

FOUR EXCELLIANT

N E W S O N G S

The Sheering's no for you,

The Old Man's Song.

The Happy Stranger.

The Orange Boys.



Edinburgh; Printed by J. Morrien.

(2)
The SHEERING's no for you.

I was in the month of May
it was in the of May,

When the flowers they were gay,
and the lambs did sport and play
My bonny lassie, O.

Don't you mind on yonder hill
my bonny laddie O.

When you swore you would me kill,
if you would not get your will
My bonny laddie, O.

The sheering's no for you bonny lassie, O.
the sheering's no for you,
For your back it will not bow
and your belvis rolling fur
My bonny lassie O.

Your red is turned white bonny lassie O
your red is turned white,
I'm afraid you are not right,
and it soon will come to light,
My bonny lassie O.

Your een are turned blue bonny lassie, O
your een are turned blue,
And this will never do,
and belive me it is true,
My bonny lassie O.

Don't you mind the banks of Air bonny laddie, O
 Don't you mind the banks of Air
 when I was in despair,
 and you left me in the snare,
 my bonny laddie, O.

Don't you mind in Glasgow green,
 my bonny laddie O,
 Don't you mind on Glasgow green,
 when you said we were not seen,
 there you wrought on my machine,
 my bonny laddie O,

The fifes did sweetly play,
 the fifes did sweetly play,
 and the troops did march away
 and it's here I darna stay,
 my bonny laddie, O,

As you may kill me dead,
 my bonny laddie, O,
 As I'll no kill you dead,
 nor make your body bleed,
 or marry you with speed
 my bonny lassie, O.

I say you'll die for me, bonny lassie, O,
 you need not die for me
 or I'll pay the nurses fee,
 and you'll get your liberty,
 my bonny lassie, O.

And an Irishman for me bonny laddie, O,
 and an Irishman for me,

For he spends his money free
and he is the boy for me,
my bonny laddie, O.

Tambouring is my trade
For tambruting is my trade
And I love an Irish lad,
For he's a roving blade,
my bonny laddie, O.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG

O WHY should old age so much wound us,
There is nothing in't at all to confound us
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our eyes all around us,
For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in this world with naething O,
And we've jogg'd on and told for the aethnig
We made use of what we had
And our thankful hearts were glad
When we got the bit meat and the caithing,
We made use of what we had, &c

When we had any thing we never vaunted
Nor did we hing our heads when we wantd,
We always gave a share,
Of the little we could spare,
When it pleasd the ALMIGHTY to grant it
We always gave a share, &c,

We have liv'd all our life time contented O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O,
 It's true we have been poor.

And we are so to this hour,
 That we never repin'd nor lamented, O
 It's true we have been poor, &c.

We never laid a plot to be wealthy O
 In ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the bless,
 And what further could we wis' ?
 To be pleas'd with ourseles and be healthy, O,
 But we always had the bless &c,

That tho' we cannot boast of our guineas O
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jennies, O,
 And these I'm certain are,
 More desir'd by far
 Than a bag full of poor yellow stannies, O,
 And these I'm certain are, &c,

We have seen many wonders and fairies O,
 And changes that have almost been yearly, O,
 Of rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 That now live both scimpily and sparely, O;
 Of rich folks up and down,

Then why should people brag of prosperity O,
 Since a straiten'd life we see is no rarity, O
 Indeed we've been in want
 And our living's been but scant,
 That we never were reduc'd to seek' charity, O,
 Indeed we've been in want, &c,

n this house we first came together O,
 Where we've long been a father and mother
 And tho' not of stone and lime,
 It will serve us all our time
 And I hope we shall never need another, O
 And tho' not of stone and lime, &c,

And when we leave this habitation O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, C
 We'll go hand in hand I wis',
 To a better place then this,
 And make room for the next generation, C
 We'll go hand in hand I wis', &c.

Then why should old age so much wounds us,
 There is nothing in it all to confound us, C
 for how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our basins and our eyes all around us,
 For how happy now am I, &c,

The Happy Stranger,

AS I was a walking one morning in the spring,
 To hear the birds whittle and nightingale
 sing

I heard a fair maid who was making her moan
 Saying, I am a poor stranger and far from my home

I step'd up to her and made a low gee,
 And asked her pardon for making so free,
 Saying, I have taken pity on hearing your moan,
 As I am a stranger and far from my home,

Her cheeks blush'd like roses and she shed a tear,
 And says Sir I wonder at meeting you here,
 But I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,
 I'm a poor stranger and far from my own

My dear to ill use you indeed I ne'er will,
 My hearts blood to save you indeed I would spill,
 I strive for to ease you and relieve all your moan,
 And wish to convey you safe back to your home.

Therefore my dear jewel if you would agree
 And if ever you marry to marry with me
 I'll be your guardian thro' these deserts unknown,
 And with your parents I leave you at home,

Sir, where is your country, I'd wish for to know
 And what's the misfortunes you do undergo
 That caus'd you to wander so far from your home
 And us to meet strangers in this desert alone,

He says my sweet fair one the truth I will tell,
 I was in my own country near Newry I dwell,
 But yet, to misfortunes by love I was prone
 Which made many a hero go far from his home.

Sir, the lads of sweet Newry are all roving blades,
 And take great delight in courting fair maids,
 They kiss them, and press them and call them their
 own,
 And perhaps your darling lies mourning at home,

Believe me my jewel the case is not so,
 Never was married the truth you must know,
 These strangers agreed as the case it is known,
 And I with them both happy and safe to their home.

THE ORANGE BOYS.

YE Protestants of Ireland I pray you lend an ear
 Step forth with lofty courage and e'er united
 We'll fight for George's crown, to gain honour and
 renown,

We never will return till we pull convetions down
 Many a brisk young weaver left his sweetheart at
 his loom,

Likewise his tender parents to join the orange me
 The time it is a coming that they must march aw
 To some foreign country to face their enemies.

This noble Colonel Vernon is a man of high renown
 His dwelling is at Church hill near to Portadown,
 As he is come amongst us to head a noble band,
 He says he will have none but a real orange-man.

This noble Colonel Venon wears a star all on
 his breast,

Till he subdues his enemies he never will get rest
 He never will get rest till he has the victory won,
 And soon he'll let them know that from noble blood
 he sprung.

Your cloathing shall be scarlet turn'd up with orange
 fine; ly shine

With glittering cap and feather your heads will brill
 With your musket on your shoulder, you'll go wid
 out advance,

A long with Colonel Vernon to clip the pride of Fran

Every lad that his a lass will take her on his kne
 With kind and fond embraces, with love and unit
 We'll toss about the flowing bowl, so merrily we
 sing,

Here's a health to Colonel Vernon, Likewise
 George our King.

F I N I S.