

FOUR EXCELLENT


NEW SONGS,

Patrick O'Neil the Sailor,

Samie Reily & Coleen Bawn

Hearts of Oak.

The Cottager's Daughter.



Edinburgh printed by J. McRren,

## Patrick O'Neil the Sailor,

YOU sons of Hibernia, who's sung on dry land,  
 Round your sparkling tore fires with your wh  
 in hand,

Drink dro and Fingedro nor think on the boys  
 That's fighting your battles thro' tempests and no  
 Give ear to my ditty it is true I declare.  
 Such swimming and sinking will make you all star  
 Such storms, squibs and crackers have whisk'd at my  
 Since the prestigang laid hold of poor Patrick O'

It was April the first I set off like a fool,  
 From Killkenny to Dublin to see Laurence Too  
 My mother's third Cousin, who often wrote dow  
 To beg I'd come see how he flourish'd in town:  
 But I scarce had set foot on that terrible place,  
 Till I met with this sapline, he swore in my face  
 Then he beckon'd the prestigang they came wit  
 fail,

And they soon neck and heel carried poor Patrick

Then they scamper'd away as they thought w  
 They took me for a sailor run off in disguise (f  
 But a horrible blunder they made with their st  
 For I never see'd a ship on the sea in my life;  
 But away to the tender they bade me to steer.  
 But of tenderness devil a moriel was there,  
 I roar'd and I hallow'd but it did nothing preva  
 In their cellar they cram'd me poor Patrick O'

Next morning from Dublin they sail'd with their  
 I was half starved and sea sick the rest of the w  
 Not a mile-stone I saw, nor a housenor a bed  
 All was water and sky, till we came to Spithea

When they call'd up all hands hands & feet soon obey'd  
 When I wish'd myself home cutting turf with a spade,  
 For the first thing I saw caus'd my spirits to fail,  
 Was a large swining castle for Patrick O'Neil.

This terrible monster roll'd about with the tide,  
 With a great row of teeth sticking out of her side,  
 They made me to mount and desire'd I would keep,  
 I hard fast, with my toes for fear I should slip,  
 When I let go my hands to stick fast with my toes,  
 At the ship took a roll and away my head goes,  
 Plumpt down in the water and plash'd like a wh'c,  
 And with boat hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick O'-  
 Neil.

Amidst jests, shouts & laughter they heisted me in  
 To this huge wooden world full of riot and din,  
 What strings and what pulls, what ticks met my eye  
 And how large were the sheets that they hang out  
 To dry:  
 Seem'd Noah's Ark stuff'd with different guests,  
 Dogs, pedlers, geese, sailors all other beasts;  
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of  
 Ale,  
 And they soon curs'd and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'-  
 Neil.

Then a rough mouth'd rascalion on deck did ad-  
 vance,  
 So hoarse that he whistled and made them all prance,  
 Up the ropes some like monkeys ran, some I declare,  
 Like gibbets or rop-dancers hung in the air,  
 They clapt flicks in the capstancas I afterwards found  
 Where a chap sat and pip'd as they twisted him round;  
 Then the ship rais'd her anchor spread her wings and  
 Let sail  
 With the freight of live lumber and Patrick O'Neil.

Then to go down below I express'd a great wish  
 Where they lived under water like so many fish;  
 I was clapt in a mess with some more of the crew,  
 'Twas harrindday so they gave me burgow,  
 For bed they had a lack as high as my chin,  
 They call'd it a har meck and bid me get in,  
 I laid hold, took a jump, but my footing was frail,  
 And it swung me clean o'er poor Patrick O'Neil.

By some help I got in, where I locked all night,  
 When day broke, my rest broke with the terrible fright  
 Uphammocks down chests roar'd from different parts  
 Here's a French ship in sight up and down went my  
 heart,  
 To a gun I was station'd they cry'd with an oath,  
 To take of his breeches and unuzzle his mouth,  
 They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,  
 And his leading strings gave to poor Patrick O'Neil.

Then our thick window shutters we drew up with  
 speed  
 And we run out our bull dogs of true English breed  
 Our Captain cry'd England and Ireland my boys,  
 When he mention'd Old Ireland my heart made a noise  
 But the noise of our guns did the Frenchman defy,  
 They clapt fire on his back and bid him let fly,  
 Such a crack made me jump tho' I held by his tail,  
 And the creature loup'd back knock'd down Patrick  
 O'Neil.

Thus we rattled away by my shoul hobbernob,  
 Till the Frenchman give up as he thought a bad job  
 To tie him behind a large cord they did bring,  
 And hauled him along like a pig in a string,  
 O then so Old England we led this French boy,  
 Where the sight of the land made me sea-lick for joy

When they made a fresh peace when the war grew too  
 stale,  
 When turn'd all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neil.

So here on dry land a safe course I can steer,  
 No cathead or catblock no boatwains can fear,  
 While there's a shot in the locker I'll sing I'll be  
 bound.

