

Four Excellent New Songs.

VIZ.

- I. The SCOTS ROVER,
- II. Captain Bell's Unhappy Voyage.
- III. The Lover's Petition.
- IV. Brave Donald M'CRAW.



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The Scots Rover.

I AM a Rover brisk and bold,
 the truth I really tell to you,
 No Daniel Brand of Irish birth,
 could e'er compare with Jackie Erue.
 Lalta la, turel, larel.
 Lalta, larel, turel-lu.

Euphanus fair did me beguile,
 the first that drew me in love's snare;
 That wicked lass to me prov'd false,
 set me a roving ever mair.

Then for a soldier I did list,
 my roving fancy to pursue,
 And every town that we came to,
 I always got a sweetheart new.

At Carlile town and Cumberland,
 the lasses there were very kind;
 For shirts and stockings I did court,
 but left the Heckler's lasses behind.

At Kendal next, upon the road,
 our lodging was at the Black Bull,
 Where Nancy rare, a blooming fair,
 her watch and gold was at my will.

At Lancaster where we put up,
 we had the prettiest Wench in town,
 I felt her tuft, her mistress hufft,
 was highly jealous at the same.

She says, you are a workman brisk,
your musick it well pleaseth me;
My lovely Scot come do your work,
five guineas it shall be your fee.

At Coventry these girls so free,
to this young Rover was most kind,
A lovely creature drest in silks,
paid him two guineas for each time.

At Greenwich we a while did stay,
these girls dearly love the game;
With liquors good they chear'd my blood,
so merr'ly as I pass'd my time.

At Portsmouth where we went abroad,
the sailor's wives were very free,
For when their husbands went to sea,
they came and spent their gold with me.

With the girls of France sometimes I danc'd,
who treat'd me well with brandy wine,
I did their work, they paid me for't;
their gold did make my pockets shine.

The Yankie girls are very sly,
they'll hardly speak while sun does shine,
But in the dark, and out of sight,
most lovingly they'll round you twine.

But now at last the peace comes on,
I am discharged, and sent home;
Provision's dear, and money's scarce,
I fear my roving's at an end.

go to church as grave's a judge,
 where many an honest wife I see,
 Sit smiling by their husbands side,
 who once has made as free with me.

Now with some blooming fair I'll wed,
 who has wit and beauty in great store ;
 If she proves kind to please my mind,
 I'll never be a rover more.
 Lalta, la, turel, larel, &c.

Bell's unhappy Voyage.

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

As we past by Wales with close-reef sails,
 And the point of land kept under,
 The wind & sleet, with light'ning did meet,
 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 & mate on their stations wait,
 But still the proud waves were a-swelling.

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

The hail and frost on the mountains tost,
 And the snow lay on Ballaghanary,
 And round Mourne shore the billows roar'd
 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 could not preserve her from striking.

But O! the sad cries we sent to the skies,
 Whene'er our good ship split asunder,
 Our mainmast so tall overboard did fall,
 And some of our good men fell under.
 But 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 was roaring like thunder,
 I am one left alive out of twenty-five,
 And that is a very great wonder.

But thanks be to He, that rules o'er the sea,
 Can save in the middle of danger,
 I'm wounded and bruis'd, but very well us'd,
 Though here in the middle of strangers.

Our loading was fine brandy and wine,
 And every thing costly and bonny,
 Hyson and green tea, coffee and bohea,
 And fine silks from sweet Barcelona.
 With rich merchant store from foreign shore
 Were brought thro' tempest and danger,
 Along the shore side on the waves did ride,
 Were promiscuously gather'd by strangers.

Our capt. James Bell, also John Clemell,
 And our fore-mast man was John Corran;
 Our boats. Will. Wier, James & J. Grier,
 And our pilot was Charles M'Murray;
 One Robert Store, and Richard Balfour,
 Our mate he was young Thomas Taylor,
 One Henry Mead and Archibald Kinkade,
 With William Campbell a famous sailer.

With a few swivel guns, and 300 tuns,
 Was the burthen our good ship did carry,
 Our crew twenty-five, as brave's ever liv'd,
 And made up of young seamen so merry,
 But alas! no more will they come on shore,
 To visit the girls so pretty.
 Our good ship was bound to Belfast town,
 And belonged to sweet London city.

The LOVER's PETITION.

FAIRER than the opening lilies,
 sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis,
 richer sweets does she disclose.

Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 'Till in one short fatal hour,
 she depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, God of pleasing anguish,
 from whose shafts I bleed and burn,
 Teach, O teach the maid to languish,
 strike fair Phillis in her turn.

From that torment in her breast,
 soon to pity she'll incline ;
 And to give her bosom rest,
 kindly heal the wound in mine.

But be it so, or be it not,
 I'll take her at my chance,
 The first time I saw my love,
 she struck me in a trance ;

Her ruby lips and sparkling eyes
 have so bewitched me,
 If I was king of Ireland,
 queen of it she should be.

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Brave DONALD M'CRAW:

HIGHLAND Donald's got a wife,
 and O! an he be wordie o' her;
 For ev'ry night that he comes hame,
 he claws the Highland hurdies o' her.

Now Maggie fidge'd, and claw'd her head,
 cry'd Donald will ye murder me,
 But he laid on the other thump,
 you cuckold me, oh-on-o-rie.

When Donald and his wife had done,
 they both with one consent did part,
 A sodger he went off to be,
 and Maggy keeps a chearful heart.

She ay sits spinning at her wheel,
 singing, O but he's a wa'
 May thou ne'er come back again,
 while thy name is Donald 'Craw.

F I N I S.