









R. Seton of Hiltly.



The SIEGE of

GIBRALTER.

To which is added,

Sailor Jack.

1. The Newry Rangers.

2. The Flowers of Edinburgh.

3. Bryan O'Lynn.

4. Molly's Courtship to the Sailor.



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The Siege of Gibraltar.

[Written by a Volunteer on the Expedition.]

Come all you gallant heroes, you British Volunteers
Who disregard all dangers, or any warlike fears,
Give ear unto those lines I write, and you shall understand
The state of Gibraltar, where bold Elliot doth command.

I am a British Volunteer, who went to serve the King
In hopes that to Old England I home would honour bring
Left my dearest Nancy in tears at home to mourn,
But Spanish gold to her I'll bring, if I do safe return.

The fifteenth of September, our General did espy
The French and Spanish forces were raising works so high
That they with ease could view our lines, and look into
the town.
So he resolv'd without delay to throw their batt'ries down.

He said, my valiant soldiers, altho' our number's small
And tho' no fresh provisions can here be had at all,
Yet we will beat those Spaniards bold, and make their
gions fly,
In defence of Gibraltar, we will conquer or we'll die.

Then straight he issued orders, that at the beat of drum
Each soldier well provided, with powder and ball should
come,
To the parade next ev'ning, and like bold Val
Sally out against the Spanish Dons, and bold
Monsieurs.

His orders we observed at setting of the sun,
 Determin'd all to lose our lives, or make the enemy run.
 We soon did reach their camp, my boys, the slaughter then
 began,
 Our orders were to burn their tents and not to spare a man.

Oh! had you seen the horrid sight, or heard their dread-
 ful cries, (eyes;
 Our hearts would melt with pity, the tears would fill your
 The groans of dying soldiers, and the loud cannons roar,
 And mangled bodies lying all welt'ring in their gore.

We then blew up their batteries, and spik'd up every gun,
 Those that surviv'd the slaughter, were soon oblig'd to run.
 We then return'd to garrison, with a rich golden spoil,
 Which our General shar'd amongst us for to reward our
 toil.

And thus may ev'ry enemy to Britain fall at last,
 And French and Spanish boasting end in an empty blast,
 Before the British forces be ever forc'd to fly,
 Success to bold Britannia, who in her cause will die.

Sailor Jack.

ON Monday morn I sail'd from Cork,
 On board of the Montague,
 There's one on board I dearly lov'd,
 And I hope he will prove true;
 Kind heav'ns, pray send him safely
 My joy, my life, my sailor Jack, [back
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

The very first time he came to court
 He was drest in his rich array, [me.
 He was drest all in his holland shirt
 And other garments gay :
 So sweet he sat and sung by me,
 With his good humour, kind and free

The very next time he came to court me
 He was drest in his sailer's array,
 He was drest all in his speckled shirt
 And other garments gay :
 Don't deceive me, I said, because I'm
 young, [tongue
 And you have a coaxing flattering

If on board with you I should chance
 to go.
 Don't be jealous of me, my dear ;
 Your cabbin I will closely keep,
 No other man I'll e'er go near,
 And when your bread and beer is out
 I'll help to steer your ship about.

But if from me you'd sail away,
 And behind would leave me here,
 When you are on the raging sea,
 Think on your Molly dear :
 Hoist up your sails, push back your oars
 Return to your Molly's arms once more

The Newry Rangers.

TUNE—Come ye lads who wish to shine, &c.

SONS of Freedom haste to arms,
 Conquest lies before ye;
 Martial deeds have noble charms,
 Your country will adore ye.

C H O R U S.

Honour leading, cries to fear,
 Irish hearts are strangers;
 Haste to glory, banish care,
 And join the Newry Rangers.

Thompson who fond to see,
 Public wrongs requited;
 Cries, My worthies follow me,
 And see your country righted, &c.

Rodney has the Dons brought low,
 Britons can't dissemble;
 Manfully pursue the blow,
 For France begins to tremble, &c.

Truth their fame who danger scorn,
 Loud is heard resounding ;
 Quickly will the brave return,
 With golden joys abounding, &c.

Justice does her standard rear,
 Come, ye bold and best men ;
 One true hearted volunteer,
 Is worth a thousand pres'd men, &c.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin ;
 The absence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain :
 I day nor night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain ;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That hae ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' every grove and distant plain ;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 To hear things from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change
 Since parents shew such cruelty ;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.

The pretty kids, and tender lambs,
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.

And Neptune let me thee intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale:
 The dolphins, sweet, upon me wait,
 And convey me upon your tail:
 The heavens bless my voyage with success,
 While crossing of the raging main,
 And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
 The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day.
 Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms,
 My heart once more I will regain:
 I'll range no more to a distant shore,
 In love will enjoy my darling swain.

Bryan O'Lynn.

When Bryan O'Lynn would a wooing ride,
 He'd a good Scotch woola hung by his side;
 In its sheath it was made of a good Elk's skin
 I am a huffring young fellow, says Bryan O'Lynn.

When Bryan he went to the church to be married,
 And when he came there he was forc'd to tarry;
 The church door was shut and he could not get in,
 He's a fool of a parson, says Bryan O'Lynn.

When Bryan was married and into bed tumbled,
 The neighbours they all came flocking in;

He lift up his thigh and swore by the by,
That he was the famous young Bryan O'Lynn.

The priest that married us he was to blame,
By faith he had neither grace nor shame;
With a ring made of straw contrary to law,
It was with that he married poor Bryan O'Lynn.

Bryan's wife and his wife's mother,
They both went over the bridge together;
The bridge it broke and they both fell in,
The devil go with them, says Bryan O'Lynn.

Molly's Courtship to the jolly Sailor.

W Here is the pretty young seaman,
That soiced me from my dearest dear;
There's bolts and strong bars to confine me,
And boards for my pillow I fear.

There is the captain and all his brave seamen,
There is the boatswain and all his ship's crew,
There is married men as well as single,
Care not what the billows can do.

There is the wind and the terrible thunder,
That occasions the storms for to rise,
It blows all our rigging afunder,
We're toss'd between billows and skies.

How hard is fate of young women,
That gives to love when they're young,
And the girl that is too fond of a false man,
She is surely for ever undone.

But if ever I return from the ocean,
Store of gold I will bring to my dear,
And 'tis all for young Molly's promotion,
For her sake there is no danger I fear.

F I N I S.















