

THE
YORKSHIRE
SONGSTER,
AND
LOYAL BRITON'S
VOCAL COMPANION;
BEING
A Collection of favorite Old Songs.



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J. Kendrew, Printer, Collier-Gate, York.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift ye landsmen all to me,
Messmates hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

LIVELY.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling?
Down your stay-fails hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces:
Quick the topsail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our mind enthalls,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.

QUICK.

The top-fail-yards point to the wind boys,
See all clear to reef each course!
Let the fore-sheets go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse;
Fore and aft the sprit-fail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hand up! each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us!
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out

O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck,
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck;
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold!
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now!

QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come every hand, boys,
See our mizen-mast is gone;
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more,
Up and rigg a jury fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives,
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,
To our sweethearts and our wives;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to the lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempest now? who feels it!
None? our danger's drown'd in wine.

PATRICK O'NEAL.

O ye sons of Hibernia who snug on dry
land, [whisky in your hand,
All round your sparkling turf fires, with
Drink a health to la me fa, and think on
the boys [and noise;
That's fighting your battles, thro' tempest
O attend to my ditty, as true I declare,
Such swimmings and linkings will make
you all stare, [at my tail,
Such storms, squibs, and crackers all whiz'd
Since the pressgang laid hold of poor Pa-
trick O'Neal.

O it was April the first I set off like a fool
 From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Larry
 Tool, [wrote down,
 My mother's third cousin, who oft had
 Begging I would come and see how he
 flourish'd in town, [place,
 But I scarce put my foot in that terrible
 When I met with a spalpeen, who swore
 to my face, [without fail,
 He beckon'd to a pressgang, who came
 And soon neck and heels carry'd poor Pa-
 trick O'Neal.
 The next morning they sail'd from Dublin
 with their prey, [the way,
 I was half starv'd and sea sick the rest of
 Not a milestone I saw, nor a house, nor a
 bed, [Spithead,
 It was all water and sky till we came to
 Then they call'd up all hands, hands and
 feet soon obey'd, [toes with a spade,
 O I wish'd myself at home digging pota-
 For the first sight I saw caus'd my spirits
 to fail, [Patrick O'Neal.
 It was a great big swimming castle for poor
 O this terrible monster roll'd about on the
 tide, [in his side,
 And two great row of teeth were stuck fast
 They bid me to mount, and desir'd me to
 keep [should trip,
 A fast hold with my trotters, for fear I
 So I let go my hands, to hold fast with
 my toes, [head goes,
 But the ship gave a reel, and down my
 I plumpt down in the water, and splash'd
 like a whale, [Patrick O'Neal.
 But with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor
 Then amidst shouts, jests, and laughter,
 they hoisted me in, [and din,
 To that huge wooden world, full of riot
 O, what rings and what pullies, what sticks
 met my eye, [hung out to dry,
 And how large were the sheets that they
 O it seem'd like Noah's ark, stuff'd with
 with different guests, [beasts,
 Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other
 Some drank bladders of gin, and some
 pitchers of ale,

And they sung, curst and laugh'd at
 poor Patrick O'Neal.
 Then a rough-mouth'd rascallion on deck
 did advance, (all prance,
 So hoarse he whistled, which made them
 Upon the ropes some like monkeys ran,
 some I declare (air,
 Like gibbets or rope-dancers hung in the
 Then they clap'd on the capstern, as I
 afterwards found,
 Where a chap fat and fiff'd whilst they
 twirl'd him around,
 So the ship rais'd her anchor, spread her
 wings and set sail, (O'Neal.
 With a freight of live lumber, & Patrick
 Then to go down below I express'd a great
 wish, (ny fish,
 Where they live under water, like so ma-
 They clap'd me in a mess with some more
 of the crew, (me burgoo,
 They told me twas banyan-day, and gave
 For a bed they had a sack hung as high
 as my chin, (get in.
 They call'd it a hammock, and bade me
 I laid hold, made a jump, but my footing
 being frail, (O'Neal.
 O it swung me clean over, poor Patrick
 With some help I got in, where I rock'd
 all the night, (terrible fright,
 But when day broke my rest, I awoke in a
 Up hammocks, down chests, they cry'd
 out from all parts, (went my heart,
 Here a French ship in sight, and down
 Then to a gun I was station'd, they cry'd
 with an oath, his mouth,
 To pull off his breeches and unmuzzle
 They took off the apron that cover'd his
 tail, (trick O'Neal.
 And his leading strings gave to poor Pa-
 Then our thick window shutters were
 pull'd up with speed, (glish breed,
 And we ran out our bull dogs of true Eu-
 The captain cry'd England and Ireland,
 my boys, (a noise,
 When he mention'd Ireland my heart made
 Then the noise of our guns did the French-
 man defy,

4 They clap fire on his back, and bid him
let fly, (by the tail,
Such a crack made me jump, tho' I held
But the creature leap'd back, and knock'd
down poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then we rattled away, by my soul hob or
nob, (a bad job,

Till the Frenchman gave up as he thought
Then to tie him behind a large cord they
did bring, (a string;

And we tow'd him along like a pig in
So home to old England we dragg'd the
French boy, (for joy,

O the sight of the land made me sea-sick
Then they made a fresh peace, when the
war grew too stale, (Patrick O'Neal.

