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GLOOMY WINTER'S
NOW AWA'.

To which are added,

The SHANNON

AND

CHESAPEAKE.

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL.


AND

93
THE AMBITION FIRE THY MIND



STIRLING.

Printed and Sold by M. Randall.



GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saf the westlin breezes blaw,
'Maing the birks of Stan ey shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheery O;

Sweet the crawflower's early bell
Draks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel,
My young, my artless dearie O.

Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gouden day,
'Midst jays that never weary O.

Towring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rock, fan the sna-white clouds,
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery O;

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Flairy brackens fringe the rocks,
Nith the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery O;

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

The Fourteenth of April.

On the fourteenth day of April,
 as you might hear them say,
 Our goodly ship we launched,
 upon that very day.
 Bound for the stormy ocean,
 where thundering cannons roar,
 We left our parents weeping,
 all on our native shore.

Like lions bold undaunted
 we bore away to sea,
 Nothing we could copy, brave boys
 till early the next day;
 About the hour of ten o' clock,
 a Danish ship we spied,
 Stand to your guns my hearts of oak,
 our noble captain cried.

Each man unto his quarters,
 so quickly we obey'd,
 We knocked down our cabins,
 and swept our decks quite clear.
 Then we engaged that privateer,
 till once we bore away.

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That's bravely done our captain cried,
for soon we'll make them stay.

When our bold captain found
the enemy's ship was gone
We crewed all our sail, brave boys
and after her did run;
So closely we bore after her,
till early the next day,
When a leffy bold French privateer,
came bearing down that way.

She hailed us in French my boys,
and boldly bid us stand,
Saying where is your country,
where doth your ship belong?
But the answer we returned them,
it was a quick reply,
If you are our foe, we'll let you know,
we are true British boys.

But when this bold French privateer,
found we were British boys,
She hoisted up her colours,
and at us she le' fly;
Then broadside for broadside,
where thundering cannons roar,
And we sunk this bold French privateer
all on our native shore.

All in that gallant action,
our captain he was slain,

Likewise our second mate,
 and twenty of our men.
 While the rest of our bold seamen,
 they were bedeck'd in blood,
 But like bold Alexander,
 through fire and smoke we stood.

But now the battle's over,
 and fit for sea no more,
 For the loss of legs and arms,
 we poor seamen now doth mourn.
 No benefit we have,
 from the mercy of the waves,
 But still trag British seamen,
 we doth our country save,

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

Come all you gallant seamen
 landsmen listen unto me,
 Whilst I relate a bloody fight,
 was lately fought at sea.

So fierce and hot upon each side,
 as plainly will appear.
 There's not been such a battle fought,
 no not this many a year.

The eighteenth day of May, brave boys,
 from Halifax we set sail,
 And up the American coast we did steer,
 with a sweet and pleasant gale:

And standing off New York river,
 on the twenty second day,
 A sloop of war bound Sandy Hook,
 a man from our mast head did spy.

We gave to her three broadsides,
 her colours soon came down,
 We sent on board our Master's mate,
 with a number of our men.

Standing further to the northward,
 being ordered for to go ;
 And cruising off Boston Bay,
 our captain commanded so.

On the twenty-eighth day of May
 off Boston Bay we lay,
 We sent a challenge to the Chesapeake,
 to engage us in the bay.

And on the first of June, my boys,
 the weather being clear,
 Bold Lawrence, he soon hove in sight,
 as plainly you shall hear.

Our commander of the Shannon,
 gallant Brook was his name,
 Cheer up your hearts my seamen bold
 for now she's bearing down,

And in the space of twenty one minutes,
 the action hot began,

And after two or three broadsides,
foul of yard and yard we came.

Being broadside to broadside,
our cannon loud did roar,
While ninety five seamen and marines
lay bleeding in their gore.

Which causes many a widow
in Scotia for to mourn,
And many disconsolate mothers,
lamenting the first of June.

For the space of fifteen minutes,
this action it did hold,
All on the brimny ocean,
men never fought more bold.

The Americans we must confess,
they did their valor shew,
But, the remainder of our ship's company,
soon brought their colours low.

Great rejoicings were made in Boston
their bells did loudly ring,
Expecting our commander and crew
prisoners to be brought in.

But unto their misfortune,
we soon did let them know,
That the Chesapeake to the Shannon,
her colours had laid low.

So how my song is ended,
 I hope each ear will smile,
 And as we have obtain'd a peate,
 may plenty crown our isle.

Hoping Columbia's sons will never
 oppose our future joy,
 Or if they do, may we courage find
 our enemy to annoy.

LET AMBITION FIRE THY MIND

Let Ambition fire thy mind,
 thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design:
 scorn thy crook and leave the plain.

Crown'd, I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 the necks of kings shall tread;
 Joys inciting, joys shall meet,
 which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not spoils of empire fright;
 toils of empire pleasures are;
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 and all the joys but not the care.

Shepherds, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 for the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 happy thou shalt reign below.