

THE

CANARY.

Collection of SCOTS, ENGLISH, and IRISH SONGS.

Chiefly from BURNS, RAMSAY, &c. &c.

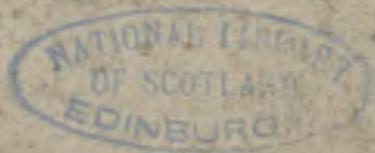
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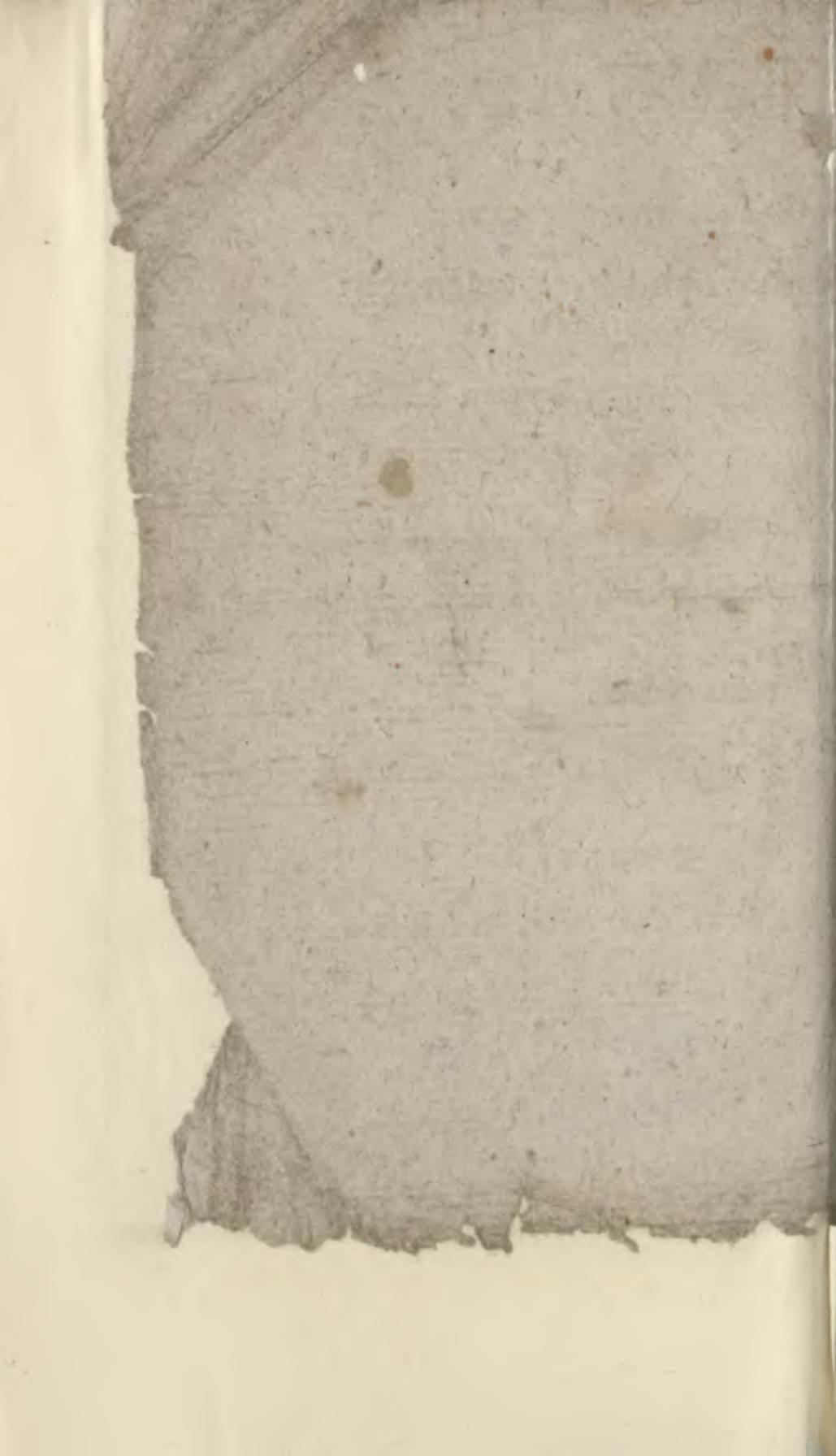


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O that I had ne'er been married,
 O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
 O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Och hey, Johnny lad,
 Oh, think on my fate,
 Ods'bloods what a time for a seaman,
 O weel may the Boatie row,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

Sweet blooms the rose on Largy's side,
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lea,
 The lassies fain wad hae frae me,

Where Cart gently glides,
 Wi' waefu' heart and sorrowing e'e,
 Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,

THE
CANARY.

