

A famous Comic Song, called,  
**LAWRIE O'BROOM'S**  
***RAMBLES.***

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To which are added,

An excellent New Song, called, The  
**SALDANA,**

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AND,

**THE WAY FOR TO WOO.**



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STIRLING :

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## Lawrie O'Broom's Rambles.

The trade it is bad, now good people I hear;  
and my name it is Lawrie O'Broom Sir;  
My father he died, I got all that he had,  
just a good breeding sow and a loom, Sir.  
I lived quite happy a very short space,  
Till I married a wife, which soon alter'd the case  
She blacken'd my eyes, and she spat in my face  
It was tight times with Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I thought to myself this would not long do,  
my passion no longer could smother;  
I instantly fold off my loom and my sow,  
and sent the jade home to her mother:  
And then for old Scotland I straightway did  
steer;  
To leave the sweet I once loved so dear,  
With grief in my bosom was ready to tear  
The heart out of Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I shoulder'd my cudgel and bundle again,  
my figure being of the oddest;  
I did not well know the right road from the  
wrong,  
but held to the way that was broadest:  
Till at length I arrived at Donaghadee,

And to my surprife laid me clofe on the fea,  
 I wifh'd for the wings of a fwallow to flee:  
 What a tight bird was Lawrie O'Broom Sir.

They hois'd me on board of a tight little fmack,  
 amongst a parcel of jovial gay fellows;  
 I roused up my heart, and I fung Paddy Whack,  
 as we fteer'd o'er the turbulent billows.  
 Till at length I got fea-fick, was ready to die,  
 And the meat in my belly was fpunged quite dry,  
 Whilft I lay befmeared like a pig in a ftye;  
 For a doctor cried Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I bounced up on deck, to view Ireland once more,  
 Which was a dangerous risk of my neck Sir,  
 I ran up the ladder to view Hibernia's fhore,  
 and then I was far above deck, Sir.  
 When I found that old Ireland was out of my  
 view,  
 I was forc'd to come down by the Captain and  
 crew,  
 I thought on my wife my loom and my fow,  
 But far diftant was Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

At four in the morning we came to Stranraer,  
 when the people were all faft afleep, Sir;  
 The ftreets I rambl'd all up and down,  
 till a centry I chane'd for to meet Sir.  
 He asked my name trade and place of abode,  
 I told him I was a weaver juft travelling the road  
 And the name that my father had on me beftow'd  
 I told him was Lawrie O'Broom Sir.

The watchman he took a light peep at my dress,  
 and then he began for to prate Sir,  
 But I think you will have a very good guess  
 that I answer'd the rogue quite pat Sir.  
 He said how do the cropies in Ireland do  
 And are their numbers got many or few?  
 O the devil a cropic nor Ireland I knew,  
 I'm a Scotsman said Lawrie O'Broom Sir.

But he said I was a cropic by the cut of my hair,  
 which made me in tears for to wander;  
 I instantly tofs'd up his heels in the air,  
 and laid him as flat as a flounder.  
 Whilst he like a paddock did sprawl on the  
 ground,  
 I ran like a hare in front of a hound,  
 Whilst the hills and the vallies did echo around,  
 With the people crying Lawrie O' Broom, Sir.



A NEW SONG, CALLED  
*T H E S A L D A N A.*

Come all you gallant heroes bold,  
 that to the sea belong,  
 Give ear unto my Tragedy,  
 I will not keep you long;  
 'Tis of the Talbot sloop of war,  
 the Saldana also,



The 30th of November  
They both to sea did go.

The evening being calm and clear,  
our anchors we did weigh,  
Our men being stout and healthy,  
leaving Lochswilly bay.  
Our course we steered to the north,  
our enemies to spy,  
But little did we think or know,  
the seas would us annoy.

The first day of December,  
the wind began to blow,  
It being at due east,  
with heavy falls of snow :  
The wind it still continued,  
the Falbot bore to sea,  
While the Saldana and her men  
they for Lochswilly lay.

The wind shifted to the north-east,  
and dismal was the night :  
It was from Fanet signal post  
we did observe a light.  
About the hour of eight o'clock,  
our light was seen no more,  
And about the third watch of the night,  
we came wreck'd to Stocker shore.

Sad was our situation,  
no mercy from the waves,

But every man expecting  
 the sea to be his grave;  
 Our ship she struck on Swilly Rock,  
 which made us all to cry  
 For mercy from the powers above,  
 for in the seas we die.

The swelling seas ran mountains high,  
 no ship could them withstand,  
 Our rigging was all torn away  
 as we came nigh the land  
 One man out of three hundred,  
 the dangers ail did stand,  
 He swam alive unto the shore,—  
 but died upon the land.

Great squire William Falknar,  
 that was our Captain's name,  
 He was an honor to his parents,  
 for riches birth and fame;  
 An honor to his parents,  
 his cuntry and king;  
 But Neptune so rul'd o'er the waves,  
 and soon did conquer him.

So fare you well our parents,  
 our wives and our sweethearts,  
 And likewise our dear children,  
 for you and us must part.  
 Also you gallant sailors bold,  
 that plow the raging main,

For little do the landmen know  
the dangers we sustain.

Now to conelude my ditty,  
and finish out my song,  
She was as good a ship,  
as to the king belong'd.  
She was well mann'd, as I am told,  
to face her enemy  
But she did strike on Swilly rock,  
which prov'd her destiny.



*O tell me the way for to Woo.*

O tell me my bonny young lassie,  
O tell me the way for to woo ;  
O tell me my bonny sweet lassie,  
O tell me the way for to woo.  
y, maun I roose your red cheeks like the morn-  
ing,  
lips like the rose when it's moisten'd wi' dew,  
and say maun I roose your een's panky scorn-  
ing :  
O tell me dear lassie the way for to woo.

far hae I waunder'd, dear lassie,  
to see thee I've sail'd the salt sea,  
e travel'd o'er muirlands and mountains,  
and houseless lain cauld on the lea,  
never hae try'd yet to mak' love to ony,

never lov'd eny till ance I lov'd you ;  
 Now we're alane in the green wood fae bonny,  
 now tell me dear lassie the way for to woo.

What care I for your wanderings laddie,  
 or yet for your failing the sea ?  
 It was nae for nought ye left Peggy,  
 my tocher it brought you to me.  
 An' isy hae ye gowd to busk me ay gaudy,  
 wi ribbons an' pearlins, an' breast-knots anew  
 A house that is canty wi plenishin' plenty,  
 without them ye need never come for to woo

I hae nae gowd to busk ye ay gaudy,  
 nor yet buy you ribbons enow,  
 I brag nae o' house nor o' plenty,  
 but I hae a heart that is true ;  
 I came na for tocher, I ne'er heard o' ony,  
 never lov'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow,  
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonny  
 I little thought this was the way for to woo

Hae na ye roos'd my red cheeks like the morn  
 an roos'd up my cherry red mou ; [in  
 Ye've come o'er the sea, muir and mountain,  
 what mair Johnny need ye to woo ;  
 An far hae ye wander'd I ken my dear laddie  
 now ye hae faund me, ye've nae cause to rue  
 Wi health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang  
 gaudy,  
 I ne'er will'd for mair than a heart that is true