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THE TARTAN PLAID,

THE TEMPEST,

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The Heaving of the Lead,

TOM STARBOARD,

AND

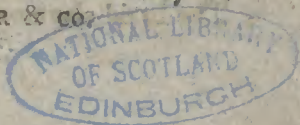
The Lily Fair.

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THE TARTAN PLAID.

THE highland tartan plaid, renown'd,
And bonnet blue, an' a' that,
Has been with martial glory crown'd,
Out owre the world, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
Unconquer'd still, an' a' that,
The gallant badge of Liberty,
An' Freedom's cause, an' a' that.

First, Julius Cæsar, in our isle,
Wi' battering rams, an' a' that,
Drew up his legions, rank and file,
In battle line, an' a' that.

With spear and lance, an' a' that,
And ten to ane, an' a' that;
But death our brave ancestors chose,
Than flee ae inch for a' that.

Our Scottish Kings, on ait meal brose,
And cogs o' whey, an' a' that,
In tartan fought and beat their foes,
And made them rin, an' a' that.

Norwegians fierce, an' a' that,
The Picts and Danes, an' a' that,
Fled frae our noble highland clans,
The brâid claymore, an' a' that.

Then let us hail the natal day
 Of Wallace brave, an' a' that;
 And sing how Edward ran away
 Frae Bannockburn, an' a' that.

Our Wallace brave, an' a' that,
 King Robert Bruce, an' a' that,
 Hae aften crapt the English rose,
 And laurels won, an' a' that.

May Caledonia flourish still,
 The bonnet blue, an' a' that;
 And heroes wha their blood wad spii
 In freedom's cause, an' a' that.

Our liberties, an' a' that,
 Our King, our laws, an' a' that;
 And never let tyrannic power
 Rule Scotia's sons, an' a' that.

'THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer;
 List, ye landmen, all to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea :
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwind's rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand,

Down top-gallants, quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-sails; hand, boys, hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 Now the top-sail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms:
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, it yet beats harder—
 Now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course,
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear,
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All' above us one black sky,

Different deaths at once surround us;
Hark! what means that dreadful cry!

The foremast's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck;
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases—
Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See, our mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rigg a jury fore-mast;
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune sav'd our lives;

Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives;
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now?—who feels it?—
 None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

The Heaving of the Lead.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring 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 seamen 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 Abbey-tow'r, a Harbour-fort,
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seamen flung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 'By the mark—Seven!'

And, as the much lov'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 seamen flung,
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,
 'Quarter less—Five!'

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;]
 We take in sail—she feels the tide;
 ‘Stand clear the cable,’ is the cry—
 The anchor’s gone—we safely ride.
 The watch is set; and thro’ the night,
 We hear the seamen, with delight,
 Proclaim—‘All’s well!’

TOM STARBOARD.

TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,
 As brave a tar as ever sail’d;
 The duties ablest seamen do
 Tom did, and never yet had fail’d.
 But wreck’d as he was homeward bound,
 Within a league of England’s coast,
 Love sav’d him sure from being drown’d,
 For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
 Nay, when he lost an arm, resign’d,
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had sav’d his life, and Fate was kind.
 And now, tho’ wreck’d, yet Tom, return’d,
 Of all past dangers made a joke;
 For still his manly bosom burn’d
 With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor’d, Tom nobly ran
 To cheer his bride, his destin’d bride;
 But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before, that Tom had died.

With grief she daily pin'd away,
 No remedy her life could save;
 And Tom return'd the very days
 They laid his Nancy in the grave.

THE LILY FAIR.

COME, Clara, as the lily fair,
 Blushing like the dew-kiss'd rose,
 Yon murmuring rill shall charm your ear,
 And Strephon sigh thee to repose.

What though, by persecuting fate,
 The charms of lux'ry are denied,
 The empty farce of servile state,
 And all the purple train of pride;

Yet, if with me you seek the plain,
 With me enjoy the rural cot,
 A happy, though a humble swain,
 Ye proud and great, I scorn your lot.