

NEW SONGS

2  
CALLED,

DEATH OF PARKER.

THE SILLY DRUMMER

THE SEIGE OF BELISLE.

THE BANISHED SOLDIER.



Printed by C. M'Lachlan,

For John Sinclair, Bookseller,

DUMFRIES.

DEATH OF PARKER.

YE gods above protect the widow,  
And with pity look down on me,  
Help me help me, cut of trouble,  
And cut of calamity :  
For by the death of my dear Parker,  
Fortune, to me has prove'd unkind,  
Tho' doom'd by the law, he was to suffer,  
I cant erase him from my mind.  
Parker he was my lawful husband,

My bosom friend I lov'd so dear,  
At the awful moment he was to suffer,  
I was not allowed for to come near,  
In vain I asked, in vain I strove,  
Three times o'er and o'er in vain,  
But they replied, you must be denied,  
You must return on shore again.

The first time I attempted my lov'd to see,

I was obliged to go away,  
Opprest with grief and broken hearted,  
To think that they should say me nay :  
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,  
A signal for those who are to die,  
A gun was fired as they required,  
As the time it drew nigh.

The boatswain did his best endeavours,  
To get me on shore without delay.

Where I stood tremblidg and distracted,  
 Ready to take his body away.  
 I thought his trimblidg did wave,  
 As a signal of farewell,  
 The grief I suffer'd at that moment,  
 Nor art can paint, or no tongue can tell.

My fleeting spirits I thought would follow.  
 The soul of him I lov'd so dear,  
 No friends or neighbour would come nigh,  
 Foh to ease my grief and care,  
 Every minute I thought an hour,  
 Till the law its course had run,  
 I wish'd to finish the doleful task,  
 His imprudence had begun.

In dead of night when it is silen,  
 And all the world are fast asleep,  
 My trimbl'ng heart that knows no comfort  
 O'er his grave does often weep:  
 Each lingering minute that passes ov'r,  
 Brings me nearer to him I do adore,  
 Where we shall shine in endless glory,

Never to be parted more.

Forewel, Parker, thou bright genius,  
 Thou was once my only pride,  
 Tho' parted now, it won't be long,  
 Ere I be buried by thy side,  
 All you that see my tender ditty,

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Don't laugh at me in disdain,  
 But look down with eyes of pity,  
 For it is my only claim.

### Sige of Belisle.

ON the fourteenth of March,  
 Our Squadron looking large,  
 While a signal for sailing was made,  
 Wrough the straits we did go,  
 Thih our ships all in a row,  
 We were led by a bold commodore,  
 Fal de ral la, &c.

Farewel ! and adieu ! sweethearts unto you,  
 Since we are to the East Indies bound,  
 For to see the soldiers' wives,  
 Standing with cears all in their eyes,  
 Crying alas ! we are left alone.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Wi the westward we set sail,  
 With a sweet and pleasant gale,  
 'T's our commodore a gun he did fire,  
 All our ships to tack about,  
 For we gave the other route,  
 And so anchor'd in the bay of Belisle.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Next morning we began,  
 Our long boats for to man,  
 Soldiers landing without dread or fear,  
 But the weather proved bad,  
 Which made our hearts full sad,  
 We left most of our Britishodiers.

Fal de ral, &c.

For a fortnight we lay by,  
 On these French dogs we let fly,  
 Over rocks, over mountains so high,  
 'Till the twenty-fourth of June,  
 We play'd them a merry tune,  
 Till we forc'd them from their batteries to fly:

Fal de ral, &c.

When the smoke began to rise,  
 The French dogs in surprize,  
 When we enter'd the town of Belisle,  
 When the news went to France,  
 It made proud Louis dance,  
 When he heard we had taken Belisle.

Fal de ral, &c.

### Silly Drummer.

CURSE on the serjeant that proved my woe  
 And forced me out of my country to go,  
 I'll go to Flora, and tell her fine tales,  
 Perhaps she'll pity a poor dying Swain.

And Oh, hard fortun

I'll go to her window quite late in the night  
 I'll call her my jewel, my own heart's delight  
 She first gave me the wound and its she that  
 can care,

And if she denies me, I'll die at the door.

She said silly drummer, what do you mean,  
 My father's a captain of honour and fame,  
 And I am his daughter and heiress to be,  
 Do you think I will bring myself to poverty.

He heard her say so, and bid her farewell,  
 My soul shall go quickly to heaven or hell,  
 With this broad sword I'll soon end all strife,  
 And then put an end to this sweet thread of life

She heard him say so, and aloud she did cry,  
 To be guilty of murder, no, indeed, no, not I,  
 It is a pity that innocent blood should I spill.  
 So stay, silly drummer, I'm here at your will

We'll saddle our horses, to Plymouth we'll go  
 And we'll get married in spite of our foes,  
 And when we are married, and all things are  
 done,

What can the world say, but I follow the drum  
 When her father heard of it, he stamped in  
 rage,

At his daughter's actions he stood in amaze,  
 and sent for the lover, and to him did give,  
 five a thousand a-year as long as he lives.

And Oh, good fortune.

THE BANISHED SOLDIER.

FAREWELL my dear Polly I am going,  
Where I never shall see you more,  
There's more danger in crossing the ocean,  
Than staying at home on the shore.

When the lofty winds were blowing,  
And tempests so loudly do rise,  
Our main sail and rigging are tearing,  
We are toss'd between the bellows and skies.

My parents unto prov'd cruel,  
And they banish'd me over the main,  
Where I am confin'd from my jewel,  
Never shall I see her again.

When the drums they beat unto arms,  
And the trumpet so loudly do call,  
Our captain commands us before him,  
Tis march on my merry men all.

Hard was the fate to confine me,  
And keep me from my hearts delight,  
I'm in iron irons chains and confinement,  
Cold stones for my pillow all night.

Here's once fare you well to my sweetheart,  
Here's twice fare you well to my joy.

Three times farewell to my Polly,  
I will see you no more he did cry.

In yon shady grove I was walking,  
Lamenting the loss of my love,  
All along by my self I was talking,  
Thinking he unconstant would prove.

Oft times I have wished that the eagle  
Would lend me her wings for to fly,  
To fly into the arms of my Polly dear,  
Once more in her belom to lie.