Donald and Paddy.

Tune.—Ballynamony.

Donald and Paddy were one day a-walk-
ing,
As Paddy to Donald, you're always a talk-
ing.

O, honey, you make such a pribbling and
prabbling,
My shoul, I had much rather hear a goose
gabbling.

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

The sweet Irish lingo for me.

Both Donald to Paddy, shu pi a pig fool,
I sud learn better manners, and gang to
the school.

In the pig towns o' Scotland when shu
come ashore.

They'll pi cry, see the Pat wi' hims pack-
fide afore.

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

A Paddy's an unco queer thing.

Says Paddy to Donald, I'd beg you to
whisht,

Or by our Saint Patrick, I'll lend you my fist

Quoth Donald to Pady, shu maunna do that

Or they'll cry, see the Highland man
threshing the Pat.

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

The Highlandman threshing the Pat

Well, well then, cries Paddy, let's make u
the matter,

Now, as we're both learn'd men, we cannot
do better,

Than both to shake hands o'er a good
hearty doze.

O the stout Irish Usquebæ smells at m
nose.

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

The stout Irish whisky for me.

Contented says Donald, and so my dear P

I'll propose a learn'd squestion to keep
in chat,

Pi a very learn'd squestion as soon shu'll pi
see,

And pi shu'll can tell't shu'll pi petter as me-
Ballynamony and Oro, &c

A fine learned squestion for me.

Now the squestion pi this, Tear Paddy, come
tell,

What pi the man's name, that pi ringan
the bell

In the Kirk o' Jerufalem, very old thing,
When good Rehoboam was Israel's King?

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

A fine Shewish squestion for me.

's the bellman, says Pat, by my shoul I'll
be sworn,

was Ringle Macdingle, a Highlandman
born,

He was the first Highlandman history can
tell,

And the Highlandmen's tongues they still
ring like a bell.

Ballynamony and Oro, &c.

A sweet Irish answer for me.

Veel, Patty, says Donald, gif that pi the case,
peg you'll no speak in your country's dis-
grace,

For the truth o' the story to let her now
 ken,
 The Pats and the Highlandmens just a' ane,
 Ballynamony and Oro, &c.
 Let Paddy and Donald agree.

Jeanie Shaw.

O whither wad ye down the rill,
 That wimples gayly by the mill,
 Or will ye up the castle-hill,
 Aboon the garden wa'.
 Or west the gate your foot to bend,
 Will ye gang to the gay green-end.
 O, there my heart it's time wad spend
 Wi' bonny Jeanie Shaw.

Her gowden locks, her gracefu' mien,
 Her pawky smile, her witching een,
 Her jacket jimp of silken sheen,
 Alas, this bosom staw.

Her charms shall aye my praise employ,
 But ah! she seems unconscious why,
 And laughs still when she hears me sigh,
 O cruel Jeanie Shaw.

She's fairest aye where maids are seen,
 The smartest dancer on the green,
 For ever handsome, tight, and clean,
 Nae lassie busks sae brow.

9
Of Glasgow's wealth were I the heir,
Or had all Grampia's fleecy care,
With thee the same I'd freely share,
My bonny Jeanie Shaw.

The crabit Carline.

Tune.—Ayrshire Lasses.

CHORUS.

I darena gang again to see,
My bonny blythesome lassie, O.
Her angry mother scolded me,
And cad me poor and saucy, O.

He lovely creature grat wi' spite,
Her looks confess'd she lov'd me, O.
The angry auld wife sair did flyte,
And rashly disapprov'd me, O.

That night as on the green we stray'd,
Sae innocent and sweetly, O.
The blinking hag, our sports betray'd,
And beat my love completely, O.

By the door I pass by chance,
She darena trow she sees me, O.
A curse, a frown, a scornfu' glance,
The wither'd carline gies me, O.

O, wad the Heavens be fae kind,
 As lift her frae the warld, O,
 Nae mortal's blifs could equal mine,
 I'd be the happiest carl, O.

But I'll content myself with hope,
 And expectations canty, O.
 And when she's laid beneath the turf,
 I'll kiss her bairn fae dainty, O.

