

1.
The Distracted

MILOR.

earin' awa' Jean.

olly Soldier.

arle came o'er

ne Craft.



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DISTRACTED SAILOR.

O how pleasant are young lovers,
 when their courtship first begins!
 And their faces oft discover
 the great pleasures they are in,
 When once they seem to love each
 hand in hand, these lovers move;
 What sweet kisses they do smother
 when they praise tales of love!

Just so Billy the sailor courted
 Molly, and she was most kind;
 For they oft had kiss'd and sported
 and both persuaded were in mind,
 She consented for to have him,
 he made vows to her
 would wed, if she'd permit
 when he did return from
 then a piece of gold was
 and each other took a part
 And by her these words were
 "Billy, thou hast won my
 May the heavens bless you true,
 and your safe return again.
 Molly's your's alone for ever
 when you do return from

1.
in arm they kiss'd each other,
and repeated vows do make,
to love one-another;
said Bill, my heart doth ach,
in absence you should leave me;
then my heart would burst in twain.
Curse on Moll, if I deceive thee,
but stay till thou dost come from Spaine.

Bill a golden locke' gave her,
and begg'd of her to be true.
Moll reply'd, As I'm a sinner,
I will ne'er be false to you.
When th' started with eyes weeping,
and he had away for Spaine:
two weeks he had been missing,
when he return'd again.

As he had lent her,
of Portugal and the Spanish shore,
with tokens hoping would content her,
until to England he came o'er;
for no answer he received,
till with Admiral Leake he came;
when his heart was sorely grieved,
that I had staid in Spaine!

For he found his Molly marry'd,
then he curst false lovers all,
Since his Molly now was carry'd
by her husband to Blackwall.
He cries out now in vexation,
" Now some new-found land I'll find:
There wild beasts have more compassion
than deluding women-kind."

But, alas! he's sore tormented,
and cries out, " I am undone!
For my soul is discontented,
and I shall distracted run!
Molly's false, and has deceiv'd me!
O ye furies, why do you stay!
Of my torments soon relieve me,
take my wretched life away!"

Now he rends his cloaths asunder,
and is into distraction run:
In Bedlam, to all people's wonder,
this distracted sailor's gone.
There in links of iron chained,
and on straw alone doth lie!
Against Molly he exclaimeth,
for her wicked perjury.

Day and night his chains he rattled,
as if Bedlam he would pull down.
Come brave sailors think of battle,
and of storming Spanish Town.
Holla! you, Sir Bedlam's porter,
bring forth Mully here again,
I will ram her in a mortar,
and will shoot her into Spain.

* * * * *

I'M WEARIN' AWA JEAN.

I'm wearing awa' Jean,
like snaw when it's thaw, Jean:
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is ay fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid an' fair, Jean,
And we grudged her right fair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and ay be fair
In the land o' the leal.

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THE JOLLY SOLDIER

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lassie's life
Who a soldier marries.

Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent,
Lira, lira, la, lira, lira, la.
With her jolly Soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,

A filler brooch he ga'e me niest,
to fasten on my curchea nooked,
I wor't a wie upon my breast,
but soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked,
And sae may his, I winna ha'e him,
na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him,
And twice a bairn's a lafs's jest,
sae only fool for me may ha'e him.

The Carle has nae fault but ane,
for he has lands and d' llars plenty;
But wae's me for him! skin and bane
is no for a plump o's f' twenty!
Hawt awa', I winna hae him,
na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
Wha' signifies his dirty riggs,
and cash, without a man wi' them.

But sh'uld my canker'd daddy gar
me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
that antlers diinna claim their station:
Hawt awa', I winna ha'e him!
na, forsooth, I winna ha'e him!
I'm flic'd to crack the belly band,
sae Lawty says, I shou'd na ha'e him.

F I N I S.