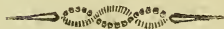


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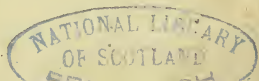
Glen 47.

THE
MUSICAL
REPOSITORY:
A
COLLECTION
OF FAVOURITE
SCOTCH, ENGLISH, AND IRISH
SONGS,
SET TO MUSIC.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ALEX. ADAM,
FOR A. CARRICK, BOOKSELLER, SALTMARKET.

1799.



THE
 INSTITUTE

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CONTENTS.

A	Page
ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube	10
At the sign of the horse	30
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd	76
All in the Downs	82
At Willie's wedding on the green	132
Away with proud France	204
As walking forth to view the plain	233
Ah! where can fly my soul's true love	236
At setting day and rising morn	260
Adieu, ye streams	276

B	
Be hush'd the loud breeze	13
Behold on the brow	116
By Pinkie house	136
Beneath a green shade	176
Bright chanticler proclaims the dawn	189
Braw, braw lads o' Galla water	202

C	
Come cheer up, my lads	22
Cease, rude Boreas	105

	Page
Come under my plaidy	112
Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light	172
Comin thro' the rye, poor body	194
Creation smiles on ilka fide	254

D

Daddy Neptune one day	18
Dear Nancy, I've sail'd	80
Did ever swain a nymph adore	246

E

Enroll'd in our bright annals	24
Encompass'd in an angel's frame	139

F

From Roslin Castle	48
Farewell, dear Glenowen	94
Fair Sally lov'd a bonny seaman	150
From anxious zeal	270

G

Guardian angels, now protect me	144
Gin a body meet a body	193

H

Huzza, my boys, for England O	55
How sweet in the woodlands	71
How stands the glass around	134
How blyth was I ilk morn to see	142
How blyth hae I been wi' my Sandy	171
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	182

CONTENTS.

5

I	Page
I met four chaps yon birks amang	37
In storms, when clouds	60
John Anderfon, my joe, John	68
In Winter, when the rain	90
In April, when primroses	167
Jenny dang the weaver	132
I've heard a lilting	210
I've seen the smiling	212
I sigh and lament me in vain	222
In Summer, when the leaves were green	256

K	Page
Kath'rine Ogie	233

L	Page
Leander on the Bay	73
Leixlip, air of	94
Little thinks the townsman's wife	220

M	Page
My Mam is no more	42
My heart is a-breaking, dear Titty	225
Merry may the maid be	238
My Peggy is a young thing	265

N	Page
Not drunk nor yet sober	100
Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship	156
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	231
Now smiling spring again appears	255

O	Page
O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales	52
Oh the moment was fad	66
One morning very early	78
Oh whar hae ye been a' day	86
Oh ye who sleep on beds of down	99
O say, bonny lass	124
O say, simple maid	126
One day I heard Mary say	127
O the hours I have pass'd	148
O whar gat ye that bonny blue bonnet	198
Of all the girls that are so smart	249
O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me	262
On the Lake of Killarney	272

Q

Queen Mary's lamentation	222
--------------------------	-----

R

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch	110
Robin is my only joe	241

S

Savourna Delish	66
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came	153
Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing	161

T

The wounded huffar	10
Thou soft flowing Avon	16

CONTENTS.

7

	Page
The smiling morn, the breathing spring	28
The sun sets at night	44
'Twas in that season of the year	46
The spring time returns	88
The moon had climb'd	97
Tankard of ale	100
The lass of Patie's mill	102
That fleeting are our dearest joys	119
The last time I came o'er the muir	122
Theither morn as I forlorn	147
The night her silent sable wore	158
The lasses fain wad' hae frae me	164
'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat	174
'Twas when the seas were roaring	180
The lawland lads think they are fine	185
The lawland maids gang trig and fine	188
The village hind with toil had done	196
The Sons of the Clyde	204
The day is departed, and round from the cloud	214
Tam Glen	225
The topsails shiver in the wind	228

U

Up amang yon cliffy rocks	14
Unless with my Amanda blest	217

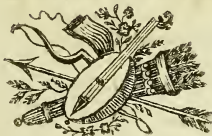
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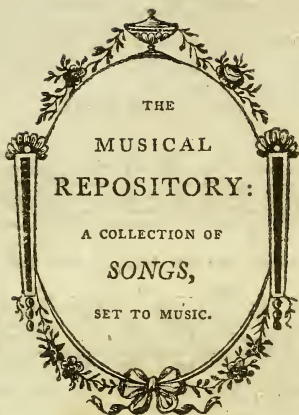
Why, fair maid, in every feature	40
When merry hearts were gay	49
When Britain first, at heav'ns command	108
What beauties does Flora disclose	129

	Page
Will you go to the ewe-bughts, Marion	169
When first I saw thee graceful move	179
When trees did bud and fields were green	206
When my money was gone	244
Where winding Forth adorns the vale	268
When summer comes, the swains on Tweed	275

Y

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doun	218
----------------------------------	-----





B

THE
MUSICAL REPOSITORY.



SONG I.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

Moderate.



A-lone to the banks of the dark roll - ing



Danube, Fair A-de-laid hied when the battle



was o'er; O whi - ther, she cried, hast thou



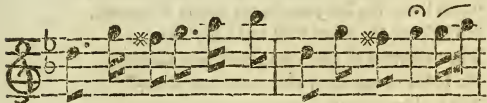
wan - der'd, my lov - er, Or here dost thou



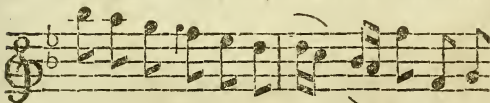
welter and bleed on the shore? What



voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd, All



mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd a-far, When



bleeding a-lone on the heath she def-cried,



By the light of the moon, her poor



wound-ed huffar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war ;
How smit was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight !
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
" Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar."

" Thou shalt live !" she replied, " heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn ;"
" Ah ! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return ;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd adieu,
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.

SONG II.

To the foregoing Tune.

BE hush'd the loud breeze, and soft roll the rough billow
That curls its rude head o'er my sweet Billy's grave;
No peace ere shall gladden the heart of his Anna,
Her hope is entombed in the Texel's proud wave.
On the coast of Mynheer, with his broad pendant flying,
Tho' Duncan his ensign of triumph could rear,
Britannia shall weep when her warriors are dying,
And the eyes of her fair be bedew'd with a tear.

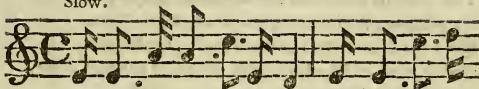
No more my fond bosom, with rapture reclining,
My Billy shall tell of the laurels he won;
How midst the wide carnage he thought of his Anna,
And ne'er was the man that would flinch from his gun.
No danger he fear'd when the foe was assailing,
Nor minded the storm, nor the cannon's loud roar,
In hopes soon at home to be moor'd with his Anna,
And sigh in her arms when the battle was o'er.

The day dawns with joy when the heart feels no sorrow,
But heart-soothing sleep flies the pillow of care,
On the hopeless eye dawns no happy to-morrow,
It rises in sadness to set in despair.
Yet a few other suns, and the conflict is over,
'This poor aching trembler to beat will give o'er,
In the cold arms of death I'll rest with my lover,
When the fate of the battle shall part us no more.

SONG III.

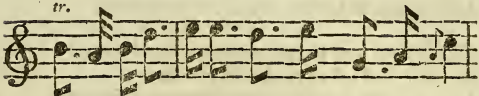
THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Slow.



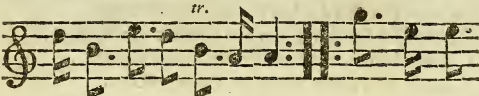
Up amang yon clifffy rocks, Sweetly rings the

tr.



rising e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats,

tr.



Lilting o'er her native notes. Hark! she sings,



" Young Sandy's kind, An' he's promis'd ay to

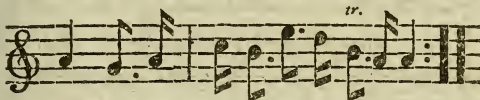
tr.



lo'e me; Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine



'Till he's fairly marry'd to me. Drive away, ye



drone, Time, An' bring about our bridal day.

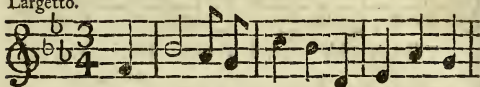
" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 " Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 " In a strain fae saftly sweet,
 " Lammies, list'ning, dare nae bleat.
 " He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 " Hardy as the Highland heather,
 " Wading thro' the winter snow,
 " Keeping ay his flock together,
 " But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 " He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

" Brawly he can dance and sing,
 " Cauty glee or Highland cronach;
 " Nane can ever match his fling
 " At a reel, or round a ring.
 " Wightly can he wield a rung;
 " In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
 " A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 " By the langest winded sangster,
 " Sangs that sing o' Sandy
 " Come shert, tho' they were e'er fae lang."

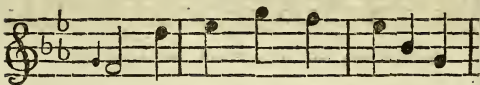
SONG IV.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

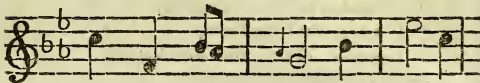
Larghetto.



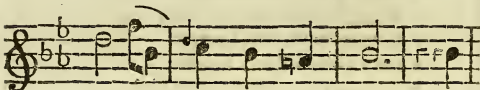
Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver



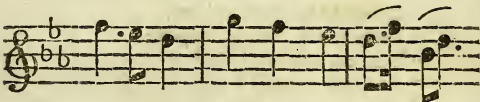
stream, Of things more than mortal thy



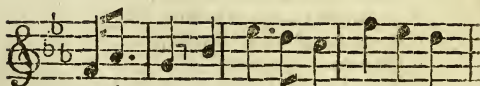
Shakespeare would dream, would dream, would



dream, thy Shakespeare would dream. The



fairies, by moon-light, dance round his



green bed; For hallow'd the turf is which



pil-low'd his head: The fairies, by moon-



light, dance round his green bed; For hal-



low'd the turf is which pil - low'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

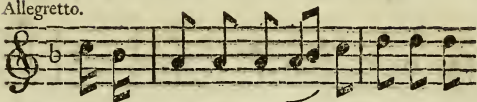
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth;
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth,
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream; like his fame may it spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

SONG V.

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

Allegretto.



Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did



say, If e-ver I liv'd upon dry land, The



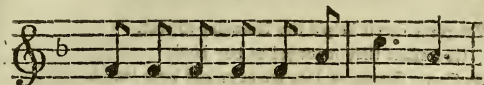
spot I shou'd hit on would be little Britain, Says



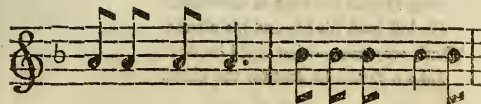
Free-dom, Why that's my own isl-and.



Oh! what a snug lit-tle isl-and, A



right lit - tle tight lit - tle isl - and;



All the globe round, none can be found So



happy as this lit - tle island.

Julius Cefar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, he couldn't come by land;
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their homes turn'd their backs on,
 And all for the sake of our island.
 Oh what a snug little island,
 They'd all have a touch at the island;
 Some were shot dead,—some of them fled,
 And some staid to live in the island.

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,
 Cried, D—n it, I never liked my land,
 It wou'd be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful island.
 Says he, 'Tis a snug little island,
 Shan't us go visit the island;
 Hop, skip, and jump,—there he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the king of the island.
Poor Harold the king of the island,
He lost both his life and his island;
That's very true,—what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for the island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade a,
Quite furè, if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.
Oh the poor queen and the island,
The drones came to plunder the island;
But snug in her hive—the queen was alive,
And buz was the word at the island.

The proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
E'er Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island.
Huzza! for the lads of the island,
The good wooden walls of the island;
Devil or Don,—let 'em come on,
But how would they come off at the island?

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our island?

Oh 'tis a wonderful island!
All of 'em long for the island;
Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, This shall be my land,
Shou'd the army of England, or all they cou'd bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island;
We'd fight for our right to the island,
We'd give 'em enough of the island;
Frenchmen shou'd just—bite at our dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

SONG VI.

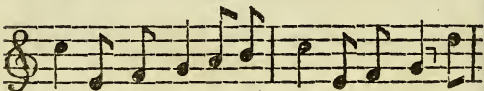
HEARTS OF OAK.

Allegro Moderato.

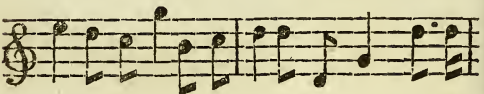
Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer, To



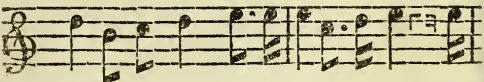
add something more to this wonderful year; To



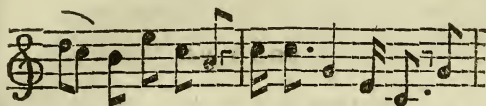
honour we call you, not prefs you like slaves, For



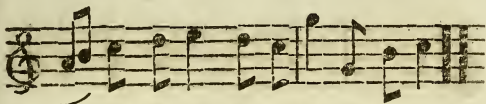
who are so free as we sons of the waves. Hearts of



oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men, We



al-ways are ready, Steady, boys, steady, We'll



fight and we'll conquer a-gain and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away,
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us these terrible foes,
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux,
 But shou'd their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

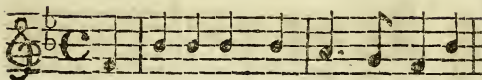
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
 In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;
 Then cheer up my lads, with one heart let us sing,
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

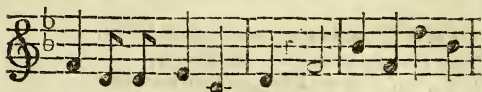
Hearts of oak, &c.

SONG VII.

ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.



Enroll'd in our bright an-nals lives full



many a gallant name, But never British



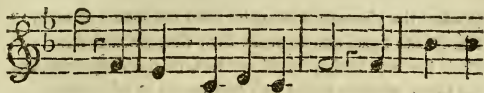
heart conceiv'd a prouder deed of fame, But



never British heart con-ceiv'd, But never



British heart con-ceiv'd a prouder deed of



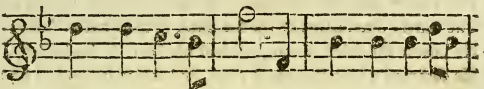
fame, A prouder deed of fame, To shield our



li - ber - ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's



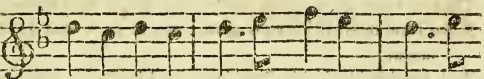
crown, 'Than noble Duncan's mighty arm at-



chiev'd off Camperdown. To shield our liber-



ties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's crown, Im-



mortal be the glorious deed at - chiev'd off



Cam - per - down.

October the eleventh it was, he spied the Dutch at nine,
 The British signal flew to break their close embattled line ;
 Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that auspicious day,
 All bitter memory of the past had vowed to wipe away.

 Their line was broke, &c.

At three o'clock nine mighty ships had struck their colours
 proud,
 And two brave admirals at his feet their vanquish'd flags had
 bow'd ;
 Our Duncan's towering colours stream'd all honour to the last,
 For, in the battle's fiercest rage, he nail'd them to the mast.
 Our Duncan's towering colours, &c.

The victory was now complete ; the cannon ceas'd to roar ;
 The scatter'd remnants of the foe flank to their native shore ;
 No power the pride of conquest had his heart to lead astray,
 He summon'd his triumphant crew, and this was heard to say :

CHORUS.

“ Let every man now bend the knee, and here in solemn pray'r,
 “ Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cause
 his care.”

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's renown,
 Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt
 down,
 And humbly blest'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian
 power,
 Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd in that dread battle's
 hour.

 And humbly blest'd, &c.

The captive Dutch this solemn scene survey'd with silent awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious
law,
And marked how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this
land,
For victory, for fame and power, just rule, and high command,
And marked, &c.

The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name;
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day;
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

GRAND CHORUS.

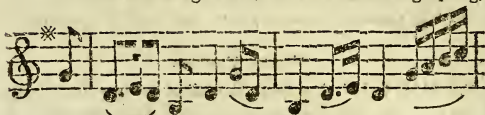
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day,
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way;
The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

SONG VIII.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.



The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring,



In - - vite the tuneful birds to sing, And



while they warble from each spray, Love



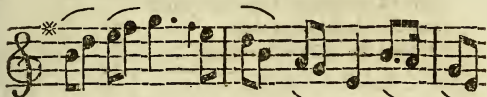
melts the u - - ni - - ver - - sal lay. Let



us, A - - man - - da, time - - - ly wife, Like



them improve the hour that flies, And



in soft raptures waste the day, a - - mong



the birks of In - - ver - may.

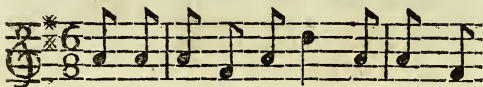
For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip thy verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

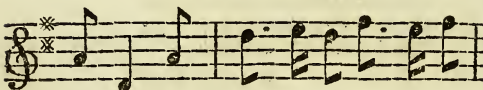
Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call:
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG IX.

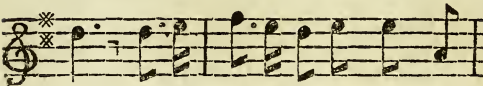
THE VICAR AND MOSES.



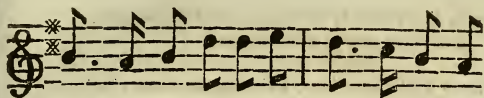
At the sign of the horse, old Spintext



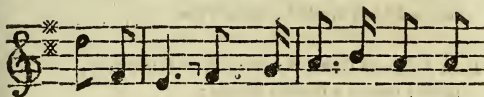
of course, Each night took his pipe and his



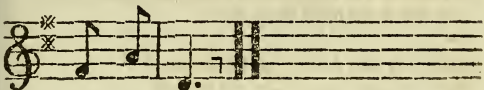
pot, O'er a jorum of nap -- py, quite



pleasant and happy, Was plac'd this ca-no-



nical fot, Tol de rol de rol ti



dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and submission;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, said he, to beg, look d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay:
You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions

Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor :
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower ;
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
'That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand ;
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But cram'd his jaw with a quid ;
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I will over it stumble;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
A man, that is born of a woman,
'Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r;
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here Moses do look, what a confounded book;
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
Such a scandalous print! sure the devil is in't,
That this Basket should print for the Crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.

(*Amen, Amen.*)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy sting, Death! put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather:
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together,
Singing *Tol de rol ti dol di dol*.

SONG X.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

Andantino.



Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so



jolly, Tho' winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle



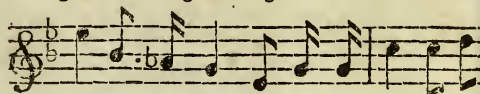
and sing, Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to



his Molly, And if honour gives greatness, was



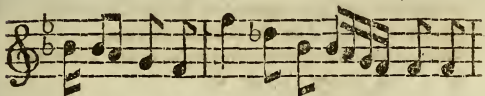
great as a king. One night as we drove with two



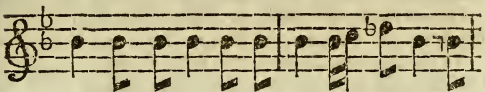
reefs in the mainsail, And the feud came on



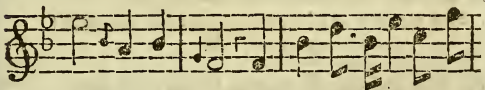
low'r-ing up-on a lee shore, Jack went up



a-loft for to hand the top gal'nt-fail, A



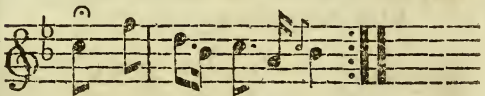
spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more, We



ne'er saw him more. But grieving's a folly, come



let us be jolly, If we've troubles at sea



boys, we've pleasures ashore.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog:
Long side of a Don in the Terrible frigate,
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore,
In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest, good natur'd and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another,
'To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he:
One day with the davit to heave the cadge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipt, when a shark and a spanker
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all lads? shall we be down hearted,
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And death in fast mooring will bring us all up.
But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother,
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle or storm, or some d—n'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

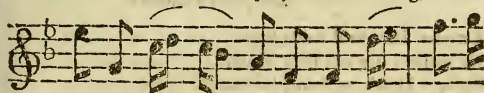
SONG XI.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Moderato.



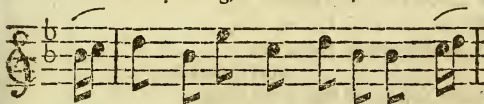
I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi'



hanging lugs and faces lang, I speer'd at



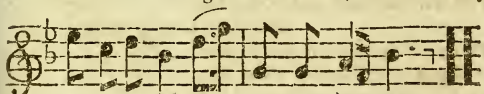
niebour Bauldy Strang, What are they these we see?



Quoth he, "Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel, Thinks



himsell cunning as the deil, And here they



cam' awa' to steal, Jenny's bawbee."

