

BURNS'  
CELEBRATED  
SONGS.

---

OF a' the airs the Win' can blaw,

Gude forgi'e me for liein'.

My Nannie O.

Bonnie Doon.

The Soldier's Return.

---

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Tom Tough.

The Wounded Hussar.

Jenny's Bawbee.

Gin a Body meet a Body.

Come under my Plaidy.

Crazy Jane, and

God Save the King.

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EDINBURGH

B U R N S'

C E L E B R A T E D

S O N G S.

---

*Of a' the airts the Win' can blow.*

Of a' the airts the win' can blow, I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonny lassie lives, the lass that I lo'e best;  
Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row, wi' mony a hill b  
tween,

Baith day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers, sae lovely, sweet, an' fair;  
I hear her voice in ilka bird, wi' music charm the air:  
There's not a bonny flower that springs, by fountain, shaw,  
green,

Nor yet a bonny bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde the lassies busk them braw,  
 But when their best they ha'e put on, my Jeany dings them a':  
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds the fairest of the town,  
 Saith sage an' gay, confefs it fae, tho' drefs'd in rustic gown.

The gamefome lamb, that sucks the dam, mair harmlefs  
 canna' be,

She has nae fau't (if sic we ca't) except her love for me.  
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue, is like her shining een;  
 In shape an' air wha can compare wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O, blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw fast, among the leafy trees,  
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale bring hame the laden  
 bees;

An' bring the lassie back to me, that's ay fae neat an' clean;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care, fae charming is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows among the knowes, ha'e past atween us  
 twa,

How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gaed awa,  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be fae dear to me as my sweet lovely Jean.

---

*Gude forgi'e me for Licin'.*

E day a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,  
 An fair wi' his love he did deave me;  
 But I said there was naething I hated like men:  
 The deuce tak' him to believe me, believe me,  
 The deuce tak' him to believe me.

A weel focket mail'en, himsell o't the laird,  
 An' bridal aff han', was the proffer;  
 I never loot on that i kenn'd or i car'd,  
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,  
 An' O, for my love he was diein';  
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean,  
 Tho' Gude f'rgi'e me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,  
 (The diel's in his haste to gae near her)  
 He's down to the Castle to black Cousin Bess,  
 Think how I cou'd ever endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk, as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryft o' Dulgarlock;  
 An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,  
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,  
 Lest neighbours should think I was faucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 An' vow'd that I was hi' dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,  
 An' if she'd recover'd ger hearin';  
 An' how my auld \* shoon fitted her thachel'd feet,  
 Gude safe us, how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for Gudefake, that I'd be his wife,  
 Or else he wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
 An' just to prelerve the poor body in life,  
 I think I will wed him to-morrow.

---

*My Nannie, O,*

BEHIND yon hills, where riv'lets row,  
 Are moors an' mosses many, O;

\* An old lover.

The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,  
 An' I'll away to Nannie, O :  
 The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill,  
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O ;  
 I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,  
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O,  
 To Nannie, O. to Nannie, O,  
 I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,  
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O :  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as the' bonnie, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O :  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
 But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O ;  
 Come weel, come wo, I care na by,  
 I'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life ha'e I,  
 But live an' love my Nannie, O.

*Bonnie Doon:*

YE banks and braes of bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh an' fair?  
 How can your blue stream row so clear,  
 When I'm so weary fu' o' care?  
 Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,  
 That wanton on the flowery thorn,  
 Ye mind me of departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Aft have I stray'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sang of its love,  
 And sae did I wi' glee of mine.  
 With heartsome glee I pu'd the rose,  
 The sweetest on its thorny tree,  
 But my fause love has itown the rose,  
 And oh, he's left the thorn wi' me.

---

*The Soldier's Return:*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
 That had been blear'd with mourning;  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor, but honest Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia hame, again,  
 I cheery on did wander.  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,



ought upon her witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy:

length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I kiss'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted.  
I espied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
I turn'd me round, to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

I alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,  
Happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom.  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
My ain wad I be thy lodger;  
I serv'd my king and country lang,  
Take pity on a Sodger.

She wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier grew than ever;  
O' she, a Sodger ance I lo'ed,  
To forget him I shall never:  
My humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake o't;  
My gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Myne pale like ony lily,  
I sank within mine arms, and cried,  
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?  
Him who made ye sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
Ye're the man!—and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted ;  
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair, we'll ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandfire left me gowd,  
 A mailin' plenishid fairly ;  
 Come then, my faithful Sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;  
 But glory is the Sodger's prize,  
 The Sodger's wealth is honour.  
 The brave poor Sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger ;  
 Remember he's his country's stay,  
 In day and hour of danger.

---

*Yo Heave Ho.*

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice  
 Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow ;  
 I've sail'd with noble Howe, I've sail'd with gallant Jarvis  
 And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've fung out yo heave ho.  
 But more if you'd be knowing, I was coxon to Boscawen,  
 And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe ;  
 Then push round the grog, so we've that and our prog,  
 We'll laugh in care's face, and sing out yo heave ho.

When from my love to part we first weigh'd anchor,  
 And she was sniv'ling see'd on the beach below,  
 I thought t'have coch'd my eye sneev'ling to, d'ye see to  
 thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho.  
 For sailors tho' they have their jokes, and love and feel like  
 other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go ;



So I seiz'd the capstan bar like a true honest tar,  
And in spite of sighs and tears, sung out yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were  
sickly,

And if they'd live or die the Doctor did not know,  
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,  
I thought my heart would break, as I sung yo heave ho.  
For Poll's so like her mother, and as for Jack her brother,  
The boy when he grows up, wil' nobly face the foe;  
Then to Providence I trust, for you know what must be  
must,

So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,  
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;  
For old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,  
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs, my boy  
shall well revenge my wrongs.

