

FIVE FAVOURITE

**S O N G S.**

The Triumph of Reform.  
While o'er the rising Moon.  
The Burial of Sir John Moore.  
The Pigeon.  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye.



**NEWTON-STEWART:**

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**J. M'NAIRN.**

THE TRIUMPH OF REFORM.

Now, brother Reformers, come forth and assemble,  
 The victory is won, let us meet and rejoice ;  
 The spirit of Union has made our foes tremble,  
 And called back the men of the people's own choice.  
 Our claims, long rejected, resentment engendered—  
 Reformers stood forward in fearless array ;  
 The contest was zealous—base faction surrender'd,  
 And hope bids us look for a prosperous day.

Duke Wellington, Lyndhurst, may rage, wail, and  
 grumble,

Earl Vane,\* and Carnarvon, may bray like an ass ;

The people have taught them a lesson to humble

The hearts of proud tyrants, with faces of brass.

Here's health to Earl Grey, Althorp, Richmond and  
 Russel,

Here's Landsdowne, and Durham, and Holland and  
 Brougham,

\* The Marquis of Londonderry votes in Parliament as  
 Earl Vane.

Whenever they're called on with factions to justle,

Defeat and confusion will sure be their doom.

And here's to the people' who, firm and united,

Have vanquish'd their foes without bloodshed or  
stife ;

And here's to King William, whose worth has been  
slighted,

May he never again be misled in his life.

Now he knows that he rules o'er a nation of freemen

Who scorn the cognomen of coward or slave ;

Long life and renown to the true British seaman,

Who trust for support to the hearts of the brave.

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WHILE O'ER THE RISING MOON.

While o'er the rising moon,

Clouds gently hover ;

Come, lady, through the gloom,

Come to thy lover.

Sweet on the evening breeze,

Music is sounding—

List! list! amid the trees,

Gay feet are bounding.

Come where the radiance bright,

Clearer is glancing;

Come where the radiance bright,

Clearer is glancing.

Come, come, come.

Come, ere the blushing east,

Daylight discover;

Come, time is fleeting fast,

Come to thy lover.

Come, come, come.

While o'er the rising moon,

Clouds gently hover;

Come, lady, through the gloom,

Come to thy lover,

Come, come, come,

Come to thy lover,

Oh! come, come, come.

## THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard; not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,  
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning;  
 By the struggling moon-beams misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow;

How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,

And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone;

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;

But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on;

In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done;

When the clock told the hour for retiring ;

And we heard the distant and random gun,

That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down.

From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone

But we left him alone with his glory.

### THE PIGEON.

Why tarries my love ?—ah ! where does he rove,

My love is long absent from me ;



Come hither my dove—I'll write to my love,  
And send him a letter by thee.

'To find him swift fly—the letter I'll tie,  
Secure to thy leg with a string ;

'A ! not to my leg, fair lady, I beg,  
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck :—she drew o'er his neck,  
A bell, and a collar so gay ;

She tied to his wing the scroll with a string.

Then kissed him, and sent him away.

It blew and it rained ;—the pigeon disdained,  
To seek shelter : undaunted he flew ;

Till wet was his wing, and painful the string,  
So heavy the letter grew.

He flew all around, till Colin he found,

Then perched on his hand with the prize ;

Whose heart, while he reads, with tenderness bleeds

For the pigeon that flutters and dies,

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,

'Deed I darena tell;

Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,

Ask it o' yoursel.

Oh! dinna look sae aft at me,

For oh! ye weel may trow;

That when ye look sae sair at me,

I darena look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,

And bonnier lasses see;

O' Jamie! dinna look at them,

For fear ye mind na me:

For I could never bide the lass,

That ye lo'ed mair than me;

And O I'm sure my heart would break,

Gin ye'd prove false to me.