

The Tippling Farmer.

To which are added,

The lovers Summons.

Abraham Newland.

The Sailor's adieu.

Farewell to Spring.

The Sailor's Return

GENTLE SALLY.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



The Tippling Farmer.

Good ale comes and good ale goes,
Good ale gart me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had four owsen in a plough,
And they drew a' teugh enough,
I drank them a' ane by ane,
Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes. &c.

Good ale keeps me bare and bazy,
And gar's me work when I am dazy,
And spend my wage when a' is done,
For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes. &c.

I had forty shillings in a clout,
Good ale gart me pick them out,
Pick them out a' ane by ane,
Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes, &c.

I took the muckle pot on my back,
And to the ale-house I did pack,
I spent it a' in an afternoon,
For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

Good ale comes and good ale goes; &c;

I wish they were a' hang'd on a gallows,
That winna keep good ale for good fallows,
And keep a soup till the afternoon,
For good ale keeps my heart aboon,
Good ale comes and good ale goes,

The lover's Summons.

Arise thou mistress of my heart,
and do not me disdain;
Come now and quickly take the part
of me, your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am a slave,
there's none on earth can me cure,
The flame that in my breast I have,
for you I do endure.

Come now dear nymph and ease my heart;
of me your darling swain,
My love for you within my heart,
does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
our heart's united be therefore,
In love live without any dread,
in joys for evermore.

Abraham Newland.

Never was a man so landed by Fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
My wild desires to satisfy:

As one that is wrote upon every Bank Note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland?

O, Abraham Newland!

Notorious Abraham Newland.

I've heard people say, sham Abraham you may,
But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland,

For fashions of arts, should you seek foreign parts,
It matters not where ever you land,
From Christian to Greek a l language will speak,
If the language of Abraham Newland,

O, Abraham Newland!

Astonishing Abraham Newland,

Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
By the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
You may tramp like the wand'ring Jew land,
From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
If a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Wonderful Abraham Newland,

Tho with compliments cramm'd, you may die cut
hand,
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland!

The world are inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
Yet Lawyers know well she can view land;
But what of all that?—she'll blink like a bat,
At the sight of a friend, Abraham Newland,

O, Abraham Newland?

Heart aboon.

Magical Abraham Newland,
Tho' Justice 'tis known can see thro' a will-stone,
She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who bawl, for the good of us all,
And, good souls, like mushrooms they strew land,
But tho' loud as a drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
Invincible Abraham Newland,
No argument's found in the world half so sound,
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but surely they're
humming:
We know what they want, if they do land,
But we'll make their ears ring, in defence of our King
Our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
Excellent Abraham Newland!
No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall rob us of Abraham Newland.

The Sailor's Adieu.

The topfall's shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary, most lov'd with thee:
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

My wild desires to satisfy:

Should landmen flatter when we're fair
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Cupid fill'd his sails:
 Thou art the compass of my sou',
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves;
 But sailors of the British fleet,
 Are lovers and not slaves;
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our heart with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind
 We'll scorn the sailing main,
 The rocks, the billows and the wind,
 The powers of France and Spain,
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

Farewell to Spring.

Farewell to spring, virgins and wives,
 Blithe bloom when saffron grows dark,
 Our harvest is come, come lads to your reaping,
 Your sickles are keen, come lads to your reaping,
 Come lasses to glean, plow and sow,

The sun peeps so broad, and the twilight is full
 The dawn of the morning throws of the grey gull
 Come lads to your labour, 'tis welcome the dew
 Your hearty meal's meat shall your labour rue

edge cross his shoulder from the barn bears
 a flail, (pail,
 1st Nest crosses the stile, on her head a full
 cattle well fodder'd, to the cottage let's haste
 other pains take on brown bread make a feast

her courtly nor costly, nor book learnt we
 shew,
 a dressing, plain dealing is all that we know,
 cares run across us, but those loves we find,
 be cured if your sweetheart proves but kind.

The Sailor's Return.

Behold, from many an hostile shore,
 and all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 your faithful Tom return again;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart,
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 how sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 and deck our sweet hearts with the spoil,
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare it's rights defend;

When Late I wander'd.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 a nymph to nymph I strove in vain;
 My wild desires to rally, to rally,
 My wild desires to rally:

But now they're of themselves come home,
 And strange! no longer wish to roam,
 They centre all in Sally, in Sally,
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy,
 Can love with ruin tally, ruin tally,
 My wild desires to ral-ly:
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,
 Rather than injure Sally,

Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley, of the valley,
 Or lillies of the val-ley,
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
 And make me blest in sally, in Sally.
 And make me blest in Sal-ly.

FINIS.