Glen 304 (1)-3



PIANO FORTE AND VOICE.

Tinkie House

Donald

Lord Gregory

Green grow the rushes O

The Waefu'heart

Barbara Allen

The Mhito Cockade

The Blaithric o't

Tibby Fowler

O say Bonny Lafs

The Goddefs Woman

Auld Robin Gray

The Soger Laddie

Duncan Gray

The Miller

Gauld blows the Wind

Annie
Tak'your Auld floak about ye
The Shepherds Wife
My Boy Fammy
John Anderson
The Tears I shed
Now westlin Winds
Lafs gin ye lo'e me

Selected & dedicated to

MRSJOHN GLADSTONE,

Samuel Meller Jun!

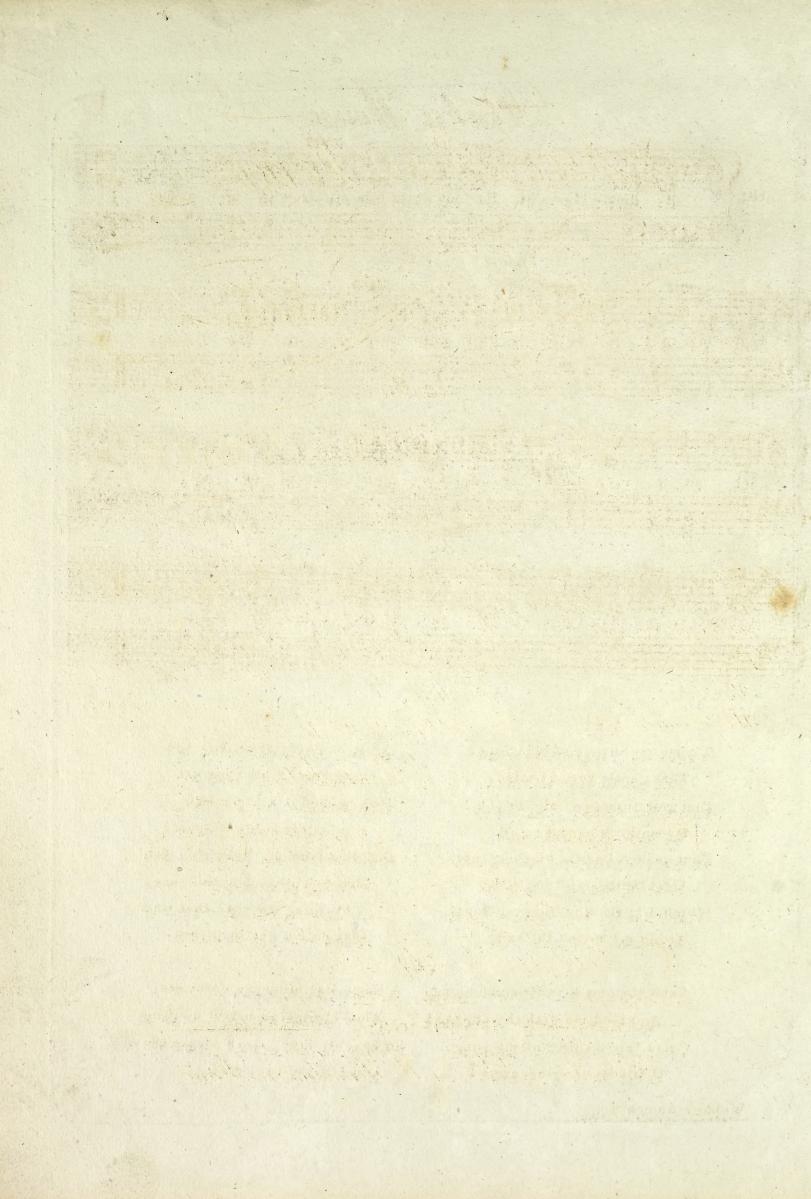
Ent. at Stat! Hall

Price. Six Shillings

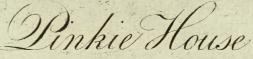
- LIVERPOOL

Published & Sold by H. Hime Lastle Street











(2)

O come my love, and bring anew That gentle turn of mind, That gracefulness of air, in you By nature's hand, design'd. That beauty, like, the blushing rose First lighted up this flame Which, like the Sun, for ever glows, Within my breast, the same.

Come then, my love. O come along, And feed me with thy charms; Come, fair inspirer of my song, O fill my longing arms!

(3)

Ye light Coquets ye airy things! How vain is all your art! How seldom it a lover brings. How rarely keeps a heart! Ogather from my Nelly's charms, That sweet, that graceful ease; That blushing modesty that warms; That native art to please.

A flame like mine can never die, While charms, so bright as thine So heav'nly fair _ both please the eye,

And fill the soul divine!

