



## WE'LL HAE A DRAP MAIR.

## HEARTS OF OAK.



Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
 To add something new to this wonderful year ;  
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,  
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves.  
 Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,  
     We always are ready,  
     Steady, boys, steady ;  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;  
 They ne'er see us but they wish us away ;  
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,  
 For if they wont fight us what can we do more.  
     Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
 They'll frighten our women, our children, our beaus,  
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.  
     Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them  
 sweat,  
 In spite of the devil, or Brussell's Gazette ;  
 Then cheer up my lads with one voice let us sing,  
 Our sailors, our soldiers, our statesmen and king.  
     Hearts of oak, &c.

A glass of good whiskey I'll take when I'm weary,  
 My blood it will warm, my spirits will cheer,  
 When I sit down I intend to be merry,  
 Come fill me a bumper and send it round here ;  
 I scarce can get half an hour when weary,  
 To tell you the truth I am wrought very sair,  
 My spade and my lassie are a' my whole pleasure,  
 We'll baith tak a rest and we'll hae a drap mair.

Contented I sit and contented I labour,  
 Contented I drink, and contented I sing,  
 I never dispute or fall out with my neighbour,  
 For that is a mean and contentious thing ;  
 There are few, very few, ever hear me complaining,  
 Though sometimes a load of oppression I bear,  
 What is the use of a man aye complaining,  
 For still when he tastes he maun hae a drap mair.

It's little I know of the laws of the nation,  
 There's one thing I know my debts I must pay,  
 While others complain of heavy taxation,  
 But since it is the law we are bound to obey ;  
 There is one thing, I know little of politics,  
 Little I know, and far less do I care,  
 But happy's the man that's free from all knavish tricks,  
 Push round the jug, and we'll hae a drap mair.

I must away to my bonnie wee lassie,  
 For fear at my absence she would think lang,  
 There's many a lang mile she's frae her mammy,  
 To keep her uneasy would be a great wrang ;  
 The whiskey sae guid I doubt I must wait a wee,  
 Hae patience, my lassie, its got a great share,  
 Its guid to be wedded where there's economy,  
 Ca' in the waiter we'll hae a drap mair.

Come, noble waiter, bring in a great noggin,  
 I mean a full pint o' your best Inishoween,  
 When its drunk it will be time to be going,  
 Wi' the canniest o' care we'll gang merrily hame ;  
 Here's God bless us a', I think it nae treason,  
 The whiskey begins to speak in my ear,  
 Guid night and safe hame, till some other season,  
 We'll a' meet in friendship and hae a drap mair.

*Walker, Printer, Durham.*

