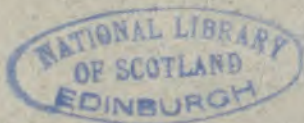


THE POLLY Privateer, A New Song.

To which is added,
THE
Young Man's Dream,
AND
x Bonaparte's Escape
FROM THE ELBA.



Falkirk—Printed by T. Johnston:
1816.



THE
POLLY PRIVATEER.

COME all you gallant Seamen,
and listen unto me,
Whilst I relate a bloody fight
was lately fought at sea.
As we set sail from Liverpool,
to the salt seas we did steer,
To try our hard fortunes
in the Polly Privateer.

The twenty-fifth December,
just upon Christmas-day,
We spied a large French Ship
to windward of us lay,
Our Captain he reviewed us,
and said our guns was clear;
O then he cry'd, Fight on my boys
in the Polly Privateer.

We engag'd her full five glasses,
whilst our cannons loud did roar,
And many a poor seaman
lay bleeding in his gore!
Our noble Captain wounded,
he lost a leg most dear,
But still he cry'd. Fight on my boys,
in the Polly Privateer.

Our Captain lying bleeding,
unto his men did say,
Give her another broadside,
we'll show them British play.
We gave to them a broadside,
likewise three British cheers,
And down her colours quickly came
to the Polly Privateer.

So now this prize we've taken boys :
from Dunkirk she set sail,
To rob our British merchant Ships,
upon the raging main ;
Her name was the La Cæsar,
of forty guns 'tis clear,
To Liverpool she was brought my boys,
by the Pully Privateer.

The Polly she's got twenty kill'd,
the La Cæsar forty-one,
Makes many a mother cry aloud,
Alas ! my darling son !
And also their poor widows
they are left in distress ;
Likewise their dear children,
they are left fatherless.

THE
YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

DEAR blefs me, have I waken'd
out of my filent dream !
I dream'd I was low feated
beneath yon purling fream,
Where the water does flow clearly,
and Nature shows her gift,
Where the pretty trout and falmon
fkip along the rocks and clift.

I had not long there been,
till there approach'd the shore
A beautiful young damfel
failing with her golden oar !
Her mariners in crimfon
near as I could difcern,
While one more fairer than the reft
fat on her gilded flern.

Her maff was made of amber,
and filk cords did them bind ;
Her fails they were as white as fnow,
made of the holland fine,
With ornaments of mufic
they did both fport and toy,

Like Venus and Queen Eleanor
going marching into Troy.

They rubbed on each bank,
they did both skip and dance;
The fish low in the water
they nimbly do advance:
But while this maid stood angling
all with her line and hook,
The pretty trout and salmon
skip along the rocks and cliffs.

The violet, pink and daisie,
well garnish'd on each bank;
And Neptune Flora cloathing,
they all stood in a rank.
Attended by a damsel fair,
convey'd me to a ball;
When I thought myself in Paradise,
I was in grief withal.

Her hair like threads of amber,
most glorious to be seen!
I took her for Diana,
or for some Grecian Queen.
Her lovely breast stood naked,
which did my heart inflame,
When I thought to infold her in my arms,
I found it was a dream!

BONAPARTE'S
ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

TUNE—*Woo'd an' Married, an a'.*

NOW BONEY to France has got back,
When they thought he was fairly awa',
In haste he begins now to crack,
And he shakes his pike staff at them a';
They thought that he fairly was grippet,
Nae mair to be fash'd wi' his din,
Yet back to the chair he has slippet,
And play'd them the trick and came in.

His auld tricks he thinks now to try them,
And seems to be terrible bauld,
He thinks wi' his wiles to defy them,
Because he has broken the fauld;
His matters he says he will right them,
And a' their great plans row about,
He draws out his gully to fright them,
Yet shortly they may run him out.

Wi' brags and wi' boasts he is cracking,
And pelting awa', wi' his stick.
A mighty great dust he is making,
But yet they may play him a trick

Tho' he did get back for a wonder,
 In hopes to take back his auld gear,
 If they come on him like thunder,
 They may ding him yet aff his chair.

When first he came back with a hurry,
 And nothing but joy seen and mirth,
 His new friends they long'd for a worry,
 His auld friends they cry'd for a birth;
 Says he, Now I've ventur'd to see you,
 In hopes ye will fight in my cause,
 And frae Louis' grips I will free you,
 And keep you secure in my claws.

Out-bye to their Elba they sent me,
 But there I had ower little bounds,
 That station cou'd never content me,
 Like hashing and cracking of Crowns.
 Now a' my true Generals who join'd me,
 And left Louis' service for a',
 Ye'll now do your best for to mind me,
 For fear of another new fa'.

Yet baith auld and young they would wish
 To take a while yet o' the Crown, — (me
 Besides that a thing that wou'd push me,
 To leave a good birth for my lown; —
 That made me to come owre the water,
 To raise up another new spree,

Gae now get your guns in a clatter,
Your Emperor I still wish to be.

But O how it angers me fairly,
That they winna gi'e me my will,
I think I cou'd conquer them fairly,
If it werna for auld Jonny Bull.
His filler and men did opprefs me,
The time I was forting at Kings,
And now he seems yet to distress me,
And draws out his purse by the strings.

Wi' peace I thought surely to blink him,
Till I cou'd be better prepar'd,
And then I intended to clink him,
When he wou'd be aff o' his guard:
But a' my deep fetches are humbled,
That I a lang time had made,
And Blucher and Wellington fright me,
And make me to scratch at my head.

I dread that John Bull he will fash us,
And Saunders he winna be slack,
The Cossacks that fadly did thrash us,
I fear that they'll be at their back.
I ken they a' threaten to skelp me,
As sure as my fau'd name is NAP,
But try what ye can for to help me,
For now they are a' on my tap.

F I N I S.