Donald



Oh. then, for ever haste away

Away from love and me

My heart, tho' once an easy prey,

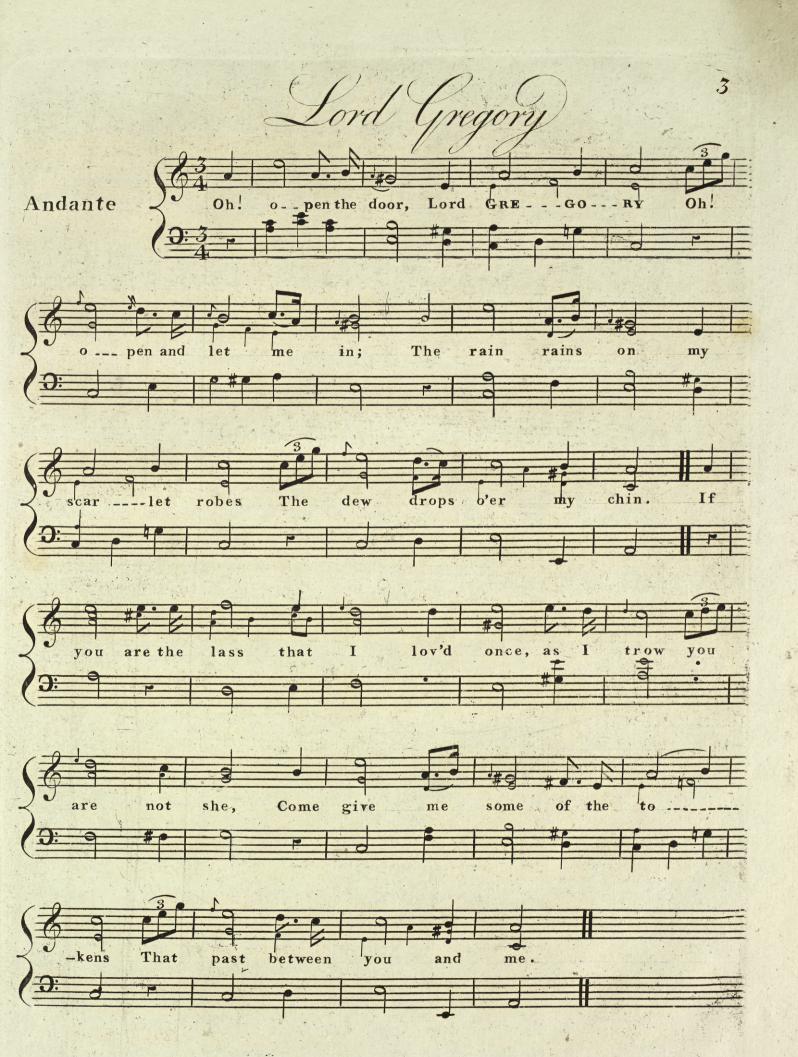
Yet now is wean'd from thee, Donald.

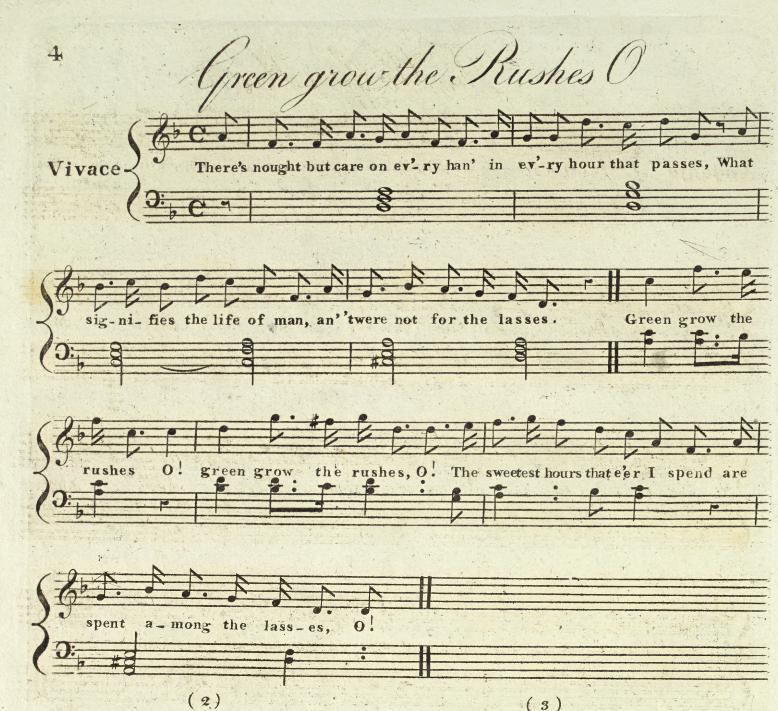
Hence, I'll reserve myself for one

Whose honor knows no stain,

Whose heart shall beat to mine alone;

Nor think on thee again, Donald.





An' riches still may fly them

An' tho' at last they catch them fast

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.

Green grow the rushes, O. &c.

(4)

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this

Ye're nought but senseless asses

The wisest man the warld e'er saw

He dearly lo'ed the lasses

Green grow the rushes, O. &c

Webbe's Scotch Songs

Gie me a canny hour at e'en

My arms about my dearie

And warlike cares and warldly men

May a' gae tapsalteerie

Green grow the rushes, 0 . &c

(5)

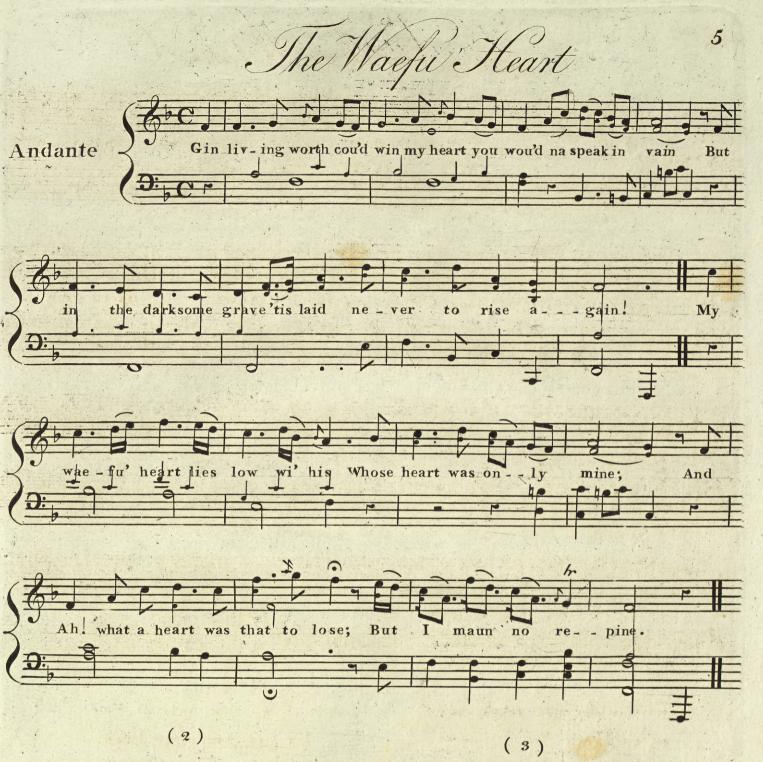
Auld nature swears the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes

Her 'prentice hand she tried on man

And syne she made the lasses.