And they set all hands adrift with poor
So now on dry land a safe course I can
steer, cat don't fear,

Th' cat-head, th' cat-block, or boatswain's
Whilst there's a shot in the locker, I'll
sing, I'll be bound, (round.

And Saturday night shall last all the week
But if peace grows too sleepily, and war
calls again,

By the pipers of Linster I'll venture again,
I'll make another dry voyage and bring
home a fresh tale, (Patrick O'Neal.

That you will cry till you laugh at poor

THE SCOUTS OF THE CITY

O ye gentlemen, give hear to my ditty,
Tis as true a one as ever you did hear,

Its how we serv'd the scouts in the city,
O these rascals you'd never need to fear,

You must know from the rum ken we
bundl'd,

Where the glims we all darken'd in a trice
And turning the corner of Old Bedlam,

The scouts they laid me flat on my face,
I no sooner then the blow had recover'd,

Then I got up and stood upon my pins,
Saying boooft your eyes you old boooooer,

I will make your old lantern jaws to ring
Then his rattle went to work so freely,

I ding'd it clean out of his hand,
And I gave him such a fall from my hip,

That his canister went slap 'gainst the stand
Then one of my companions coming up,
When he heard the report of the blow,
Saying well done my nice one, you have
done it,

To another of these rascals we will go,
But as we were rolling along,

A night guardian we found fast asleep,
Then down'd with his box in a minute,
And tumbl'd the old boooooer in the street

Then his lanthorn & staff we did mizzle,
And we kick'd them about in the street,
And while we were at our diversion,

A rolling young doxy we did meet;
She was one that follow'd the game, O,
Her snooze it was in the Back-lane,

Where we all had a slap at her muzzle,
And we left the little doxy again.
Then we all took our leaves of the damsel,

And away to the apple did steer,
Where a row was kick'd up in a minute,
The old cock he began for to swear;

Crying doooo you the Ormonds are coming
To the scout house you shortly must go,
Never fear lads, we'll give them a drubbing

And see whether he will or no.
Then the Marshal and all his attendants,
So quickly came into the room,

Saying, gentlemen, 'tis a rum kind of hour,
And our orders are to see you all home:
We replied, we are all our own masters,

We have liberty to do as we please,
We are resolv'd to keep up the frolic,
If we die we'll go merry to our graves.

You may be doooo, & all your attendants,
For none of us will take your advice,
And if ye are not gone in a minute,

Your glims shall be dark'd in a trice;
Then like heroes we gave them battle,
And we shew'd them such gallows fine play

Half a dozen lay flat on their backs.
While the other scouts were glad to get
away.

O we made them remember the Apple,
The Apple which they thought so sweet,
Yet if I am not mistaken,

They met with a four retreat;

We bang'd the Marshall and all his at-
tendants,
Until the claret from their heads did run,
Well pleas'd at our night's diversion,
So contended all together we roll'd home.
So I have no pity for these rascals,
And the reason is I'll tell you very plain,
As young men in the streets are walking,
Each night in the watch-house are de-
tain'd,
The next morning before Justice W
For soldiers or sailors are sent,
But I hope the lads that are left behind,
Will bang them to their hearts content.

THE LASS OF OCRAM.

I BUILT my love a gallant ship,
And a ship of Northern fame;
And such a ship as I did build,
Sure there was never seen,
For her sides were all of beaten gold,
And the doors were of block tin,
And such a fine ship as I built,
There sure never was seen.
And as she was sailing all alone,
She espy'd a proud merchant man,
Come ploughing all over the main,
Thou fairest of all creatures said she,
I am the lass of Ocram,
Seeking for Lord Gregory.
If you are the Lass of Ocram,
As I take you for to be,
You must go to yonder island,
There Lord Gregory you'll see.
It rains upon my yellow locks,
And the dew falls upon my skin,
Open the gate Lord Gregory,
And let your true love in.
If you're the Lass of Ocram,
As I take you not to be,
You must mention the three tokens
Which pass'd between you and me.
Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night upon my father's hill,
With you I swap'd my linen fine,
It was fore against my will;
For mine was of the Holland fine.

