

FIVE NEW SONGS.

Jockey's far Awa' with
the Answer.

The Queen's Return.

Begone Dull Care and

The bewildered Maid



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Jockey's Far Awa'.

Now summer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
 the woods wi' leaves so green,
 And little birds about their bow'rs,
 in harmony convene.

The cuckoo flies from tree to tree,
 whilst fast the zephyr law;

But what are these joys to me,
 when Jockey's far awa'.

When Jockey's far awa' at sea,

when Jockey's far awa' at sea,

But what are these joys to me,
 when Jockey's far awa'.

Last May morn how sweet to see
 the little larks play,
 Whilst my dear lad along wi' me
 did kindly walk this way;

On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pu'd,
 to busk my bosom braw,

Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
 but now he's far awa'.

But now he's, &c:

O gentle peace r turn agsin,
 bring Jockey to my arms,

Frae danger's on the raging main,
 Frae cruel war's alarms,
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 As lang as we've breath to draw,
 Nae mair I'll sing wi' aiking heart
 My Jockey's far awa'.
 My Jockey's far awa', &c.

The Answer.

THE BRITISH FLAG nae langer waves
 In conquest o'er the main,
 Nae mair her sons are called to brave
 The storms of death and pain;
 For peace has spread her guardian wings,
 And set the captives free,
 Now every port wi' echoes rings
 My Jockey's come frae sea.
 My Jockey's come, Gog auld and young,
 Let's spend this night wi' glee,
 And hail the peace that is begun,
 Wi' Jockey back frae sea.
 Oh! happy are the scenes of peace,
 When war is lulled to rest,
 For friendship dwells on every face,
 And love in every breast;
 The tears of sorrow cease to spring
 To dim the lassie's e'e,
 For now wi' gladsome heart they sing
 My Jockey's come frae sea.
 My Jockey's come, &c.

Now round, round let the bumpers fly,
 They're welcome to proclaim
 To Britain's isle, now cuffed the foe
 That would our freedom chain;
 And may ne'er gain the British-Flag
 Ha'e cause to brave the sea,
 But furled in peace wi' my dear Isd
 Till a' shall cease to be.
 For now he comes, &c.

THE LAMENT OF
 QUEEN CAROLINE.

A New SONG.

Tune.—The deploring Damsell.
 COME all you gallant Gentlemen,
 and listen to my song,
 And likewise all you Ladies too,
 it will not keep you long;
 I'll tell you my lamentation,
 and the hardships I have seen;
 Throug' God's help I'll bear them,
 and get for to be Queen.
 The so'dier in the army,
 the truth to you I tell,

5
He had a child most beautiful,
there none could him excel;
One evening as I walked,
this beauty on me smil'd,
One hundred guineas I paid down
just for the soldier's child.

I gave him all education,
just as he'd been my own,
That's all they have against me,
to keep me from the crown
But yet I hope I'll beat them all,
and that shall soon be seen,
For it's a' the cry of Britain,
God save our noble Queen.

There was many a one against me,
I really will not name,
And 'specially one noble Lord,
a man of noble fame;
But Providence who rules above,
and is the King of kings,
Soon took the breath of life from him,
who thought to do such things.

False witnesses, from Italy,
came into London town,
To witness all against me,
to keep me from the Crown.

But being of low character,
 they found it all in vain,
 The gentlemen all said to them, *ye*
 you must return again.
 They said the green bag was open,
 and a bill against me found,
 I was to be divorced,
 likewise kept from the Crown,
 But it was false, believe me,
 as you shall understand,
 No one can keep me from the Crown,
 let them do all they can.
 I've many friends in Britain,
 that will condemn them all,
 That false-witnessed against me,
 without a fault at all.
 Earl Gray, Lord Erskine,
 Wood and Lambton too,
 And many other gentlemen,
 who are both leal and true,
 thank the people of Britain,
 to me they've loyal been,
 And may they always rise in fame,
 most glorious to be seen,
 The people all in London,
 as they are passing by,
 They shout, long live our noble Queen,
 and that's the Nation's cry.

When the Rose Bud of Summer.

WHEN the rose bud of summer its
 beauty bestowing,
 On winter's rude blast all its sweet-
 ness shall pour,
 And the sun shine of day in night's
 darkness be glowing,
 O then, dearest Helen, I'll love thee
 no more,
 When of hope the last spark which thy
 smiles loved to cherish,
 In this bosom shall die, & its splendour,
 And the pulse of that heart which adores
 you shall perish,
 O then, dearest Helen, I'll love thee no

Be gone Dull Care.

BEGONE dull Care,
 I pr'ythee begone from me;
 Begone Dull Care,
 You and I can never agree
 Long time thou hast been tarrying
 here

And fain thou would'st me kill;
 But i'faith, dull Care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will
 Too much care
 Will make a young man gray;
 And too much care
 Will turn an old man to clay:
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day,
 For I hold it one of the wisest things
 To drive dull Care away. My, &c.

The bewilder'd Maid.
 SLQW, broke the light and sweet breathed, the morn,
 When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn,
 Her dark hair hung loose on her bare neck of snow,
 Her eyes look bewildered, her cheeks pale with woe
 O whence is thy sorrow, fair maiden? said I,
 The green grave will answer, she said, with a sigh,
 The merry lark sweetly did sing o'er her head,
 But she thought on her grief and the battle she said
 The breeze murmured by, when she looked up to the sky
 Hark! hark! didst thou hear? 'twas the sigh of the morn
 They say that in battle my love lost his breath,
 But ah! 'twas the hawthorn that robbed his sweet
 breath;
 Come here, gentle Robin live safe from he storm
 In my bosom now sing, there my true love lies
 Ah Robin, be constant, my true love was brave
 Sweet Robin shall sit and sing o'er my grave.