

The  
Bellfast Mountains.

To which are added,

\*The Second of August; Nelson  
and, the Funny Old Song of,

The Parsons for Wedder,

with

Let me in this ee Night.



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## *The BELLFAST MOUNTAINS.*

On the Bellfast mountains,  
I heard a lovely maid,  
Making her lamentation,  
down by yon chrystal stream,  
She says I am confined,  
all in the bands of love,  
By a brisk young weaver  
who does unconstant prove.

She says, my loving Johnny,  
dont treat me with disdain,  
To leave me here behind you,  
my sorrows to bewail.  
She clapped her hands and cried,  
Johnny, love farewell.  
And to these Bellfast mountains  
my story I will tell.

It's not your Bellfast mountains  
can give me any relief,  
Nor is it in their power  
to ease me of my grief.  
She clasped her hands around me,  
like violets round the vine,  
That bonny weaver laddie  
that stole this heart of mine.

I had all the diamonds  
 that grows in yonder hill,  
 would them to my laddie,  
 if he would for me feel.  
 If I had tongue to prattle,  
 I would tell my love fine tales,  
 To the bonny weaver laddie,  
 my mind I would reveal.

Now since my love is from me gone  
 his face I'll never see,  
 He's left me here behind him,  
 in woe and misery.  
 But I hope he will return  
 safe back to me again;  
 That bonny weaver laddie  
 that's won this heart of mine.

### *THE SECOND OF AUGUST.*

On the second day of august,  
 Eighteen hundred and one,  
 As we sailed with Lord Nelson,  
 to the ports of Toulon.  
 For to cut out some shipping,  
 which proved all in vain;  
 But to our misfortune  
 they were all moor'd by chain.

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Our boats being well manned,  
by a cieven at night,  
And sent them into harbour  
not intending to fight;  
But the grape from their batterys  
so smartly did play,  
Nine hundred brave seamen  
kill'd and wounded their lay.

As we heisted our colours,  
and so boldly them spread,  
With the British flag lying  
at the royal mast head.  
For the honour of old Scotland,  
we should always remain;  
While the bold British seamen,  
ploughs the watery main.

Exposed to their firing,  
of our enemys we lay;  
While ninety bright pieces  
of cannon did play.  
While many brave seamen  
lay bleeding in their gore;  
While the shot from their batterys  
like thunder did roar.

Our noble commander,  
 with his heart full of grief,  
 Used every endeavour  
 to grant us relief.  
 No ship could assist us,  
 so well as we know,  
 In this wounded condition  
 we were tossed to and fro

All you that relieves us,  
 the Lord may you bless,  
 For relieving poor sailors  
 in the time of distress.  
 May he put an end  
 to all cruel wars,  
 Then peace and contentment  
 to all British Tars.

### The PARSONS FAT WEDDER

Martinmas is now come on,  
 and Christmas is drawing near;  
 And we have nothing in the house,  
 for to make good Christmas cheer.  
 The little we boy he's standing by,  
 and hearing what his father did say,  
 Father, we'll kill the minister's wedder.

and well have mutton without delay,  
 The priest he has got a good fat wedder,  
 as ever was fed on corn or grais;  
 I've got some crumbs of bread in my pocket  
 I'll wyle the wedder into the house.  
 We will put on the muckle kettle,  
 and sticks below't to make it boil:  
 And we will kill the minister's wedder,  
 and well have mutton without any toil.

The little wee boy goes to the wood,  
 and ay so merrily as he sang:  
 My father has kill'd the minister's wedder,  
 I would not tell this to any man,  
 The minister being in the wood,  
 leaning his back against an oak;  
 If you'll sing me that long in the churrn,  
 I'll give you a crown and a new coat.

The morrow it being Christmas day,  
 the minister he must be there:  
 The people all flocked to the church,  
 just as they'd been going to a fair,  
 The minister's gone to the church  
 the congregation for to view,  
 There'll be a boy here in a little,  
 will sing a song, which will be true:

The little wee boy came to the church, I  
 and ay so merrily as he sang  
 I catch'd the priest in bed with my mother  
 I would not tell this to any man;  
 You are a liar says the priest, as furs in the pulpit I do stand,  
 as furs in the pulpit I do stand,  
 I never was in bed with your mother,  
 nor yet so nigh as touch her hand.

Then you are a liar says the boy,  
 as furs in the pulpit you do kneel;  
 I catched you in bed with my mother,  
 and your breeches hanging to your heel  
 The minister being quite ashamed,  
 the people gave a leud huzza:  
 Running like mad out of the church,  
 crying such a priest we never saw.

But you would have laugh'd if you'd seen  
 how the little wee boy kept up the joke  
 Running out after the minister, crying,  
 give me my cower, &c, and my new coat  
 The parson ne's quite out of the parish,  
 left him behind his church and wealth,  
 The boy and's mother fed on the wedder,  
 and every man they drink his health.

## LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet,  
 Or art thou waukin I wad wait?  
 For leve has boun me han an' fit,  
 An' I wad fain be in jo.

O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae, night,  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise an' let me in jo.

Out o'er the mosa, out o'er the moor,  
 I came this dark and dreary hour,  
 And here I stane before the door,  
 Amidst the pourin' rain jo.

O let me in, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter's win an' weet,  
 Nae stars drive through the driving sleet,  
 Hae pity on my weary feet,

An' shield me frae the rain jo.

O let me in, &c.

The Bitter blast that round me blows,  
 Unneeded heads, unheeded fa's,  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause,  
 O! a my grief an' pain jo.

FINIS.