

THE

Folly Miller.

To which are added.

JAMIE OUT AT SEA.

JACK the Sailor parting with his MOLLY.

CHARMING CELIA.

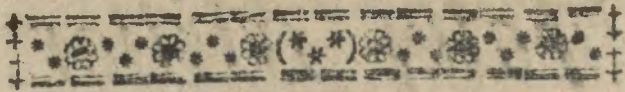
HOMWARD BOUND.

The HEAVING of the LEAD.



GLASGOW,

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THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jovial Miller once,
 liv'd on the river Dee,
 That work'd and sung from morn to night,
 no lark more blyth than he;
 And thus the burden of his song,
 for ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 if nobody cares for me.

A noble Lord that liv'd hard by,
 sent for this Miller one day,
 And ask him various questions,
 and amongst the rest did say,
 How comes it Miller, that every day
 you sing with so merry a glee?
 Quoth Ralph, I care for nobody,
 if nobody cares for me.

Are you always thus contented?
 to him the Lord did say,
 Aye that I am more happy, quoth Ralph,
 than folks that live more gay:
 No worldly care disturbs my breast;
 my wife and I agree;
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 if nobody cares for me.

The reason of your happiness
I would be glad to know!

Quoth Ralph, I'll tell your Lordship
part of it before you go;

I pay my rent at quarter-day,
my mind is ever free;

I care for nobody, no, not I,
if nobody cares for me.

Thrice happy thou, who thus content,
can ever merry be.

My whole estate I would freely give
to be as content as thee.

Ralph smiling, shook his head, and said,
my Lord, that cannot be,

Your Lordship cares for somebody,
and somebody cares for thee.

How can you say so, good Miller,
I pray thee tell to me,

And if you rightly me instruct,
ten thousand shall be your fee,

This sum I will give, as sure as I live
immediately unto thee,

When I can say, oh! happy day!
I care for nobody.

Quoth Ralph, your Lordship must refrain,
where flattering Knaves resort;

God bless our gracious King and Queen,
I mean that place the court;

Leave pomp and pegeantry aside;
be from ambition free,

And then your Lordship soon may sing,
I care for nobody.

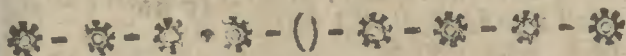


JAMIE OUT AT SEA.

THE summer breezes fann'd the sea,
and wav'd the fragrant bow'r ;
When Mary sigh'd for Jamie dear,
each long and tedious hour :
Oft o'er yon fertile hill and grove,
she wept her sorrows free ;
For Jamie was her only love,
and he was out at sea.

The blushing rose adorn'd her face,
with more than wonted charms ;
And beauty smil'd with heav'nly grace,
such as the soul disarms ;
Yet, ah ! in vain her bosom strove,
from danger to be free ;
For Jamie was her own true love,
and he was out at sea.

Thus twelve long months had pass'd away,
when from her cot she stray'd ;
She met her bonny sailor gay,
returning to his maid :
The tears of joy and pleasure flow'd,
her love once more to see ;
And from that hour young Jamie vow'd,
he'd ne'er return to sea.



JACK the SAILOR parting with MOLLY.

EArly one morning, a jolly brisk Tar,
signal being made for sailing,
Nimblely stept down, and told his dear,
who was of her loss bewailing.

Orders are come, the ship's unmoor'd,
the boat along-side is waiting;
Haste away, Molly, you must away,
here is no time for prating.

Molly, with her arms around his neck,
look'd as if life had left her;
So sad a word from her dear Jack,
quite of her speech bereft her.

Seeing her face look too so pale,
Jack laugh'd at the silly creature;
Till from her heart the blood began
to brighten every feature.

Molly, my dear, since I must go,
why such recoils at parting;
You may be happy, you very well know,
with other men's wives comforting.

Oh no! my dear, there's no such thing,
I ne'er will cease from crying;
For, perhaps, I may be merry and sing,
when you by a shot may be dying.

(6)
No sooner she spoke, than Trinkilot call,
all hands aloft did rattle ;

Jack, with a frown, cries, set off, dear Mall,
this is no time to prattle :

Get into the boat. the ship is away ;

Molly-crept slowly over ;

At ev'ry step, she cries, day ! day !

deep sighs did her fear discover.

Now, afar off, with wat'ry eyes,

she saw the ship a sailing :

Eager she looks, and this she cries,

speech o'er her thoughts prevailing.

Ha ! he is gone ! gone is my dear !

gone is my heart's desire !

O ! may the bullets miss my dear Jack,

that is all I require.



CHARMING CELIA.

TO charming Celia's arms I flew,
and there all night I feasted ;

No creature such transports ever knew,
no mortal ever tasted

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
and pleas'd beyond expressing ;

How can your slave, my fair, said I,
reward so great a blessing ?

The whole creation's wealth survey;
 through both the Indies wander;
 Ask what brib'd Senates gives away,
 and fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air;
 the rifled ocean's treasure:
 'Tis all too poor a bribe by far
 to purchase such a pleasure.

She blushing cry'd—my life, my dear,
 since Celia thus you fancy,
 Give me, but 'tis too much, I fear,
 a rundlet of right Nanizy.



H O M E W A R D B O U N D .

L O O S E every sail to the breeze,
 the course of the vessel improve,
 I've done with the toils of the sea,
 sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
 my griefs I fling all to the wind,
 'Tis a pleasant return for my care,
 my mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are fill'd to my dear,
 what tropic bird swifter can move?
 Who cruel shall hold his career
 that returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
 come shipmates and join in the song,
 Let's drink while the ship cuts the sea,
 to the gale that may drive her along.

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The HEAVING of the LEAD.

FOR England when with favouring gale,
 our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 the high blue western land appear'd,
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the deep—Nine!"

And, bearing up to gain the port,
 some well known object kept in view,
 An Abby-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,
 or beacon to the vessel true;
 When of the lead the seaman slung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 " By the mark—Seven!"

And as the much long'd shore we near,
 with transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,
 of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman slung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 " Quarter less—Five!"