Six Favourite A MICL

SONGS.

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

We clouds the hill thegither,



sure the news is mus

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WE STILL HOLE WORLD

And are v

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent, 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 2 homin's

Give the my cloak I'll to the quay, tead Hell And see him confe ashore. nilo J and T melo but tean oldat out beorge but CHORUS of guidt chill rell For there's nachuck about the house. and

There's nae luck at a's, nood a'od to'l There's little pleasure in the house, d When jour gudeman's awa id out as ris rollso edil disert aid

O gi'e me down my bigonet, tool ynor aill My bishop's satingown, op od nod W For I maunitell tell the bailie's wife white That Colin's come to town, ill white My Sunday's shoon they maunigae ond i My hose o' pearl blue, il million million It's a' to please my ain gudeman.

For he's bath leaf and true, blues of T inset you in confit behind and a Rise up and make a clean fire side, you'T Put on the muckle pot; dates fir Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown, dw to And Jock his Sunday's chard; you th And mak their shoon as black as stacs. T Their hose as white as snaw; of T It's a' to please my ain gudeman, For he's been lang lawa. a mic'd confid

There are two hers upon the back, woo They've fed this month and main si 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 gudemant, and roll For he's been lang awa a non somely SAUGI CIT I STALLT BELLE BORNAT Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech. His breath like caller air. His very foot has music in't, denote () When he comes up the stair. And will I see his face again? And will hear him speak ? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht. In troth I'm like to greet. transferrar and an an article and

The cauld blast o' the winter wind, and 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 ?

The present moment is our ain, the back

The neist we never saw. grad good i

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

dense my sie gudem

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.

and and any in the back of the forgut,

I gaed a waefu' 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.

St. MARY

AULD LANGSYNF. Ilim but Should auld acquaintance be forget, but And never brought to min ? of ul Should auld acquaintance be forget, And days o' langsyne ? "For auld langsyne, my dear, 14 01

For auld langsyne,

We'll tak a cup o'tkjudness yet, sag i For auld langsyne sei 1, stay A (199 Jours aws sait drob ym teg i We twa ha'e run about the bracs, swT And pu'll the gowansifines: I ton sawT But we've wander'd mony aswaany foot, Sin' auld langsyne coosed grives a tol

For and langsyne, & c.ad any 31

We two hate paidel't indeebung alle) add i Frae anorning sun till dinerade add Babseas between us braid dae doardlach Sin adddlangsyne, noo nod and add angsyne & cost ornge that i wor yn of not il and all add all add Now there's a hand in patriasty directord? And gife's a hand in patriasty directord? And we'll tak a right guid willie waucht For auld langsyne. For auld langsyne, &e. 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.

BLYTHEIAND HAPPY ARE WE, work ; nose ov'ow toy 'ultruste teoggid all'I Blythe, blythe, an' happy are we, used all'I Cauldocare is fley/drawa; mud all it A This is but ac, night lo' sour 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 frinning by. Blythe, blythe, &c. wolt of seaso flive meets of T

The days o' man are but a span, This mortal life a passing dream, Nought to illume 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 be'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.

And what could an idea 1.3' it. were that

THE BOSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

bagana i here tona prima off

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.

Ther tone sum che And tribt well to a colline : a gritving oreast the reachem bean Sinal dourse income tribu. Highle lighter or a colline.

And surch, roll be your plut stoup,