

FIVE EXCELLENT.

NEW SONGS,

The Rakish Sailor.

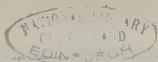
Bonapart's Ramble,

Yougal Harbour,

The Roving Bachelor,

The Maid's Complaint.

Edinburgh: printed by J. Morren,



The Rakish Sailor

WHEN I was a rakish young fellow,

I never took care in my life,
I have travelled this country all over
and in every town a fresh wife;
But give me the girl that will love me,
and bless me for this happy life;
She'll dance unto me a French caper,
and a country girl for my wife.

I have been in stormy, told weather,
I have been in both hot and cold,
I have sailed the ocean all over,
venturing my life for gold,
But I wish that the wars were all over,
and I myself on the shore;
God bless me for ever and ever,
if I'll go to the seas any more:

I'll send for my friends and relations,
I'll send for them every one,
And it's all for to make them all welcome
I'll send for a cask of good rum,
I'll send for a cask of good rum boys,
three or four barrels of beer,
And it's all for to welcome the lasses,
that will meet me at Sunderland fair,

It's when I am dead and buried,
O there is an end of my life,
Never you ly a sighing or crying,
but do a good turn to my wife.

Never you ly a sighing or crying ;
 there's one single favour I crave,
 Wrap me up in my tarpouling jacket,
 Both fiddle and dance to my grave.

All have four young sailors to carry me,
 let them all be terrible drunk,
 All along by the way as they ramble,
 let them all fall with my trunk ;
 let them be a laughing and jeering,
 like men that are all going mad,
 let them drink a glass over my coffin,
 saying there lies a true hearted lad.

Bonaparte's Ramble.

THAT Bonaparte was comin' o'er,
 it was the general notion,
 but he's dismanted all his fleet,
 he's fear'd to take the ocean.
 We're a' born British boy,
 we're a' born free,
 We're a' born British boys:
 we'll fight for liberty.

On Corsican with swelling words,
 he thinks to dare this nation,
 He coo'd the Dutch, the Swits, and Pope,
 but Britons keep your stations.

We're a' born &c

laugh when I think on the Dutch,
 how they are self deceived ;

They rotten-hearted prov'd to us,
 the doable rogue believed.
 We're a' born, &c.

See how the tyrant whips them up,
 they rue their mean devotion,
 They've lost the German's on the land,
 and Britons on the ocean.
 We're a' born, &c.

The Swiss too smarts beneath his rod,
 and Italy is wrecked,
 While all these countries by his slaves,
 are plunder'd and detauched,
 We're a' born, &c.

O march, ye British heroes. then,
 and give them no cessation,
 Retake Hanover and make France
 restore peace to our nation.
 We're a' born, &c.

Brave Abercrombie cut off all,
 the invincibles completely,
 And bold Suwaraw made them fly
 from all the coasts of It'ly.
 We're a' born British boys,
 we're a' born free,
 We're a' brave British boys,
 we'll fight for liberty.

YUGAL HARBOUR.

It's being on my rambles on a summers,
morning,

Early as the day was dawning,
and Sol appear'd in his pomp and glory,
I took my way through a pleasant lawn,
the pinks and the roses were sweetly blowing,
And linets warbling in each shade,
being alarmed by a killing charmer,
Near Yougal Harbour I met this maid.

Her aspect pleasing her smiles engaging,
I thought she really would attract my mind
As I view'd each feature, I thought on the fair
That in Rathangan I had left behind ;
Her glancing eyes being most surprizing,
Oh! I think young man I saw you before
Here in your absence in grief I languish,
My dear you're welcome to me once more

You know kind sir that you once deceived,
When of me you had got your will,
You're now return'd, I will cease to mourn,
Your promise now you do fulfill ;
And a darling boy for you I'm rearing,
As in your travels you have ever seen,
So if you agree and come home with me,
We'll all live happy in Capperquin.

Oh! not fair maiden, I must tell you plainly
 Here to remain I will not agree,
 It was your parents they did disdain me,
 Which made me first quit this country.
 Do you remember that day we sported,
 By ycn shady arbour on a pleasant green,
 It was there you told me I should get your
 portion,
 With a handsome farm near Capperquin.

But when your father wou'd not receive me,
 It is to Leinster I did repair,
 And then fell a courting another fair one,
 In sweet Rathangan nigh to Kildare;
 It is to her I'll go and leave off roving,
 As her favours I'm in hopes to win,
 And ever more will her adore,
 So farewell Natty of Capperquin.

The Roving Bachelor.

I Am a roving bachelor,
 and has been all my life,
 And now I do intend for
 to go and seek a wife

Such a wife as I want,
 is not for to be found,
 And such a wife's I want,
 is not above the ground.

's if I marry an old one
 I'm sure that she will fade,
 and if I marry a young one,
 she'll kill me with her pride;

's if I marry a tall one,
 she'll crack me on the crown,
 and if I marry a little one,
 they pull the young men down,

's if I marry a pretty one,
 a cuckold I will be,
 and if I marry an ugly one,
 the boys will laugh at me.

One night, as I lay on my bed
 strange things there came to pass,
 Who did I see at my bed-side,
 but a handsome pretty lass.

The first question I asked her,
 if that she was a maid,
 the answer that she gave to me,
 I was once what you said.

The next question I asked her,
 if she was one just now,
 the answer that she gave to me,
 I am sure I am one for you.

The next question that I asked her,
 if that she would take a man,
 the answer that she made to me,
 It's only when I can

The next question that I asked her,

if along with me she would go,
The answer that she gave to me,
what farther would you know.

Green it is a pretty colour,
before it gets a dip,
And he that gets another man's wife,
is sure to get the nip.

The Fair Maid's Complaint for her Sweetheart.

A BROAD as I was walking for my recreation
And thro' the green pasture I carelessly stray
I heard a young damsel make sad lamentation,
Crying Jamie is slain in the wars I'd afraid.

I stood still amazed and and round me I gazed
At last in an' arbour I saw the fair maid, (poor
Her cheeks were like roses in her hands wore two
And she cry'd, Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

The sweet little thrush, sung in the green bush
The warbler all seem'd to mourn for the maid.
Her song was concerning young Jamie her darling
Crying Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

Distress on the nation and great tribulation,
This war has brought on us, cried the fair maid,
Young maids are bewailing and widows complain
Many thousands are slain in the wars I'm afraid.

My heart it did bleed for to see death upon her
The woodlarks and doves seem'd to drop for the maid
She hang'd and died, said I'll be no wans bride
For Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

But Jamie return'd, with love his heart burn'd
And hearing young Nancy was laid in the grave
This young men fell sick and, died in a week,
Crying Oh! that I never had left the fair maid.

May success attend every friend on the ocean,
That parents and wives may be blest with their own
That peace with all nations, may soon be concluded
And grant every soldier my safely return.

F I N I S.