

T H E

TAR'S CONQUEST;  
OR, THE  
Young Sailor's Ramble.

To which are added,

The TAKING of MARTINICO.

BILLY AND SUSAN'S PARTING.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

Nancy's Complaint for the Loss of her Sailor.

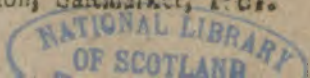
BRAW JOHNNY BUTE.

I FEAR YOUR DISDAIN.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1801.



THE TAR'S CONQUEST.

**A** Jelly Jack Tar, but a little while since,  
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,  
Fell foul of an ale house, and thought it a sin,  
To pass without calling, so went roaring in,  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came by  
With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye;  
From the mast-head, a sailor, Jack leapt from his place  
And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chace. etc.

Now it happ'ned together ten Frenchmen were met  
Resolving soup maigre and frogs to forget:  
Convinc'd of their error, they order'd a feast,  
To be serv'd and dress'd up in the true English taste.

At the heels of the landlord, Jack quickly appears  
And made the room echo with three British cheers,  
Then sat himself down, without any debate, (etc.  
And whipt his old chew in his next neighbour's plate.

No sooner was Jack possess'd of a place,  
Then thinking it needless to wait for the grace,  
In spite of their whispers, the stout British Thief,  
First grasped the pudding, then boarded the beef. etc.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmens surprize,  
They shrunk with their shoulders, & star'd with their eyes,  
From one went an ah! from another a hem! (etc.  
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,  
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,  
But Jack cut his fingers and gave him a check: (etc.  
Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the deck.

At length to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,  
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight,  
Of quarters quoth Jack, I would not have you think,  
So strike you soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,  
 And sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar:  
 We got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,  
 Ere he found his dull pate, where his feet were before.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,  
 And laid on his broadsides, so fast and so thick;—  
 He so well play'd his part, in a minute that four,  
 Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor. etc.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,  
 Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,  
 Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,  
 With humble intreaty to bury their slain. &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they,  
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay,  
 So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,  
 Still whooping & crying, down, down with the French.  
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

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### The SIEGE and TAKING of MARTINICO.

Thanks be to Providence that made us so smile,  
 We can boast of conquering the French at Bellisle,  
 We have ta'en Pondichery in the bay of Beugal,  
 But now Martinico is the best of them all.

We have taken Cap-Briton, besides that, Quebec,  
 And likewise Montreal it stands close by the Lake:  
 We have taken Fort St. Lucca it stands by Senegal,  
 But now Martinico is the best of them all.

Brave Monkton commanded our forces on shore,  
 And Rodney on the seas made his cannons to roar:  
 We made them to surrender for all their great boasts,  
 And now they lament Martinico is lost.

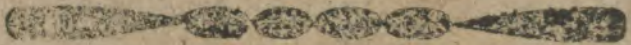
Our brave British heroes none can them withstand,  
 When bravely commanded they'll fight heart & hand;  
 When bullets were a flying, O we boldly march'd on,  
 And this makes us sing Martinico's our own.

Our brave Highland Laddies as swift as a roe,  
 They scour'd thro' the woods for to bring on their foe;  
 O they fought with their broad swords & laid by the gun,  
 And this was the way Martinico was won.

Our ships richly laden, come sailing along shore,  
 With fine silks and sugars, and many things more,  
 We will so be enrich'd with this product so gay,  
 And this makes me sing Martinico for ay.

We have taken the Havannah, believe me it's true,  
 It lies in large Cuba, next door to Peru:  
 We have taken many islands and many large towns,  
 At last the Manillas and their brave galleons.

God save George our King, & Charlotte our Queen,  
 And send them a long and a prosperous reign,  
 And all our brave Scotchmen that's honest and true,  
 With the brave highland Lads with their bonnets so blue.



### BILLY AND SUSAN'S PARTING.

**S**WEET Susan I am come to take my leave,  
 my dearest dear don't sigh or grieve;  
 A letter, love, of absence I've receiv'd,  
 therefore my dearest Susan be not griev'd.

For on the main I will maintain,  
 King George's right with sword in hand;  
 My blood I'll spill before France should have her will,  
 all for the honour of Old England.

How can I bear such killing, killing news,  
 without a flood of melting tears?  
 Can I the service of the sea refuse?  
 it sinks a terror to my tender years.

For now my grief is past relief,  
 and I with grief do you adore,  
 My heart shall break all for your sake,  
 and I shall die and never see you more.

My dearest dear you have no cause to fear,  
 the hardships of any woman's case,  
 There's Providence all on the raging main,  
 in battie we're as safe as here at ease.

For in Hymen's bands, thus far from lands,  
 perhaps may land a young virgin's friend :  
 But let me die, I had rather thee than I,  
 I should like to tell the story of their ends.

My dearest dear, you need not to entertain,  
 the hardships that we go through on board ;  
 Your tender pallat it will not be pleased,  
 our ship it seldom dainties does afford.

We watch our guard, our lodging's hard,  
 we are debarr'd of beds of down :  
 For the raging sea is not a place of ease,  
 it is only fit for heroes of renown.

With kisses sweet and solemn vows I'll make,  
 to you who are my turtle dove ;  
 I'll venture for my King and Country's sake,  
 much rather yet than stay with you my love.

