

Lament for Abercrombie ;

To which are added,

The Harper of Mull.

John Anderson my jo John.

Wood of Craigie lea.

Let drunkards.



STIRLING :

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LAMENT FOR ABERCROMBIE.

When Nature with wild flowers bespangled the
mountains,
And meadows displayed a' their charms to the bee,
When pure gush'd the rills by their grass-bordered
fountains
And soft sough'd the wind thro' the bloom-laden
tree ;
Beneath yon auld aik on the green banks o' Clouden
Where aft in the gloamin' I wander'd to rave.
Auld Malcolm was seen o'er his scars fondly broodin'
Lamenting a warrior laid cauld in the grave.

He stood by the stream, on a strong claymore
leanin g,
Like ane whose sad bosom o' sorrow is fou'
He strade o'er the gowans fu' mour'fully moaning,
And straight frae his scabbard his broad sword
he drew,
' Fareweel dear renown cried the auld lyart vet'ran
' For Malcolm nae mair shall be seen on the
field.

Wi' death warsling dourly, his faes bravely scat-
terin'

The sword o' a sodger his arm down a wield.

' But here tho' he waders, wi' eild heavy laden,
And joyless gaes hirplin' down life's briery brae,
He ance strade to glory, through blood bravely
wadin'

Whar great Abercromby, his chief, led the way.
Illustrious leader ! now stalking wi' heroes

Wha bled for our country, our king, and our laws,
When Freedom unfurls her banner be near us,
And rouse Scottish valour to stand in her cause!

' By thee led to victory, the sodger undaunted,
In wild transport fir'd at the loud shouts o' war,
O'er heaps rush'd to glory, the breach boldly
mounted,

Though death arm'd wi' terror, his courage to
scaur.

Auld Scotia may laag on the heath wander cheer-
less,

And mourn as she sits by the sad sounding wave,
The prime o' her warriors intrepid and fearless,
The brave Abercrombie, lies c'uld in the grave !

 THE HARPER OF MULL.

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by;
 I played my harp cheerie, while fondly I sang,
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang,
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
 Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a'ane to me.
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad
 soul,
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad main;
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
 Tho' Rosie is faithless she's not the less fair,
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.

Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er,
 Thou wak'd me to tortures unknown before,
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
 And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO JOHN.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks wsrre like the raven,
 Your bonnie brown was brent;
 But now your brow is bauld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessing on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And meny a canty day John.
 We've had wi' anc anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA:

Thou bonnaie wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee I spent life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that aue can wish,
 Frae Nature's hand are strew'd on thee:
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
 The cnsbat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis, down thy bughted grade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree,
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

A wa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings e're they frae;
 They'll sing you yet a cantie sang,
 Then O in pity let them be.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

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When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs the bonny bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonnie wood,

Tho' fate should drag me across the line,
Or o'er the wild atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind
That I in youth had spent in thee.

Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

LET DRUNKARDS SING.

Let drunkards sing in praise o' wine,
Their midnight balls and social glee,
But Scotia's sons may fidge fu' fain,
While they hae rauth o' barley bree.

French brandy is but trash, (shame fa't!
Their foreign rum I downa pree;
Gie me the sterling pith o' mau',
Aboon them a' it bears the gree.

The workman wha has toil'd a' day,
 Sits down at night frae labour free:
 See care is fled—his smile how gay,
 When owre a pint o' barley bree.

Gif ony ane in barlock-hood,
 Should wi' his neighbour disagree,
 Let them baith gang in jovial mood,
 And settle't owre the barley bree.

For barley drink, wad they but think,
 Is cheaper than a lawyer's fee;
 Tho' sairly vext, aye mind the text—
 "It's best to take a pint and gree."

I've seen a chiel could hardly speak,
 When ne'er a drap was in his e'e,
 But he could lecture for a week,
 Just gie him aye the barley bree.

When I've a bawbee in my pouch,
 I aften birl it frank and free:
 Then care can never make me crouch,
 The life of man is barley bree.

FINIS.