She bad the laird gae kaim his wig,
The foger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool he cried, "Tee-hee,
"I ken'd that I could never fail,"
But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

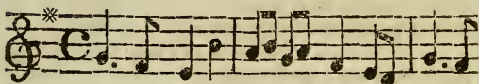
Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense,
Altho' he had na mony pence,
He took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee;
Now Johnny was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

SONG XII.

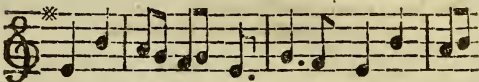
CRAZY JANE.

[The following was written in consequence of a Lady having in her walks, during a residence in the country, met a poor mad woman, known by the above appellation, at whose appearance the Lady was much alarmed.]

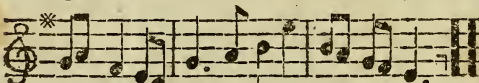
Tune—*Gin ye meet a bonny lassie.*



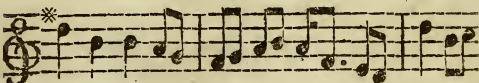
Why, fair maid, in ev'-ry feature, Are such



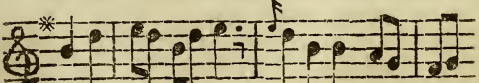
signs of fear express'd? Can a wand'ring, wretch-



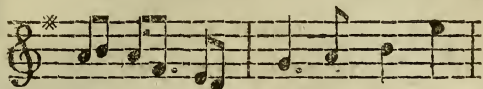
ed creature, With such terror fill thy breast?



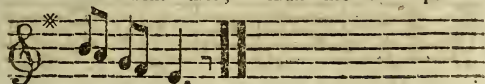
Do my frenzied looks a--larm thee? Trust me.



sweet, thy fears are vain; Not for kingdoms would



I harm thee; Shun not then poor



cra - zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?

Mark me, and avoid my woe;

When men flatter, sigh, and languish,

Think them false—I found them so.

For I lov'd, oh so sincerely!

None could ever love again!

But the youth I lov'd so dearly,

Stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,

Which was doom'd to love but one;

He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,

He was false, and I undone.

From that hour, has reason never

Held her empire o'er my brain;

Henry fled—with him for ever

Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,

And with frenzied thoughts beset,

On that spot where once we parted,

On that spot where first me met,

Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,

Still I slowly pace the plain;

Whilst each passer-by, in pity,

Cries, "God help thee, crazy Jane."

SONG XIII.

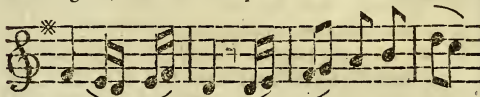
THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.



My mam is no more, and my dad in his



grave, Little or - phans are sis - ter and



I, sad - - ly poor; In - - - duf - try our wealth,



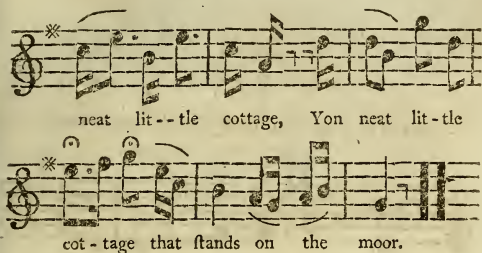
and no dwell - - ing we have, But yon



neat little cot - - tage that stnds on the



moor. Yon neat lit - tle cot - tage, Yon



The lark's early song does to labour invite;
 Contented, we just keep the wolf from the door;
 And, Phœbus retiring, trip home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our cheer,
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore;
 And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
 Of our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

SONG XIV.

CELEBRATED DEATH-SONG OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.



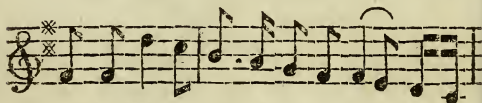
The sun sets at night, and the stars shun
tr.



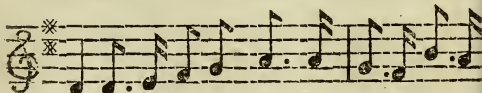
the day, But glory re-mains when their



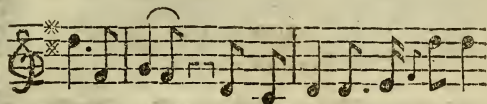
lights fade a-----way: Be-----gin, ye



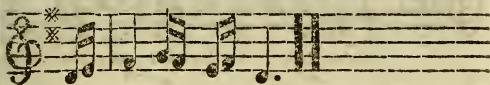
tormentors, your threats are in vain, For the



son of Alk--no--mook shall ne-----ver



com - - plain; For the son of Alknomook



will ne - ver complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why so slow?—Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No!—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

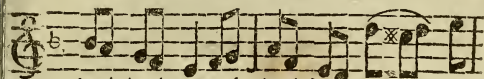
No!—the son, &c.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast, they exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

But the son, &c.

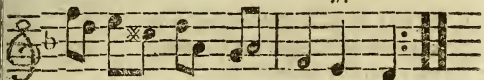
I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain;
And the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain!

And the son, &c.



Ros - - lin castle heard the swain, And

tr.



e - - cho'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring

With rapture warms; awake and sing!

Awake and join the vocal throng

Who hail the morning with a song!

To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;

O bid her haste and come away;

In sweetest smiles herself adorn,

And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray

Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay!

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd song,

And love inspires the melting throng.

Then let my raptur'd notes arise:

For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;

And love my rising bosom warms,

And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay

With rapture calls; O come away!

Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine

Around that modest brow of thine!

O hither haste, and with thee bring

That beauty blooming like the spring

Those graces that divinely shine!

And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

SONG XVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls
Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I should obey.
His melting strain and tuneful lay
So much the charms of love display,
I yield,—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleasing flame I feel;
My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my songster? From what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r
Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my strain convey,
And say, I haste to come away.
Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the soothing tale;
In whispers all my soul express,
And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

“ Loud howls the northern blast,

“ Bleak is the dreary waste;—

“ Haste then, O Donnel haste,

“ Haste to thy Flora.

“ Twice twelve long months are o’er,

“ Since in a foreign shore

“ You promis’d to fight no more,

“ But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donnel dear?”

“ Maids cry with taunting sneer,

“ Say, is he still sincere

“ To his lov’d Flora?”

“ Parents upbraid my moan,

“ Each heart is turn’d to stone—

“ Ah, Flora! thou’rt now alone,

“ Friendless in Mora!

“ Come then, O come away,

“ Donnel no longer stay;

“ Where can my rover stray

“ From his dear Flora?

“ Ah sure he ne’er could be

“ False to his vows to me—

“ O heaven! is not yonder he

“ Bounding in Mora?”

“ Never, O wretched fair,

(Sigh’d the sad messenger)

“ Never shall Donnel mair

“ Meet his lov’d Flora.

“ Cold, cold, beyond the main,

“ Donnel thy love lies slain;

“ He sent me to soothe thy pain,

“ Weeping in Mora.

" Well fought our gallant men,
" Headed by brave Burgoyne;
" Our heroes were thrice led on

 " To British glory:

" But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was the loss to thee,
" While every fresh victory
 " Drown'd us in sorrow."

" Here, take this trusty blade,"
(Donnel expiring, said)

" Give it to yon dear maid

 " Weeping in Mora.

" Tell her, O Allan, tell,

" Donnel thus bravely fell,

" And that in his last farewell,

 " He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,

Speechless with wild despair,

Then striking her bosom bare,

 Sigh'd out, " Poor Flora!

" Oh Donnel! Oh welladay!"

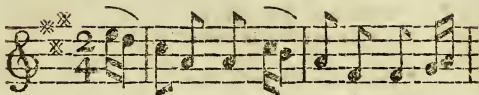
Was all the fond heart could say;

At length the sound died away,

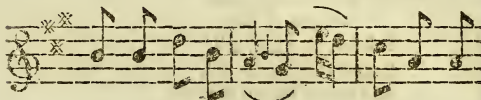
 Feebly in Mora.

SONG XVIII.

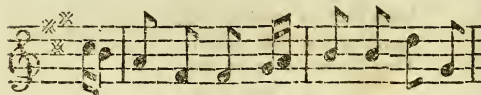
SWEET LILLIES OF THE VALLEY.



O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales, O'er



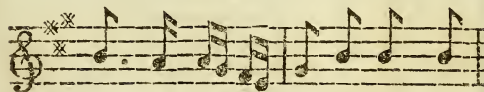
seas and distant shores, With mer-ry song



and jo-cund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant



hours. Though wand'-ring thus, I



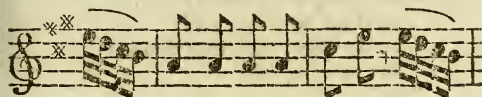
ne'er could find A girl like blithsome



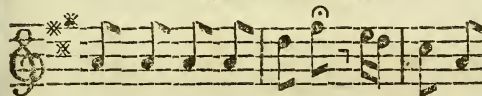
Sally, Who picks and culls, and cries a-



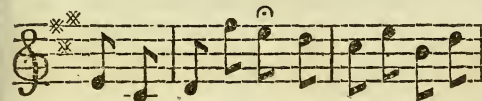
loud, Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,



Sweet lil - - lies of the valley, Sweet



lil - - lies of the valley; Who picks and



culls, and cries aloud, Sweet lil - lies of the



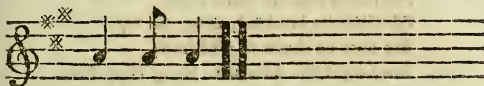
val - ley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From nestling of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to lead,
So social, gay, and free :
Yet tho' the lasses love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.

I'm now return'd (of late discharg'd)
To use my native toil,
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil ;
I care not which, with either pleas'd,
So I possess my Sally,
That little merry nymph that cries,
Sweet lillies of the valley.



ask'd 'bout all he saw, 'Twas Monsieur Je vous



n'entend pas.

John to the Palais Royal come,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb;
 I say, whose house is that there here?
 Housse! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 What Nong Tong Paw again? cries John,
 This fellow is some mighty Don!
 No doubt h'as plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nong Tong Paw.

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here?
 Stat! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 His? what the land and houses too?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew!
 On every thing he lays his claw,
 I should like to dine with Nong Tong Paw.

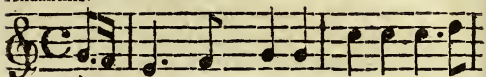
Next tripping came a courtly fair;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 What lovely wench is that there here?
 Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas Monsieur.
 What, he again? upon my life;
 A palace, lands, and then a wife;
 'Sir Joshua might delight to draw;
 I should like to sup with Nong Tong Paw.

But hold, whose funeral's that? cries John;
 Je vous n'entends pas: what! is he gone?
 Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
 Poor Nong 'Tong Paw then from the grave:
 His race is run, his game is up,
 I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
 But since he chuses to withdraw,
 Good-night t'ye Mounfeer Nong Tong Paw.

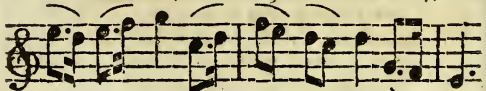
SONG XXI.

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

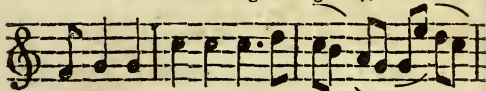
Andantino.



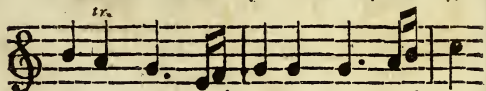
In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And



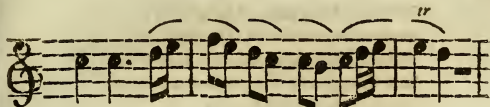
thun-ders roll and light-nings fly, In midst



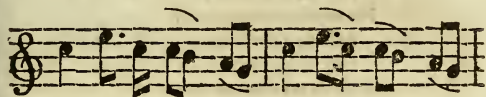
of all these dire alarms, I think, my Sal-ly,



on thy charms. The troubled main, The wind



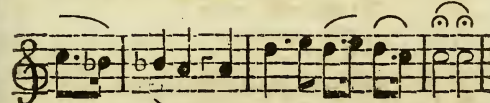
and rain, My ar--dent pas--sion prove



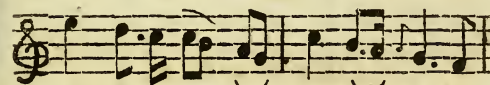
Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'erwhelm, I'd



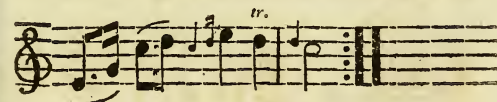
think on thee, my love, I'd think on thee,



my love, I'd think on thee, my love



Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

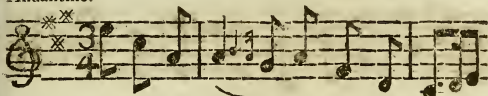
But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore;

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Shou'd happy be,
And think on nought but love.

SONG XXII.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Andantino.



'Twas past me --- ri --- dian, half past four,



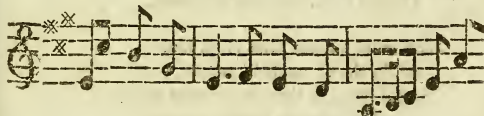
By sig -- nal I from Nancy parted; At six



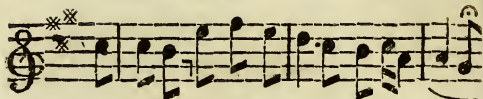
she lin --- ger'd on the shore, With uplift



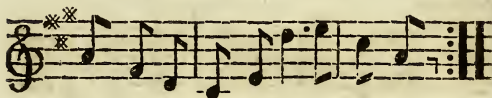
hands and broken hearted: At sev'n, while taught-



ning the fore-stay, I saw her faint, or else



'twas fancy; At eight we all got under weigh,



And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

'Twas night, and now eight bells had rung,
 When careless sailors ever cheery,
 On the mid-watch so cheerful sung,
 With tempers labours cannot weary.
 I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
 For tender wishes fill'd my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 Look'd on the moon, and thought on Nancy.

And now arriv'd that jovial night,
 When ev'ry true bred tar carouses,
 Around the grog all hands delight,
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.
 Round went the song, the jest, the glee,
 And youthful thoughts fill every fancy,
 And when in turn it came to me,
 I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four;
 At six the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
 Headlong into the foaming ocean;

Poor wretches, they soon found their graves,
For me it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And dauntless we prepar'd for battle.
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife
Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a pray'r, and thought on Nancy,

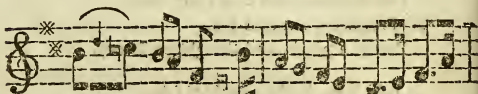
At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together:
At seven, up channel how we bore!
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

SONG XXIII.

SAVOURNA DELISH.



Oh! the moment was sad when my love and



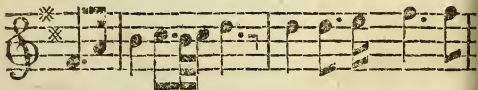
I parted, Sa - your - - na De - - lish



Shighan Oh! As I kiss'd off her tears, I was



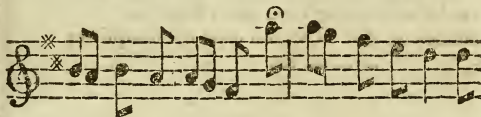
nigh broken hearted, Sa - - - your - na De -



lish Shighan Oh! Wan was her cheek which



hung on my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no



marble was colder, I felt that I never



a - gain should be - hold her; Sa - vour - - na



De - - lish Shighan Oh.

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.

I buckl'd my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder.
Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna, &c.

All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna, &c.

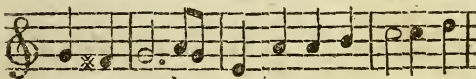
Peace was proclaim'd; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl, I fought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her.
Savourna, &c.

SONG XXIV.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.



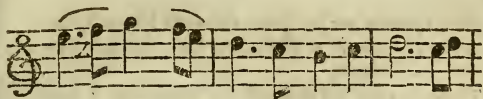
John Anderson my joe, John, when we were



first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, your



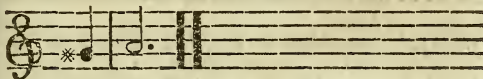
bonny brow was brent; But now you're turned



bald, John, your locks are like the snow, Yet



blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson



my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ay at kirk and market I've kept you trim and neat;
There's some folk say your failing, John, but I scarce believe
it's so,

For you're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson
my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your arms,
And fae are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Anderson
my joe.

John Anderson my joe, John, our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man and wife;
We've ay haen bit and brat, John, great blessings here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson my joe.

John Anderfon my joe, John, the warld lo'es us baith,
We ne'er spake ill o' neighbours, John, nor did them ony
skaith,
To live in peace and quietnefs was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm fure they'll greet when we are dead, John Anderfon
my joe.

John Anderfon my joe, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun comè, John, will bring us to our
laft;
But let na' that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er our
foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderfon, my joe.

John Anderfon my joe, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll
go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderfon my joe.

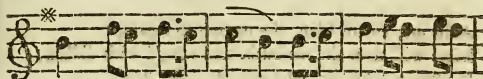
SONG XXV.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

Moderato.



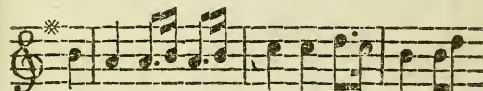
How sweet in the wood-lands, with



fleet hounds and horn; To waken shrill



e-cho, and taste the fresh morn;



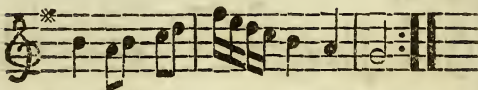
But hard is the chase my fond heart must



pur--sue, For Daph-ne, fair Daph--ne,



is lost to my view; She's lost, Fair



Daphne is lost to my view.

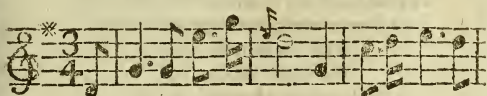
Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies,—

That dies!

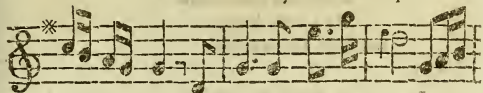
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, &c.

SONG XXVI.

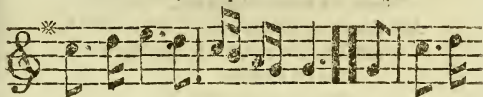
LEANDER ON THE BAY.



Le - - ander on the bay Of Hellespont all



na - ked stood, Im - patient of de - lay, He



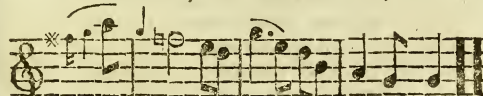
leapt in - to the fa - - tal flood: The raging



seas, Whom none can please, 'Gainst him their



malice show; The heavens lowr'd, The rain



down pour'd, And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain:
Ye cruel rocks and skies!
Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
What 'tis to miss
The lover's bliss,
Alas! ye do not know;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved Hero lies,
And this th' appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute;
The billows answer, No;
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sink the youth as low.

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid,
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove;
O fate! said she,
Nor heaven nor thee
Our vows shall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall
By my Leander's side.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

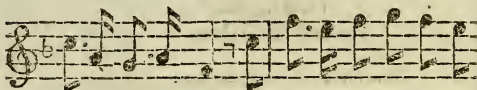
Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met
To teach her weary'd arms to swim:
The sea gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side;
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

SONG XXVII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.



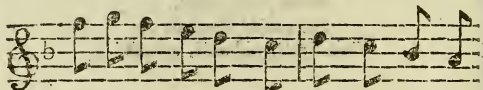
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd, One



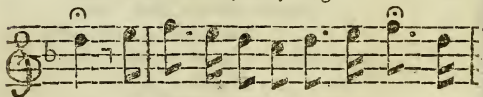
even-ing in May, The little birds, in blytheft



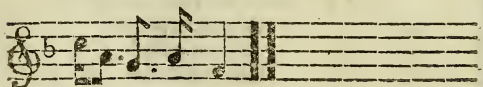
notes, Made vo-cal ev'ry spray: They sung their



little tales of love, They sung them o'er and



o'er; Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, Ma



Mol-ly Ashtore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets.
 The dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate:
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet, who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay, heaven could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
 Sat courting on a bough;

I envied not their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo:
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd;
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone:
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

SONG XXVIII.

The Maid in Bedlam.
 THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

To the foregoing Tune.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus sung
 she:

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me:
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd
 me;

And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a flow'ry garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roses, lillies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast!
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward shou'd be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might
spy:

But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

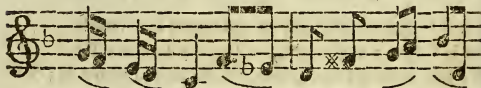
SONG XXIX.

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME?

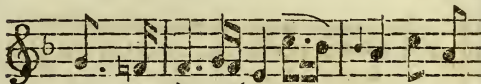
Andantino.



