

Four Songs.

Doctor Stafford, and the
Weaver's Daughter,

The Sailor Prentice Boy

Donald of Dundee.

Never Think of a Man,



Doctor Stafford & the Weaver's Daughter.

ONE evening as I was walking
down be the banks of Molle,
I having all things ready.

just going to see a friend ;
It's there I spied a young man,
of wit and beauty bright,
And to my sad misfortune
he prov'd my heart's delight.

I cannot blame this young man,
because he does not know
That he's ensnar'd my foolish heart,
and caused me this woe ;
The want of money. I'm afraid,
will my sad ruin prove.
One look of his sweet glances
would cure the pains of love.

We'll send for Doctor Richison,
he being a man of skill
To see the weaver's daughter,
who is lying very ill ;
To see the weaver's daughter,
on sick-bed where she lay,

All for the doctor's practise,
 who stole her heart away.

likewise his brother John,
 Also the doctor's practise,

they stood all in a row
 But when she saw young Stafford,
 her colour pale did grow.

She lifted up her head,
 from the pillow where she lay,
 He said young doctor Stafford,
 love, use me tenderly.
 He handed her a drink,
 and not a word did say,
 Tears came rolling down her cheeks,
 on the pillow where she lay.

She lifted up her head,
 and with a heavy sigh said she,
 I pray you doctor Stafford,
 love, use me tenderly;
 For I am sick and very bad,
 and in a deep decay.
 He said, my dear, if you be spar'd,
 it's married we shall be.

He slipped off his shoes,
 and softly went behind,
 And for three weeks and better;
 he did her close attend
 The last words that she spoke,
 her voice was slow, but clear;
 All goodness be my darling's guide,
 he's the boy that I love dear.

I am a sporting young man
 scarce eighteen years of age,
 And many a pretty fair maid,
 did with me engage,
 Many a handsome fair maid
 has fallen in love with me,
 But the weaver's daughter lov'd me best,
 she died for love of me,

One evening, as I walked down
 by her father's land,
 A waft came o'er my shoulder,
 which put me to a stand,
 Her neighbours they did say,
 that her spirit did haunt me,
 But I'm sure they are wrong,
 for she left no blame on me,

It's straightway in bedlam,
 this young man was confid'd,

Quite bereaft of senses, and
and now in chains bound;

Her fleeting spirit came to him,
saying, young man revive,

For I never was ordained
to be your wedded wife.

The Prentice Boy.

BY my indentures I was bound,
To serve my time upon the sea;

But I had not sailed a voyage but one,
Till I fell in love with a young woman.

Lal de lal, lal de, &c.
The first time I my love did see,

Was dancing in her company,
With her yellow hair and her rolling eye.

She stole my heart, and for her I die.
Lal de lal, &c.

You our boatswain stout and bold,
My secrets all I did unfold,

I love you girl as love my life,
What would I give that she were my wife.

Lal de lal, &c.
O foolish boy! what makes you to think,

That you will ever her enjoy?
her for own lover out at sea,

And she'll be married or you get free,
Lal de lal, &c.

But O says I'll go and try,
Perhaps that she will fancy,
Perhaps she will alter her mind for me,
And fall in love with a prentice boy.
Lal de lal &c.

I bought her ribbons, rings and gloves,
And did convey them to my love;
She did accept them. she was not shy,
Although I was but a prentice boy.
Lal de lal, &c.

Our ship being rigg'd, ready to sail,
With all our jolly ship's company;
For to have a dance we all went away,
And I ask'd my love for to go with me,
Lal de lal, &c.

She promised to go with me,
And to wait on me till I was free;
But her mother swears she will her destroy
If she goes along with with a prentice boy.
Lal de lal, &c.

When I got her to the company there,
My spirits being in good cheer,
And when I gave her the parting kiss,
I stole her heart, what think ye of this?
Lal de lal, &c.

When her old lover returned from sea,

She said she was engaged with me,
So you may court who you will for me,
For you's the boy when he gets free,

Lal de lal, &c.

Although you are a second mate,
On my prentice boy I chuse to wait,
I think it my pride and my only joy,
To drink a health to my prentice boy.

Lal de lal &c.

Come all apprentices where e'er you be,
Don't slight your old loves when you are free,
But love them dearly as you love your life,
Do as I've done, make them your wife.

Lal de lal, &c.

Donald o' Dundee

YOUNG Donald is the blythest lad,
that e'er mad love to me,
When he is by my heart is glad,
he's ay so blythe and free:
When on his pipe he plays so sweet,
and in his plaid he looks so neat,
It cheers my heart at e'en to meet
young Donald o' Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
young Sandy follows me,

Aud fain he wants to be my love,^{1st}
 but ah! it cannot be,⁷⁰
 Though Mither frets, baith soon and late
 to wed this youth, I hate:
 There's nae needshope to gain young Kate
 but Donald o' Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,¹
 the ring he shew'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 then happy would he be.
 I ken the youth will ay prove kind,
 nae mair my mither will I mind,
 Mefs-John to me shall quickly bind
 young Donald o' Dundee.

Never think of a Man.

From my old maiden aunt this lesson I got,
 'Bout some things I should do, and some I
 should not,^{1st}
 And that I should make it my favourite plan
 Never to speak to, nor look at, nor think
 of a man.
 My aunty I lov'd, so I gave her her way,
 But time soon convinc'd me I never could
 obey;^{1st}
 For the more I attempted to humour her
 It giv'd her the more to chide, and the more to
 scold.