

A SELECTION OF
SONGS, &c.

CONTAINING

Josie Strathern.

Donald Monro.

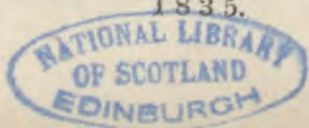
The Auld Beggar Man.

The Grave Digger &c.



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SONGS, &c.

JOSIE STRATHERN.

There's music in woods, an' there's music in waters,
An' its heard in the breeze, o'er the hill an' the cairn :
But wad ye hear nature an' art's sweetest concord—
Attend to the strains play'd by Josie Strathern.

He can play a' the tunes, new or auld, in this Empire—
In Paris, Vienna, Rome, Frankfort, or Berne ;
Reels, jigs, strathspeys, waltzes, quicksteps, an' slow marches ;
Are a' alike easy to Josie Strathern.

When he tunes up his fiddle, the youths flock aroun' him,
An' the wives eanna' sit their auld stockings to darn ;
But young an' auld foot it, as lang as they're able,
To the mirth-makin' music o' Josie Strathern.

The ploughman comes hame, wi' his team, frae the furrow,
The maid frae the byre, 'mang the boyns an' the sharn—
An' the widow flings bye a' her sables an' sorrow,
To rejoice for a season wi' Josie Strathern.

At balls, kintra' rockings, an' washings o' aprons,
Or hairst, when the shearers hae coupit the kirn—
House-heatings, tea-parties, match-ploughings, or weddings,
The life o' sic parties is Josie Strathern.

He'll no be the first that'll flinch frae a party—
 Assembled in ale-house, hall, kitchen, or barn;
 Wi' the drouthy he'll drink, wi' the merry be mirthfu';
 For a' body's body is Josie Strathern.

He'll fit you wi' shoes, frae the Lady's silk slipper,
 To the ploughman's stout brogues, nail'd wi' steel an' wi' iron:
 An' he'll either mak' new anes, drive tacketts, or cobble,
 For aye ready to ser' you is Josie Strathern.

The Greeks, they may boast their Timotheus and Orpheus,
 The English o' Handel, an' Arnold an' Arne:
 An' Scotc' men may point to their Smiths, Gows, an' Gilmours,
 But Beith fo'k may brag o' their Josie Strathern.

Music sooths the toil-worn, an' revives the dispondent,
 An' saftens tbe tyrant, relentless an' stern—
 It gi'es action to mirth, an' excites pure devotion,
 An' sic' strains we enjoy, play'd by Josie Strathern.

While the songs of the bard, an' the strains of the viol,
 Charm the ear an' the heart o man, maid, wife, an' bairn—
 There will aye be musicians, some war' an' some better,
 But we ll ne'er hear ane equal to Josie Strathern.

DONALD MONRO.

Some sing the exploits o' fam'd statesmen an' heroes,
 Wha' rule the rebellious, an' combat the foe—
 Some sing o' their loves, 'ithers wail out their sorrows,
 But I'll gie you a sang about Donald Monro.

He was rear'd in the north, 'mang the hills, near Lochaber,
 Whar clansmen hae march'd and loud bagpipes did blow,

In his youth he was train'd baith to war and hard labour—
For^e his king an' his country lives Donald Monro.

But now whar the rich ample garden discloses,
It's varied productions for use an' for show—
'Mang the shrubs, an' the fruits, an' the sweet smelling roses.
Wi' his spade an' his knife, labours Donald Monro,

He can delve, he can plant, he can graft, he can gather
The weeds frae the soil—he can till, he can sow :
He does all kinds of work, an' braves all kinds of weather ;
For nought comes amiss to bold Donald Monro.

When tired by the ill's caus'd by Fortune and Folly,
Or cheer'd by the fruits from industry that flow,
Aye bear an' forbear, an' dismiss melancholy—
An' be thankfu' for guid things says Donald Monro.

Some lay up in store for an ill day a comeing;
An' die ere the guid o' their labours they know—
But happen what will, he's nae votary o' Mammon—
There's a hole in the purse worn by Donald Monro.

To err whyles a kennin' is said to be human—
An' constant experience proclaims it is so—
For the wisest o' men, an' least foolish o' women—
Hae some wee bit fa't, sae has Donald Monro.

