

THE WILLOW TREE,

The Bay of Biscay O,

THE LAIRDIE,

Ye Mariners of England,

AND,

THE FATHER OF NANCY.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO. 112
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THE WILLOW TREE.

OH, take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow;
O take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe.
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty,
The rich attend her door;
My love has wealth and beauty,
But I, alas! am poor.
The ribbon fair that bound her hair
Is all that's left to me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver,
I thought 'em without end;
I once had gold and silver,
I thought I had a friend;
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stole from me;
And here I lie, in misery,
Beneath the willow tree.

 THE BAY OF BISCAY O.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder;
 The rain in deluge show'rs!
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs.
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the bay of Biscay O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Cur op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 'To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seamen crowds,
 As she lay,
 'Till the day,
 In the bay of Biscay O.

At length thē wish'd-for morrow
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh:
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,

As she lay,
On that day,
In the bay of Biscay O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent!
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail,
With the galé,
From the bay of Biscay O.

THE WEE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

WHa the deil hae we got for a King,
But a wee, wee German lairdie!
An' whan we gade to bring him hame
He was delving his kail-yardie.
Sheughing kail an' laying leeks,
But the hose and but the brecks,
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee wee German lairdie.

An' he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee wee German lairdie,
An' he's brought fouth o' foreign leeks,
And dibblet them in his yardie.

He's pu'd the rose o' English lowns,
 An' brak the harp o' Irish clowns,
 But our thistle will jag' his thumbs,
 The wee wee German lairdie,

Come up amang the Highland hills,
 Thou wee wee German lairdie;
 And see how Charlie's lang kail thrive,
 He dibblet in his yardie.
 An' if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
 We'll break yere sceptre owre yere mou,
 Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie;
 An' our norlan' thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee wee German lairdie!
 An' we've the trenching blades o' wier,
 Wad lib ye o' yere German gear,
 An' pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
 Thou feckless German lairdie.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,
 Who guard our native seas,
 Who for these thousand years have brav'd
 The battle and the breeze;

Your glorious standard launch again,
 And match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers,
 Will start from every wave;
 The deck it was their field of fame,
 The ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
 Your manly hearts will glow,
 As you sweep thro' the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
 Her home is on the deep:
 With thunder from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As she sweeps through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.

The meteor-flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,

Till the stormy night of war depart,

And the star of peace return.

Then to our faithful mariners

The social can shall flow,

Who swept through the deep,

While the stormy winds did blow.

While the stormy winds, &c.

THE FATHER OF NANCY.

The father of Nancy a forester was,

And an honest old woodman was he,

And Nancy a beautiful innocent lass,

As the sun in its circuit could see.

She gather'd wild-flowers, and lilies, and roses,

And cry'd thro' the village, 'Come buy my sweet
posies.

The charms of this fair one a villager caught,

A noble and rich one was he:

Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught

That a poor girl right honest might be.

She still gather'd wild-flowers, &c.

The father of Nancy a forester was,

And a poor little stroler was she;

But her lover, so noble, soon married the lass;

She's as happy as maiden could be:

No more gather'd wild-flowers, and lillies and ro-
 ses, [posies.]
 Nor cry'd thro' the village, 'Come buy my sweet

Is there a heart that never lov'd.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Nor feit soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark, unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

FINIS.