So farewell your charms, these loud alarms,  
 those warlike alarms call me away ;  
 Farewel, adieu, those charms I will renew,  
 when I return, but now I cannot stay.

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### LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Maggy the fair,  
 The lass she was lovely, the sweet debonair ;  
 They hugg'd, & they cuddl'd, & talk'd with their eyes,  
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent e'er dear Maggy came too,  
 For maidens a decency keep when they woo,  
 At length she consented, and made him a vow,  
 And Jockey he gave, for her jointer, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and went to the fair,  
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there ;  
 They call'd on the Parson, and by him were wed,  
 And Maggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week as the neighbours all say ;  
 And none was so happy and game some as they ;  
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,  
 For Jockey rode on, and left Maggy behind

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry's, Gaffer Jock,  
 Pray what is the reason that Maggy you mock'd ?  
 Quoth hé, Goose come ! why you now are my bride,  
 And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Maggy good conduct to learn,  
 Who's ush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn,  
 They laid in a stock for the caves that ensue,  
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

#### NANCY'S Complaint for the loss of her SAILOR.

**N**ear a clear chrystal stream, where sweet flow'rs do  
 I beheld a young damsel in sorrow & woe, (grow,  
 Grieving for her sailor she did so adore,  
 But she cry'd, 'tis all in vain, I shall ne'er see him more.  
 Chorus. Dejected I wander so sad and forlorn,  
 I almost rue the day that ever I was born,  
 Surely no one is so wretched as me,  
 My boony young sailor was lost on the sea.

When first he did leave me 'twas with an aching heart,  
 Quite loath then we were with each other to part ;  
 'Twas with brave Nelson's fleet my love he set sail,  
 But in that fierce engagement my sailor was slain.

Dejected I wander so sad and forlorn, etc.

I shall never forget, of August the first day,  
 The day my love lost his life in that dreadful fray,  
 He was the finest young lad that e'er my eyes did see,  
 But a fatal shot came and his life took away.

Dejected I wander so sad and forlorn, etc.

'Twas by a letter this damsel had receiv'd,  
 That she knew her love of his life was bereav'd,  
 She scarce could read the contents, her eyes with tears  
 Her heart it was filled with sorrow and woe. (did flow,  
 Dejected I wander so sad and forlorn, etc.

Simpatise then with me you young lasses so brave,  
 And drop a soft tear on my love's watery grave,  
 You who are fond of a sailor that plows on the main,  
 In Nelson's engagement my sailor was slain.

Dejected I wander so sad and forlorn, etc.

## B R A W J O H N N Y B U T E.

TUNE--FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

**B**R A W Johnny Bute was a bonny meikle man,  
 Frae Scotland came with his broad sword in hand,  
 He came at the head of a braw bonny Clan,

who the meikle d—I could his music withstand!

He looked so neat, and he kissed so sweet,

that a dame of renown soon gave ear to his suit,

Then his pipe he lugg'd out, and you need not doubt,

but in concert he play'd with her German flute.

Quoth he bonny lassie, your flute gangs well,

and keeps good time with my bagpipes so clear;

Sic music as this will surely never fail,

but in time to encore with an English car.

What music so sweet, or harmony so neat,

as the bagpipes, when join'd with the German flute,

Then turning up her eyes the blythsome dame replies,

when the bag pipes plays with braw Johnny Bute.

Play on honay lad, for I've got great store of gold,

your bags shall be fill'd, while your pipes you do play,

But you ne'er shall return to a climate so cold,

while your kisses are so sweet, & warmer than May.

Quoth he, never moorn, for I never shall return,

while here I can taste of the golden fruit,

Then his pipes fall he slay'd & another lilt he play'd

in concert so sweet with her German flute.

Now, ye English fools, you no more dare pretend,  
 a music to vie with my bonny highlandman,  
 No more shall the lasses of England commend,  
 the brave merry jig to compare with my John ;  
 For a merry strain, which enlivens every vein,  
 wha the d—l with a Scot dare dispute ;  
 But his bagpipes alone, has too much of the drone,  
 and, of need must be join'd with the German flute.

Come on, bonny lads, with courage advance,  
 your poor empty scrips and your wallets disown,  
 Johnny Bute bears the bell, and he lifts up the dance,  
 at the grand masquerade at the Thistle and Crown,  
 Where there's a sweetmeats & wine to invite you to dine,  
 your hunger assuage, and your spirits recruit,  
 While most soft to the ear, hark the bagpipes so clear,  
 in consort resound with the German flute.

A brave English fiddle occurs to my strain,  
 a better never was play'd on before,  
 The French horn, at a distance, will join it amain,  
 and the Spanish guitar has play'd it before ;  
 But wo to the man who'd be join'd to the band,  
 the fiddle would be broke, & the fiddlestick to boot,  
 For an Englishman born wou'd despise a French horn,  
 tho' his ear wou'd be tickl'd with the German flute.

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### I FEAR YOUR DISDAIN

**W**HILE I am pleading your beauty to gain,  
 my heart 'tis a bleeding, I fear your disdain,  
 O lovely dear creature, divine in each feature,  
 let not your faithful adore you in vain.

O where shall I wander, despairing with grief?  
 but to you dear Chloe, to give me relief ;  
 All sorrows they fly me, when you do but nigh me,  
 of all the world's pleasure, 'tis you are the chief.