

FIVE SONGS.

26.

Louden bonny Woods,

George he is the mildest
King.

Youghal Harbour.

Sleepin' Maggy

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Louden's Woods and Braes.

LOUDEEN's bonny woods and braes,
 I maun leave them a' lassie,
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 To Briton's would give law, lassie.
 Wha would shun the field of danger,
 Wha would shun the bed of honour?
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie.
 Louden's bonny woods and braes,
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hopes shall soothe thy woes,
 When I am far awa' lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 It gi'es joy to thee laddie;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' things to me laddie,
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the dreary moments countin',
 Far fra' love and thee lad die.
 Q'er the gory field of war,
 Where vengeance drives her bloody car,
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me a' afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume they wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears thy scars, lassie,

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Glorious honour crowns the to I
 That the soldier shares lassie.
 Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
 Till the vengfu' strife is oevr,
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we die lassie.
 'Midst our bonny woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yoo lightome lamb that plays,
 Oa Louden's flowery dce, lassie,

George be is the Mildest King.

GEORGE he is the mildest King,
 that ever sat on Britain's throne,
 Behold how witley he has acted,
 to his subjects every one!
 But we're of a rebellious nature,
 and our minds are ne'er content,
 Likewise the most of our reflections
 are on the king and parliament.
 There's Quakers, New-Lights, Independents,
 Methodists, and Swindlers too,
 Those minions and fanatics,
 are they not a filthy crew:
 These hypocrites that live among us,
 our religion they despise,
 Empty fools, without foundation,
 neither loyal, just, nor wise.
 Our Church-men they are little better,
 if the truth it were well known,

They take the king for Britain's head,
 But part of his laws they will not own,
 Brotherly love is out of fashion,
 Neighbours they cannot agree;
 They spend their money at the law,
 and bring themselves to poverty.
 By racking sharpening and deceiving,
 'tis hard to find a man that's just,
 Because they seldom find the way
 to pay the thing they take in trust,
 There's dice-men, shew-men, mountain sailors
 people pretending to be dumb,
 Fortune tellers and quack doctors,
 by such vagrants we're undone.
 Foreigners we do encourage,
 ay, dear neighbour this is truth,
 Good Scots and highland whisky
 hath no relish in our mouth.
 Brandy and rum we chuse to drink,
 and many costly things beside,
 There's nothing now appears amongst us,
 but perfect poverty and pride.
 Now observe the pride of women:
 how they walk with such an air,
 With ribbons, ruffles, rings and fans,
 capuchens and foreheads bare.
 Our servant maids they are so proud,
 they do resemble ladies near,
 they scarce can tell now what to wear.
 Paints and patches for their faces,
 in the fashion they must be,
 The poorest wife in all the town,
 each morning she must drink her tea,

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O men are grown so void of reason,
 they often leave their wedded wives,
 Chusing rather to keep a miss,
 they're wearied of a married life.
 Women for to leave their husbands,
 is not that a double sin?
 Enough to bring on us a Judgement,
 and consume the land we're in.
 O grant us peace and unity,
 for now the world seems at an end,
 When each one hates and cheats another,
 yea, tho' he were his nearest friend,

Youghal Harbour.

IT's being on my rambles one summer's morning
 early as the day was dawning.
 And Sol appear'd in his pomp and glory,
 I took my way through a pleasant lawn,
 The pinks and roses were sweetly blowing,
 and linnets warbling in each shade,
 I being alarmed by a killing charmer,
 near Youghal Harbour I met this maid:

Her aspect pleasing her smiles engaging,
 I thought she really would attract my mind.
 As I view'd each feature, I thought on the fair,
 That in Rathangan I had left behind:
 Her glancing eyes being most surprising,
 Oh! I think young man I saw you before,

Here in your absence in grief I languish,
 My dear you're welcome to me once more.

You know kind sir, that you once deceived,
 When of me you had got you will,
 You're now returned, I will cease to mourn,
 Your promise now you do fulfill:
 And a darling boy for you I'm rearing
 As in your travels you have seen,
 So if you agree and come home with me,
 We'll all live happy at Copperquin.

Oh! no fair maiden, I must tell you plainly,
 Here to remain I will not agree,
 It was your parents they did disdain me,
 Which made me first quite this country,
 Do you remember that day we sported,
 By your shady arbour on a pleasant green,
 It was there you told me I should get your portion
 and a handsome farm near Copperquin.

But when your father would not receive me,
 It is to Leinster I did repair,
 And then I fell a courting a fair one,
 In sweet Rathangan nigh to Kildare:
 It is to her I'll go and leave off roving
 As her favours I'm in hopes to win,
 And ever more I will adore her,
 So farewell Nancy of Copperquin.

SLEEPIN' MAGGY.

MIRK an' rainy is the night,
 No a star in a the carry,
 Lightnings glesen athwart the list,
 An' win's drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are ye sleepin' Maggy,
 O are ye sleepin' Maggy;
 Let me in for loud the linn
 Is roain' o et the warlock cragie.

Fearfu' foughs the boor-tree bank,
 The ritted wood roars wild and dreary,
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 And cry o' howlets maks me eeri,
 O are ye sleepin' Maggy, &c.

Aboon my breath I darna speak
 For fear I rouse your waukrif daddie,
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!
 O are ye sleepin', Maggy, &c.

She's op't the dcor, she's let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidy,
 Blaw your warst ye rain an' win',
 " Since now I am aside ye Maggy."

The Disconsolate Sailor.

WHEN my money was all gone I gain'd at the
and the world it did frown at my fate, (wars,
What matters my zeal or my honoured scars,
when indifference flood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well
shew'd a different aspect to me; (lin'd,
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hid me again to the sea.

I thought 'twas unjust to pine at my lot,
or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
I pack'd up the trifling remains I had got,
and a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
which over my shoulder I threw:
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
to join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
and when the wide ocean I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world as unkind,
and Fortune's a slippery jade.

I swear if once more I can take her in tow,
I'll let the ungrateful world see
That the turbulent wind and the billows could
more kindness than they did to me. (show,