

THREE SONGS.

The Constant Shepherd.

Jack Munroe.

Don't be in such a hurry.



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The Constant Shepherd.

O Shepherd the weather is misty and changing,

Will you now show me over the hills to Tra-
quire? (ranging?)

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

I've been at the forest among the young lasses
I've sung with the shepherds on ilka green hill
But now I'm resolv'd to give over my roving,
For of every thing I have had my will.

I'm afraid you have left some young lassie a
mourning :

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

I fear you and them have been breaking the
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
happy,

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 the way:
For the very last summer, between Etrick and
Yarrow; (me nae.

I've kiss'd mair than twenty that ne'er said
But the kindest young lassie that ever I met with
She lives with her mammy, she has nae mae
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 gawe all I ask'd without e'er a trown,
She kiss'd me, and blest me, before that we part-
ted,

And promis'd to met 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 is Jeanie, she lives in Platincey,
A tall pretty girl about seventeen.
A curse light upon you and him that begat you,
And all your ain sisters, you simbo the deil,
For if you've 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,

Your 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 not 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 dear Jamie with patience look round you,

You ken not the voice nor the looks of your

Jean.

O my dear Jeanie! why did you teaze me?

I'll no be mysel these eight days and mair,

Come into my arms before I forg' ve you,

And gies a' the kisses you're able to spare.

O Jamie I thought that your mind had been
changed,

It's thirty lang weeks since I saw you & twa.

I borrow'd this clothing from one of our neigh-
bours;

I was not a mind ye sud ken me ava.

Now he's wed on his ain Jeannie,

And now they do live at the hill of Tra-
quire,

Now he is wed on his ain lovely Jeannie,

The langer he kens her he likes her the mair

Jack Muuro.

IN Chatham town their liv'd a worthy merchantman,

He had an only daughter as you shall understand,
This lady she was courted by many a noble knight,

But there was none but Jack the Sailor could
gain her hearts 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 & 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
Germany.

As Jack he's gone on board he'll never more
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 fore and troubled
 ed mind,
 For the leaving of his country and darling close
 confin'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 Blanders it is her wish'd de-
 design.

Now she's 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,

By your feature, 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 sound,
 Unto the field of battle they were called along.
 They fought on with valour, they fought
 courageously,

Until two officers and a private by her did lie;
 The officers took notice and unto her did say
 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 my loving com'rade they have prefer-
red me. (slow,

A major's commission unto me they will be-
The doctor that can cure you, shall be paid by
Munro.

She called for a minister and bade them step aside,
And would call them up again when she 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
private mark to shew,
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're landed over, the people all
went to see, (of Germany.

Saying yonder comes the heroes from the wars
As they walked up the streets her father she
did know, (Munro.

Saying, good old merchant will you list with
It's out bespoke her mother I had a daughter
gay, (she,

There's not a feature in her face but resembles
It's now they are got married and she lies
by his side, (bride,

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

Saying here is 50 guineas I'll give to this lady.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY.

ONE winter's night, in am'rous mood,
 I went to see my Sally,
 The rain beat hard, the wind blew loud,
 Which dreary made me dally :
 'T was late, and Sal had gone to bed,
 I knock'd her in a flarry ;
 Make haste, I cried ; P'n here she said,
 Don't be in such a hurry.

Down stairs she came and let me in,
 All in her shift, I vow, fir,
 And though I wet was to the skin,
 I felt I know not how, fir :
 I kiss'd her lips, her bubbies prest,
 Which put me in a flurry ;
 With light'ning in her eyes, she cried,
 Don't be in such a hurry.

Up stairs we went, and into bed,
 Where love soon crown'd our wishes
 My vig'rous nature soon was spent
 In sweet transporting blisses.
 The morning came, I rose to part,
 When she cried in a flarry,
 Whene'er ye come this way again,
 Don't be in such a hurry.

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