Dear Nan-cy I've fail'd the world



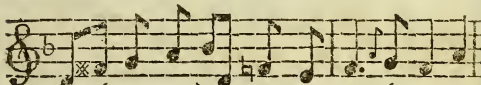
all a-round, and fe--ven long years



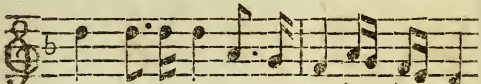
been a ro---ver, To make for my



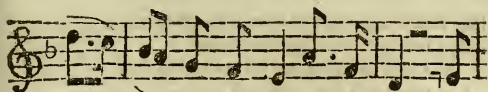
charmer each shil--ling a pound, But



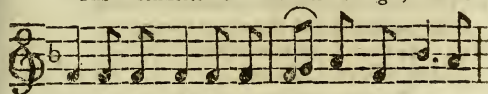
now my hard pe--rils are o----ver. I've



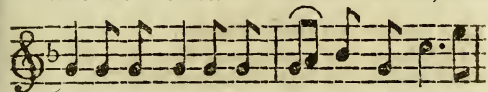
fav'd from my toils ma-ny hundreds in gold,



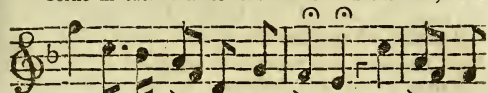
The comforts of life for to get, Have



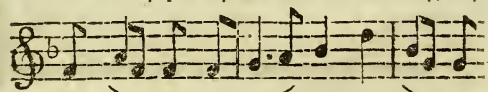
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, Have



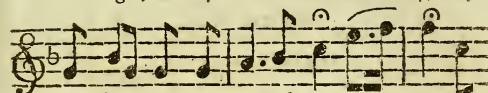
borne in each climate the heat and the cold, And



all for my pret - ty Bru - nette: Then say, my



sweet girl, can you love me? Then say, my



sweet girl, can you love me? Then say, my



sweet girl, can you love me?

L

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer;
 At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

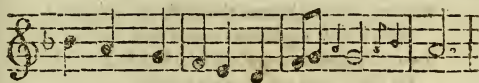
When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain wou'd persuade me I might be laid low,
 And ah! never more see my Nancy:
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget;
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

SONG XXX.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.



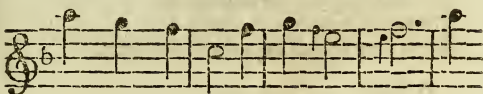
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,



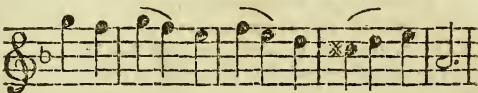
The streamers wa--ving in the wind,



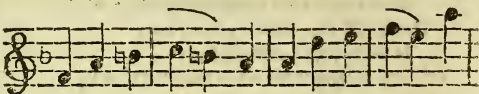
When black-ey'd Sa--fan came on board;



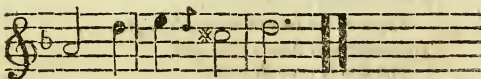
"Oh! where shall I my true love find? Tell



me, ye jo--vial fai--lors, tell me true,



If my sweet Wil--liam, if my sweet Wil-liam



fails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,
And drops into her welcome nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath's in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
'Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.

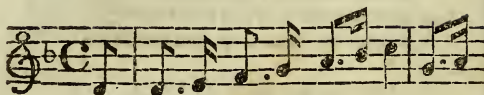
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard;

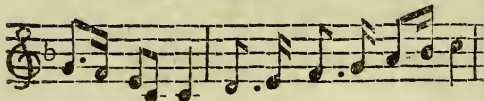
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head,
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG XXXI.

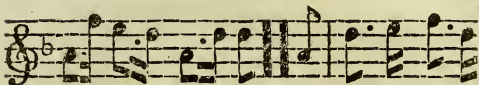
TAMMY'S COURTSHIP.



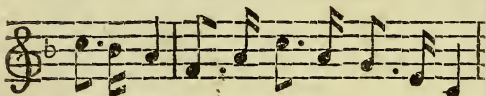
Oh where ha'e ye been a' day, my



boy Tammy? Where ha'e ye been a' day,



my boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and



flow'ry brae, Meadow green, and mountain grey,



Courting o' this young thing, just come frae



her Mammy

And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.

And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.

I gat her down in yonder how,

Smiling on a broomy know,

Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.

What said ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.

I prais'd her een sae bonny blue,

Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';

I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow, she said she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating breast; "My young, smiling Lammy,

I held her to my beating breast; "My young, smiling Lammy,

"I hae a house, it cost me dear,

"I've walth o' plenishin' and gear,

"Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your

"Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my

"Mammy;

The smile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my

"Mammy;

"She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,

"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, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-

"hearted Lammy;

"We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain kind-

"hearted Lammy;

"We'll gi'e her meat; we'll gi'e her claife;

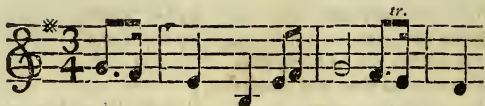
"We'll be her comfort a' her days;"

The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says, "There! gang and

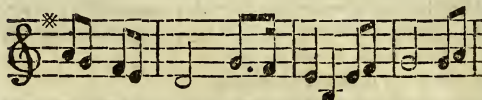
"alk my Mammy.

SONG XXXII.

ALLOA HOUSE.



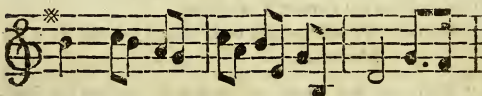
The spring time re - turns, and clothes



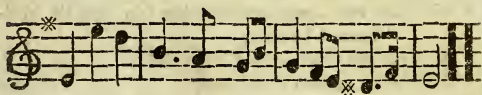
the green plains, And Al-lo-a shines more



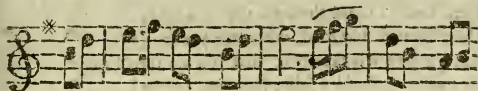
cheer - - ful and gay; The lark tunes his



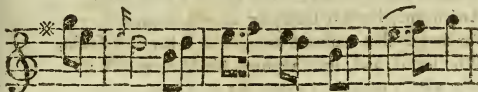
throat, and the neighbour - ing swains Sing



merrily round me where - e - - ver I stray;



But San -- dy no more re --- turns to



my view! No spring time me cheers, no



mu - sic can charm, He's gone; and I



fear me for e -- ver a - dieu! A - dieu, ev'ry



pleasure this bo - som can warm.

O Alloo house! how much art thou chang'd!
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!

M

Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
 Here listened, too fond, whenever you sung;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress:
 For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address:
 My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
 No power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

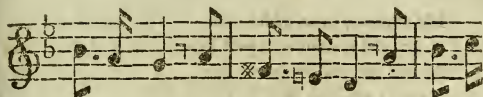
She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love! be true? she reply'd;
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true;
 Then adieu to all sorrow! what soul is so blind
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

SONG XXXIII.

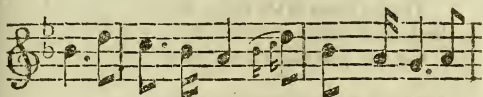
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And



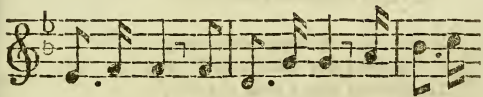
frost and snaw on il----ka hill, And Borcas



wi' his blasts fae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our



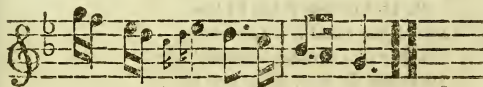
ky to, kill; Then Bell my wife, who



lo'es nae strife, She said to me right haf-ti-



ly, Get up gudeman, save Crummy's life, And



tak' your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Crummy is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a guid kine;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne:
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the list fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Cae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a guid grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty 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.

In days when cur king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Habb,
 As they are girded gallantly?

While I sit hurklen in the afe—
I'll have a new cloak about me.

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 prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
And, to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

SONG XXXIV.

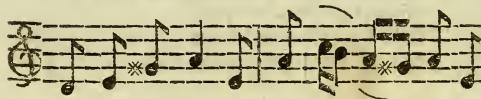
FAREWELL, DEAR GLENOWEN.

Tune—*Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.*

Farewell, dear Glen-ow-en! a-dieu to thy



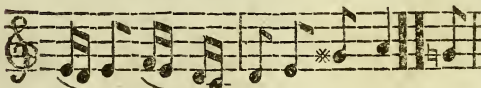
mountains, Where oft I have wander'd to



welcome the day; Farewell to thy forests,



thy cry-stal-line fountains, Which stray thro'



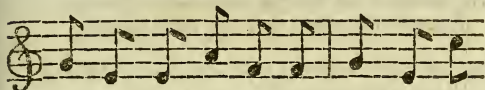
the val-ley, and moan as they stray. O'er



wide foamy waters I'm destin'd to travel, A



poor simple ex-ile, for-lorn and unknown; Yet



while the dark fates shall my for---tune un-



ra--vel, My thoughts, my affec-tions shall



still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-spreading treasures,
 Thy vallies, where Nature luxuriantly roves,
 May bid the heart, dancing to Fancy's wild measures,
 Forget, for a moment, its own native groves:

But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
Estrang'd from dear objects, to wander alone,
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weâry traveller, lost and unknown?

Sweet vistas of myrtle, and paths of gay roses,
And hills deck'd with vineyards, and woodlands with shades,
Fresh banks of young vi'lets where fancy reposes,
And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid;
The dark silent grotto, the soft-flowing fountains,
Where Nature's own music slow murmurs along;
The sun-beams that dance on the pine-cover'd mountains
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

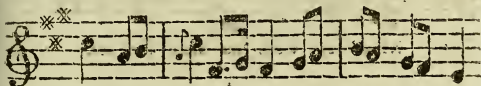
But thou, dear Glenowen! canst bring sweeter pleasure,
All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
And tho' thou canst boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
Still memory traces thy charms with a tear!
The keen blasts may howl o'er thy vallies and mountains,
And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
And Winter may bind, in cold fetters, thy fountains,
And still thou art dear, O Glenowen! to me.

SONG XXXV.

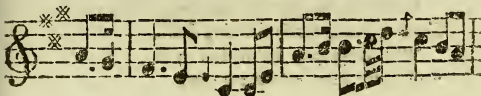
MARY'S DREAM.



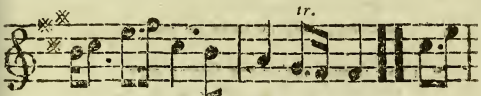
The moon had climb'd the high -- est



hill, Which ri -- ses o'er the source of Dee,



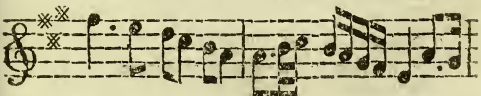
And from the east-ern sum -- mit shed Her



sil -- ver light on tow'r and tree; When



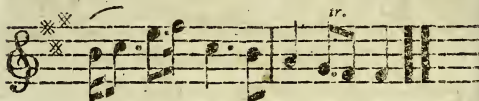
Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her



thoughts on San -- dy far at sea, When



soft and low a voice was heard say,



Ma---ry weep no more for me.

- She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye:
- " O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 " It lies beneath a stormy sea,
 " Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 " So Mary, weep no more for me.
- " Three stormy nights and stormy days
 " We tofs'd upon the raging main;
 " And long we strove our bark to save,
 " But all our striving was in vain:
- " Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 " My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 " The storm is past, and I at rest,
 " So Mary, weep no more for me.
- " O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 " We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 " Where love is free from doubt and care,
 " And thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see:
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG XXXVI.

THE SAILOR.

To the foregoing Tune.

OH, ye who sleep on beds of down,
 Who never feel the sting of woe,
 Whom Fortune greets with happiest smiles,
 Whose hours of varied pleasures flow;
 Absent yourselves from joy a while,
 And visit yonder troubled wave;
 There view with pain that fatal place;
 It is the common sailor's grave!

Surely to him a sigh, a tear,
 And some few tender thoughts are due;
 Think that he left the sweets of life,
 To fight—to bleed—to die for you;
 His wife, perhaps, (ah! wife no more!)
 Is list'ning to the hollow blast,
 While hope is whispering his return,
 Nor knows the hour of death is past!

Perhaps his little orphans too,
 While playing round their mother's knee,
 Have cried, " To-morrow he will come;"
 Oh ne'er will sun THAT morrow see!

When they shall hear—"He comes no more!"

What bitter moments will they spend?

'Tis yours to soothe the widow's grief,

To be the helpless orphan's friend.

Heedless of danger, to the scene

Of war the lowly hero came;

There fell unnotic'd, and unknown—

The world's a stranger to his name!

Scorn not to think on one so poor;

Worth oft adorns the humble mind;

Oft' in a common sailor's heart

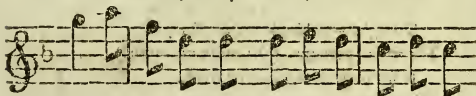
Dwell virtues of no common kind.

SONG XXXVII.

THE TANKARD OF ALE.



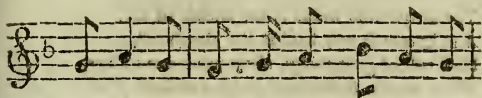
Not drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to



both, I met a young man up-on Aylesbury



vale, I saw by his face that he was in



good cafe To come and take share of a



tank - ard of ale, la ral la la la ra



la la la ra la la ra la la ra la la



I saw by his face that he was in good



cafe To come and take share of a



tank - ard of ale.



The hedger who works in the ditches all day,
And labours so very hard at the plough tail,
He'll talk of great things, about princes and kings,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The beggar that begs without any legs,
She's scarce got a rag to cover her tail,
Yet's as merry with rags as a miser with bags,
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The widow that buried her husband of late,
She's scarcely forgotten to weep or to wail,
But thinks every day ten till she's married again,
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

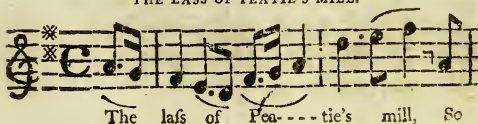
The old parish vicar, when he's in his liquor,
Will merrily at his parishioners rail,
Come pay all your tithes, or I'll kiss all your wives,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old parish clerk, with his eyes in the dark,
And letter so small that he scarcely can tell,
He'll read every letter, and sing the psalms better,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

If wrangling and jangling, or any such strife,
Or any things else may happen to fall,
From words turn to blows and a sharp bloody nose,
We're friends again over a tankard of ale.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE LASS OF PEATIE'S MILL.

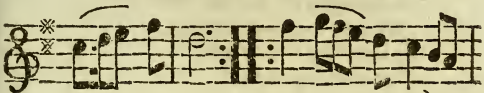




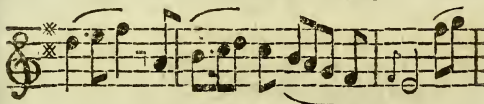
bonny blyth and gay, In spite of



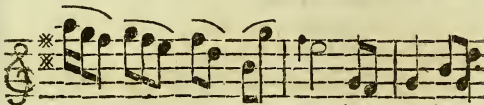
all my skill, hath stole my



heart a-way. When tedding of the



hay, Bare--head--ed on the green, Love



midst her locks did play, and wanton'd



in her een.

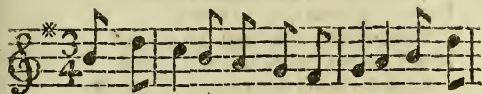
Her arms, white, round, and smooth;
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd;
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

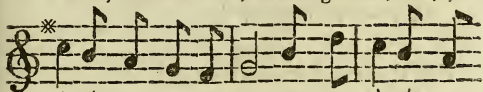
Oh! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the fame with me.

SONG XXXIX.

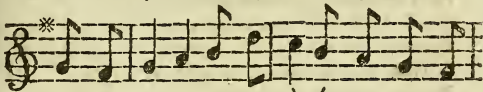
THE SEA-STORM.



Cease, rude Bo - reas, blust'ring railer, Lift, ye



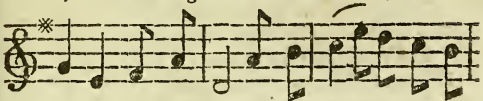
lands - men, all to me, Messmates, hear a



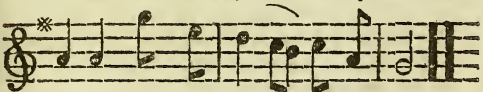
bro - ther failor Sing the - dan - - gers of the



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 topfail 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 topfail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
 Up your topfails 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 roar the tempest louder;
 Think what fear our mind enthrals:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Now again the boatswain calls:

QUICK.

The topfail-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 spritfail-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 furround us—
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries every 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's 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!

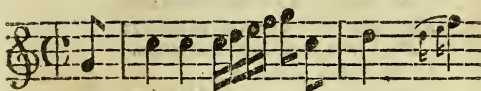
QUICK.

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 rig a jury fore-mast:
 She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

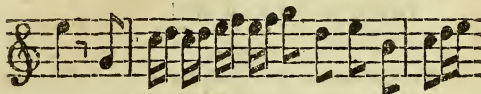
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune spar'd our lives;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
 Close to the lips a brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

SONG XL.

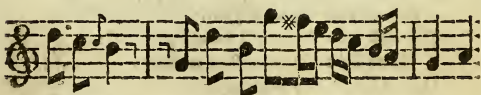
RULE, BRITANNIA.



When Britain first, at Heav'n's com-



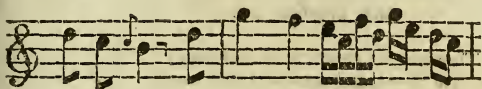
mand, A - rose ----- from out the a-



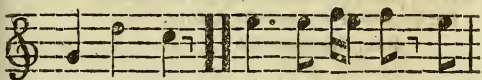
zure main, Arose from out the azure



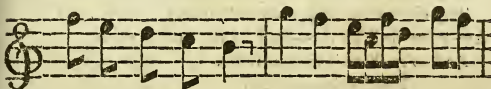
main, This was the charter, the charter



of the land, And guardian an - - - - - gels,



fung this strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri-



tannia, rule the waves, Britons ne - - - - - ver



shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
 Whilst thou shalt flourish—shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all,
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

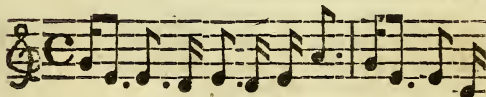
Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke:
 As the loud blast that—loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root the native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy—arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

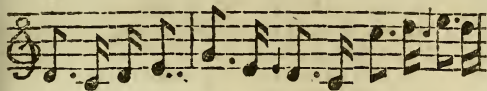
To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 And thine shall be the—shall be the subject main;
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG XLI.

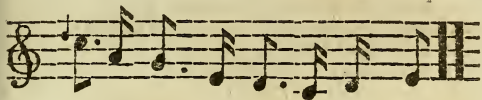
ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



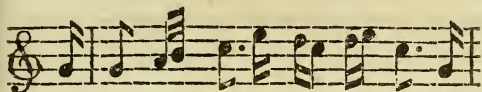
Roy's wife of Al-di-valloch, Roy's wife of



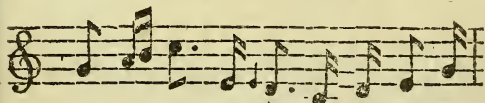
Al--di-valloch; Wat ye how she cheated me, As



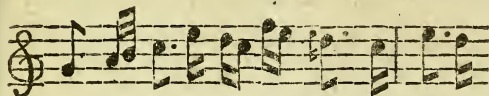
I came o'er the braes of Bal--loch?



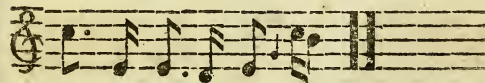
She vow'd she swore she would be mine; She



said she loe'd me best of o--ny; But



ah! the fause the fic--kle quean, She's ta'en the



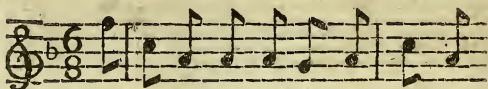
carle, and left her Johnnie.

Her hair's sae fair, her een's sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

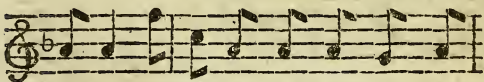
But O, she was the canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
 Roy's wife, &c.

SONG XLII.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.



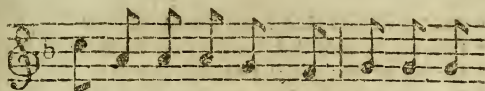
Come un - der my plaidy, the night's gaun



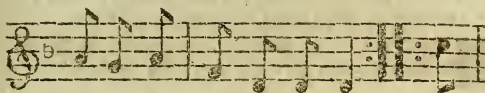
to fa', Come in frae the cauld blast, the



drift and the snaw; Come under my plaidy, and



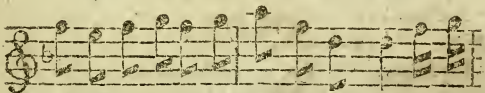
lie down beside me, There's room in't, dear



lassie! be--lieve me, for twa. Come



under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'ry could blast that will blaw; O come



under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, There's



room in't, dear lassie! be-lieve me, for twa,

" Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
 " I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
 " Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lie beside ye;
 " Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald gae 'wa!
 " I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
 " He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
 " O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tightly,
 " His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the snaw."

" Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 " Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava';
 " The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
 " He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa.
 " Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;
 " At kirk or at market they'll nane gang fae braw;
 " A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 " And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

" My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 " Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 " It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 " But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
 " I ha'e little tocher; you've made a gude offer;
 " I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
 " Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 " I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!"

She crep in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.

He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
" Wad marry Auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

O the deil's in the lasses! they gang now fae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' four-score and twa;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain luvè is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
But lo'e them I canna, nor marry I winna,
Wi' ony daft lassie! tho' fair as a queen;
Till love ha'e a share o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en.

SONG XLIII.

THE RAILERS.



Behold on the brow the leaves play in the



breeze, While cattle calm feed in the vale;



The church spire ta-tering points thro' the



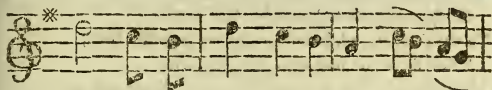
trees, As lord of the hill and the



dale. The playful colts skip af-ter dams to the



brook, The brook flow and si-lently glides; The



sur-face so smooth and so clear, If you



look it reflects the gay green on its



side



It reflects the gay green on its side.

In farm-yard, by his feather'd seraglio caress'd,

The king of the walk dares to crow;

No nabob, nor Nimrod, enslaving the east,

Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, Nancy presses the teat,
Her face like the ruddy-fac'd morn;
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshers repeat,
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wives, at the doors of their cots,
Sit spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse;
To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,
They shew the fine man and his horse.
At the heels of the steed bark the base village whelps,
Each puppy rude echo bestirs,
But the horse, too high bred, bounds away from their yelps,
Disregarding the clamour of curs.

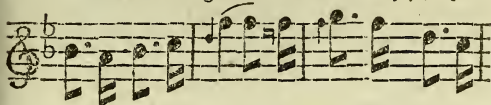
Illiberal RAILERS thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.
To contempt and despair, such insanes we commit;
But to generous rivals a toast,—
May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,—
Here's a health to those dunces hate most.

SONG XLIV.

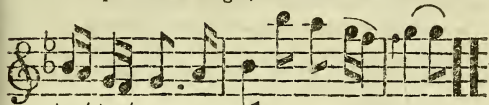
THE AUCTION MORALIZED.



That fleeting are our dearest joys, phi-



lo-sophers have taught, But who would think that



'Auction-Halls were with such wisdom fraught?



At-tend a lit-tle to my song, and I'll



re-veal to thee, How fages all and



hamm'ring call so, wond'rously a---grec.

Harmoniously mingling here, the works of ages lie;
 Here, Wit and Fancy's fairest flow'rs, and truths that never die:
 Reposing in their letter'd tombs, the wits of Greece and Rome
Mementos give, that some may laugh, and others mourn their
 doom.

Here's Sophistry wire-woven, bound, and Piety in sheets,
 Hypocrisy, whose gilded case, the gazer's eye soon meets:
 Here stands the judge, with lifted arm, his justice to dispense;
 But ne'er decides without a bribe—still tries their weight in
 pence.

Now throng the hall both great and small, of high and low
 degree,

And sage and savage cluster'd close, as buds are on a tree:
 Some come their empty heads to fill, some in the way of trade;
 Others their libraries to store, their fortunes being made:
 Some, from the plenteous show of weeds, a few sweet flow'rs
 to cull;

And some for learning, to reduce, the thickness of their skull.
 The "Book of Sports," with smiling face, the judge displays
 to view;

Now bid! he cries, how sweet in youth, when ev'ry thing
 is new!

The youngers bid, and faster bid, till ONCE! TWICE!!
 THRICE!!! 'tis gone,

As quickly as the morning ray, which on us lately shone.
 "Imagination's Pleasures" now, are open'd to their eyes,
 And many bid, but going! gone!! they sink, no more to rise.
 Though Virgil and though Homer bring their heroes to their
 aid,

Yet, going! going! gone! at last they vanish in the shade.
 Demosthenes and Cicero are next expos'd to sale,
 And, who would not be eloquent? to bid you cannot fail!

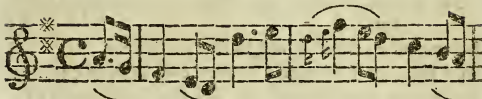
But orators and statesmen too can't stand the hammer's stroke,
For presto! gone! they fleet away, as does the passing joke.
To "Histories" of Nations all, both savage and refin'd,
"The Ruins of Empires" soon succeed, and blot them from
the mind.
"The World," at length, embellished with heads, and pressed
hot,
Is pompously exhibited, and styl'd a precious lot.
Now bid at once a hundred tongues, each other to outstrip;
A few draw back and meditate, lest they should make a slip.
Lo! tumult's all throughout the hall, till gone! at last they
hear;
The sound is like the cannon's roar, that thunders on the ear.

✂ The above song may likewise be sung to the Tune of—
"There was a jolly miller once," &c.

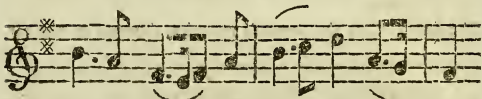
e

SONG XLV.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.



The last time I came o'er the muir, I



left my love be--hind me: Ye pow'rs



what pain do I endure, When soft



i--de---as mind me. Soon as the



ruddy morn display'd, the beaming day en-



fuing, I met betimes my love - - ly maid



In fit re - - treats for woo - ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 'Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me;
 Or call upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover;
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

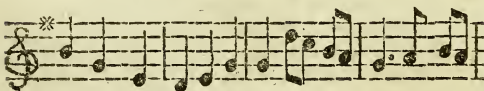
The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG XLVI.

O SAY, BONNY LASS



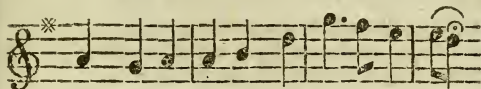
O say, bonny lass, will you ly in a



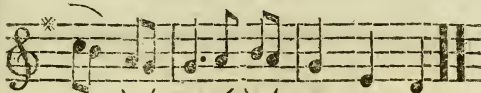
barrack? And marry a fodge, and car-ry his



wallet? O say, will you leave baith your



mammy and daddy, And go to the wars



with your fodge --- er lad -- die? O



say, will you leave baith your mammy and



daddy, And go to the wars with your



fodge --- er laddie?

O yes, bonny lad, I will ly in a barrack,
And marry a fodger, and carry his wallet;
I'll neither ask leave of my mammy nor daddy,
But aff and away with my dear fodge laddie.

O say, bonny lass, will you go a campaigning?
And bear all the hardships of battle and famine?
When wounded and bleeding, then wilt thou draw near me?
And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me?

O yes, I will brave all these perils you mention,
And twenty times more, if you had the invention;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,
While I have my Harry, my dearest to charm me.

SONG XLVII.

INKLE AND YARICO.

To the foregoing Tune.

INKLE.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows."

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the loud thunder;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

SONG XLVIII.

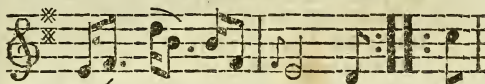
I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.



One day I heard Mary say, How shall I



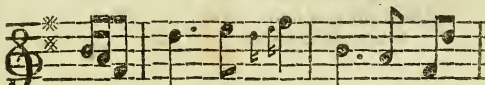
leave thee? Stay, dearest A----donis, stay,



Why wilt thou grieve me? A-



las, my fond heart will break, If thou



should leave me! I'll live and die



for thy sake, Yet ne--ver leave thee.

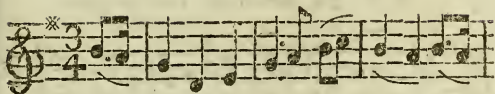
Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray,
New love to grieve thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou mayst believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe,
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

SONG XLIX.

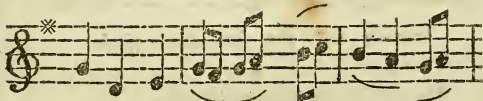
TWEED-SIDE.



What beauties does Flora dis--close! How



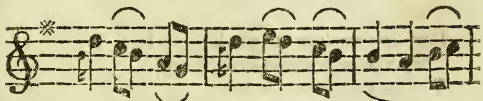
sweet are her smiles up--on Tweed! Yet



Mary's still sweeter than those, Both



Nature and Fancy ex---ceed. No



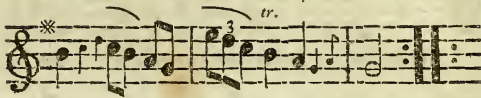
daisy, nor sweet blushing rose, Nor



all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor



Tweed glid -- ing gent - ly 'thro' those, Such



beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

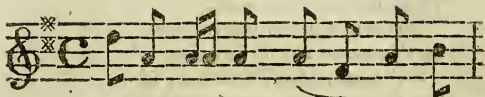
How does my love pass the lang day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While, happily, she lies asleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the fast pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

SONG I.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.



At Wil-ly's wed-ding on the green,



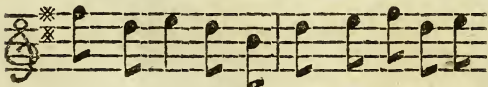
The laf--ses, bonny witches, Were a' dreft out



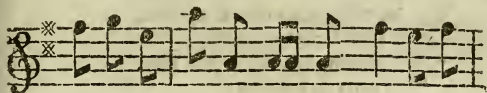
in aprons clean, And braw white Sunday mutches:



Auld Mag-gy bade the lads tak' tent, But Jock.



would not believe her; But soon the fool his



fol-ly kent, For Jen--ny dang the weaver:

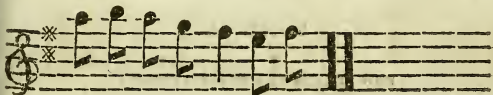
CHORUS.



Jenny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the



weaver; But soon the fool his fol-ly kent,



For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,
 Wi' her he wou'd be bobbing;
 When she fat down, he fat down,
 And to her would be gabbing;
 Where'er she gade, baith but and ber,
 The coof wou'd never leave her,
 Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
 But Jenny dang the weaver,
 Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, " My lafs, to fpeak my mind,

" In troth I needna fwither,

" You've bonny een, and if ye're kind,

" I'll never feek anither?"

He humm'd and haw'd; the lafs cried peugh!

And bade the coof no deave her;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,

And dang the filly weaver.

And Jenny dang, dang, dang,

Jenny dang the weaver;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,

And dang the filly weaver.

SONG LI.

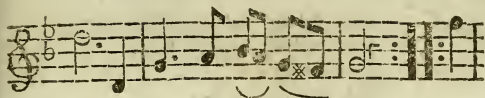
HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?



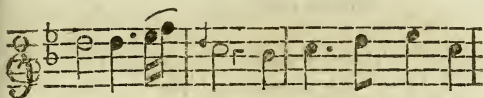
How stands the glass around? For shame ye



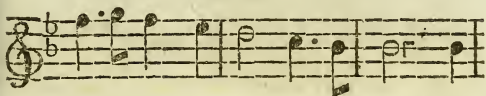
take no care, my boys, How stands the glass a-



round? Let mirth and wine a -- bound. The



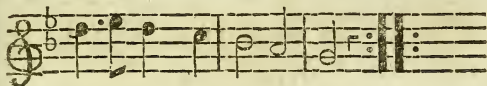
trum -- pets found, The co - lours they are



flying, boys, To fight, kill, or wound, May



we still be found Content with our hard



fate, my boys, On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, foldiers, why?
Whose businefs 'tis to die!

What, fighting? fie!
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you, or I!
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly!

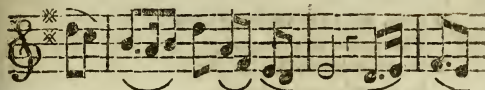
'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

SONG LII.

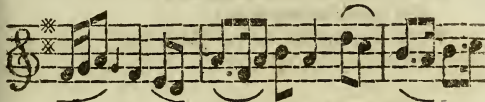
PINKIE HOUSE.



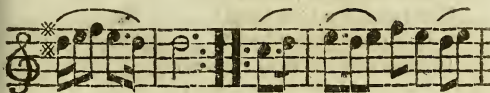
By Pin--kie House oft let me walk,



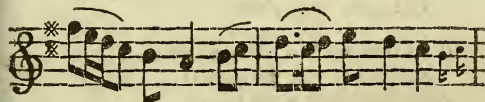
While cir - - cled in my arms, I hear



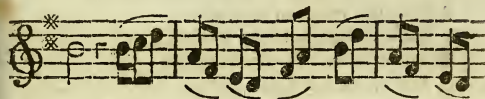
my Nel - ly sweet - - ly talk, And gaze o'er



all her charms. O let - me e - ver



fond behold Those gra - - ces void of



art! Those cheer - ful smiles that sweet - - ly



hold In will - - - ing chains my heart.

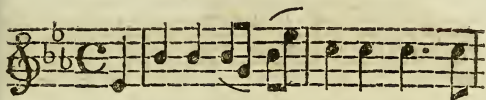
O come, my love, and bring anew
 That gentle turn of mind;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By nature's hand design'd:
 That beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame!
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same.

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

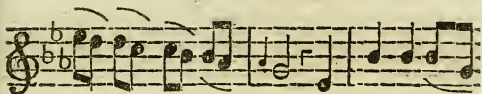
Come then, my love, O! come along,
 And feed me with thy charms;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms!
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine.

SONG LIII.

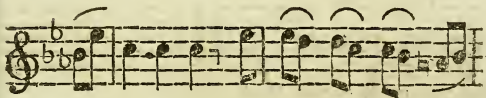
ANNA'S URN.



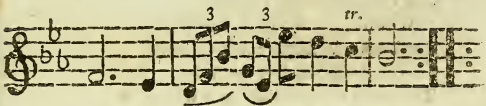
Encompass'd in an angel's frame, An-



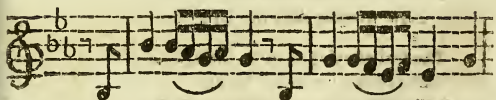
an-gel's vir-tues lay: Too soon did heav'n



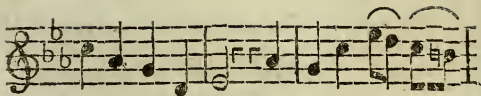
af-fert its claim, And call'd its own a-



way, and call'd its own a-way.



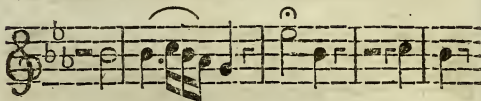
My An-na's worth, my An-na's charms Can



never more return, Can never more re-



turn! What then shall fill these widow'd arms?



Ah ----- me! Ah me! Ah me!



my An-na's Urn!

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
Which, blest with her, I knew?
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train, which once were us'd
In festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her Urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
She clasp'd me to her breast,
"To part with thee is all my pain!"
She cried, then sunk to rest!

While mem'ry shall her feat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain.
Of sorrow o'er her Urn.

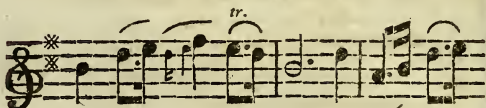
There, with the earliest dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate :
There Philomela, lost to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me spread,
My Anna there I'll mourn ;
For all my soul, now she is dead,
Concentres in her Urn.

SONG LIV.

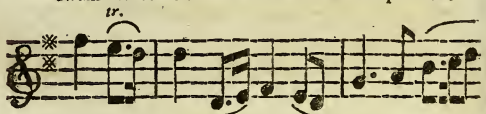
THE BROOM OF THE COWDENKNOWS.



How blyth was I each morn to see, My



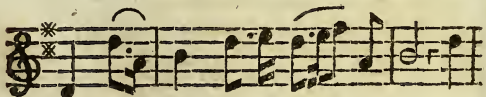
swain come o'er the hill! He leap'd the



brook, and flew to me; I met him with



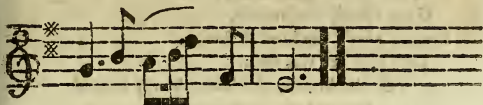
good will. O, the broom, the bonny bonny



broom, The broom of the Cow-denknows; I



with I were with my dear swain, With



his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks round me lay;
 He gather'd in the sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.
 O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds sat list'ning by;
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich and gay.
 O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
 O, the broom, &c.

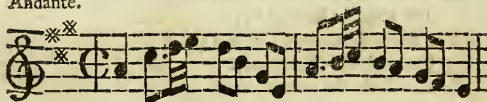
Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

O, the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 Where last was my repose:
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes,

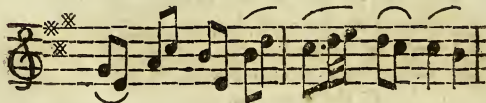
SONG LV.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

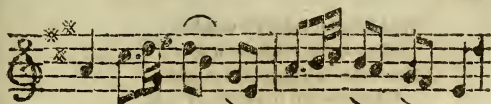
Andante.



Guardian an - gels, now pro - tect me,



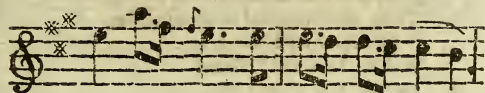
Send, ah! fend, the youth I love;



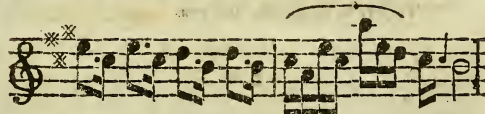
Deign, O Cu--pid, to di---rect me,



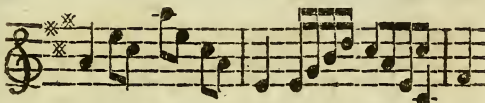
Lead me thro' the myr-----tle grove.



Bear my sighs, soft float---ing air,



Say I love him to-----despair;



Tell him 'tis for him I grieve, For



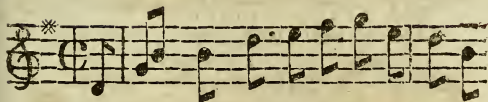
him a--lone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dales I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he erst has blest my sight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day,
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more?

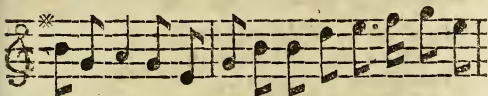
Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
Deep in some sequester'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence swelling,
Oft repeat my love-sick tale.
And the Lark and Philomel
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you.

Burns
SONG LVI.

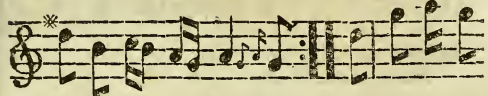
JOCKEY'S RETURN.



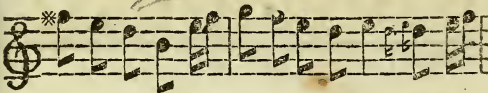
The ither morn, when I forlorn, Aneath an



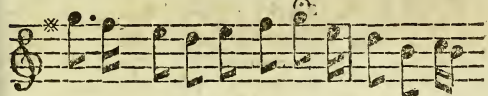
aik fat moaning, I didna trow I'd see my jo Be-



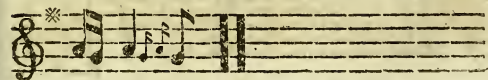
side me gin the glowming; But he fu' trig,



lap o'er the rig, And dawtingly did cheer me, When



I, whatreck! did least expect To see my lad-



die near me.

His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,
 Cock'd spruce, when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me.
 Deil tak' the war! I late and air
 Have wish'd, since Jock departed,
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

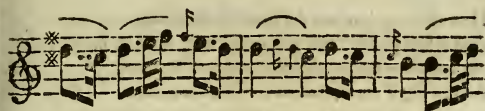
Fu' aft at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blyth and merry,
 I car'd na by, fae sad was I,
 In absence of my deary.
 But praise be blest'd! my mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
 At kirk and fair I'll be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

SONG LVII.

COOLUN.



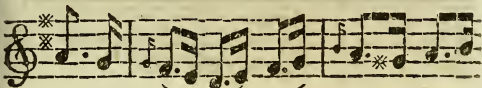
O the hours I have pass'd in the



arms of my dear, Can ne - - ver



be thought of but with a sad tear!



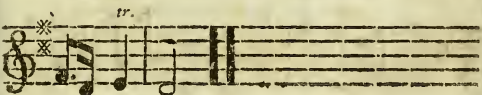
Oh! for - - - bear, Oh! for - - - - - bear then



to men - - - tion her name, It re -



calls to my mem' - ry the cause



of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,
 And when parted from me would ne'er cease to mourn;
 All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

To some distant climate together we'll roam,
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;
 Fate, now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,
 Give me my Paltora, and I'm more than repaid.

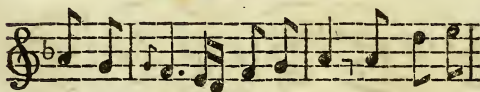
SONG LVIII.

FAIR SALLY.

