

The Sailor's Tragedy;

To which are added,

Highland Mary.

The Irish Wedding.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Mackie.

1825

THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY.

I AM a sailor and home I write
And in the seas took great delight,
The female sex I did begot;
At length the two were by me with child:

I promised to be true to both
And bound myself under an oath
To marry them if I had life,
And one of them I made my wife:

The other being left alone
Crying, you false deluding man,
To me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring:

Then to the silent shade she went,
Her present shame fer to prevent,
And soon she finish'd up the snuff,
And cut her tender thread of life.

She hang herself upon a tree
Two men a hunting did her see;
Her flesh by beasts was barely tore,
Which made the young men weep full sore.

Straight they went and cut her down,
 And in her breast a note was found;

This note was writt'n out at large,
 Pray me not, I do you challenge;

But on the ground here let me lie,
 For every one that passes by,

That they by me a warning take,
 And see what follows ere too late.

As he is false I do protest
 That he on earth shall find no rest,

And it is said she plagued him so,
 That to the seas he's forced to go.

As he was on the main-mast high,
 His little boat he did espy.

But there was a ghastly grimace
 That made him tremble ev'ry limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes,
 The Captain his mind for to disclose:

There is a Spirit coming, hence,
 Captain stand in my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
 Ere soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost;

Captain, said she you most and can,
With speed help me to such a man.

In St. Helens this young man died,
And in St. Helens in his body laid:
Captain, said she, do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send hence,
Will cause you and your men to weep,
And leave you sleeping in the deep.

From the deck did the Captain go,
And brought this young man to his foe:
On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every limb.

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd,
& am a spirit come for you,
You beguil'd me once but I have you now.

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forc'd him:
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all admire.

All you that know what to love belong,
 Now you have heard my mournful song,
 Be true to one what ever you mind,
 And don't delude poor woman kind.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around,
 The castle o' Montgomery
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never dounlie;
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there they langest arry:
 For there I took the last farewell,
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green hick,
 How rich the hawthorn blossom!
 As underneath the fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me, and my dearie,
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my dear Highland Mary!
 Wi' mony a vow, and look'd embrace,
 Our parting was sa' tender.

And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourse ves under
 But oh I fell death's untimel' front,
 That nipt my flower so early:
 Now green's the soil, and cauld's the clay,
 That raps my Highland Mary:

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for e'er, the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that liv'd me deely!
 May still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary,

THE IRISH WEDDING

Sure wost you hee what roving coort,
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding O,
 And how so e'er they spent the day
 From churching to the bedding O:
 First, book in hand came Father Quigley,
 With the brides dad the ballie O:
 While the chante with his merry pipes,
 Stuck up a list so gaily O.
 Teddery, teddery, &c.

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat,

And mealy Morgan Murphy O:

And Murdoch Mags and Firlogh Skags,

McLaughlan and Dick Durfey O:

And then the girls rig'd out in white,

Led on by Ted O'Reilly O;

While the chanter with his merry pipes,

Struck up a lit so gaily O.

Teddery teddery &c.

When Pat was asked if his love would last,

The chapel echoed with laughter O:

So my s'bl, says Pat, you may say that

To the end of the world, and after O.

Then tenderly her hand he grips

And kisses her gently O:

While the chanter with his merry pipes,

Struck up a lit so gaily O.

Teddery teddery, O.

Then a roaring set at dinner were met,

So frolics me and so frisky O:

Potatoes galore a skinag or m'ra.

With a flowing madder of whisky O,

They round, to be sure, did't go the sniper,

At the bride's expense so freely O:

While the chanter with his merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

Teddery, teddery,

And then at night O what delight

To see them capering and prancing O!

As opéra or ball was nothing at all

Comp'd to the style of their dancing O.

And then to see old father Quipes

Beating time with his shilelah O.

While the chanter with his merry pipes

Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

Teddery, teddery &c.

And now the knot so sucky are get,

They'll go to sleep without rocking O:

While the bride-maids fair so gravely prepare,

For throwing of the stocking O

Data lems we'll have says father Quipes.

And the bride was kiss'd generally O,

While, to wish them fun the merry pipes

Struck up a lilt so gaily O.

Teddery, teddery &c.