

# Six New Songs.

Master Rooney of Ballifanad's  
travels and voyages!

The Hounds are all out,

Donald and Maggy M'Craw's  
Battle.

Jenny, the Flower of Aberdeen.

The Complaints of the Poor.

And the Snuff-Takers

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Master Rooney of Ballinafad's Travels  
and Voyages.

IN Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whisky,  
We manag'd to keep care and sorrow aloof,  
Our whirligigs revels made all the blue devils  
Creep out with the smoke thro' a hole in the roof.

But well I remember ere foggy November,  
My mother cried, Go, make your fortune, my  
Gob' ther the ninnies clean of their guineas;  
Away then I scamper'd for Ballinafad.

Then to seek for promotion, I walk'd the wide ocean,  
Was shipwreck'd, and murder'd, and look'd for a frown  
Over mountains and rivers was pelted to shivers,  
And met on this land with a w. tery grave.

But now Mr Jew-man has made a new man,  
And whisky and Mammore make my heart glad  
To the sweet flowing Liffy, I'm off in a jiffy,  
With a whack for old Ireland and Ballinafad.

From this cursed station to that blessed nation,  
Again Mr Rooney shall visit your shore,  
Where, O flourish so gayly, my sprig of shillelah  
Long life to Old Nadib of Great Mogadore.

O then all my cousins will run out by dozens,  
And out too will hobble old mammy and dad;  
At dinner they'll treat us with mealy potatoes,  
And whisky distill'd at dear Ballinafad.

## The Hounds are all out.

The hounds are all out and the morning does  
 peep,  
 now you sluggerly sot, can you lie snoring  
 a sleep,  
 when we all on horseback have got, my brave  
 boys,  
 when we all on horseback, &c.

Do not get up, for my over-nights cup  
 terribly runs in my head;  
 as my wife cries, O my dear, do not rise,  
 do not cuddle me longer in bed, my dear boy.  
 But cuddle me longer in bed, &c.

With your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 with haste and no longer delay;  
 away of the hounds and the sight of the hare,  
 will chase all your vapours away,  
 Will chase all &c.

Wonder the huntsman has started poor puss,  
 who has her now still in his view;  
 do never forsake her till we overtake her,  
 so eagerly let us pursue, my brave boys,  
 so eagerly let us, &c.

For pleasure like hunting to pass the long day,  
 we scour both the hills and the dales;  
 at night for a supper we feast on our prey,  
 when over a cup of good ale, my brave boys,  
 when over a cup, &c.

# Dodald and Maggy M'Craw's Battle.

*Tune of Killycrankie.*

**T** WAS a wearifu' wark that besel in the dark,  
 'tween Donald and Maggy M'Craw, man;  
 On the eve o' that day, when married were they,  
 To prevent fat elle might be a saw, man;  
 For in bed baith together, the tane by the ither,  
 The flaes they crap up in a raw, man;

An' he clad an' she clad, she clad an' he clad,  
 An' they clad ane anither an' a', man.

The king o' the flaes, march'd up thro' the clais,  
 An' thousands ahint him did draw, man;  
 Baith hungry and lean, they stack to their Queen,  
 But the queen was the hungriest ava, man;  
 An' syne they began, on the wife an' the man,  
 Without either reason or law, man.

An' he clad, an' she clad, &c.

A flae took a jump o'er the great M'Craw's rump,  
 For he had nae busineis ava, man,  
 An' using his sting, M'Craw gaed a sting,  
 An' o'er the bed Maggy did fa', man.  
 She drove o'er a loom, by my fegs 'twas ha' toom,  
 An' fairly she brak it in twa, man.

An' he clad, an' she clad, &c.

Sair Maggy did wail, and kept rubbing her tail,  
 While many were drown'd in the jaw man;  
 An' they wha gat out, were put to the rout,  
 By Donald and Maggy M'Graw, man.  
 They were glad to get home without counting their  
 Or helping their cripple awa', man.  
 For he clad, an' she clad, &c.

But the worst thing awa, that did Maggy befa,  
 Was a flae wi' a monstrous jaw, man;  
 Wha, wi' wicked intent, seiz'd Maggy behint,  
 Till she roar'd out to Donald M'Graw, man.  
 Donald, quick as a dart, flew straight to the part,  
 And flaned them up to the wa', man.

