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GROG.

4
Row, Brothers, Row.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Here's to the Soger wha bled.

Lobely Jean.



Glasgow—Printed for the Booksellers.



GROG.

A plague on these musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And with patience fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink ;
A cann of good stuff had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them with pleasure a gog,
In spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools
Would all of them swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea,
Returned with abundance of wealth,
Cried Jack, never be such a minny
As to drink.....says I, Father your health ;
So I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old cadger agog,
And he swigg'd, and mother
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

'T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 How we should never get drunk,
 I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 And it soon set his reverence agog,
 And he swigg'd and Nick swigg'd
 And Ben swigg'd and Dick swigg'd
 And I swigg'd, all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking,
 So pleasant on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave,
 As for me the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so set me agog
 Sick or well, late and early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 Helm a-lee or a wether,
 Four hours together.
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And damme, there's nothing like grog.

ROW, BROTHERS, ROW.

Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to cur
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utawa tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon :
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air,
Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

On a bank of flowers in a summer's day,
Inviting and undress'd
In her bloom of years, bright Celia lay,
With love and sleep oppress'd ;
When a youthful swain, with admiring eye
Wished he durst the fair maid surprise,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But he fear'd approaching spies.

As he gazed, a gentle breeze arose,
That fann'd her robes aside ;

And the sleeping nymph did charms disclose
 Which, waking, she would hide.
 Then his breath grew short, and his pulse
 beat high,
 He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But durst not yet draw nigh.

All amazed he stood, with her beauties fir'd,
 And bless'd the courteous wind;
 Then in whispers sigh'd, and the gods desir'd,
 That Celia might be kind.
 Then, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd
 amain:
 But she laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Repelled the tim'rous swain.

Yet, when once desire has enflam'd the soul,
 All modest doubts withdraw,
 And the god of love does each fear controul
 That would the lover awe.
 Shall a prize like this, says the vent'rous boy,
 Escape, and I not the means employ,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 To seize proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,
 The slumb'ring maid caress'd,

And with tremb'ling hands (oh, the simple
swain,)

Her glowing bosom press'd
Then the virgin wak'd and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue,

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himself he thus accus'd:

What a dull and stupid thing was I,
That such a chance abus'd!

To my shame 'twill now on the plains be said
Damon a virgin asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Yet let her go a maid.

HERES' TO THE SODGER WHA BLED.

Here's to the year that's awa,
We will drink it strong and in sma';
An' here's to ilk bonny young lassie we lo'e;
While swift flew the year that's awa.
An' here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the soger wha bled,
An' the sailior wha bravely did fa':
Though their fame is alive, yet their spirits
are fled,
On the wings of the year that's awa.
Though their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friend we can trust,
 While the storms of adversity blaw;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our
 hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.
 May they live, &c.

LOVELY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass that I loo best:
 Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' monie a hill between,
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
 Sae lovely, sweet and fair;
 I hear her voice, in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them brow;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a';

In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town ;
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
 Nair harmless canna be ;
 She has nae faut, (if sic ye ca't,)'
 Except her love for me :
 The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een ;
 In shape and air, wha can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees ;
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the
 Hae past atween as twa,
 How fain to meet, how wae to part
 That day she gaed awa !
 The powers aboon-can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nané can be sae dear to me,
 As my sweet lovely Jean.