

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA  
WAES ME FOR PRINCE  
CHARLIE.

A MAN WITHOUT A WIFE.  
BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AN' MERRY  
ARE WE.

*THE IRISH FARMER.*

KELVIN GROVE.  
THE DASHING WHITE  
SERGEANT



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## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

*Set to Music by Moore*

HERE'S to the year that's awa,  
We will drink it in strong and in sma';  
An' here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'e;  
In during the year that's awa.

An' here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger wha bled,  
An' the sailor wha bravely did fa';  
Though their fame is alive yet their spirits are  
fled,

On the wings of the year that's awa.

Though their fame is alive, &c.

Heer's to the friend we can trust,  
While the storms of adversity blaw:  
May they live in our song, and be nearest  
our hearts,

Nor depart like the year that's awa.

May they live, &c.

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## WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

*TUNE--Bonnie House o' Airley.*

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,  
It warbled sweet and clearly;

And aye the o'ercome o' its sang.  
 Was "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"  
 O, when I heard the bonnie sound,  
 My heart maist burstet fairly,  
 I took the bonnet aff my head,  
 For weel I lov'd Prince Charlie.

On hills that are by right his ain,  
 He roams a lonely stranger;  
 On every side he's press'd by want—  
 On every side is danger:  
 Yestreen I met him in a Glen,  
 My heart maist burstet fairly;  
 For sadly chang'd, indeed was he,  
 O, waes me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest roar'd  
 Loud o'er the hills and valleys;  
 And where was't your Prince lay down,  
 Whase hame should been a palace?  
 He row'd him in his Highland plaid,  
 That cover'd him but sparely;  
 He slept beneath a bush o' broom:  
 O, waes me for Prince Charlie!

The wée bird saw some red-coats come,  
 He shook his wings wi' anger,  
 Saying, "This is not a land for me,  
 I'll tarry here nae langer."  
 It hovered on the wing awhile,  
 Ere it departed fairly;

But weel I mind the fareweel strain,  
Was Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

GLEN.

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A MAN WITHOUT A WIFE.

AIR—*My eye and Betty Martin, O.*

A man without a wife  
Knows no comfort of his life,  
And none but a fool would live single, O.  
For when your buckled to,  
You have nothing else to do,  
But hear her pretty tongue go jingle jingle, O.  
Her voice is quite divine;  
And if you should incline  
To have a single moment of quiet, O,  
It would be of little use,  
Unless you loved abuse,  
For she kicks up such a devil of a riot, O.  
She'll simper, blush, and grin,  
And taste a drop of gin,  
Or else a little sup of full proof brandy, O,  
And when it makes her stagger,  
Lord! how the jade will swagger,  
And her-husband she proclaims a Smithfield  
dandy, O.  
Then who the devil would  
Live single, if he could  
In women find these virtues so delightful, O.

For though they scratch and fight,  
 Still they are our great delight,  
 And he that lives without one must be spite  
 ful, O.

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BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AN' MERRY  
 ARE WE.

Blythe, Blythe, an' merry are we,  
 Blythe are we ane an' a';  
 Aften hae we cantie becu,  
 But sic a night we never saw.

The gloamin' saw us a' sit down,  
 An' meikle mirth has been our fa';  
 But ca' the tither toast aroun',  
 Till chauticleer begin to craw.

Blythe, &c.

The auld kirk bell has chappit twal';  
 Wha cares tho' she had chappit twa!  
 We'er light o' heart, an' winna part,  
 Tho' time an' tide should rin awa'.

Blythe, &c.

Tut! never spier how wears the morn,  
 The moon's still blinkin' i' the sky!  
 An' gif like her we fill our horn,  
 I dinna doubt we'll drink it dry.

Blythe, &c.

Then fill we up a social cup,  
 And never mind the dapple dawn;  
 Just sit a while, the sun may smile,  
 An' light us a' across the lawn.  
 Blythe, &c.

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THE IRISH FARMER.

TUNE—*Sir John Scot's favourite.*

Dear Judy, when first we got married,  
 Our fortune indeed was but small,  
 For save the light hearts that we carried,  
 Our riches were nothing at all.  
 I sung while I rear'd up the cabin,  
 Ye powr's give me vigour and health!  
 And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,  
 For love is Pat Mulligan's wealth.  
 Thro' summer and winter so dreary,  
 I cheerily toil'd on the farm,  
 Nor ever once dream'd growing weary,  
 For love gave my labour its charm.  
 And now, though 'tis weak to be vaunt'y,  
 Yet here let us gratefully own,  
 We live amidst pleasure and plenty,  
 As happy's the king on the throne.  
 We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Connor,  
 As fine little lads as you'll see.  
 And Kitty, sweet girl, 'pon honour,  
 She's just the dear picture of thee.

Tho' some folks may still under-rate us,  
 Ah! why should we mind them a fig?  
 We've a large swinging field of potatoes,  
 A good Driminduath and a Pig,

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonny lassie, O  
 Thro' its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, O,  
 Where the rose in all its pride,  
 Paints the hollow dingle side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonny lassie O  
 To the cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, O,  
 Where the glens rebound the call  
 Of the lofty waterfall,  
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonny lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O  
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonny lassie, O,  
 With the songster in the grove,  
 We've told our tale of love,  
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie O  
Should I fall 'midst battles roar, bonny lassie,  
O,

Wilt thou Ellen, when you hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonny lassie, O.

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THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

If I had a beau,  
For a soldier who would go,  
Do you think I'd say no?

No, no, not I;

I, when his red coat I saw,  
Not a sigh would it draw,  
But I'd give him eclat

For his bravery.

If an army of amazons e'er came in play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

When my soldier was gone,  
D'ye think I'd take on,  
Sit mopping forlorn?

No, no, not I;

His fame my concern  
How my hosom would burn,  
When I saw him return,

Crowned with victory.

If an army of amazons e'er came in play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.