O then, I'll gang again to see,
 My bonny blythesome lassie, O.
 Nae mair the hag wi' scolding tongue,
 Will ca' me poor and saucy, O.

Sweet blooms the Rose.

Tunc.—The last time I came o'er the Moor.

SWEET blooms the rose on Largy's side,
 And fair are Largy's lasses;
 But there is one, and Largy's pride,
 That all the rest surpasses.
 When first I saw this charming maid,
 Her words and smiles quit won me,
 I sat and sigh'd, but little said,
 Ye powers, she has undoit me!

'Twas Largy fair, each lad and lass,
 With blythesome hearts were dancing,
 We sat us down upon the grafs,
 With brimful glasses glancing,
 Then love and drink, my soul beguil'd,
 With flattering words she courted,
 Ah! witching maid! she only smil'd,
 And with my passion sported.

Ye shepherds gay, on Largy rocks,
 Who oft delight to view her,
 O! tell me where she tends her flocks,
 For I'm resolv'd to woo her.
 I'll haunt her close, both night and morn,
 If she persist to shun me,
 I'll seek some cave, and there, forlorn,
 I'll sing how she's undone me.

The Lass of Cartside.

Tune.—I lo'ed neer a Lassie but ane.

WHERE Cart gently glides through the vale,
 And nature, in beauty array'd,
 Perfumes the soft, whispering gale,
 That wantons in every green shade,
 From pride and from vanity free,
 'The fairest of fair ones doth bide,
 No beauty so charming as she,
 The lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

By Cart as I lonesomely stray,
 No flower can my fancy excite;
 Not all his wild verdure so gay,
 Without her, can yield me delight.
 Ah, fortune! why art thou severe,
 How long will thy frownings divide
 This heart from its object so dear,
 The lovely sweet lass of Cartside.

If destin'd some happier swain,
 Shall her that I covet, enjoy,
 O let me not live to complain!
 Let death every tendon destroy.
 But while by a meadow or grove,
 The Cart gently rolls in his pride,
 May happiness, pleasure, and love,
 Attend the sweet lass of Cartside.

All's Well. Duet.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round,
 And should some footstep haply stray
 Where Caution marks the guarded way,
 Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell.
 A friend—the word, good-night, all's well.

falling on the Midnight deep,
 while weary mess-mates soundly sleep,
 the careful watch patrols the deck,
 to guard the ship from foes or wreck;
 while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 his friendly voice salutes his ear,
 "at cheer? Brother, quickly tell,
 'tis we, below, good-night—all's well."

The Birks of Aberfeldy.

My lassie, will ye go,
 Ye go, will ye go,
 My lassie, will ye go
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 we, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

My lassie, will ye go,
 ye go, will ye go,
 My lassie, will ye go
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Little birdies blythely sing,
 o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
 White o'er the lins the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

M'Pherson's Farewell.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and str
 The wretch's destiny !
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree,
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dantingly gaed he.
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it ro
 Below the gallows-tree

O what is death but parting breath !
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

tie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword,
 And there's not a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 To die by treacherie :
 Turns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Adieu farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 Thy coward Shame aye stain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !

Sae rantingly, &c.

The young Highland Rover.

Tune—Morag.

And blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover,
 The winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden ;
 Turn him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonny Castle Gordon

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a be blythely finging,
 And every flower be springing,
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And' bonny Castle Gordon.

Whistle and I'll come to you.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, &c.
 Though father and mother and a' should
 gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad
 Come down the back stairs when ye come
 to court me,
 Come down, &c.
 Come down the back stairs, and let na
 body see,
 And come as ye were na coming to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle &c.
 Though father and mother and a' should
 gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though ye car'd na-a flec,
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look, &c.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, &c.
Though father and mother and a' should
gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come you, my lad.
Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a'
wee ;
But court na anither though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, &c.

A Lassie all alone.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy
air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.
A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads beyond the sea ;
In the bluidy wars they fa', and our
honour's gaen and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The tod was howling on the hill,
 And the distant echoing glens reply.
 A lassie, &c.

The burn adown its hazaily path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
 Hast'ing to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase roarings seems to rise and fa'.
 A lassie, &c.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
 Athort the list they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.
 A lassie, &c.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo! in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
 A lassie, &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear.
 But, oh! it was a tale of woe
 As ever met a Briton's ear.
 A lassie, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.
 A lassie, &c.

