

T H E

SIEGE of BELLISLE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

T H E N O V I C E.

T H E L A M E N T I N G M A I D.

T H E A N S W E R.

B U N G Y O U R E Y E.

C A T C H H O L D O N T O D A Y.

T H E P O O R L I T T L E O R P H A N.

T O L E T H E R E P A I R.

S H E I S F A I R A N D U N K I N D.



G L A S G O W,

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THE SIEGE OF BELLISLE.

Come all you bold Britons that's prattling at home,
And I'll tell you how the Siege of Bellisse went on,
On the eight day of April we attempted to land,
But we were drove back as you shall understand,
For the French came down boys so-thick on the sand.

Our grenadiers climb'd the rocks that were high,
In thinking to make these proud Monsieurs to fly,
But they were so numerous no good could be done,
For the French they came down like notes in the sun,
But still British Heroes refused to run.

We retir'd to our shipping and rested a while,
'Till the twenty-second, kind Fortune did smile,
Our shipping did cover us while we did land,
Which made it so hot Monsieur could not stand,
For still we kept firing for to clear the land.

Then we march'd up the island & they all fled away,
We saw nothing of them until the next day,
At the end of their town they formed two lines,
For to draw on our army and then spring their mines,
But Providence prevented their evil designs.

Then we pitched our camp in the island secure,
To make breast works & batt'ries we straight did prepare,
At breast works & batt'ries we work'd night and day,
Their shot and their shells upon us did play,
But still British Heroes did never dismay.

The Governor of the castle refused to yield,
While we and our officers lay in the field;
Six weeks and three days in that station we lay,
Their shot and their shells upon us did play,
And many bold British corps there did ly.

Our royal artillery acted their part,
Against their strong walls they play'd away smart,

Their thirty-two pounders they play'd away fast,
 While our underminers prepar'd for a blast :
 Which made the old Governor surrender at last.

It was on Whitsunwednesday we enter'd their town,
 The bells they did ring and the music did sound,
 We drank good healths in full flowing bowls,
 Success to KING GEORGE and all loyal Souls,
 And may we bold BRITONS never be controul'd.

So now to conclude, here's an end to my song,
 Bellisle is our own and we've sent the French home ;
 We've sent them to Lewis these news for to bring,
 That Bellisle is governed by the BRITISH KING,
 Success to his Army and long may he reign.

T H E N O V I C E .

Confin'd in the house till the age of fifteen,
 Not a man, but a clown, whom my face had yet
 An aunt to instruct me, a formal old maid, (seen ;
 And I, silly I, believ'd all that she said.

My aunt in the grave, to the town I straight flew,
 And instantly fond of its pleasures I grew ;
 The sparks wait around me wherever I went ;
 But I, silly I, could not guess what they meant.

They call'd me a goddess, and sighing declar'd,
 That the toasts of the town were not like me so fair :
 They vow'd, and they swore, and my pity invok'd,
 And I, silly I, believ'd all that they spoke.

They tickl'd my pride, but my heart it was free,
 And not one of them all was a conquest to me ;
 'Till young Strephon advanc'd, and quickly he taught,
 What I, silly I, till that moment ne'er thought.

With good breeding and sense his love he did declare,
 Not like the vain fops who before did appear ;
 His expressions were sweet, and sprung from his mind,
 And I, happy I, to young Strephon was join'd.

 THE LAMENTING MAID.

EArly one morning just as the sun was rising,
 There I did hear a fair maiden say :
 Crying, O Cupid, pray send my love unto me,
 give me my sailor or else I shall die.

How can you slight a sweet girl that loves you,
 false-hearted young man, come tell to me why ;
 'Twas your fond doing which caused my ruin,
 'twas for a false-hearted young man I die.

Down in yon meadows and sweet shady bower,
 they can witness the vows to me you made ;
 Go you false pretender, for do you not remember,
 when first my poor innocent heart you betray'd.

How can you slight a poor girl that loves you ?
 how would you like to be served so ?

You're always a ranging, your mind's ever changing,
 you're always a searching for beauty that's new.

But when you have ranged and try'd many a fair one,
 the truth of my love perhaps you will find : (yon,
 Some they will cheat you, with false hearts they'll meet
 but my love to you's of the purest kind.)

Should you fall in love with a false hearted woman,
 perhaps she will slight you and treat you unkind,
 With anguish, grief & sorrow she'll bid you good morrow,
 the torture of a lover you surely then will find.

 THE ANSWER.

WHO'S that I hear making such sad lamentation,
 surely it is the voice of my love,
 I'll be no longer cruel to my dearest jewel,
 but constant and true like the turtle dove.

Altho' I've been plowing upon the wide ocean,
 for honour and gold to bring to my dear,
 Now the wars are over, I'll be no more a rover,
 but my heart to you shall be true and sincere.

Now I will no longer tarry, but speedily will marry,
 then go to the church and I'll make you my wife;
 I am no pretender, my heart I will surrender,
 then take it in keeping and bless it for life.

