

SIX SONGS.

JACK the TAR.

The Kail Brose of Auld
Scotland.

TAIL FODDLE.

The GARDENER.

The Wounded Hussar,

WILLIE's Rare.



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JACK THE TAR.

HERE I am poor Jack,
 Lately come from sea,
 With the shiners in my sack,
 Pray what do you think of me?
 These eight long years I've been
 Cruising the world all over,
 I've many a droll sight seen,
 But I wish the wars were over.

I've sail'd in many a flood,
 Where cans of grog did pour,
 I've fought knee deep in blood,
 Where bullets flew in showers,
 Where the French cried out mar blier,
 The Dutch cried out pecavie,
 The Danes and Spaniards too
 Went tumbling to old Davie.

Our tars do face the gales,
 Let it drive hail or fog,
 Our purser never fails
 To cheat us of our grog.
 I've cross'd the equinoxial line,
 Where the sun would scorch your
 nose off,
 I have sailed in climes so cold,
 The frost would nip your toes off.

Was off the coast of Spain,
 Coming home from six months cruise,
 He did I think
 Of hearing such good news;
 Heard the people swear
 They were boasting of invasion,
 That I knew full well
 Was all a botheration.

When we arrived at the Nore,
 We cast anchor in the night;
 Looking towards the shore,
 A boat appear'd in sight.
 On our yards we lay,
 Our top sails for to furl,
 Heard the pilot say,
 'Twas peace with all the world.

With it was a peace,
 And all our men on shore,
 With the flinners in their sacks,
 To go to sea no more.
 That if war should come again,
 How boldly I would enter,
 And like a jolly tar,
 My life and limbs I'd venture.

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The Kail Brose of Auld Scotland.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed with the laird
For a piece of good ground to be a kail yard,
It was to the brose they paid their regard ;

O! the kail brose of Auld Scotland.

And O! the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus the first of our kings I suppose,
At the head of our nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began they were feasting on brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

Our Soldiers were dress'd in their kilts and short hose,
Wi' their bonnets and belts which their dress did compose,

And a bag of oatmeal on their back to be brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

At our annual elections for Baillie or Mayor,
No kickshaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there,
But a dish of good brose was the favourite fare.

O! the kail brose, &c.

But now that the thistle is join'd to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a great deal of our reliish for brose.

O! the kail brose, &c.

Yet true-hearted Scotsmen by nature jocose,
Love always to dine on a dish of good brose,
And thanks be to Praise we've yet plenty o' those.

O! the kail brose, &c.

But when we remember the English our foes,
Our ancestors beat them with very few blows ;

John Bull cry'd out, Let's run, they've gotten their
brose.
O! the kail brose, &c.

TAIL TODDLE.

OUR gudewife's awa to Fife,
For to buy a coal riddle.
Will be late ere she come hame,
Lasses gar your tails toddle.
Tail to, liltie-o,
Tail to, liltie oddle,
Tail to, liltie-o,
Lasses gar your tails toddle.
When I'm dead I'm out of debt,
When I'm sick I'm fur o' trouble;
When I'm weel I stum about,
And gar the lasses tails toddle, &c.
Our gudewife's awa to Fife,
For to crack a hearty bottle,
Gudeman, the deil a drap ye'll get,
Until ye gar my tail toddle, &c.
Before that our gudewife cam hame,
Daddy Snipe had burnt his doddle,
Deil a drap, &c.
Sodger that was ridin' by.
Sergeant-major was his title,
Lock'd a pistol to her thigh,
And fir'd it up her tail toddle, &c.

Our gudewife put on the pat,
 And our gudeman put in the ladle,
 Deil a drap ye'll get o' this,
 Until ye gar my tail toddle, &c.
 Our gudewife lifts up her coats,
 And our gudeman slips in his dodle,
 He fill'd his kite, and baith gat fou
 When he had made her tail toddle.
 Twa and twa made the bed,
 Twa and twa lay the gither,
 When there wasna room enough
 The taen lay upon the tither, &c.

The GARDENER.

AS Miss Betsy one day in the garden was walking,
 She met with young Robin, who of love was a-talk
 ing;

His words were so pretty, his ways were so pleasing,
 But still she cried, Robin, how can you keep teasing.

Says Robin to Betsy I'm a gardner by trade,
 And many a fine garden in my time I have made;
 Besides, my dear girl, it won't cost you a farthing,
 Neither for planting nor weeding your garden.

My garden, said she, has too long been untill'd,
 It is now overgrown, and almost got wild;
 It wants digging and trenching, and manure likewise,
 To make the flowers spring and the meions to rise.

then like another gardener, for to work on the ground,
 in order to till her garden all round;
 says Betsy to Robin, you make my eyes twinkle,
 Oh, what are you doing with my periwinkle!
 says Robin to Betsy, I am sowing of seed,
 but I must turn it up, it is so full of weeds;
 'I'll do my work neatly, I'll take out every wrinkle.
 So Robin kept working at her periwinkle.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark roiling Danube,
 Fair Adelsaid hied when the battle was
 O whether she said, hast thou wander'd my love
 O where dost thou welter or bleed on the shore?
 What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,
 All mournful she hastened nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding alone on the heath she discried.
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was stream-
 ing,

And pale was his visage deep mark'd with a fear,
 And dim was that eye once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love and that kindled in war;
 How faint was poor Adelsaid's heart at the sight
 How bitter she wept o'er the victims of war.
 Hast thou come my fond love this last sorrowful night
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar.
 Thou shalt live, she replied, heaven's mercy relieving,
 each agonising wound shall forbid me to mourn.

Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
 Thou charmer of life, ever constant and true,
 Ye babes of my love that await me afar:
 His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur adieu.
 ♪ When he sunk in her arms the poor wounded hull.

WILLIE'S RARE.

WILLIE'S rare, and Willie's fair,
 And Willie's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willie hecht to marry me,
 Gin e'er he marri'd ony.
 Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 The ni'ht I'll make it narrow;
 For a' the live-lang winter's night
 I lie twin'd o' my marrow.
 O came you by yon water side,
 Pu'd you the rose or lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green,
 Or saw you my sweet Willie?
 She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow,
 Syne in the clifing o' a craig,
 She sought him braid and narrow,
 Syne in the clifing o' a crsir,
 She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

FINIS.