

EIGHT FAVOURITE

S O N G S.

Hurra for the Bonnets o' Blue,
A Soldier's Gratitude.
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie.
Had I a Heart for falsehood framed,
Up in the Morning early,
On Belvidera's Bosom lying,
Away with Melancholy.
It is not so.



NEWTON-STEWART,

Printed for the Booksellers, by

J. M'NAIRN.

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

Hurra for the bonnets of blue,

Hurra for the bonnets of blue ;

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true ;

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's freedom to them that would read,

Here's freedom to them that would write ;

There's nane ever feared that the truth should be
heard,

But they whom the truth would indite.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue ;

It's guid to be wise, to be honest, and true,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.



A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

Whate'er my fate—where'er I roam—

By sorrow still oppressed ;

I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,

That gave the wanderer rest.

Then ever rove life's sunny banks,

By sweetest flowerets strewed :

Still may you claim a soldier's thanks—

A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,

That meek-eyed pity gave ;

My last expiring hour shall cheer,

And bless the wanderer's grave.

Then ever rove life's sunny banks,

By sweetest flowerets strewed ;

Still may you claim a soldier's thanks—

A soldier's gratitude.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE'

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,

Thou hast left me ever ;

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,

Thou hast left me ever.

Aften thou hast vowed that death,

Only should us sever ;

Now thou'st left thy lass for aye ;

I maun see thee never, Jamie,

I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,

Thou hast me forsaken :

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,

Thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love another jo

While my heart is breaking ;

Soon my weary een I'll close,

Never mair to waken, Jamie,

Never mair to waken.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED,

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you ;

For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul should bear deceit,

No stranger offer wrong :

But friends in all the aged you'll meet,

And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bless'd,

Another with your heart ;

They'll bid aspiring passion rest,

And act a brother's part.

Then, Lady, dread not their deceit,

Nor fear to suffer wrong ;

For friends in all the aged you'll meet,

And lovers in the young.

IT IS NOT SO.

It is not so—is not so—

The world may think me gay,

And on my cheek the ready smile

May ceaseless seem to play ;

The ray which tips with gold the stream,
 Gilds not the depths below;—
 All bright alike the eye may deem,
 But yet—it is not so.

Why to the cold and careless throng
 My ceaseless grief reveal?

Why speak of what I was, to those
 Who do not, cannot feel?

No! joy may light the brow—unknown,
 Unseen my tear-drops flow,

'Tis my poor, sorrowing heart alone
 Responds—it is not so.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,

I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,

The drift is driving sairly;

Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,

I'm sure it's winter fairly,

Up in the morning &c.

The birds sit chattering on the thorn,

A' day they fare but sparely ;

And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,

I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning, &c.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Away with melancholy,

Not doleful changes ring ;

On life and human folly,

But merrily, merrily sing.

Fal la!

Come on ye rosy hours,

Gay smiling moments bring ;

We'll strew the way with flowers,

And merrily, merrily sing,

Fal la!

For what's the use of sighing,

While time is on the wing?

Can we prevent his flying?

Then merrily, merrily sing,

Fal la!

ON BELVIDERA'S BOSOM LYING.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,

Wishing, panting, sighing dying,

The cold regardless maid to move,

With unavailing prayers I sue,

You first have taught me how to love,

O teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,

To all my sighs and tears replies,

'Tis every prudent maid's concern;

Her lover's fondness to improve,

If to be happy you should learn,

You quickly would forget to love.