Green grow the rushes, O. &c.



Yet Oh. gin heav'n in mercy soon

Wou'd grant the boon I crave

And tak this life, now naething worth
Sin JAMIE's in his grave.

And see his gentle spirit comes

To show me on my way

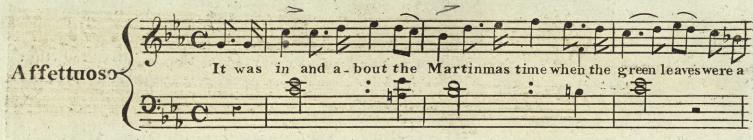
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,

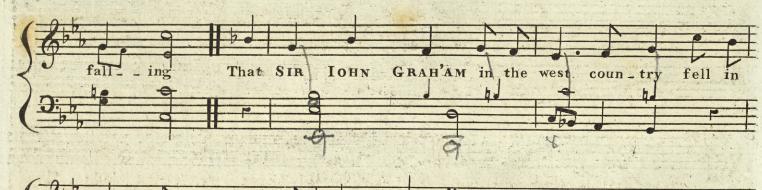
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my JAMIE dear
And Oh! wi' what gude will
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheeks possest
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat
Her sorrows sunk to rest.



Barbara Allen







(2)

He sent his man down thro'the town
To the place where she was dwelling
O. haste and come to my Master dear
Gin ye be BARBARA ALLEN.

(4)

O.I am sick and very sick
And tis a' for BARBARA ALLEN.

O! the better for me ye's never be Tho' your heart's blood were spilling.

(6)

He turn'd his face unto the wa'
And Death was wi' him dealing
Adieu! adieu! my dear friends a'
Be kind to BARBARA ALLEN.

(8)

She had nae gane a mile but twa
When she heard the dead bell knelling
And ev'ry jow the dead bell gied
Cry'd woe to BARBARA ALLEN.

(3)

O! hooly, hooly, rose she up

To the place where he was lying

And when she drew the curtain by

Young man I think you're dying.

(5)

O! dinna ye mind young man, she said

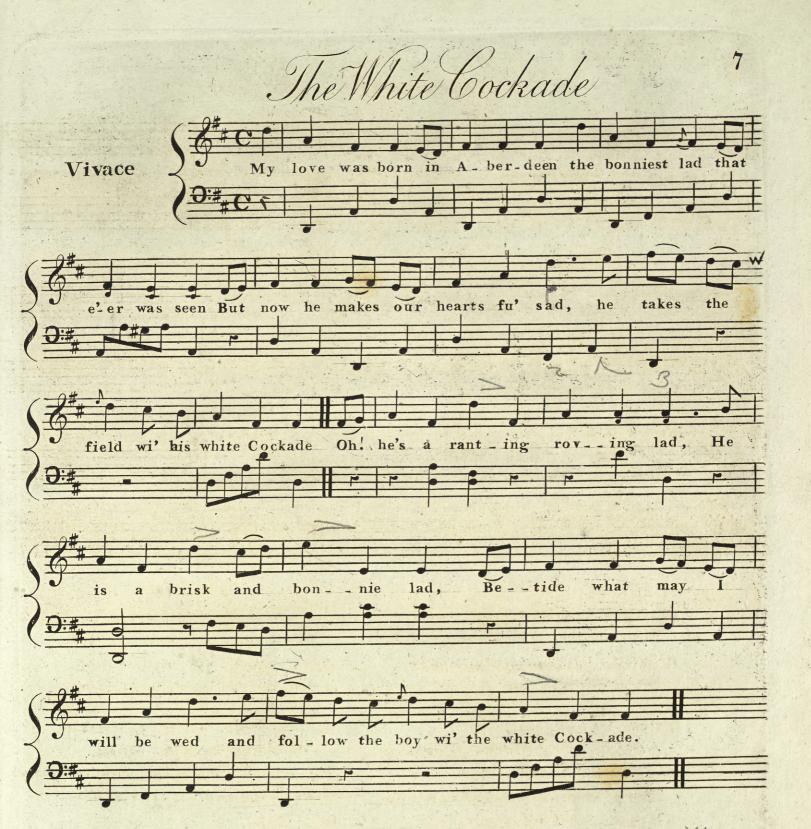
When ye the cups was filling
That ye made the healths gae round & round
And slighted BARBARA ALLEN.

(7)

And slowly, slowly rose she up
And slowly, slowly left him
And sighing said she could na stay
Since death of life had reft him.

(9)

O! Mither, Mither, mak my bed,
O! mak it soft and narrow
Since my love died for me to day
I'll die for him Tomorrow.



(2)

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,

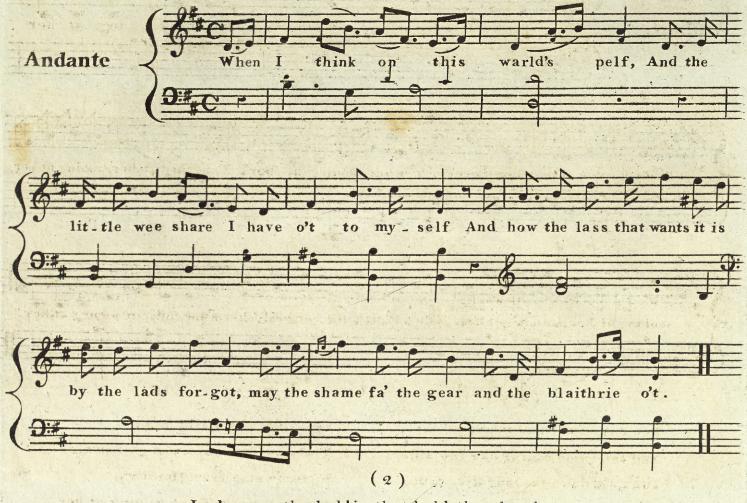
My gude grey Mare, and hawkit Cow

To buy mysel' a tartan plaid

To follow the boy wi' the white Cockade.

