

50

FIVE ENGLISH
Popular Songs.

Betsey Baker.

Ye mariners of England.

The dashing white Sergeant.

Go where glory waits.

The pilgrim of love.



KILMARNOCK:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

POPULAR SONGS.

BETSEY BAKER.

TUNE.—'Head man at Mrs. Grundy's.'

FROM noise and bustle far away hard work my
time employing,
How happily did I pass each day, content and
health enjoying;
The birds did sing and so did I, as I trudg'd o'er
each acre,
I never knew what 'twas to sigh till I saw Betsey
Baker.

At church I met her drest so neat, one Sunday
in hot weather,
With love I found my heart did beat, as we sung
psalms together,
So piously she hung her head, the while her voice
did shake, ah!
I thought if ever I did wed, 'twould be with Bet-
sey Baker.

From her side I could not budge, and sure I
thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge, and bade me
mind the sarment;

When church was over out she walk'd, but I did
overtake her,
Determin'd I would not be baulk'd,—I spoke to
Betsey Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool, I found on
conversation,
She'd just come from boarding school, and finish'd
her education;
But love made me speak out quite free; says I,
I've many an acre,
Will you give me your company? 'I sha'nt,'
said Betsey Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight, and I was forc'd
to leave her,
I got no sleep all that there night, for love had
brought a fever;
The doctor came, he smelt his cane, with long
face like a quaker,
Said he, 'young man pray where's thy pain,' says
I, 'Sir, Betsey Baker.'

Because I was not bad enough, he bolus'd and
he pill'd me,
And if I had taken all his stuff, I think he must
ha' kill'd me;
I put an end to all the strife, 'twixt him and the
undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life, why
thoughts of Betsey Baker.

I then again to Betsey went, once more with love
 attack'd her,
 But meantime she got acquainted wi' a ramping
 mad play-actor,
 If she would have him he did say a lady he would
 make her,
 He gammon'd her to run away, and I lost Betsey
 Baker.

I fretted very much to find my hopes of love so
 undone,
 And mother thought 'twould ease my mind if I
 came up to London;
 But tho' I strive another way, my thoughts will
 ne'er forsake her,
 I dream all night, and think all day of cruel Bet-
 sey Baker.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze;
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 And sweep thro' the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow—
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from ev'ry wave ;
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And the ocean was their grave !
 Where (Blake the boast of freedom) fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As you sweep thro' the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow—
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow !

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep :
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy tempests blow !
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye Ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the tempests cease to blow—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the tempests cease to blow.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

If I had a beau for a soldier who'd go,
D'ye think I'd say no? No, no, not I.

When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would it draw,
But I'd give him "*eclat*,"
For his bravery.

If an army of amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.
When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take
on,

Sit moping forlorn? No, no, not I.

His fame my concern,
How my bosom would burn,
When I saw him return
Crown'd with victory.
If an army, &c.

 GO WHERE GLORY WAITS.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me:
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,

Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be:

But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,

Oh! then remember me.

Think when home returning
 Bright we've seen it burning,

Oh! then remember me.

Oft as summer closes,

When thine eyes reposes

On its lingering roses,

Once so lov'd by thee;

Think on her who wove them,

Her who made thee love them,

Oh! then remember me.

When around thee, dying,

Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh! then remember me.

And at night, when gazing

On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh! then remember me.

Then should music stealing

All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;

Then let mem'ry bring thee

Strains I us'd to sing thee,

Oh! then remember me.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

A HERMIT who dwells in these solitudes cross'd
me,

As wayworn and faint up the mountain I
press'd,

The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.

Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I rove,
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love,
No rest but the grave, for the pilgrim of love.

Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes;

Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy head;
The juice of the ripe Muscadet flows in my glasses,

And rushes fresh pull'd for Siesta are spread.

Ah! nay, courteous father, onward I rove,
No rest but the grave, for the pilgrim of love.

For the pilgrim of love, for the pilgrim of love,
No rest but the grave, for the pilgrim of love.

FINIS.