

FOUR EXCELLENT.

NEW SONGS,

viz.

The distressed Sailor on
the Rocks of Scilly,

NELSON'S VICTORY,

John Barleycorn,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch



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The Distressed SAILOR on the Rocks of
SCILLY.

COME all you jolly failors bold,
That plough the raging main,
And listen to my tragedy.

What I relate the same
I parted with my wedded wife,
Whom I did still adore,
To the seas we were commanded,
Where lofty billows roar,
To the East Indies we were bound,
Our course we then did steer,
And along I still thought on,
My lovely Molly dear,
Sometimes on deck, sometimes aloft,
Sometime I am below,
But Molly she's still in my eye,
Fond love commands me so,
She's charming, beautiful and fair,
She's all my souls delight,
The brightest day appears to me,
Like to the shade of night,
By myself alone I sigh and moan,
While others sport and play.
Were Molly she along with me,
It would be always day.
My very heart's lodg'd in her breast,
Which does increase my pain.
Both night and day I do think still,
We ne'er shall meet again.

When we our loading had receiv'd,
 And were from England bound,
 We little thought it was our fate,
 On Scilly rocks drown.
 On the rocks of Scilly we were cast,
 By the tempest of the main,
 Of all our good ships jolly crew,
 But four could reach the land.
 We had not sail'd a day but seven,
 When the storm began to rise,
 The swelling seas ran mountains high,
 And dismal were the skies,
 Aloft, aloft, our boatswain cries,
 Each man his post observe.
 And reef your sails both fore and aft,
 Our ship and lives to save.
 To the top then cries our Captain bold,
 And he that first sees land,
 For his reward he will receive,
 The sum of fifty pound.
 To the top then went our boatswain's mate
 To the main top so high,
 He looked around on every side,
 But no land he could spy,
 In head of us a light he saw,
 Which did our spirits cheer,
 Take courage hearts of gold he cries,
 Some harbours we are near,
 About your ship the boatswain cries,
 And of the rocks keep clear,
 For in the deep we will remain,
 Until the day appear.

Sail on, sail on, our Captain cries,
 We're right before the wind,
 For by the light that we have seen,
 We are not far from land,
 But as we sail'd before the wind,
 And thought all dangers past,
 On the rocks of Scilly, we poor souls,
 That fatal night was cast,
 The first strokes that our ship did get,
 Our captain he did cry,
 The Lord have mercy our souls,
 For in the deep we die,
 Of eighty jolly sailors bold,
 But four could reach the shore,
 Our gallant ship in pieces split,
 And never was seen more.
 But when the news to Plymouth came,
 Our gallant ship was lost.
 This caused many sailors fear,
 The danger of that coast
 Now Molly dear she may lament,
 For the loss of her sweetheart
 By the tempest of that stormy wind,
 The deep their love did part,
 When Molly heard the fatal news,
 Her tender heart did break,
 And like a faithful lover she,
 Died for her lover's sake.

LORD NELSON'S VICTORY.

COME all you gallant heroes bold,
 and listen unto me,

Whilst I relate a Battle,
 which was lately fought at sea,
 So fierce and hot, upon each side,
 As plainly doth appear ;
 There's not been such a battle,
 No, not these many years.
 Brave Nelson, and brave Colinwood,
 Off Cadiz harbour lay,
 Watching the French and Spaniards,
 To shew them British play,
 The nineteenth of October,
 From the bay they did set sail,
 Brave Nelson got intelligence,
 And soon was at their tail.
 It was on the twenty first my boys,
 We had them clear in sight,
 And on that very day at noon,
 Began that Bloody fight.
 Our fleet into two columns form'd,
 We soon broke thro' their line.
 To spare the use of signals,
 Was Nelson's bold design.
 But now the voice of thunder,
 Is heard on every side :
 The briny waves like crimson,
 With human blood was dy'd
 The French and Spanish heroes,
 Their courage well did shew,
 But our brave British Sailors,
 Soon brought their Colours low,
 Four hours and ten minutes,
 This battle it did hold,

And on the briny ocean,
 Men never fought more bold,
 But on the point of victory,
 Brave Nelson he was slain,
 And in the mind of Britions,
 His death shall long remain,
 Nineteen sail of the enemies,
 Were taken and destroy'd,
 You see the rage of Britions,
 Are not to be annoyed,
 In ages yet hereafter,
 We'll have it still to tell,
 The twenty first of October,
 Our gallant Nelson fell,
 I hope their wives and children,
 Will quickly find relief,
 For the loss of their brave heroes,
 Their hearts were fill'd with grief.
 And may our warlike Officers,
 Aspire to such a fame,
 And revenge the death of Nelson,
 Whilst we record his name.

JOHN BARLEYCORN,

It is far better then any other grain,
 by the turning of our hand.
 Ladley lal lal, toll, &c.
 Their came three lords from the North,
 and swore they were very dry,

And they have sworn a solemn oath,
 -that the Barleycorn should die.
 They plowed him down with strong irons
 and put the plow cloth under their head,
 And swore another solemn oath,
 that Barleycorn was dead
 But when spring of the year came on,
 after rain and snow did fall,
 The Barleycorn got up his head,
 and to beguil'd them all.
 They hired men with crooked hooks,
 to cut him of his feet,
 And they did worse then that again,
 for they tied him like a thief.
 They hired men with long spear slaves,
 and they pierced him through the heart
 And they did worse then that again,
 for they tied him to cart,
 They hired men with long flail slaves
 to thread the flesh off the bones,
 And the Miller lad used him worse then
 that,
 for he ground him between two stones,
 Fill him up in sacks brave boys,
 and brew him in a pan,
 And when he came to the brown bowl,
 he became the strongest man,
 It would make a maid for to dance,
 as naked as the hour she was born,
 It would make her join a jobe of work,
 that raging Barleycorn.
 It would change a boy unto a man,

1st and a man into an ass,
 t would change your gold all into silver,
 and your silver unto brass.
 It would make a huntsman kill a fox,
 without winding his horn.
 It would put a tinkler into stocks,
 that raging Barleycorn.
 Ledley lal, &c.

ROY'S WIFE of ALDIVALLOCH

R OY'S wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aidivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came owre the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony,
 But oh! the fickle faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johny,

O she was a canty quean,
 And well cou'd dance a Highland walloch
 How happy I had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch,

Her face sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,
 To me it ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny,

F I N I S.