

# SIX

# LOVE SONGS.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA?

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE MAID OF ARUNDEL.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL.



GLASGOW:

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## SONGS.

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### WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA?

O wha's at the window, wha? wha?  
O wha's at the window, wha? wha?  
    Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,  
    He's come sax miles and ten,  
To tak bonnie Jeanie awa, awa,  
To tak bonnie Jeanie awa.

He has plighted his troth, an' a', an' a',  
Leal love to gi'e, an' a', an' a',  
    And sae has she dunc,  
    By a' that's aboon ;  
For he lo'es her, she lo'es him 'boon a', 'boon a',  
He lo'es her, she lo'es him 'boon a'.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,  
O bridal maidens are braw, braw,  
    But the bride's modest e'e,  
    And warm cheek, are to me  
'Boon pearlens and brooches, an' a', an' a',  
'Bonn pearlens and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',  
There's mirth on the green, in the ha',

There's laughing, there's quaffing,  
 There's jesting, there's daffing,  
 But the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',  
 But the bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,  
 It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,  
 That my heart is sae wearie,  
 When a' the lave's cheerie,  
 But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,  
 But it's just that she'll aye be awa.

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### THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun had gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene ;  
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 O sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green ;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its blossom the flower o' Dumblane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the c'ening,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen,  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met with my Jessie,  
 The sports of the city seem'd foolish and vain ;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane  
 Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain ;  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

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### THE MAID OF ARUNDEL.

Thou fairest of the fairest maids,  
 In Arundel's embowering shades,  
 When beauty smiles in all her charms,  
 And love's delighted bosom warms,  
 With thee I woo each sylvan scene,  
 Of fragrant bower and arbour green,  
 While smiling hope our care dispels,  
 We bless the shades of Arundel.

When twilight steals along the world,  
 And wandering shepherds leave the fold,  
 To woo the bower, the scented grove,  
 And sigh upon the lips of love ;  
 Again my lovely Rosalie,  
 With bounding heart I fly to thee,  
 Love's dear and fond delights to tell  
 Amid the shades of Arundel.

As wandering by the castle mound,  
 Or moving in the festive round,

I feel the power of love divine,  
 Bright beaming in these eyes of thine.  
 And sweeter is thine artless tale,  
 Than midnight song of nightingale,  
 Soft dying on the breezy swell  
 That fan the shades of Arundel.

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### JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,  
 When Nature painted all things gay,  
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,  
 And gild the meadows fair ;  
 Young Jockey early on the morn  
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn,  
 For Jenny vow'd away to run  
 With Jockey to the Fair ;  
 For Jenny vow'd away to run  
 With Jockey to the Fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
 With eager steps he trudg'd along,  
 While garlands round him hung  
 Which shepherds us'd to wear :  
 He tapt the window, "Haste my dear,"  
 Jenny impatient cried, "Who's there?"  
 "'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
 With Jockey to the Fair ;  
 Step gently down, &c.

" My dad and mammy's fast asleep,  
 My brother's up and with the sheep,  
 And will you still your promise keep  
     Which I have heard you swear?  
 And will you ever constant prove?  
 " I will, by all the powers above,  
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove :  
 Dispel those doubts, and haste my love,  
     With Jockey to the Fair ;"  
     Dispel those doubts, &c.

" Behold the ring," the shepherd cried,  
 " Will Jenny be my charming bride?  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
     And Hymen meet us there."  
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
 He would be constant, would be true,  
 His word was pledg'd, away she flew ;  
     With Jockey to the Fair ;  
     O'er cowslips tript, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,  
 Their gay companions, blithe and young,  
 Each join the dance, each join the throng,  
     To hail the happy pair ;  
 In turns there's none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
     With Jockey to the Fair ;  
     When lovely Jenny, &c.

## FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting-town ;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?  
 Nae langer drest in silk and sheen,  
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind ?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?  
 O can that saft and gentlest mien  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nannie, canst 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 ?

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FAREWELL, FAREWELL.

Farewell, farewell, dear Erin's Isle !  
 My native land, adieu !  
 I've seen thy hours of sunshine smile,  
 And mark'd thy sorrows too.  
 The pale moon trembles on the deep,  
 But ere the morning dawn,  
 The winds will only hear me weep  
 For thee, my Peggy Bawn.

And though I haste beyond the sea,  
 Where sweeter scenes may smile,  
 My heart unchang'd will turn to thee,  
 My own, my native isle.  
 But now a long, a kind farewell,  
 To mountain, grove, and lawn,  
 While tears alone my parting tell,  
 From thee, my Peggy Bawn.