And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the  
foe;

Then to country and king. fate no danger can bring,  
Whilst the tars of old England sing out yo heave ho.

---

*The Wounded Hussar.*

ALONE, to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,  
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er,  
O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my true love?  
Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?  
What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!—  
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,  
When, bleeding and low, on the heath she descri'd.  
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

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 expressivly beaming,  
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war.  
 How smit was poor Adelaide'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 reply'd) 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 faltering tongue scarce could murmur, adieu!  
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

---

*Jenny's Bawbee.*

I MET four chaps you birks amang,  
 Wi' hanging lugs, and faces lang,  
 I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,  
 What are they these we see?  
 Quoth he, Iik cream-fac'd pawky chiel,  
 Thinks himsel cunning as the deil,  
 And here they cam' awa to steal  
 Jenny's Bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back well clad,  
 March'd roun' the barn, and bye the shed,  
 And papped on his knee;  
 Quoth he, "My Goddeffs, Nymph, and Queen,  
 "Your beauty dazl'd baith my een,"  
 Tho' deil a beauty he had seen,  
 But Jenny's Bawbee.

A Norlan' laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' baken'd nag, and siller whup,  
 Cry'd "Here's my beast, lad hand the grup,  
 " Or tie him to a tree ;  
 " What's goud to me? I've wealth o' lan',  
 " Bestow on ane o' worth your han',  
 He thought to pay what he was awn,  
 Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,  
 Wi' speeches wove like ony web ;  
 In ilk anes corn he took a dab,  
 And a' for a fee ;  
 Accounts he owed thro' a' the town,  
 And tradesmens tongues nae mair could drown ;  
 But now he thought to clout his gown,  
 Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,  
 A fool came neist, but life has rubs,  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
 And fair besmear'd was he ;  
 He danc'd up, squinting thro' a glafs,  
 And grinn'd, " I' faith, a bonny lass,"  
 He thought to win wi' front o' brafs,  
 Jenny's Bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,  
 The soldier not to strut sae big,  
 The lawyer not to be a prig,  
 The fool he cry'd "te-hee,  
 ' I ken'd that I could never fail,'  
 But, she prinn'd the dishclout to his tail,  
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,  
 And kept her Bawbee.

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sence,  
 Altho' he hadna 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.

---

*Gin a Body meet a Body.*

Gin a body meet a body  
 Comin thro' the rye;  
 Gin a body kifs a body,  
 Need a body cry?

Ilka body has a body,  
 Ne'er a ane hae I;  
 But a' the lads they loe me weel,  
 And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body,  
 Comin frae the well;  
 Gin a body kifs a body,  
 Need a body fell?

Ilka body has a body,  
 Ne'er a ane hae I,  
 But a' the lads they loe me weel,  
 And what the waur 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 loe me weel,  
 And what the waur am I?

*Come under my Plaidy.*

- ' Come under 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, believe me, for twa.
- ' Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me,  
 ' I'll hap you frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw ;  
 ' O come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me.  
 ' There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.
- ' Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae 'wa !  
 ' I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the sna' ;  
 ' 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 bra !  
 ' O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu' sae rightly,  
 ' His cheeks are like roses, his brow's like the sna'.
- ' Dear Marion, let that flec stick fast to the wa' ;  
 ' Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava' ;  
 ' The bale 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 sae bra' ;  
 ' 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 bra ;  
 ' It's true I loe Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,  
 ' But waes me ! I ken he has naething ava !



' I hae little tocher ; ye've made a gude offer ;  
 ' I'm now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma' !  
 ' Sae gie me your plaidy ; I'll creep in beside ye,  
 ' I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa !'

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Where Johany was list'ning, and heard her tell a' !  
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,  
 And struck '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 sna' ;  
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried ' Women  
 ' Wad marry the devil, wad he keep them bra'.

O the deil's in the lassies, fae fond to gang bra',  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa ;  
 The hale o' this marriage is gowd in a carriage !  
 Plain luvie is the cauldest blait now that can bla' !

Yet, dotards, be wary, tak' tent wha ye marry ;  
 Young wives in their coaches will whip and will ca' ;  
 'Till they meet wi' some Johnny, that's youthfu' and bonny,  
 And he'il gie ye horns on ilk hassit to claw !

---

*Crazy Jane.*

WHY, fair ma'd, in ev'ry feature,  
 Are such signs of fear express'd ?  
 Can a wand'ring wretched creature  
 With such terror fill thy breast ?  
 Do my frenzi'd looks alarm thee ?  
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;  
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee ;  
 Shun not then poor crazy Jane.



Dost thou weep to see my anguish,  
 Mark me, and avoid my wo :  
 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 heart 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,  
 Heid her empire o'er my brain ;  
 Henry fled, with him forever  
 Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,  
 And with frenzi'd thoughts beset,  
 On that spot where last we parted,  
 On that spot where first we met ;  
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,  
 Still I slowly pace the plain,  
 Whilst each passer by, in pity,  
 Cries, God help the crazy Jane.

---

*God Save the King.*

God save great George our King,  
 Long live our noble King,  
 God save the King !  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us,  
 God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,  
 Scatter his enemies,  
     And make them fall.  
 Confound their politics,  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks!  
 On him our hearts are fix'd,  
     O save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On him be pleas'd to pour,  
     Long may he reign:  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
     God save the King.

O! grant him long to see  
 Friendship and Unity,  
     Always increase.  
 May he his sceptre sway,  
 All loyal souls obey,  
 Join heart and voice, huzza!  
     God save the King!

“ From ev'ry latent foe,  
 “ From the assassin's blow,  
     “ God save the King!  
 “ O'er him thine arm extend,  
 “ For Britain's sake defend  
 “ Our Father, Prince, and Friend,  
     “ God save the King!”

F I N I S.