O that I had ne'er been married.

O that I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 And they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin by the hallan en';
 I'll fight them at the doof,
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, &c.

O gude Ale comes.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had fax owfen in a plough,
 They drew a' weel enough ;
 I sell'd them a' just ane'by ane,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' thè servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
 O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my thoon,
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O leave Novels.

O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;
 Such witching books, are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mosgiel.
 Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
 And then ye're prey for Rob Mosgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung ;
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mosgiel,

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poisoned darts of steel;
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mosgiel.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet;
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way completé.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet,
 But O the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
 And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck,
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Had keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Mally's meek, &c.

Gude'en to you, Kimmer.

GUDE'EN to you, kimmer,
 And how do you do?
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou.
 We're a' noddin,
 Nid nid noddin,
 We're a' noddin,
 At our house at hame.

Kate fits i' the neuk,
 'Suppin her broo;
 Deil tak Kate
 And she be'na noddin too!
 We're a noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye fair?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive?
 How mony bairns hae ye?
 Quo kimmer, I hae five.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's ?

Eh ! atweel no :

Twa o' them were gotten,
When Johnny was awa.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo,
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Auld Langsyne.

Tune—Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to mind ;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' langsyne.
For a' langsyne, my dear ;
For auld langsyne ;
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
An' pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
 When simmer days did shine,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' aukl langsyne.
 For a' langsyne, &c.

An' there's a hand my, trusty friend,
 An' gies a claught o' thine,
 An' we'll toom the cup to Friendship's
 growth
 An' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine,
 An' we'll take a right gudewillie waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.



Fareweel to Ayrshire.

Scenes of woe, and scenes of pleasure?
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Adieu a sad and last adieu.

My Doon, fae sweet at gloaming,
 Fare thee well before I gang:
 My Doon, whar early roaming,
 First I weav'd the rustic sang.

Adieu, where love deceoying,
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
 Where the safest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.

Hands so near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear!
 Alas! when forc'd to sever,
 When the stroke, O how severe!

Hands, that parting tear reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Had I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.

C

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure !
 Scenes that former thoughts renew ;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu !

Katherine Ogie.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain
 From flowers which grew so rarely :
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was fogie,
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In this dear maid so neatly.
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flower of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :

My handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels a clownish rogie ;
 You'ret match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

were I but some shepherd swain ;
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At buying-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee,
 I think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

When I'd despise the imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous station ;
 To be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations ;
 Though I carefs, and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd wi' Kath'rine Ogie.

Far the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works of nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie :

Pity my case, ye powers above,
I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

Wi' waefu' Heart and sorrowing E'e.

Wi' waefu' heart an' sorrowing e'e,
I saw my Jamie sail awa;
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he past the Berwick-law.
How joyless now seem'd all behind!
I ling'ring stray'd along the shore.
Dark boding fears hang on my mind
That I might never see him more.

The night came on wi' heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew
In mountains roll'd the awful main—;
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true
The landmen heard their drowning cries
The wreck was seen with dawning day
My love was found, an' now he lies
Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb:
With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
An' tend them through the langsome year

'll water them ilk morn an' eve
 With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

WILLIE Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony body,
 Had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Maggy was her mither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

has an e'e, she has but ane,
 he cat has twa the very colour,
 rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 clapper tongue wad deave a miller,
 hiskin beard about her mou',
 er nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
 limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
 twisted right, she's twisted left,
 balance fair on ilka quarter;
 as a hump upon her breast,
 e twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife, &c

Auld baudrons by the ingle fits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae fae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walle neives like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal an' true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 An' I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 An' we grudged her right fair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry the tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul langts to be free, Jean,
 An' angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet an' ava be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They war twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burnbrae
 And theeked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter :
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's 'fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O vow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a caw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's aye sae clean, red up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances.
 Blythe as a bird, with wit and will,
 She blooms, ring, tight, and talls is;
 And guides her airs sae gracetu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies:
 Wae me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

Sleepin' Maggy.

Mirk an' rainy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carry,
 Lightnings gleam a-thwart the lift,
 An' win's drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are ye sleepin', Maggy,
 O are ye sleepin', Maggy!
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roaring o'er the warlock cragie.

Fearfu' foughs the boor-tree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary,
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 An' cry o' howlets mak's me eerie.
 O are ye sleepin', Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I darena speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!
 O are ye sleepin', Maggy, &c.