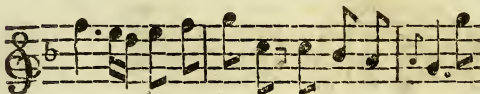
Hearty.



Fair Sal-ly lov'd a bonny seaman, With



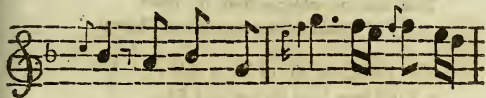
tears she sent him out to roam, Young Thomas



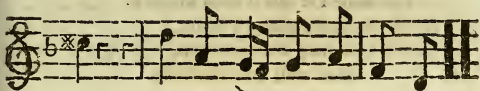
lov'd no other woman, But left his heart with



her at home. She view'd the sea from off the



hill, And while she turn'd the spinning



wheel, Sung of her bonny seaman.

The winds blew loud, and she grew paler,

To see the weather-cock turn round,

When lo! she spied her bonny sailor

'Come singing o'er the fallow ground:

With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,

And Sally met him with a smile,

And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waste he took his Sally,

But first around his mouth wip'd he,

Like home-bred spark he could not dally,

But kiss'd and press'd her with a glee:

Thro' winds and waves and dashing rain,

Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,

And brings a heart for Sally.

Welcome! she cried, my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind;
Our hearts tho' seas have parted from us,
Yet they my thoughts did leave behind:
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor absence from my heart
Could drive my constant Thomas.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for her dear sake;
A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.

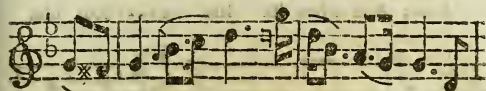
This thimble didst thou give to Sally,
Whilst this I see I think of you;
Then why does Tom stand shilly shally,
While yonder steeple's in our view?
Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

SONG LIX.

SWEET ANNIE.



Sweet Annie frae the fea-beach came,



Where Jock-ey speel'd the ves-sel's side, Ah!



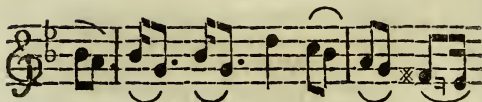
wha can keep their heart at hame, When



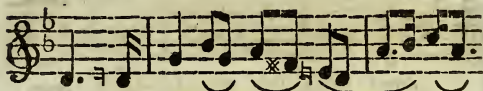
Jockey's toft a---hoon the tide. Far



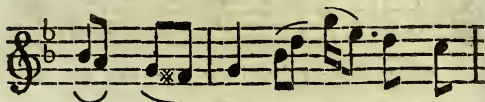
aff to dif---tant realms he gangs,



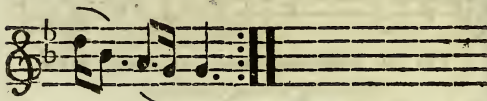
Yet I'll prove true as he has



been; And when ilk lass a----bout him



thrangs, He'll think on An---nie, his



faith---ful ane.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' goud in hand he tempted me,
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.
 What though my Jockey's far away,
 Toft up and down the awfome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockey may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jockey wad be troubled fair,
To see his friend his love betray:
For a' your songs and verse are vain,
While Jockey's notes do faithful flow:
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales, round Jockey's head,
And gar your waves be calm and still;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jockey's far away,
Yet he will braw in filler shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jockey may again be mine.

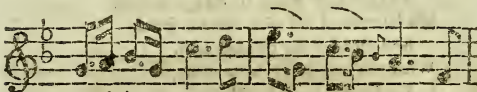
SONG LX.

KATE OF DOVER.

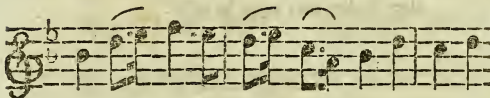
Pompoco.



Ned Flint was lov'd by all the ship, Was



ten --- der hearted, bold and true, He'd



work his way, or drink his flip, With e'er a



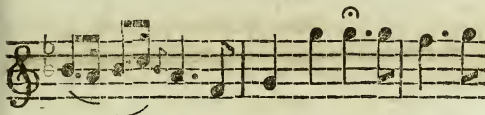
sea -- man in the crows; Tho' Ned had



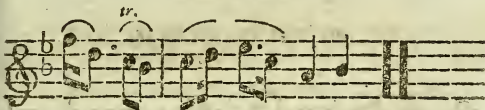
fac'd his country's foe, And twice had fail'd the



world all o-ver, Had seen his mesmates



oft laid low, Yet would he sigh, yet would he



sigh for Kate of Dover.

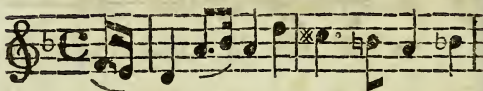
Fair was the morn', when on the shore,
Ned flew to take of Kate his leave,
Says he, My love your grief give o'er,
For Ned can ne'er his Kate deceive.
Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,
To you I ne'er will prove a rover,
All cares in generous slip I'll drown,
And still be true to Kate of Dover.

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,
To brave all dangers on the main,
When lo! a sail appear'd in view,
And Ned with many a tar was slain.

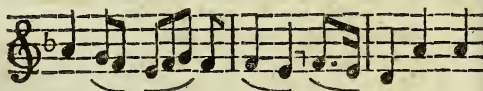
Thus death, who lays each sorrow low,
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover,
 The tars oft tell the tale of woe,
 And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

SONG LXI.

SHE 'ROSE AND LET ME IN.



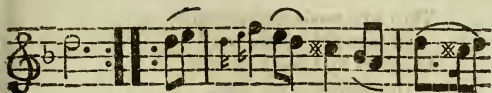
The night her silent fa---ble wore, And



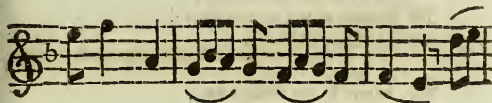
gloo-my were the skies; Of glitt'ring stars



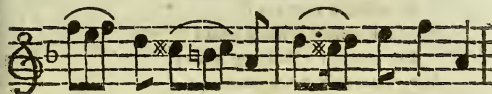
appear'd no more than those in Nel--ly's.



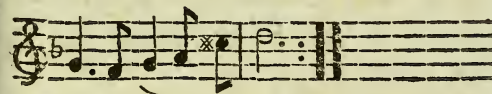
eyes. When to her fa-ther's door



I came, Where I had of---ten been, I



begg'd my fair, my love----ly dame, To



rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll:
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then who would cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part?

I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.

My eager fondness I obey'd,
Resolv'd she should be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,

Transporting is my joy:

No greater blessing can I prove,
So blest'd a man am I:

For beauty may a while retain

The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;

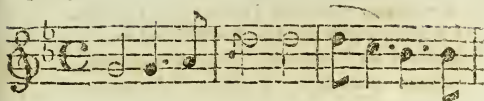
But virtue only is the chain.

Holds, never to depart.

SONG LXII.

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

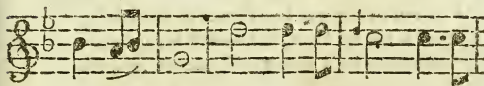
Plaintive.



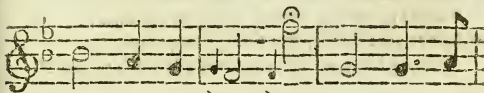
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine



ain thing? Saw ye my true love down



by yon lee? Crofs'd she the meadow, yef-



treen at the gloaming? Sought she the



burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

" Her hair it is lint-white! her skin it is milk-white!

" Dark is the blue of her fast rolling e'e!

" Red, red her ripe lip is, and sweeter than roses!

" Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"

" I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,

" Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;

" But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,

" Down by the burnie, whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

" Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,

" Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling e'e!

" Red war her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;

" Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!

" It was na my wee thing! it was na mine ain thing!

" It was na my true love ye met by the tree!

" Proud is her liel heart, and modest her nature,

" She never loo'd Le-man till ance she loo'd me.

" Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,

" Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!

" Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,

" Young braggart, she ne'er wad gi'e kisses to thee!"

" It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,

" It was then your true love I met by the tree!

" Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

" Sweet war the kisses that she gae to me!"

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e;

“ Ye’s rue fair this mornung, your boasting and scorning;
“ Defend, ye fause traitor, for loudly ye lie!”

‘ Awa wi’ beguiling,’ then cried the youth smiling;
Aff gaed the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa’ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov’d maid wi’ the dark rolling e’e!

“ Is it my wee thing? is it mine ain thing?

“ Is it my true love here that I see?”

‘ O Jamie! forgi’e me, your heart’s constant to me;

‘ I’ll never mair wander, my true love, frae thee.’

SONG LXIII.

DAINTIE DAVIE.

Lively.



The lassies fain wad ha'e frae me, A



sang to keep them a' in glee, While ne'er a



ane I ha'e to gi'e, But on-ly Dain-tie



Da--vie. I learn'd it ear--ly in my



youth, When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth, Wha



crories met to weet their mouth, Our

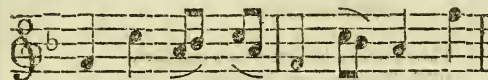


fang was Dain --- tie Da --- vie.

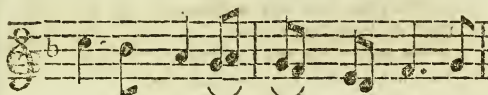
CHORUS.



O, Dain - tie Da -- vie is the thing, I



ne -- ver kent a can -- ty spring, That



e'er de - ferv'd the high --- lan' fling, Sae



weel as Dain -- tie Da -- vie.

When friends an' fouk at bridals meet,
Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weet,
The story canna be complete

Without they've Dainty Davie.
Sae ladies tune your spinnets weel,
An' lilt it up wi' a' your skill,
There's nae strathspey nor highlan' reel,
Comes up to Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Tho' bardies a', in former times,
Ha'e stain'd my sang, wae-worth their rhymes!
They had but little mense wi' crimes,

To blast my Daintie Davie.
The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
When labour tak's the play a while,
The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
And fae it far'd wi' Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
While ilka note is ay fae sweet,
That auld an' young get to their feet,

When they hear Daintie Davie.
Until the latest hour of time,
When music a' her pow'r shall tine,
Each hill, an' dale, an' grove shall ring,

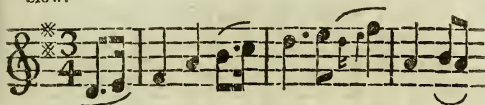
Wi' bonny Dainty Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

SONG LXIV.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

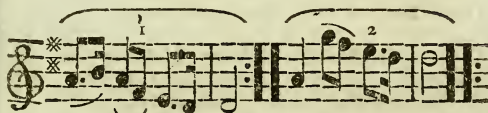
Slow.



In April, when Primros-es paint the



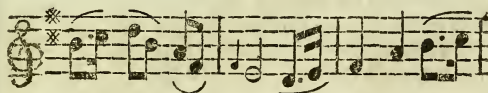
sweet plain, And summer ap--proach-ing re-



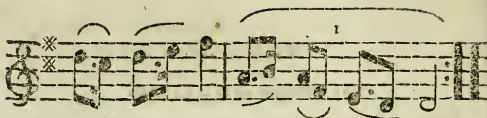
joic--eth the fwain, joic-eth the fwain,



The yel---low-hair'd lad-die would



of--ten-times go, To wilds and deep



glens, where the haw - thorn trees grow,



hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn,
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

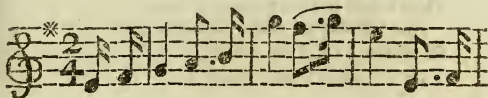
The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

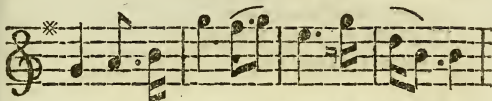
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susan, his mistress might be.

' SONG LXV.

EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.



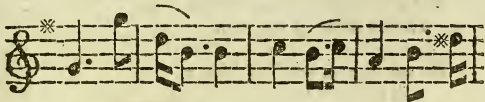
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion, And



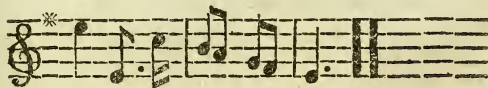
wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines



sweet, my Marion, But nae half fae sweet as



thee. The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But



nae half fae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blink's in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufe-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kifs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasie!
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see thee.

SONG LXVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

HOW blyth' have I been with my Sandy,
As we sat in the how o' the glen!
But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
To the banks o' the Rhine he has gane.

Alas! that the trumpet's loud clarion,
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar,
O could not the ewe-bughts and Marion,
Please mair than the horrors of war?

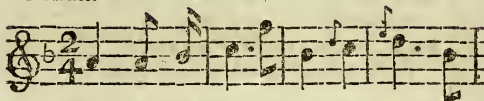
Not a plough in our land has been gangin',
The oufen ha'e stood in their sta':
Nae flails in our barns ha'e been banging,
For mair than this towmond or twa.

Wae's me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion,
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O I wish that the ewe-bughts and Marion
Could charm from the horrors of war.

SONG LXVII.

SWEET ELLEN.

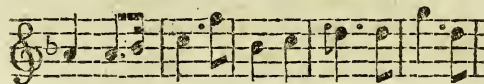
Andante.



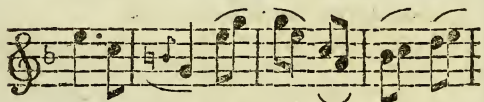
Cold blew the wind, no gleam of light, When



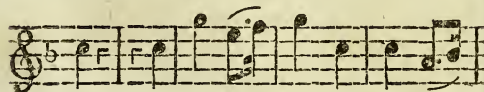
El---len left her home, And



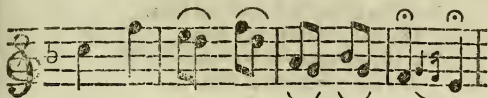
brav'd the horrors of the night, o'er dreary



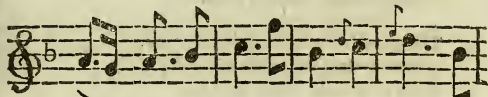
wilds to roam, O'er drea--ry wilds to



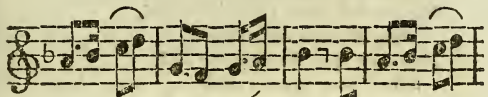
roam. The love-ly maid had late been



gay, When hope and plea--sure smil'd,



But now a--las! to grief a prey, Was



El--len, for--row's child, Was El-len,



for--row's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,

But ah! how sad her doom!

The gentle youth, in beauty's pride,

Was summon'd to the tomb.

No more those joys shall Ellen prove,

Which many an hour beguil'd;

From morn to eve she mourns her love,

Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

With falt'ring step away she flies,

O'er William's grave to weep;

For Ellen there, with tears and sighs,
 Her watch would often keep.
 The pitying angel saw her woe,
 And came with aspect mild;
 Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
 Where thou shalt soon find rest;
 Again thou shalt behold thy love,
 And be for ever blest.
 Ah! can such bliss be mine! she cried,
 With voice and looks so wild;
 Then sunk upon the earth and died,
 Sweet Ellen, sorrow's child.

SONG LXVIII.

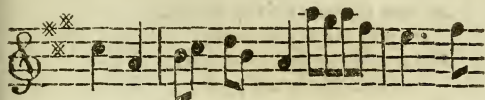
MARIA.



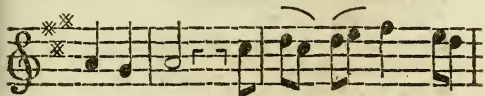
'Twas near a thicket's calm re--treat,



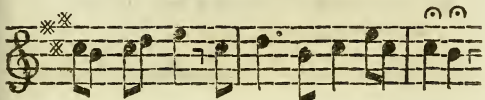
Under a pop--lar tree, Ma-ri--a



chose her lone--ly feat, To mourn her



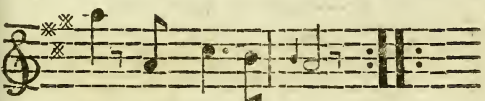
sorrows free. Her love--ly form was



sweet to view, As dawn at op'ning day;



But ah! she mourn'd her love not true, And



wept her cares a--way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
Had now forgot its song.

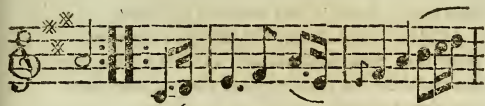
No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast;
 Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,
 And fled with them her rest.

Poor hapless maid! who can behold
 Thy anguish so severe,
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a pitying tear!
 Maria, hapless maid, adieu!
 Thy sorrows soon must cease;
 Soon heaven will take a maid so true
 To everlasting peace.

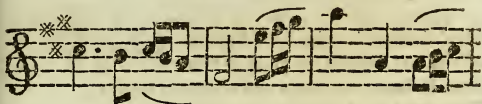
SONG LXIX.

BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

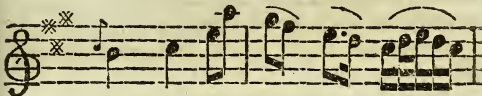
Be --- neath a green shade a
 lovely young swain, One ev'ning re-
 clin'd to dis-----co-----ver his



pain: So sad, yet so sweetly, he



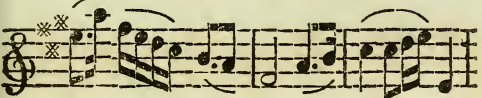
warbled his woe, The wind ceas'd to



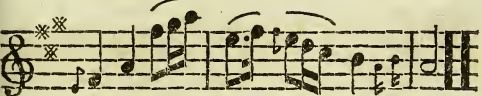
breathe, And the foun--tains to



flow; Rude winds with com--passion could



hear him com-plain, Yet Chloe less



gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view !
Those eyes, then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I sicken in pleasure, and languish in light.

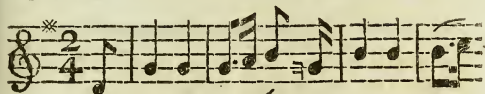
Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue :
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew :
From sunshine, to zephyrs and shades we repair;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same !
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see! the pale moon, all clouded, retires!
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires!
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair

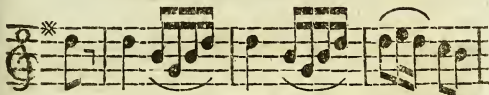
SONG LXX.

THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

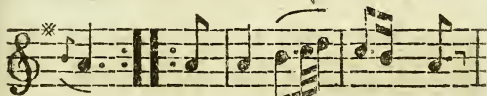
Moderato.



When first I saw thee graceful move,



Ah! me, what meant my throb - bing



breast; Say, soft con - - - fu - - - sion,



art thou love? If love thou

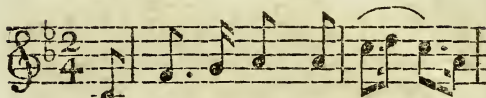


art, then fare - - - well rest.

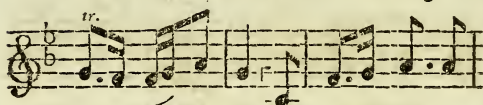
With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create,
 And though you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

SONG LXXI.

'Twas when the seas were roaring.



'Twas when the seas were roar-ing With



hollow blasts of wind, A damsel lay de-



plor-ing, All on a rock reclin'd. Wide



o'er the rolling billows, She cast a wishful



look; Her head was crown'd with wil-



lows, That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests with despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then, beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes the rocks discover
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

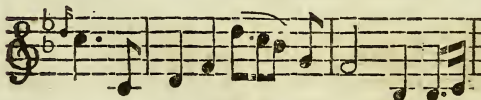
Thus melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head,—and died.

SONG LXXII.

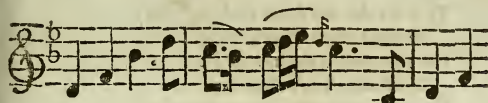
BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.



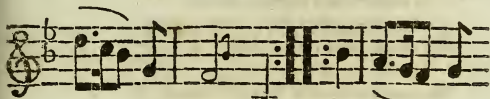
Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'---ry



swain, I'll tell how Peg--gy grieves me: Tho'



thus I languish and com-plain, A--las she



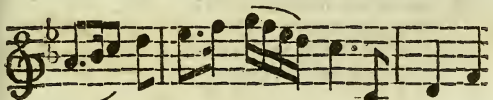
ne'er be-lieves me: My vows and



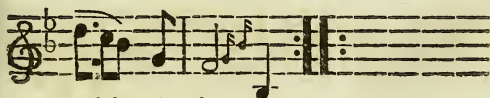
sighs, like si--lent air, Un--heed--ed



ne---ver move her, The bon--ny



bush a----boon Tra-quair, Was where I



first did love her.

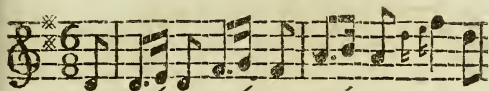
That day she smil'd and made me glad;
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh, make her partner in my pains!
And let her smiles relieve me!
If not, my love will turn despair;
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG LXXIII.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.



