

FOUR SONGS..  
LOVE and BRANDY.  
Albion---the pride of the  
Sea.

The PERIWINKLE.

*Macbeth and the Gipsies.*



Edinburgh, printed by J. Morren,

LOVE AND BRANDY.

A Landlady in France lov'd an officer  
'tis said,

And this officer he dearly lov'd her  
brandy O;

Said she, I love this officer, altho' his  
nose be red,

And his legs be what his regiment  
call bandy O.

When this bandylegged officer was  
order'd for the coast,

How she tore her lovely locks that  
look'd so sandy O;

Adieu, my love, said she, if you write  
pray pay the post,

But before we part, let's take a cup  
of brandy O.

So she fill'd him up a bumper just be-  
fore he left the town,

And the th'er for herself so neat, &  
bandy O ;

And they kept their spirits up by pouring  
 spirits down,  
 For love is like the colic, cur'd with  
 brandy O.

Take a bottle of't, says she, as you're  
 going into camp,  
 For in camp, my love, you know, 'twill  
 be the dandy O;  
 You're right, my love, said he, for in  
 camp it's very damp,  
 And it's better with my camp to take  
 some brandy O.

*Albion---the pride of the Sea.*

MY boys, would you know how our  
 ship got her name?  
 You speedily shall learn that of me;  
 When ready to launch, she was christen'd  
 by Fame,  
 The Albion---the pride of the sea:  
 All her crew lads of mettle,  
 'Midst the cannons loud rattle,  
 A dread lion in battle,  
 Is Albion---the pride of the sea.

4  
As she dash'd from the dock to embrace  
her own wave,

She sprung with a heart full of glee,  
And cried, let none man, but the true  
British brave,  
The Albion--the pride of the sea.

When, glorious to view, as she swam on  
the main, she;  
This, this is my throne! exclaim'd  
And the sceptre, my boys, we e'er shall  
maintain,  
Of Albion---the pride of the sea.

What honours to her, Fame and Vict'ry  
have paid,  
'To History go, and you'll see;  
The ocean is rul'd, and e'er shall be  
sway'd  
By Albion---the pride of the sea.

'Mongst the greatest of heroes that his-  
tory knows,  
All the tars of old England agree,

Telfon, Howe, Duncan, Vincent, have  
 thrash'd well the foes  
 Of Albion--the pride of the sea.

### THE PERIWINKLE.

AS Miss Betsy one day in the harbour  
 was walking,

she met with young Robin, who of  
 love was a-talking;

His words were so pretty, his ways  
 were so pleasing,

But still she cried, Robin, how can you  
 keep teasing.

Fal, lal, &c.

Says Robin to Betsy, I'm a gardner by  
 trade,

And many a fine garden in my time I  
 have made;

Besides, my dear girl, it won't cost you  
 a farthing,

Neither for planting nor weeding your  
 garden.

Fal, lal, &c.

6  
My garden, said she, has too long  
been untill'd, how best

It is now overgrown, and almost got  
wild;

It wants digging, and trenching, and  
manure likewise,

To make the flowers spring and the  
melons to rise.

Then like another gardner, to work  
on the ground.

In order for to till her garden all  
round,

Says Betsy to Robin, you make my  
eyes twinkle,

L—d, what are you doing with my  
periwinkle.

Says Robin to Betsy, I'm sowing of  
seed, [of weeds,

But I must turn it up, for it's so full  
I'll do my work neatly, I'll take out  
every wrinkle,

So Robin kept working at her peri-  
winkle.

Macbeth and the Gipsies.

YOU'VE heard of one Gen'ral Macbeth,  
Who was both courageous and bold, sir,  
He had 'scap'd an unfortunate death,  
If his fortune had never been told, sir.  
With Banquo, his friend, he one day,  
From battle victorious was coming,  
When some gipsies he met by the way,  
Who thought they'd the Gen'ral be humaming  
Rumpti, udity, udity, rumpti udity, I do.

They promis'd great things and what not,  
If some silver he would but come down, sir,  
From Macbeth two and sixpence they got,  
And they promis'd his honor a crown, sir:  
Banquo's was a different fate,  
But kings were to spring from his body;  
And Macbeth went home to relate,  
The tale to his wife, like a nobby.

The king he lodg'd with him one night,  
When Lady Macbeth, the vile cat, sir,  
Determin'd her husband outright,  
His Majesty's throat for to cut, sir:  
Then in her chemise she turn'd out  
And walk'd in her sleep up and down, sir,  
Till a doctor the secret found out,  
And told it all over the town, sir.

Then Banquo's grim ghost came to sup,  
When Macbeth had made himself king, sir,  
His hair on an end it stood up,  
But his lady could see no such thing, sir.

Next morn to the gipsies he hies,  
 Who chickens were making sad slaughter on,  
 And stealing of turnips likewise,  
 As ingredients for their large cauldron.

By no man of woman that's born,  
 They said, he could ever be slain, sir,  
 Nor till on a fine summer's morn, (sir,  
 Burnham Wood should march to Dunsinane,  
 Undaunted, says he, I'll now grow, sir,  
 My wicked designs never baulking.  
 Yet trees they are not fond of walking,  
 And men don't bear children we know, sir.

But one day, at the door as he stood,  
 He beheld a most terrible scene, sir,  
 For to Dunsinane great Burnham Wood,  
 Was marching like Jack in the green, sir.  
 'Twas an army in bushes all cram'd,  
 Macbeth fought their General Macduff, sir;  
 And both of them swore they'd be d—d,  
 If ever they cried, floid, enough, sir.

Macduff was the man for his money,  
 He charm'd it was quite broke asunder,  
 He came into life very many,  
 So Macbeth was oblig'd to knock under;  
 He was kill'd—So the moral permit,  
 Shun gipsies, they are a vile crew, sir,  
 And murder don't go to commit,  
 For you'll surely be hang'd if you do, sir.

FINIS.