Oh! he's &c

The Blaithrie of



Jockey was the laddie that held the pleugh
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh.
He thinks nae mair of me that weirs the plaiden coat
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.

(3)

Jenny was the lassie that macks the byre
But now she is clad in her silken attire
And Jockey says he loes her, & swears he's me forgot
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.

(4)

But all this shall never danton me
Sae long as I keep my fancy free
For the lad that's sae inconstant he is na worth a groat
May the shame fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't.



Ten came east and ten came west,
And ten came rowing o'er the water,
Twa gaed down the lang dyke side,
There's twa & thirty wooing at her.
Courting at her &c

(4)

Be a lassie ne'er sae fine,
Gin she want the penny siller,
She may live 'till ninety nine
Ere she get a lover till her.
Courting at her &c

g at ner &c

(6)

She's got pendels to her lugs,

Cockle shells wad set her better,

High beel'd shoon an' siller studs,

And a' the lads are courting at her.

Courting at her &c.

Fye upon the filthy smort,

There's o'er mony wooing at her,

Fifteen came frae Aberdeen,

There's seven & forty wooing at her.

Courting at her &c

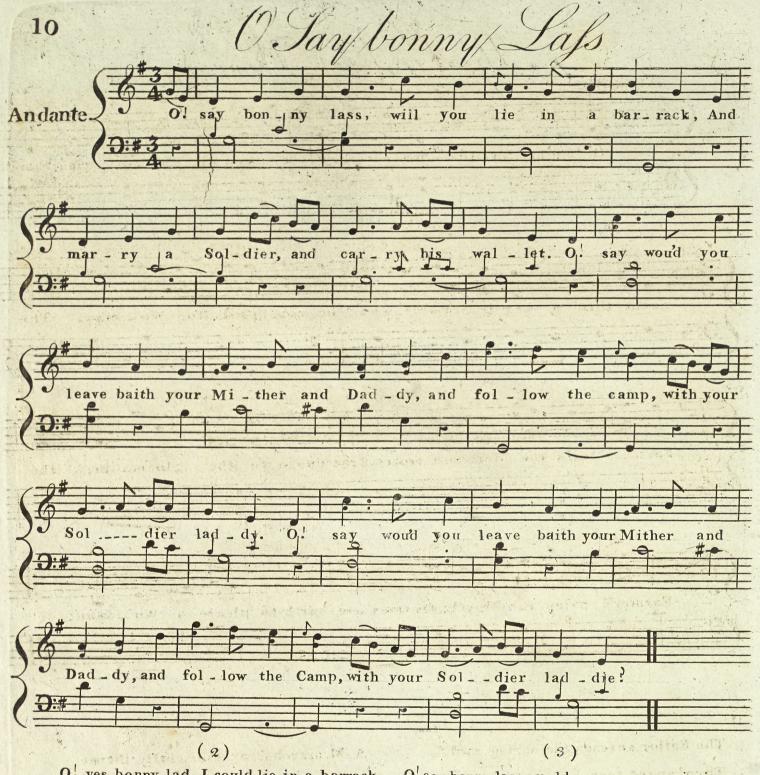
(5)

Be a lassie ne'er sae black,
Gi'r the name o' mickle siller,
And set her on a hill tap
The wind will bla' a lover till her.

Courting at her &c

(7)

In came Frank wi'his lang legs,
Gaid a' the stairs play clitter clatter,
Had awa young men, he begs
For, by my sooth I will be at her.
Courting at her &c



O! yes bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack, And marry a Soldier and carry his wallet, I'd neither ask leave of my Mither or Daddy, But follow my dearest, my Soldier laddy.

(4)

O! yes bonny lad, I'll think naething of it, But follow my Henry, & carry his wallet, Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me, My Soldier is nearme & naething can harm me. O! say bonny lass, would you go a campaigning, And bear all the hardships of battle & famine, When wounded & bleeding then would'st thou drawnear And kindly support me, & tenderly chear me?