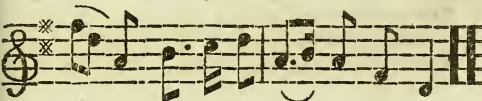
The lawland lads think they are fine, But



oh they're vain and id---ly gawdy; How



much un--like the grace-fu' mein, And



man-ly looks of my Highland lad-die.



O my bonny Highland laddie, my handsome

A a



Smiling Highland laddie, May heav'n still guard,



and love reward, The lawland lass and her



Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Synne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie,
O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're fow and unco faucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
• Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
O my bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty butt a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My flighterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

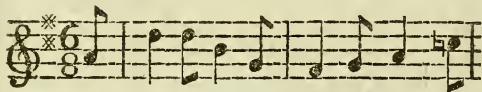
O'er highest heathery hills I'll stee,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can weild my trusty fword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

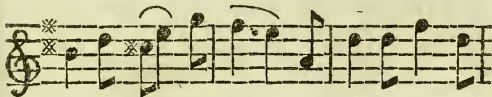
The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure .
 T' range with me; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXV.

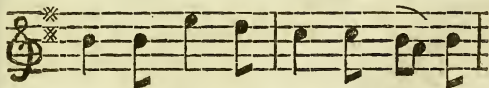
OLD TOWLER.



Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



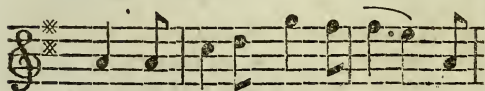
spangles deck the thorn; The lowing herd now



quits the lawn, The lark springs from the



corn: Dogs, huntsmen, round the window



throng, Fleet Towler leads the cry; A-



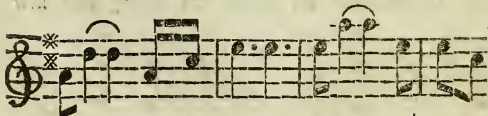
rife the bur-den of their song, This



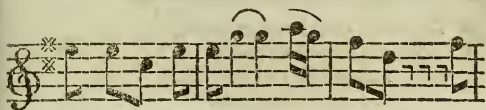
day a stag must die: With a hey ho



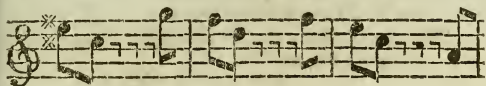
chi--vy, Hark forward, hark forward tan-



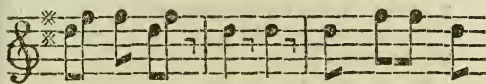
ti-vy, With a hey ho chi-vy, Hark forward,



hark forward tanti-vy, Hark forward, hark



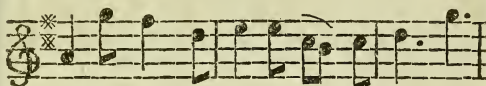
forward, hark forward, hark forward tan-



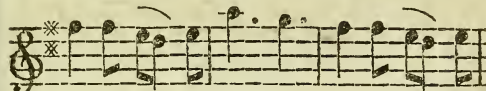
tivy, tantivy, Hark, hark, hark forward, hark



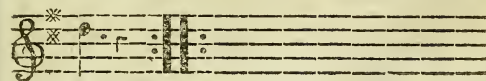
forward tantivy. A---rise the burden



of their song, This day a stag must die; This



day a stag must die, This day a stag must



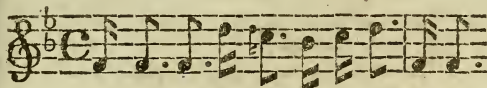
die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale :
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields through brakes they fly ;
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die,
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

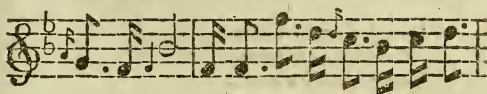
Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face ;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace :
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.



Gin a bo-dy meet 'a bo-dy Comin



thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kifs a bo-dy,



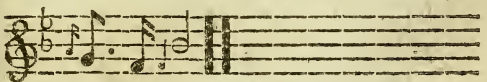
Need a bo--dy cry? Il-ka bo-dy has



a bo-dy, Ne'er a ane ha'e I; But



a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the



war am I?

B b

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin frae the well,
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka body has a body,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
 And what the war am I?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin frae the town,
 Gin a body kifs a body,
 Need a body gloom?
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,
 Ne'er a ane hae I;
 But a the lads they lo'e me weel,
 And what the war am I?

SONG LXXVII.

Original words of the foregoing Tune.

COMIN through the rye, poor body,
 Comin through the rye,
 She draigl't a' her petticutie,
 Comin through the rye.
 Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry,
 She draigl't a her petticutie,
 Comin through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the rye,
Gin a body kifs a body,
Need a body cry?
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin through the glen;
Gin a body kifs a body,
Need the warld ken?
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Kissin is the key of love,
And clappin is the lock,
And makin o's the best thing
That e'er a young thing got.
Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.

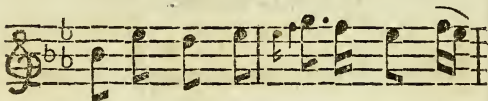
Affetuofo.



The village hind with toil had done, And



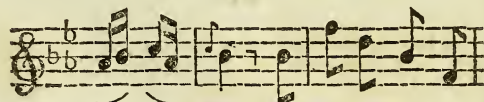
homewards bent his way, While



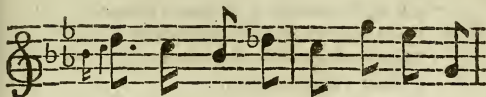
on the wave the setting sun Clos'd



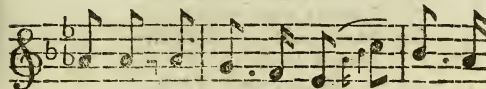
the de-part-ing day, Clos'd the de-



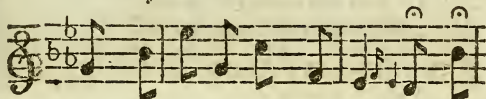
part-ing day; When Ca-ro-line of



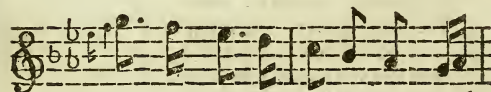
Litchfield strove all seem - ing - - ly to



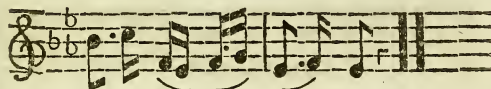
borrow The plaintive wail - ings of the



dove, To aid a while her for - row, The



plain - tive wail - ings of the dove, To



aid a while her for - - row.

As dews distilling on the rose,
In brightness oft appear;
So Caroline, amid her woes,
Seem'd lovelier with a tear.

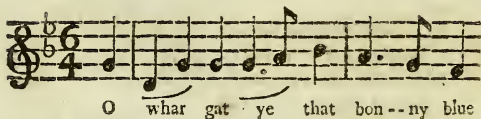
“ Ah me !” she cried, “ life has no charms,
 “ For, ’neath the drooping willow,
 “ My lover sleeps in death’s cold arms,
 “ Upon a moisten’d pillow.

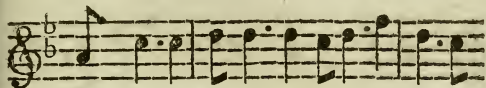
“ For me he brav’d the dang’rous part,
 “ And found a watery tomb,
 “ Can silence reign then in the heart,
 “ Or gratitude be dumb ?
 “ Ah, no ! affection’s tear shall flow,
 “ Pure as the crystal fountain,
 “ Till death shall end this life of woe,
 “ Which now’s beyond surmounting.”

Then sighing with a wishful look,
 A loose to grief she gave,
 And headlong plung’d into the brook,
 There sunk beneath the wave.
 The village maids the tale relate,
 At eve and early morning,
 How love was nipt by adverse fate,
 Ere scarcely it was dawning.

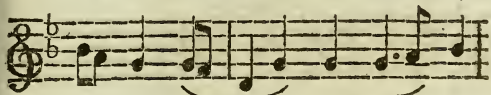
SONG LXXIX.

BONNY DUNDEE.

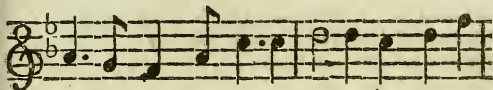




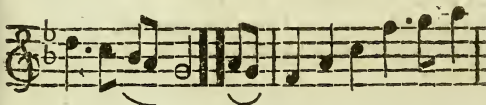
bonnet? O fil-ly blind bo-dy, can-na



ye see? I gat it frae a



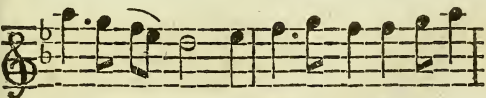
bon-ny Scots Callan, Atween St. Johnston and



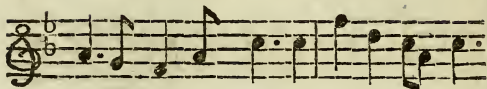
bonny Dundee. And O! gin I saw but the



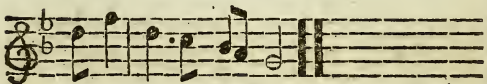
laddie that gae me't, Fu' aft has he doudled me



on o' his knee; But now he's a-wa, and I



dinna ken whar he's; O! gin he war back



to his Minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty,
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my e'e;
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's,
 Gin we cou'd anse meet, we's ne'er part till we dis.
 And O! gin I saw but my bonny Scots Callan,
 Fu' aft has he doudled me on his knee;
 But now he's away, and I dinna ken whar he's,
 O! gin he was back to his Minny and me.

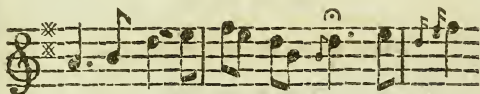
SONG LXXX.

Tune—*Braw lads o' Galla water.*

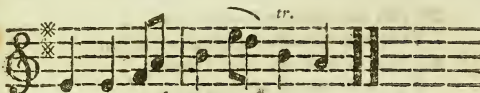
Ma-ry's charms sub-du'd my breast, Her .



glowing youth, her manner winning, My



faithful vows I fond---ly press'd, And mark'd



the sweet re--turn be--ginning;

Fancy kindly on my mind,

Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining,

When raptur'd first I found her kind,

Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
 And still I've found her more endearing;
 Each wayward passion she controul'd,
 Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
 With artless look attention courting,
 With infant smiles dispel each gloom,
 Around our hut so gaily sporting.

Brown
 SONG LXXXI.

BRAW, BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.

To the foregoing Tune.

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander through the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

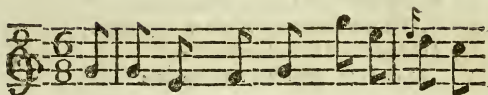
But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks-by Galla water.

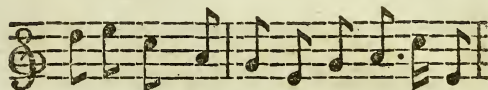
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and blifs o' mutual love,
O that's the chieftest warld's treasure.

SONG LXXXII.

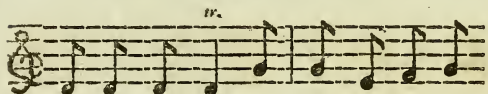
THE SONS OF THE CLYDE.

Tune—*Rural Felicity.*

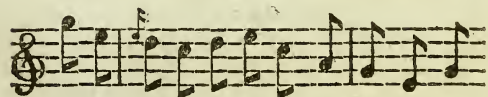
A - way with proud France and her tyrant



Di - rec - tors, Who make both Re - - ligion and



Vir - tue their sport, Their threats are de - spis'd

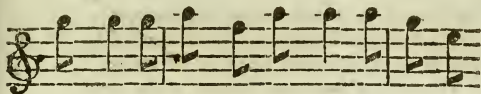


by Bri - tannia's protectors, 'Tis Freedom that



calls to her aid and support.

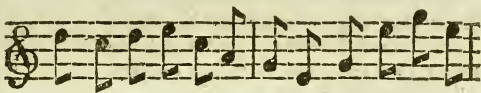
Bri - tannia



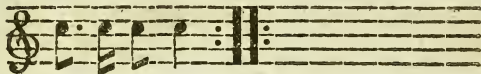
demands our hearts and our hands, A-way, let



us conquer or fall by her side: Come, see



Courage and Li-berty no-bly in-spir-ing the



sons of the Clyde.

'Twas Liberty gave us our commerce and treasure,

She taught us to cultivate science and mirth,

To patronize learning and social pleasure,

To lighten the heart, and give jollity birth:

Come, come Britons all, it is Liberty's call,

Let's haste to her shrine, let us garlands provide;

Come, see

Courage and Liberty,

Nobly inspiring the sons of the Clyde.

By Freedom we hold all our foes in defiance,
 The banner of Britain o'er earth she's unfurl'd,
 And sovereigns of nations now court her alliance,
 The terror of states, and the pride of the world.
 Long, long o'er our isle may Liberty smile,
 And bless her with monarchs us wisely to guide:
 Come, see
 Courage and Liberty,
 Nobly inspiring the sons of the Clyde.

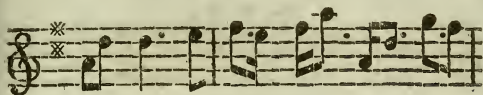
Make happy, ye fair ones, those heroes of spirit,
 Who've courage and freedom the land to defend;
 Be partial to valour, to worth, and to merit,
 For who well deserves you but Liberty's friend?
 To guard love and beauty we make it our duty,
 To aid their felicity still be our pride:
 Come, see
 Daughters of Liberty
 Greeting, with rapture, the sons of the Clyde.

SONG LXXXIII.

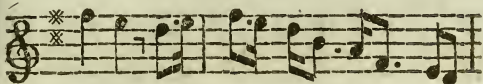
DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.



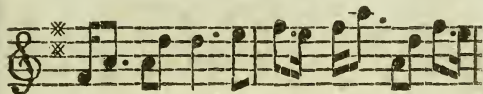
When trees did bud, and fields



were green, And broom bloom'd fair to



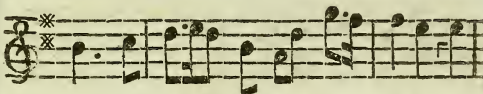
fee, When Ma - - - ry was com-



plete fifteen, And love laugh'd in her



e'e, Blyth Da - - vie's blinks her heart did



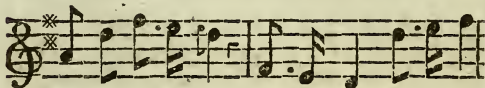
move, To speak her mind thus free, Gang



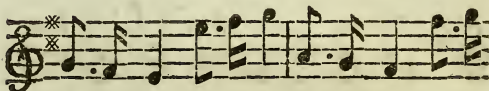
down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn



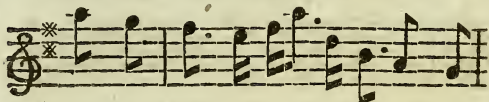
Davie, love, down the burn, Davie, love, and



I will follow thee, down the burn, Davie, love,



down the burn, Davie, love, down the burn, Davie,



love, Gang down the burn, Davie, love, And



I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be his bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

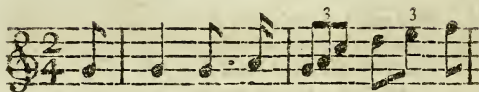
What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And nothing sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet.
Blyth Davies blinks, &c.

His cheeks to hers he fondly laid;
She cry'd, " Sweet love, be true;
" And when a wife, as now a maid,
" To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

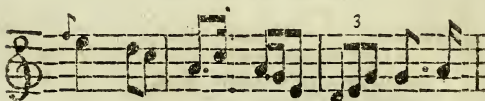
As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more asham'd to own her love,
Or speak her mind thus free;
" Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
" And I will follow thee."

SONG LXXXIV.

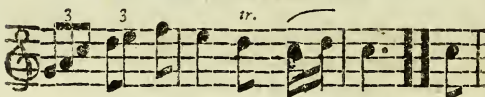
THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.



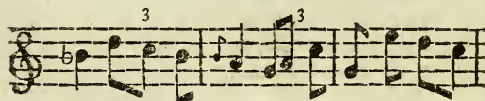
I've heard of a lilt - - - ing at



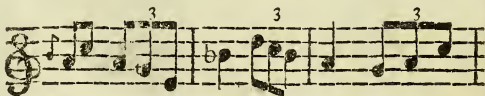
our ewes milk - - - ing, Laf - - fes a'



lilt - - ing before the break of day; But



now there's a moan - ing on il - - ka green



loaning, That our brow fo - - ref - ters are

tr.

a' wede a-way.

At bughts, in the



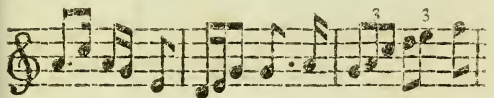
morning, nae blyth lads are scorn-ing, The



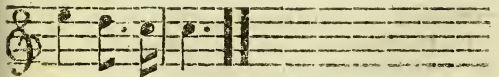
laf---fes are lone-ly, dow---ie, and wae;



Nae daf---fin, nae gabbin, but sigh-ing and



fab-bing, Ilk ane lifts her leg--lin, and

tr.

hie, her a-way.

At e'en at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 'Mangst stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play,
 But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 The flowers of the forest that are wede away.
 At har'ft, at the sheering, nae younkers are jeering,
 The ban'fters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
 At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
 The English, for ance, by guile gat the day;
 The flowers of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.
 We'll hear nae mair liking at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

SONG LXXXV.

To the foregoing Tune.

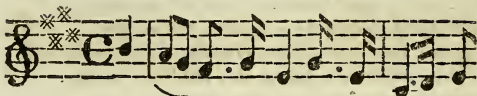
I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its careffing,
 But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are withered, and weeded away.

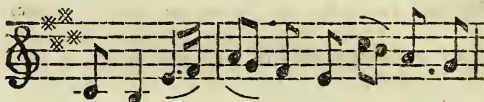
I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair your frowns
can fear me,
For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

SONG LXXXVI.

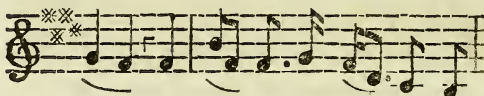
ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.



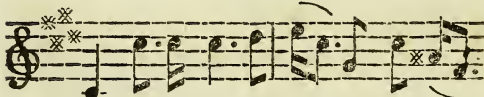
The day is de-parted, and round from



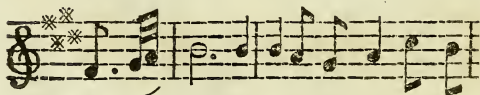
the cloud The moon in her beau-ty ap-



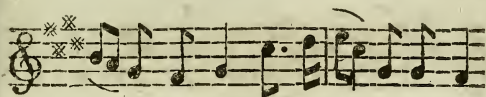
pears; The voice of the night--ingale



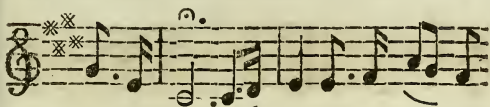
warbles a-loud, The mu--sic of love



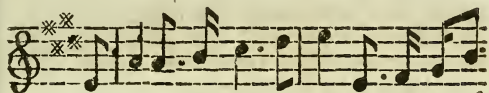
in our ears, Ma-ri-a appear! now the



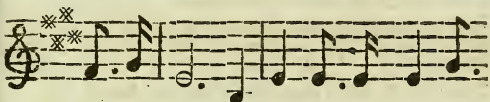
fea-son so sweet With the beat of the heart



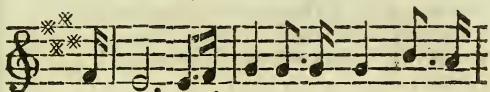
is in tune; The time is so ten-der



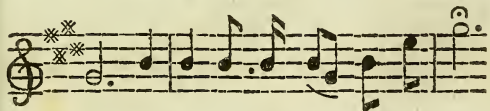
for lovers to meet A-lone by the light



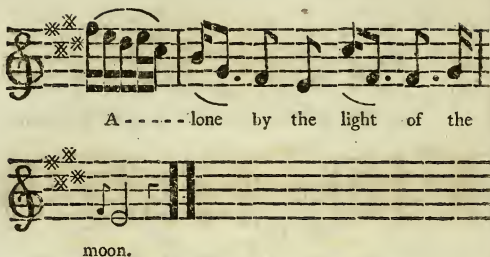
of the moon, A-lone by the light of



the moon, A--lone by the light of the



moon, A-lone by the light of the moon,

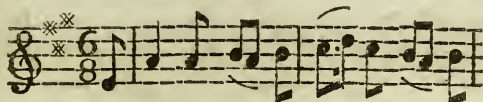


I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
 I sigh—can a lover do more?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love! do you long for the grove,
 Do you sigh for an interview soon;
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
 Alone by the light of the moon?

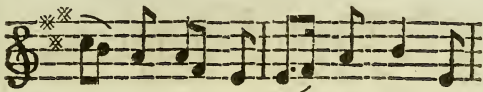
Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
 Ye pow'rs of the sky! will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon;
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon?

SONG LXXXVII.

AMANDA.



