

THREE FAVOURITE

S O N G S.

As I stood by yon Roofless Tower,

John Barleycorn,

Husband, husband, cease your strife,



NEWTON-STEWART:

Printed for the Booksellers,

BY J. M'NAIRN.

SONGS.

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy 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 list they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

But a miller used him worst of all,

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.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,

'Twill heighten all his joy;

'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,

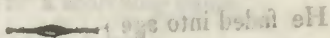
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,

Each man a glass in hand;

And may his great posterity,

Ne'er fail in old Scotland.



An' they hae sworn a solemn oath,

John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down;

Put clods upon his head ;

And they hae sworn a solemn oath.

John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on;

And show'rs began to fall :

John Barleycorn got up again,

And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,

And he grew thick and strong ;

His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,

That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,

When he grew wan and pale ;

His bending joints and drooping head,

Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more;

He faded into age ; —

And then his enemies began,
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie,

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;

They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit,
With water to the brim,

They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe ,

And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see;

A stern and staitwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin look had daunten me

And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posie—Liberty.

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.

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 ryhmes.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There was three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high;

SONG.

Husband, husband, cease your strife,

Nor longer idly rave, sir ;

Tho' I am your wedded wife,

Yet I am not your slave, sir.

“One of two must still obey,

“ Nancy, Nancy ;

“Is it man or wòman, say,

“ My spouse Nancy.

If 'tis still the lordly word,

Service and obedience ;

I'll desert my sovereign lord.

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 ;

" Strength to bear it will be given,

" My spouse Nancy,

Well, sir, from the silent dead,

Still I'll try to daunt you ;

Ever round your midnight bed,

Horrid spirits shall haunt you,

" I'll wed another, like my dear,

" Nancy, Nancy ;

" Then all hell will fly for fear,

" My spouse, Nancy,

" And will I be so daunt'd

" Nancy, Nancy,

" Yet I'll try to make a deal

" My spouse Nancy,

My poor heart that break it

My last hour I'm now in

When you lay me in the

Think, think how you will