

THE
AYRSHIRE
MELODIST:

OR, THE
MUSES' DELIGHT.

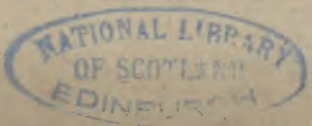
A Choice Collection of Scotch Songs.



KILMARNOCK:

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1821.



THE
Ayrshire Melodist.

My ain dear Jean.

OF a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I love best:
Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day an' night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers.
Sae lovely, sweet an' fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' mirth that charms the air;
'There's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw,

But when their best they ha'e put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a';
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest of the town,
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Tho' drest in rustic gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam
 Mair harmless canna be;
 She has nae fau't (if sic we ca't,)
 Except her love for me.
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een;
 In shape an' air, wha can compare
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye westland win's, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees,
 And bring the lassie back to me,
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the 'nowes,
 Has past atween us twa!
 How fain to meet, how wae to part,
 That day she gaed awa!

The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That name can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean,

—o—

King Robert's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led.
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour!
 See the front of battle loud!
 See approach proud Edward's power!
 Edward, chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freeman stand, or Freeman fa'?
 ' Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward—let us do or die.

—o—

Highland Mary.

On banks and braes, and streams around
 The Castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'ers,
 Your waters never drumlie:
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours on angel-wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early ;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's care
Shall live my Highland Mary,

—o—

John Anderson, my jo.

—

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
I wonder what you mean,
'To rise sae early in the morning,
And sit sae late at e'en ;

Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John,
 And why should ye do so?
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When Nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her master-work was man;
 And you amang them a', John,
 So trig frae top to toe,
 She prov'd to be nae journey work,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 I think nae shame to own, John,
 I lo'ed you ear and late:
 They say ye're turning auld, John,
 And what though it be so?
 Ye're ay the same kind man to me.
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms,
 And sae are ye in mine, John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,

Tho' the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gi'e,
To see sae mony sprouts, John,
Grow up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now you're turned bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past.
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let nae that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we liv'd,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither,
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

—o—

Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;
 Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
 Ye wadna found in Christendee.

We arena fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree:

Hére are we met, three merry boys,
 'Three merry boys, I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mair we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But by my ssoth she'll wait a wee.
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loon is he;
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are na fou, &c.

—o—

Flora Macdenaid.

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the correi that sings to the
 sea,
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her
 lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her
 e'e.
 She look'd at a boat with the breezes that
 swung
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the
 main:

And aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she
sung,

Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.

Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and
young,

Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see
again.

The moorcock that craws on the brows o'
Benconnal,

He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame,
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-
ronald,

Unaw'd and unhunted his eiry can claim.
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the
shore,

The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But O! there is ane whose hard fate I de-
plore,

Nor house, ha' nor hame in his country
has he.

The conflict is past, and his name is no
more,

There is nought left but sorrow for Scotland
and me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,

The helmet is cleft on the brow of the
brave,

The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
 But red is the sword of the tyrant and
 slave.
 The hoof of the horse and the foot of the
 proud,
 Have trode o'er the plume of the bonnet
 of blue ;
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the
 cloud,
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true.
 Fareweel my young hero, the gallant and
 good,
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
 brow.

—o—

When the Rose-Bud of Summer.

WHEN the rose-bud of summer its beauties
 bestowing,
 On winter's rude banks all its sweetness
 shall pour ;
 And the sunshine of day in night's dark-
 ness be glowing,
 Oh! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
 more.

When of hope, the last spark which thy
 smile lov'd to cherish,
 In my bosom shall die, and it's splendour
 be o'er;
 And the pulse of that heart which adores
 you shall perish,
 Oh! then dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
 more.

—o—

Despairing Mary.

—

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in
 sorrow;
 See a' around you the flowers sweetly
 blaw,
 Blithe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs o'
 Jura,
 Blithe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.
 How can this heart ever mair think of plea-
 sure,
 Simmer may smile, but delight I hae
 nane,
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only trea-
 sure;
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is
 gane.

This kerchief he gave me, a true lover's
token,

Dear, dear to me, was the gift for his
sake!

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart
is broken;

Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break.

Sighing for him, I lie down in the evening,

Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;

Spent are my days a' in secret repining,

Peace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retire-
ment,

Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent
beams;

Sweet were our meetings of tender endear-
ment,

But fled are those joys like a fleet passing
dream.

Cruel remembrance, oh! why wilt thou wreck
me,

Brooding o'er joys that for ever are
flown,

Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,

Flee to some bosom where grief is un-
known.

O Life is like a summer flower.

O life is like a summer flower,
 Blooming but to wither ;
 O love is like an April shower,
 Tears and smiles together ;
 And hope is but a vapour light,
 The lovers worst deceiver ;
 Before him now it dances bright,
 And now 'tis gone for ever.
 O now 'tis gone for ever.

Joy is but a passing ray,
 Lover's hearts beguiling,
 A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
 Just a moment smiling ;
 But though in hopeless dark despair,
 The thread of life may sever ;
 Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
 My heart is thine for ever.
 My heart is thine, &c.