... (5) 1 ... de souseite

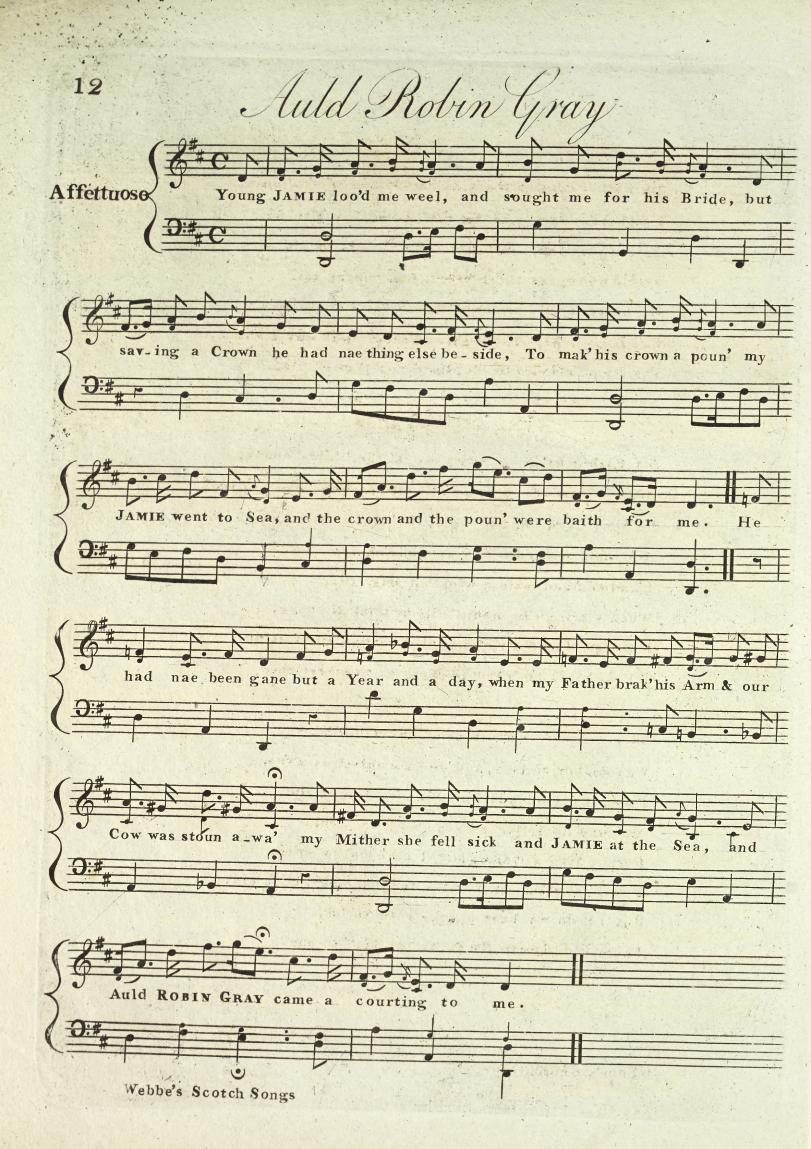
But say bonny lass, when I go into battle,
Where dying men groan, & loud cannons rattle,
O! then bonny lad, I will share a' thy harms,
And, shouldst thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.

The first photospile was read



The Sailor spreads the daring sail
Thro' angry seas a foaming;
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores
He gi'es, to please a WOMAN.
The Soger fights o'er crimson fields
In distant climates roaming
Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down
Before all-conquering WOMAN.

A Monarch leaves his lofty throne
Wi' other men in common;
He flings aside his Crown, and kneels
A subject to a WOMAN.
Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
Barbarian, Greek or Roman.
It wad nae a' be worth a straw,
Without my Goddess WOMAN.



My Father coudna' work, and my Mither coudna' spin,
I toiled day and night, but their bread I coudna' win,
Auld Robin fed them baith, and wi' tears in his ee
Said, JENNY, for their sakes, Oh! marry me.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for JAMIE back,
But the wind it blew high, and the Ship it was a wreck,
The Ship it was a wreck, why didna' JAMIE die!

And why do I live to say, Ah! wae's me.

(3)

My Father urg'd me sair; my Mither didna's peak,
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break,
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was on the Sea,
And Auld ROBIN GRAY is gude man to me.
I hadna' been wife a week but only four
When sitting sae mournfully at mine ain door,
I saw my JAMIE'S Ghaist; for I coudna' think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

(4)

Sair sair did we greet, and little could we say,
We took but as kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
I wish I were dead; but I'm nae like to die
And why do I live to say, Ah! wae's me!
I gang like a Gaist, and I care na' to spin,
I darena' think on JAMIE, for that wou'd be a sin,
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld ROBIN GRAY, is sae kind to me.



Shield him ye Angels, frae Death in alarms
Return him with Laurels to my longing arms
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me
When back to my wishes my Soger ye gie me.
O! soon may his honors bloom fair on his brow
As quickly they must, if he get his due
For in noble actions his courage is ready
Which makes me delight in my Soger laddie.



Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd Ha, ha,&c

(2)

Meg was deaf as ailsa craig Ha, ha, &c

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in Grat his een baith bleer't and blin' Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn

Ha, ha, &c

(4)

How it comes let Doctors tell.

Ha, ha, &c

Meg grew sik _as he grew heal

Ha, ha, &c

Something in her bosom rings

For relief a sigh she brings

And, O! her een they spak sic things

Ha, ha, &c

(3)

Time and chance are but a tide
Ha, ha, &c

Slighted love is sair to bide

Ha, ha, &c

Shall I like a fool, quoth he

For a haughty hizzie die

She may gae to France for me

Ha, ha, &c

(5)

Duncan was a lad o' grace

Ha, ha, &c

Maggies was a piteous case

Ha, ha, &c

Duncan could na be her death

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath

Now they're crouse and canty baith

Ha, ha, &c



When Jamie first did woo me
I speird what was his calling
Fair Maid, says he, O come and see
Ye're welcome to my dwelling
Tho' I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me
And that his house was warm & couth
And room in it to hold me.

(3)

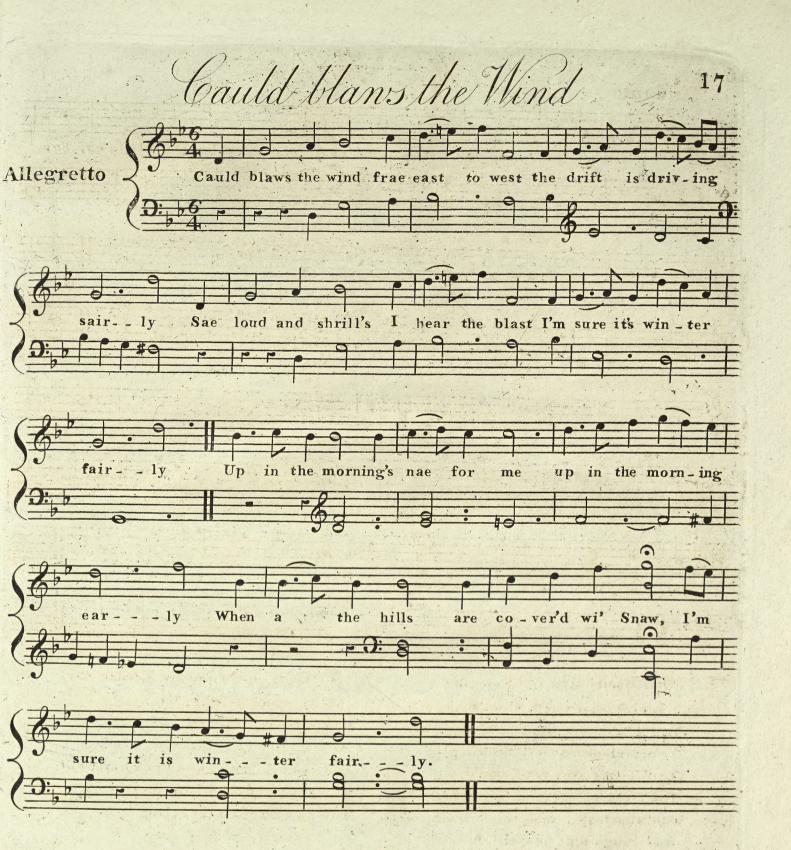
Behind the door a bag of meal
And in the kist was plenty
Of gude hard cakes his Mither bakes
And bannacks were nae scanty
A gude fat Sow, a sleeky Cow
Was standing in the byre
Whilst lazy puss, & mealy mouse
Were playing at the fire.

