

The land in the ocean ;

To which are added,

The way-worn traveller.

The all of love.

When the rosy morn.

Ye gentlemen of England.

Lay thy loof in mine, lass.



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THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,  
 Pull away, pull away, yo ho, there,

Stands an island surpassing all others by far,

If you doubt it, you've only to go there;

By Neptune 'twas built on freedom's firm base,

And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;

All the world I defy to produce such a place,

Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull & say,

As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,

Pull away, pull away so ciever

They've oft sworn as how they would come along  
 side,

And destroy the poor island for ever;

But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,

And so tightly she's rigg'd I've a notion,

She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,

Pull away &c.

If they touch at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in the glorious cause,

Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys,

Who gained on the first of June such applause,

And Monsieur he put to the rout boys;

The next was St Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,  
 As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion, *and*  
 For they swore not to strike; says he, dam me but  
 you must,

Pull away, &c.

To the laas of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncun came next, 'twas in autumn you  
 know,

Pull away, pull away so jolly,

That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe

Against whom all resistance was folly;

And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a  
 dunce,

But a sad story home, I've a notion;

So Duncun he beat a whole Winner at once,

Pull away, &c.

What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their  
 share,

Pull away, pull away, so hearty,

For Nelson has set all the world in the stare,

And land-lock'd the great Bonaparte;

And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs  
 incline,

But they're all pretty sick I've a notion;

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Then may victory's sword to the olive resign,  
Pull away, &c.  
And peace crown the land in the ocean.

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### THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller,  
Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;  
Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller,  
Of the mazes 'tward the mountain's top:  
Doubting, fearing,  
As his course he's steering,  
Cottages appearing  
As he's nigh to drop.  
Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller,  
Treads the mazes 'tward the mountains top.

Though now melancholy day has pass'd by,  
'twould be folly now to think on't more;  
Blithe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,  
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door.  
Eating, quaffing,  
At past labours laughing,  
Better far, by half, in  
Spirits than before;  
Oh! how merry then the rested traveller,  
Seems while sitting at the goat-herd's door!

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 THE ALL OF LIFE.

When first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove?  
 My grain was scarce my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd;  
 But, when the lip the brim had prest,  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came high:  
 In them was given (tho' gold was spar'd,)  
 What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid cot,  
 But as the means to prove  
 That from the castle to the cot,  
 - The all of life is love.

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 WHEN THE ROSY MORN.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,

Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn  
 Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.  
 See, Content the humble gleaner,  
 Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

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### GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

You gentlemen of England,  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas.  
 Give ear unto the mariners,  
 And they will plainly show,  
 All the cares and the fears,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 When the stormy winds, &c.  
 If enemies oppose us,  
 When England is at war,

With any foreign nation,  
 We fear not wound nor scar ;  
 Our roaring guns shall teach them,  
 Our valour for to know,  
 Whilst they reel on their keel,  
 When the stormy winds do blow,  
 When the stormy winds, &c.

Then courage all brave mariners,  
 And never be dismayed,  
 Whilst we have bold adventurers,  
 We ne'er shall want a trade.  
 Our merchants will employ us,  
 To bring them gold, we know,  
 Then be bold, work for gold,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 When the stormy winds, &c.

Then here's a health to Nelson  
 And to his gallant tars ;  
 Long may these British heroes bold,  
 Despise both wounds and scars.  
 Make France, and Spain, and Holland,  
 And all their foes to know,  
 Britain reigns o'er the main,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.  
 When the stormy winds, &c.

LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine lass, in mine lass,  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
 That thou wilt be mine ain.  
 A slave to Love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae,  
 But now he is my deadly fac,  
 Unless thou be mine ain.  
 O lay thy life, &c.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best,  
 But thou art Queen within my breast,  
 For ever to remain.  
 O lay thy loof, &c.

Dear lad, gin ye'll be leal and true,  
 There's nane I like sae weel as you,  
 For there's my loof I swear and vow,  
 For life to be your ain.  
 Now there's my loof in thine iad,  
 In thine iad, in thine iad,  
 In hopes you will prove kind, lad,  
 And tak me for your ain.