

Ten Favourite

# SONGS.

Loch na Gar.

On wi' the Tartan.

Oft in the stilly night.

Charlie is my darling.

The last Rose of summer.

Farewell thou fair day.

Alice Gray.

Oh no! we never mention her.

O, come to me when daylight sets.

The King's Anthem.



NEWTON-STEWART:

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By J. M'NAIRN.

## LOCH NA GAR.

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,  
 For still they are sacred to friendship and love.  
 Yet Caledonia! beloved are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war,  
 Tho' cataracts foam, instead of smooth flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Gar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.  
 On chieftains long perished my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade.  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star:  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Gar.

Shades of the dead have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale;  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices  
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.  
 Round Loch na Gar, while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Cloud there encircle the forms of my fathers:  
 They dwell in the tempest of dark Loch na Gar.

Ill star'd though brave, did no vision foreboding,  
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause,  
 Ah! were you destin'd to die at Colloden,  
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.  
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,  
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,  
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's bold number,  
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Gar.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Gar, since I left you,  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again,  
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you;  
 Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.  
 England thy beauties are tame and domestic  
 To one who has roam'd on the mountain afar,  
 Oh! for the craigs that are wild and majestic,  
 The steep-frowning glories of dark Loch na Gar.

ON Wİ, THE TARTAN.

A Scottish Song, set to Music by R. A. Smith.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, the hills wild and free,  
 Where the sang o' the Shepherd gars a' ring wi' glee;  
 Or the steep rocky glen where the wild falcons bide?  
 Then on wi' the tartan an' fie let us ride.

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie, that ne'er war in riggs?  
 Or the bonnie lown knowes where the sweet Robin bings?  
 Or the sang o' the lintie, whan woin' his bride?  
 Then on wi' the tartan an' fie let us ride.

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie, that lours amang linnas?  
 Or the bonnie green holms where it canny runs,  
 Wi' a canty bit housie sae snug by its side?  
 Then on wi' the tartan, an' fie let us ride.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,

Er'st slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem'ry brings the light

Of other days around me.

The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad mem'ry brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one who treads alone,  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all, but he, departed!  
 Thus, &c.

**CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.**

CHARLIE is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
 O Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier,  
 'Twas on a Monday morning, right early in the year,  
 When Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier  
 As he came marching up the street the pipes played low  
 and clear;  
 And a' the folk came running out to meet the Chevalier  
 O Charlie is my darling, &c.

With Highland bonnets on their heads and claymores  
 bright and clear,  
 They came to fight for Scotland's rights and the young  
 Chevalier;



They've left their bonny Highland hills; their wives and  
 bairnies dear,  
 To draw the sword for Scotland's cause and the young  
 Chevalier.

O Charlie's my darling; &c.

**THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.**

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,  
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred, no rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So, soon may I follow, when friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away:  
 When true hearts lie wither'd and fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?



**FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY.**

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!  
 Farewell! loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties;  
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go frighten the coward and slave, bid them fly  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
 Our king and our country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O, who would not die with the brave !

THE LAST WORDS OF THE HERO

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her,  
 She's lovely, she's divine;

But her heart it is another's,  
 She never can be mine :

Yet loved, I as man never loved,  
 A love without decay—

Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,  
 For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er,  
 A brow of spotless white;

And her bright blue eye now languishes,  
 Now flashes with delight.

Her hair is braided not for me,  
 Her eye is turned away—

Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking,  
 For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summers sun,  
 I've trembled in the blast;

But my pilgrimage is nearly done,  
 My weary transports past.

COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS

And when the green sod wraps my grave,  
May pity haply say—  
Oh! his heart, his heart was broken,  
For the love of Alice Gray.

OH! NO WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Oh! no we never mention her,  
Her name is never heard;  
My lips are now forbid to speak,  
That once familiar words  
From sport to sport they hurry me,  
To banish my regret;  
And when they win a smile from me,  
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,  
The charms that others see;  
But were I in a foreign land,  
They'd find no change in me.  
'Tis true that I behold no more,  
The valley where we met:

I do not see the hawthorn tree,  
But how can I forget.

They tell me she is happy now,  
The gayest of the gay;  
They hint that she has me forgot,  
But heed not what they say.  
Like me perhaps she struggles with  
Each feeling of regret;  
But if she loves as I have lov'd,  
She never can forget.

## O! COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

O come to me when daylight sets,  
 Sweet then come to me,  
 When smoothly go our gondolets,  
 O'er the moonlight sea.  
 When mirth's awake and love begins,  
 Beneath that glancing ray,  
 With sound of lutes and mandolins,  
 To steal young hearts away.

O come to me when daylight sets. &c.

Oh! then's the hour for those who love,  
 Sweet, like thee and me,  
 When all's so calm below, above,  
 In heaven, and o'er the sea.  
 When maidens sing sweet barcaroles,  
 And echo, sings again,  
 So sweet that all with ears, and souls,  
 Should love and listen, then.

So come to me when daylight sets. &c.

## THE KING'S ANTHEM.

God save our noble King  
 William the fourth, we sing  
 God Save the King  
 Lend him Victorious  
 Happy and glorious  
 Long to reign over us  
 God Save the king—