

THE POST CAPTAIN,

This is no mine gin Lassie,

All in the Downs,

Nobody coming to marry me,

AND,

Twass in that season, &c.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO:

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

THE POST CAPTAIN.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
Our brave commander's story,
With ardent zeal his youthful heart
Swell'd high for naval glory;
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager,
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger,
While ten jolly tars, with musical joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing yoe heave yoe,
Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe heave yoe.
Whiler en jolly tars, &c.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd,
With quickness care and spirit,
Whose generous master then discern'd,
And priz'd his dawning merit;
He taught him soon to reef and steer,
When storms convuls'd the ocean,
Where shoals made skilful veterans fear,
Which mark'd him for promotion:
As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,
When he gave the command, hard a port, helm
Luff, boys, luff, keep her near, Pa-lee,
Clear the buoy, make the pier.
None to the pilot, &c.

For valor, skill, and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated,
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post Captain he is rated;
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,
 Still bravely would defend her;
 Now, blest with peace, should beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart as tender:
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,
 To poor or wealthy, friend or foe,
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health.
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
 Which always are ready compassion to shew
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN LASSIE.

O this is no mine ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I mine ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers een,
 When kind love is in the ee.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.

O this is no, &c.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 Oh where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing
 hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list; ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board;
 They kiss'd, she sighed, he hung his head:
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

Nobody coming to marry me.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
 I went to the gate to see,
 When ev'ry lass had her spark,
 But nobody comes to me.

Oh! dear, what will become of me?
 Oh! dear, what shall I do?

Nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
 My mother does nothing but spin,
 And I'm a pretty young girl,
 But the money comes slowly in.
 Oh dear, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair,
 They say I am scornful and bold,
 Alas! I must now despair,
 For ah! I am grown very old.
 Oh! dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid,
 Oh dear, how shocking the thought!
 And all my beauty must fade,
 But I'm sure it's not my fault.
 Oh! dear, &c.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,

The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
 O! bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

FINIS.