5
And yours but of Scots cloth.
For mine cost a guinea a yard,
And your's but five groats.
If you are the Lass of Ocram,
As I think you not to be,
You must mention the second token
That pass'd between you and me.
Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's park,
We swap'd our two rings,
It was all in the dark;
For mine was of the beaten gold,
And yours was of block tin.
And mine was true love without,
And yours all false within.
If you are the lass of Ocram,
As I take you not to be,
You must mention the third token
Which pass'd between you and me.
Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's hall,
Where you stole my maiden-head,
Which was the worst of all.
Begone, you base creature,
Begone from out of the hall,
Or else in the deep seas
You and your babe shall fall.
Then who will shoe my bonny feet,
And who will close my hands,
And who will lace my waist so small,
Into a landen span,
And who will comb my yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb,
And who's the father of my child,
If Lord Gregory is none?
Let your brother shoe your bonny feet,
Let your sister close your hands,
Let your mother lace your waist so small,
Into a landen span;
Let your father comb your yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb,
And let God be father of your child,
For Lord Gregory is none.
I dreamt a dream, dear mother,
I could wish to have it read,
I saw the Lass of Ocram
A floating on the flood.

6 Lie still, my dearest son,
And take thy sweet rest,
It is not half an hour ago,
The maid pass'd this place.
O curst be you, mother,
And curst may you be,
That you did not awake me,
When the maid pass'd this way:
I will go down into some silent grove,
My sad moan for to make,
It is for the Lads of Ocrum,
My poor heart it now will break,

HESSEY MOOR BATTLE.

All you that do delight in Bellona's drums
to hear, (down by me here,
All you that do love fighting, come sit
And listen to my muse awhile, who in a
humble pleasant stile (declare
Went about for to compile news to de-
How the cavaliers and the noble Peers,
were forc'd to yield,
And how their haughty worshippings were
forced from the field.
There was Newcastle, Cavandish, most fa-
mous in the wars,
Who British swords did brandish amidst
York's stately bars,
Thinking those strong holds to keep,
Winding themselves in trenches deep,
Either dead or fast asleep, but mark! then
it was, (through a glass,
From a lofty tower, in a fatal hour,
He cry'd, to his wonderful amaze, full
forty thousand enemies!
O then what loud alarms, the drums and
trumpets send, (defend;
For all men to prepare their bulwarks to
Lord Fairfax round heads many be full
fast advancing.
Then, said he, they swear to be reveng'd
on me for Whisket-Hill:
Then let them come and spare not, for I
vow I care not, I'll stand my ground,
Though a Bashtly and Kimbolton swear
they besiege me round.
Then with flags of defiance this proud
Lord he display'd,

Tho' their men be like giants we'll beat 'em
back he said,
For words they are but wind, and two of
them to a bargain goes
For we never found them so kind as to
meet us on the plain,
But in their camp and trenches, with
their short heel'd wenches, lay lurking
then, (them in again.
Yet over as they peep'd, we whipp'd
Prince Rupert he was walking between
Oxford and Wales, (enemy prevails,
Hearing of the woeful tidings, how the
At which sad news he waxed wroth,
marching from the pleasant south,
Down into yonder north cold mouth, but
then our lads did meet them, (lost,
And on this wise did greet him after such a
As if they had been brought up at Mo-
rocco Court. (cious plain,
Four miles from York city there lies a spa-
Being void of all pity met those armies
twain; (to get the victory,
Then one the other did defy, both hop'd
Yet none did know, but God on high,
how it must be,
For when the drums did rattle, then be-
gan the battle, trumpets then did sound,
Sure never braver soldiers e'er died on En-
glish ground.
Thirty thousand gallant soldiers Prince
Rupert brought along,
And the Parliament's brave forces were
five and forty strong;
The Prince's cannon play'd amain, our's
roaring answer'd them again,
Till many a gentleman was slain, and
none would shrink,
Until the Scottish nation left their dedi-
cation, and full fast did fly,
Then the Prince's desperate forces pur-
su'd them furiously.
Altho' the round heads many be, they're
forc'd to take their wing you see,
Those cowardly blue caps how they run,
pursue and take them ev'ry one,
Let none escape, for to go home to tell
what's done,

But Cromwell over-hearing, straight he
fell a jeering, (stay,
If it please you, my lads, I'd have you to
For I hope the game is not lost, we have
more cards to play.

Then came the Earl of Manchester, with
his army of troops, (with hopes,
Who never was amaz'd, but bravely fill'd
We fell upon these amaz'd troops again,
more like devils then like men,

O dainty blades! but then came dainty
Fairfax, like a second Ajax,
With his noble mortal blues,
And he hew'd all down before him, that
durst his cause oppose. (the set,

For a long time together, so equal was
No one did know on whether side one
penny for to bet,

Their weapons were so well apply'd both
on one and the other side,

The Prince, at length, for all his pride,
was forced for to yield;

Then with whoop and hollow, all the ar-
my follow'd, routing them sore,

Seven thousand were slain all on the open
plain, we had three and they had four,

But then spoke Lord Fairfax, let's do
our enemies no wrong,

For they fought like lusty lions bereav'd
of their young,

Had not our lads stood stoutly to it, we
should have been routed horse & foot,

To get this we had a bout, they fought
like men so stout,

For some would take no quarter, while
their swords could clatter, and lives
were spent,

It was bravely fought on both sides, for
King and Parliament.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

THERE was once it is said,
When its out of my head,

And there too yet true is my tale,
That a big-bellied Vicar,

Be-pimpled with liquor,
Could stick to no text like good ale,

Tol lol de rol, &c.

