

FOUR EXCELLENT
NEW SONGS,

viz.

The SAILOR DEAR,

The Answer to the Sailor Dear,

Pattie's wedding.

And Logan BONES.



Edinburgh. — Printed by J. Morren

THE SAILOR DEAR.

YE maidens so pretty in town and city,
 pray hear with pity my mournful strain,
 A maid confounded in sorrow drowned,
 and deeply wounded with grief and pain.
 I'm still bewailing with melting tears,
 'Tis for the sake of a lovely sailor,
 Whilst other maidens are fondly playing,
 I'm grieving for my sailor dear.

In dales and allies thro' shades and vallies,
 and around each lovely grove,
 Roll'd in sweet flowers in rural bowers,
 we've spent sweet hours in mutual love:
 But now my dearest has cross'd the ocean,
 and left his jewel residing here,
 Curst wars alarms depriv'd my arms,
 of my sweet charming sailor dear.

Though he did leave me I don't blame him,
 because my darling was forc'd away ;
 'Twas fortune, my greedy parents,
 contriv'd to have him sent to sea ;
 Five hundred pounds left by my uncle,
 besides four hundred pounds a year,
 'Twas for that reason they do disdain him,
 as he's beneath them my sailor dear.

May every vengeance be their attendance
 that sent my jewel to plow the main,
 For worldly treasure and my displeasure,
 they'd forfeit all for the love of gain.
 Could I command the wealth of the Indies,
 and once my darling to appear,

I would give it all to my dear jewel,
and join in marriage with my sailor dear,

My hard hearted father gave special order,
that I should closely confined be
Within my chamber, for fear of danger,
or lest I should my darling see.

Thirteen long weeks on bread and water,
I liv'd, and had no other cheer,
O cruel usage to give a daughter,
for the love I bore to my sailor dear.

Fortune befriend him, always attend him,
and still defend him where'er he goes,
By land and water may angels guard him,
whilst he's in the wars with his daring foes,
O that I were a nimble sailor.
no fears nor dangers would I fear,
I'd freely enter and boldly venture,
to range the seas for my sailor dear.

Since to my jewel my friends were cruel,]
I grieve along with a heavy heart,
And fickle fortune, which is uncertain,
through which my jewel and I did part.
No man shall ever obtain my favour,
my heart is loyal and sincere.
Till-death destroy me, none shall enjoy me,
except my jolly sailor dear.

The ANSWER to the SAILOR DEAR.

YOU're welcome to me from the stormy sea,
I'm glad to see you home again,
I hope kind fortune feat you promotion,
whilst you was plewing the raging main,

My friends were cruel to you my jewel
 which cost me many a silent tear,
 It is for your sake my dear heart did ache,
 that day you parted from your Molly dear.

Molly, my charmer your cruel father
 was the informer who did me betray,
 And caus'd our parting, but now most certain,
 I've made a fortune by going to sea,
 And now no longer I dread his anger,
 his spite or power I do not fear
 My sorrows vanish, your cares I'll banish,
 and heal your anguish sweet Molly dear.

I hear long time you've been confin'd,
 by your father's cruelty,
 On bread and water he kept his daughter,
 O hard unequal'd barbarity!
 Was I but nigh you, I'd make a trial,
 and venture my life for to set you clear,
 My dearest female I would release you,
 of grief I'd ease you, sweet Molly dear.

With me your parents were at variance,
 which was because they had gold in store,
 Nothing would them please, they ne'er could be
 at ease,
 till they sent me where the conons roar,
 I ne'er was wounded though balls surrounded,
 and flew like hail in the hemisphere,
 Fatigu'd, jaded through blood I waded,
 all for your sake my sweet Molly dear.

My dearest darling, your lovely forming,
 shall be adorn'd with the spoils of war,
 And with my treasure now use your pleasure,
 I don't care though your friends do jar.

A chest of gold, all at your disposal,
 with two large bags of dollars here,
 and all this to you I will now bestow,
 as you are true, my sweet Molly dear.

No more dear Molly I'll wander from you,
 since I have arriv'd on my native shore,
 through hostile danger I'll nev'r venture,
 but stay at home when the war is o'er.
 My dearest creature, pride of all nature,
 your lovely features my dear will cheer,
 all grief shall cease your joy increase,
 we'll live in peace, my sweet Molly dear.

PATTIE'S WEDDING.

As Pettie came up frae the glen,
 driving his wedders before him,
 he met bonny Meg ganging hame,
 her beauty was like for to smore him.
 Dinna ye ken bonny Meg,
 that you and I's gaen to be married!
 rather had broken my leg,
 before sic a bargain miscarried.

—O wha's tell'd you that?
 I think that o' news they've been scanty.
 That I should be married so soon,
 or yet should ha'e been so fianty;
 I woinna be married the year,
 I suppose I was courted by twenty;
 O Pattie ye need nae mair speir,
 for weel a' wat I dinna want ye.

—Aggy what makes ye sae sweer,
 is't because that I henna a mailen?

For them that has plenty o' gear,
 need ne'er want a half or a hale ane.
 I have a good grey mare,
 besides twa cows and a filly ;
 And that will be plenty of gear.
 Sae Maggie, be nae sae ill-willy.

Indeed Pattie I dinna ken,
 but first ye maun speir at my daddy ;
 You're as well born as Ben,
 and I canna say but I'm ready.
 There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
 to make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trows,
 gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
 It's let a wee imacky fa' on you,
 May my neck be as long as my leg,
 if I be an ill husband unto you ;
 Sae gang your away hame e'now,
 make ready gin this day fifteen days,
 And tell your father the news,
 that I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
 wha came to our bigging but Pattie
 Weel drest in a braw new coat,
 and wow but he thought himself pretty,
 His bonnet was little frae new,
 in it was a loop and a flatty,
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
 to ball at the neck of his cozty.

Then Pawie came in wi' a stend,
 said, Peace be here to the bigging.

You're welcome quo' William, come ben,
 or I wish it may rive frae the rigging,
 Now draw in your seat and sit down,
 and tell's a your news in hurry;
 And haste ye, Meg, and be done,
 and hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Pattie, my news are nae thr an
 yestreen I was wi' his Honour:
 've taken three rigs of braw land,
 and bound myself under a bonner.
 And now my errand to you,
 is for Maggy to help me to labour;
 I think ye man gie's the cow,
 because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
 I'll cut the craig of the ewe,
 that had a maist died of the sideil,
 And that will be plenty o' bree,
 'fae lang as our well is not rested,
 To all the good neighbours and we,
 and I think that we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Pattie, that will do well,
 and I'll gie you brose in the morning,
 O' kail that was made yestreen,
 for I like them best in the forenoon,
 Sae I am the piper did p'ay,
 and ilk ane day'd that was willing,
 And a' the lave they ranked through,
 and they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,
 and when that the carles grew nappy,

They danc'd as weel as they dow'd
 wi' a crack of their thumbs and a kappy,
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 and cry'd to play up Maggy Lauther:

LOGAN BRAES,

BY Logan's streams that run sae deep,
 Fu' a' wi' glee I've herded sheep,
 Herded sheep, or gather'd flaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But, wae's my heart, these days are gane,
 And I with grief may herd alane,
 While my dear maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me on Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
 Meet with me, or when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk;
 Well may I, sing these days are gane,
 Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me on Logan braes.

F I N I S.