

FOUR EXCELLENT
NEW SONGS,

Captain Thunderbolt's In-
trigue

Britain's Glory.

The Banished Sailor.

The Banished Soldier



Edinburgh printed by J. Morren.

♣ Captain THUNDERBOLT'S Intrigue,

IT was in the month of April,
 one morning by the dawn,
 When violets and cowslips
 bestrewed every lawn,
 And Flora's flowery mantle,
 bedeck'd the fields with pride,
 I met a lovely damsel,
 down by the Shannon side.
 Good morrow to you sweetheart,
 I to this maid did say,
 Why are you up so early,
 where are you going this way.
 With cheeks like blooming roses,
 the damsel she repliad,
 I'm going to seek my father's sheep
 down by the Shannon side.
 Said I my lovely damsel,
 I'll bear you company,
 If you have no objections
 that I do walk with thee.
 Kind sir she said, excuse me,
 my friends would me deride,
 If I was seen with any man
 upon the Shannon side.
 In transport then I seized her,
 gave her a loving kiss;
 She said, forbear such freedom, sir,
 what do you mean by this?

The ground was moss whereon we stood,
 her feet from her did slide,
 And we fell down together
 upon the Shannon side.
 Three times I kiss'd her ruby lips,
 as we lay on the grass :
 And coming to herself again,
 she cry'd what meaneth this ?
 Now you've got your will of me.
 make me your wedded bride,
 And do not leave me here to mourn
 upon the Shannon side,
 I said, my pretty damsel,
 from murmur now refrain
 We'll talk concerning marriage
 when I come back again :
 And do not let your spirits sink,
 whate'er will you betide.
 Until you see my face again
 upon the Shannon side.
 We kiss'd, shook hands, and parted,
 and from her I did steer,
 I did not come that way again
 for almost half a year ;
 Crossing over a pleasant lawn,
 by chance my love I spied,
 Scarce able for to walk alone
 along the Shannon-side
 I seem'd to take no notice,
 but kept along my way,
 Till my love call'd out with all her might,
 desiring me to stay ;

These words she spoke, as down her cheeks
 the chryſtal tears did glide,
 Sir, don't forget the fall you gave,
 down by the Shannon ſide.
 To me it prov'd a woeful fall,
 for I'm with child to thee -
 And if you would ſeem ſatisfy'd,
 kind ſir, to marry me,
 Sixty bright guineas of pure gold
 my father will provide,
 With fixty acres of good land,
 down by the Shannon ſide.
 I ſaid my lovey damſel,
 I love the offer well
 But then I am engag'd.
 the truth to you I tell,
 Unto another damſel,
 who is to be my bride,
 A wealthy grazier's daughter,
 that lives on yon mountain-ſide.
 Now ſince you will not marry me,
 pray let me know your name,
 That when your child is born,
 I may call it the ſame.
 I am called Captain Thunderbolt,
 my name I'll ne'er deny
 And I have men at my command
 on yonder mountain high.
 We then ſhook hands and parted
 and ſtraight I took my way,
 And looking back behind me
 I heard her ſay to ſay

Now may I be a warning
 to all fair maids beside.
 Never to trust a Man again
 upon the Shannon-side.

BRITAIN'S GLORY,

AS Johnny and Molly lay reposing,
 On a bed of sweet primroses,
 Then the drums began a rowling
 Up brave boys there's no' controuling,
 Love farewell, darling farewell,
 We are all for parting, love farewell,
 I think I hear the colonel crying,
 March brave boys see colours flying;
 The colours flying, the drums are beating,
 March on brave boys there's no retreating,
 Love, farewell, &c

Then said the Major boys are you ready,
 We are at your call both firm and steady,
 Every man his flask of powder,
 And every man his firelock thoulder.
 Love farewell, &c.

Molly dear do not grieve for me,
 I'm going to fight for Britain's glory,
 If we live we live victorious,
 If we die our death is glorious.
 Love farewell &c

The mother says boys do not wrong me,
 No nor take my daughter from me.
 Or if you do I will torment you,

And after death my ghost will hunt you.
Love farewell, &c.

Come brave Toys we are all for travel,
First to France and then to Holland,
Drums are beating fifes are playing,
Cannons roar and bullets flying,
Love farewell, &c.

Molly dear I'll always mind you
The more I leave you here behind me.
But if I live at my returning
In raptures I will ease your morning.
Love farewell, &c.

THE BANISHED SAILOR.

IT is of a Sailor, I dare not him name.
From his Rendezvous to his Quarters
came

From his Rendezvous to his Quarters came
With his Pistol loaded, I dare not him name.

His Pistol being so very long.
And it was loaded with bullets strong.
To shoot at Random he said he would,
At some gay young Lady where'er she stood.

She has a silken Gown, lined with Shal-
loon,
And she's a proper young Woman grown,
He bow'd his head and his body low no.
Saying, love me, my dear, but her answer was

No Love has proved my overthrow,
 Since Love has proved my overthrow,
 Don't talk of Love, so I pray give o'er,
 For I tell you plainly I'll love you no more.

She says young Man, pray what's your
 Intent!

For the Day is gone and its almost spent.
 For the Day is gone and the Night draws
 near,
 So I must go Home and no longer stay here.

Here's to all fair Maids where'er you be
 That has got Sweetheart's upon the raging
 Sea,

Here's good Luck to you and to every one,
 And to my Lad, though he lies far from home.

THE BANISHED SOLDIER,

FAREWELL my dear polly I am going,
 Where I never shall see you no more.
 There's no more danger in crossing the ocean,
 Than staying at home on the shore.

When the lefty winds are blowing,
 And tempests so loudly do rise,
 Our mainfail and rigging are tearing,
 We are tossed between billows and skies.

My parents unto me prov'd cruel,
 And they banish'd me over the main,

Where I am confined from my jewel,
Never shall I see her again.

When the drums they beat unto arms,
And the trumpets so loudly do call,
Our captain commands us before him,
'Tis march on my merry men all.

Hard was the fate to confine me,
And keep me from my heart's delight,
I'm in strong iron chains and confinement,
Cold stones for my pillow all night.,

Here's once fare you well to my sweetheart,
Here'r twice fare you well to my joy,
Three times farewell to my Polly,
I will see you no more he did cry.

In yon shady grove I was walking,
Lamenting the loss of my love,
All along by myself I was talking,
Thinking he inconstant would prove,

Oft times have I wished that the eagle.
Would lend me her wings for to fly
To fly into the arms of my Polly dear,
Once more in her bosom to lie,

F I N I S.