

FIVE EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS

Monro's Tragedy,

The Lucky Escape,

The Lady's Love with an
Apprentic Boy,

The Irish Boy,

One Bottle More.



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M O N R O ' S Tragedy.

WHEN the sons of North Britain were in use to
range,

to see foreign countries and lands that are so appg,
Among that great number was Donald Monro,
Who to America Likewise did go.

Two sons with his brother he caused to stay,

Because for their passage he could not then pay;
But seven long winters being past and gone,
They went to their unc'e one day alone,

And asked the favour to cross o'er the sea,
Where they with their parent in plenty might be;
But their unce reply'd, and answer'd them no,
That they had got no money therefore could not go,

Being thus disappointed no comfort could find,
Till the thoughts of the army did run in their mind;
So leaving their uncle, they came where they found
A regiment of footmen for America bound.

With whom they insisted, and went to the main,
In hopes for to see their dear arents again.

But whes they were landed in that country wide,
Rebellion and murder in triumph did ride.

With humble submission then both of them went
One day to their Captain, and begg'd his consent
To go up the country their parents to see,
To which the good Captain, was pleas'd to agree.

So leaving the camp with a boy for their guide,
They came to the place where their friends did reside,
And walking with pleasure these words they did say,
O son'd we but find out our parents to day.

How would it surprize them to see us so near,
As they of our killing never yet did hear,
So going on further they espy'd a grove,
The trees and the bushes all seem'd to move

It being two rebels who lurk'd in the wood,
 Who pointed their pieces wherethe two brothers stood,
 Soon lodged their bullets into their two breasts,
 And ran to their prey like most ravenous beasts,

To take all their money and strip off their clothes,
 Not being quite dead they gave them some blows,
 One of them expiring did lift up his eyes,
 And seeing the murderer approaching he cries.

O cruel monsters! O blood thirsty hounds!
 How could you thus kill us till once we had found
 Our father, whom we have sought with such care,
 If he hears of our fate he will die with despair

He left us in Scotland seven twelve months ago,
 Perhaps you may know him, his name is Monro,
 The old man on his person fixed his eyes,
 His heart was soon seized with grief and surpris.

He cried with sorrow what's this I have done,
 O curs'd be these hands, for I have murder'd my son
 Then are you my father? the son then did say,
 I am glad that I've seen you before that I die.

Being sorely disturbed, the old man reply'd,
 What is he that youth that lies down by your side;
 He is my brother and your loving son,
 Four Jots would have been less had I fallen alone,

O how is our mother, is she yet well?
 If she hears of our death her heart it will fail,
 But farewell dear father the son did reply
 Since you've been our ruin contented we die.

When this he had spoken, down dropped his head,
 His father observ'd him, and found he was dead
 The sight was so shocking, he fell to the ground,
 The thoughts of the murder his heart did confound.

He curs'd his misfortune and fatal day,
 And kiss their bodies as cold as the clay,
 O could I recal you and make you to live,
 My life for your ransom I freely would give.

But why join'd I these rebels to assist their bad cause

And murder my children against nature's laws,
 I took you for others. O fatal mistake,
 Since I was bewitched ! my sons for your sake.
 I'll sink beneath sorrow, give way to despair,
 I will breath my life out till death end my care,
 Then shall I meet you on a happier shore,
 Where I will be able to kil you no more.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE

I THAT once was a ploughman a sailor am now,
 No lark that aloft in the sky,
 Ever flatter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,
 Was so gay and so careless as I,
 Was so gay and so careless as I ;
 But my friend was a carpenter-a board a king's ship
 And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip ;
 And he talk'd of such things
 As if sailors were kings,
 And so teasing did keep
 That I left my poor plow to go ploughing the deep
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn
 No longer the horn call'd me up in the morn
 I trusted the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind

I did not like much to be a board a ship
 When in danger there is no door to creep out ;
 I lik'd the jolly tars I lik'd bumbo and flip
 But did not like rocking about :
 By and by came a hurrican, I did not like that,
 Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat ;
 Ah ! cried I, who would roam,
 That like me had a home :
 When I'd sow and I'd reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing in
 deep,

