

FOUR EXCELLENT NEW

SONGS;

ENTITLED

*Johnny's Grey-Breeks
With the Answer.*

THE TEMPEST.
The Considerate NYMPH.



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[2]
JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my seventeen years,
I was both brisk and bonny O,
The lads they lov'd me far and near,
but I lov'd nane but Johnny O.
He gain'd my heart in twa three days,
he spake so blyth and kindly O,
And I made him new grey-breeks,
which fitted him most finely O.
He is a handsome fellow
his humour is both frank and free,
His locks they are almost yellow,
like gold they glitter in mine eye,
His rosy cheeks, his dimpled chin,
his face is fair and ruddy O,
And in a day his grey-breeks,
were neither riv'n nor duddy O.
His breeks are thread bare worn,
they're wider then they us'd to be,
They're tatter'd fare and torn
and fare clouted on ilka knee,
But if a live another year,
as I have done right mony O,
I'll make a web of grey claith,
for to be breeks to Johnny O.
To clead him well is my desire,
and it must all my study be,
But he must wear the auld pair,
a wee, tho' they be duddy O.
I'll put a clout upon a clout,

and that will set the wind about,
 And I will clout my Johnny's grey-breeks,
 for a' the ill he's done me yet,
 There was but ae spoon into the house
 and Johnny made a curty o't,
 I'll clout my Johnny's grey-breeks,
 for a' the ill he's done me yet,
 Johnny and his grey-breeks,
 Jenny and her petticoat,
 And aught the bairn who will,
 Johnny's be the daddy o't,
 When the lad was in his prime,
 like him there was not many O,
 He could do it at any time,
 and who was like my Johnny O,
 Well do I love his grey-breeks,
 for a' the ill they've done me yet,
 For if he live another year,
 I hope he'll wait upon me yet.

THE ANSWER.

MY Molly says I did her ill,
 But sure I never intended it,
 But if she thinks I've done amiss,
 I'll do my best to mend it.
 Who would wrong so fine a girl,
 So witty good, and bonny O,
 There's not a lad in all the town,
 She's loves so well; her Johnny O.
 It was on a summer's evening,

Down in a pleasant valley O,
 I kiss'd and clap'd my bonny lass,
 The rest I need not tell you,
 Betwixt us two we got a lad,
 And that made me a daddy O,
 I will provide for her a babe,
 And claid her like a lady O.
 Because she mendz my grey breeks,
 And clouted them so neatly ;
 I'll c.ude my lass in handsome d.ress,
 In which she'll look completely,
 I'll take my lassie to the Church,
 Make her an honest woman O,
 By our industry we'll make rich,
 So our best days are coming O.
 Because she ment my grey-breeks,
 And sung of them so sweetly O ;
 There's not a lad in all this land,
 She likes so well her Johnny O,
 I'll take a craft and keep a cow,
 When we'll get milk in plenty O,
 In truth we'll through the world row,
 And feed on dishes dainty O.
 Because she ment my grey-brécks,
 And sung of them so bonny O,
 I'll make my lassie bless the day,
 That e'er she saw her Johnny O,
 I'll make my lassie bless the day,
 That e'er she saw her Johnny O.
 Now I'll lay by my grey-breeks,
 Which Molly so neatly clouted O,

Now I'll lay by my grey-breeks,
 Which Molly so neatly clouted O,
 I'll buy a suit of new clothes,
 And not be long about it, O.
 Yet my old worthy grey-breeks,
 I still will keep beside me O.
 I'll not forget my old state,
 Whatever may betide me O.
 All young men that loves a maid,
 I beg you don't deceive her O,
 Nor never with a woman wed,
 Who has had a bad behaviour O.
 A prudent wife a blessing is,
 And ornament to her husband;
 A virtuous wife will bless your life,
 While jilts are always grudging.

THE TEMPEST.

Cleave rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 Lift' ye landmen all to me,
 Mese mates hear a brother sailer
 sing the dangers of the sea
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 when the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 when the seas contend with skies.
 Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 by top-sail sheets and hallyards stand;
 Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
 down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand

Now it freshens, set the braces,
the lee top-sail sheets let go;
Luff boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on downbeds sporting,
fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanting courting,
safe's from all but love's alarms.

Around us roars the tempest louder:
think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet it blows harder,
now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail-yard, point to the wind, boys;
see all clear to reef each course;

Let the fore sheet go, don't mind, boys,
thro' the weather shou'd be worse,

Fore and aft the spirit-yard get,
reef the mizen, see all clear;

Hand up each preventure brace set,
in the fore-yard; cheer lads cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
peals on peals contending clash!

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
in our eyes blue lightnings flash,

On wide water all around us,
all above but one black sky!

Different deaths at once surround us,
hark! what means you dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck!

A lake beneath the chesiree's sprung out!

ll all hands to clear the wreck.
 k the laniards cut to pieces,
 me, my hearts, be stout and bold
 ab the well, the leak increases,
 ur feet water's in the hold!
 le o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
 e for wives and children mourn:
 ! from hence there's no retreating,
 s! to them there is no return!
 the leak is gaining on us,
 th chain pumps are choak'd below
 'n have mercy here upon us!
 ly he can save us now.
 he lee beam is the land, boys,
 the guns o'er board be thrown:
 e pump come every hand, boys,
 ! her mizzen mast is gone.
 eak we've found it cannot pour fast,
 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 's tight, she's tight boys wear off shore.
 once more on joys be thinking,
 ce kind Fortune sav'd our lives;
 , the can, boys, let's be drinking
 our sweet hearts and our wives.
 up, about ship drive it:
 e to lips the brimmer join,
 e's the tempest now? who feels it?
 e;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

(8)
THE CONSIDERATE NYMPH.

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
And speaks and talks so much of love,
He'll hang or drown I fear it.
Of pangs and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts.
I vow I cannot bear it, I vow, &c.
He says I'm pretty, mighty well,
And witty too—that's better still,
And sensible, I swear it:
But words we know are nought but wind,
Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it. I vow, &c.
The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it:
But downcast looks, and hums and ha's,
So sadly pleads the lover's cause,
I vow I cannot bear it. I vow, &c.
I wish some friendly nymph or swain,
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
I'd wed him, I declare it:
Then pluck up courage like my sex,
The honest youth no more I'll vex,
I vow and do declare it. I vow, &c.

F I N I S.