

No. 10.



Four Favourite

# SONGS.

The Sailor's Journal.

Culloden.

Old Towler.

Pea Strae.



NEWTON-STEWART.

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## THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four  
By signal I from Nancy parted ;  
At six she lingered on the shore,  
With uplift hands and broken-hearted.  
At seven while taugth'ning the forestay,  
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy :  
At eight we all got under weigh,  
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,  
While careless sailors, ever cheery,  
In the mid watch so jovial sung,  
With tempers labour cannot weary.  
I, little to their mirth inclined,  
While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy  
And my warm sighs encreased the wind,  
Lock'd on the moon, and thought on  
Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,  
When every true-bred tar carouses,  
When o'er the grog all hands delight  
To toast their sweathearts and their  
spouses :

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,  
 While tender wishes fill'd each fancy .  
 And when in turn it came to me,  
 I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm come on at four :  
 At six the elements in motion,  
 Plung'd me and three poor sailors more,  
 Headlong within the foaming ocean,  
 Poor wretches! they soon found their graves  
 For me, it may be only fancy  
 But love seemed to forbid the waves  
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd  
 Scarce winds and waves had ceased to  
 rattle,  
 When a bold enemy appear'd,  
 And dauntless we prepared for battle.  
 And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,  
 Like lightening rush'd on every fancy,  
 To providence I trusted life,  
 Put up a prayer and thought on Nancy..

At last, 'twas in the month of May,  
 The crew, it being lovely weather,,

At three A. M. discover'd day,  
 And England's chalky cliffs together.  
 At Seven up channel how we tore,  
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy  
 At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,  
 And to my throbbing heart prest Nancy.

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### CULLODEN.

The heath-cock crawed o'er muir and dale  
 Red raise the sun the sky was cloudy,  
 While mustering far wi distant yell  
 The northern bands marched stern an  
 steady.

Chorus.—O ! Duncan, Donald's ready,  
 O ! Duncan, Donald's ready !  
 Wi sword and targe he seeks the charge  
 And frae his shouther flings the plaidie

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,  
 O'er down o'er dale and mountain flyin

7  
But rush like tempests on the foe,  
Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin,  
O! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,  
A stem o' Stewart, frielness Charlie ;  
What Highlan' haun its blade wad hain,  
What Higlān' heart behint wad tarry ?  
O! Duncan, Donald's ready, &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,  
The sun back frae their blades is beaming,  
The southern trump falls on my ear,  
Their bannered lions proudly streaming.  
Now, Donald, Duncan's ready !  
Now Donald, Duncan's ready !  
Within his hand he graspes the brand,  
Fierce is the fray the field is bloody !

But lang shall Scotlan' rue the day  
She saw her flag sae fiercely flyin ;  
Culloden's hills were hills o' wae ;  
Her honour lost, her warriors dyin.  
Duncan now nae mair is ready !  
Duncan now nae mair is ready !

The brand is faun frae out his hand,  
His bonnetblue, lies stain'd and bloody

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek ;  
Lang may she wait for his returnin ;  
The midnight dew fa's on her cheek ;  
What haun shall dry her tears o' mournin  
Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

### OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chanticlear proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn,  
The lowling herds now quit the lawn,  
The lark springs from the corn ;  
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng  
Fleet Towler leads the cry ;  
Arise the burden of my song,  
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, chevy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,  
Hark, hark, tantivy,  
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its mery round,  
 The laugh and joke prevail,  
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
 The dogs snuff up the gale ;  
 The upland winds they sweep along  
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly,  
 The game is roused, too true the song,  
 This day a stag must die.

Poor stag ! the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face,  
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
 His joys were in the chace ;  
 Alike the generous sportsman burns  
 To win the blooming fair,  
 But yet he honours each by turns,  
 They each become his care.

### PEASE-STRAE.

When John and me were married,  
 Our hading was but sma',  
 For my minnie, cankert carlin,  
 Would gie us nocht ava ;

I waitt my fee wi canny care,  
 As far as it would gae,  
 But weel I wat our bridal bed  
 Was clean pea-strae.

Wi working late and early,  
 We're come to what you see,  
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,  
 Sae eydent ay were we.  
 The love of love made labour light,  
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,  
 When kind ye cuddle down, at e'en  
 'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,  
 As weel's in birchen shaw,  
 And love will lowe in cottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha'.  
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnie say,  
 Tho' ye should make your bridal bed  
 Of clean pease-strae.

FINIS.