

Allan. Tine o' Harrow ;

To which are added,

Jack in his Element,

The Beds of Roses.



STIRLING :

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ALLAN TINE O' HARROW.

I am a daring highwayman,
My name is Tine O' Harrow,
I'm come of poor but honest folks,
Nigh to the hills of Yarrow.
For getting of a maid with child,
For England I sail'd over,
Leaving my parents almost wild,
Since I became a Rover.

Then straight to London I did go,
Where I became a soldier,
Resolved to fight Britania's foes,
Great Hector ne'er was bolder.
They sent me to a foreign court,
Where cannons loud did rattle,
Believe me boys I do not boast,
How I behaved in battle

For many's the battle I've been in
In Holland and French Flanders,
I always fought with a courage keen,
Led on by brave commanders.

I always fought with a courage keen,
 and eye was valiant hearted,
 On account of the usage that I got,
 alas ! I soon deserted.

Then straight for England I set sail,
 as fast as wind could heave me,
 Resolv'd that of my liberty,
 there should no man deprive me.
 I slept into the fields all night,
 for fear of being detected,
 I could not walk the road by day,
 lest I should be suspected.

I being of a courage keen,
 and likewise able bodied,
 To stand the road was my intent,
 with my pistols heavy loaded.
 To rob upon the king's highway,
 was my determination
 And for a robbery I was bent,
 no other hesitation.

The very first man that ever I robb'd,
 he was a Lord of honour,
 I own this man I did assault,
 all in a roguish manner.

Says I, my Lord, your gold I want,
 make no delay but give it,
 For if you dont 'tis my intent,
 by powder and ball to have it.

I clapt my pistol to his breast,
 which made him for to shiver,
 Five hundred pounds in ready gold,
 to me he did deliver.
 His gold, repeating watch likewise,
 to me he did surrender,
 I thought it a most gallant prize,
 when he this gold did tender.

With part of this sad money I got,
 I bought a famous gelding,
 That over a five bar gate could jump,
 I bought him from Mr Fielding.
 When I was mounted on my steed,
 I looked most bold and daring,
 Then to the road I sat with speed,
 no man I new was fearing.

That night I robb'd Lord Arkinstore,
 nigh unto Covent-Garden,
 And two or three hours after that,
 I robb'd the Earl of Warren.

Through streets broad-streets, and lanes also,
 I robb'd Lords, Dukes and Earls,
 Myself in grandeur to maintain,
 and to support my girls.

I never robb'd a poor man in my life,
 but those of high character,

I robb'd nigh unto Turnham-green,
 a revenue Collector.

Five hundred pounds I took from him,
 and smiling it was ready,

A hundred guineas of bright gold,
 I did return his lady.

Wherever I saw the distressed poor,
 when poverty did grieve them,

I always found my heart inclin'd
 by money to relieve them.

I laid upon the rich and great,
 to rob the poor I scorned,

Unless that God prevents my fate,
 in doom I now lie borned.

For straight in Newgate I'm confin'd,
 and by the law convicted,

Tyburn-tree proves my destiny,
 at which I'm much affrighted.

Farewell my home and countrymen,
 and the ancient hills of Tarrow,
 Kind Providence may rest the soul,
 of Allan Tine o' Harrow.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Bold Jack the Sailor, here I come,
 pray how do you like my rib,
 My trowsers wide and trampers rum,
 my nab and flowing jib ;
 I sail the seas from end to end,
 and lead a roving life,
 -At every mess we find a friend,
 at every port a wife.

I have heard them talk of constancy,
 of grief and such like fun,
 I have constant been to ten; cry'd I,
 but never griev'd for one;
 The flowing sails we tars unbend;
 to lead a roving life,
 At every mess we find a friend,
 at every port a wife.

I have a spanking wife at portsmouth gates,
 a Pigmy at Goree ;

An Orange Tawny up the Straits,
a black at St Lucie:

Thus whatsoever course we bend,
we lead a jovial life

At every mess we find a friend,
at every port a wife.

Will Gaffe by Death was ta'en aback,
I came to bring the news.

Poll whimper'd sore, but what did Jack?
why stood in William's shoes.

She cut, I chis'd and in the end,
she lov'd me as her life,

So she has got a loving friend,
and I a loving wife.

Come all you Sailors that do go,
the unfortunate seas to rub,

You must work, love, and fight your foes,
and drink your generous bub:

Storms that our masts in splinters tear,
can make our joyous life,

In every want we find a friend,
and every port a wife.

THE BEDS OF ROSES.

As I was a walking one Morning in May,

The small birds were singing delightful and gay,

There with my true love did often sport and play,

Down among the bosny Beds of Roses.

My pretty brawn girl come sit on my knee,
 For there's none in the world I can fancy but thee
 Ner will I ever change my old lov^d for a new,
 So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

My daddy and mammy, they often us'd to say,
 That I was a naughty boy and us'd to run away;
 If they bid me go to work I wou'd sooner go to
 play,

Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

Then away to the church we will walk with an air,
 Kind Hymen proclaims us to be the happy pair,
 Her bosom I'll press, and her chains I will wear,
 Down amongst the bonny Beds of Roses.

As I was a walking one morning in the spring,
 The Winter going out and the Summer coming in,
 The cuckoo sang cuckoo, your welcome here
 again.

And I pray you stay among the green bushes.

FINIS.