

A Collection of

POPULAR SONGS

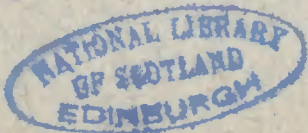
VIZ.

The sailor's journal,
Truth laid open,
Beauty's blossom.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for the Booksellers in Town and Country.

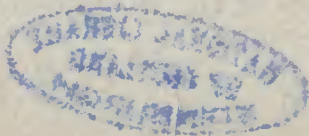


THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian half past four,
by signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
with uplift hands and broken-hearted;
At seven, while tautning the fore-stay,
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,
where careless sailors ever weary,
On the mid-watch, so jovial sung,
with tempers labour cannot weary;
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
while tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
when every true-bred far-carouser,
When o'er the grog all hands delight,
to toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
Round went the cup, the jest, the glee,
while tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
And when in turn it came to me,
I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.



Next morn, a storm came on at four,
at six the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
headlong into the foaming ocean,
Poor wretches they soon found their graves,
for me it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd 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 appeared,
and dauntless we prepared for battle:
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trust'd my 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. discovered day,
and England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up channel how we bore
while hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve, I gaily jump'd on shore,
and to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy,

TRUTH LAID OPEN,

Gentlemen, pray sit you all meery,
I'll sing you a song of great want,

Will make you as merry as may be,
Now money begins to grow scant.

These lines they are absolute new,
Good people I tell unto you,
I must despise the telling of lies,
This ditty's both merry and true.

A woman without e'er a tongue,
She never can scold very loud,
'Tis just such another sad want,
When a ballad singer wants a crowd.

A piper without e'er a bag,
Will make but a sorrowful sound,
A barber without e'er a razor,
Needs neither a strap nor a hoand,

A ship that's without e'er a sail,
May be driven the devil knows whither,
'Tis just such another sad want,
When a shoe-maker wants his leather.

A man that has got but one leg,
Will make but a pitiful runner;
And he that has never an eye,
Will make but a sorrowful gunner.

A doctor without e'er a stomach,
Will make put a pitiful dinner;
And he that has got no victuals,
Will quickly look thinner and thinner.

A bell that's without e'er a clapper,
 Will make but a sorrowful sound,
 And he that cannot get some land,
 May work in another man's ground.

A smith without a pair of bellows,
 He need not to rise very soon,
 And he that has got no clothes,
 May ly in his bed till it's noon.

An ale-house without any custom,
 Will never get great store of wealth,
 And if he has ne'er got a sign,
 He may go and hang up himself.

A miller without any stones,
 Can be but a sorrowful soul,
 And if he has no corn to grind,
 He need not stand taking of toll.

A taylor without any needle,
 May sit with his needle in hand,
 And a weaver without any waft,
 Need not take his shuttle in hand.

A woman without e'er a fault,
 She like a brisk star will appear,
 But a brewer without any malt,
 Will make very pitiful beer.

A man that has but one shirt,
 Where'er it is wash'd from his side,

I hope it can be no great harm,
To ly in his bed till it's dry'd.

A mountebank without his fool,
A ship-kennel turn'd out of place,
And a tinker without any tools,
They're all in a pitiful case.

You know that a dish of good meat,
Is the staff and support of man's life,
But he that has nothing to eat
Needs not for to draw out his knife.

A pedlar without e'er a pack,
It makes him look wonderful blue,
A shepherd without e'er a flock,
Has little or nothing to do.

A farmer without any corn,
He neither can give, sell nor lend;
And a huntsman without e'er a horn,
His wife she may stand his good friend.

A plowman without e'er a plow,
I think he may live at his ease;
And a dairy without e'er a cow,
Will make but bad butter and cheese.

A man that is pitiful poor,
Has little or nothing to lose;
And he that has never a foot,
Will save him the buying of shoes!

A warren without e'er a coney,
Is barren, and so much the worse ;
And he that is quite out of money,
He hath little need of a purse.

But as for our gardener laddies,
That pull the fair flowers in May,
And presents them to the ladies,
Which they wear in their bosom each day,

Their fragrant smell does delight you,
As soon as you enter their bow'rs,
Long life to the gardener laddie,
That nurses our plants and our flow'rs.

Long life to tradesman in general,
And bless our king on the throne,
May we be kept clear of oppression,
Then trade will go cheerfully on.

I hope there is none in this place,
That are displeas'd with my song.
Come buy up my ballads apace,
And I'll pack up my awls and begone.

BEAUTYS BLOSSOM.

My Jean is beauty's blossom,
Blawin' sweet in ilka airt,
A wely tyrant o' my bosom,
Kae that bow'r she'll never part.

Sweet's the charms her looks discover,
 in her breast what beauties lie;
 Frae a kind and constant lover,
 breathing mony a heartfelt sigh.

I ha'e seen the flow'r springin',
 gaily on the sunny lee;
 I ha'e heard the mavis singin',
 sweetly on the hawthorn tree.

But my Jeanie, peerless dearie,
 she's the flow'r attracts mine e'e;
 When she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
 she's the mavis dear to me.

BEAUTY'S PROVERB

Beauty is but a flower
 which will in time
 fade away
 and leave
 the heart
 in pain