

# SEVEN

## Popular Songs.

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THE LILY OF FRANCE.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

WHEN BLESS'D WITH LOVE AND YOU.

JUDY MAGRATH.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

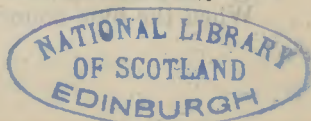
RORY O'MORE.



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41.



SEVEN

Popular Songs.

SONGS.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border.

Many a banner spread, flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story;  
Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain  
glen,  
Fight for your queen, and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;  
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the border.

## WHEN BLESS'D WITH LOVE AND YOU.

When first I saw your charming face,  
 And heard your soothing tongue,  
 Your image in my heart did place,  
 And sung the cheerful song ;  
 Compos'd of love in every strain—  
 My ardent passion knew,  
 And thought myself a happy swain,  
 When bless'd with love and you.  
 When bless'd, &c.

And when I met you in the grove,  
 Your eyes beam'd brightest fire,  
 Which spoke the kindest notes of love,  
 That kindled with desire.  
 'Twas then I felt love's keenest pain,  
 Which ne'er before I knew,  
 Yet thought I was a happy swain,  
 When bless'd with love and you.  
 When bless'd, &c.

And as along the banks we stray'd,  
 I ask'd if you'd be mine?  
 When thus replied the generous maid,  
 For ever I am thine!  
 Who which did banish all my pain,  
 My cares and troubles too,  
 And I am now a happy swain,  
 Being bless'd with love and you.  
 Being bless'd, &c.

## JUDY MAGRATH.

O Judy Magrath, I am dying for you,  
 You're rich to the taste as a fine Irish stew,  
 Your locks are as bright as the priest's sandy wig,  
 You're tender and fair as a young sucking pig ;  
 By Cupid's big dart (to complain is no use)  
 I'm run through the heart like the spit through a  
 goose.

O Judy, sweet Judy Magrath.

O Judy Magrath, won't you pity my grief,  
 I'm roasted with love like a sirloin of beef ;  
 When basting your mutton, or making a pie,  
 Your grace makes me just like a bellows to sigh ;  
 But vinegar looks to my sighs you oppose,  
 Your words are like mustard, they bite off my nose.  
 O Judy, &c.

O Judy Magrath, you are cruel in troth,  
 Of love shall I never be tasting the broth,  
 My courage when up, och ! ye soon can put down,  
 The coal-scuttle isn't more black than your frown ;  
 In vain at your feet I am dying all day,  
 You're deaf as a sauce-pan to all I can say.  
 O Judy, &c.

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 THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane !  
 Ah ! never, never look so shy,  
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
 While the bloom is on the rye.

The spring is waning fast, my love,  
 The corn is in the ear  
 The summer nights are coming, love,  
 The moon shines bright and clear.  
 Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!  
 Ah! never, never look so shy,  
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
 While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,  
 And I will buy the ring;  
 The lads and maids in favours white,  
 And village bells—the village bells shall ring.  
 The spring is waning fast, my love,  
 The corn is in the ear,  
 The summer nights are coming, love,  
 The moon shines bright and clear.  
 Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!  
 Ah! never, never look so shy,  
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,  
 While the bloom is on the rye.

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### THE LILY OF FRANCE.

Let the lily of France in luxuriance wave,  
 Let the shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain,  
 Let the rose of fair England still wave its perfume,  
 But the thistle of Scotland will dearest remain.  
 To Scotia her thistle, her broad waving thistle,  
 The evergreen thistle will dearest remain.

'Twas the badgo that our fathers triumphantly wore,  
 When they follow'd their sovereigns to vanquish the  
 Dane ;

The emblem in battle our Wallace aye bore,  
 Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain.  
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,  
 It blooms in the winter, in snow, and in rain ;  
 The type of her sons when rude seasons assail—  
 To Scotia her thistle will dearest remain.  
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

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### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The light of other days is faded,  
 And all their glory's past,  
 For grief with heavy wing hath shaded  
 The hopes too bright to last ;  
 The world which morning's mantle clouded,  
 Shines forth with purer rays ;  
 But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,  
 The light of other days.  
 But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,  
 The light of other days.

The leaf, which autumn tempests wither,  
 The birds, which then take wing,  
 When winter's winds are past, come hither,  
 To welcome back the spring ;

The very ivy on the ruin,  
 Its gloomful life displays ;  
 But the heart alone sees no renewing  
 The light of other days.  
 But the heart alone sees no renewing  
 The light of other days.

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### RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,  
 He was bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn,  
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease ;  
 "Now, Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,  
 With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm  
 about,  
 Faith, you've teaz'd till I've put on my cloak inside  
 out ;  
 "Oh ! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way  
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day,  
 And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure ?  
 For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the  
 like,  
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,  
 The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound,"  
 "Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the  
 ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;  
 Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"  
 "Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,  
 For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear;  
 Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.  
 And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
 Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

Arrah Kathleen, my darlint, you've teaz'd me enough,  
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and  
     Jim Duff,  
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a  
     baste,  
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest:"  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,  
 And ho look'd in her eyes, that were beaming with  
     light,  
 And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was  
     right?  
 "Now Rory, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more,  
 That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd mo before,"  
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.