

THE
WREATH OF SONG,

OR
FAVOURITE AIRS
FOR THE
LOVERS OF MUSIC.



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GOALS OF MAGIC

AND THE

ESSENCE OF THE

OR

WREATH OF SONGS

THE

SONGS.

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 dock 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 canons 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 gavo the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must sho 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.

THE LAMMIE.

Whare ha’o 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 como frae her mammy.

And wharo 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 ewo
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
 I praised hor een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, 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 mo dear, [lammie
 I’ve walth o’ plenishin’ and gear ;
 Ye so get it a war’t ten times mair,
 Gin ve 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: I O "

My father's death brought monie waes--

I canny leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hamo and mak' her fain, my ain kind-
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?

Sho has been to the kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her o'e.--

But O! she's but a young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

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--

Syno ye maun wauken soon?"

"Lord Ronald, stay till the early cock,

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.

" Riso up, rise up, Lord Ronald, dear!

The morning opes its o'e;

O speed thee to thy father's towor,

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' woir;

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 dame

Ne'er met in wedlock's band:

— But the baron watch'd as he rais'd the latch, **A**
 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 Ellcuore's cheek;
 She look'd all wan an' ghaist;
 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.

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' demurè;
 As pawkie as de'il's wi' their smiling;
 As fickle as winter, in sunline and shower,
 The hearts of a' mankind beguiling;
 As sour as December, as soothing as Mày,
 To snit their ain ends never doubt them;
 Their ill fauts I couldna tell ower in a day,
 But their beauty's the warst thing about them.

Ay, that's what sets up the hale world 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 weman 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'!

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 lech 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 nae mércy 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 entwino;
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,
 But hand down the garland to each son [o] thine.

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!

And every glance is soft and sweet.
 (Green hills of Tyrol, &c.)

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
 With eye of love and vision keen,
 His merry laugh I hear;
 He comes in robes of Tyrol.

PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE!

Sons of freedom, hear my story,
 Mercy well becomes the bravo;
 Humanity is Briton's glory,
 Pity and protect the slave.

Free-born daughters, who, possessing
 Eyes to conquer, hearts to save;
 To receive a father's blessing,
 Pity and protect the slave;
 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 we never see them more!
GREEN HILLS OF TYROL!

Green hills of Tyrol, again I see
 The home of childhood so dear to me,
 Again I press the verdant shade,
 Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd.
 Once more I am near him,
 My own one, my fond one;
 Again I shall hear him
 Love's accents repeat;
 While to his sighs my heart replies,
 And every glance is soft and sweet.

Green hills of Tyrol, &c.

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
 With eye of hawk, and falchion keen,
 His merry bugle I hear;
 He comes, he comes—my Tyrolien.

Once more I behold him,
 My dear one, my fond one,
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien.

Haste, haste my love, why linger now?
 The sun is shedding his partial glow;
 The chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
 And homeward wanders the mountain maid
 Oh come then and cheer me,
 My own one, my fond one,
 Again thou shalt hear me
 Sing Love's tender strain.
 While every note my lips repeat,
 As soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again.

Then haste, my love, &c.

Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry,
 While answering echo makes reply;
 Now, now, he waves his scarf of green,
 He comes, he comes—my Tyrolien.

Once more I behold him,
 My dear one—my fond one—
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go will ye go,
 Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The heary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White are the linn's the burnie pours,
 And rising weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE MAID OF JUDAH

Mo more shall the children of Judah sing
 The lay of a happier time;
 Nor strike the harp with the golden string,
 'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.

This—this was the lay of the Jewish maid,
 Though not in her father's bowers,
 Sweetly she sung—while in sadness she strugl'
 Near the ruins of Babylon's towers.

No more, &c.

Where are the sons of mine ancient race?
 That were born but the javelin to bear;
 Land of my kindred, whose ruins I trace,
 That once was so lovely and fair.
 The green grass grows on the fertile spot,
 Where once grew the sweetest of flowers;
 Land of my kindred shall never be forgot,
 While a ruin remains of thy towers.

No more, &c.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN

Langsyne beside the woodland burn,
 Among the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow;
 Around my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
 That frae the wild-wood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a summer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow;
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.

