

T H E
J A U N T I N G C A R ;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED.

The Light Guitar;

T H E C O R O N A T I O N ,

AND

The Isle of Beauty.



GLASGOW,

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
JAUNTING CAR:

THE LIGHT GUINER;

THE CORONATION,
SONGS.

The Jaunting Car.

I oft have heard of the old man,
but now I'm fix'd at last
I wish grim death had catch'd him
before the knot was cast—
I wish grim death had watch'd him
and taken him 'at a call
Then I a young man would have got
to roll me from the wall.

When I go to fair or market,
I think the time full long,
My heart is always sorry
when I see my poor old man;

My heart is always sorry,
 and I'll tel you the reason why;
 His brow is always hanging down,
 he carries a jealous eye.

O held your tongue dear Sally;
 till I shall go to town,
 I will buy you a lap dog,
 likewise a muslin gown--
 I'll buy for you a lap dog
 to follow you when you call,
 And of all the ladies in the land,
 you will exceed them all.

To the devil with your lap dog,
 your jaunting car likewise,
 I would rather have a young man
 with two bright sparkling eyes--
 I would rather have a young man
 without a penny at all--
 Because he'd take me in his arms
 and roll me from the wall.

The deuce may take my parents,
 for they've done me meikle ill,
 They've married me to an old man,
 and sore against my will;
 I'd rather have a young man,
 without a penny at all,

That would fondly take me in his arms,
and roll me from the wall.

Some of my friends do tell me
to drown him in a well,

And others fain would have me
to grind him in a mill;

But I will take my own way,
and tie him to a stake,

And if a wizard he should prove,
some mischief will him take.

Now my old man is dead and gone,
and he has left to me

Twelve thousand pounds of money,
a handsome legacy,

His houses and his lands also,
to me he's left them all,

And I have got a fine young man
to roll me from the wall.

When the honey month was over,
my spouse began to brawl,

My tea pots and my china,
he soon did break them all

He kill'd my little lap dog
that follow'd me at my call,

And now I suffer sorely
for the rolling from the wall.

Come a! you pretty fair maids
 a warning take by me
 Whate'er may be your station—
 of high or low degree—
 It's better to be an old man's pet
 with servants at our call,
 Than to be any young man's slave
 for the rolling from the wall.

The Coronation.

At home in our village when we'd done our daily
 labour,

The barber every night would read the news to
 each good neighbour;

I heard it all, I did not wait for feyther's appro-
 bation,

I started up to Lunnun town to see the Corona-
 tion.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Well, there I got, and just, at first I felt myself
 quite flustered

To see, all round Westminster, such lots of peo-
 ple mustered;

But, howsomdever, in the crowd I got myself a
 station,

And there I waited anxiously to see the Corona-
 tion.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Somehow a soldier's prancing horse he took
 fright at a dandy,
 And capered in among the crowd, so frolicsome
 and handy—
 I wur carried off my legs—shoved on the eleva-
 tion,
 So I got a seat for nought, to see the Coronation,
 Tol lol loi &c

I sat me down quite quietly, no body came to
 rout me,
 I slyly cast my eyes upon the ladies round about
 me,
 The sun saone down so very hot, they were all
 in perspiration,
 It melted all their red and white at the famous
 Coronation.
 Tol lol lol &c.

At last the Queen herself did come dressed up
 so fine oh dear me.
 I ne'er before in all my life had had a Queen so
 near me ;
 So graciously she made her bow to me and con-
 gregation,
 So I was taken notice of at the famous Corona-
 tion.
 Tol lol lol &c.

and put his lord
 But if my tale should make you sigh.

When this war done, I thought thinks I, I've
 seen all that I can see ;
 So out I got and found that I'd paid dearly for
 my fancy ;
 I'd lost a sovereign and my purse and on ex
 amination,
 My watch which ne'er did go before did go at
 Coronation.

Tol lol lo', &c.

The Light Guitar.

O leave the gay and festive scene,
 the halls of dazzling light,
 And rove with me through forests green,
 beneath the silent night.
 Then as we watch the ling'ring rays,
 that shine from every star,
 Ill sing the song of happier days,
 and strike the light guitar.
 I'll sing &c.

I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
 when her true knight was slain,
 And how her broken spirit slept
 and never woke again
 I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 and left his lord afar ;—
 But if my tale should make you sigh,

I'll strike the light guitar.

But if my tale, &c.

Isle Of Beauty.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us,
 leave our lonely bark awhile;
 Morn' alas will not restore us
 yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover
 sunny spots where friends may dwell:
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 smile around the taper's light;
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 who will sing our songs to-night?
 Thro' the mist that floats above us
 faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us
 breathing fondly, Fare thee well.

When the waves are round me breaking,
 as I pace the deck alone;
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 some green leaf to rest upon:
 What would I not give to wander
 where my old companions dwell
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well.