

THE

Sailor's Tragedy,

A New Sea-Song.

ALSO,

The Dandy Frill.

Jamie frae Dundee.

The King's Anthem.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1823.

THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY.

I am a Sailor, and home I write,
 And in the seas took great delight;
 The female sex I did beguile,
 At length two were by me with child:

I promis'd to be true to both,
 And bound myself, under an oath,
 To marry them, if I had life;
 And one of them I made my wife.

The other being left alone,
 Crying, You false deluding man,
 With me you've done a wicked thing,
 Which public shame will on me bring.

Then to the silent shade she went,
 Her present shame for to prevent;
 And soon she finish'd up the strife,
 And cut her tender thread of life.

She hung herself upon a tree,
 Two men a-hunting did her see;
 Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
 Which made the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
 And in her breast a note was found;
 This note was written out at large,
 " Bury me not, I do you charge;

But on the ground here let me lie,
 For every one that passes by,
 That they by me may warning take,
 And see what follows ere too late.

As he is false, I do protest
 That he on earth shall find no rest."
 And it is said, she plagu'd him so,
 That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the main-mast high,
 A little boat he did espy,
 In it there was a Ghost so grim,
 That made him tremble ev'r, limb!

Down to the deck the young man goes,
 To the Captain his mind for to disclose:
 Here is a Spirit coming hence,
 O Captain stand in my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
 Where soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost!

Captain, said she, you must and can,
With speed help me to such a man.

In St. Helens this young man died,
And in St. Helens is his body laid.

Captain, said she, do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep.

From the deck did the Captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe:
On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb:

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd,
I am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once but I have you now.

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forced him;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire!
Which made the sailors all admire!

All you that know what to love belong,
 Now you have heard my mournful long;
 Be true to one, whate'er you mind,
 And don't delude poor woman kind.

THE DANDY FRILLS.

Come all you lasses blyth and gay,
 And listen unto me this day;
 I hope you will not take it ill,
 To tell you about your dandy frill,

CHORUS.

For Dandy Frills they all must ha'e,
 To make them look so fine and gay.

Just in the morning when they rise,
 When at the glass, with due surpris,
 They'll thraw their faces with good will,
 For to put right their Dandy Frill.

Their Dandy Frills, do cast a show,
 In every market town you know.
 There's nothing I see, that looks so ill,
 As a dirty shift and a Dandy Frill.

She says young man tell me I pray,
 What makes you lessen the lasses the day,
 Tho' our shifts be black we'll use our skill,
 To hide them with our Dandy Frill.

Says I, my lass if you want a man,
 I will tell you the only plan,
 If your sweetheart loves you with good will,
 You will get him without a Dandy Frill.

Says she. young man I own it's true,
 But Dandy Frills are bonny to view,
 The lad comes t'wards us with good will,
 We entice them with our Dandy Frill.

To see our lasses every one,
 Fine dresses every day they plan.
 Tho' money be scarce, they'll have their will,
 They will not forget their Dandy Frill.

Our lasses every day are seen,
 All dress as fine as any queen.
 Our lasses they will try their skill,
 Before they want a Dandy Frill.

So now I have said all I can,
 About our lasses every one.
 At Kirk and Market with good will,
 They must have on their Dandy Frill.

JAMIE FRAE DUNDEE.

I canna like you, gentle Sir,
 altho' a laird you be,
 I like a bonny Scottish lad,
 wha brought me frae Dundee.

Had awa' wi' Jamie,
 Had awa' wi' Jamie,
 Had awa' wi' Jamie o'er the sea;
 I'll gang wi' him wi' right guid-will,
 He's a' the warld to me.

I'll gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
 to cheer the lonesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
 he's frolicsome as May.

Had awa', &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
 the lintwhite swells his throat;
 But never one so sweet, so clear,
 as Jamie's tunefu' note.

Had awa', &c.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet sound,
Tell all the world around.

Great GEORGE is King!

Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
BRITANNIA scorns their chain;

All their vile arts are vain;

Great GEORGE is King!

We will his life defend,

And make his power extend

Wide as his fame.

May choicest blessings shed

On his exalted head,

And make his foes to dread.

Great GEORGE our King.

He peace and plenty brings,

While Rome's deluded Kings

Waste and destroy.

The let his people sing,

Long live Great GEORGE our King,

From whom such blessings spring,

Freedom and joy.

FINIS.