He's opt the door, she's let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie:
 Blaw your warst, ye rain an' win',
 Since now I'm in aside ye, Maggie."

Och hey, Johnny Lad.

Och hey, Johnny lad,
 ye're no fae kind's ye should a been;
 Och hey, Johnny lad!
 ye didna' keep your tryft yestreen,
 ye raited lang beside the wood,
 ye was an' weary a' my lane;
 Och hey, Johnny lad!
 ye was a wae fu' night yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs fae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been;
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een,
 Och hey, Johnny lad,
 Ye're no fae kind's ye foud a been.

"Gin ye war waitin' by the wood,
 Its I was waitin' by the thorn,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 An' waitet maist till dawning morn;
 But be na' vext, my bonny lass,
 Let my waiting stan' for thine:
 We'll awa' to Birkton shaw,
 An' seek the joys we tint yestreen.

Bonny Wood of Craigie-lee.

Tune—"Gang to the Diel an' shake yourself."

CHORUS—Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lee,
 Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lee,
 Near thee I past life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

THE broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flow'ry lea,
 An' a' the sweets that yin can wish
 Frae nature's han' are strewed on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echos ring frae ev'ry tree.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Wa'; ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be!
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in fleety show'rs,
 Ae aff the norlin hills fae hi',
 Ae lightly skiff's thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 Ae happy hours I'll ever min'
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

The Highland Plaid.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go,
 Whare the hills are clad wi' snow;
 Whare beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep;
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 I'll row thee in my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice o' cheery spring,
 Will gar our birken plantings ring;
 Soon our bonny heather braes,
 Will put on their simmer claes;
 On the mountains sunny side
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flow'rs,
 Basks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
 Then we'll seek the callèr shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed,
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep an' goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch in canty glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee,
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Too in words mair fast than mine;
 Lowland lads hae mair o' art,
 ' My beast's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride—
 I row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonny lad, ye've been fae leal,
 My heart would break at our fareweel,
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Tak' me—tak' me for your ain!"
 Thro' the firth, awa' they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

The Galley Slave.

I, think on my fate! once I freedom
 enjoy'd,
 Was as happy as happy could be,
 My pleasure is fled! even Hope is destroy'd,
 A captive, alas! on the sea.
 Was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of Fate
 To tear me from her I adore,
 When thought brings to mind my once
 happy estate,
 I sigh! while I tug at the oar.

D

Hard, hard is my fate! Oh how galling
 my chain;
 My life's steer'd by Misery's chart;
 And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to
 complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
 I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the
 sharp lash;
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
 While around me the unfeeling billows will
 dash,
 I sigh! and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives; I had pleasure in tow
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view
 But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'ercloud-
 ed with woe,
 And, dear Anna! I hurried from you.
 Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away
 To behold my dear Anna no more,
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feel
 decay—
 He sigh'd, and expired at the oar:

Wandering Willie.

ERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 ere awa', there awa', hand awa' hame;
 come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Winter winds biew loud and cauld' at our
 parting,
 tears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
 welcome now, Simmer, and welcome, my
 Willie,
 the simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild Storms, in the care of your
 slumbers,
 how your dread howling a lover alarms!
 waken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 and waft my dear laddie ance mair to my
 arms.

Oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae his
 Nanie,
 how still between us, thou wide roaring
 main;
 may I never see it, may I never ken it,
 t, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

Daintie Davie.

THE lassies fain wad ha'e frae me
 A sang to keep them a' in glee,
 While ne'er a ane I ha'e to gi'e,
 But only Daintie Davie.

I learn'd it early in my youth,
 When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth,
 Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,
 Our sang was Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie is the thing,
 I never kent a canty spring,
 'That e'er deserv'd the Highlan' fling,
 Sae weel as Daintie Davie.

When friends and fouk at bridals meet,
 Their drouthy mou's and craigs to weet,
 The story canna be complete

Without they've Daintie Davie.

Sae, ladies, tune your spinnets weel,
 An' kilt it up wi' a' your skill,
 There's nae strathspey nor Highland reel,
 Comes up to Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

'Tho' bardies a' in former times,
 Ha'e stain'd my sang, wae worth their
 rhymes!

hey had but little mense, wi' crimes
 To blast my Daintie Davie.
 he rankest weeds the garden spoil,
 when Labour tak's the play a while,
 he lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
 And fae it far'd wi' Davie.

