

WAE'S ME FOR  
*Prince Charlie,*

Sweet Home.

**BILLY O' BOURKE.**

AND

'Though I'm forsaken.



GLASGOW,  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

Sweet Home.

‘Mid pleasures and palaces though we  
may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place  
like home ;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow  
us there,  
Which seek through the world is ne’er  
met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet sweet home  
There’s no place like home, there’s no place  
like home.

The poor sailor boy, as o'er billows he roam,  
 Oft sighs for the cot he has left far at Home,  
 And the sweet village bells so pleasant and gay,  
 And the lass that he loves who is far, far away

An exile from Homes splendour dazzles in vain,  
 Give me my lovely thatched cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
 Give me them with the peace of mind dearer  
 than all.

### Waes me for Prince Charlie.

A wee bird cam to our ha, door,  
 He warbled sweet and clerly:  
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang  
 was, "Waes me for Prince Charlie,  
 Oh, when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,  
 The tears came drappin, rarely,  
 Took the bonnet aff my head  
 for weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I my bird, my bonnie bonnie bird  
 is that a tale ye borrow  
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote  
 or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?  
 Oh no no no the wee bird sang  
 I've flown sin morning early;  
 But sic a day or wind and rain—  
 oh waes me for Prince Charlie.

On hills that are by right his ain  
 he roams a lonely stranger :  
 On every side he's pressed by want—  
 on every side by danger  
 Yestreen I met him in a glen  
 my heart maist bursted fairly ;  
 For sadly changed indeed was he  
 oh wae s me for Prince Charlie.

Dark night cam on the tempest howled  
 out o'er the hill and valley's ;  
 And whare was't that your Prince lay down  
 whase hame should been a palace  
 He rowed him in his Highland plaid  
 which covered him but sparely  
 An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
 oh wae s me for Prince Charlie.

### The Fryar of orders gray,

It was a Fryar of orders Gray  
 walked forth to tell his beads ;  
 And he met with a lady fair  
 clad in a pilgrims weeds.

Now Heaven thee save thou revernd Fryar  
 I pray thee tell to me  
 If ever at your holy shrike  
 my true love thou didst see ?

And how should I your true love know  
from many another one?

O by his cockle hat and staff;  
and by his sandal shoon:

O lady he is dead and gone.

lady he s dead and gone ;

And at his head a green grass-turf  
and at his heels a stone

Weep no more lady weep no more  
thy sorrow is In vain ;

For violets plucked the sweetest showers  
will ne er make grow again

Yet stay fair lady rest awhile

beneath yon cloister wall ;

See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind  
and drizzling rain doth fall.

O stay me not thou holy Fryar

o stay me not I pray

No drizzling rain that falls on me,  
can wash my fault away.

Though I'm forsaken.

Thou'rt gane awa, thou'rt gane awa'

thou'rt gane awa frae me Mary.

Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,  
thou'rt cheated them and me, Mary-

Until this hour I never thought  
 that ought could alter thee, Mary ;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary,  
 True love I'm sure was ne'er his end,  
 nor nae sic love is mine, Mary.  
 I spake sincere, ne'er flattered much,  
 had no unworthy thought, Mary,  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such—  
 no, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,  
 no other maid I'll woo Mary ;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then farewell, of this be sure,  
 since you've been false to me, Mary,  
 For all the world I'd not endure  
 half what I've done for thee, Mary.

### Catch for three voices.

Happy to meet and happy to part  
 Happy to meet and happy to part and  
 Happy happy to meet again



## Billy O' Rourke.

I greased my brogues and cut my stick,  
 at the la ter end of May sir,  
 And off for Dublin I set out.  
 to sail upon the sea sir :

Then next to England I would go;  
 to reap the hay and corn sir,

To leave fold Ireland far behind,  
 the place where I was born sir.

With my shillelah coh,  
 and my heart so true.

Oh Billy O' Rourke's the bay sir.

I paid the captain six thirteens,  
 to carry me over to Margate

Before we got half over the waves,  
 it blew at o hell of a hard rate,

The great big stick that grew out of the ship  
 began to roar and whistle

And the sailors all both great and small,  
 cries, Pat you will go to the devil,

with my, &c

Some fell upon their bended knees,  
 the ladies fell a fainting

But fell to my bread and cheese,  
 for I always mind the main thing.

Says the sailors to the bottom you'll go,  
 says I— I dont care a farthing.

For I paid my passage to Pargate you know,  
 and be dommed but I'll stick an my bargain.

with my &c.

The wind did whistle some to sleep,  
 till we got to the place of landing,  
 And those that were the most afraid,  
 were out the ladiss handing,  
 Says I your clothes feel mighty droll,  
 you surely must have riches,  
 And for your heart it dont lie in the right part,  
 it surely must lie in your breeches.  
 with my &c.

Then for London I set out,  
 and going along ths road sir,  
 I met an honest gentleman  
 who proved to be a rouge sir,  
 He cocked a pistol to my head,  
 close to my very mouth sir,  
 Saying—Paddy my boy I d have you be smart,  
 in handing out your money, sir  
 with my &c.

Oh have you patience honest gentleman,  
 and hear me speak a word sir,  
 For two-pence is all the money I've got  
 to carry me many a mile sir,  
 He said no longer he would wait,  
 his patience I had fairly tired,  
 His pan it flashed his brains I smashed,  
 with my shillelah that never missed fire.  
 with my &c.