

MACGREGOR AURARA,
SAVOURNA DELISH,
POOR JACK

AND

If I should get laughing at
that.



PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD WHOLESALE BY,
J. FRASER, PRINTER, STIRLING.

1817.

MACGREGOR AURARA.

From the chase of the mountain as I was return-
ing;
By the side of a fountain Malrina sat mourning;
To the winds that loud whistled she told her
sad story,
And the vallies re-echoed MacGregor Aurara.

Like a flash of red lightnidg o'er the heath came
McAra, (barra;
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Ben-
Oh! where is MacGregor; say where does he
hover;
You son of bold——, why tarries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom
thus sounded; [wounded;
Low lies your MacGregor pale mangled and
Overcome with sweet slumber to a rock I con-
vey'd him, [betray'd him.
Where the sons of black malice to his foes had

As the blast of the mountain soon nips the fresh
blossom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
MacGregor! MacGregor! loud echo resounded,

And the hills rung in pity MacGregor is wounded.

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did
 hide her, [beside her;
 And they laid MacGregor down found sleeping
 Secure is their dwelling from foes and black
 slander; (wander.
 Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft

When the keen chase is o'er ye bold sons
 of the mountain, [fountain,
 And softly reclining by the clear murmuring
 Still look with a sigh to the foot of Ben-
 barra, [Aurara.
 Where died that bold chieftian MacGregor

SAVOURNA DELISH.

Oh! the moment was sad when my love and I
 parted,
 Savourna Delish Shighan Oh!
 As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken
 hearted,
 Savourna &c.
 Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoul-
 der,
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder;

I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourna &c.

When the word of command put our men into
motion,
Savourna &c.

I buckl'd my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna &c.

Brisk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage impatient for plunder,
My bosem with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna &c.

Long I fought for my country far far from my
true love,

Savourna &c. [love,

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you
Savourna &c [slaughter,

Peace was proclaim'd, I escap'd from the
Landed at home my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought
her,

Savourna &c.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger and fear and the like;

A water-tight boat and good sea-room give me,
And it a'ent to a little I'll strike;

Tho' the tempest top-gallant masts smack
smooth should smite

And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck; stow the yards, and howse every
thing tight.

And under reef'd foresail, we'll scud;
Avast—nor dont think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back,
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor-Jack.

Why I heard the good Chaplain palaver one
day

About souls, heaven, mercy, and such:
And my timbers—what lingo he'd coil and be-
lay,

Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.
But he said how a sparrow cant founder, d'ye
see,

Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to
me,

That Providence takes us in tow.
For says he do you mind me, let storms e'er so
oft

Take the top-sails of sailors a-back,
There's a sweet little Cherub sits perch'd up

aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye;
 Why what a damn'd fool you must be!
 Cant you see the world's wide and there's room
 for us all

Both for seamen and lubbers a-shore,
 And if to old Davy I should go dear Poll,
 Why you never shall hear of me more.
 What then? all's a hazard come be so soft
 Perhaps I may laughing come back:
 For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub sit smiling
 aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All one as a piece of a ship
 And with her brave the world, without offering
 to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip;
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my
 friends,
 And as for my life 'tis the king's
 E'en when the time comes, ne'er believe me so
 soft,

As with grief to be taken eback,
 That same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out—a good birth for Poor Jack.

IF I SHOULD GET LAUGHING AT
 THAT.

In the days of my childhood I sported and play'd
 Among the young lasses around,
 I was fond then of laughing my grandmother
 said,
 None merrier ever was found;
 To fill up the moments with joy and delight,
 I scarcely knew what to be at;
 For whatever was pleasing that came to my
 sight,
 O I could not help laughing at that.

Still the humour prevails though maturer I'm
 grown,
 I'm happy to smile time away,
 And the frolics of fancy I still call my own,
 And I pleasantly spin out the day;
 Let the dull of the splenetic censure or chide,
 At my innocent freedom and chat,
 O I'd tire to hear then nonsensical pride,
 For I cannot help laughing at that.

Young Colin declares for a husband I'm fit,
 So he courts me from morning to night,
 He talks of the parson the church and the ring,
 In praise too of conjugal chat;
 On the charms of my person displays all his wit
 And I own that it gives me delight,
 O this wedlock must snre be an excellent thing,
 But I must not get laughing at that.

At length to his wishes were I to comply,
 As at length I seem to incline.
 But if on his promises I may rely,
 Not to check the good humour of thiue;
 To church with young Colin I'll soon trip away
 And answer all questions quite pat,
 When I come to the critical word called Obey,
 Is, if I should get laughing at that,

FINIS.