O, Dantie Davie, &c.

here's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
 While ilka note is aye fae sweet,
 hat auld an' young get to their feet,
 When they hear Daintie Davie.
 ntil the latest hour of time,
 When Music a' her power shall tine,
 ach hill an' dale, an' grove shall ring,
 Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes 'o' Balloch:

he vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony,

But oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnny.

O she was a canty quean,
An' weel cou'd dance a Highlan' walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Her face fae fair, her een fae clear,
Her wee bit mou fae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
'Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

A young Kintra Laird's courtship.

Now, Jenny lass, my bonny bird,
My daddy's dead, and a' that,
He's snugly laid aneath the yird,
An' I'm his heir, an' a' that,
An' a' that, an' a' that,
I'm now a laird, an' a' that,
His gear an' lan's at my command,
An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me wi' his dying breath,
A dwallin'-house, an' a' that,
A byre, a barn, an' wabs o' claith,
A big peat-slack, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
 A mare, a foal, an' a' that,
 Sax tydie kye, a ca'f forbye,
 An' twa pet yowes, a' an' that.

yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,
 An' stacks o' corn, an' a' that,
 closed weel wi' thorns and trees,
 An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
 A pleugh an' graith, an' a' that,
 Gude harrows twa, cock, hens an' a',
 An' far mae things than a' that.

e heaps o' claife for ilka days,
 An' Sunday's too, an' a' that,
 e bills and bands on lairds o' lands,
 An' siller, gowd, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
 What think ye, las, o' a' that,
 What want I now, my dainty dow,
 But just a wife to a' that.

w Jenny she laid her lufe in his,
 Said she'd tak him wi' a' that ;
 ad he gi'ed her a fappy kifs,
 And he dauted her, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,
 They set the day, an' a' that,

When she'd gang hame to be his dame,
To ha'e a rant, an' a' that.

The Old Commodore.

ODS'BLOOD what a time for a seaman to
sculk,

Under gingerbread hatches ashore,
What a damn'd bad job that this old bat-
ter'd hulk

Can't be rigg'd out to sea once more.

But the puppies as they pass,

Cocking up a squinting glass,

Thus runs down the old commodore:

That's the old commodore,

The old rum commodore,

The gouty old commodore — He!

Why the bullets and the gout

Have so knock'd his hull about.

That he'll never more be fit for the sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-log'd,

Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar;

I'm left to my crew, and may I be flogg'd

But the doctor's a son of a whore.

While I'm swallowing his floss,

How nimble are his chops,

Thus quizzing the old commodore:

O bad case, commodore,
 Can't say, old commodore,
 Mus'n't flatter commodore, says he,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about
 That you'll never more be fit for the
 sea.

That! no more to be afloat—blood and
 fury they lie,

I'm a seaman, and only threescore;
 and if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadzooks let me not die ashore.

As to death, 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live on fire and smoke,
 So at least says an old commodore,
 The rum old commodore,
 The tough old commodore,
 The fighting old commodore—he,
 Whom the devil nor the gout,
 Nor the French dogs to boot,
 Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

Willie's wedding on the green,
 he lasses, bonny witches,
 e a' drest out in aprons clean,
 and braw white Sunday mutthes.

Auld Maggy bad the lads take tent,
 But Jock would not believe her,
 But soon the fool his folly kent,
 For Jenny dang the weaver,
 Jenny dang, &c.

At ilka kintra dance or reel,
 Wi' her he would be bobbing;
 When she sat down, he sat down,
 And to her would be gabbing.
 Where'er she gaed baith but and ben,
 The cuif wad never leave her,
 Aye keckling like a clocking hen
 But Jenny dang the weaver.
 Jenny dang, &c.

Quoth he, my lass, to speak my mind,
 In troth I need na swither,
 You've bonny een, and if you're kind
 I'll never seek anither.
 He humm'd and ha'd, the lass cry'd peugh,
 And baid the cuif not deave her;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.
 And Jenny dang, dang, dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh
 And dang the silly weaver.

The Boatie rows.

weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed;
 And leesome may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread.

weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet.
 And buys our porrich meal
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed,
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 Muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,
 I trow my heart was douf an' wae,
 When Jamie gaed awa';
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And tightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
 Are up and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And tightsome be her heart that bears
 The mutlain and the croel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warn,
 As we did them before.
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the bairns' bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

FINIS.

J. Neilson, printer.