

HARRY BLUFF.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

OH! NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH, SAY NOT WOMAM'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

DEAREST MAID, MY HEART IS THINE.

MEET ME IN THE MOONLIGHT.

TELL ME WHY MEN WILL DECEIVE US.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

HARRY BLUFF.

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SONGS.

THEY SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

DEAREST MARY MY HEART IS THINE

HARRY BLUFF.

MEET ME BY THE MOONLIGHT

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and
home,
And his dear native land, on the ocean to roam ;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
And was true British oak, boys, when older he grey
Though his body was weak, and his hands they were
soft,

When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft
And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the v
For though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around ;
The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung, avast !
And the colours of England he nail'd to the mast,
Then he died like a true British sailor.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
 They hae taen awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
 Wha play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae sma',
 They hae taen awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

CHORUS.

He said, think na lang lassie, though I gang awa,
 He said, think na lang lassie, though I gang awa;
 For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O Sandy has owsen, and siller, and kye,
 A house and a hadden, and a' things forbye;
 But I wad hae Jamie wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hao Sand^w wi' houses and lands.

He said, think na lang, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 But daddie and minnie, although that they be,
 There's nane o' them like my Jamie to me

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loed me sae weel;
 He had but ae sixpence, he brake it in twa,
 And he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;
 The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
 And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

TELL ME WHY MEN WILL DECEIVE US.

Come tell me, says Julia, and tell me sincerely,
 Why men are so prone to deceive us ;
 O, cruel to make us believe they love dearly,
 And then can perfidiously leave us.

Fair censor, I answered, though such there may be,
 Yet judge not all so unkindly ;
 The heart that beats loyal, as mine does to thee,
 Can never turn rebel so blindly.

I grant so, she answered, and yield to it fairly,
 Some few may be free from the treason,
 But thou to our sorrow, we find it so rarely,
 To doubt and mistrust ye, we've reason.

Not quite so, I told her, the love that is sincere
 Can but with existence be parted,
 Like the fond turtle-dove, 'twill be true to its dear,
 And never, no, never false-hearted.

She smil'd, and yet blush'd like a rose in full bearing,
 And seem'd from her doubts to awaken ;
 Then own'd, freely own'd, like an angel declaring,
 She might, to be sure, be mistaken.

O yes, and so sweetly her eyes made it known,
 Not a glance but a god might set store by,
 And fate from that moment enchain'd me ere now,
 And her lip was the altar I swore by.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh
TOWN.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay ;
The lassio blush'd, and frowning cried,
Na, na, it winna do ;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to

Jockie was a wag who never would wed,
Though lang he had followed the lass ;
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried,
Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
Though his flocks and his herds were not few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonnie Jockie, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily ;
At kirk she nae mair frowning cried,
Na, na, it winna do ;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION HER.

Oh no, we never mention her,
Her name is never heard,
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret ;
And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forgot.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see,
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.

'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget ?

For oh ! there are so many things
Recal the past to me ;
The breeze upon the sunny hills,
The billows of the sea ;

The rosy tint that decks the sky,
Before the sun is set ;
Aye, every leaf I look upon
Forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay ;
They hint that she forgets me now,
But heed not what they say.

Like me, perhaps, she struggles
 With each feeling of regret;
 But if she loves as I have loved,
 She never can forget.

OH, SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT

Oh say not woman's love is bought
 With vain and empty treasure;
 Oh say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never;
 Deep in her heart the passion glows,
 She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh say not woman's false as fair,
 That like the bee she ranges,
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.

Ah no! the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm,
 She loves, and loves for ever.

DEAREST MAID, MY HEART IS THINE.

Dearest maid, my heart is thine,
 For ever fond and true;
 Dearest youth, believe that mine
 As truly beats for you.

Then, bound in Hymen's rosy chain,
 Our hearts shall constant prove,
 For joys serene, and free from pain,
 Will ever crown our love.

MEET ME IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Meet me in the moonlight,
 Meet me in the dell ;
 If the stars behold us,
 Will they ever tell ?

Tho' the moon be bright, love,
 Never heed the skies ;
 Need we gaze at heaven ?
 Are there not your eyes ?

Let the gentlo breezes
 Whisper as they fly,
 Until they cannot echo
 All that mo may sigh.

Who shall ever listen
 Who shall ever tell
 We were in the moonlight,
 Kissing in tho dell ?