

FIVE EXCEL'ENT

NEW SONGS,

A' the arts the win' can blaw

Thurot's Defeat.

The Blanch Frigate.

The bonny Hawthorn,

Kattie and Wabster Jock,



Edinburgh printed by J. Morren,

A' the Arts the Win' can Blaw.

O F a the arts the win' can blaw I dearly like the w
For there the bonny lassie lives the lass that I lo
best,

The wild woods grow an' rivers row, wi' mony a
between,

Baith day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi'
Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers, sae lovely sweet an fa
I hear her voice in ilka bird, wi' music charm the air
There's not a bonny flower that spring, by fount
shaw or green;

Nor yet a bonny bird that sings but minds me o'
Jean.

Upon the bank of flowing Clyde, the lassies bask the
braw,

But when their best they have put on, my Jenny din
them a'

In hamely weeds she far exceeds the fairest of the tow
Baith sage an' gay confess it sae, tho' dress'd in rus
gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dam, mair harmle
canna be

She has nae fault if sic we ca't except her love for m
The sparklin' dew of clearest hew, is like her shinin
een,

In shape an' air nane can compare, wi' my sweet love
Jean,

O blaw ye westlin' win's blaw fast among the leafy trees
Wi' gentle breath frae muir, an' dale bring hame the
laden bees;

bring the lassie back to me that's ay sae neat an'
 clean,
 blink o' her wad banish cure, sae charming is my
 Jean,

at sighs and vows amang the knows ha'e past at-
 ween us twa,
 w fain to meet how wae to part, that day she gade
 awa,
 e powers aboon can only keen to whom the heart is
 seen,
 at naue can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

THUROT'S DEFEAT.

FROM Dunkirk in France, in the month of September,
 Flitted out was a fleet and away they did sail,
 and Monsieur Thurot being their commander,
 ey had for their headsmen, were sure not to fail
 away they did flee, without dread or fear,
 they robbed and plundered all ships that they found,
 until that they came to the coast of old Ireland,
 and landed their men upon the Irish-ground,
 was at Carrickfergus, in the north of that kingdom,
 they landed their men, and march'd up to their wall,
 then cried out the brave Colonel Jennings,
 my boys let's salute them with powder and balls.
 the battle began, and the guns they did rattle,
 and bravely they fought under Jenning's command,
 as he, play away, play on my brave boys,
 the Monsieur the force of our fire cannot stand
 the town they did take without any resistance,
 the castle they thought was as easy likewise,
 ey came marching up in three grand divisions,
 but guarded it was by the brave Irish boys,
 ey kept constant firing, and made them retire,
 all their ammunition entirely was done,

Then aloud he did say my boys let's away,
 and we'll sally out upon them all with sword in ha-
 But then says our general how can we defend it,
 for to make a sally it is but in vain:

As our ammunition entirely is ended,
 therefore we'll submit, and good terms obtain,
 For plainly you see for one there is three,
 therefore it is better to capitulate:

If they take it by storm then by the law of arms,
 death without mercy shall sure be our fate,

So Monsieurs obtained possession of Carrick,
 whose they lay a flooring and drinking a while,

The people they did freely ransack and plunder,
 and hoisted it all on board the Helise

But brave Elliot met them, and away he would not
 but made them yield their ill gotten store, (the

So Monsieurs lament in deepest condition,
 for now they can brag of their ill lot no more.

Let us praise brave Elliot who gained this action,
 and sing to his praise in the joyfull song,

That we of our foes have got satisfaction,
 and Thurot lies rotting near the Isle of man

Their general is wounded their schemes are so sounde
 the bold British tars they can never withstand

The fire of the fierce and bold British Lion,
 appeared to them under brave Captain Bland.

So now for to bring my song to a conclusion
 let us drink a health to our officers all,

To noble Colonel Jennings likewise, Bland our Captain
 and never forgetting the brave Mr Hall,

Let's be blith and jolly, and drown melancholy,
 so merrily let us rejoice and sing;

Come fill up your bowls all ye loyal souls,
 and drink a health to great George our King.

THE BLANCH.

