

Six Favourite

SONGS.

John Anderson my Jo.
There's nae Luck about the House.
I Gaed a wae fu Gate Yestreen.
Auld Langsyne.
Blythe and Happy are we.
The Rose will cease to blow.



NEWTON-STEWART.

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Retail, by J. M'NAIRN.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

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

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Mak haste, set by your wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Gi'e me my cloak I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

CHORUS.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a';

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa.

O gi'e me down my bigonet,

My bishop's satin gown;

For I maun tell the bailie's wife

That Colin's come to town,

My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,

My hose o' pearl blue,

It's a' to please my ain gudeman.

For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and make a clean fire-sike,

Put on the muckle pot;

Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been lang awa.

There are twa hens upon the bank,

They've fed this month and mair;

Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare ;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;

It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa ;

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air,

His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blast o' the winter wind,
 That thirled through my heart,

They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ?

But what puts parting in my head ?
 It may be far awa ;

The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave ;

Could I but live to make him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht.
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom liy-white,
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked she smiled, my heart she wiled,
 She charmed my soul, I wistna how ;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak and spare to speed,
 She'll ablins listen to my vow ;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' langsyne?

For auld langsyne, my dear,

For auld langsyne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld langsyne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,

And pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidel it i' the burn,

; Frae an'oring sun till dine;

But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne &c.

Now there's a hand my trusty fiere,

And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak a right guid willie waucht

For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine,
 And and we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

BLYTHER AND HAPPY ARE WE

Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we,
 Could care is fle'd awa;
 This is but ae night o' our lives,
 And wha could grudge tho' it were twa?

The evening shade around is spread,
 The chilling tempest sweeps the sky;
 We're kindly met, and warmly set,
 An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span,
 This mortal life a passing dream,
 Nought to illum' the dreary gloom,
 Save love and friendship's sacred gleam.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,
 And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine;
 The glowing breast that lo'es them best,
 Shall dearest ever be to mine.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,
 May discord ne'er a feeling wonnd,
 An' should we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,
 But in a bowl he't quickly drown'd.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Now rap and ring, and gar them bring
 The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen ;
 Why should we part, when hand and heart
 At ilka bumper grows mare keen ?
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The rose will cease to blow,
 The eagle turn a dove,
 The stream will cease to flow,
 Ere I will cease to love.

The sun will cease to shine,
 The world will cease to move,
 The stars their light resign,
 Ere I can cease to love.