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Drowned Mariner;

OR, THE

Lowlands of Holland hat. twin'd my Love & me.

To which are added,

The SPORTING HAY-MAKERS.

ABSENT JOCKEY.

BY THAT BORROWED KISS.

TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.



Entered according to Order.



THE LOW-LANDS OF HOLLAND
hath twin'd my LOVE and ME.

THE love that I have chosen,
I'll therewith be content,
The salt sea shall be frozen
before that I repent;
Repent it shall I never,
until the day I die,
But the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love is on the salt sea,
and I'm upon the side,
'Nough to break a young thing's heart,
who lately was a bride,
Who lately was a bonny bride,
most pleasant for to see,
But the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

There shall no shirt go on my back,
nor comb go in my hair,
Neither shall coal nor candle light
shine in my bower mair,
Nor shall I choose another love,
until the day I die:
Since the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonny ship,
and set her on the sea,
With sevenſcore brave mariners,
to bear her company :
There's threeſcore of them were ſunk,
and threeſcore di'd at ſea,
And the lowlands of Holland
hath twin'd my love and me.

Their main-maſt was hewn down,
their yards and rigging's gone,
Their ropes and their anchors,
out o'er ſhip-board were thrown,
Out o'er the ſhip-board were blown,
by tempeſt in the ſea,
And the lowlands of Holland,
hath twin'd my love and me.

My love hath built another ſhip,
and ſet it on the main,
Yet hath not twenty mariners,
now for to bring her home ;
The weary wind did riſe again,
the ſeas began to rout,
My love then and his pretty ſhip,
turn'd widdershins about.

New Holland is a barren place,
in it there grows no grain,
Nor yet no habitation
within for to remain ;
The ſugar canes are plenty,
the wine drops from the tree,

And the lowlands of Holland
hath twin'd my love and me.

New Holland is a bonny place,
but it is scant of men,
Yet to conquer New-England,
is what they do intend :

For there is none can win them,
so well they know the sea,
And the lowlands of Holland
hath twin'd my love and me.

Be still, be still my daughter,
be still and be content :

There are more lads in Galloway,
thou needs not so lament.

O there are none in Galloway,
not one that sings for me.

For I lov'd ne'er a love but one,
who's drowned in the sea.

He was my comely proper youth,
I lov'd him for my part,
But death has ta'en him from me,
which sore affects my heart ;

And since that he's departed
I'll mourn and weep always,
That e'er he went to Holland,
that was my earthly joys.

Unto the grave that he has gone,
who was my comely dear,
May heav'n receive my soul to rest,
and guide me while I'm here.

'll still lament in brinish tears,
until the day I die.

Since the lowlands of Holland
hath twin'd my love and me.

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The SPORTING HAY-MAKERS.

IN the merry month of June,
in the prime time of the year,

Down in yonder meadow,
there runs a river clear ;

And many a little fish,
doth in that river play,
And many a lad and many a lass,
went abroad in making hay.

In came a jolly scythe man,
to mow the meadow down,

With budget and with bottle
of ale that's stout and brown ;

All labouring men of courage bold,
came there their skill to try,

Let's whet and blow, and stoutly mow,
for the grass-cuts very dry.

There's nimble Tib and Tom,
with pitchfork and with rake,

There's Molly, Nell, and Susan,
came here their hay to make :

Sweet jug, jug, jug, jug, sweet jug,
the Nightingale doth sing,

From morning until evening,
as they were a hay-making.

But when that bright Phoebus
the sun was going down,
A merry disposed piper,
approaching from the town,
Pull'd out his pipe and tabour,
disposing for to play,
Which made them all lay down their rakes,
and leave off making hay.

So joining with the dance,
we jig it on the green ;
Though tired with our labour,
no weariness was seen ;
All tripping like to faries,
our dance we did pursue,
With leading up, and casting off,
till the morning it's in view.

Then each lad he takes his lass,
the morning being come.
And lays her down on the hay-cock,
till the rising of the sun :
There sporting all the time,
while the harmless birds do sing,
Each lad doth rise and take his lass,
and away to the hay-making.

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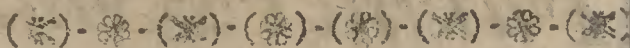
A B S E N T J O C K E Y.

MY Jockey is fled from the plain,
and left me in sorrow to mourn,
Was ever so cruel a swain?
ah! when will the rover return!

No longer he pipes on his reed,
 no longer his praises I'll tell,
 'Tis dull is the banks of the Tweed,
 since Jockey has bid them farewell.
 His crook he has broken in twain,
 his sheep and his lambkins now stray,
 they bleat for their master in vain,
 and carelessly wander away :
 When haste thou play some shepherd so free,
 and call the poor flocks to their home,
 O ! be to them kinder than he,
 who caus'd the poor wand'ers to roam.
 Each virgin so happy and gay,
 attend to the words I impart,
 be careful and cautious I pray,
 how you give a young shepherd your heart.
 Though Jockey was rural and neat,
 to me was most loving and kind,
 his manners were gentle and sweet,
 till cruelty grew in his mind.

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BY THAT BORROWED KISS.

CHLOE, by that borrowed kiss,
 O ! alas ! am quite undone !
 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
 thousands will not pay that one ! &c.
 lest the debt shall break your heart,
 (roguish Chloe, smiling, cries)
 one, a thousand, then, in part,
 for the present shall suffice, thousands, &c.



TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THOU Fortune & Love may be deities still,
 To those they oblige by their pow'r;
 For my part, they ever have us'd me ill,
 They cannot expect I'll adore:

Hereafter a temple to Friendship I'll raise,
 And dedicate there all the rest of my days
 To the Goddess accepted my vows,
 To the Goddess accepted my vows.

Thou perfect image of all things divine,
 Bright center of endless desires,
 May the glory be yours & the service be mine
 when I light at your altars the fires.

I offer a heart has devotion so pure,
 'I would for your service all torments endure
 Might you have all things you wish,
 Might you have, &c.

But yet the Goddess of fools to despise,
 I find I'm too much in her power;
 She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise
 In absence of her I adore,

If love then undoes me before I get back,
 I still with refinement receive the attack,
 Or languish away in despair.
 Or languish away in despair.