

A Collection of  
**POPULAR SONGS :**

VIZ.

Bonny Mally Stewart,  
The good ship Rover,  
The recruit's farewell.



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## BONNY MALLY STEWART.

The cold winter is past and gone,  
and now comes on the spring,  
And I am one of the king's life-guards,  
and I must go fight for my king, my dear,  
and must go fight for my king.

Now since to the wars you must go,  
one thing I pray grant me  
It's I will dress myself in man's attire,  
and I'll travel along with thee, my dear,  
and I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds  
that my love endangered were ;  
The rattling of drums and shining of swords,  
will cause great sorrow and wo, my dear,  
will cause great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,  
that she will not do for me ;  
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat,  
and mourn till the day I die, my dear,  
and mourn till the day I die.

I will do more for my true love,  
than he will do for me :

I'll cut my hair and roll me bare,  
 and mourn till the day I die  
 and mourn till the day I die.

So farewell my mother and father dear,  
 I'll bid adieu and farewell  
 My sweet and bonny Mally Stewart,  
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,  
 you're the cause of all my wo.

When we came to bonny Stirling town,  
 as we lay all in camp,  
 By the King's orders we were all taken,  
 & to Germany we were all sent, my dear,  
 and to Germany we were all sent.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,  
 and the maids therein also;  
 And farewell bonny Mally Stewart,  
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,  
 you're the cause of all my wo.

She took the slippers off her feet,  
 and the cockups off her hair;  
 And she has ta'en a long journey,  
 for seven lang years and mair, my dear,  
 for seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed,  
 sometimes sat down to mourn,  
 And it was aye the o'ercome o' her tale,  
 shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come.  
 shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come?

The trooper turned himself round about,  
 all on the Irish shore;  
 He has gi'en the bridle reins a shake,  
 saying adieu for evermore, my dear,  
 saying adieu for evermore.

### THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

When I was a young man,  
 I bore a valiant mind,  
 For to cross the raging sea,  
 it was my whole design;  
 I met a jovial ship-mate,  
 who engag'd me to the main,  
 Then we got our shores on board,  
 and put to sea again.

Chor. And put to sea again,  
 and put to sea again,  
 Found all relations stranded,  
 and went to sea again.

It was in the good Ship Rover,  
 I sail'd the world around,  
 And for seven years and over,  
 I ne'er touch'd British ground;  
 At length in old England landed,  
 I left the raging main,  
 Found all relations stranded,  
 and went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,  
 right fore and aft we bore ;  
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,  
 a gale blew off the shore :  
 She lay so, it did shock her,  
 a log upon the main,  
 Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,  
 we put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,  
 upon a squally night,  
 Thund'ring, light'ning, halling,  
 the horrors of the sight.  
 My precious limb was lopped off,  
 I, when they eas'd me of my pain,  
 Thank'd God I was not popped  
 and went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled,  
 to bring up in life's rear,  
 Although I'm quite disabled,  
 and lie in Greenwich tire ;  
 The King, God bless his royalty,  
 who took me from the main,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 but ne'er to sea again.

Chor. But ne'er to sea again,  
 but ne'er to sea again,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 but ne'er to sea again

**THE RECRUIT'S FAREWELL.**

Farewell, to you, dear Nancy,  
 likewise my children three,

Behold I'm come to take my leave  
 of friends and family;  
 I have now just enlisted, and  
 must for a soldier go,  
 Abroad to foreign countries,  
 to face our daring foe.

Dear Jack my heart does tremble,  
 at this sad news you bring,  
 To say you wou'd leave your family,  
 and go and serve the King,  
 I will sell my coat, and rather  
 than you should go away,  
 And likewise all our furniture  
 your smart-money to pay.

Dear Nancy I'm now attested,  
 and smart-money won't do,  
 I would not rue my bargain,  
 only for parting with you.  
 Let not my absence grieve you,  
 though I must cross the main,  
 You'll see me roll in splendour,  
 when I return again.

Dear Jack now do not leave me,  
 and my poor helpless train,  
 But give the sergeant back the coin,  
 and here at home remain,  
 For my mind tells me if you go  
 where cannons they do roar,  
 Your loving wife and children,  
 will never see you more.

A soldier's fate, my dear depends,  
 upon the fate of war.  
 And I in battle may escape  
 without a wound or scar;  
 If I should wear a wooden leg,  
 a pensioner I'll be,  
 And if I gain a chain of gold,  
 I'll bring it home to thee,

Dear Jack, it grieves my heart to hear,  
 you talk of leg or chain,  
 I wou'd not wish you'd lose one joint,  
 for a pension or for gain;  
 But stay at home: and do not roam,  
 to foreign countries,  
 Unless your life you would forfeit  
 amidst your enemies.

My dear I cannot stay at home,  
 nor yet endure to see  
 So many looms stand idle  
 that once went merrily.  
 There is no demand for merchandize  
 this war has made it so,  
 And trading is so very bad  
 that many a man must go.

Besides provisions they are high,  
 and trading is so low,  
 And if the season should be dear,  
 and would continue so;  
 There is many a brave mechanic  
 must go as well as I,

To serve the king and face his foe  
where cannon-balls do fly.

My dear, you little know as yet,  
what fortune may devise.

Provisions they may get a fall,  
and trading it may rise,

Oh! that's live horse, and you'll get grass,  
but that won't do for me,

I would sooner go and fight for bread,  
than live in poverty.

Now since our gallant heroes has  
no prospect of relief,

Dry up your tears dear Nancy,  
and moderate your grief;

I'll ne'er retract, till death I'll act,  
with courage bold and free.

So now adieu, my love to you,  
my wife and children three.

FINIS.