

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS

The poor Exile of Erin.

Soldiers Lamentation.

Samie Lamie's cure for a
drunken Wife.

The Sailing Trade.

Edinburgh Printed by J. Morren.



THE POOR EXIEL OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and
chill;

For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;

But the day star attracted his eyes sad devotion
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once in the flow of his youthful emotions
He sung the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

Oh! sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken stranger)
The wild deer and wolf to cover can flee:

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me,

Ah! never again in the green sunny bow'rs
Where my forefather's lived, shall I spend the
sweet hours!

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flow'rs
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh!

Erin my country though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no
more!

Ah! cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase
me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me
I ne'er dy'd to defend me, or live to deplore

as and fire do you weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
Where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
O! my sad soul I long abandon'd by pleasure;
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure!
Tears like the rain drop may fall without mea-
sure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its fond recollection surpassing,
Dying with my bosom: shall draw;
An exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Of my fore fathers, Erin Go Bragh.
Dried and cold when my heart stills its motion;
Green be thy fields sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with de-
votion.
Erin ma Vourneen, Erin Go Bragh.

The Soldier's Lamentation,

COME all you young men of this town,
I'm sure there is but few,
I'll ear into these verses
That I do sing to you,
Meeting four Militia boys,
Whose sentence was to die,
Because they would not informers be,
Whose country to destroy,
Was on a Monday morning,
Just by the break of day,

As Colonel Barbor, pass'd them,
 as they were going away,
 The bloody guard pursu'd them,
 and search'd them all around,
 And in their knapsacks on their backs,

a letter it was found.
 With five hundred soldiers,
 and friends as many more,
 They convey'd them to Belfast,
 from that to Baleres Moor,
 For there their sentence was to die,
 by a well armed band,
 At four o'clock these boys were shot,
 this Barbour gave command.

The first shot these boys let off,
 four of the men did fall,
 The fourth man he lay bleeding,
 and for mercy he did call;
 It is for my country I will die,
 come ease me of my pain?
 These cruel hearted tyrants,
 they charg'd and fir'd again.

If you had seen these heroes,
 when bleeding on the ground,
 I'm sure more cleverer fellows
 was no where to be found;
 While their friends and relations,
 were gathered all around,
 You scarce could hear their deadly groan,
 for drums and trumpets sound.

The very day these boys were shot,
 a dark came o'er the sky,
 And we ourselves united were,

aoine were standing by;
 ur hearts were fill'd with sorrow,
 we could yield them no relief,
 ll you who hears my mournful song,
 I'm sure may now be griev'd.



Tamie Lamie's Care for a drunken Wife.

HERE liv'd a wife in our town end,
 she lo'ed a drap o' cappie O,
 d a' the gear that e'er she gat
 she slipt it o'er her gabbie O,
 on a fro'ly winter night,
 he wife had got a drappie O,
 d she had pith'd her coats sae well,
 he could not find the pattie O.

she's awa' to her goodman,
 hey ca'd him Tamie Lamie O,
 e ben and fetch the cave to me,
 hat I may get a dramie O.
 nic was an honest man,
 himself he took a a drappie O,
 was na well out o'er his craig,
 all she was on his tappie O.

paid him well baith back and side,
 nd fair she cryeth'd him backie O,
 e made his skin baith blue and black
 nd made hi' thoulkiers crackie O.
 he's awa to the milt-barn,
 nd he has ta'en a tackie O,
 put her in baith head and tail,
 nd cast her o'er his backie O.

The carline spurn'd wi' head and feet,
 the carle he was sae ackie O.
 To ilka wa' that he came by,
 he gar'd her head play knockie O,
 Goodman I think you'll murder me,
 my brains you out will knockie O.
 He gied her ay the ither hiech,
 ly still-ye deivis buckie O.

Goodman I'm like to mak my burn,
 O let me out good Tamie O.
 Thou he set her upon a slane,
 and bade her pish her damie O,
 Then Tamie took her aff the slane,
 And put her in the sackie O,
 And when she did begin to spurn,
 he lent her ay a knockie O.

Awa' he went to the mill dam,
 and there gae her a duckie O,
 And iska chiel that had a stick,
 play'd thump upon her backie O,
 And when he took her hame again,
 he did hang up the sackie O,
 At her bed side, as I heard say,
 upon a little knagic O.

And ilka day when she rose up,
 in naething but her smockie O,
 Sae soon's she look'd him in the face,
 she might behold the sackie O.
 Now all ye men baith far and near,
 that have a drunken routie O,
 Duck ye your wife in time o' year,
 and I'll lend you the sackie O.

e wife did live for nineteen years,
 and was fu' frank and couthie O,
 and ever since she got the duck,
 she never had the douthie O.
 At last the carline chanc'd to die,
 and Tamie did her bury O,
 now for the public benefit
 she g. f. d print the curie O.

and this he did her motto make.
 "Here lies an honest luckie O,
 who never left the drinking trade.
 Until she got a duckie O"

THE SAILING TRADE.

THE sailing trade is a weary trade.
 It's rob'd me of my heart's delight,
 and left me here in tears to mourn,
 all waiting for my love's return.

Like one distracted this fair maid ran,
 for pen and paper to write her sang,
 and ev'ry at line she dropt a tear,
 crying, alas! for my Billy dear.

Thousands, thousands all in a room,
 by love he carries the brightest bloom,
 he surely is some chosen one,
 will have him or else I'll have none.

The grass does grow on every lee,
 the leaf doth fall from every tree:

How happy that small bird doth cry,
That has her true love by her lie.

The colours of amber is my true-love's hair,
His red rosy cheeks doth my heart ease,
His ruby lips are soft, and with charms,
I've lain many a night in his lovely arms.

Father, father, build me a boat,
That on the ocean I may float,
And every ship that doth pass by,
I may enquire for my sailor boy.

She had not sail'd long on the deep,
Till a man of war she chanc'd to meet,
O sailor, sailor send me word;
If my true love Will be on board.

Your true love William is not here,
For he is kill'd and so I fear;
For the other day as we pass'd by,
We see'd him list in the Victory,

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Crying alas! my dearest dear,
And over board her body threw,
Bidding all worldly things adieu!

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