Webbe's Scotch Songs

Gude signs are these my Mither says
And bids me tak' the Miller
For foul day & fair day
He's ay bringing till her
For meal nor malt she does nae want
Nor any thing that's dainty
And now & then a keckling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

(5)

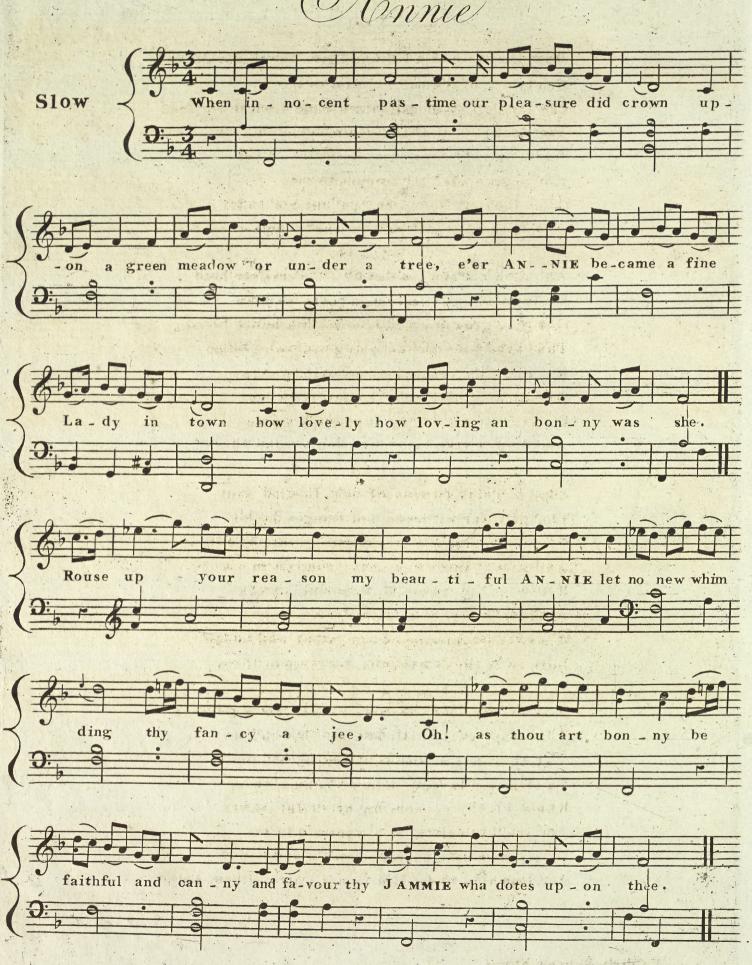
In winter when the wind and rain Blaws o'er the house and byre He sits beside a clean hearth-stane Before a rousing fire With nut-brown Ale he tells his tale Which rows him o'er fou nappy Who'd be a King, a petty thing When a Miller is sae happy.



(2)

The birds sit chittering in the thorn
A' day, they fare but sparely
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning &c. &c.





Does the death of a lintwhite give ANNIE the spleen? Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee? Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those een? That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me. Rouse up your reason, my beautiful ANNIE And dinna prefer a paroquet to me
O! as thou art bonny be prudent and canny
And think upon JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

(3)

