

FIVE EXCELLENT

S O N G S.

The Sailor's Dream.

Duncan Gray.

Highland Mary.

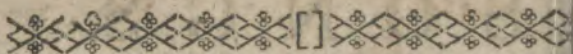
Ewe-Bughts, Marion.

The Midnight Bowl.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers,



THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

JACK vow'd, old England left behind
 To hold his Nancy dear in mind ;
 And this kind vow did he so keep,
 He nightly saw her in his sleep.
 'Midst roaring thunder, raging seas,
 His cheering mind was still at ease ;
 Nor seas nor thunder made him start ;
 He held his Nancy to his heart :
 But, sudden as the light'nings gleam,
 He woke, and found 'twas but a dream

Wak'd from his dream and Nancy's char
 By the loud drum that beat to arms,
 Jack rous'd from so much sweet delight
 And took his station in the fight ;
 The French were thrash'd ; night clos'd
 main ;

Jack dreamt the battle o'er again ;
 Then fancy play'd her usual part,
 He held his Nancy to his heart :
 Alas ! things are not what they seem !
 He woke and found it but a dream.

One night, a foul malicious fiend,
 Like a night-mare, across him lean'd,
 Stole Nancy's picture, and the charm
 That she had brac'd upon his arm :
 Then, as she seem'd to breathe her last;
 A frightful monster held her fast,
 Threat'ning he should from Nancy part,
 No more to press her to his heart :
 Jack gave in agony a scream,
 Then smil'd to find 'twas but a dream.

Next morn a vessel hove in sight;
 An enemy! hot grew the fight;
 She struck; a brig of largest size;
 And Jack made England with the prize:
 Reach'd home, where Nancy long had wept,
 And sore fatigu'd turn'd in and slept;
 But truth assuming fancy's part,
 He held his Nancy to his heart;
 Nor, as at sea, did these things seem,
 He woke and found 'twas not a dream.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

On new-year's-day, when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Grat his een baith blear't an' blin',
 Spak o' louping o'er a lin,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool quoth he,
 For a haughty hissy die ?

She may gae to France for me !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let dortons tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

leg grew sick, as he grew well,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief, a sigh she brings,

An' oh ! her een they spak sic things,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't :

Maggy's was a ticklish case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan could not be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath :

Now they're crouse an' canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes, and streams around

The castle of Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,

Your waters never drumlie ;

There simmer first unfaulds her robes,

And there they langest tarry ;

For there I took the last farewell

Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch

How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie ;

For dear to me as light and life

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender ;

And pledging aft to meet again,

We tore ourselves asunder.

But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flow'r so early !

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clae

That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now. those rosy lips,

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !

And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance

That dwalt on me sae kindly !

And mouldering now in silent dust,

That heart that lo'ed me dearly !

But still within my bosom's core,

Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet my Marion,
 But-nae hauf sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,
 And the blythe blinks in her ee:
 And fain would I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk in your white hause-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
 A cow, and a brawny quey;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown,
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll een draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlings, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramasië ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see thee.

THE MIDNIGHT BOWL.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,
 Now the tyrant's reign is o'er ;
 Fill the merry bowl, my boys,
 Join in Bacchanalian roar.

O'er the merry midnight bowl,
 O how happy we will be ;
 Day was made for vulgar souls,
 Night, my boys, for you and me.

Seize the villain, plunge him in !
 See, the hated miscreant dies !
 Mirth, with all thy train, come in ;
 Banish sorrow, tears and sighs.