Where sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Ere I trusted to the carpenter and the inconstant wind,
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I loaded, and in a whole skin,
 Nor did I make any long stay,
 Ere I found by a friend, I ax'd for my kin,
 Father dead and my wife ran away!
 Ah who but thyself, said I hast thou to blame?
 Wives losing their husbands oft lose their good name.
 Ah! why did I roam
 When so happy at home,
 I could sow I could reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
 When so sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,
 Curse light upon the carpenter and the inconstant
 wind
 That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, said the very same friend,
 And you tea't no more minded to roam,
 Gies a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end
 Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home;
 Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
 Bus'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin,
 Now cried I let them roam
 Who want a good home,
 I am well so I'll keep,
 Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the
 deep;
 Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn,
 Nor shall any damn'd carpenter, nor the inconstant
 wind,
 Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

The Lady's love with a Prentice Boy.

DOWN in Cupid's garden for pleasure I did walk,
 I heard two pretty lovers so sweetley for to talk,
 'Tis of a brisk young lady and a young prentice boy,
 In private she was courting, for he was all her joy.

He said dear honour'd lady I am your prentice boy,
 How can I ever think a lady to enjoy;
 His cheeks were red as roses, his humours were so free,
 My dear if I do marry I'm sure it shall be thee

When her parents came the same to understand,
 The young man he was banished unto a foreign land,
 Whilst she lay broken-hearted, lamenting she did cry,
 For my handsome charming prentice a maid I'll live
 and die.

This youth to a merchant a waiting-man was bound
 And by his good behaviour great fortune he found,
 He soon became his butler which promoted him to fame
 And by his own consent a steward soon became.

For fortune in the lottery his money he put down,
 Whereby he gain'd a ticket 2. 000.
 Then with gold and silver his clothes he lac'd indeed,
 To England he returned to his true love with speed,

He offer'd to embrace her, she flew from his arms,
 No lord, duke, or nobleman shall e'er enjoy my charms,
 Cuse all the gold that glitters, for riches I defy,
 And for my charming prentice a maid I'll live and die

He said honoured lady I have been in your arms,
 Here is the ring you gave me when feasting on your
 charms

You vow'd if e'er you marry'd your charms I should
 enjoy,
 Your father did me banish, I am the pretisè boy.

* When she beheld his features she flew into his arms,
 With kisses out of measure she did enjoy his charms,
 Then thro' Cupid's garden the road to church they
 found,
 a everlasting pleasure in Hymen's chains were bound,

T H E I R I S H B O Y .

YOU lasses of England and Ireland also,
 Come listen a while and soon you shall know,
 how I have been wounded, by love I am slain,
 in the strong walls of Bedlam I'm forc'd to remain.

When first I was courted by my loving Irish boy,
 he call'd me his jewel and his only joy,
 in fair Dublin-city that place of great fame,
 Where my bonny Irish boy first a courting to me
 came.

He talk'd of love and he promis'd to wed
 but in a short time after he stole my maiden head,
 so maidens don't blame me I could not forbear,
 for the loving of my bonny Irish boy I do declare.

As down in the valleys chanced I to walk,
 Oh! there I heard my bonny Irish boy for to talk,
 Where the pretty birds were singing and the larks
 soaring high,
 and my Irish boy was singing with his voice melod-
 iously.

His teeth as white as ivory, his hair a lovely brown
 And o'er his portly shoulders so carelessly hang down,
 so maidens believe me, my heart is like to break,
 But never trust a false hearted man again for my
 sake.

He packed up his aw's, and to England did fly,
 I packed up my jewels and pursu'd him stralght, way
 And when I arrived in fair London town,
 They told me he was married to a lady of renown,
 O now in Bedlam I am confin'd

For loving of my Irish boy which makes me complain
 In the north side of Bedlam I'm plain to be seen,
 For loving of an Irish boy who is my darling swain.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me you lads who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing forth the praises of Hibernia's fair isle,
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship retains us for one bottle more.

Old England's your taunts on our country forbear,
 Without bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere
 For if but one bottle we have got in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's in Church street I'll sing of a set,
 Of six Irish blades who together had met,
 With their gallessa piece made them call for their store
 And nothing remains but one bottle more.

The bill being call'd, for they were loth to depart,
 For friendship had grapp'd each honest man's heart;
 For the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar,
 And a whack from the clab brings twelve bottles more.

Then Phebushad shone thro' the window so bright,
 Quite happy to view our dear children of night,
 We parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

F I N I S