DEATH OF NELSON.

THE RAKISH SAILOR.

The Lanarkshire Lads,

AND

The Greenock Sailor.

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb with silent grief oppress'd,
Britannia mourn'd her hero now at rest.
But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with
years,
Whose leaves are watered with a nation's tears.

AIR.

'TWAS in Trafalgar's bay,
We saw the Frenchmen lay,
Each heart was bounding then;
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
Our ships were British oak,
Hearts of oak our men.
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
Nor thought of home or beauty;
Along the line this signal ran,—
England expects that every man
This day will do his duty.

And now the cannons roar
Along the affrighted shore;
Our Nelson led the way.

His ship the Vict'ry nam'd;
Long be that Vict'ry famed,
For vict'ry crown'd the day.
But dearly was that conquest bought,
To well the gallant hero fought,
For England, home, and beauty;
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
England expects, that every man
This day will do his duty.

At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
The hero's breast receiv'd;
Heav'n fights on our side,
The day's our own he cried;
Now long enough I've liv'd:
In honour's cause my life was past,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
For England, home, and beauty.
Thus ending life as he began,
England confess'd, that every man
That day had done his duty.

THE LANARKSHIRE LADS.

It was last Monday morning,
As I have heard many one say,

Our rout it came that afternoon,
For us to march away;
Leaving many a pretty fair maid
Crying out Halliloo,
The Lanarkshire lads are going abroad,
Alas, what shall we do.

Says the mother to the daughter,
What makes ye talk so strange,
Would you marry with a soldier,
The wide world for to range.
For soldiers they are rambling boys,
They have little pay,
And how could they maintain their wives
Out of thirteen pence a day.

Says the mother to the daughter,
I'll have you close confin'd
Until the Lanarkshire lads are gone abroad,
For they do not please my mind.
But if you confine me seven long years,
And after set me free,
I will go search for my Lanarkshire lad
When I gain my liberty.

My love is clothed with scarlet,
And turned up with blue,
And every town he marches through
He can get sweethearts enow.

They will get sweethearts enow my boys
  And rls to please their minds,
But the ne'er will forget sweet Glasgow town,
  And the pretty girls they left behind.

THE RAKISH SAILOR.

When I was a rakish young sailor,
  I never took care in my life;
I travelled the country all over,
  And every town a frseh wife.
But give me the girl that loves me,
  And bless me for this happy life,
She will dance unto me a French caper;
  O a countay girl for my wife.

I have sail'd in stormy cold weather,
  I have been in both hot and cold,
I have sailed the ocean all over,
  In venturing my life for bright gold.
Thank God, now the wars are all over,
  And I myself safe on the shore,
Yet bless me for ever and ever
  If I go to the seas any more.

I'll send for my friends and relations,
  I will send for them every one;

And 'tis for to make you all hearty,
  I'll send for a cask of good rum.
I'll send for a cask of good rum;
  And three or four barrels of beer,
And 'tis all for to welcome the lasses
  That meet me at Port-Glasgow fair.

And when I am dead and buried,
  O there is an end of my life,
Never you lie a-sobbing and crying,
  But do a good turn for my wife.
Never you lie a-sobbing and crying,
  There is one single favour I crave,
Lap me up in my tarpolin jacket,
  And fiddle and dance to my grave.

I will have four young sailors to carry me,
  Pray let them be tolerably drunk;
Along by the way as they ramble,
  Let them fall by the way with my trunk.
Let them all be laughing and jeering,
  Like men who are all going mad,
Let them drink a glass over my coffin,
  Crying, there lies a true-hearted lad.

THE GREENOCK SAILOR.

A sailing into Greenock town to take my liberty
I saw one of the prettiest girls that e'er my
eyes did see; [girl for me.
At the Angle inn, in Greenock there lives the
Early next morning by the break of day,
I went up to my love's bed-side to hear what she
would say, [warm,
I huddled her, I cuddled her, and told her to lie
And she says my loving sailor don t you do me
any harm.

To do you any harm my dear I will hold it as a
scorn, (next morn,
To lie with you all night my dear I'll marry you
I'll go down unto my captain these words I will
fulfil, [you will.
And she says loving sailor you may kiss me when
Our orders came on Saturday on Monday to sail
away, [weigh,
Our anchors and our cables so sweetly we did
Sunday being a merry day while my poor heart
was sad, [never had.
To part with my own true-love whose heart I

Here's fifty bright guineas I will buy my love's
discharge, [at large.
I will free him from all dangers and set my love

And if that will not do my dear, here is as much more,
Will you let me sail a day with you, O no my [dearest no.

Then jacket and blue trowsers I freely put on,
I will pass for your messmate as we sail along,
Your watches I will stand my dear if you will let me go,
Will you let me go along with you, no hang me [if I do.
I'll go down into some nunnery and there I'll end my life,
I never will be married nor yet be no man's wife,
But constant and true hearted for ever I'll remain,
I never will get married till my sailor comes a- [gain.

FINIS.