

FAR, FAR AT SEA,

The Huge Oak,

TOM BOWLING,

The Sailor's Adieu.

I knew by the Smoke,

Woes my heart that we should sunder,

HOW STANDS THE GLASS,

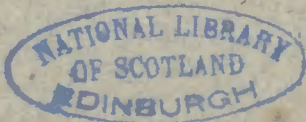
AND

SEE THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.



FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas night when the bell had toll'd twelve,
And poor Susan was hid on her pillow,
In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elve—
Your love now lies tost on a billow,
Far, far at sea.

All was dark, when she woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover;
All was still as the silence of death,
Save Fancy, which painted her lover,
Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer—clos'd her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
While in terror she echo'd his cries,
As struggling he sank in a billow,
Far, far at sea.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon
mill,
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Ere a rook built his nest on the pine,

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field; [tate,
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's es-
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with
 shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has brought him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare;
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair;
 And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
 Ah! many's the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea:
 But yet my heart, my soul, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
 For though thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be my leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Love breath'd constant gales.
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves.

No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you;
Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was
near; [world,
And I said, 'if there's peace to be found in the
A heart that is humble might hope for it
here.'

Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech
tree.

'And here in this lone little wood,' I exclaim'd,
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to
eye; [if I blam'd;
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
How blest could I live, and how calm could
I die.'

Every leaf, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry
 dips [cline,
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to re-
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but
 mine.

Every leaf, &c.

Woes my heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Lucy, cries,
 Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range;
 No beauty new my love shall hinder;
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.
 Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that bless'd time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder;

Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.
 Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

How stands the glass around?
 For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound.
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why soldiers, why,
 Whose business 'tis to die!
 What—sighing?—fie;
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;
 'Tis he, you, or I—
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 (I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
 'Tis but in vain
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

ROSY MORN.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To procure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,
 Takes the scatter'd ears that fall:
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

FINIS.