

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

The Bay of Biscay, O
All's Well
Poor Joe the Marine
The Mid Watch
The Sea-Boy
The Sailor's Adieu



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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.*

The Bay of Biscay, O.

L OUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers;
The clouds were rent afunder,
By lightning's vivid powers;
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,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay,
Till the day,
In the bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd for morrow
Broke thro' the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh:

The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck sorrow 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 gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

All's Well.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, on fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;
 And should a footstep haply stray,
 Where caution marks the guarded way,
 Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell?
 A friend! the word? Good-night, All's
 well!

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck :
 And while his thoughts oft homeward steer,
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear,
 What cheer? brother, quickly tell?
 Above. Below. Good-night. All's well.

Poor Joe the Marine.

POOR Joe the marine was at Portsmouth
 well known,
 No lad in the corps drest so smart ;
 The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a
 frown,
 His manliness won every heart.
 Sweet Polly of Portsea he took for his bride,
 And surely there never was seen
 A couple so gay march to church side by side,
 As Polly and Joe the marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarcely in
 blaze,
 When thund'ring drums they heard rattle,
 And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas,
 To give a bold enemy battle.

The action was dreadful, the ship a mere
wreck,

Such slaughter sure never was seen,
Two hundred brave fellows laid strew'd on
the deck,

And among them poor Joe the marine.

But victory, faithful to true British tars,
At length put an end to the fight,
And homeward they steer'd, full of glory
and scars,

And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.

The ramparts were crowded the heroes to
greet,

And foremost sweet Polly was seen ;
The very first sailor appear'd in her sight,
Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.

The shock was serene, swift as lightning's
fork'd dart,

Her poor head with wild frenzy fir'd,
She flew from the crowd, softly cry'd, My
poor heart !

Clasp'd her hands, faintly sigh'd, & expir'd.
Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading
yew,

And on a smooth stone may be seen,
One tear drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
On Polly of Portsea and Joe the Marine.

The Mid Watch.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid watch
is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
main,

Then failors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er may see
again ;

But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er
your mind,

Think, only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer

Their hearts to hear

That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore—some pretty girl and
true,

Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with
you ;

O when the fight's begun,
And serving at your gun,

Should any thought of her come o'er your
mind,

Think, only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

The Sea-Boy.

TO England's towers of oak farewell,
 No more for me shall be unfurl'd
 The canvas in the gale to swell,
 The ocean is no more my world;
 Yet there life's earliest years I fearless pass'd,
 A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

There, oft to cheer the midnight hour,
 The helmsman, with a fancy free,
 His ditty to the waves would pour,
 Of love on shore, or storms at sea;
 And how the sea-boy, midst the rattling
 blast,
 Keeps station on the high and bending mast.

Dear were the sounds, tho' rude and hoarse,
 Of Helm a-lee! or Helm a-weather!
 To bring the vessel to her course,
 And keep the sails well fill'd together;
 While on the look out far my eyes were cast,
 A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

The Sailor's Adieu.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
 For though thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.
 Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant failor ever fail'd,
 If Love breath'd constant gales.
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
 Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet
 Are lovers and not slaves.
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.
 These are our cares; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

FINIS.

