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## Jolly Miller

OF DEE.

The Poor Sailor Boy,

THE

Disappointed Lover,

AND THE

Caledonian Laddie.

F. 6

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## JOLLY MILLER OF DEE.

THERE was a jolly Miller once,  
 liv'd on the river Dee;  
 He work'd and sung from morn till night,  
 no lark more blithe than he:  
 And this the burthen of his song  
 f r ever us'd to be;  
 I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 if nobody cares for me.

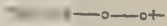
A noble Lord, that liv'd hard by,  
 sent for this Miller one day,  
 And ask'd him various questions,  
 and amongst the rest did say,  
 How comes it, Miller that ev'ry day  
 you sing with merry glee?  
 Quoth Ralph, I care for nobody,  
 if nobody cares for me.

Are you always thus contented?  
 to him the Lord did say.  
 Ay, that I am, more happy, quoth Ralph  
 than folks that live more gay:  
 No worldly cares disturb my breast,  
 my wife and I agree;

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Full fifteen days in open boat,  
forlorn and lost to joy,  
O'er Ocean's bosom doom'd to float,  
was the Poor Sailor Boy.

First for our King and laws we fight,  
next for our trade and beauty ;  
Those to protect is our delight,  
our pride, our boast, and duty.  
Then now relieve a hapless Nar,  
nor pity's claim destroy ;  
Thus wreck'd, be you a friendly star,  
to the poor Sailor Boy.



THE  
DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Ye Muses nine assist my quill,  
with eloquence and penetration,  
And I'll assay for to reveal  
my sorrows great in this narration.  
A Lady fair I did regard  
with ardent love and great affection,  
Her modest grace my heart insnar'd,  
as you'll observe in this reflection.

Then first my eyes this maid had seen,  
 I thought I saw each comely feature,  
 That did adorn the Grecian Queen,  
 That miracle of human nature.

Of stature she is middle size,  
 Her speeches are all art beguiling,  
 Like diamonds bright appear her eyes,  
 And nature smiles when she is smiling.

Her wit and beauty doth surpass  
 The fairest nymph in all the nation,  
 Her eloquence I can't express  
 With pen and ink in this narration,  
 Her wit and beauty doth excel,  
 Her carriage it is most inviting,  
 Within her snow-white breast doth dwell  
 An easy temper most delighting.

But words doth fail to speak her praise,  
 And pens cannot describe her graces,  
 Therefore in silence I'll proclaim  
 Expressively to speak her praises.  
 But only this I must declare,  
 My heart by her was captivated;  
 And while her love I sought to share,  
 These words by her I heard related.

( 3 . )

care for nobody, no, not I,  
if nobody cares for me.

he reason of your happiness  
I would be glad to know.  
Noth Ralph, I'll tell your Lordship  
part of it before you go:  
pay my rent at quarter-day,  
my mind is ever free;  
care for nobody, no, not I,  
if nobody cares for me.

hrice happy thou, who thus content,  
can ever merry be;  
My whole estate I'd freely give,  
to be as content as thee.  
Ralph, smiling, shook his head, and said,  
My Lord, that cannot be;  
your Lordship cares for somebody,  
and somebody cares for thee.

ow can you say so, good Miller?  
I pray thee tell to me;  
And if you rightly me instruct,  
ten thousand shall be your fee:  
This sum I'll give, as sure's I live,  
immediately unto thee,  
When I can say, oh! happy day!  
I care for nobody.

Quoth Ralph, yoer Lordship must refrain  
 where flattering knaves resort,

(Long live our gracious King and Queen)

I mean that place the Court:

Lay pomp and pageantry aside,  
 be from ambition free;

And then your Lordship soon may sing,  
 I care for nobody.

#### THE POOR SAILOR BOY.

'MIDST rocks and quicksands have we  
 steer'd,

rude storms and torrents brav'd, Sir;

The battle's rage, nor death we fear'd,

we conquer'd, then we sav'd, Sir.

In distant climes Old England's foe  
 did ev'ry-where annoy,

Then, mess-mate-like, some pity shew  
 to a Poor Sailor Boy.

When mid-night tempest roar'd around  
 and seas roll'd o'er the deck, Sir,

When yr brave souls were' drown'd,  
 while nine escap'd the wreck, Sir;

Your timelefs love I must deny,  
 and give to you a full rejection,  
 Altho' to you confefs must I,  
 you once had part in my affection:  
 But now my heart engag'd have I,  
 to one who courted not fo fl. wly,  
 Therefore your fuit I must deny,  
 and all becaufe of backward folly.

At hearing this I can't aver  
 what forrow then my heart was und  
 To think my rival Master R——  
 fhould part my love and me affande  
 O then too late I did reflect  
 that I was to myfelf fo cruel,  
 That e'er fo long I did neglect  
 to ask the love of my dear jewel.

But fince it's fo that I must be  
 deprived of my deareft jewel,  
 I'll wifh them both great unity,  
 may fortune ne'er to them prove cr  
 Yea, all the pleasures of this life,  
 my heart doth wifh to be attendin  
 Both the husband and the wife,  
 while Hymen's band they are outff

By A. S.

## CALEDONIAN LADDIE.

BLYTHE Sandy is a bonny boy,  
 And always is a-wooing O!  
 Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,  
 Altho' he is so loving O!  
 O dear! to wed me, he confess'd,  
 The Caledonian Laddie O!  
 My bonny, bonny Highland boy,  
 My Caledonian Laddie O!

The maidens try, baith far and near,  
 To gain young Sandy over O!  
 But a' their arts I dinna fear,  
 He winna prove a rover O!  
 For sure he told me, frank and free,  
 Unkend to dad or mammy O!  
 He'd marry nie, ah! nane but me,  
 The Caledonian Laddie O!

The tither day frae Dundee fair,  
 He brought me hame a bonnet O!  
 cap, and ribbons for my hair,  
 But mark what soon came on it O!  
 's late at kirk we somehow flood,  
 In spite of mam or daddy O!  
 He married me, do' all I could,  
 The Caledonian Laddie O!

F I N I S.