

FOUR SONGS

The Constant Shepherd,

Jack Munroe

The Sailor from Dover,

Had I ne'er been married

61



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2 FOUR

The Constant Shepherd,

O Shepherd the weather is misty and changing,
Will you show me over the hills hills to Traquair.

O yes gentle shepherd, where have you been ranging
To see such a gentleman walking is rare

I have been at the Forest among the young lasses,

I have sung with the shepherds on ilka green hill,
But now I'm resolv'd to give over my roving,

For of every thing rare I have had my will.

I'm afraid you have left some young lassie a mourn-
ing;

You're the finest young gentleman ever I saw,
Your eyes are like the diamonds, your hair's like the
gowan,

I fear you and them have been breaking the law.
O gentle shepherd have you got a wife yet;

Or do you live single, come tell me the truth?
For if you live single you're sure to be happy,

The blooming young lasses are in such a routh.
I'm single, for all the fair maids in the Forest

I mind them no more than the leaf on the tree,
But one pretty girl to whom I have promis'd,

I'll marry as soon as my stock it is free.
She's charming and pretty, she's both young and
witty,

She's just like a swan new fallen in a pool;
She's charming and pretty, she'll soon make me hap-
py,

I've lov'd her since ever I was at the school.

O shepherd you're foolish to bind to a woman,
 Believe me, you'll rue it, and that very soon,
 For if she proves constant, you'll scarce find another,
 You'll scarce find another under the moon;

For me I am no ways a mind for to marry,
 But kiss all the girls that comes in my way :

For the very last summer, between Ettrick an Yarrow,
 (nae.

I've kiss'd mare than twenty that ne'er said me
 But the kindest young lassie that ever I met with,

She lives with her mammy, she has nae mair ava ;
 I went for to see her, and O it was lucky,

For that very night the auld wife was awa ;
 She made up a bed and bid me come to it,

And gave all I asked without e'er a frown ;
 She kiss'd me and press'd me, before that we parted,
 And promis'd to meet me next winter in town.

O what is the name of that bonny young lassie,
 O what is her name, and what age may she seem ?

Her name it is Jeanie, she lives in Platisey,
 A tall pretty girl about seventeen.

A curse light upon you and him that begat you,
 And all your ain sisters, you limb o' the de'il,
 For if you have destroy'd her, ye villain, here's at
 you,

For that's the very lassie I liked so well.

O shepherd ! sure threat'nings are very unmanly,
 She'll pass for a virgin with any but you,

You're welcome to wed her and free to enjoy her,
 For I see unto me you have not proved true.

O no, you deluder, I will nos deceive thee,
 Then wed her I sooner would put out her breath ;

For if that I had her when the fury is on me,
 With this hazel rung I would finish you baith.
 O my dear Jamie with patience look round you.
 I fear that true love has blinded your een,
 O my Jamie with patience look round you,
 You ken not the voice nor the looks of your Jean.
 O my dear Jennie! why did you tease me?
 I'll no be mysel' these eight days and mair,
 Come in to my arms before I forgive you,
 And gies a' the kisses you'r able to spare.
 O Jamie I thought that your mind had been chang-
 ed,
 It's thirty lang weeks since I saw you and twa,
 I borrow'd this clothing from one of our neighbours
 I was not a mind you shou'd ken me avz.
 Now he's wed on his ain' lovel Jeannie,⁹
 And now they do live at the bill of Traquire
 Now he is wed on his ain' lovely Jeannie,
 The langer he kens her he likes her the mair.

Jack Munro.

IN Chatham town their liv'd a wortby merchantman,
 He had an only daughter as you shall understand,
 This lady she was courted many a noble knight,
 But none but Jack the sailor could gain her heart's
 delight.

Could gain, &c.

Her waiting maid standing by unto her father went,
 And told him the secret, his daughter's whole intent

He called on his daughter with pride and disdain,
Saying, good morrow Mrs Frazer, this was her true
love's name.

