

# THREE SONGS.

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Captain Ward  
Rainbow.

Argyle's Courtship to a  
an English Lady.

The Highland Rover.



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Captain Ward and the Rainbow.

**C**OME all ye valiant sailors bold,  
 that live by tuck of drum,  
 I'll tell you of a robber  
 who on the seas is come ;  
 His name is called Captain Ward,  
 as you the truth shall bear,  
 There has not been such a robber,  
 this hundred and sixty year.  
 He's wrote a letter to our king,  
 on the fifth of January,  
 To see if he would take him in  
 and all his company.  
 To see if he would accept of him,  
 and all his jolly sailors bold,  
 And for a ransom he would give  
 two thousand pounds in gold.  
 First he beguil'd the wild Turk,  
 and then the king of Spain,  
 Pray how can he prove true to us,  
 when he proves false to them.  
 O no O no, then said the king,  
 for no such thing can be  
 For he has been a rank robber,  
 and a robber on the sea.

O then says Captain Ward, my boys,  
let's put to sea again,

And see what prizes we can find  
on the coasts of France and Spain.

Then we espied a lofty ship,  
a sailing from the west,

She was load with silks and satins,  
and cambrics of the best.

Then we bore up to her straightway,  
they thinking no such thing:

We robb'd them of their merchandize,  
and bade them tell their king.

Now when our king he heard of this,  
his heart was grieved sore,

To think his ships could not get past,  
as they had done before.

Then he caus'd build a worthy ship,  
a worthy ship of fame,

O the Rainbow she was called,  
and the Rainbow was her name,

He rigged her and freighted her,  
and sent her to the sea.

With five hundred and fifty mariners,  
to bear her company.

They sailed east, they sailed west,  
but nothing could espy.

Until they came to the very port,  
where Captain Ward did lye.

O who is the owner of this ship  
 the rainbow she did cry ;

O hear I say says Captain Ward,  
 let no man me deny.

What brought you here you cowardly  
 you lying wanton thief: dog?

What makes you ly at anchor here,  
 and keep your king in grief.

You lie, you lie said Captain Ward,  
 so well as I hear you lie

I never robb'd an English man,  
 an Englishman but three.

As for the worthy Scotsmen:

I love them as my own.

My chief delight is for to pull  
 the French and Spaniards down.

Why sayst thou so thou bold robber?  
 well charg'd on every side;

And then they fir'd their great guns,  
 she shot out of her pride.

Full fifty good brass cannons  
 well charg'd on every side,

And then they fir'd their great guns,  
 and gave Ward a full broadside.

Fire on fire on, says Captain Ward,  
 I value you not a pin;

If you be brass on the outside,  
 I'm as good steel within.

They fought from eight in the mornings  
 till eight o'clock at night;  
 Till once the gallant Rainbow  
 began to take her flight.  
 Go home, go home, says Captain Ward,  
 and tell your king from me,  
 If he reigns king on dry land,  
 I will reign king at sea,  
 With that the gallant Rainbow,  
 she shot and shot in vain;  
 Then left the rover's company,  
 and home return'd again,  
 Go tell our king of England,  
 his ship's return'd again,  
 For Captain Ward he is too strong,  
 he never will be ta'en.  
 O fy for shame then said the king,  
 I have lost jewels three.  
 Which would have gone to the sea,  
 and brought proud Ward to me.  
 The first was brave lord Clifford,  
 great earl of Cumberland;  
 The second was my lord Mountjoy,  
 as you shall understand;  
 The third was brave lord Essex,  
 from field would never flee,  
 Who would have gone unto the sea,  
 and brought proud Ward to me.

## Duke of Argyle's Courtship.

**D**ID you never of a loyal Scot,  
 Who ne'er was concern'd in any plot,  
 I wish it might fall to my lot,  
 To marry me my deary O.

I wish I had you in Kintyre,  
 There your beauty I should admire.  
 Then would I have my heart's desire,  
 And marry you my deary O.

You shall have servants stout and star  
 Both in and out to work your wark,  
 And I will kiss you in the dark,  
 And marry you my deary O.

You shall have easnocks barley store  
 With roose and galling at your door,  
 And a good chaff bed upon the floor,  
 If you marry me my deary O.

You shall have plenty good Scots kail  
 With a good fat haggies at every meal,  
 And after that Scots cakes and ale,  
 If you'll marry me my deary O.

Begone you proud and saucy Scot,  
 Your haggies shall ne'er boil in my pot,  
 You are but a proud and prating sot,  
 You shall never be my deary O.

I'll clout your hose and sky your shoon  
 And if you chance to have a son,  
 I'll make him lord when all is done,  
 If you will marry me my deary O.

Your clouted hose I cannot wear,  
 And you mended shoes I can't endure,  
 As for your lordship it is not sure  
 And you shall never be my deary O.

I am a lord of high renown,  
 Great Argyle when I come to town,  
 Since my blue bonnet has fallen down,  
 You shall never be my deary O.

De'il pick out your twa black een,  
 I wish your face I had never seen,  
 You are but a proud and saucy queen,  
 And you shall never be my deary O.

O pardon, pardon, Argyle allow,  
 For what I've done in saying so,  
 To the highland hills with you I'll go,  
 And I long to be your deary O.

There's not a whore in all Londontown,  
 Shall e'er set a foot on Campbell's ground  
 I am something related to the crown,  
 And you shall never be my deary O.

I am a noble lord of high renown,  
 am great Argyle when I come to town  
 While drums do beat and trumpets sound  
 You shall never be my deary O.

I wish I had you in Lancashire,  
 To follow me through dub and mire,  
 Hats frae bonnets may yet retire,  
 And you shall never be my deary O.

The Highland Rover.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,  
 the snaws the mountains cover,  
 Like winter on me seizes,  
 Since my young Highland Rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where'er he go where'er he stray,  
 may Heaven be his warden:  
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
 and bonny Castle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,  
 shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blyhely singing,  
 And every flower be springing.  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 when by his mighty warden,  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 and bonny Castle Gordon.

FINIS.