THREE FAVOURITE

SONGS.

As I stood by yon Roofless Tower. John Barleycorn. Husband, husband, cease your strife.

And tells the midnight moon her car



Whase distant rearing swells and his web out

The cauld hive north a series and by with,

NEWTON-STEWART: Printed for the Booksellers, of add BY J. M'NAIRN.

THELE LAVOURITE

SONGS.

A VISION.

As I stood by you roofless tower, Where the wa'-flower scents the dawy air.; Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,

The stars they shot along the sky ; The fox was howling on the hill, And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazzely path, Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's ; Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth,

Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din ; Athort the lift they start and shift,

Like fortune's favours, tint as win

But a miller used him worst of all years and of For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood, And drank it round and round ; And still the more and more they drank. Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold, Of noble enterprise; For if you do but taste his blood 'Twill make your courage rise.

The sultry suns of summer come And he grew, such sad strong ;

'Twill heighten all his joy; mis loow bood all "I'will make the widow's heart to sing, on tod I Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleyeoux, ry of godW

Each man a glass in hand; is strict guibred eith And may his great posterity, it maged of h' mod?

He ficked into see 1

Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

An' they hae sworn a solemn oath, John Barleycorn should die. For he crush'd Em 'ta cen tajo s'ones They took a plough and plough'd him down, the iney hae ta er Put clods upon his head ; And drank it round And they has sworn a solemn oath. John Borleycorn was dead. Their by did nore adout But the cheerful spring came kindly on; And show'rs began to fall : John Barleycorn got up again, For if you do but u And sore surpris'd them all. The sultry suns of summer came, And he grew thick and strong Trul HimT His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, That no one should him wrong. The the LAT THE HALL ON The sober autumn enter'd mild. When he grew won and pale; tass; au je nod I His bending joints and drooping head, nem doal Show'd he began to fail. long thory shi yatu bal Ne er fall in old Scotland. His colour sicken'd more and more

He faded into age ;-----

And then his enemies began; Topper and the second To shew their deadly rage. more of the had They've ta'en a weapon long and sharpy 1 eis 1 113:1 And cut him by the knee ; Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, and entitie & I is I. Like a rogue for forgerie, is had shoul airsh will They laid him down upon his back, and sid no had. And cudgell'd him full sore; once broke well They hung him up before the storm, and and but? And turn'd him o'er and o'er, out b'enor tigil They filled up a darksome pit, o olst a esw si do tall With water to the bring sinetial a tom aver As They heaved in John Barleycorn, id you in game all There let him sink or swim. I blisw guiqeew all They laid him out upon the floor; the biss of task up I To work him faither woe, And still as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd hinr to and from JOHN BARLEYCO. They wasted o'er a scorching flame, it saw erad I The marrow of his bones ; send to worram all

5

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see; A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, we us at sa val Attir'd as minstrels wont to be d mil too bak Had I a statue been o'stane, roqu seat-mid L'ys and L His darin look had daunten me And on his bonnet grav'd was plain, and bis! yoll The sacred posie-Liberty. mil bill bus haA And frae his harp sic strains did flow, nid good you'l Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear; But oh, it was a tale of woe, theb : go bollin yen' As ever met a Briton's ear. I gilt of retain driff He sang wi' joy his former day, mot hi bowned yend He weeping wail'd his latter times. But what he said it was nae play, no mid bial you'l I winna ventur't in my ryhmes. and stow of And still as signs of his bar They toss'd him to and fre. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There was three kings into the east, Three kings both great and high ; Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, sir; Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, sic.

0.18

SONG. 1 has egod I. - 1 .

"One of two must still obey, boy you'll find "Nancy, Nancy; bios soon bound to "Is it man or woman, say, "My spouse Nancy.

If 'tis still the lordly word, ' 'Cours' ' 'Cours' ' Service and obedience ; 'All first find fin cert's of I'll desert my sovereign lord. ' ' 'Seucha VL' of And so, good b'ye allegiance.

" Sad will I be, so bereft, " Nancy, Nancy;

" Yet I'll try to make a shift, My spouse Nancy.

My poor heart then break it must, My last hour I'm near it ; When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will bear it. " I will hope and trust in heaven,

" Nancy, Nancy :, games interious fored of I "Strength to bear it will be given, approximated " My spouse Nancy, holdow movement in I

2.1

Well, sir, from the silent dead, Sea ms I on I

Still I'll try to danut you ; gen ows to os D" Ever round your midnight bed, mak Horrid spirits shall haunt you. To nam ti el.

" I'll wed another, like my dear, "Nancy, Nancy ; the statute of the statute "Then all hell will fly for fear, ado bas down? " My spouse, Nancy, moistavos que trasb Il'I

> a Sai will I be, so bereft, " Yet I'll try to make a shirt. · The speciese Fance.

My poor head the strenk it We su you lay me in the dase.

Think, thick haw you will that it