



















*R. Seton of Hiltly.*



# New Songs.

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<sup>24</sup> Entered according to Order.

The Frolicksome SEA CAPTAIN:  
Or, T I T for T A T.

**A**LL you that delight in a frolicksome song,  
I'll tell you a story before it be long,  
It's of a sea-captain a frolicksome spark,  
Who play'd with a sailor's fair wife in the dark.

John Linson the sailor was called by name,  
His wife was a fair and a beautiful dame ;  
On board she would go her brisk husband to see,  
Thinks the Captain, my girl, you're a supper for me.

The Captain his chops they did water full sore ;  
One day he commanded all women on shore,  
And every sailor on board they must be,  
Whilst he his fair charmer would go for to see.

Young beautiful Molly took leave of her dear,  
After her the Captain he quickly did steer,  
Who without delay did follow her straight home,  
And began for to make a lamentable moan.

You fairest of creatures take pity on me,  
And keep a little secret I'll tell unto thee ;  
The charms of thy beauty my favour has won,  
And if you deny me, I'm surely undone.

Forbear noble Captain, your suit is in vain,  
My husband's a sailor that ploughs on the main,  
And you are his Captain, so be not so base,  
For we both shall rue it, if he know the case.

Here's fifty bright guineas my joy and delight,  
I will freely give to ly with you all night ;  
His horns he may take as a venture to sea,  
And I'll use him well in ev'ry degree.

The sight of the gold did tempt this fair dame,  
That soon she consented to play at the game ;  
The captain so surely lay with her that night,  
And he paid her the fifty good guineas so bright.

His bed-fellow pleas'd him so well to the life,  
 He oftentimes kiss'd her and left his own wife;  
 At length the young sailor heard this by the bye,  
 But kept it as close as a pig in a sty.

One day he resolv'd to know what was done,  
 In the dusk of the ev'ning went into the room,  
 And under the bed he lay both snug and warm,  
 Till she sent for the Captain, thinking no harm.

She said, my dear jewel, my husband's on board,  
 I doubt it, said the Captain, she said, by my word,  
 He gave me a kiss, and he bade me good night;  
 Then said the Captain, I'll enjoy my delight.

They stript off their clothes and into bed goes,  
 And began for to jumble in a hurry hoze,  
 They tumbled the sailor so under the bed,  
 That he soon found the Captain had horned his head.

He lay snug and warm till they were fast asleep,  
 Then from under the bed he gently did creep,  
 He put on the Captain's lac'd breeches and coat,  
 His shoes and his stockings to make up the joke.

He dress'd himself up from top to toe,  
 And home to the Captain's lady did go;  
 He knock'd at the door with courage so bold,  
 Dress'd all in his glittering robes of gold.

The maid let him in, being late in the night,  
 The girl half asleep, she reach'd him a light;  
 He said, Where's your mistress? she said, she's in bed,  
 Come open the chamber-door quickly, he said.

To be stark drunk, himself he did frame.  
 The lady said, Captain, you run your own game;  
 Sometimes all the night you from me do roll,  
 And when you come home you're as drunk as an owl.

He leapt into bed, the candle out did snuff,  
 The lady she turn'd her backside in a huff,  
 He mumbled and grumbled as fots they will do,  
 He pull'd her and haul'd her for to buckle too.

You'll tear my lac'd smock, said the lady so fair,  
 Your breath smells so strong of the ale wine and beer,  
 I cannot turn to you, so teaze me no more,  
 I suppose you've been carrousing all night with a whore.

He made her no answer, but play'd with her knees,  
 At length this young lady began to be pleas'd,  
 So he Tit for Tat with the Captain did play,  
 And slept in her arms till the break of the day.

When the lady awoke and beheld his face,  
 Then she cry'd out in a pitiful case.  
 He said my dear charmer, be not in a fright,  
 The captain hath been with my wife all the night.

He told her the story, and when she did hear,  
 With wonder the lady began for to stare ;  
 She laugh'd till her sides she did hold at the joke,  
 For to think how the Captain did fret for his coat.

Said the lady, I'll go in my coach, I protest,  
 And see how he looks in his tarpollin dress !  
 The sailor he put on his embroidered array,  
 So both to the Captain they straight took their way.

Then up the stairs they both nimbly tript,  
 The captain in his short jacket was fixt,  
 He star'd at them both, but said never a word,  
 Said the sailor, I thought you had been on board.

Jack lift up his cane and gave him a stroke.  
 Zooks, said the Captain, Jack pull off my coat.  
 Husband, said the lady, pray where might you be ?  
 When he got your coat and came home to me !

I am sure it has caused a woeful mistake.  
 Sure, said the Captain, you have not horned my pate :  
 Dear husband, said she, I say little for that,  
 For if he did, you know, it was but Tit for Tat.

Here is fifty bright guineas, Jack pull off my coat,  
 Of this to the sailors may be you'll report ;  
 There is many can match us you very well know,  
 So we are now Cuckolds boys all in a row.

## BILLY and NANCY's kind Parting.

**F**Arewel my dear Nancy, for now I must leave you,  
and to the West Indies my course I must steer,  
I know very well my absence will grieve you,  
but my dear I'll return in the Spring of the year.

