

SIX

Excellent Songs.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

THE YOUTHFUL SQUIRE.

BY THE MARGIN OF ZURICH'S WATERS.

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

SIR JOHN THE GRAME.



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ALLEN-A-DALE

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Allen-a-dale has no faggot for burning,
 Allen-a-dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning,
 Yet Allen-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domain upon Arkindale side,
 The mero for his net, and the lamb for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
 Allen-a-dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word :
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
 Who at Rerecross or Stanmore meets Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-dale to his wooing is come,
 The mother she ask'd of his household and home ;

'Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall,' quoth bold Allen, 'shows gallanter still;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all his bright spangles,' said Allen-a-dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch and bade him begone;
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry—
 He had laugh'd on the lass wi' his bonnie black eye;
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-dale.

SIR JOHN THE GRAME.

'Twas in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a-falling,
 That Sir John Grame o' the west country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly rose she up and came
 To the place where he was lying,
 And drew the curtain by, and said,
 Young man, I think you're dying.
 O it's I'm sick, I'm very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When the red wine ye were filling,
 That ye made their healths go round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan?
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.
 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the death-bell knelling,
 And every jow that the death-bell gied,
 It cry'd, wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

THE YOUTHFUL SQUIRE.

My father had no child but me,
 And all his care continually,
 Was for to have me married well,
 But under fortune's frown I fell.

For to an old miser he wedded me,
 His age it was three-score and three,
 And I myself about seventeen,—
 I wish his face I ne'er had seen.

For when that I abroad do go,
 To meet a friend, to chat, or so ;
 If any man should salute me,
 It more increases his jealousy.

A youthful squire did drink to me,
 I pledg'd with him my modesty ;
 Thought it no harm, yet ne'ertheless,
 My husband did my shoulders dress.

And when that we do go to bed,
 To reap the joys for which we wed ;
 He does so kick and pinch me too,
 That he my limbs leaves black and blue.

Next morning when that I arose,
 I straight in haste put on my clothes,
 And as he lay asleep in bed,
 I with a ladle broke his head.

He took a stick and at me run,
 I took another—so begun,
 And round the room did beat him well,
 Until upon his knees he fell

For every blow I gave him ten,
 And ask'd would he be jealous again;
 No, no, no, no, my loving wife,
 If you will now but spare my life.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER

Boatman, boatman, row me over,
 Row me over the flowing tide;
 Nought but thanks have I to offer,
 Thou shalt have gold when I'm a bride;
 Lady, not for gold I crave thee,
 But the night is wild and dark,
 And in such an angry water,
 I do dread to launch my bark.
 Boatman, boatman, row me over, &c.

Boatman, 'tis not wind or water
 That can turn a maiden's vow;
 Know'st thou I'm Lord Ronald's daughter?
 Boatman, wilt thou venture now?
 Lady fair, an old man blame not,
 I have wife and children three,
 But to serve my chieftain's daughter,
 I will brave the storm for thee.
 Boatman, 'tis not wind or water, &c.

Now the bark hath kiss'd the billow,
 Like some wild bird it flies to shore;
 A hand hath ta'en Lord Ronald's daughter,
 And the boatman returns with gold in store.

Oft on night as dark and stormy,
 Seated in his old arm-chair,
 The aged sailor tells the story
 Of his chieftain's daughter fair.
 Boatman, boatman, row me over, &c.

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

Oh if you love me, furl your sails,
 Draw up your boat on shore;
 Come tell me tales of midnight gales,
 But tempt their might no more:—
 Oh stay, Kate whisper'd, stay with me,
 Fear not, the Rover cried,
 You bark shall be a prize for thee,
 I'll seize it for my bride.

The boat was in pursuit—it flew,
 The full sails bent the mast,
 Poor Kate well knew the Rover's crew
 Would struggle to the last.
 And ceaselessly for morning's light
 She pray'd upon her knees,
 For all the night the sounds of fight
 Were borne upon the breeze.

When morning came, it brought despair,
 The Rover's boat was gone,
 Kate rent her hair, *one* bark was there,
 Triumphant, but alone.

She sought the shore, she brav'd the storm,
 A corpse lay by her side,
 She strove to warm the Rover's form,
 Then kiss'd his lips, and died.

BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S
 WATERS.

By the margin of fair Zürich's waters,
 Dwelt a youth whose fond heart night and day
 For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters,
 In a dream of love melted away.
 If alone, no one bolder than he,
 But with her none more timid could be;
 "Oh list to me, dearest, I pray,"
 When she did so, he only could say—
 "Lackwell a day!"

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
 At the close of a sweet summer's day;
 To the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters,
 This fond youth found at last tongue to say,
 "I'm in love, as thou surely must see,
 Could I love any other but thee?
 O say, then, wilt thou be my bride?"
 Can you tell how the fair one replied?
 I leave you to guess,
 Of course she said, "Yes!"