



## *The Battle of* **NAVARINO.**

You've heard of the Turks and the Greeks,  
For all Europe's been told their bad habits;  
How they cut down each other like leeks,  
And the Turks slaughter children like rabbits;  
But John Bull could bear it no more,  
Said he, "You death-dealers, I'll stop you,  
And if you don't both soon give o'er,  
I swear by St. George but I'll whop you!"

But the Turks supposed John was in jest,  
Or concluded he was but a Green-o,  
So they mustered their fleet all the best,  
And lay in the port Navarino.  
Death and famine they carried befor't,  
And shot the poor Grecians by flocks, sir;  
Said our tars, "we'll go join in the sport,  
And bring down a few Turkey-cocks, sir."

Then our Admiral boldly went in,  
Said he, "Mr. Turk, just a word here,"  
But they answered him with a foul grin,  
And a dirty trick something like murder:  
Then Codrington proudly arose,  
Said he, "Do they take us for dull logs?  
Well, since they're determined on blows,  
Go at 'em my brave British bull dogs!"

Now the Turk thought our ships were his prey,  
And hoped soon to take them in tow-a;  
The ASIA then led on the way,  
And next came the brave ship GENOA!  
Our tars then bang'd into the Turks,  
As they do to all foes that would wrong us,  
The Musselmen cried, "Here's your works!  
Oh, Mahomet! the devil's among us!"

The French took a share in the fun,  
The Russians proved willing and able:  
In three hours the business was done,  
And the turkies dished up for the table,  
They were cooked to their hearts full desire,  
'Twas not a mere frizzle or toasting,  
For it seems they'd too much of the fire,  
And were d——ly burnt in the roasting.

Then success to our lads of true blue,  
Be they found upon sea or on shore;  
And, hurrah for the staunch gallant crew  
That mann'd the brave ship the GENOA!  
While we fight in humanity's cause,  
Success all our efforts must crown, sir;  
And the tyrant that treads on her laws,  
May the first honest man knock him down, sir.

## **ROBIE** **AND** **JEANIE.**

There was a lass, and she was fair,  
At kirk and market to be seen;  
When a' the fairest maids were met,  
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
And as she sang sae merrilie;  
The blythest bird upon the bush  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jenie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown

As in the bosom o' the stream,  
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to her's he fondly prest,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:—

"O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear!  
O, canst thou think to fancy me?  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent the farm wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray amang the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

