

KATE KEARNY,

WITH THE ANSWER.

SANDY FAR AWA,

THE TEAR,

The Lass o' Netherlee,

AND

New way of Auld Lang Syne



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KATE KEARNEY.

O DID you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye,
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming
Yet oh! I can tell
How fatal the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile,
For many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
And who dares inhale
Her mouth's spicy gale,
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

ANSWER.

Orr, yes! I've seen this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the lake of Killarney;

From her love-beaming eye
 What mortal can fly,
 Unsubdued by the glance of Kate Kearney?
 For that eye, so seducingly beaming,
 Assures me of mischief she's dreaming,
 And I feel 'tis in vain
 To fly from the chain
 That binds me to lovely Kate Kearney.

At eve when I've met this Kate Kearney,
 On the flow'r-mantled banks of Killarney,
 Her smile would impart
 Thrilling joy to my heart,
 As I gaz'd on the charming Kate Kearney,
 On the banks of Killarney reclining,
 My bosom to rapture resigning,
 I've felt the keen smart
 Of love's fatal dart,
 And inha'd the warm sigh of Kate Kearney.

SANDY FAR AWA.

TUNE—'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon'

DRAW near ye warblers wild, in woe
 Convene and aid my mournfu' strain;
 Thou wimpling stream in silence flow
 While by thy margin I complain.
 Ye gaudy flow'rs by Nature blown,
 Ye emblems o' the Summer braw,

○ hang your heads while I bemoan
My true-love Sandy, far awa.

Alas! frae Scotia's peacefu' shore,
Where blooming first he caught my ee—
Beyond the broad Atlantic's roar,
He roams unknown, afar frae me.
For him wi' grief my bosom's torn!
For him my tears unnumber'd fa!—
In pensive woe, anon I mourn
My true-love Sandy, far awa.

When, in the midnight silent hours,
Bright Fancy's dreams around me rove,
Conducting me to Indian bow'rs,
Or clasping him in some wild grove,
O how with rapture him I hail!
In bliss the sigh of love I draw!
But soon, ah! soon, I wake to wail
My true love Sandy, far awa.

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept;
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;

All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wand'ring from his sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

THE LASS O' NETHERLEE.

Auld farran cantie bodie,
Can ye frae the Netherlee?
Auld farran' cantie bodie,
Did ye there my lassie see?

KIND, an' blythe, an' sweet as onie,
Fairer never can ye see;
In face an' form my lassie's bonnie,
Dimpl'd love sits in her ee.

Auld farran', &c.

Hair like the mornin's gouden beam,
On the tapmaist mountain hie;
An' oh! whan dress'd in tartan sheen,
Beauty's power is ill to dree.

Auld farran', &c.

Her lips wad mak the cherry blush,
Deeper red—tho' red it be;

An' weel like I the dew to brush,
 Frae her lips sae sweet an' wee.
 Auld farran, &c.

But sawna ye the lassie then,
 Thro' the wood or owre the lea?
 Tho' ye're the wale o' cantiest men,
 To see her quickly maun I flee.

Fare ye weel then funnie bodie,
 When ye ca' 't the Netherlee,
 Spier for me auld farran bodie,
 Then the lassie dear ye'll see:

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne.

WHEN silent Time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trod on thirty years,
 My native land I sought again,
 Wi' mony hopes and fears:
 Wha kens, thought I, if friends I left
 Will aye continue mine;
 Or gin I e'er again shall meet
 The joys I left langsyne!

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way;
 Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day;

Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days of mine;
 Which made me think the joys at hand
 Were naething to lang syne.

My ivied tow'rs now met my een,
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
 Nae friend stept out wi' open arms—
 Nae weel kend face I saw—
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime;
 And grat to see the lad come hame
 He bore about lang syne.

I ran to ilka weel kend place,
 In hopes to find friends there;
 I saw where mony a ane had set,
 I hung on mony a chair;
 Till soft remembrance threw a veil
 Across these een o' mine;
 I shut the door, and sobb'd aloud,
 To think on auld langsyne.

A new sprung race o' motly kind
 Would now their welcome pay,
 Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,
 And wish'd my groves away;
 'Cut down these gloomy trees,' they cried;
 'Lay low yon mournful pine;—'

Ah! no; your fathers' names are there,
 Memorials o' lang syne.

To win me frae these waefu' thoughts,
 They took me to the town;
 Where soon in ilka weel kend face,
 I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
 At balls they pointed to a nymph,
 Whom all declar'd divine;
 But sure her mother's blushing face
 Was fairer far lang syne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
 Forgive an auld man's spleen,
 Wha, midst your gayest scenes, still mourns
 The days he ance has seen.
 When time is past, and seasons fled,
 Your hearts may feel like mine,
 And aye the sang will maist delight
 That minds you o' lang syne.

FINIS