

The Traveller's Return,

*The Stranger;*

*Far-fam'd Rab Burns;*

AND

Loch-Erroch Side.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

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## 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 tow';  
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.

In vain I sought in music's sound,  
 To find that magic art,  
 Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays  
 Has thrill'd thro' a' my heart.  
 The sang had mony an artfu' turn;  
 My ear confess'd 'twas fine—  
 But miss'd the simple melody  
 I listen'd to 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.

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A NEW SONG; BEING AN ANSWER TO  
 THE HAPPY STRANGER.

I ONCE was a stranger, in a far country did roam,  
 When young Jeminy of Newry came to me a-  
 lone,  
 He said, My dear jewel, now tell me I pray,  
 How you came to wander in a desert this way?

She said, Pray young man don't attempt to persuade,

Or take an advantage of me a poor maid;  
It was my cruel father who caus'd me to stray  
So far from my home, and to wander this way.

I loved a young man, and he loved me,  
But because he was poor, and of low degree,  
It was my cruel parents that press'd him to sea,  
Which made me to wander here, and a stranger to be.

When I heard that my true love in battle was  
slain, [I came,  
I packed up my jewels, from my father's house  
Determin'd to wander in lonesome retire,  
And there to lament for the youth I admire.

Then young Jemmy of Newry, with a most  
graceful bow, [you now,  
Did say, Lovely fair maid, the truth I'll tell  
It was false lovers that caus'd me to roam,  
And wander so many miles distant from home.

And now, lovely fair maid, if you will agree,  
Since we're both cross'd in love, I'll marry with  
thee; (pain,  
Then dry up your tears, I'll ease you of your  
And marry with me, I'll be your kind swain.

To a neighbouring village they then did repair,  
 Where a licence was bought, and they married  
 were;

And now the two strangers in love both agree,  
 In a neat little cottage by a shady green tree.

No longer they wander in desarts alone,  
 In content they do live in their cottage at home,  
 The lark, thrush, and linnet round their cottage  
 do sing,

And both live as happy as a prince or a king.

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### A NEW SONG

#### IN PRAISE OF BURNS.

LANG fam'd RAB BURNS ilk lassie mourns,

Aye since he's gane awa',

His presence did a' grief forbid,

He cheer'd the lasses a'.

Nae mair he'll chant—wi' neighbours rant,

O'er flowing bowls at e'en,

Awa' he's gane to his lang hame,

And left his Bonny Jean.

His memory dear will still us cheer,

I'll sing the praise of BURNS,

Ilk laddie here and lassie dear,

Must ningle with the worms.

Uncertain man's life's but a span,  
 How oftentimes we've seen  
 The fairest flower in Nature's bower  
 Kill'd in the bud when green.

You nymphs and swains among the plains,  
 And birds in ilka tree,  
 Ye meadows green and fairy queen,  
 And sailors on the sea,  
 Loud blaw the fame o' him that's gane,  
 Beside the lads in urns,  
 Brave Scotia's boys will still rejoice  
 To hear the name o' BURNS.

Frae morn till night my head grows light  
 To hear the lasses sing,  
 His bonnie sang that nane can bang,  
 It gars my lugs a' ring;  
 Its bonnie air can banish care  
 By ingle side at e'en;  
 Now cauld's the heart that ance did smart  
 Frae twa bewitching een.

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### LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch-Erroch side,  
 The lofty hillis surveying,  
 The water clear, the heather blooms,  
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,

I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
 I found her like May morning:  
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
 While in my arms I press'd her!  
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
 As fondly I caress'd her.  
 She said, If that your heart be true,  
 If constantly you'll love me,  
 I heed not care, nor fortune's frowns,  
 For nought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
 For ever you shall find me,  
 And of our meeting here so sweet,  
 Loch-Erroch sweet shall mind me.  
 Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass,  
 I cried, no more we'll tarry!  
 We'll leave the fair Loch-Erroch side,  
 For lovers soon should marry.

FINIS.