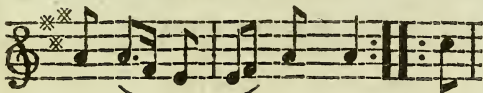
Un - les with my A -- man - da blest, In



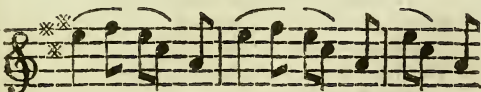
vain I twine the woodbine bow'r; Un-



les to deck her sweet - er breast, In vain

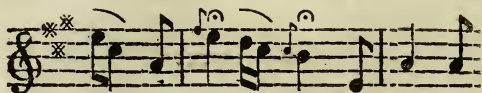


I rear the breath - ing flow'r. A-

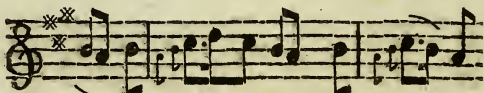


'waken'd by the genial year, In vain the

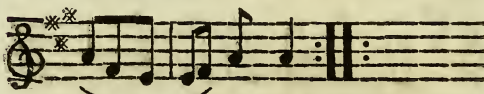
E e



birds a-round me sing, In vain the



fresh'ning fields ap-pear; With---out my



love there is no spring.

SONG LXXXVIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

YE banks and braes of bonny Down,
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 While I'm so wae and fu' o' care?
 Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,
 That wanton through the flowering thorn,
 Ye mind me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

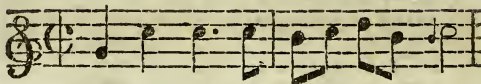
Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doun,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,
And cheerfully I join'd with mine.
Wi' heartsome glee I pull'd a rose,
A rose out of yon thorny tree;
But my false love has stoln the rose,
And left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,
And draw the wild birds by the burn;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.
Ah! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,
My een are dim and drowsy worn;
Ye bonny birds ye needna sing,
For Luman never can return.

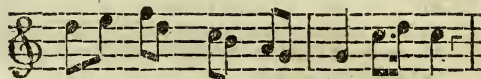
My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
At dawn of day by Doun ye'se hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
For him I'll shed a silent tear.
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, and joins the mane-
L-mak' for him I loe'd sae lang.

SONG LXXXIX.

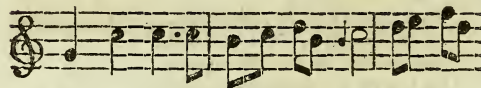
LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.



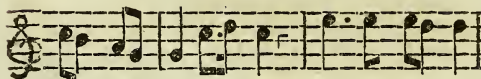
Lit - tle thinks the towns - mans wife,



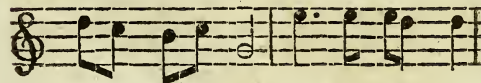
While at home she tar - - - - - ries,



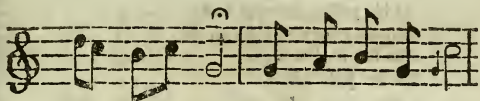
What must be the las - - - - - sie's life, Who a



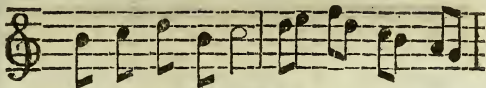
fol - - - - - dier mar - - - - - ries; Now with wea - ry



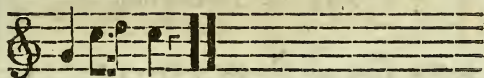
march - - - - - ing spent, Dancing now be -



fore the tent; Li---ra li--ra la,



li--ra li--ra la, With her jol---ly



fol---dier.

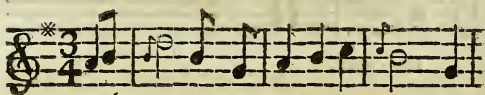
In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blyth she sings at set of fun,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly foldier.

Should the captain of her dear
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever;

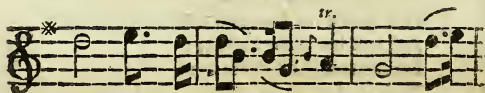
At his passion she will scoff;
 Laughing she will put him off,
 Lira lira la, lira lira la,
 For her jolly foldier.

SONG. XC.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.



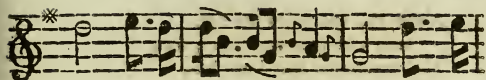
I sigh and lament me in vain, These



walls can but e---cho my moan; A-



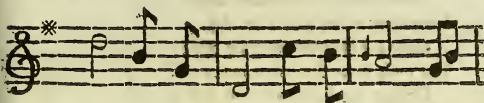
las, it in---creases my pain, When I



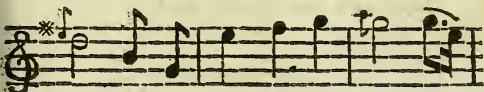
think of the days that are gone: Thro' the



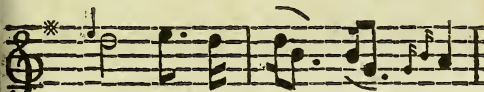
gate of my pri--son, I see The



birds as they wan-ton in air, My



heart how it pants to be free! My



looks they are wild with de-



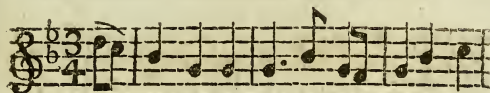
spair.

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman! in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
"O Mary, prepare thee to die,"
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

SONG XCI.

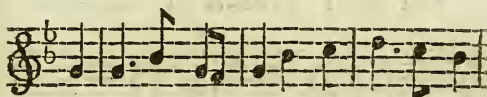
TAM GLEN.



My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some



counfel un-to me come len', To an-ger



them a' were a pi-ty, But what will I

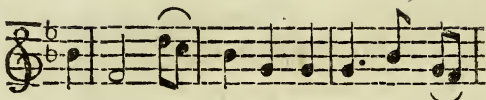


do wi' Tam Glen? I'm thinking wi'

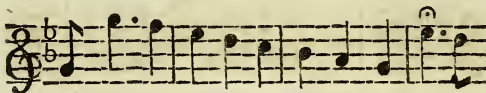


sic a braw fallow, In poortith I might mak'

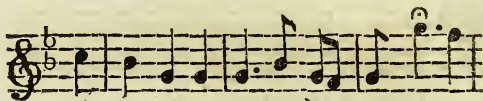
F f



a fen; What care I in rich-es to



wallow, If I manna mar-ry Tam Glen?



What care I in rich-es to wallow, If



I manna marry Tam Glen.

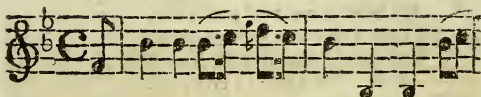
There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller
 'Gude day to you brute,' he comes ben,
 He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
 My Minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen?
 They flatter, &c.

My Daddie says gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten,
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen, at the valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gaed a sten,
For thrice I drew aye without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
For thrice I drew, &c.

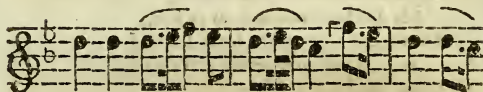
The last hallowe'en I was wauking
My drouket fark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likenefs cam' up the house stauking,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry,
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.
Gif ye will, &c.

SONG XCII.

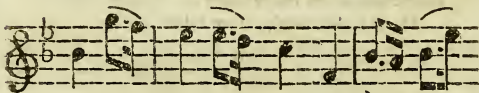
TOPSAILES SHIVER IN THE WIND.



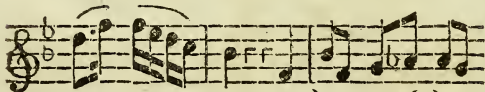
The topsails shi---ver in the wind, The



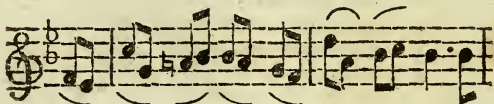
ship she casts to sea; But yet my



soul, my heart, my mind, are, Ma---ry,



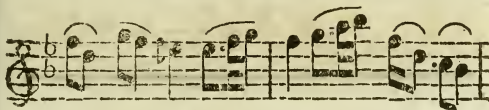
moor'd with thee. For tho' thy fai-



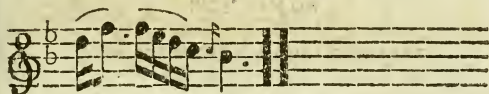
lor's bound a--far, Still love shall be his



lead - ing star; For though thy sail - lor's



bound a - - far, Still love shall be his



lead - - - ing star.

Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,

O doubt their artful tales;

No gallant sailor 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:

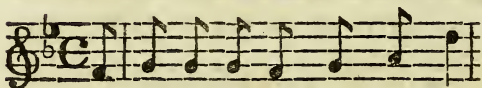
No foes our courage shall subdue,

Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

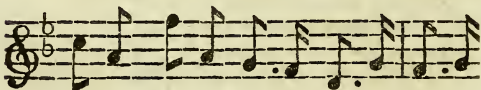
These are our cares,—but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, Adieu !

SONG XCIII.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.



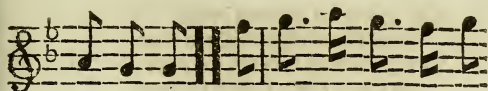
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,



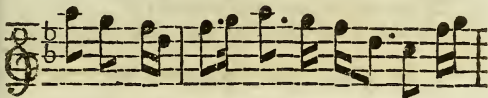
Coming down the street, my joe? My mistress



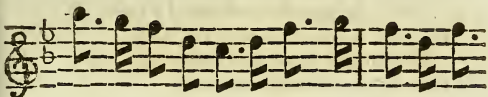
in her tar-tan screen, Fu' bonnie, braw and



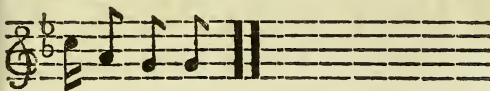
sweet, my joe. My dear, quoth I, thanks to



the night, That never wish'd a lover ill, Since



ye're out of your mither's sight, Let's tak' a wauk



up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome town a while,
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gawn to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

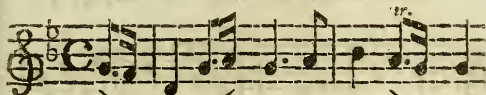
Soon as the clear gudeman of day
Inhales his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow:
We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands, now and then we'll lean
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bower;
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to that cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in my arms,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

SONG XCIV.

KATHRINE OGIE.

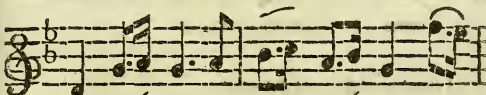
Slow.



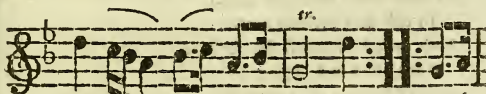
As walk-ing forth to view the plain,



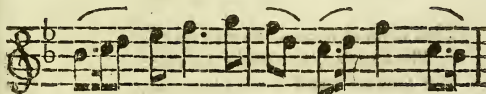
Up--on a morn-ing ear--ly, While



May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From

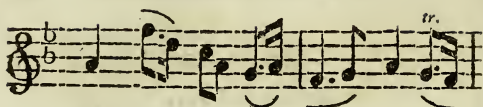


Flow'rs which grow so rare-ly: I

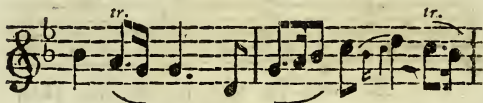


chanc'd to meet a pret--ty maid, She

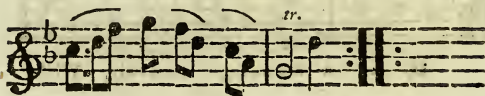
G g



shin'd though it was fo----gie, I



ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said, My



name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In this dear maid so neatly.
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lillies in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 : Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:

Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Excels a clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

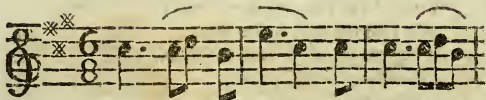
O were I but some shepherd swain;
To feed my flock beside thee,
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dang'rous stations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations;
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

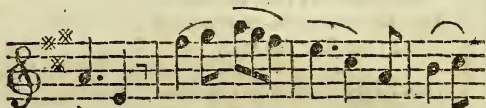
I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

SONG XCV.

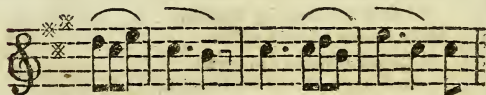
HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.



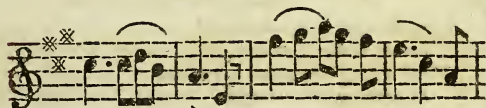
Ah, where can fly my soul's true



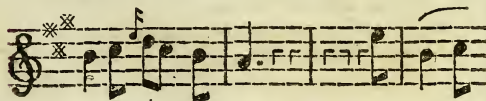
love? Sad I wan--der this



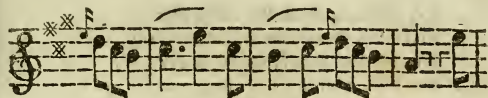
lone grove; Sighs and tears for



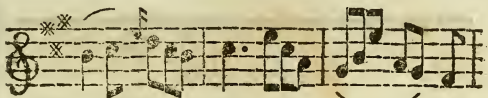
him, I shed, Hen-----ry is from



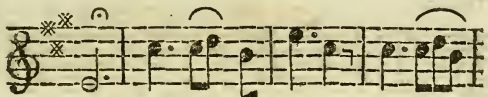
Lau-----ra shed. Thy love.



to me thou didst im - - part, Thy



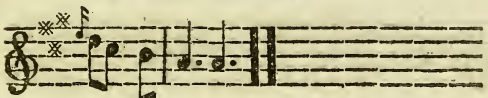
love soon won my vir - - - - gin.



heart: But, dear - est Henry, thou'lt be-



tray'd Thy - - - - love with thy poor



cot - tage maid.

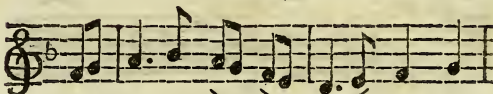
Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad, with pearly tears:
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:

See, from my cheek the colour flies,
 And love's sweet hope within me dies;
 For oh! dear Henry, thou'lt betray'd
 Thy love, with thy dear village maid.

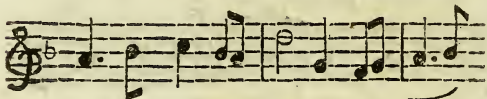
SONG XCVI.

THE MILLER.

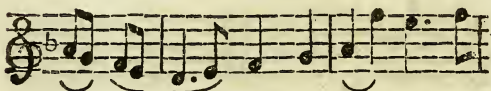
Slowly.



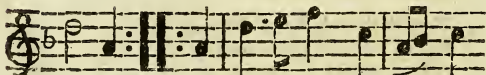
O mer-ry may the maid be That



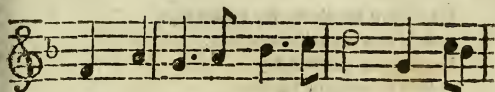
marries with the mil-ler, For foul



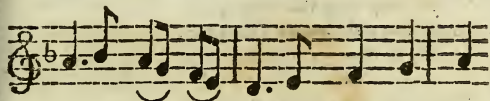
day and fair day, He's ay bringing



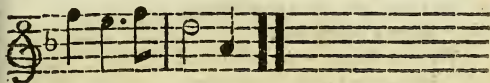
till her. Has ay a pen-ny in his



purse, For dinner and for sup-per; And,



gin she please, a good fat cheese, And lumps



of yellow butter.

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

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat fow, a flecky cow
 Was standing in the byre;
 Whilst lazy puffs with mealy mouse
 Was playing at the fire.

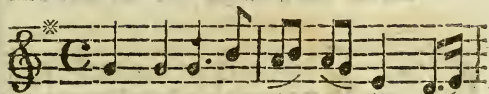
Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
For meal and malt she does na' want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a-keckling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

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 fu' nappy;
Who'd be a king!—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy.

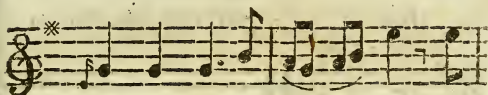
SONG XCVII.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

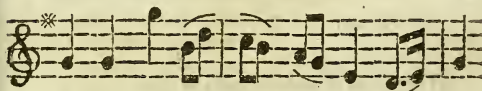
Andantino.



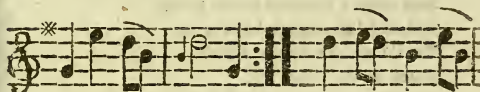
Ro--bin is my on---ly jo, For



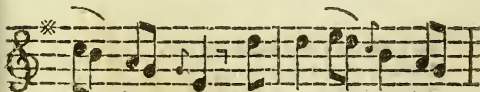
Ro--bin has the art to lo'e, So



to his suit I mean to bow, Be-cause

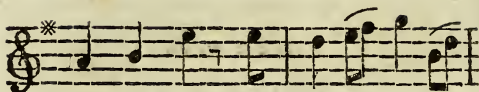


I ken he lo'es me. Hap-py, hap-py

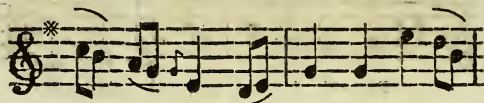


was the show'r, That led me to his

H h



birk - en bow'r, Where first of love I - .



fand the pow'r, And kend that Ro - bin



lo'e'd me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing-strings,
 And name a thousand bounny things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me:
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Seated on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonfy, frank and free,
 Loe'd by a' and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.

My Titty Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, ere lang, be made to see,
That Robin did nae lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O fae keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
'Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When 'join your hands,' Mefs John shall say,
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

'Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
To weigh our love and fix delight,
And I'll look on a' such wi' spite,
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

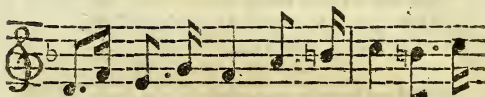
SONG XCVIII.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

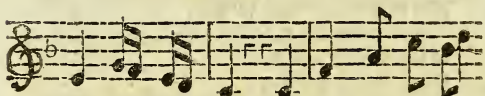
.S:



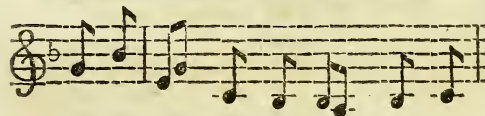
When my mo - ney was gone, that I



gain'd in the wars, And the world 'gan to



frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal,



or my ho - - nour - - ed scars, When in-



dif - - ference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

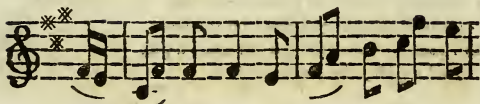
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade :

And vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me.

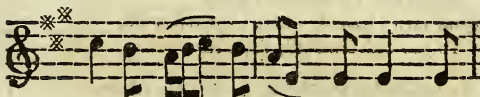
SONG XCIX.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

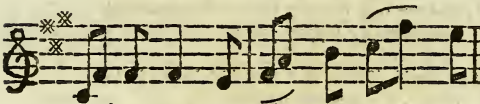
Allegretto.



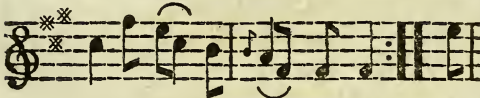
Did e---ver swain a nymph a-dore, As



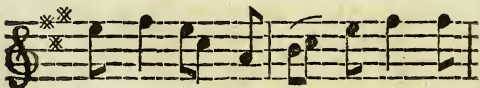
I un--grate-ful Nan--ny do? Was



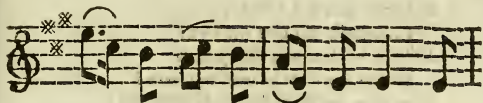
e--ver shepherd's heart so fore, Was



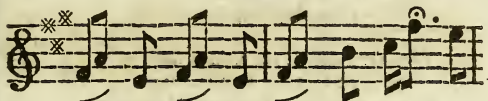
e-ver bro-ken heart so true? My



checks are swell'd with tears, but she Has



ne -- ver shed a tear for me; My



cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she Has



never shed a tear for me.

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
 Or linger when she bid me run?
 She only had the word to say,
 And all she ask'd was quickly done:
 I always thought on her, but she
 Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.
 I always thought, &c.

To let her cows my clover taste,
 Have I not rose by break of day?
 When did her heifers ever fast,
 If Robin in his yard had hay?
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
 I never welcome was to her.
 Tho' to my, &c.

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two:
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.
Have they not, &c.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan;
Oh how those hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain;
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,
But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.
Sweet were, &c.

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home,
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:
My back did bear her sacks, but she
Would never bear the sight of me.
My back did bear, &c.

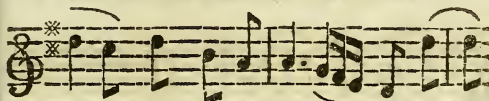
Must Robin always Nanny woo?
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.
If no relief, &c.

