

EIGHT SONGS.

Blue Bonnets over the Border.

And ye shall walk in Silk attire.

I've been Roaming.

Cherry Ripé.

Hey the bonnie Breast Knots.

The Anchor's weigh'd.

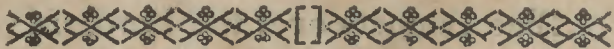
Oh! say not Woman's Love is bought.

Jock of Hazeldean.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale :
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward
 in order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale ;

All the blue bonnets are over the border.

Many a banner spread flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story ;

Mount and make ready then, sons of the moun-
 tain glen,

Fight for your Queen, and the old Scottish
 glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are graz-
 ing ;

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
 bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bound-
 ing ;—

Stand to your arms, and march in good order :

England shall many a day tell of the bloody
 fray,

When the blue bonnets came over the border,

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK AFFIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller ha'e to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Donald mair.
 O wha wad buy a silken gown
 Wi' a poor broken heart?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part?
 And ye shall walk, &c.

I wadna walk in silk attire,
 Nor braid wi' gems my hair,
 Gin he whose faith is pledg'd wi' mine,
 Were wrang'd, and grieving sair.
 From infancy he lov'd me still,
 And still my heart shall prove
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,
 Which first repaid his love.
 I wadna walk, &c.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING.

CHORUS.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
 Where the meadow dew is sweet;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With their pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 O'er the rose and lily fair ;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With their blossoms in my hair.
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Where the honey-suckle creeps :
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 With its kisses on my lips.
 I've been roaming, &c.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
 Over hill and over plain ;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 To my bower back again.

Over hill and over plain,
 To my bower back again ;
 And I'm coming, and I'm coming
 To my bower back again.

CHERRY RIPE.

CHORUS.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry ;
 Full and fair ones come and buy.
 Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry ;
 Full and fair ones come and buy.

If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer there,
 Where the sunbeams sweetly smile.
 There's the land or cherry isle.
 Cherry ripe, &c.

Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,
 There's the land or cherry isle.
 There plantations fully shew
 All the year where cherries grow.

Cherry ripe, ripe, cherry ripe, I cry;
 Full and fair ones come and buy,
 Full and fair ones come and buy.

HEY THE BONNIE BREAST KNOTS.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast knots;
 Blythe and merry were they a'
 When they put on their breast-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gown,
 And some of them had breast-knots.
 Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' shinin' buckles in their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Out cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wish'd the lasses happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' their claise,
 Especially the breast-knots.
 Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore:
 My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more.

Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away;
 My heart will break—a little moment stay.
 Alas! I cannot—I cannot part from thee.
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! re-
 member me!

Weep not, my love, I trembling said;
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine.
 I ne'er can meet another maid
 Whose charms can fix my heart like thine.

Go, then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her thou leav'st in tears behind,
 A maid—this last embrace my pledge shall be.
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! re-
 member me!

OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS
BOUGHT.

Oh! say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure;

Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
By ev'ry idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows—
She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.

Ah no! the love that first can warm,
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm—
She loves, and loves for ever.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

“Why weep ye by the tide, lady?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride.

And ye sall be his bride, lady,

Sae comely to be seen:”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And Lord of Langley-dale.
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen:"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair,
 Nor mett'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
 And you the foremost o' them a'
 Shall ride, our foremost queen:"—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide—
 The tapers glimmer'd fair—
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her both by bower and ha'—
 The lady was not seen:
 She's o'er the border, and awa'
 WY' Jock o' Hazeldean.

FINIS.