

# SIX FAVOURITE SONGS.

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BLACK EYED-SUSAN.

THE LAMMIE.

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

LORD RONALD.

A TEAR THAT FALLS.

A SCOTS SANG.



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33.

## SONGS.

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### BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the downs the fleet lay moor'd,  
The streamers waving in the wind,  
When black-eyed Susan came on board,  
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.  
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

"O, Susan, Susan, lovely dear!  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again.  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,  
William shall to his dear return;  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,  
 No longer must she stay on board ;  
 They kissed—she sighed—he hung his head.  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,  
 “ Adieu ! ” she cried, and waved her lily hand.

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### THE LAMMIE.

Whare ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ?  
 I've been by burn and flowery brae,  
 Meadow green and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ?  
 I gat her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ?  
 I praised her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled check, and cherry mou' ;  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may true !—  
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
 I ha'e a house, it cost me dear, [lammie !  
 I've walth o' plenishin' and gear ;  
 Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair.  
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—I mauna leave my  
mammy ;

She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,  
She's been my comfort a' my days :  
My father's death brought monie waes—  
I canny leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, my ain kin  
hearted lammie !

We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claise,  
We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,—  
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy ?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
And the tear was in her e'e.—  
But O! she's but a young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy.

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### LORD RONALD.

Lord Ronald cam to his lady's bower,  
When the moon was in her wane :  
Lord Ronald came at a late late hour,  
An' to her bower is gane.

He saftly stept in his sandal shoon,  
An' saftly laid him down ;

“ It's late, it's late, quoth Ellenore—  
Syne ye maun wauken soon ?

“ Lord Ronald, stay till the earlycock,  
Sall flap his siller wing !

An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,  
An' loose the silken string."

" O Ellenore my fairest fair!  
O Ellenore, my bride!  
How can ye fear, when my merry men  
Are on the mountain side?"

The moon was hid, the night was gane,  
But Ellenore's heart was wae:  
She heard the cock flap his siller wing,  
An' she watch'd the morning ray.

" Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald, dear!  
The morning opes its e'e;  
O speed thee to thy father's tower,  
An' safe, safe may thou be!"

But there was a page, a little fause page,  
Lord Ronald did espy,  
An' he has told his baron all  
Where the hind and hart did lye.

" It isna for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald—  
Thy father's deeds o' weir;  
But since the hind has come to my fauld,  
His blood shall dim my spear."

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,  
An' press'd her lily hand;  
Sic a stately knight an' comely damo  
Ne'er met in wedlock's band:

But the baron watch'd as he rais'd the latch  
 An' kiss'd again his bride,  
 An' with his spear, in deadly ire,  
 He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life-blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek ;  
 She look'd all wan an' ghastr ;  
 She lean'd her down by Lord Ronald's side,  
 An' the blood was rinnin' fast.

She clasped his hand, an' she kiss'd his lip,  
 As she sigh'd her last adieu ;  
 For never, O never did lady love  
 Her lord with a heart so true.

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#### A SCOTS SANG.

I ha'e lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,  
 I ha'e lost my love, an' I carena ;  
 For laith will I be just to lie down an' dee,  
 And to sit down and greet wad be bairnly ;  
 But a screed o' ill nature I canna weel help,  
 At having been guidit unfairstly ;  
 An' weel wad I like to gi'e women a skelp,  
 An' yerk their sweet haffets fu' yarely.

O! plague on the limmers, sae sly an' demure,  
 As pawkie as de'ils wi' their smiling ;  
 As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,  
 The hearts of a' mankind beguiling ;  
 As sour as December, as soothing as May,  
 To suit their ain ends never doubt them ;  
 Their ill fau'ts I couldna tell ower in a day,  
 But their beauty's the warst thing about them !

ay, that's what sets up the hale warld in a lowe—  
Makes kingdoms to rise an' expire ;  
Man's might is nae mair than a flaughten o' tow,  
Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire !  
Twas woman at first made creation to bend,  
And of nature's prime lord made the pillow !  
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end—  
An' that will be seen an' heard tell o' !

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### DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !  
Over mountain and moor hath passed the war-sign :  
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,  
Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.  
The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,  
The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea ;  
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,  
The banners they are flying that lead to victory,  
Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !  
Charge as ye've charged in the days o' langsyne ;  
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,  
He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !  
Sheath the sword, Scotland, for dimmed is its shine  
Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,  
And wha kens nac mercy is nae son o' thine !  
The struggle is over, over, over,  
The struggle is over!—the victory won!—  
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,  
And glory for all who their duty have done !



Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;  
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,  
 But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

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### THERE'S A TEAR THAT FALLS.

There's a tear that falls when we part  
 From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;  
 There's a tear that flows from the half-broken heart,  
 When we think he may never return—oh, never!  
 'Tis hard to be parted from those  
 With whom we for ever could dwell;  
 But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,  
 When perhaps we are saying farewell for ever.

There's a tear that brightens the eye  
 Of a friend, when absence is o'er;  
 There's a tear that flows, not from sorrow, but joy,  
 When we meet to be parted no more—oh, never!  
 Then all that in absence we dread  
 Is past, and forgotten our pain;  
 For sweet is the tear we at such moments shed,  
 When we hold the loved object again, for ever!

FINIS.