An' he clad, an' she clad, &c.

### Jenny, the Flower of Aberdeen.

WHEN the sun veil'd his face with the top of the  
 Grampians,  
 And nature was clad in her mantle of gray;  
 By the side of my Jenny, to breathe the fresh frag-  
 rence,  
 On the Dee's lovely banks, I one evening did stray.  
 In calmness its streams glided on to the ocean;  
 On its surface the the silice gey sporting were seen;  
 There wandering retired is my highest emotion,  
 With Jenny, the flower of sweet Aberdeen.

With lovely young Jenny, with charming young  
Aberdeen.

The scene was delightful, inviting reflection,  
And the blackbird's shrill notes, as she sung in the  
grove ;  
To the water's still murmur, join'd all in connection,  
To raise in my heart the soft feelings of love.

The miser's cold heart is still bent on it's treasure,  
And honour is all the ambitious esteem ;  
But I feel the highest of all earthly pleasure,  
In the arms of young Jenny of sweet Aberdeen.

In spots thus retir'd, where creation is breathing,  
The praise of its Maker, in sonnets of love ;  
The joys that I felt, in my bosom them heaving,  
Were next to the joys that the saints feel above.

The hue of her cheek, is the rose in its blossom ;  
She is swift as the roe, as she skips o'er the green,  
Dull care flees away, when reclin'd on the bosom  
Of Jenny, the flower of sweet Aberdeen,

Her mind is complete, like the form of her person,  
She's kind and she's tender, and dearest to me ;  
And fairest of women, without all exception,  
That e'er grac'd the high and sweet banks of the  
Dee.

Although I'd been born in the highest condition,  
 And heir to the sceptre and crown of a king;  
 All riches to me would be empty ambition,  
 If wanting young Jenny of sweet Aberdeen.  
 If wanting young Jenny of sweet Aberdden.

## The Complaint of the Peor.

WHEN cold winter comes, with its keen chilling  
 orceze

And the leaves are all fallen from the trees,  
 All Nature seems touch'd by the finger of death,  
 And the streams are beginning to freeze.

When the wanton young lads o'er the river do  
 slide,

When Flora attends us no more,

When in plenty you are sitting by a good fireside,  
 That's the time to remember the Poor.

The cold feather'd snow will in plenty descend,  
 And whiten the prospect around,

The keen cutting wind from the north will attend,  
 And scatter it over the ground.

When the hills and the dales are all candied with  
 And the rivers are frozen to the shore. (white,

When the bright twinkling stars proclaim the  
 cold night,

That's the time to remember the Poor.

The poor timid hare through the woods may be  
 With her footsteps indented with snow, (trac'd,

When your lips & your fingers are dindlin' with  
 And the marksmen a shooting doth go, (cold,

When the poor Robin Red-breast approaches your  
 And the icicles hang low at your door, (cot,  
 When your bowl smokes with something and hot,  
 That's the time to remember the Poor,  
 If that law that chills and the waters encrease,  
 The fishes in rivers vehemently grow,  
 And these (can oblivion obtain a release,  
 When danger the travellers go;  
 And your minds are annoyed by the proud  
 Swelling flood,  
 And your bridges are useful no more, (good,  
 When in plenty you enjoy every thing that is  
 Do you grumble to think on the Poor.

*The SNUFF-TAKER.*

AS I sat by the fire in reflection profound,  
 I thought that my hungry nose I would treat,  
 And I said, if there's snuff to be found in the world  
 I shall get it in plenty at Lundy Foot Street,  
 I was ten! Not a found! save the striking of cocks  
 And the Snuff-taker tapping his favourite box.  
 So to Lundy's I went, tho' the weather was rough  
 My nasal sensation with scent to regale,  
 How busy the shopmen! some serv'd out the snuff  
 And some neatly roll'd up the testy pigtail.  
 Not a found! all the watchmen were silent as stocks  
 And the Snuff-taker tapping his favourite box.  
 Then I took a long stroll in the silence of night,  
 And I cried, fortune! grant me such favours as  
 A quid of tobacco, my joy and delight, these  
 And snuff to excite me when drowsy to sneeze.  
 Was there! not a found; but the crowing of cocks  
 And the Snuff-taker tapping his favourite box.

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