

# Burns' Farewell,

To which is added, the

## Sailor from Dover,

*The Ayrshire Laddie,*


AND

## The Shepherd's Son.



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*Burns' Farewell.*

**A** DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!  
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!  
Ye favoured, enlighten'd few,  
Companions of my social joy-  
Tho' I to foreign-lands must hie,  
Pursuing fortune's slip'ry ba',  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,  
and spent the cheerful festive night;  
Oft, honoured with supreme command,  
presided o'er the sons of light;  
And, by that hieroglyphic bright,  
which none but craftsmen ever saw!  
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
unite you in the grand design,  
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
the glorious Architect Divine!  
That you may keep th' unerring line,  
still rising by the plummet's law,  
Till order bright completely shine,  
shall be thy pray'r when far awa.

And you farewell! whose merits claim,  
justly, that highest badge to wear,  
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,  
to masonry and Scotia dear!  
A last request permit me here,  
when yearly ye assemble a',  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
to him, the Bard that's far awa.



### THE SAILOR FROM DOVER.

There was a young Sailor from Dover he came,  
He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally, was her name;  
But she being so lofty, and her portion being so high,  
That she on a Sailor could scarce cast an eye.

O Sally, O Sally, O Sally, said he,  
I am afraid that your false heart will my ruin be,  
And unless that your hatred does turn into love,  
I am afraid that your false heart will my ruin prove.

My hatred's not to you nor to any other man;  
But to say that I love you is more than I can:  
So keep your intention, and alter your discourse,  
For I will never marry you unless that I be forc'd.

Seven weeks had not gone and past,  
Till this fair maid grew sick at last,  
And she could not tell for why,  
And she sent for the Sailor whom she did deny.

O am I the young man that you want to see,  
Or am I the doctor that you have sent for me,  
O yes you're the doctor you can kill or you can cure,  
For the pain that I feel is hard to endure.

O where does your pain lie, does it lie in your head?  
Or where does your pain lie, does it lie in your side,  
O no, my dearest Billy, you are far from your mark,  
For the pain that I feel, my love, lies hard at my heart.

O Sally, O Sally. O Sally, says he,  
Don't you remember how once you slighted me?  
How once you slighted me, my love, and treated me  
with scorn;  
But now I will reward you for what you have done.

For what is gone and past, my love, forget and for-  
give,  
And let me have some longer time here for to live,  
O no, my dearest Sally, O no, while I have breath,  
And I'll dance on the ground, my love, while you  
lie underneath.

She pulled rings from her finger, by one, two, and  
three,  
Take these, my dearest Billy, in remembrance of me;  
In remembrance of me, my love, and when I am dead  
and gone,  
And perhaps you will be sorry for what you have  
done.



Farewell to my father, my mother, and friends,  
 Likewise to the young man that would not make  
 amends,  
 Moreover to the Sailor that would not pity me,  
 For ten thousand times over my folly I see.



*The Ayrshire Laddie.*

MY Jamie is a bonny lad,  
 he often comes a courting, O,  
 The sight of him aye makes me glad,  
 but, Oh! when we were sporting, O.

My louping breast to his he press'd,  
 he row'd me in his plaidy, O,  
 He held me there till I confess'd  
 I dearly lov'd the laddie, O.

He says, I kill'd him with my een,  
 his tale is ever ready, O;  
 He swears by all the stars of heav'n  
 that Nell shall be his lady, O.

Every lass is thrang engag'd  
 with some weel-faur'd dailan, O,  
 My neighbour Jess, and Jane, are pledg'd  
 to marry Rab and Allan, O.

The English girls are fond of John,  
 the Irish maid for Paddy, O,  
 Jamie, give me, or give me none,  
 my bonny Ayrshire laddie, O.

Once I cross'd the raging sea  
 from Leith o'er to Kirkaldy, O,  
 But ne'er a lad yet catch'd my ee,  
 like my dear Ayrshire laddie, O.

At gloamin' he went down yestreen,  
 to ask my mam and daddy, O,  
 And their consent was freely gien,  
 they knew my lad was steady, O.

There be many a richer pair,  
 and many mae more gaudy, O,  
 Of love there few has such a share  
 as Nell, and her Ayrshire laddie, O.



### THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THERE was a shepherd's son keeping sheep o'  
 yonder hill,

He laid his pipe and crook aside, and there he slept  
 his fill.

And sing clear away the morning dew, blow the  
 winds to you,

Clear away the morning dew, with a fal al a.

He looked east, he looked west, he's ta'en another  
look,

And there he spied a fair maid a-swimming in a  
brook.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

Do not touch my mantle, but let my cloaths alone,  
And you shall have a good reward if you conduct  
me home.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

He has lifted her upon a milk-white steed, himself  
upon another,  
And all the way they rode along, like sister and like  
brother.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

And as they rode along the way, they spied some  
cocks of hay,  
And is not this a pleasant place for men and maids  
to stray.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

Do not touch my mantle, but let my cloaths alone,  
And you shall get a good reward if you conduct me  
home.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

When she came to her father's gates she thried with  
the pin,

And nimble was the proud porter to let this fair maid in.  
And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

Stand you there my noble boy, I thank you for your  
care,

If you would done as I would done, I would not  
left you there.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

You'll put off your hose and shoes, and let your feet  
go bare;

But if you meet a pretty girl, O torch her if you  
dare.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

I will not cast off my hose nor shoes, nor let my  
feet go bare;

But if I meet a pretty girl, I'll trim her to a hair.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

There is a flower in our garden, they call it mari-  
gold,

And he that would not when he could, he should  
not when he would.

And sing clear away the morning dew, &c.

FINIS.