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SIX SONGS.

Behave yoursel' afore folk.

The Wandering Boy.

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

My Henry is gone.

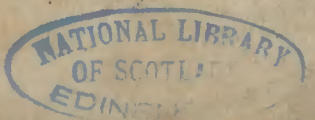
Wilt thou say farewell, love.

Pity and protect the Slave.



KILMARNOCK:

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BEHAVE YOURSEL' AFORE FOLK.

AIR—Good-morrow to your night-cap.

BY ALEXANDER RODGER.

Behave yoursel' afore folk,
Behave yoursel' afore folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
And kiss me sae afore folk.

It wadna gi'e me muckle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak a kiss, or grant you ane;
But gudesake no afore folk.
Behave yoursel' afore folk,
Behave yoursel' afore folk,
Whate'er ye do when out o' view,
Be cautious aye afore folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
That's gi'en, or ta'en, before folk.
Behave yoursel' afore folk,
Behave yoursel' afore folk;
Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no thro' hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this,
 But, losh, I tak' it sair amiss
 I'o be sae teazed afore folk.
 Behave yoursel' afore folk,
 Behave yoursel' afore folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' aye,
 But feint a ana afore folk.

I'm sure tae you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass can be,
 But yet it does na do to see,
 Sic freedom us'd afore folk.
 Behave yoursel' afore folk,
 Behave yoursel' afore folk;
 I'll, ne'er submit again to it,
 So mind you that afore folk.

You tell me that my face is fair—
 It may be sae, I dinna care,
 But ne'er again gar't biush sae sair,
 As ye ha'e done afore folk.
 Behave yoursel' afore folk,
 Behave yoursel' afore folk;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce atore folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales I doubt are a' deceit;
 At ony rate it's hardly meet,
 To pree these sweets afore folk.
 Behave yoursel' afore folk,
 Behave yoursel' afore folk;

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Gin that's the case, there's time and place
But surely no afore folk.

But gin ye really do insist,
'That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae get a licence frae the priest,
And mak' me yours afore folk.
Behave yoursel' afore folk,
Behave yoursel' afore folk;
And when we're aye, baith flesh and ban,
Ye may tak' ten—afore folk.

THE WANDERING BOY.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild
moor,
The cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless
eye;
How hard is the fate of the wandering boy.

CHORUS.

The winter is cold and I have no place of rest,
My heart is so cold that it beats in my breast,
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am the poor little wandering boy.

I once had a home—I once had a sire;
A mother, who granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood embower'd in a vale,
Where the ring-dove it warbled its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
 They left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey;
 Fled from their rigour with many a sigh,
 But now I am left a poor wandering boy.

The winter is cold, and the snow loads the gale,
 There is no one will listen to my innocent tale.
 I will go to the grave where my parents do lie,
 And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

MY HENRY IS GONE.

O green are the groves where with Henry I
 stray'd!

And bright are the hills all around,
 The fields and the vallies are gaily array'd,
 And fresh flowrets enamel the ground.

CHORUS.

But my Henry is gone, and left me forlorn,
 To deplore the most faithless of men;
 The flowers of hope from my bosom are torn,
 And they never shall blossom again,
 They never shall blossom again.

The birds sing as sweetly on ev'ry green thorn,
 The brook steals as soft through the grove,
 The sun shines as bright, and as sweet smiles the
 morn,

As they did when I roam'd with my love.

But my Henry is gone, &c.

REST, WARRIOR, REST!

He comes from the wars, from the red field of
 fight,
 He comes through the storm and the darkness of
 night,
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale, pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his
 brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.
 Rest, warrior, rest!—rest, warrior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perchance he may dream—but the vision shall
 tell.

Of his lady love's bower, and her latest farewell.
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his
 arms;

He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her
 kiss:

A! warrior, wake not! such slumber is bliss.
 Rest, warrior, rest!—rest, warrior, rest!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;