

Seven

OF THE MOST

POPULAR SONGS.

THE BRIDAL RING.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND.

THE LASSIES OF SCOTLAND.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN

THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOZELLE.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

THE BRIDAL RING.

I dream'd last night of our earlier days,
Ere I sigh'd for a sword and a feather ;
As we danc'd on the hill in the moon's pale rays,
Hand in hand together.
I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
More sweet than the perfume of Spring,
When I press'd on your finger love's pure golden pledge
The Bridal Ring, the Bridal Ring.

I dreamt I heard thee in the bugle's sound,
And at once was fore'd to sever,
When I fell on the heath with my last dead wound,
Lost to thee for ever.
I thought that you gave me again that kiss,
Imperil'd like a flower in Spring,
'Neath its warmth I awoke, on this dear hand I press'd
The Bridal Ring, the Bridal Ring.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND.

Queer scenes now are all the go,
You cannot say I'm wrong ;
And there is one I'd have you know
I've work'd into a song.

Go where I will—in every street,
 I'm shook, Sirs, by the hand,
 No matter who it is I meet,
 What are you going to stand?

One morning I'd been to get some cash,
 From a swell at the west end ;
 Resolv'd I was to cut a dash,
 When I met with a friend.
 I told him of the errand I'd been,
 When he takes me by the hand,
 I'm glad to hear't, my boy, says he
 What are you going to stand?

Says I, I doesn't mind a drop,
 My spirits for to rouse ;
 So then we toddles into a shop
 Near to Somerset house,
 Inside a lot began to shout,
 As if't had been a plan ;
 It is not often we get you out,
 Now what are you going to stand?

I spent, Sirs, very near a crown,
 My cash was getting shorter,
 For the liquor it went rolling down,
 As though it had been water.
 A wench began my arm to shake,
 I could her hide have tann'd,
 When she said, for old acquaintance sake,
 What are you going to stand?

Thinks I, egad, this will not do,
 So I bolted from the lot ;
 But run against a man I knew,
 Ere a hundred yards I got ;
 I told him of the crew I'd met,
 Says he I understand ;
 Now you've escaped from such a lot,
 What are you going to stand ?

My song I'll now conclude in this,
 You'll all agree I think,
 My friends, that this is quite the March
 Of Intellect for Drink.
 When the landlord he puts out their light,
 I'll take him by the hand,
 You've had a very good room, my boy, to-night.
 What are you going to stand ?

THE LASSIES OF SCOTLAND.

The lassies of Scotland are bonny and free,
 The maidens of Erin are fair,
 The sweet girls of Britain are lovely to see,
 And let them deny it who dare ;
 But the fairest of lassies
 That all those surpasses,
 Is Jeannie, the Maid of the Moor,
 Is Jeannie, lovely Jeannie, the maid of the Moor.

The lassies of Scotland are tender and true,
 The maidens of Erin are kind,

The sweet girls of Britain can monarch's subdue,
 And lovely in person and mind ;
 Yet the fairest of lassies,
 That all those surpasses,
 Is Jeannie the maid of the moor,
 Is Jeannie, lovely Jeannie, the maid of the moor.

The lassies of Scotland are fam'd far and near,
 The maidens of Erin breath love,
 The sweet girls of Britain to Briton's are dear,
 And soft as the down of the dove.
 Still the fairest of lassies,
 That all those surpasses,
 Is Jeannie the maid of the moor,
 Is Jeannie, lovely Jeannie, the maid of the moor,

THE BANKS OF THE BLUE MOZELLE.

When the glow-worms glide the elfin flower,
 That clings round my ruin'd shrine ;
 When first we met, when first we lov'd,
 And I confessed thee mine ;
 'Tis there I fly to meet thee still,
 At the sound of the Vesper Bell,
 In the starry light of a summer's night,
 On the Banks of the blue Mozelle.
 On the Banks of the blue Mozelle.

If the cares of life should shade thy brow,
 Yes, yes in our native bowers,
 My lute and harp might best accord,
 To tell of happier hours.

'Tis there I'd soothe thy grief to rest,
 Each sigh of sorrow quell,
 In a starry light of a summer's night,
 On the Banks of the blue Mozelle,
 On the Banks of the blue Mozelle.

FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Farewell to the mountain,
 And sun-lighted vale,
 The moss-border'd streamlets,
 And sun-lighted vale.
 All so bright, all so fair,
 Here a seraph might dwell,
 'Tis too lovely for me,
 Farewell! Oh, Farewell!

Farewell, for how sweetly
 Each sound meets mine ear;
 The wild bee and butterfly,
 They may rest here.
 Hark, hark, they are hum,
 How it blends with the deep convent bell,
 'Tis too lovely for me,
 Farewell,—Oh, Farewell.

THE MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
 Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo;
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach.

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the
eagles,

Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalach.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the
river,

Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever.

Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrac and Glenlyon no longer are ours ;—

We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalach.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall
career,

O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,

And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,

Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt,

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalach.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

Now ancient English melodies

Are banish'd out of doors,

And nothing's heard in modern days,

But Signoras and Signors.

Such airs I hate,

Like a pig in a gate,

Give me the good old strain,

When 'twas merry in the hall,

Tho beards wagged all,

We shall never see the like again,

We shall never see the like again.

On beds of down our dandies lay,
 And waste the cheerful morn,
 While our squires of old would rouse the day
 To the sound of the bugle horn.
 And their wives took care
 The feast to prepare ;
 For when they left the plain,
 Oh, 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagged all,
 We shall never see the like again,
 We shall never see the like again.

'Twas then the Christmas tale was told,
 Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
 And they cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old
 With a cup of good canary ;
 And they each took a smack
 At the cold black jack,
 Till the fire burn'd in their brain ;—
 Oh, 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagged all—
 May we all see the like again,
 May we all see the like again.