

TEMPEST.

To which are added,

The CAMBRIDGE TENDER,

WITH THE ANSWER.

THE JOYS OF THE HARVEST.

S M I R K Y N A N.



G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J. & M. ROBERTSON.
SALT MARKET, 1822.

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T H E T E M P E S T .

TUNE—BROTHER DEBTOR.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
O listen ye landmen all to me:

Mess-mates, hear a brother sailor,
sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows first in motion,
where 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 halyards stand,
Down top-gallants, quick be hauling,
down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand.

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

Now all you on down-beds sporting;
fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh engagement, wanting courting,
safe from all but love's alarms.

Around us roars the tempest louder;
think what fear our minds enthrall:
Harder yet, it blows yet 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,
 tho' the weather should be worse :
 Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 reef the mizzen, see all clear ;
 Hands up, each preventure brace set,
 man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 peals on peals contending clash,
 On your heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 in your eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 all above but one black sky!

Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
 hark ! What means yon dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 o'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck !

A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out !
 call all hands to clear the wreck,

Quick the baniards cut to pieces,
 come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;

Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
 we for wives and children mourn :

Alas ! from them there's no retreating,
 alas ! to them there's no return !

Still the leak is gaining on us !

both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;

Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 let the guns o'er board be thrown;
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 see her mizzen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 we've light'ned her a foot and more;
 Then up and rig a jary foremast,
 she's tight, she's tight, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more, on joys we're thinking,
 since kind Fortune sav'd our lives:
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking,
 to our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 close to the lips the brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now? Who feels it?
 none—our danger's drown'd in wine.

THE CAMBRIDGE TENDER.

HARD was my lot to be display'd,
 by Cupid's cruel arrow;
 Since I'm oblig'd to go to sea,
 I go in grief and sorrow.

Now from your arms I must away,
 Peggy take my heart a keeping,
 May the Pow'rs above protect my love,
 till our next happy meeting.

False information, my dear jewel,
 proved our separation,

And forc'd me from your breast amain,
 into some foreign nation.

My reputation they disdain'd,
 their might I could not hinder,
 Which caus'd me to be press'd away,
 and sent aboard the tender.

Peggy, my jewel, do not grieve,
 suppose I must retire,
 Since I'm oblig'd to go to sea,
 it's you I do admire.

When I'm upon the raging sea,
 and in the midst of strangers,
 The thoughts of you my dearest dear,
 will help me out of dangers.

T H E A N S W E R.

MY jewel's gone to range the seas,
 to plow the blust'ring ocean;
 May the God of Fortune on him smile,
 send him honour and promotion.

No rain, or hail, or light'nings fly,
 nor roaring claps of thunder,
 Nor swelling billows loudly baul,
 my darling to cause wonder.

Great Alexander, God of war,
 tenderly smile upon him;
 Let no disappointment attend my dear;
 send him honour and promote him.

May not my jewel be dismay'd,
 with cruel wars alarms,

Some things in view may turn a prize,
 'till it fill my love-sick arms.

No cursed gold, no beauty bright,
 shall ever gain him from me,
 But like the turtle I shall remain,
 'till he returns unto me.

No costly robes, no beds of down,
 shall make me to surrender;
 Although we part he has my heart
 on board the Cambridge Tender.

THE JOYS OF THE HARVEST.

COME all ye Lads and Lasses,
 together let us go,

Into some pleasant corn-field,
 our courage for to show.

With the edge of our sickles,
 so brave we clear the land?

Work on my boys the Farmer cries,
 here's liquor at command.

With a good old leathern bottle,
 and beer that is so brown,

We strip and reap together,
 while bright Phœbus does go down;

So early in the morning,
 the birds begin to sing,

Such echoes of sweet harmony,
 makes all the groves to ring.

And in comes pretty Nancy,
 her colour for to raise,

She is a lovely creature,
 I must speak in her praise :
 She is a lovely creature,
 the flow'r of my delight,
 Through all the groves and forests,
 I'll range both day and night.

John Preston has good liquor,
 good liquor it is said,
 Good liquor makes good blood,
 and good blood pretty maids,
 She gathers it and she binds it,
 she loads it in her arms,
 She pitch'd it to the waggoner,
 for to fill up his barns.

And thus the industrious Farmer,
 by the sweat of his brow,
 He labours and endeavours,
 to make his barley mow.
 Now harvest it's all over,
 and corn is free from harm ;
 Before we to the market go,
 we must thresh in the barn.

And at the harvest supper,
 so merrily we will sing ;
 We'll drink a health to the barley-mow,
 and to great George our King,
 So here's a health to the Farmers,
 or else we were to blame,
 We'll wish them health and happiness,
 till harvest comes again.

S M I R K Y N A N.

TUNE—MY NANNY O.

A H! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
 see how I'm wasted to a span!
 My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
 the charming lovely milk-maid Nan.
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
 of the dusky winnowing fan,
 Would blow me o'er you beechy trees,
 and ali for thee, my smirky Nan.
 The ale-wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to take a hearty cann!
 But now I neither drink nor eat,
 unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
 The baker bakes the best of bread,
 the flour he takes, and leaves the bran;
 The bran is every other maid,
 compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.
 But Dick o' the Green, that nasty lown,
 last Sunday to my mistress ran,
 He snatch'd a kiss, I knock'd him down,
 which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.
 But hark! the roaring foger comes,
 and rattles tantara tarran,
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
 woes me I've lost my smirky Nan!