

FIVE EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS,

viz.

The Girl I left behind me,  
With the Answer.

Nelson's Last Victory.

The unkind S

An' O for ane an'



Edinburgh Printed by J. B. [illegible]



The Girl I left behind me.

**I** Am lonesome since I cross'd the hills,  
 and o'er the moors that tire me,  
 What heavy thoughts my heart doth fill.  
 since I parted with my Betsey,  
 In search of some one fine and gay,  
 several doth remind me,  
 Of the blest hours I pass'd away,  
 with the girl I left behind me.  
 The hours I do remember well,  
 when recollection takes me,  
 A pain within my breast I feel,  
 since first she own'd to love me ;  
 But now I am gone to Brighton camp,  
 kind heaven pray now guide me.  
 And tend me safely home again,  
 to the girl I left behind me.  
 Her golden hair in ringlets fair,  
 her eyes like diamonds shining,  
 Her slender waist and carriage chaste,  
 left me poor swain ! a pining ;  
 But let the night be e'er so dark,  
 or e'er so wet or windy,  
 I will return safe back again  
 to the girl I left behind me.

But when I'm standing on parad,  
 either asleep or waking  
 I long to see my love again,  
 for her my heart is breaking;  
 When I think on the vows of love,  
 the tears doth fall and blind me,  
 When I think on the virtuous grace,  
 of the girl I left behind me.  
 The falling waters I do see,  
 the dove become a ranger,  
 Such heavy thoughts can in my mind,  
 the hour I meant to change her;  
 Ye powers above protect I pray,  
 the cautious fair that binds me,  
 And send me safely home again,  
 to the girl I left behind me.

### T H E A N S W E R.

**Y**OU maidens all come pity me,  
 and be no more disdain'g,  
 My love unto the war is gone,  
 and left me here complain'g;  
 For now he's march'd out of the land  
 and I am still repining,  
 Into some distant land I'll go  
 to see if I can find him.  
 Or to some silent shade I'll go,  
 to shelter all my mourning;  
 The tears run trickling from my eyes  
 with grief both night and morning.

These tales he often told to me  
 he never would deceive me,  
 It was this cruel, cruel war,  
 that caused him leave me.  
 Although the storm be ne'er so strong,  
 and cannons loudly tattle,  
 I'll go to sea for my true love,  
 into the field of battle :  
 And if my true love should be slain  
 so boldly I'll succeed him,  
 To fight with gun and sword in hand,  
 while my love lies a bleeding.  
 But if I live and should remain  
 and him whom I adore,  
 I'll bless the day I sail'd away  
 to see my love once more,  
 The drums and trumpets sweetly sound,  
 and cannons loud do roar,  
 To fight against the Gallic coaks,  
 until the wars are o'er,  
 So may kind heavens be my friend,  
 and send the wars soon at an end,  
 That ladies may see their homes again,  
 and maids their loves once more  
 Success unto my own true love,  
 and ever may I find him  
 As true unto his dearest dear,  
 as the girl he left behind him.

## NELSON's Last Victory.

RISE ye sons of Britain in chorus join  
and sing,  
Great and joyful news is come to George  
our royal King :

An engagement we have had by sea,  
With France and Spain our enemy,  
We've gain'd the glorious victory

Again my brave British boys,

On the 21st of October at the rising of the  
We form'd the line of action, (sun  
At twelve o'clock began :

Brave Nelson to his men did say  
The Lord will prosper us this day  
Give them a broad-side, fire away,

My true British boys.

From broad-side to broad side

Our cannon balls did fly ;

Our small shot like hail stones

Along their decks did lye,

Our masts and rigging shot away,

Besides some thousands on that day

Were killed and wounded in the fray,

On both sides, brave boys.

Many a brave commander,

In silence shook his head :

But for their grief was no relief,

While Nelson he lay dead,

It was a fatal musket-ball,

Which caus'd that hero for to fall ;  
 He cried fight on, God bless you all,  
     Victory or death, brave boys.  
 Huzza, my gallan' seamen,  
 Huzza we've gain'd the day :  
 But have lost gailant Nelson,  
 Whom we did all oboy.  
 Curse the fatal musket-ball,  
 Which caus'd our brave hero's fall,  
 For long his death will grieve us all,  
     And make Britain, mourn brave boys  
 May this glorious action  
 Bring us peace once more ;  
 And our trade go safe and free  
 From shore to shore.  
 But if with us they don't agree,  
 Still we'll beat our enemy,  
 And force them all for to agree  
     With us again, brave boys.

#### The Unkind Shepherdes.

I T was near a fountain where I sat alone,  
 The birds they sat round me to pity my moan:  
 All drest in there branches and over me hung,  
 They seem'd to attend me so sweetly they sung

Was there ever a shepherd so happy as me,  
 As I with my flora my flora so free ;  
 I spoke to my Flora and thus I did say,  
 For to make us both happy there wants but one  
     day.

One day, says the fair one, too soon it will come,  
 For to marry so early my age is too young;  
 We'll both go to service I think it's most fit  
 And in time we'll increase both in substance and  
 wit.

It hap'ned so, that service she went,  
 To wait on a lady it was her toll bent;  
 So she went to wait on a lady to gay,  
 Who cloathed fair Flora in costly array.

About a month after a letter I sent  
 With a word or two in it to know her 'nten  
 She answer'd she lived a contented life,  
 And she never would change to be a careless  
 man's wife

These words and expressions did pierce like a  
 dart  
 I pluck'd up my spirits and cheer'd up my heart  
 In hopes that she ne'er would write to any more  
 But her answers convinc'd me a thousand times  
 o'er

My ewes & my lambs I will bid them adieu,  
 My bagpipes and budget I'll leave here with you,  
 And my kit crook a d' lapdog I'll leave them  
 behind,  
 since Flora, dear Flora has changed the mind.

An' O for ane an' twenty Tam.

A n' O for an' twenty Tam.  
 an' hey sweet ane an' twenty Tam,  
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang.  
 an' I faw ane an' twenty Tam.

They snool me saia an' haud me down  
 an' gar me look like bluntie Tam,  
 But three short years will soon wheel round',  
 an' then comes ane an, twenty Tam.  
 an, O for, &c.

A glieb o' lan', a clat o' gear  
 was left me by my auntie Tam;  
 At kith an' kin I need na ipier,  
 an' I faw ane an' twenty Tam.  
 an' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Though I mysel hae plenty, I'am,  
 But hear't thou laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty Tam!  
 an' O for, &c.

F I N I S.