

SIX EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS:

The Begging Girl,

My only Joe and deary. Q.

The Blind Beggar boy,

The Galley Slave,

Scotland's Comfort,

Bleak was the morn,



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The Begging Girl,

OVER the mountains and over the moor,
 Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn,
 My father is dead and my mother is poor,
 And she grieves for the days that will, never return,

Pity kind gentlemen friends of humanity,
 Cold blows the wind and the night's coming on.
 Give me some food for my mother, for charity
 Give me some food and then I'll be gone.

Call me not lazy-back beggar or bold enough,
 Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew
 I've two little brothers at home when they're old en-
 ough
 They will work hard for the gift you bestow
 Pity kind gentlemen,

O think while you revel so careless and free,
 Secure from the wind and well clothed and fed
 Should fortune but change it how hard would it be
 To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.
 Pity kind gentlemen.

My only Joe and Deary, O,

THY cheeks is o' the roses hew,
 My only joe and deary, O,
 Thy neck is like the silver dew,
 upon the banks of Briere O;
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkling o' thine e'e,
 Nae joy nae pleasure blinks on me,
 my only joy and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
 his sang o' joy fu' cheary O,
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 nae care to make it erie O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet,
 aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 my only joe and dearie, O.

When we were barnies on yon brae,
 and youth was blinking bonny, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
 our joys fu' sweet and mony, O,
 Aft I wad chace the o'er the lee,
 and round about the thorny tree.
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 my only joe and dearie, O,

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 and never mair to leave me, O.
 Then I wad daur the night any day,
 nor ither wardly care wad ha'e,
 Till life's warm stream forget to play,
 my only joe and deary, O.

THE BLIND BEGGAR BOY.

NEAR the jaws of prison, in whose dismal gloom,
 disease sat by penury's side
 And the culprit with horror broods over his doom,
 a child of distress sadly sigh'd,
 As down his wan cheeks slowly trickl'd the tear,
 secret was his bosom of joy;

And alas! I am driven almost to despair,
cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy,

My father whose labours provided each meal,
and to poverty oft gave relief,
In these walls is confin'd by hearts harder than steel
and my mother's been murdered by grief,
The infant companions who oft were my guides,
no longer their friendship employ
And the misery light hearted pleasure derides,
of the poor little blind beggar boy,

The debt which alas! a false friend made him owe,
rob'd my parent of liberty's sweet
Each moment he breathes is imbitter'd with woe,
and nought but misfortunes he meets,
Each tender refreshment from charity's store,
or famine his span would destroy
And alas! that kind hand that reliev'd is no more
cry'd the poor little blind beggar boy.

Thus mournful he pleas'd when sudded as thought
this tale near depriv'd him of breath,
That his father was gone and his spirit had fought,
for peace in the bosom of death
He rush'd, for affliction each sense did inspire,
to his cell every means to employ,
To revive him then clasping the corpse of his fire,
died the poor little blind beggar boy.

The Gally Slave.

OH think on my fate! once I freedom enjoy'd,
was as bappy as happy could be,
But pleasure is fled! even hope is destroy'd,
a captive alas! on the sea,

I was ta'en by the foe 'twas the fiat of fate,
 to tear me from her I adore,
 When thought brings to mind my once happy state
 I sigh! while I tug at the oar.

Hard hard is my fate! Oh how galling my chains,
 my life's steer'd by misery's chart.
 And though against my tyrant I scorn to complain,
 tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
 I disdain e'en to shriek tho' I feel sharp the lash,
 yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
 While around me the unfeeling billows still dash,
 I sigh! and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives I had pleasure in tow,
 the port where she dwelt we'd in view,
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er clouded with
 wo,
 and dear Anna! I hurried from you,
 Our thallop was boarded and I borne away,
 to behold my dear Anna no more,
 But despair wastes my spirit, my form feels decay,
 he sigh'd and expir'd at the oar.

SCOTLAND'S COMFORT.

NOW Scotlan' nae langer be mournin'
 but dry up the fat tear teae your e'e,
 Ye see how each bosom is burnin',
 wi' love an' affection for thee,
 Thy-sons are in armour already,
 just watin the word o' command,
 Shoud' e'er the proud Corsian ladie,
 attempt on our border to land,
 Drums an' trumpets an' a',
 trumpets an' drums an' a',

The din o' our drums an' our trumpets
we'll fleg the French fugees aw

Our tars they are waitin' t'here motion,
sole matters at sea, how they ride ;
Our commerce it covers the ocean,
which mortifies Bonapart's pride,
It trows him to think how he's hamper'd,
an' crib'd like a cock in a cage,
Our strong wooden walls are a rampart,
he da'ne attempt to engage,
Guns an' cannons an' a',
Cannons an' guns an' a',
The brave wooden wa's o' auld England,
Shall keep the proud counsel in awe,

Let Bonapart come when he's ready,
we'll meet him wi' bayonets an' pikes,
He'll fin' we're as kanker'd an' steady,
as bees in defence o' our bykes,
Our kames an' our cubbs are our riches,
we'll fend them as lang as we may,
An' fight amang blude to the breeches,
afore we we'll leave them a prey,
Kames an' honey an' a',
honey an' kames an' a'
We'll fight for our cubbs an' our honey,
as lang as the sword we can draw.

Now Willie's got hand o' our helm,
who bravely the coble can steer,
An' Harry that never will ran in
it just as his elbow we bear,
Now since they're united the gether,
they'll keep her in trim, you may twa'er.

en favour'd by Paddy our brither,
 the danger has Britain to fear,
 Scotlan' an' Englan' an' a',
 Englan' an' Irelan, an' a',
 Wi' pilots like Willie an' Harry,
 We'll venture our life an' our a',

fill up a bumper to GEORDIE,
 our father our frien' an' our kin',
 lang may he reckon we're wordie,
 shelter us under his wing,
 Bonaparte faction an' party
 he knit themtels up in a string,
 long's we've a groat to be heaty,
 we'll drink to our monarch an' king,
 Singin' an, drinkin' an' a',
 drinkin' an' singin, an, a',
 We'll drink to our King an' his Council,
 but Willie's the wale o' them a',

BLEAK WAS THE MORN.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his
 Nancy,
 heavy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
 and was the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy
 the her sailor from her bosom tore,
 his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
 e a young tar the ample trowers eved,
 need of firmness in this state distressing,
 check'd the rising sigh and fondly cried,
 for fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
 Sorrow's a' a notion,
 Grief all in vain
 Sweet love take heart

For we but part,
In joy, in joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind when leaning on that willow,
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
When Nancy saw upon a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that top'd the flood.
Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling
Wild was the storm that howl'd along the shore
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
'Tis he ! she cried nor shall I see him more,
Why did he e'er trust the sickle ocean ?
Sorrrows my portion,
Mifery and pain !
Break my poor heart,
For we now part,
Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When with her children the sad hour beginning,
She saw her William fly to her relief
Sunk in her arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life to love and joy
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her
And now William clasps a girl and now a boy,
Did I not say though it is a sickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain ?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again.

F I N I S.