And Saturday night sha'l be all the week round  
 It should peace grow too sleepy and war eail amain,  
 By the pipar of Linsler I'll venture again,  
 Make another dry voyage, bring home a fresh tale,  
 When you'll cry till you laugh at poor patrick O' Neil.

### Trial of Jamie Reilly for Cooleen Bawn.

RISE up Jamie Reilly, and come along with me,  
 For I mean to go with you and leave my country,  
 To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land,  
 And away goes Jamie Reilly with his fair Cooleen  
 Bawn.

It's over hills and mountains along the lonesome  
 plains. (gain :  
 Through shady groves and willows her company to  
 Her father followed after with a well-armed band,  
 Who taken was poor Reilly with his fair Cooleen Bawn.  
 Then home she was brought and in her chamber  
 bound,

And taken was poor Reilly and laid in Sligo goal,  
 All this toil and slavery I am willing for to stand,  
 Since there's nothing else but stealing my fair Cooleen  
 Bawn.

Then in the cold prison his hands and feet were bound  
 Confined like a murderer and tied down to the ground  
 Great Squire Fowler's anger and malice for to stand,  
 And all this I undergo for my fair Cooleen Bawn.

In went the goaler's son and to Reilly he did say,  
 Rise up Jamie Reilly you must appear this day,  
 To answer at the bar, and before the judge must stand  
 I fear you'll suffer soon for your fair Cooleen Bawn  
 This is the news James Reilly last night I heard of  
 thee

The lady's oath will hang you or else well let you free  
 If that be true, says Reilly, with pleasure I will stand  
 Still hoping to be sav'd by my fair Cooleen Bawn.

This lady she is sensible tho' in her tender youth  
 If Reilly has de'uded her she will declare the truth  
 It's like a moving angel bright before them she did  
 stand, Cooleen Bawn

You're welcome here my heart's delight my dear Cooleen

Her father said to the jury take pity now on me,  
 This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family  
 The impudence of this inferior I am not fit to stand  
 If I don't get satisfaction I'll leave this Irish land.

Then spake the lady fair with the tears all in her eye  
 The fault is none of Reilly's, the fault is all on me,  
 I made him go and leave his place and go along with  
 me (defting)

I lov'd him out of measure, which has prov'd eu

Then said the noble judge we must let the prisone  
 go

The lady she has cleared him the jury well may know  
 She has releas'd her true love and he's renew'd hi  
 name, (same)

Her honour great will gain the stare and also raise hi  
 But good my lord, he stole from her, her Jewe  
 and her rings

Gold watch and silver buckles with many other thing  
 They cost me bright guineas the sum of 300 p-unds  
 I'll have the life of Reilly if it should cost me 1000  
 pounds

It's true my lord I gave them in token of true love  
 And when are a parting we'll have them all remov'd

Have you got them Reilly, bring them back to me.  
I will my loving lady with many thanks to thee.

There's is a ring amongst them I allow you to wear  
With thirty shining diamonds, well set in silver clear  
As a true lover's token to wear on your right hand,  
That you may think on my broken heart when you-  
're in a foreign land.

Out spoke the noble folks as at the table they stood by,  
Gentlemen of the jury, have pity on our commonality,  
To hang a man for love, is murder you may see,  
Let's spare the live of Reilly and banish'd let him be.

### HEARTS OF OAK.

Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something new to this wonderful year,  
To honour we call you, don't preis you like slaves.

For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships tars our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady:

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay;

They never meet us, but they wish us away;

If they run then we follow, and ran them ashore,

And if they won't fight us, what we cannot do more

Hearts of Oak &c

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,

They frighten our woman our children and beaux

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,

Still Britions they'll find to receive them on shore:

Hearts of Oak, &c.

We'll still make them run and we'll still make them

In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette: *if weat,*

Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors our statesmen, and king.

Hearts of Oak, &c.

## The Cottager's Daughter.

AH! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my Pastora  
 O say, have you met the sweet nymph in your way  
 transcendant as Venus, and blythe as Aurora,  
 From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day:  
 Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought her  
 The fairest and rarest, for ever my theme's,  
 A goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Of Aln's winding stream,

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A goddess in form tho' a cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young squires have sought  
 to link her fair hand in the conjugal chain; (heer)

Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter,  
 Convinc'd them their flattery and offers were vain.

When first I beheld her, I fondly besought her,  
 My heart did her homage, and love was her theme  
 She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Then why, thus alone, does she leave me to languish,  
 Pastora to splendour could ne'er yield her hand;

Ah! no she returns to remove my fond anguish,  
 O'er her heart love and truth retain the command;

the wealth of Golconda could never have bought  
 her

For love, truth and constancy still is her theme,  
 Then give me, kind Hymen the cottager's daughter,  
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

F I N I S.