Let not my long going be a trouble unto you,  
nor let my misfortunes run in your mind,  
Although we are parted, I'll still be true hearted,  
and we will be marry'd when I come again.

Why talk you of leaving me, my dearest jewel?  
why talk you of leaving me here on the shore?  
For while you are talking, my heart burns like fuel,  
my dear I will die if I see you no more.

So like a sea-boy, my dear, I'll go with you, (friend,  
in the midst of your dangers, love I'll stand your  
For when the high stormy winds are a blowing,  
my dear I'll go with you, & keep you from harm.

Your lilly white hands can't handle our cable,  
nor your pretty little feet to the top mast can't go;  
Nor the high stormy winds you ne'er can endure,  
so pray my dear Nancy to the seas do not go.

But her love went to sea, while she stood weeping,  
oppressed with sorrow, grief and woe,  
Her hands she stood wringing with sorrow lamenting,  
crying, dearest Billy, to the seas do not go.

Her lilly white hands she still kept wringing,  
and down her fair cheeks the christal tears did flow,  
While her hands she stood wringing with sorrow la-  
crying, oh my dear jewel, to the sea don't go. (menting

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## His LORDSHIP Disappointed.

**A**Ttend all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay,  
And learn from my tale to go wiser away,  
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,  
Well known by the name of, the maid of the mill.

The Lord of the village beheld the sweet maid ;  
 Each art to subdue her was presently laid ;  
 With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,  
 But nought could prevail with the maid of the mill.

Young Johny address'd her with hope & with fear,  
 His heart was right honest, his love was sincere :  
 With rapture, each moment his bosom would thrill,  
 Whene'er he beheld the dear maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth ;  
 The nymph read his heart, and of course lov'd the  
 At church little Jenny soon answer'd—I will : (youth,  
 His Lordship was baulk'd of the maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair !  
 Content !—They are strangers to sorrow and care :  
 The flame they first rais'd in each other burns still,  
 And Johny is blest with the maid of the mill.

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### The Discontented Wife well Fitted.

**I**N the land of Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,  
 and in the town of Couper then,  
 Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,  
 O when will you die, my auld man !

In came her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,  
 she said, What's goe'd for an auld man ?  
 O wheat-bread and wine, and a kinnen new slain,  
 that's very good for an auld man.

Came you in to jeer, or came you in to scorn,  
 or what for came you in ?  
 For bear-bread and water I'm sure is much better,  
 it's o'er good for an auld man.

Now the auld man's dead, and without remeed,  
 into his cauld grave he is gane ;  
 Lie still, wi' my blessing, of thee I ha'e nae missing,  
 I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.



Within little mair than three quarters of a year,  
 she marry'd to a young man then,  
 Who drank at the wine, and tippl'd at the beer,  
 and spent more gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and how grew her een,  
 and cauld grew her pat and her pan :  
 And now she sighs, and ay she says,  
 I wish I had my silly auld man.

She went to the grave, she rugged and she rave,  
 saying rise up my bonny auld man :  
 Rise up for my blessing, of thee I've great missing,  
 and I'll ay mourn for my auld man.

### A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

**I**F you're not too proud for a word of advice,  
 In your choice of a husband, girls, be not too nice ;  
 What with manning our ships, & protecting our shore,  
 You cannot have lovers, as once, by the score :  
 If you wish to be marry'd, your pride must come down,  
 What a smile can procure do not lose by a frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,  
 When a legion of lovers I had in my train ; (all,  
 They were pleas'd with my sing-song, I laugh at them  
 For one was too short, and another too tall,  
 Or too plump, or too slender, too young, or too old ;  
 And this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, & who Hymen implore,  
 Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,  
 Resemble the willow, be gentle, and bend,  
 Take pains for a lover, as you wou'd for a friend ;  
 Look once at his person, but twice at his mind,  
 Take him soon at his word—tho' you blush yet be kind.

Expect not a croud of admirers to see,  
 Rich, handsome, and courtly, and all they should be ;  
 The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot,  
 That a man that's worth having, is hard to be got :  
 Choose quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives, (wives  
 You may be wither'd old maids, but you'll never be

## I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JOHNY.

Tho' for 7 years & mair, honour shou'd reeve me,  
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve  
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented; (thee,  
 And love shou'd preserve ay what love has imprinted,  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLY.

O Johnny I'm jealous whene'er you discover,  
 My sentiments yielding, you'll prove a loose rover;  
 And nought i' the world, wad vex my heart fairer,  
 If you prove unconstant and fancy ane fairer,  
 Grieve me, grieve me, Oh! it wad grieve me,  
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancy oppress ye,  
 For while my blood's warm, I'il kindly carefs ye;  
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,  
 Your virtues and wit makes it ay flame the higher;  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLY.

Then Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye,  
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me true ye;  
 And if ye prove false, to yourself be it said then,  
 You'll win' but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.  
 Reave me, reave me, heav'n's it wad reave me,  
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNY.

Bid ice-hoggles hammer red gauds on the study,  
 And fair summer mornings nae mair appear uday;  
 Bid Briton's think ae gate, and when they obey ye,  
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.  
 Leave thee, leave thee I'll never leave thee,  
 The stars shall gang wither shins e'er I deceive thee.

F I N I S.

















