

TWO ORIGINAL SONGS,

By T. M.

VIZ.

The Banks of Ugie,

*and*

Ben Stout.

To which is added,

**THE NEW RAMILIES.**



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BANKS OF THE UGIE.

Tune—*The Bonny Lass of Aberdeen.*

As walking forth to view the plains,  
and to recreate myself a while,  
When every thing appear'd so gay,  
made me forget my daily toil:  
So wander'd I, and did espy  
Brave Ugies Streams run smooth & clear,  
I walked along and sung a song,  
for the absence of my dearest dear.

2  
Her absence then made me make moan,  
into the haughs of Rora-sweet,  
For I thought long to be alone,  
I long'd my sweetheart for to meet.  
Thus as I mourn'd, myself I turn'd  
to view the brace that was so high,  
I spyed my lass on the green grafs,  
and swiftly she was drawing nigh.

3  
And then with joy my spirits mov'd,  
when e'er I saw her lovely face,  
'Twas only she I could have lov'd,  
in rapture I did her thus address,—  
I said, my dear, if you'll come here,  
these streams so sweet will cherish thee  
To speak of love your heart to move,  
I hope that we two shall agree.

4  
 O no, she cryed, pray let me be,  
 for I'll live single all my life,  
 Therefore, I plainly tell to thee,  
 that I will be no man's wife,  
 Virginity I prize so high,  
 that all my life I will it keep,  
 No man shall move my heart to love,  
 nor will I be in love so deep.

5  
 I said my dear, how sweet is May,  
 with all its variegated hue?  
 I hope along with me you'll stay,  
 you never shall have cause to rue.  
 These streams so sweet, each other meet,  
 in others arms they run along,  
 And doth rejoyce and make a noise,  
 in singing of their nuptial song.

## 6

The one doth help the others strength,  
 against whatever may befall;  
 Till to the sea they run at length,  
 obedient to each others call.  
 Rejoicing still to have their will  
 to run their course, down fast they press  
 Till from the shore, and ne'er seen more,  
 but sunk into the wide abyss.

7

And now my dear, if you'll agree,  
 and like those streams, in love let's join  
 Our hearts and hands in harmony,  
 then you will be for ever mine.  
 United hearts will never part,  
 whatever crosses may befall,  
 Our force we'll join, and will combine  
 our patience to surmount them all.

8

So thus, our steady course we'll steer,  
 thro' life's dark channel, to the end;  
 The further we run, we will draw near  
 the destin'd place where we intend.—  
 Where you and I will mount on high,  
 up to the blessed abodes above,  
 And there we'll rest, and be more blest,  
 where there is nought but joy & love.

7

Then if with me in harmony  
 you love the matrimonial state,  
 For it is for ever free  
 From all dissembling and deceit,  
 no prying eye can e'er espy  
 the pleasures there is to be had,  
 And joys unknown can ne'er be shown,  
 but by enjoying of the marriage bed.



Then to my arms she did incline,  
 with blushes in her lovely face,  
 Says she myself I do resign,  
 whatever after be the case.  
 Into your arms from future harms,  
 I do resign myself for life:  
 O then make haste, and let me taste  
 the pleasures of a married *WIFE*.

*BEN STOUT*, a parody on *TOM TOUGH*

My name you see is Ben Stout,  
 I have not failed for nothing,  
 No dangers e'er alarmed me,  
 Aloft or yet below:  
 In gallant Nelson's action,  
 Where Nile's proud waves were frothing,  
 I dauntless turned my quid,  
 And cried what cheer ho?  
 We valued not their cannons roar,  
 We made ours echo ten times more,  
 Thus we debrav'd you see  
 A far superior foe.  
 And when involved in smoke,  
 I careless crack'd a joke,  
 And to my shipmates cried, boys,  
 What cheer ho?

In vain did Bruffs Boast,  
 Our Squadren he would conquer,  
 Or else to Davie's locker,  
     Each British tar should go;  
 But when we came upon them,  
 At sea, or yet, at anchor,  
 Brave Nelson with a broadside,  
     Cried what cheer ho?  
 Soon thunders roll'd from side to side,  
 Poor Galies blood bestain'd the tide,  
 For British tars strick home,  
     When e'er they meet the foe  
 The Blood o'er flow'd our decks,  
 Our ships lay as wrecks,  
 Our tars each other hailing,  
     Crying what cheer ho?  
 But when thoughts came a-cross me  
 About sweet Poll, my Partner,  
 Whom I had left a fobbing  
     Because I needs must go.  
 A shot from some d——d frenchman  
 Came thro' our larboard quarter,  
 And struck of both my pins,  
     And cried what cheer ho?  
 This like a hull dismasted,  
 While the hot action lasted,  
 A bleeding on the platform,  
     I anxious lay below.

When a shipmate I espied,  
I eager to him cried,  
Pray tell a wounded mesmate,

What cheer, ho?

When the action it was over,  
Brave Nelson was victorious,  
And I tho' thus disabled

Rejoiced and lay below.

That what I suffer'd happned  
Upon a day so glorious,  
For King and Country fighting,

So well the French may know

Now at my ease my pipe I'll smock,  
And tell my Poll the serious Joke,  
How I and Nelson suffer'd

In Action with the foe.

This may each British tar,  
Despise the fate of war,  
When British cannons thunder,

Cry what cheer ho?

BRITISH

THE NEW RAMILIES.

You pretty maids where e'er you be,  
that have sweethearts on the raging sea,  
Come shed a tear along with me,  
my love was lost in the Ramilie.  
My love he was a sailor bold  
as e'er a fairmaid did behold,  
He was always constant-kind to me,  
he has lost his life in the Ramilie.  
The seas did roll full mountains high,  
there was no daylight in the sky,  
The wind did blow with a dismal shock,  
when the Ramilies dash'd against a rock  
Five hundred seamen stout and bold,  
were her on board as we are told,  
Twenty-five of them their life did save,  
the rest were buried in a watery grave:  
Nigh Plymouth harbour where they lay,  
the wind did blow most dismally,  
By boisterous seas the ships were drove,  
by cruel fortune I lost my love.  
You widows and you fatherless,  
come mourn with me in my distress,  
Their mothers to their fathers cries,  
we have lost our sons in the Ramilies.

FINIS.