

873

Five Songs.



Robinson Crusoe.

The Lover's Departure,

Katherine Ogie.

Answer to the Happy
Strangers.

Bonny Jessie. 120



Printed for the Booksellers.



ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WHEN I was a lad, I got cause to be sad,
 My grandmother I did lose, O;
 I'll bet you a can, you have heard of the man,
 His name it was Robinson Crusoe.
 O Robinson Crusoe!
 O Robinson Crusoe!
 Tink a tink tang, tink a tink tang,
 O poor Robinson Crusoe!

Perhaps you've read in a book of a voyage he took
 And how the whirlwind blew, so,
 That the ship, with a shock, drove plump on a rock
 Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
 O poor Robinson &c.

Poor soul! none but he remain'd on the sea,
 Ah, Fate! Fate, how could you do so?
 Till ashore he was thrown on an island unknown
 O poor Robinson Crusoe!
 O poor Robinson, &c.

He wanted to eat, and he sought for some meat,
 But the cattle away from him flew, so,
 That, but for his gun, he'd been surely undone;
 O my poor Robinson Crusoe!
 O poor Robinson, &c.

But he sav'd from aboard, an old gun and a sword,
 And another odd matter or two, so
 That by dint of his thrift he manag'd to shift;
 Well done Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

And he happen'd to save from the merciless wave,
 A poor parrot, I assure you, 'tis true, so
 That when he came home from a merciless roam,
 She cry'd, poor Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

He got all the wood that ever he could,
 And stuck it together with glue, so
 That he made him a hut, wherein he did put
 The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

He us'd to wear a cap, and a coat with long kaap,
 With a beard as long as a Jew, so
 That, by all that is civil, he look'd like a devil,
 More than poor Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

And then his man, Friday, kept the hut neat & tidy,
 To be sure 'twas his business to do so;
 And, friendly together, less like servant than bro-
 ther,

Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

At last an English sail came within hail,
 Then he took to his little canoe, so
 That, on reaching the ship, they gave him a trip
 Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson, &c.

KATHERINE OIGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grew so rarely ;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd tho' it was foggie :
 I ask'd her name ; Sweet Sir, she said.
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly :—
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a bogie,
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this samè Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels each clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

Were I but some shepherd swain,
 I'd feed my flock beside thee ;
 Noughting-time to leave the plain,
 Milking to abide thee :

I'd think myself a happier man,
 Wi' Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he who hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations,
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations,
 Might I caress, and stil possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works of nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggie ;
 Pity my case, ye Powers above !
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

THE LOVER'S DEPARTURE.

FAREWELL to sweet Kilmarnock,
 Wherein much pleasure I have had ;
 Thy fruitful fields, thy flowery vales,
 To go and leave it makes me sad.
 When aged sixteen, my heart was fond
 My luck in foreign climes to try,
 Our years and more have passed o'er,
 And I'm returned back with joy.

But soon again I'll bid adieu,
 With a heaving sigh and wistful ee,
 Unto the girl that I love,
 Who constant is and true to me.
 Again the ocean I must cross,
 In hopes of greater wealth to gain,
 And tho' the seas between us be,
 My heart is always thine, the same.

Adieu, my love, a fond adieu,
 A parting kiss, and then farewell;
 And still you'll find, it is all love
 To thee, in whom my heart does dwell.
 Once I had hopes of staying here
 To spend my future days in peace;
 But since it is ordained so,
 I'll give to thee my last good wish.

May thou as flowers in summer flourish,
 Thy tender heart be always gay;
 And may thou always constant prove
 Unto the lad that's far away.
 Farewell again, the ship doth wait,
 She stately on the waves doth ride;
 Oh! constant be, and I'll return
 To make thee my sweet and charming bride.

ANSWER TO THE HAPPY STRANGERS.

ANCE was a stranger, in a far country did roam,
 When young Jemmy of Newry came to me alone,
 Said, My dear jewel, now tell me I pray,
 How you came to wander in a desert this way.

She said, Pray young man don't attempt to persuade,

Or take an advantage of me a poor maid ;
It was my cruel father who caused me to stray
So far from my home, and to wander this way.

I loved a young man, and he loved me,
But because he was poor, and of low degree,
It was my cruel parents that press'd him to sea,
Which made me to wander here, and a stranger to be.
When I heard that my true love in battle was slain,
I packed up my jewels, from my father's house I
came,

Determin'd to wander in lonesome retire,
And there to lament for the youth I admire,

Then young Jemmy, of Newry, with a most graceful
ful bow,

Did say, Lovely fair maid, the truth I'll tell you now,
It was false lovers that caus'd me to roam,
And wander so many miles distant from home.
And now, lovely fair maid, if you will agree,
Since we're both cross'd in love, I'll marry with
thee ;

Then dry up your tears, I'll ease you of your pain,
And marry with me, I'll be your kind swain.

To a neighbouring village they then did repair,
Where a licence was bought, and they married were ;
And now the two strangers in love both agree,
In a neat little cottage by a shady green tree.
No longer they wander in deserts alone,
In content they do live in their cottage at home.
The lark, thrush and linnet round their cottage do

sing,

And both live as happy as a prince or a king.

BONNY JESSIE.

NOW Edinbro' I'm gaun to leave,
 And thee, my bonnie dear, Jessie,
 A while a-tween us now maun roar,
 A tumbling, swelling sea, lassie.
 But when frae thee, my bonny fair,
 For dearest love I ha'e, Jessie,
 I'll think on thee, when far awa,
 O thou sae bonnie gay lassie.

I'll think on those bewitching smiles
 That won my heart sae dear, Jessie ;
 I'll think upon sweet Hawthorn's den,
 How blithe hae we been there, lassie ?
 The Edinburgh's bonny walks
 Along with thee dld bear, Jessie,
 And thought mysel' the brawest lad
 Wi' thee, sae bonny fair, lassie.

It's wealth that wears the silk attire
 But wha can e'er win me, Jessie ;
 While I ha'e beauty, worth, and love,
 A' that be dear in thee, lassie,
 I dinna look me at the world,
 Ev'n a' that it can gi'e, Jessie ;
 It's sacred mair what makes me love,
 And binds my heart to thee, lassie.

And haud me now aye as your ain,
 By a' those vows sae dear, Jessie,
 And nane nor they do ken that love,
 Alone to thee I bear, lassie.
 It's thine wherever I do be,
 Divide nae seas can we, Jessie ;
 The dearest wish here that I hac,
 Is mine aye wert thou dear lassie.