

A Collection of  
**POPULAR SONGS,**

The Sailor's courtship.

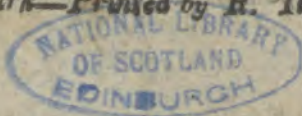
The Drowned Mariner.

AND

Had I a heart.



Falkirk—Printed by R. Taylor.



THE SAILOR'S COURTSHIP.

It happened on a morning clear,  
as down the quay I walked  
I chanced to meet a maiden fair,  
who with her father talked;  
Said he, your love is come on shore,  
The only man you do adore,  
Your father now you must give o'er,  
Dont wed that tarry sailor.

O father dear do not us part,  
or try to seperate us.  
For if you do 'twill break my heart,  
great grief it will create us;  
His love to me is most secure,  
And mine to him shall firm endure:  
Bet'ide me life or death, I'm sure  
I'll wed no other sailor.

Up comes young Jack as brisk's a bee,  
and saying my dearest Nancy,  
Now I am safe returned to thee  
my heart's delight and fancy;  
I've been where stormy winds do blow,  
And often fac'd the deadly foe  
Say, will you have me, yea or no,  
And wed poor Jack the sailor?

Two hundred pounds left by her aunt,  
 three hundred more I'd give her,  
 But if she marry without consent  
 a farthing I wont leave her;  
 Besides to marry she is too young,  
 And sailors have a flattering tongue,  
 So from my presence quick begone,  
 If you wed that tarry sailor.

Says Jack I dont regard that sum,  
 my dear i've gold in plenty,  
 Believe me, Sir, I do not come  
 to court with pockets empty;  
 Five hundred guineas in bright gold,  
 Upon the table there he told,  
 And swept them in her apron-fold,  
 Take that and Jack your sailor,

Her father seeing his honest heart,  
 that he behaved so clever;  
 Said, "'tis a pity you to part,  
 and I'll not do it ever;  
 As you so freely give your store-  
 And you each other do adore,  
 Now take her Jack, here's as much more  
 For you a clever sailor.

Now messmates we've got safe to port,  
 for I am safely married,  
 I hope my lads we'll have some sport,  
 and crown the day with claret;  
 My frigate she is rigged tight,  
 With silks and rings, most gay and bright,  
 I'll swear my lass to board to night.  
 And prove myself a sailor.

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### THE DROWNED MARINER.

The love that I have chosen,  
 I'll therewith be content,  
 The salt seas shall be frozen,  
 before that I repent,  
 Repent it shall 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 breag a yonng thing's heart,  
 who lately was a bride.  
 Who lately was a bonny bride,  
 most pleasant for to see

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

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

My love he built a bonny ship,  
and set her on the sea,  
With seven score brave mariners,  
to bear her company;  
There's threescore of them were sunk,  
and threescore died 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 they were blown,  
by tempest in the sea,

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

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

New Holland is a bonny 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 that can win them,  
so well they know the sea,  
And the lowlands of Holland  
hath twin'd my love and me.

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Be still, be still my daughter, All  
 be still and be content;  
 There are more lads in Galloway, I will  
 thou needs not so lament.  
 O there are none in Galloway,  
 not one that longs for me,  
 For I lov'd ne'er a lovè but one,  
 who's drown'd in the sea.

He was a comely proper youth,  
 I lov'd him for my part;  
 But death has taken him from me,  
 which sore afflicts 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,  
 that was my comely dear,  
 May heaven receive my soul to rest,  
 and guide me while I'm here.  
 I'll still lament in brinish tears,  
 until the day I die,  
 Since the lowlands of Holland  
 hath twin'd my love and me.



## HAD I A HEART.

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
 I ne'er could injure you;  
 For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
 Your charms would make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong;  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart:  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 and act a brother's part.  
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
 For friends in the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

**FINIS.**