SONG C.

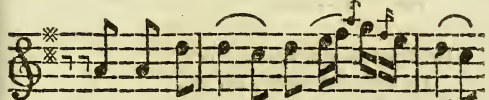
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



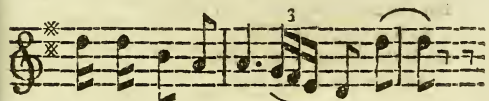
Of all the girls that are so



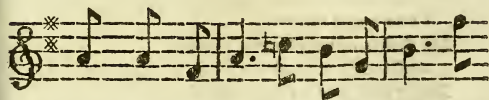
smart, There's none like pret -- ty Sal -- ly,



She is the dar -- ling of my heart,

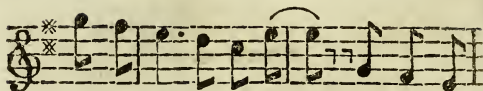


And she lives in our -- -- al -- ley;

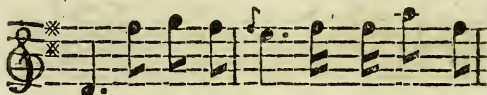


There's ne'er a la -- dy in the land That's

I;



half so sweet as Sal --- ley, For she's the



darling of my heart, And she lives in



our al --- ley,

Her father he makes cabbage nets
 For those that want to buy 'em,
 Her mother she makes laces long,
 And thro' the streets does cry 'em:
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely,
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most feverly:
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;

For she's the darling of my soul,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days into the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
For she's the darling of my soul,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
Where often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon time,
And flink away to Sally,
For she's the darling of my soul,
And she lives in our alley.

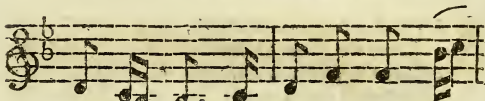
My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
Wer't not for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
For when my seven long years are out,
Why then I'll marry Sally,
Then we'll wed—and then we'll bed,
But not into our alley.

SONG CI.

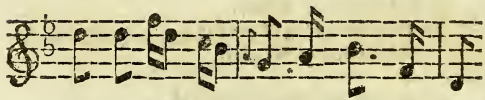
NOW SMILING SPRING AGAIN APPEARS.

Tune—*Johnny's Grey Brecks.*

Now smiling spring a---gain appears, With,



all the beau--ties of her train, Love



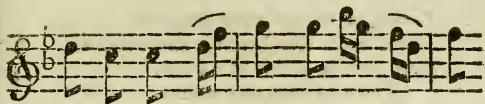
foam of her ar---riv--al hears, And flies



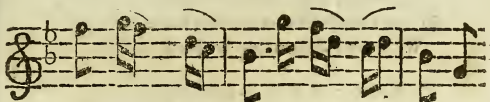
to wound the gentle swain, How gay does



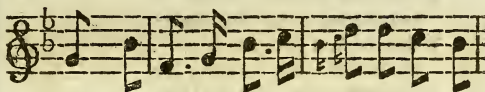
nature now appear, The lambkins frisking.



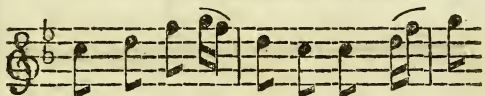
o'er the plain, Sweet feather'd song-sters now



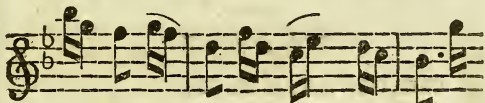
we hear, While Jenny seeks her gen-tle



swain. How gay does nature now appear, The



lambkins: frisking o'er the plain, Sweet fea-



ther'd songsters now we hear, While Jenny



seeks her gentle swain.

Ye nymphs, O! lead me to the grove,
 Thro' which your streams in silence mourn
 There with my Johnny let me rove,
 'Till once his fleecy flock return :
 Young Johnny is my loving swain,
 He sweetly pipes along the mead,
 So soon's the lambkins hear his strain,
 With eager steps return in speed.

The flocks, now all in sportive play,
 Come frisking round the piping swain,
 Then, fearful of too long delay,
 Run bleating to their dams again :
 Within the fresh green myrtle grove,
 The feather'd choir in rapture sing,
 And sweetly warble forth their love,
 To welcome the returning spring.

SONG CII.

EMMA.

To the foregoing Tune.

CREATION smiles on ilka side,
 In lively green the fields appear,
 While cuckoos publish far and wide,
 That summer's florid beauty's near.
 And shall I peerless Emma find
 Still blushing sweet with native charms?
 And will the fairest o' her kind
 Consent to bless my longing arms?

Again we tryft, and punctual meet,
Far, far beyond yon rifing hill,
Where black birds fing and lambkins bleat,
In concert with the gurgling rill.
Nae mifer's wealth, nae ftatemen's fame,
Nae toper's joy envied I fee,
While room within her breaft I claim,
That's wealth, and fame, and joy to me.

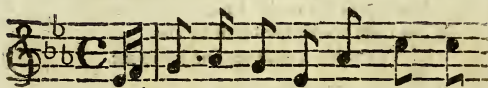
With counterfeited flee defign,
Equipt the angler, aft I gang,
Yet flee, or bait, or art of mine,
The fpeckled trouts but feldom wrang.
Enjoy your wanton random fpoons,
Ye harmlefs tenants of the ftream,
While I enjoy what better fuits
A thrilling heart—my love's eftcem.

Where fcented woodbines form a fshade,
And birks their neighbour birks embrace,
I'll kifs the dear enticing maid,
While fweeteft blufhes paint her face.
May friendship bleeze with Hymen's flame,
A doubly-tender tye to caft,
And time row round ilk day the fame,
The future happy as the paft.

Ye woodland fangfters join with me,
Ye dimpling ftreams that curling glide,
Ye winds that fough thro' ilka tree,
Hail, Emma—Hail my charming bride.
Then Fortune at thy ftirine I'll bow,
Indulgent hear my anxious prayer;
“ A frugal competence allow,
“ Nor free, nor deep harafs'd with care.”

SONG CHII.

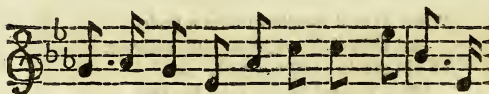
BANKS OF THE SHANNON.



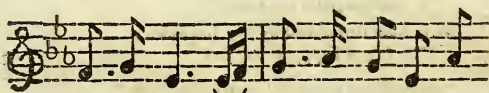
In summer when the leaves were green,



And 'blof-soms deck'd each tree, Young



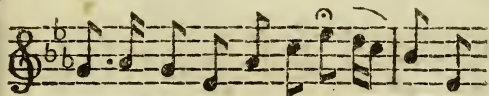
Teddy then declar'd his love, His artless



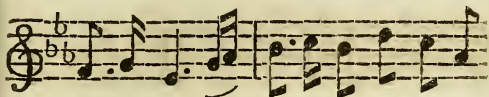
love to me: On Shannon's flow'ry banks



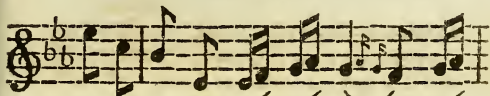
we sat, And there he told his tale: " Oh



Pat-ty, soft-est of thy sex, Oh let fond



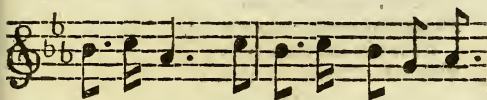
love prevail; Ah, well-a-day, You see me



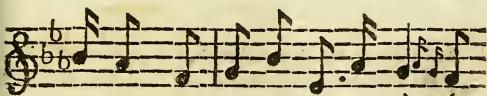
pine in for-row and de---spair, Yet



heed me not, then let me die, And end my

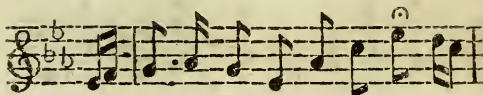


grief and care."—"Ah no, dear youth, I soft-

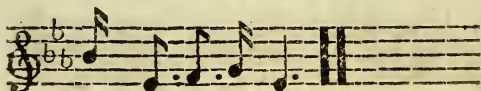


ly said, Such love demands my thanks:

K k



And here I vow e--ter-nal truth on



Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers,
 And play'd such artless pranks:
 But, woe is me, the press-gang came,
 And forc'd my Ned away,
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair,
 To be our wedding day.

My love, he cry'd, they force me hence,
 But still my heart is thine,
 All peace be yours, my gentle Pat,
 While war and toil is mine.
 With riches I'll return to thee,
 I fobb'd out words of thanks,
 And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 And then I saw him sail away,
 And join the hostile ranks.

From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,
His absence sad I mourn'd,
The peace was made, the ship came back,
But Teddy ne'er return'd.

His beauteous face and manly form
Has won a nobler fair;
My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,
Must die in sad despair.
Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
While you stand round in ranks,
And plant a willow o'er my head,
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

SONG CIV.

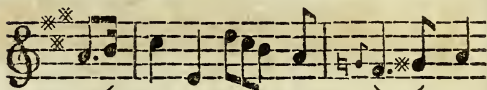
AT SETTING DAY AND RISING MORN.

Tune—*Mill, Mill, O.*

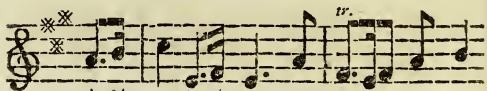
Slow.



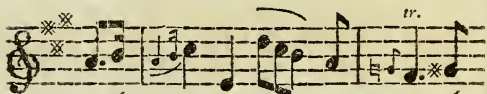
At set-ting day, and ri--sing morn,



Wi' soul that still shall love thee,



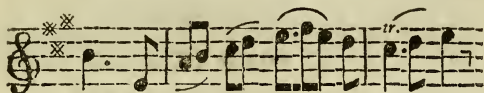
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,



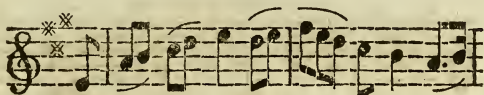
Wi' a' that can im-----prove



thee. I'll vi---sit aft the bir---ken



bush, Where first thou kind---ly tal'd me



Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst



round thou didst en-----fold me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain:
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

SONG CV.

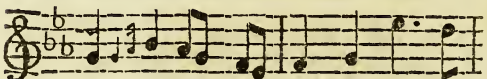
OH NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?



Oh Nan-ny, wilt thou gang wi' me,



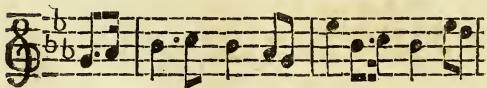
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town? Can



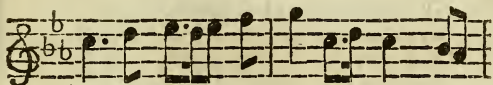
fil--ent glens have charms for thee, The



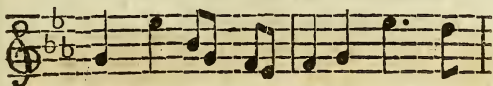
low---ly cote and rus-set gown?



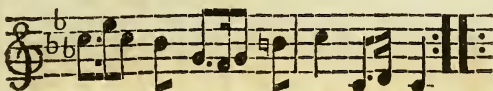
No longer dress'd in silk-en sheen, No



longer deck'd with jew - els rare, Say,



can't thou quit the bu - sy scene, Where



thou art fair - - - est of the fair.

O Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, can't thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind?
 O can that fast and gentlest mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

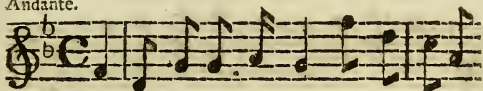
O Nanny, can't thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae?
 And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou, o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

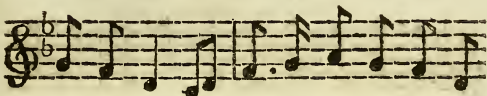
SONG CVI.

THE WAWKING OF THE FAULD

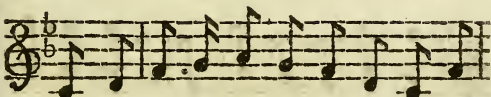
Andante.



My Peg-gy is a young thing, Just enter'd



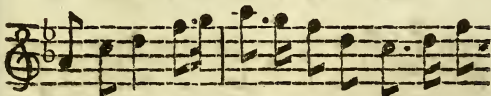
in her teens, Fair as the day, and sweet as



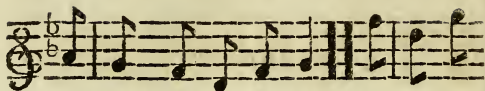
May, Fair as the day, and always gay; My



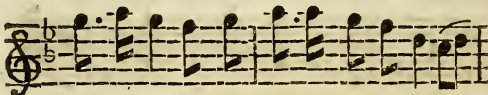
Peg-gy is a young thing, And I'm not



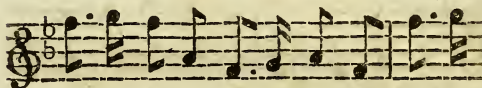
ve-ry auld, Yet wiel I like to meet her at



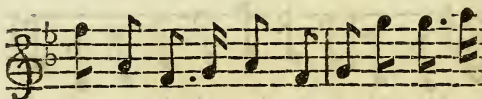
The wawking of the fauld. My Peg - gy



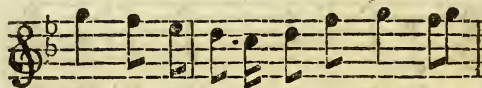
speaks fae sweetly, Whene'er we meet alane, I



wilh. nae mair to lay my care, I with nae



mair of a' that's rare; My Peggy speaks fae



sweet - ly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But



she gars a' my spirits glow at wawking



of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown ;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

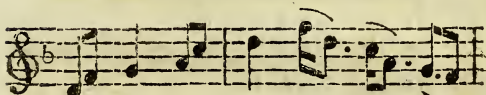
SONG CVII.

CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

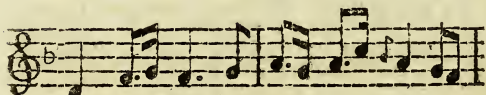
Slow.



Where wind --- ing Forth a --- dorns



the vale, Fond Stre-phon, once a



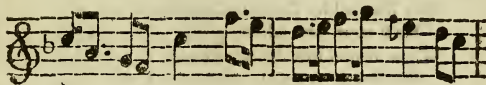
shep-herd gay, Did to the rocks his



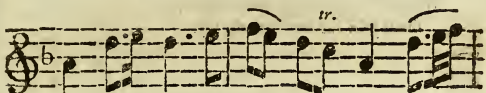
lot be-wail, And thus ad -- drest his



plaintive lay: O Julia, more than



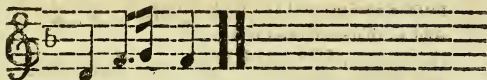
lil - - - ly fair, More blooming than the



op' - ning rose, How can thy breast re-



lent - less wear A heart more cold than



Winter's fnows.

Yet nipping Winter's keenest reign,
 But for a short-liv'd space prevails;
 Spring time returns, and cheers each swain,
 Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.
 Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
 Thou mistress of angelic charms,
 Come smiling like the morn of May,
 And centre in thy Strephon's arms.

Else, haunted by the fiend Despair,
He'll court some solitary grove,
Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
But swains oppress'd with hapless love.
From the once-pleasing rural throng
Remov'd, he'll bend his lonely way,
Where Philomela's mournful song
Shall join his melancholy lay.

SONG CVIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM anxious zeal and factious strife,
And all th'uneasy cares of life,
From beauty, still to merit blind,
And still to fools and coxcombs kind;
To where the woods, in brightest green,
Like rising theatres are seen,
Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
And draws fresh streams from ev'ry hill :

Where Philomel, in mournful strains,
Like me, of hopeless love complains;
Retir'd I pass the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away :

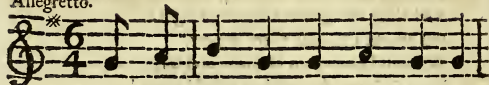
My lyre to tender accents strung,
I tell each flight, each scorn and wrong,
Then reason to my aid I call,
Review past scenes, and scorn them all,

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
Allur'd by Newton's tempting page,
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
And trace the glorious source of light:
But should Clarinda there appear,
With all her charms of shape and air,
How frail my fixt resolves would prove!
Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

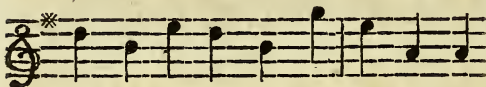
SONG CIX.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

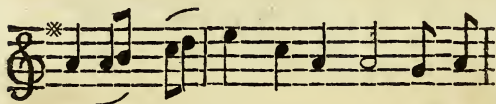
Allegretto.



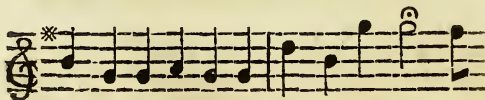
On the Lake of Kil--lar--ney I



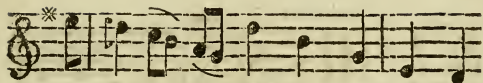
first saw the lad, Who with song and with



bagpipe could make my heart glad, On the



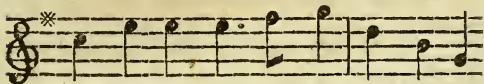
Lake of Killar·ney I first saw the lad, Who



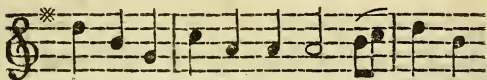
with fong and with bagpipe cou'd make my



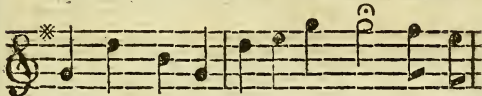
heart glad: And his hair was so red, and his



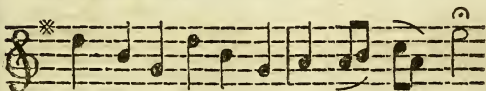
eyes were so bright, Oh they shone like the



stars in a cold frosty night, So tall and

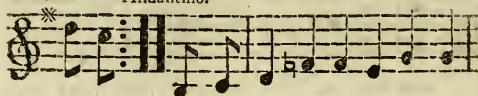


so straight my dear Paddy was seen, Oh he

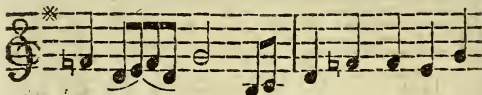


look'd like the fairies that dance on the green.

Andantino.



On the, &c. All the girls of Killar-ney wore



green willow tree, When first my dear Patrick



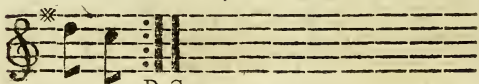
sung love tales to me, Oh he sung and he



danc'd, and he won my fond heart, And to



save his dear life, with my own I wou'd part.



D. C.

On the, &c.

SONG CX.

Tune—*Broom of Cowden-Knows.*

See page 142.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side;
Oh! how I blest'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

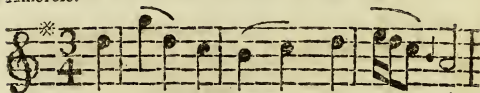
More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

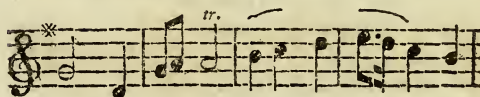
SONG CXI.

THE ADIEU.

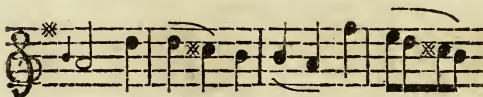
Amoroso.



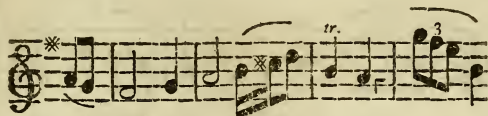
A -- dieu, ye streams that smooth -- ly



flow, Ye ver -- nal airs that soft ----- ly



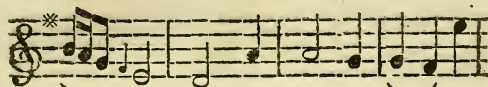
blow, Ye plains by bloom - ing Spring



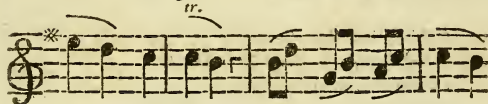
ar-ray'd, Ye birds that war-ble through



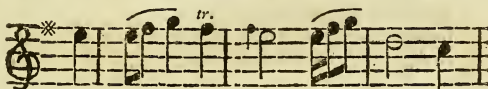
the glade, Ye birds that war---ble



thro' the glade, Un-hurt from you my



foul could fly, Nor drop one tear,



nor heave one sigh, But forc'd from



Ce----lia's smiles to part, All

joy de --- ferts my droop --- ing

heart, All ' joy de -- ferts my

droop -- ing heart.

O fairer than the rosy morn,
 When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,
 Unfully'd as the genial ray,
 That warms the gentle breeze of May;
 Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
 And add new splendor to the year,
 Improve the day with fresh delight,
 And gild with joy the dreary night.

