

FIVE SONGS.

Young Doctor Stafford

The Sailor Prentice Boy.

Donald of Dundee.

Jockey's far Awa',

Robin Adair.



DOCTOR STAFFORD.

ONE Evening as I walked down by the foot
of Mollie, (friend
I Having all things ready, just going to see
It's there I spied a young man of wit and beauty
bright, [delight
And to my sad misfortune he prov'd my heart

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

We'll send for Dr Richison, he being a man of skill
To see the weaver's daughter, who is lying v
ry ill; (she lays
To see the weaver's daughter, on sick bed where
All for the doctor's prentice, who stole her heart
away.

It's in came doctor Richison, likewise his bro
ther John,
Also the doctor's prentice, for they all came in;
They stood before her bedside, they stood all in
a row, (did grow
But when she saw young Stafford, her colour pale

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

She lifted up her head, 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
 will be.

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

I am a sporting young man, scarce 18 years of
 age,
 And many a pretty girl did with me engage;
 Many a pretty girl 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, (sa stand,
 A wail came o'er my shoulder, which put me to
 The neighbours they do say that her spirit it
 haunts me, (on me,
 But I am sure they're wrong, she left no blame

It's straightway in bedlame, this young man
 was confin'd,
 Quite bereaft of senses, and iron chains bound;
 Her spirit came to him saying young man revive,
 For I never was ordain'd 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 sail'd a voyage but one,
 Till I fell in love with a young woman.
 Lal de la, la de, &c.

The first time I my love did see,
 Was dancing in her company.

To our boatswain stout and bold,
 My secrets all I did unfold,
 I love you girl as I love my my life,
 What would I give that she were my wife.
 Lal de, &c.

O foolish boy! what makes you to think
 That ever you will her enjoy,
 For her own lover is out at sea,
 And she'll be married or you get free.

Lal de, &c.

But O says I I'll go and try,
 Perhaps that she will fancy I,

Perhaps she will alter her mind for me,
And fall in love with a prentice boy.

Lal de, &c.

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

Lal de, &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, &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 a prentice boy.

Lal de, &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, &c.

When her old lover return'd from sea,
He told him she was engag'd with me,
So you may court whom you will for me.
For yon's the boy when he gets free.

Lal de, &c.

Although you are a second mate,
On my prentice boy I choose to wait,
I think it my pride and my only joy,

And I'll drink a health to my prentice boy.

Lal de, &c.

Come all your 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, &c.

Donald of Dundee.

YOUNG DONALD is the blithest lad,

That e'er made love to me;

When he is by my heart is glad,

He's aye so blithe and free:

Then 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

And fain he wants to be my love,

But, ah! it canna be:

Though mither frets baith soon and late,

For me to wed this youth I hate;

There's nae need hope to gain young Kate

But Donald o' Dundee.

Whan last we rang'd the banks o' Tay,

The ring he shew'd to me,

And bade me name the bridal day,
 Then happy he would be.
 I ken the youth will e'e prove kind.
 Nae mair my mither will I mind.
 Mese-john to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald o' Dundee.

OCKEY'S FAR AWA.

NOW simmer decks the fields with flowers,
 The woods wi' leaves sae green;
 And little birds aboon their bowers
 In harmony convene;
 The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,
 Whilst saft the zephyrs blaw,
 But what are a' thir joys to me
 When Jockey's far awa.
 When Jockey's far awa at sea,
 When Jockey's far awa;
 But what are a' thir joys to me
 When Jockey's far awa.
 Last May morn how sweet to see
 The little lammies play,
 Whilst my dear lad alang wi' me
 Did gently walk this way,
 On yon green bank wild flowers 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, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
 Bring Jockey to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 Frae cruel war's alarms.
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 As lang s we've breath to draw,
 Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
 My Jockey's far awa.
 My Jockey's, &c.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me,
 Robin's not near,
 What was't I wish'd to see,
 What wish'd to hear
 Where's all the joy and mirth
 Made this town a heav'n on earth,
 Oh, they are all fled with thee,
 Robin Adair.
 What made the assembly shine, Be
 What made the ball so fine,
 Robin was there;
 What when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore,
 Oh! it was parting with Robin Adair.
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Robin Adair;
 But now thou'rt cold to me, Robin Adair;
 Yet him I loved so well,
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 Oh! I can ne'er forget Robin Adair.