It is the news, my daughter, that I have heard of
thee,

Young Jack he shall be pressed and you confined be;
It's here is my body, you may it then confine,
But there is none but Jack the sailor, can gain this
heart of mine.

It's here is twenty guineas I give to thee,
If that you'll press young Jack to the wars of Ger-
many.

As Jack he's gone on board, I'll never more him see,
I'll wed at your disposal, if you will set me free.

It's now she's set at liberty, dress'd up in man's
array,

Looking for an officer to carry her away;

Jack he's now on board with a sore and troubled
mind,

For the leaving of his country and dalling close con-
fin'd.

Your name we must have, Sir, before on board
you go,

That you shall have quickly, it is Jack Munro.

This lady's gone on board with a troubled mind,

To land in French Flanders it is her wish'd design,

Now she is landed over reviewed for to be,

standing in the ranks, her own true love did see,

She stepped up unto him, and thus to him did say,

Sir, by your features an Englishman you be.

If that you be willing, whatever may betide,

I'll be your loyal comrade, and lie down by your side.

The drums did beat, and trumpets did found,
Unto the field of battle they were call'd along.

They fought on with valour they fought courage
ously,

Until two officers and a private by her did lye;
The officers took notice, and unto her did lay,
For the valour you have shewn, preferred you shall be

A major's commission on you we will bestow,
And you may push your fortune brave Jack Munro.
Looking through the wounded men, her own true
love did see,

She says, loving comrade they have preferred me.

A major's commission on me they will bestow,
The doctor that cure you shall be paid by Munro.
She called for a minister and bade them step aside,
And would call hem up again when she had woo'd
her bride.

It's I'll not be groom, but groom's man I'll be,
For I never will be married till my Molly I do see
She stripped down her snow white breasts some pri
vate mark to show,

Saying, Jack won't you marry me, dear Jack don't
you know?

The drums did beat and the trumpets did found,
And home to Old England they were all call'd along
It's now they are all landed over, the people all went
to see,

Saying, yonder comes the heroes from the wars o
Germany.

As they walked up the streets, her father she di
know,

Saying, good old merchant will you list with Munde

's out he spoke her mother, I had a daughter gay,
 There's not a feature in her face but resembles she.
 'Tis now they are got married and she lies by his
 side,

The officers and privates begrudge Jack of his bride,
 When the Queen she heard of this she laughed heartily,

Saying, here's is fifty guineas I'll give to this lady.

The Sailor from Dover.

'T is of a young sailor from Dover came home,
 He courted pretty Sally and Sally was her name,
 But she was so lofty and her portion was so high,
 That on a young sailor she would scarce cast an eye.

O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,

I fear your hard heart will my ruin be,

Except that your hatred should turn into love,

'm sure your hard heart will my ruin prove.

I have no hatred to you nor no other man,

But to say that I love you is more than I can.

So hold your intention and keep your discourse,

For I never will marry you without I be forc'd,

When seven long weeks were gone and past,

This pretty fair maid was entangled at the last

Entangled in love, and she knew not for why,

So she sent for the sailor whom She did deny.

O where does your pain lie, does it lie in your

Or does it trouble you when you lie in bed? (head?)

No, my dearest love, the place you have not guess'd,

For the pain that I feel lies hard to my breast.

O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,
 Do'nt you remember when you slighted me,
 And requited me with slight and with scorn,
 So now I reward you for what you have done,
 O for what's gone and past, forget and forgive,
 And grant me an hour longer to live
 No, says he, as sure as I have breath,
 I'll dance on the grave you lie underneath.

Then she took rings from her fingers by one, two,
 and three,

Take these as a token in remembrance of me:
 For when I am dead and gone to my long home,
 Perhaps you'll be sorry for what you have done.

Farewel to my mammy and daddy and friends
 Likewise to this sailor who makes me no amends,
 Likewise to this sailor who will not pity me,
 And ten thousand times over my folly I see.

O That I had ne'er been Married.

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care;
 Now I have gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry Crowdie, ever mair.
 Ance crowdie twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day,
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waesfu' want and hunger sley me,
 Glowrin by the hailen en';
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, &c.