

# FOUR Excellent Songs.

JACK ROBINSON.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

LORD LEVEL.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

FOUR  
SONGS.

---

JACK ROBINSON.

THE perils and dangers of the voyage past,  
And the ship to Portsmouth arrived at last,  
The sails all furl'd and the anchor cast ;

The happiest of the crew was Jack Robinson :  
For his Poll he had trinkets and gold galore,  
Besides prize-money quite a store,  
And along with the crew he went ashore,  
As cockswain to the boat, Jack Robinson.  
Tol de rol, &c.

He met with a man, and said, I say,  
Mayhap you know one Polly Gray,  
She lives somewhere hereabout—the man said, nay  
I do not, indeed, to Jack Robinson.  
Says Jack to him, I've left my ship,  
And all my messmates gave the slip,  
Mayhap you'll partake of a good can of flip,  
For you're a civil fellow, says Jack Robinson.

In a public-house, then, they both sat down,  
And talk'd of Admirals of high renown,  
And drank as much grog as came to half-a-crown,  
This here strange man and Jack Robinson.  
Then Jack call'd out the reck'ning to pay,  
Tho landlady came in, in fine array,  
My eyes and limbs! why here's Polly Gray,  
Who'd thought of meeting here, says Jack Robins

The landlady stagger'd against the wall,  
 And said at first she didn't know him at all,  
 Give me, says Jack, why here's a pretty squall,  
 D—n me, don't you know me?—I'm Jack Robinson  
 Don't you know this handkerchief you gave to me,  
 Was three years ago, before I went to sea,  
 Every day I look'd at, and then I thought of thee,  
 Upon my soul I have, says Jack Robinson.

As the lady, says she, I've chang'd my state,  
 Why, you don't mean, says Jack, that you've got a mate  
 I know you promis'd—says she, I could not wait,  
 For no tidings could I gain of you, Jack Robinson;  
 Somebody, one day, came to me and said,  
 That somebody else had somewhere read,  
 Some newspaper, as how you were dead—  
 I've not been dead at all, says Jack Robinson.

He turned his quid, and finish'd his glass,  
 And h'd up his trowsers, alas! alas!  
 Never I should live to be made such an ass,  
 To be bilk'd by a woman, says Jack Robinson.  
 To fret and stew about it much is all in vain,  
 Let a ship and go to Holland, France, and Spain,  
 Matter where, to Portsmouth I'll never come again,  
 And he was off before they could say Jack Robinson.

### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

As lonesome since I cross'd the hills,  
 And over the moors that tire me,  
 With heavy thoughts my heart doth fill.  
 Since I parted from my Betty,

In search of some one fine and gay,  
 But none could ever bind me,  
 And I think of the hours I pass'd away  
 With the girl I left behind me.

The hours I do remember well,  
 When recollections move me ;  
 A pain within my breast I feel,  
 Since first she own'd to love me :  
 But now I'm going to Brighton camp,  
 I pray kind heav'n now guide me,  
 And send me safely back again  
 To the girl I left behind me.

But when I'm standing on parade,  
 Either asleep or waking,  
 I long to see my love again,  
 For her my heart is breaking ;  
 When I think of the vows of love,  
 The tears do fall and blind me,  
 When I think upon the form and grace  
 Of the girl I left behind me.

The falling waters I do see,  
 The dove become a ranger—  
 Such heavy thoughts run in my mind,  
 The hour I meant to change her ;  
 Ye powers above, protect I pray,  
 The cautious fair that binds me,  
 And send me safely home again  
 To the girl I left behind me.

## THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

As I came in by Auchindoun,  
 A little wee bit frae the town,  
 When to the Highlands I was boun',  
     To view the haughs of Cromdale.

I met a man in tartan trews,  
 I speir'd at him what was the news ;  
 Quo' he, " The Highland army rues,  
     That e'er we came to Cromdale.

" We were in bed, sir, every man,  
 When the English host upon us came ;  
 A bloody battle then began,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

" The English horse they were so rude,  
 They bathed their hoofs in Highland blood,  
 But our brave clans, they boldly stood  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

" But, alas ! we could no longer stay,  
 For o'er the hills we came away,  
 And sore we do lament the day  
     That e'er we came to Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
 " Can you direct the nearest way,  
 For I will o'er the hills this day,  
     And view the haughs of Cromdale."

" Alas, my lord, you're not so strong,  
 You scarcely have two thousand men,  
 There's twenty thousand on the plain,  
     Stand rank and file on Cromdale.

Thus the great Montrose did say,  
 " I say, direct the nearest way,  
 For I will o'er the hills this day,  
     And see the haughs of Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,  
 When great Montrose upon them cam ;  
 A second battlo then began,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Grant, Mackenzie, and M'Kay,  
 Soon as Montrose they did espy,  
 O then, they fought most valiantly !  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they return'd again,  
 The Camerons did their standard join,  
 M'Intosh play'd a bloody game  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,  
 M'Phersons, none could them controul,  
 M'Lauchlans fought like loyal souls,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neils,  
 So boldly as they took the field,  
 And made their enemies to yield,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The Gordons boldly did advance  
 The Frasers fought with sword and lance,  
 The Grahams they made the heads to dance,  
     Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,  
 So boldly set upon their foes,  
 And brought them down with Highland blows,  
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

Of twenty thousand, Cromwell's men,  
 Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,  
 The rest of them lie on the plain,  
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

### LORD LEVEL.

LORD LEVEL stands at his stable door,  
 Mounted upon a grey steed ;  
 And bye came Ladie Nanciebel,  
 And wish'd Lord Level much speed.

“ O whar are you going, Lord Level,  
 My dearest tell to me ? ”

“ O I am going a far journey,  
 Some far countric to see ;

“ But I'll return in seven long years,  
 Lady Nanciebel to see.”

“ O! seven, seven, seven long years,  
 They are much too long for me.”

He has gane a year away,  
 A year but barely aye,  
 When a strange fancy came into his head,  
 That fair Nanciebel was gane.

It's then he rade, and better rade,  
 Until he cam to the toun,  
 And there he heard a dismal noise,  
 For the church bells a' did soun'.

He asked what the bells rang for,  
 They said, "Its for Nanciebel:  
 She died for a discourteous squire,  
 And his name is Lord Lovel."

The lid o' the coffin he opened up,  
 The linens he faulded down;  
 And aye he kiss'd her pale, pale lips,  
 And the tears cam trickling down.

"Weel may I kiss those pale pale lips,  
 For they will never kiss me;—  
 I'll mak a vow, and keep it true,  
 That they'll ne'er kiss ane but thee."

Lady Nancie died on Tuesday night,  
 Lord Lovel upon the neist day;  
 Lady Nancie died for pure pure love,  
 Lord Lovel, for deep sorray.