—o—

Annot Lyle.

WERT thou like me in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest that lot I'd share,
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.

But parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove,
 May thine be joy, enough for me
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

—o—

The Maniac's Song.

HARK! 'tis the poor maniac's song :
 She sits on yon wild craggy steep,
 And while the winds mournfully whist
 along,
 She wistfully looks o'er the deep.
 And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, i
 laby!"
 To hush the rude billows asleep.

he looks to yon rock far at sea,
 And thinks it her lover's white sail,
 The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist-
 ning eye,

As she beckons his vessel to hail,
 And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby,
 lullaby!"

And frets at the boisterous gale.
 Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
 Till the seas robb'd her heart of its joy,
 When her reason was lost in the gloom of
 despair,

And her charms then did wither and die;
 And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lul-
 laby!"

Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh,

—o—

Dear Kate, thy charms were like the roses

—

Dear Kate, thy charms were like the rose,
 Hid in a lonely dale,
 Sweet as any flower that blows,
 I found thee in the vale.
 I found thee in the vale.
 And tho' I had till that blest hour
 Been like a roving bee,

I could not leave so sweet a flower,
 I could not leave so sweet a flower,
 Nor rove dear Kate from thee ;
 But ever prov'd how much I lov'd,
 How dear thou wert to me.

For thee,—dear maid,—the town I'll
 leave,
 To thee my wealth resign ;
 And in thy lonely vale I'll live,
 Sweet Kate, if thou'lt be mine.
 And when I share thy rural cot,
 My joy of life shall be,
 To please thy every wish and thought,
 And live alone for thee :
 O then I'll prove how much I love,
 How dear thou art to me.

When village pastimes on the green,
 Invite us forth at eve ;
 With thee I'll join the pleasing scene,
 And taste the joys they give.
 And when the festive dance we share,
 My heart unchang'd shall be ;
 For tho' the fairest nymphs are there,
 I'll fondly turn to thee ;
 And thus I'll prove, how much I love,
 How dear thou art to me.

Is there a heart that never lov'd.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where noughr but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.
 For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

The Young May Moon.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Thro' Morna's grove,

While the drowsy world is dreaming love!
 Then, awake! the heavens look bright,
 my dear!

'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!

And the best of all ways

To lengthen our days,

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my
 dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,

And I, whose star,

More glorious far,

Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

Then, awake, till rise of sun, my dear!

The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear!

Or, in watching the flight

Of bodies of light,

He may happen to take thee for one, my
 dear!

—0—

Ellen of the Dee.

WHERE Dee's soft waters smoothly glide
 'Thro' myrtle's flow'ry dale,
 Meek Ellen shone, in youthful pride,
 The beauty of the vale.

17
Her form was gentle, and her mind
From every folly free,
To render pity still inclin'd
Sweet Ellen of the Dee.

While blooming Henry mark'd her charms,
Who long had known her fame,
He gaz'd and lov'd, and in his arms
She own'd an equal flame.
Though he had sprung of noble race,
And she of low degree,
Yet none to beauty added grace,
Like Ellen of the Dee.

But when the secret of his heart
His haughty parents knew,
They strove with unremitting art
His purpose to undo;
Who (joyless in the splendid dome
With dames of high degree,)
Found pleasure in his humbler fame
With Ellen of the Dee.

To foreign climes he then was sent,
To please parental pride;
Reluctantly poor Henry went,
Left Ellen's charms and died.
They griev'd too late his fate to bear,
And curs'd the stern decree,

Which pride inspir'd, his heart to tear
From Ellen of the Dee.

Who still, when ev'ning softly flings
Her shadows o'er the glade,
On Dee's lone margin strays and sings
Sweet dirges to his shade :
Tho' happiness be not her lot,
No murmur utters she ;
Meek resignation shares the cot
With Ellen of the Dee.

—o—

Mucking o' Geordie's Byre.

As I went over yon meadow,
And carelessly passed along,
I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
While mournfully singing this song.

“ The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
“ And the shooling the gruiپ sae clean,
“ Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
“ And brought the saut tears frae my
een.”

It was not my father's pleasure,
Nor was it my mother's desire,

That ever I should fyle my fingers
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
 The mucking, &c.

Tho' the roads were ever sae filthy,
 Or the day sae scoury and foul,
 wad aye be ganging wi' Geordie;
 I lik'd it far better than school.
 The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
 For being wi' Geordie sae free:
 My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
 Because he's below my degree.
 The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Although he was cunning and sly;
 He ca's me his dear and his honey,
 And I'm sure my Geordie lo'es me.
 The mucking, &c.

—o—

The Ewe-Bughts.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion.
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae hauf sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,
 And the blythe blink's in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk in your white hause-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
 A cow, and a brawny quey;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat o' Lon'on brown,
 And vow but ye will be vap'ring
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your perlings, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramaffie,
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see thee.

FINIS.