He whyles tak's a glass, wi' a frien' or acquaintance,
An' he's no' easy rais'd whan he's ance on the go.
An' "its needless to tack o' reform or repentance,
While we yield to temptation" says Donald Monro

Frae the glebe an' the garden, supplies, never failin'
Are drawn for the wants o' the high an' the low—
Let not greatness or pride ever lear at the callin'
O' farmers, or men such as Donald Monro.

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

The Auld Beggar Man is a hearty auld cock;
 Wi' his sair-tatter'd rags an' his muckle meal-pock,
 He lives like a king in the midst o' the lan'—
 He's a slee pawkie body, the Auld Beggar Man.

He has a white pow an' a fresh ruddy check,
 For there's sabbath to him ilk a day o' the week :
 An' he daunder's aye onward the best way he can—
 He's a canty bit carle, the Auld Beggar Man.

The guidwife sets his chair by the clear ingle-side,
 Whar his feet may grow warm an' his claes may be dried :
 Syne the haill kintra's clashes he screeds them off han'—
 He's a gabbin bit birkie, the Auld Beggar Man.

Wi' the guidman he cracks about cattle an' corn,
 Whether this rig or that ane the best crop has borne :
 How aits up hae risen an' ousen hae fa'n,
 Like a beuk he can argue, the Auld Beggar Man.

The bairns crowd aroun' him his stories to hear,
 While maistly the wee things are swarfing wi' fear,
 An' he tells them how witches wi' auld Clottie ban,
 Till they creep to the knee o' the Auld Beggar Man.

He's ane o' our ain fo'k the lasses aye say ,
 When their woers drap in at the close o' the day ;
 Sae he hears them mak' up ilk a lovin' bit plan,
 He's an auld farrent body the Auld Beggar Man.

When the supper is done an' the grace has been said,
 'Mang the strae in the barn is the auld body's bed—
 There he sleeps like a tap till the break o' the dawn,
 He's hale at the heart yet, the Auld Beggar Man.

Wi' his staff in his hand, an' his pock on his back ;
 He stoiters through life on a rough stoney track ;
 His days whiles are dowie, but sin' they began,
 He has trusted in Heaven, the Auld Beggar Man.

THE SONG OF THE GRAVE DIGGER.

Poor mortals conceive as they stand on the ground,
 Supported by all that is solid and sound,
 'Tis a plank and beneath it, my work's to be found—
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

The child, strong and healthy, careers on the heath,
 Not thinking, not caring, scarce knowing of death :
 In an instant he draws his last innocent breath :
 I gather him in, I gather him in.

The youth in the vortex of folly and crime,
 Advised to repent answers, 'Not in my prime."
 He would, if he knew he had run out his time ;
 I gather him in, I gather him in.

Says Fifty, "Poor Sixty is breaking apace,
 He must long, for the health that he sees in my face"
 Self-deceiver! he dreams not he's first in the race ;
 I gather them in, I gather them in.

Hazza! "says the Dotard I'm turn'd of fourscore,
 And now I shall live to an hundred or more :"
 At night fall his coffin is brought to his door,
 I gather him in, I gather him in.

The drunkard exclaims, Fill my cup to the brim,
 In water life sinks but in brandy 'twill swim,
 He dies as he speaks, and I make sure of him :
 I gather him in, I gather him in.

The rich man observes his poor neighbour grow old,
 And hugs himself on his resources in gold ;
 A lackey all lace says 'a knell must be told,
 I gather him in, I gather him in.

E'en while he was speaking, the moralist elf,
 Was digging unthinking, a grave for himself ;
 His spade and his mattock are laid on the shelf,
 They've gather'd him in, They've gather'd him in.

S O N G .

We part, my love, to meet nae mair,
 'Tis cruel Fate's decree ;
 And a' the waes o' black despair
 This widowed heart maun dree.

But thy lo'ed form, where'er I rove,
 I'll still in fancy see,
 And mind our hours o' youthfu' love
 Till I am doom'd to dee.

When a' the warl' in sleep were laid,
 And last thou met wi' me,
 The sighs we breath'd, and tears we shed,
 For aye shall sacred be.

When death frae warl'y waes and cares,
 This labouring breast shall free,
 My dearest bliss, in happier spheres,
 Shall be to meet wi' thee.