars unbend,
 To lead a roving life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 At every port a wife.
 I have a spanking wife at Portsmouth Gates,
 A Pigmy at Gorée;

An Orange Tawny up the Straits,
 A Black at St. Lucie:
 Thus whatsoever course we bend,
 We lead a jovial life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 At every port a wife.

Will Gaffe by death was ta'en aback,
 I came to bring the news,
 Poll whimper'd sore, but what did Jack?
 Why stood in William's shoes!
 She cut, I chas'd, and in the end
 She lov'd me as her life.
 So she has got a loving friend,
 And I a loving wife.

Come all you Sailors that do go
 The unfortunate seas to rub,
 You must work, love, and fight your foes,
 And drink your generous bub;
 Storms that our masts in splinters teary
 Can make our joyous life,
 In every want we find a friend,
 And every port a wife.

THE BED OF ROSES.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
 The small birds were singing delightful and gay,
 There with my true love did often sport and play,
 Down among the bonny bed of Roses.

My pretty brown girl come sit on my knee.
 For there's none in the world I can fancy but thee;
 Nor will I ever change my old love for a new,
 So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

My daddy and mammy, they often us'd to say,
 That I was a naughty boy and us'd to run away;
 If they bid me go to work I wou'd sooner go to
 play,

Down amongst the bonny bed of Roses.

Then away to the church we will walk with an air,
 Kind Hymen proclaims us to be the happy pair,
 Her bosom I'll press, and her chains I will wear,
 Down amongst the bonny Bed of Roses.

As I was a walking one morning in spring,
 The winter going out, and the summer coming in,
 The cuckoo sang, cuckoo, your welcome here
 again;
 And I pray you stay among the green bushes.

THE DEFINITION.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
 The small birds were singing delightful and gay,
 There with my true love did often sport and play,
 Down among the bonny bed of Roses.