

Bonny Mally Stewart.

To which are added

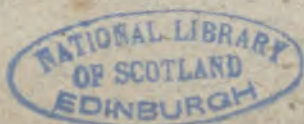
The Sailor's Journal.

Tak your auld cloak about ye.



STIRLING;
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BONNY MALLY STEWART.

The cold winter is past and gone,
and now comes on the spring
And I am one of the king's life-guards,
and I must go fight for my king, my dear:
and must go fight for my king.

Now since to the wars you must go,
one thing I pray grant me.
It's I will dress myself in man's attire,
and I'll travel along with thee, my dear,
and I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
that my love endangered were;
The rattling of drums and shining of swords,
will cause great sorrow and wo, my dear,
will cause great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,
that she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat,
and mourn till the day I die, my dear,
and mourn till the day I die.

I will do more for my true love,
 than he will do for me
 I'll cut my hair and roll me bare,
 and mourn till the day I die.
 and mourn till the day I die.

So farewell my mother and father dear,
 I'll bid adieu and farewell
 My sweet and bonny Mally Stewart,
 you're the cause of all my wo my dear,
 you're the cause of all my wo.

Wher we came to bonny Stirling town,
 as we lay all in camp,
 By the King's orders we were all taken,
 & to Germany we were all sent, my dear,
 and to Germany we were all sent.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
 and the maids therein also ;
 And farewell bonny Mally Stewart,
 you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
 you're the cause of all my wo.

She took the slippers off her feet,
 and the cockups off her hair ;
 And she has ta'en a long journey,

for seven lang years and mair, my dear,
for seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed,
sometimes sat down to mourn,
And it was aye the o'ercente o' her tale,
shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come.
shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come?

The trooper turned himself round about,
all on the Irish shore ;
He has gi'en the bridle reins a shake,
saying adieu for evermore, my dear,
saying adieu for evermore.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL,

'T WAS post meridian half past four,
by signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she linger'd on the shore,
with uplift haads, and broken hearted ;
At seven, while taunting the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
and bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
 where careless sailors ever cheerly,
 On the mid-watch, so jovial sung,
 with tempers, labour cannot weary;
 I little to their mirth inclin'd
 while tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 look'd on the moon. & thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 when ev'ry true-bred tar carouses,
 When o'er the grog all hands delight,
 to toss their sweethearts and their spouses.
 Round went the cup, the jest, the glee,
 while tender wishes fill'd each fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 at six the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
 headlong within the foaming ocean;
 Poor wretches they soon found their graves,
 for me it may be only fancy.
 But Love seem'd to forbid the waves,
 to snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appear'd,
 and dauntless we prepar'd for battle;
 And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
 like light'ning rush'd on every fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life,
 put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last 'twas in the month of May,
 the crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three A M discover'd day,
 and England's chalky cliffs together.
 At seven, up channel how we bore,
 while hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
 At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
 and to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

TAK YOUR BULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blast sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill,
 Then Bell my wife wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me richt hastily,

Get up gudeman save Crummy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My crummy is a useful cow

And she is come of a guid kin ;

Aft has she wet the bairn's mou',

And I am laith that she should tiae ;

Get up gudeman it is full time,

The sun shines in the lift sae hie,

Sloth never made a gracious end,

Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,

When it was fitting for my wear ;

But now its scarcely worth a groat,

For I have worn it this thretty year,

Let's spend the gear that we hae won,

We little ken the day we'll die ;

Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn,

To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,

His trews they cost but half-a-crown

He said they were a groat o'er dear,

And ca'd the tailor thief and lown,

He was the king that wore a crown,

And thou a man of laigh degree ;

'Tis pride puts a the country down,

Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn has it's ain hole;
 I think the wald is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule,
 Do you not see Pab. Jack and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly?
 While I sit hurkln in the ase—
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman I wat 'tis thretty years,
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had, between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be,
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es nae strife;
 Bnt she wad guide me if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I ast maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman,
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea,
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

FINIS.