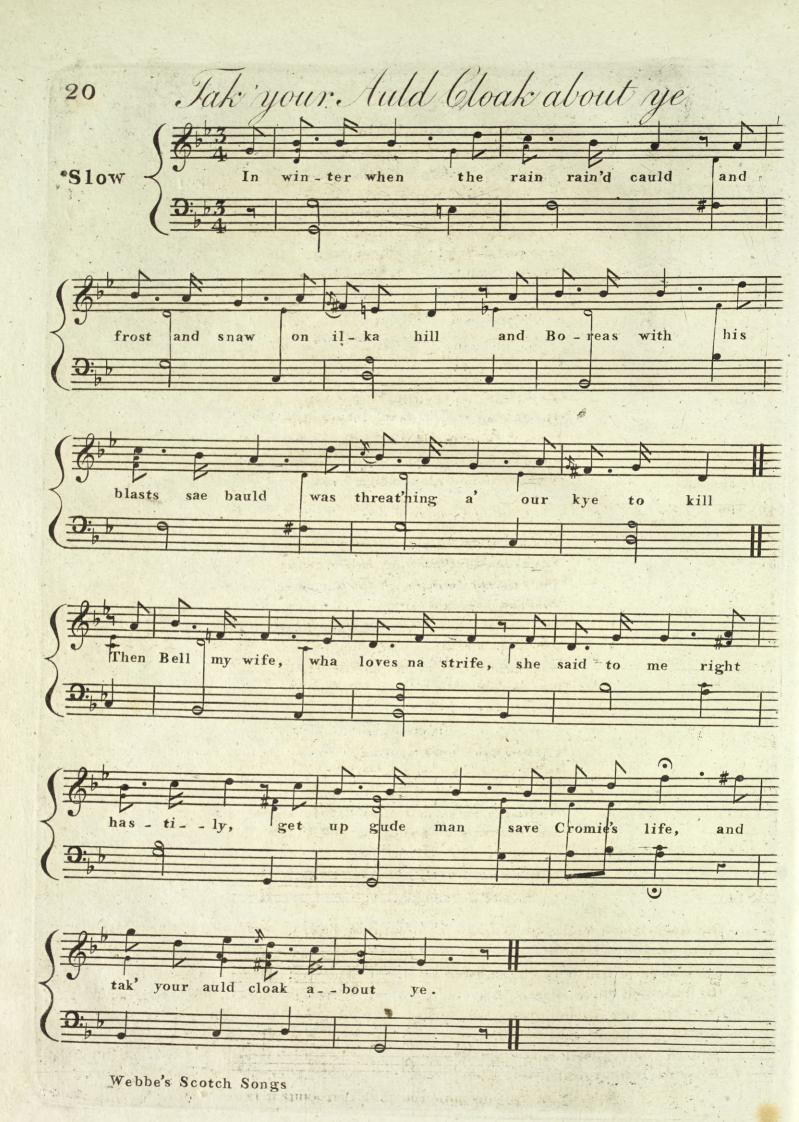
Ah. should a new mantua or flanders-lace head Or yet a new coatie, though never so fine Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed That ance had some hope of purchasing thine Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me O! as thou art bonny be solid & cannie And tent a true lover wha doats upon thee.

(4)

Shall a Paris edition of new_fangled sany
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be
By adoring himself be admir'd by fair ANNIE
And aim at those benisons promis'd to me
Rouse up thy reason, my beautful ANNIE
And never prefer a light dancer to me
O! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny
Love only thy JAMIE, wha doats upon thee.

(5)

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour
That slade away softly between thee and me
E'er squirrels or beaus or fopp'ry had pow'r
To rival my love, or impose upon thee
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful ANNIE
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu'and canny
And love him, whose life is nae worth without thee.



My Cromie is an useful cow
And she is come of a good kyne
Aft has she wet the bairnie's mou'
And I am laith that she should tyne;
Get up gudeman it is fu' time
The sun shines in the lift sae hie
Sloth never made a gracious end
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

(3)

My Cloak was anes a good grey cloak
When it was fitting for my wear
But now it's scantly worth a groat
For I have worn't this thirty year
Let's spend the gear that we have won
We little ken the day we'll die
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

(4)

In days when our King Robert rang
His trews they cost but half a crown
He said they were a groat o'er dear
And call'd the tailor thief and loun.
He was the King that wore the crown
And thou a man of laigh degree
'Tis pride puts a' the country down
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

(5)

Every land has it's ain laigh
Ilk' kind of corn it has its hool
I think the warld is a' run wrang
When Ilka wife her man wad rule
Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly
While I sit hurkling in the aire;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

(6)

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten
Now they are women grown and men
I wish and pray well may they be
And if you'd prove a good husband
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Webbe's Scotch Songs

O Bell my wife she loves na strife
But she wad guide me, if she can
And to maintain an easy life
I aft mann yield, tho' I'm gudeman
Nought's to be won at woman's hand
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea
Then I'll leave off where I began
And 'tak' my auld cloak about me.



Ye's gat a panfu' o' plumpin parrige
And butter in them & butter in them
Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige
Gin ye will come hame again e'en, Jo.
Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
I winna come hame I canna come hame
Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
I winna come hame again e'en, Jo.

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat
An ye'll come hame an ye'll come hame
Ye's get a hen well boil'd i'the pat
An ye'll come hame again e'en, Jo.
Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
I winna come hame I canna come hame
Na, na, na, na, that's na for me
I winna come hame again e'en, Jo.

A weel made hed, and a pair o'clean sheets
An ye'll come hame an ye'll come hame
A weel made bed, and a pair o'clean sheets
An ye'll come hame again e'en, Jo.
I, I, I, I, O that's for me
I will come hame I will come hame
I, I, I, O that's for me
I'll haste me hame again e'en, Jo.

(4)



And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy! I gat her down in yonder how Smiling on a broomy know Herding ae wee lamb and Ewe For her poor MAMMY.

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling I hae a house it cost me dear I've wealth o' plenishan and geer Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair; Gin ye will leave your MAMMY.

(6)lammie. We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise We'll be her comfort a' her days The wee thing gies her hand and says There, gang and ask my MAMMY.

(3)

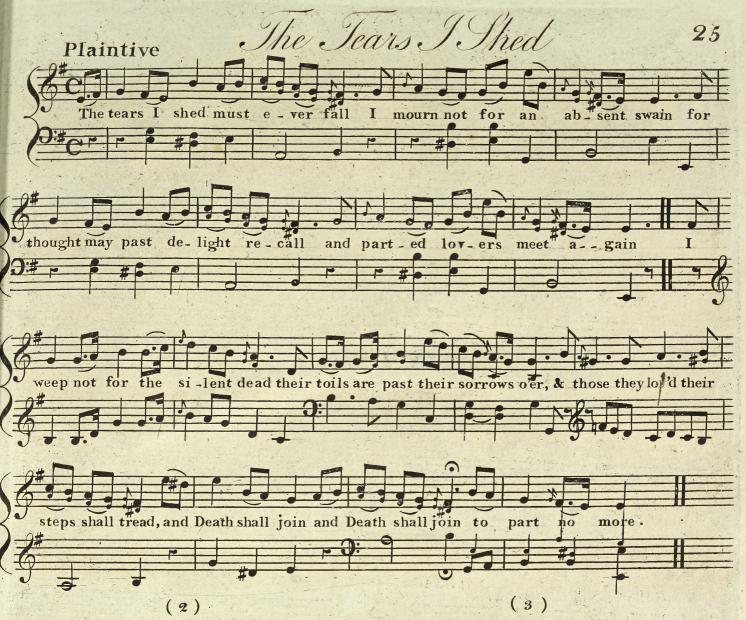
What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy! I prais'd her een sae lovely blue Her dimpled cheek, her cherry mou' I preed it aft as ye may trou; She said she'd tell her MAMMY.