At the sign of the horse,
Old spin-text of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a bowl of brown nappy,
Quite jovial and happy,

Thus sat this canonical sot, Tol de rol,
He one night 'gan to dose,
For under the rose,

The Priest was that night, non se ipse,
Non se ipse you'll say,

What's that to the lay?
In plain English, the Parson was tipsey.

His Clerk stepping in,
With a bang-bobbing chin,

As solemn and stupid as may be,
The Vicar he gap'd,

The Clerk bow'd and scrap'd,
Saying, please Sir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes,
The Clerk's name was Moses,

Who look'd at his Master so rosy,
Who blink'd with one eye,

With his wig all awry,
And hiccup't, well how is it, Mosey?

A child, Sir, is carry'd,
By you to be bury'd,

Bury me, Mosey, no, that won't do,
Why, Lord, says the Clerk,

You're all in the dark,
'Tis the child's to be bury'd, not you.

Well, Mosey, don't hurry,
The infant we'll bury,

But Master the corpse cannot stay,
And can't it, for why?

For once then we'll try,
If a corpse, Mosey, can run away.

But Moses reply'd,
Sir, the parish will chide,

For keeping them out in cold weather,
Then Mosey, quoth he,

You may tell 'em from me,
I'll bury them warm all together.

But, Sir, it rains hard,
Pray have some regard,

Regard! Mosey, that makes me stay,
For no corpse, young or old,

In rain can catch cold,

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8 But faith, Mosey, you and I may.
 Moses begg'd he'd begone,
 Saying, Sir, the rain's done,
 Pray rise, and I'll lend you my hand,
 Oh, its hard quoth the Vicar,
 To leave this good liquor,
 And go, when I'm sure I can't stand,
 Then the Parson fore troubled,
 To the church-yard he hobbled,
 Lamenting the length of the way,
 Now Mosey, quoth he,
 Were I a Bishop, d'ye see,
 I neither need walk, preach, or pray.
 When he came to the grave,
 Says he, Mosey, a slave,
 Lord, where's my tobacco box hid,
 I protest this fast walking,
 Prevents me from talkiug,
 So Mosey pray give me a quid.
 Then he open'd the book,
 And on it seem'd to look,
 But over the page only squinted,
 Saying, Mosey, I'm vext,
 For I can't find the text,
 The book is so wretchedly printed.
 Good people let's pray,
 Alas, life's but a day,
 Nay, sometimes 'tis over at noon,
 Man is but a flower,
 Cut down in an hour,
 'Tis strong ale, Mosey, does it so soon.
 Woman of Man born,
 That's wrong the leaf's torn,
 On Woman the natural swell is;
 The world would run wild,
 Were men got with child,
 Mosey you and I might have big bellies.
 Our guts would be press'd hard,
 Were men got with bastards,
 How natural are our supposes,
 What Midwife could do it,
 She'd be sorely put to it,
 Lord bless me to lay me and Moses.
 Neighbours, mind what I say,
 When its night 'tis not day,
 Tho' in former times saints could work
 Could raise from the dead, (miracles

There's no more to be said,
 For Mosey, I've dropt my spectacles.
 Come, let us go forth,
 Put the child in the earth,
 Dust to dust, then dust it away,
 For Mosey I trust,
 We soon should be dust,
 If we were not to moisten our clay.
 So one pot more and then,
 Moses answer'd, Amen,
 And thus far we've carry'd the farce on,
 The taste of the times,
 Will relish our ryhmes,
 When the ridicule runs on a Parson.
 But satyre detests
 Immorality's jests,
 The prophane or immodest expression,
 So we will not be rude,
 But drink as we should,
 To the good folks of every profession.

WHERE IS MY LOVE.

Where is my love, ah, whither flown,
 The dear seducer of my heart?
 Dull are the hours, the moments grown,
 They mock my utmost skill and art.
 The birds no longer chearful sing,
 The song and dance are fled the green,
 The bells a mournful peal now ring,
 Lamenting he no more is seen.
 Silent I tread the orange grove,
 The jesamine bower, the woodbine shade,
 Where he oft vow'd eternal love,
 And I believ'd each word he said;
 No more they charm, no more they please,
 They join in sympathetic sighs,
 Not all their sweets can give me ease,
 Till he returns to bless my eyes.



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