

**FOUR**  
**Excellent Songs.**

HIGHLAND HARRY.

THE STORM.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

BONNY JEAN.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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SONGS.

HIGHLAND HARRY.

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My Harry was aye gallant, gay,  
Fu' stately strode he on the plain ;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again !  
O for him back again !  
I wad gie a' Knockhespie's land,  
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie up the glen ;  
I sit me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain ;  
Then might I see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again.

O for him, &c.

## THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,  
 List ye lan smen unto me,  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea.  
 From bounding billows first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—  
 By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand!  
 Down top-gallants, quick, be hauling!  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!  
 Now it freshens, set the braces;  
 Quick the top-sail sheets let go;  
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;  
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,  
 Free from all but love's alarms.—  
 Round us roars the tempest louder;  
 Think what fear our mind enthralls:  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;  
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course;

Let the foresheets go ; don't mind, boys,  
 Though the weather should be worse.  
 Fore and aft the sprit sail yard get ;  
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear ;  
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;  
 Man the foreyard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !  
 Peals on peals contending clash !  
 On our head fierce rain falls pouring !  
 In our eyes blue lightning flash !  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one black sky !  
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,  
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck :  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
 We for wives or children mourn ;  
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
 Alas ! from hence there's no return.  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,  
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,  
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !  
 For only that can save us now !

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;  
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
 To the pumps come every hand, boys ;  
 She our mizen-mast is gone :  
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;  
 Up and rig a jury foremast ;  
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives :  
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;  
 Where's the tempest now ? who fears it ?  
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine.

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,  
 And better may it speed ;  
 And liesome may the boatie row,  
 That wins my bairns' bread ;  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed ;  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,

O muckle lighter grew my creel,  
 He swore we'd never part :  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And muckle lighter is the load,  
 When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock an' Janetie,  
 Are up and gotten lair ;  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlain and the creel.

And whan wi' age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before ;  
 Then weel may the boatie row,  
 She wins the bairns' bread ;  
 And happy be the lot of a',  
 That wish the boatie speed.

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### BONNY JEAN.

There was a lass and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen,  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay she wrought her mither's wark,  
 And ay she sang sae merrilie ;  
 The blithest bird upon the bush,  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest :  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,  
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;  
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream  
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'eu ;  
 So trembling pure, was tender love  
 Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mither's wark,  
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;  
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And didna joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale of love,  
 At e'ening on the lily lee?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love:—

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mither's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee;  
 But stray amang the heather bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na;  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was aye between them twa.

Rare

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