

A Collection of
POPULAR SONGS.

viz.

- The Tempest,
- The merry Plowman.
- Todlen hame.
- A² master I have.



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THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List ye landsmen all to me,
Messmates, 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 topsail sheets, and haulyards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand
Now it freshens, set the braces ;
Quick the topsail sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
Up your topsails nimbly clew !

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

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course!
 Let the fore-sheets 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 cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts be stout and bold!
 Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
 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 choak'd below,

Heaven have mercy here 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 fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shoe.

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

THE MERRY PLOWMAN.

The plowman he's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, O,
His garters tied below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, O.
Then up, wi't a my plowman-lad,
O hey my merry plowman,
O' a' the lads that e'er I saw,
Commend me to the plowman.

As I was walking in a field,
 I chanc'd to meet a plowman,
 I told him I would learn to till,
 If that he would prove true man
 Then up wi't, &c.

He said, my dear take you no fear,
 But I will do my best, O,
 I'll study for to pleasure thee,
 As I have done the rest, O,
 Then up wi't, &c.

My ousen they are stout and guid,
 As ever labour'd ground, O,
 The foremost ox is lang and sma',
 The others firm and round, O,
 Then up wi't, &c.

So he with speed did yoke his plough,
 And with a gad was driven,
 But when he came between the stilts,
 He thought he was in heaven.
 Then up wi't, &c.

The foremost ox fell in a fur,
 The others the did founder,
 The plowman lad he breathless grew,
 In troth it was a wonder.
 Then up wi't &c.

Plowing once upon a hill,
 Below there was a stane, O;
 Which gard the fire flee frae the sock,
 The plowman gied a grane, O,
 Then up wi't, &c.

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'Tis I have tilled meikle ground,
I've ploughed faugh and fallow,
He that will not drink the plowman's health,
Is but a saucy fellow.
Then up wi't, &c.

TODLEN HAME.

When I have a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in Ilk town
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by,
O poverty parts guid company
Todlen hame, todlen hame
As round as a neep I come todlen hame.

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her guid sale,
She g'ies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak a guid scour o't and ca't awa'
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we wauken d, we drank them dry,
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen hame,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're aysae good humour'd when weeting your mop',

When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That is a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
 When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 When roused as a neep, ye come to den [hame].

A MASTER I HAVE

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun.
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily, gaily,
 Gambo raily,

Giggling,
 Niggling,

Galloping galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 I mounted my mulc and we rode away.
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark.
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun .
 By the lord, says the friar, you are both astray,
 With our haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Gal'oping dreary dun;
We wander alone like the babes in the wood
With our haily, &c.

My master's a-fighting, and I'll take a sleep,
Gal'oping dreary dun;
But now I think o't—I'd hetter go sleep,
With our haily, &c.

FINIS.