The smile gaed off her bonny face, I maun nae leave my She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise She's been my comfort a' my days My father's death brought mony waes I canna leave my MAMMY.

We'll tak her hame & make her fain; my ain kind hearted Has she been to the Kirk wi'thee, my boy Tammy ? She has been to the Kirk wi' me And the tear was in her ee; But oh! she's but a young thing Just come frae her MAMMY.



Iohn Anderson, my Jo, Iohn,
We clamb the hill the gither
And mony a canty day, Iohn,
We've had wi' ane anither
Now we maun totter down, Iohn,
And hand in hand we'll go
And sleep the gither at the foot
Iohn Anderson, my Jo.



Tho' boundless Oceans roll between
If certain that his heart is near
A conscious transport glads each scene
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand remov'd
We mourn the tenant of the tomb
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

(4)

E'en conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due
Ungen'rous youth! thy boast, how poor
To steal a heart, and break it too!
In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye
The sad reverse soon starts to view
And turns the thought to agony.

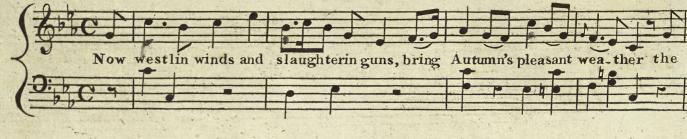
But bitter _bitter are the tears
Of her, who slighted love bewails
No hope her dreary prospect chears
No pleasing melancholy hails
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

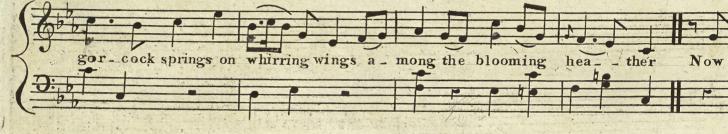
(5)

No cold approach, no alter'd mien
Just what would make suspicion start
No pause the dire extremes between
He made me blest, and broke my heart
From hope (the wretched's anchor) torn
Neglected, and neglecting all
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn
The tears I shed must ever fall.

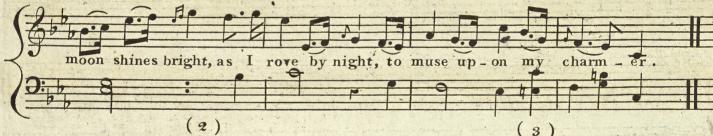
Andante











The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells
The plover lo'es the mountains
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells
The soaring hern, the fountains
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path o' man to shun it
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush
The spreading thorn, the linnet.

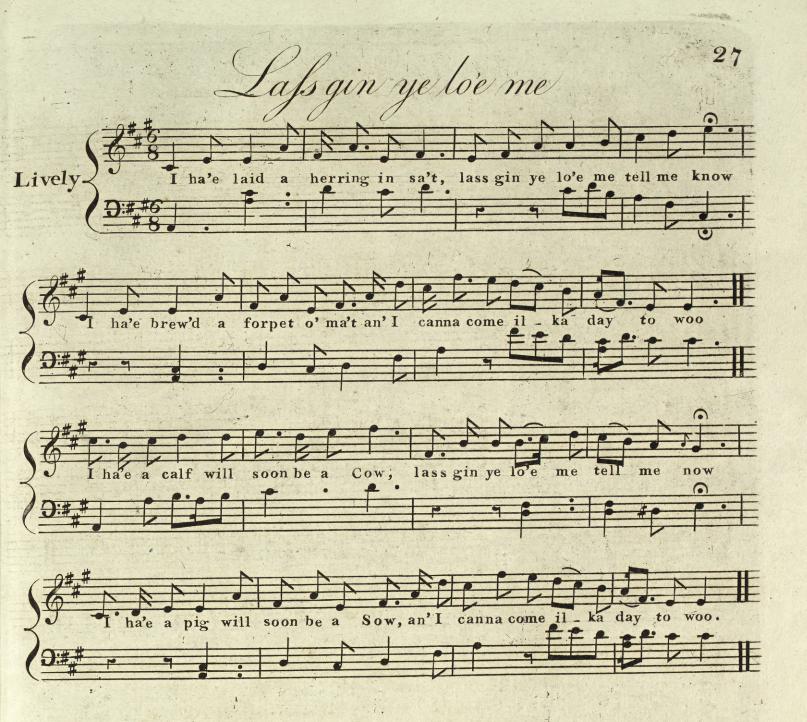
(4)

But Peggy dear the evening's clear
Thick flies the skimming swallow
The sky is blue, the fields in view
All fading green and yellow
Come let us stray our gladsome way
And view the charms o' Nature
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn
And ilka happy creature.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find
The savage and the tender
Some social join, and leagues combine
Some solitary wander
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway
Tyrannic man's dominion
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry
The fluttering gory pinion.

(5)

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk
While the silent moon shines clearly
I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs
Not Autumn to the farmer
So dear can be as thou to me
My fair, my lovely charmer.



(2)

I have a house on yonder muir

Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;

Three sparrows may dance upon the floor

An' I canna come ilka day to woo

I ha'e a butt, an' I ha'e a benn

Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now

I ha'e three chickins & a fat hen

An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

(3)

I've a hen wi' a happity leg

Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now

Which ilka day lays me an egg

An' I canna come ilka day to woo

I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf

Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now

I downa eat it a' myself

An' I winna come ony mair to woo.