

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, &c.

CONTAINING TWELVE

THE STORM.

ALLY CROAKER.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

SONG OF THE MARINER

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD

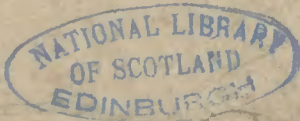
BONNIE MARY HAY

THE HERO MAY PERISH.



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The Storm.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering ruder,
 List ye landsmen all to me,
 Me-smates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea,
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By top sail sheets and halyards stand!
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces;
 Quick the fore-sheets let go;
 Luff, don't make wry faces;
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms,—
 Round us roars the tempest louder;
 Think what fear our mind enthralls:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the foresheets go; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !

Peals on peals contending clash !

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !

In our eyes blue lightnings flash !

One wide water all around us,

All above us one black sky !

Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,

Hark ! what means that dreadful er, ! ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,

O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;

A leak beneath the mast, sprung out ;

Call all hands to clear the

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;

Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;

Plumb the well, the leak increases,

Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,

We for wives or children mourn ;

Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;

Alas ! from hence there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us,

Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,

Heav'n have mercy now, upon us !

For only that can save us now !

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come every hand, boys;
 See our mizen-mast is gone;
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up, and rig a jury foremast;
 She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives,
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

Ally Croaker.

There lived a man in Balenacrazy,
 Who wanted a wife—to make him uneasy;
 Long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker,
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
 "Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker?"

This artless young man just come from the
 schoolery,
 A novice in love and all its foolery;
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker;
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her—
 "Will you marry me, dear Ally Croaker?"

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the
mother,

He rompt with the sister, he gam'd with the bro-
ther,

And gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker.

Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker.

O all you young men who are fond of gaming,
And losing your money while others are saving;

Fortune's a jilt, may the devil choak her,
Jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croaker.

Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker.

The Boatie Rows.

O weel may the boatie row,

And better may she speed,

And liesome may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread;

The boatie rows; the boatie rows;

The boatie rows indeed;

And weel may the boatie row,

That wins my bairns' bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine;

And wan frae me my heart,

O muckle lighter grew my creel,

He swore we'd never part:

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And muckle lighter is the load,
Whan love bears up the creel.

When Sweeney, Jack, and Janetie,
 Are up and gotten lair;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows, may be
 The boatie rows fu' weel, mid' tool
 And lightsome be her heart, that bears
 The murlain and the creel.
 And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before;
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the hains' bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the boatie speed.

Song of the Mariner.

Hurra! along the foaming tide,
 Wit' wild waves dashing round,
 With furious speed I onwards ride,
 And love the roaring sound.
 Blow! blow! thou loud and fearful wind!
 Roll on thou angry sea!
 I'll drink to those I leave behind,
 I'll drink, Joanne, to thee!
 O! who would tremble at the storm,
 Or, like the coward, weep
 I'd rather feel my bosom warm
 At every lengthen'd sweep.

The land is for the dastard mind,
 The deep, the deep! for me, —
 'Til drink to those I leave behind,
 I'll drink, Joanne, to thee!
 Love, dearest maid I like mine ne'er shall
 In empty words depart;
 It still shall flourish fresh and fair
 Within my faithful heart
 Yes, there's a power who dwells above,
 Who guards the brave and free,
 He sees, and will reward our love,
 So here's a health to thee!

March to the Battle Field.

March to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heav'n is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 Which kept our spirits under,
 In proud disdain we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder.
 March to the battle field, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from the invader?
 Who his base life to save,
 Would traitor-like degrade her?
 Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 March to the battle field, &c.

Bonnie Mary Hay.

Bonnie Mary Hay I will loe thee yet,
 For thy eye is the slae and thy hair is the jet;
 The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek,
 Bonnie Mary Hay I will loe thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay will you gang wi' me,
 When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree,
 To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie berry den,
 And I'll tell you, Mary, how I loe you then?

Bonnie Mary Hay it's haliday to me,
 When thou art coothie, kind, and free,
 There's nae clouds in the lift, nae storms in the
 sky,

Bonnie Mary Hay when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay thou manna say me nay,
 But come to the bow'r by the hawthorn brae,
 But come to the bow'r, and I'll tell ye a' what's
 true,

I ne'er can loe any other but you.

The Hero may Perish.

The hero may perish, his country to save,
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!

But virtue that silently toils or expires,
 No wreath for the brow to entwine;
 That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires,
 O woman! that virtue is thine.