Now this sweet couple are joined together,
 the bells they did ring, and the music did play,
 The trumpets were blowing & full bowls were flowing,
 with drinking and dancing it was a jovial day.

BUNG YOUR EYE.

COME all you retailers of spirits give ear,
 A comical ditty you quickly shall hear,
 The one for roguery, and the other for wit,
 You'll laugh when you hear how the biter was bit.

The first I make mention of, it is of a man;
 He went to a house and he called for a dram,
 They told him that they never sold any gin,
 But if that he pleas'd they would fetch him some in.

They sent for a quatern without more delay,
 He paid for the same and took it away;
 He went and inform'd, as the truth I do tell,
 That at such a man's house they good gin did sell.

The man of the house stood in his own defence,
 And to the contrary brought good evidence;
 So this false informer in the pillory did stand,
 He lies at the mercy of the retailer's hand.

The next merry ditty was done as we hear,
 In a public house where they sold ale and beer;
 A woman who cry'd bung your eye in the street,
 It was then with the beadle she chanc'd for to meet.

She set down the basket, but now for the fun,
 While he went for a glass out of doors she did run;
 So now we will leave her and turn to the man,
 Who thought in the basket she'd left him some gin.

He look'd in the basket, and to his surprize,
There lay a sweet baby with tears in its eyes;
He stamped and swore like a man that was wild,
In the room of geneva she left him a child.

He hung down his head, and look'd like an ass,
Said, Landlord, have you any need of a glass?
O no, Sir, I think you'd more need have a nurse;
These words made the beadle to swear, damn, & curse.

I hope, said the beadle, Sir, you will be so kind,
As to keep the child with you, till the mother I find,
O no, said the Landlord, pray take it with you,
My story is merry, and certainly true.

He took up the babe and went home to his wife,
And for the same he doth lead a sad life;
The child it was christened, the Parson did cry,
What must be its name? and he said, Bung your eye.

Bung your eye! cry'd the Parson, that is an odd name,
P'faith, said the beadle, and odly it came;
And every one who knows him to pass by,
Says, Here comes a man that loves bung your eye.



CATCH HOLD ON TO-DAY.

AS my cows I was milking just now in the vale,
Young Alexis advanc'd, and told me a fond tale,
Such a tale gentle maidens, believe what I say,
I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day.

Hail Florella, he cry'd, now I'm happy, I vow,
For to see you, believe me, I came from the plough,
Will you have me Florella, my dearest, now say,
I with frowns soon reply'd, I'll not hear you to-day.

Pray Alexis, I said, for to try him I strove,
Never come near me more, for I'm sure you don't love,
Not deter'd by fond speeches, nor all I could say,
Still he answer'd with smiles, make me happy to-day.

Now with blushes I tell, I no longer said, No,
 But Alexis and I unto church soon did go,
 Ye lasses, then hear me, O hear me, I pray,
 Never mind on to-morrow, Catch hold on To-day.

THE POOR LITTLE ORPHAN.

Young, friendless, and left the world's cruel scorn,
 no sunshine my sad dreary prospect to bless,
 Ah, better perhaps had I never been born,
 since charity sleeps at the call of distress.
 Yet still shall no evils my constancy shake,
 or turn me to deeds I may live to deplore;
 For the Heaven which shelters, will never forsake
 the poor little Orphan that begs at your door.
 And since death so unkindly hath robb'd me of friends,
 whom the tie of affection should bind to my heart;
 All my hope of support now on Heaven depends,
 and the blessing which bounty so often impart.
 But I who now wander in search of my bread,
 alas! oft in vain a kind shelter implore:
 And the damp lowly earth is too often the bed,
 of the poor little Orphan that begs at your door.
 But, alas! if I meet not with charity's aid,
 by which the poor wanderer is oftentimes blest;
 If still no protection will offer its shade,
 beneath which I may lull my sad sorrows to rest,
 Oh then from kind Heaven a release I must crave,
 and the damp lowly earth will soon be the grave,
 And a respite from woes such as these must implore;
 of the poor little Orphan that begs at your door.
 But compassion's full heart I have often heard sigh,
 and it view'd, and yet could not relieve my distress;
 But register'd are such kind feelings on high,
 and rewards of delight the possessor will bless,
 And all ye, who can tender compassion like this,
 to those, for whom life hath no comforts in store;
 May be the companions in the regions of bliss,
 of the poor little Orphan that begg'd at your door,

 TO LETHE REPAIR.

YE mortals who fancy and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides and infirmities vex ;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and ly down without rest,
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot obtain ;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fools, to forget her gallants ;
 The troubled mind shall go cheerful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day.

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream and forget all your care.

SHE IS FAIR AND UNKIND.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by Nature design'd :
 She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from which wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose ;
 Love and destiny both still attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess ;
 In Silvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.
