

The land of the Thistle.

NOTHING AT ALL.

TOM BOWLING.

AND

Jockey to the Fair.



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THE LAND OF THE THISTLE.

TUNE... *Black Jock.*

You may talk of the land that gave Patrick his
fame,
The land of the Ocean and Anglean Name,
With the red blushing roses and Shamrock so
green,
For dearer to me are the hills of the north,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of
worth,
Those hills where freedom has plac'd her abode
And those wide spreading glens where no slave
ever trode,
Where grows the red heather.
And Thistle so green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose
And bleak are our mountains and covered with
snows; [green
Where grows the red heather and Thistle so
Yet, for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true
And for courage so bold. that ne'er foe could
subdue,
Unmatched is our country, unrivall'd our swair
And lovely and true are the Nymphs on our
plains,

Where grows the red heather
And Thistle so green.

As famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many a cairney does rise on our shore,
E'er the foes that invaded the Thistle so green,
And many a cairney shall rise o'er our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever pour o'er our
land,

Or, let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a
grave,

Beneath the red heather
And Thistle so green.

Oh! dear to our souls are these blessings of
heaven,

That land which we boast of—that land which
we live in,

The land of the Thistle—the thistle so green,
Of that land, and that freedom our forefathers
bled, [shed

And we swear by the blood that our fathers have
That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their
grave, [the brave,

But the Thistle shall blossom o'er the bed of
The Thistle of Scotland
The Thistle so green.

Nothing at all.

IN Derry Down Dale when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy a courting to Kate,
 With my nosegay so fine and my holiday clothes
 My hands in my pockets, a courting I goes;
 The weather was cold and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot;
 Now I was so bashful and loving withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth and I said no-
 thing at all.

But fol de rol.

When I got to the door I look'd lumpish and
 glum,
 The knocker I held 'twixt my finger and thumb,
 Tap went the rapper, and Kate shew'd her chin,
 She chuck'd and duck'd I bow'd and went in.
 Now I was bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty poor soul was as bashful as me;
 So I bow'd, and she grin'd and I let my hat fall,
 Then I smil'd scratch'd my head, and said no-
 thing at all.

But fol de rol.

If bashful was I no less bashful the maid,
 She simper'd, and toy'd with her apron string
 play'd, [done,
 Till the old folks impatient to have the thing

Agreed little Kitty and I should be one.
 In silence we young folks, soon nodded consent,
 Hand in hand to the church to be married we
 went; [small,
 Where we answered the parson in voices so
 Love, honor, obey, and a—nothing at all,
 But fol de rol.

But mark what a change in the course of a week,
 Our Kate left off blushing I boldly could speak,
 Could play with my dearie, laugh loud at a jest,
 He cou'd coax too and fondly, as well as the
 best;

Asham'd of past follies, we often declar'd
 To incourage young folks who at wedlock are
 scar'd,

For if once to their aid some assurance they call
 You may kiss and be married, and a—nothing
 at all,

But fol de rol.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has brought him to:
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly;
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When HE who all commands,
Shall give to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands,
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches;
In vain Tom's life had doff'd,
For tho' his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
To hail the meadows fair;
Young Jockey early in the dawn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn,

Mis Sunday's coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny vow'd away she'd run,
 With Jockey to the fair, the fair,
 With Jockey to the fair.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung,
 With eager steps he trudg'd along,
 A flow'ry garland round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear;
 He tipp'd the window haste my dear,
 Jenny impatient cry'd, Who's there?
 'Tis I, my love there's no one near,
 Step gently down, there's nought to fear,
 With Jockey to the fair, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,
 My brother's out and with the sheep,
 But will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear;
 And will you ever constant prove,
 I will by all the pow'rs above,
 I'll ne'er deceive my charming dove,
 Dispel these doubts, and haste my love,
 With Jockey to the fair, &c.

Eehold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
 Will Jenny be my constant bride,
 May Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen to the fair;
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He would be constant and be true,

His word he pledg'd— away she flew,
 O'er cowslips dip'd in balmy dew,
 With Jockey to the fair, &c.

With joy they met the jocund throng,
 Their gay companions blythe and young,
 Each join'd the dance, each join'd the song,
 To hail the happy fair;
 There's none return'd so blythe as they,
 They bless'd the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of sweet May-day,
 When lovely Jenny ran away,
 With Jockey to the fair.

FINIS.