The *crow-flow'r* blue, and *meadow-pink*,
 I wove in primrose braided link,
 But little, little did I think—
 I should have wove the willow!

My bonnie lad was fore'd afar,
 Toss'd on the raging billow,
 Perhaps he's fa'n in bloody war,
 Or wreck'd on rocky shallow;
 Yet, aye I hope for his return,
 As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
 And often by the woodland burn
 I pu' tho weeping willow.

THE GIRL WE LOVE.

To the traveller benighted and lone on the wild,
 O sweet is the prospect of shelter and rest;
 And dear to the mother's fond heart is her child,
 When she feels his young breath glowing warm on her
 breast.

To the prisoner reliev'd from dungeon deep,
 'Tis sweet o'er the heather-clad hills to rove;
 But the spirit with livelier bound doth leap,
 To meet in the gloamin' the girl we love.

To wander at o'ën through the meadows so green,
 With raptur'd emotion my bosom has beat;
 But what gave enchantment and life to the scene?
 What made it so lovely, fair, and sweet?

'Twas that Jessie was there, with her mild witching
 smile,
 And the life-giving glance of her dark hazel eye;
 'Twas *this* tun'd to music the murmur'ing rill,
 And brighten'd each star that gem'd the sky.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 Nae langer drest in silk and sheen,
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels raro,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that saft and gentlest mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae.
 And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of doat!

T
I
B
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor then regret those scenes so gay;

M
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

P
The lowly cot, and rusted gown,
The languer'd breast in silk and shoon,
The languer'd look, I will foregoe;

Y
FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAREWELL,

A
Farewell, farewell, dear Erin's Isle!

A
My native land, adieu!

I've seen thy hours of sunshine smile,
And mark'd thy sorrows too.

The pale moon trembles on the deep,

But ere the morning dawn,

The winds will only hear me weep

For thee, my Peggy Bawn.

And though I haste beyond the sea,

Where sweeter scenes may smile,

My heart unchang'd will turn to thee,

My own, my native isle.

But now a long, a kind farewell,

To mountain, grove, and lawn,

While tears alone my parting tell,

From thee, my Peggy Bawn.

Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,

Will thou receive his parting breath?

Will thou repress each struggling sigh,

And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

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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 hae Sand' 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 creeper, 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.

Como 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 then 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-love, 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.

IT WAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH
TOWN.

It was 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 lassie 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 nao 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 forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
 The charms that others see,
 But wero 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;
 Ayè, 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 gentle breezes

Whisper as they fly,

Until they cannot echo

All that me may sigh.

Who shall ever listen

Who shall ever tell

We were in the moonlight,

DEAREST MARY, I'D LIKE TO KISS YOU IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Dearest maid, my heart is thine,

For ever fond and true;

Dearest youth, believe that mine

As truly beats for you.

TO ALL YOU LADIES.

To all you ladies now at land,

We men at sea indite,

But first would have you understand

How hard it is to write.

The Muses now, and Neptune too,

We must implore to write to you,

To write to you,

With a fal, la, la, la, la, la, la,

With a fa

With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse

To think of our distress,

When we, for hopes of honour, lose

Our certain happiness ;

All these designs are but to prove

Ourselves more worthy of your love,

More worthy of your love.

With a fal, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,

And likewise all our fears ;

In hopes this déclaration moves

Some pity for our tears ;

Let's hear of no inconstancy,

We have enough of that at sea,

Of that at sea.

With a fal, &c,

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;
 It's no for the bonnet, but the bead that was in it,
 Mado the hail parish speak o' Rab Roryson's bonnet

This bonnet it cover'd his head frae the rain,
 It sair'd for a cradle when he was at hame;
 And when he got drunk—and began for to swear,
 This very same bonnet was wav'd i' the air.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell &c,

When Rabbio grew guid and began for to pray,
 It sair'd for a cushion to keep 's knees frae the clay
 It sair'd for a meal pock, and tatie pock too,
 He tried it wi' kail, but it let out the broo.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

When the barrow was broken, it mucket the byre—
 When the bellows was broken, it blew up the fire;
 An' when wi' fatigue his bonnet was worn,
 Thro' the holes that were in it he riddled his corn.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c,