YOU Frenchmen don't talk of you fighting,
 Nor talk of great deeds you have done,
 Do you think that England you'd frighten,
 As ealy as Holland and Spain,
 We listen and laugh at your threaten,
 Your boasting and valour advance,
 Since your boasting Le Picque has been taken,
 By the jolly brave tars of the Blanch.
 They sail'd from the Bay of Point Peter,
 Four hundred and fifty on board,
 And we were all ready to meet them,
 To conquer or die was the word.
 When the cans of good liquor were flowing,
 We gave them there cheers to advance,
 And courage in each heart was glowing.
 For cowards ne'er sail'd in the Blanch.
 The night then advancing upon us,
 The moon did afford us some light,
 Each star with lustre was shining,
 To keep the French frigate in sight,
 While the breeze gently fill'd all our sails,
 And our ship through the water did launch,
 And the grog flew about in full bumpers,
 Among the brave tars of the Blanch.
 The sight made the sea seem on fire,
 Each bullet distractedly flew,
 Britannia her sons did inspire,
 With courage that damp'd the French crew
 Saying cowards now surely must die,
 Whilst over them death turns the lance,
 And our balls did repeat as they fly.
 Fight on my brave tars in the Blanch.
 When Haukrer resign'd his last breath,
 Each gave a tear and a sigh,

Saying sorrow was found at his death,
 With simpering he read deep and died,
 But like Wolf then with victory crown'd,
 At his death he cried ne'er mind my chance.
 But like gallant heroes fight on.

Or expire by the name of the Blanch.
 Bold Wilkins his place soon suppli'd,
 And like a bold actor engag'd,
 His guns with more judgment to guide,
 For the death of his captain engag'd,
 And how could he his fury allay,
 When the Le Picque a longside did advance,
 For our three masts being shot away,
 When we grappled her close to the Blanch,
 Our formast and mizen being gone,
 The Frenchmen they thought us their own,
 And with Vive Pepusie they sang,
 We thought they would never have done,
 And we join'd in their song on dismay,
 With song that made them all dance
 And not a false note was there play'd,
 By the jolly brave tars of the Blanch.
 When they found 'twas in vain for to stand,
 They cried out for quarter a main,
 Although the advantage they had,
 Still Britons were lords of the main,
 So push round the grog let it pass,
 Since they found us true hearted and staunch,
 And each lad with his favorite lass,
 Drink success to the tars, of the Blanch.

The bonny Hawthorn.

ONE mild summer morning all nature look'd gay,
 I saw my dearest Janne at tedding the hay,
 Who said my lovely treasure, come see where I dwell,

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms in the vale, that blooms in the vale.
 Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale.

O hark bonny Bess, hear the birds in yon grove,
 How delightful they sing how inviting to love,
 The briars deck'd with roses perfume the fanning gale
 Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale
 That blooms, &c.

His words they were so moving, his looks so soft
 and kind
 They assur'd me the youth had no guile in his mind
 My heart too confess'd him, the flower of all the dale,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale,
 That blooms, &c.

Now tell me ye lovers if I could refuse,
 My Jamie was so pressing so binding his vows.
 We went and were married, most cordially we dwell,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn, that blooms in the vale,
 That blooms, &c.

KATTIE AND WABSTER JOCK:

PReserve us, Johnny! you've trantlooms mony!
 I thought I saw them a' wi' my een:
 But though ye skin them up fu' bonnie,
 ye're nae sae rich as ye wad seem.

The loom, for guid sake, ride nae mair on her,
 Ye'll break her back, she's fa'ie at the bame:
 Among the traddles, ye'll light wi' dishonour,
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

Your heedles are auld, your kavel's are rotten,
 your shuttle's a lazy jade, I ween;
 Your traddles but arnie, twa o' them broken:
 Ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

I doubt think on cawing your pins,
 ye'll ay be girzin', and ay at hame;
 I doubt ye've stolin your teats o' yarn:
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 For a' your mug and stinking lowen,
 I rather wad hae a cogfu' o' team:
 Commend me to a lad that has a growing:
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 I saw the pet ye got from Holland,
 reaming wi' wash a-hint your loom.
 To lay the touzie hair on the plaiden,
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 A spurtle, Johnny, is easy gotten,
 Ony bit stic may do that's clean;
 But whar's the meal to make the brose
 Ye're no sae rich lad as ye wad seem.
 Your huggar an' sa't is black and recket,
 Wad poison a fow, it's far frae clean:
 An' wha wad marry a man for a jacket,
 Ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 Ye brag me wi' the half o' your herrin',
 But I could eat a heal ane mysel':
 I doubt, your livin' ll be but sharin':
 Ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem,
 About your bassen I'll say but little;
 But whar's in the kilt I fain wad ken:
 I doubt, I doubt it's as dry's a whistle;
 Ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem,
 But tho' your purse be blank an' hollow,
 It's hard to say yet what may be done:
 But after a' ye're a canty fellow,
 Tho' no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 Sae tak your plaid about you, Johnny,
 Sae come your way up-by at een:
 I like a lad that's brisk and boony,
 Tho' no sae rich as he wad seem.