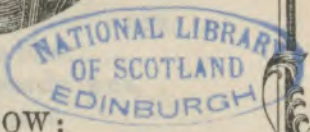


THE
SINGERS' COMPANION;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

FASHIONABLE SONGS.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
SINGERS' COMPANION!

A CHOICE MEDLEY

OF

FASHIONABLE SONGS.



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EDINBURGH

GLASGOW;

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,

SONGS.

ALICE GRAY.

SHE'S all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely she's divine ;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.

Yet loved I as man never loved.

A love without decay ;—

Oh ! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er

A brow of spotless white ;

Her soft blue eye now ualguishes—

Now flashes with delight ;

The hair is braided not for me,

The eye is turned away ;

Yet my heart—my heart is breaking

For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,

And trembled in the blast ;

But my pilgrimage is nearly done,

The weary conflict's past.

And when the green sod wraps my grave

May pity haply say,

Oh ! his heart—his heart was broken

For the love of Alice Gray !”

THE SWISS BOY.

COME, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!

Take thy pail, and to labour away,

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!

Take thy pail, and to labour away.

The sun is up, with ruddy beam,

The kine are thronging to the stream.

Come, arouse thee, &c.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountain away?

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountain away?

For there a shepherd maiden dear,

Awaits my song with listening ear.

Am not I, &c.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy!

I'm away to my comrades, away.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy!

I'm away to my comrades, away.

The cup we fill, the wine is passed,

In friendship round, untill at last,

With "Good night," and "Good night," goes the
happy Swiss boy

To his home and his slumbers away.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,

When last we parted on the shore:

My bosom heaved with many a sigh,

To think I ne'er might see her more,

Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away?
 My heart will break—a little moment stay.
 Alas! I cannot—I cannot part from thee.
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! remem-
 ber me!

Weep not, my love, I trembling said;
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine.
 I ne'er can meet another maid
 Whose charm can fix my heart like thine.

Go, then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
 Oft think on her thou leavest in tears behind,
 A maid—this last embrace my pledge shall be.
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! remem-
 ber me!

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
 And better may sho speed;
 And liesome may the boatie row
 That wins the bairns' bread;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 Tho boatie rows indeed;
 And weel may tho boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread.

When Jamie yow'd he wad be mine
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O mucklo lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part:
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 Tho boatie rows, fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

There Sawney, Jock, and Janetie

Are up and gotten lair;

They'll help to gar the boatie row,

And lighten a' our care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,

The boatie rows fu' weel,

And lightsome be her heart that bears

The murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,

And hirpling round the door,

They'll help to keep us dry and warm,

As we did them before;

Then weel may the boatie row,

She wins the bairns' bread;

And happy be the lot o' a',

That wish the boatie speed.

BEGONE DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care! I prithee begone from me;

Begone, dull care! thou and I can never agree.

Long time hast thou been tarrying here,

And fain thou wouldst me kill;

But i' faith! dull care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey;

And too much care will turn an old man to clay,

My wife shall dance, and I will sing,

So merrily pass the day;

For I hold it one of the wisest things,

To drive dull care away.

MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER,

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,
We had but sma' share o' the world between us;
Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,
And strength and guid health were abundantly
gi'en us;

I warsled and toiled through the *fair* and the *foul*,
And she was right carefu' o' what I brought till
her,

For aye we had mind o' the canny auld rule,
Just "marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick—we were thankfu' for
that,

For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye alang wi'
them;

Our *pan* we exchanged for a guid *mucle pat*,
And somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them
Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' mysel',
Ilk ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,
Our lasses they keepet us trig aye, and hale,
And now we count a bit trifle o' siller.

But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,
And our lads and our lassies hae a' gotten mar-
ried;

Yet sae, we can rank wi' the best i' the town
Though our noddles we never too paughtily car-
ried.

And mark me—I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,
And in our *civic building* am reckon'd a pillar;
Is na THAT a bit honour for ane to get at,
Wha married for love, and wha' wrought for siller?

HOME! SWEET HOME.

Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
 elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! There's no place
 like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
 Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
 The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
 Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than
 all.

Home, home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! There's no place
 like home!

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

When in the storm, on Albion's coast,
 The night watch guards his wary post,
 From thoughts of danger free,
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,
 And hears amid the howling storm,
 The minute gun at sea,
 The minute gun at sea.
 And hears amid the howling storm,
 The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
 And dare the dang'rous wave;

Through the wild surf they cleave there way,
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
 For they go the crew to save,
 For they go the crew to save,
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
 For they go the crew to save.

But O, what raptures fill each breast
 Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd;
 When landed safe, what joys to tell
 Of all the dangers that befell?—
 Then is heard no more,
 By the watch on the shore.
 Then is heard no more, by the watch on the
 shore,
 The minute gun at sea.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

O, leave the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light,
 And rove with me through forests green
 Beneath the silent night.
 There as we watch the ling'ring rays,
 That shine from every star,
 I'll sing the song of happier days,
 And strike the light guitar.
 I'll sing, &c.

I'll tell the how the maiden wept,
 When her true knight was slain,
 And how her broken spirit slept,
 And never woke again

I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 And left his lord afar;
 But if my tale should make you sigh,
 I'll strike the light guitar.
 But if my tale, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 Who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages long and loud
 And the stormy tempests blow.
 The spirits of your fathers
 Will start from every wave;
 The deck it was their field of fame—
 The ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts will glow,
 As you sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.
 The meteor-flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,
 Till the stormy night of war depart,
 And the star of peace return.

Then to our faithful mariners
 The social can shall flow,
 Who swept through the deep,
 While the stormy winds did blow.

While the stormy winds did blow,
 While the stormy winds did blow,
 While the battle raged long and loud,
 And the storms of war did blow.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

DARK lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore;
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see o'er yon mountain the dark cloud of death,
 And Connel's lone cottage lies low on the heath,
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
 He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light-fleeting spirits that glide o'er yon steep!
 Oh! would ye but waft me across the wild deep!
 There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar;
 I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more!

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

FAINT and wearily, the way-worn traveller
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes t'ward the mountain's top.

Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering;
 Cottages appearing, as he's nigh to drop;
 O! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Treads the maizes t'ward the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more;
 Blythe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,
 As he's sitting at the goat-herd's door:
 Eating, quaffing—at past labours laughing—
 Better far, by half, in spirits than before
 O! how merrily the rested traveller
 Seems, while sitting at the goat-herd's door.

BUY A BROOM.

FROM Teuchland I come, with my light wares all
 laden,

To dear, happy England, in summer's gay bloom;
 Then listen, fair lady and young pretty maiden,
 Oh buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy you;
 You'll find it quite handy to use night and day,
 And what better exercise, pray, can employ you,
 Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away.

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,
 My toil for your favours again I'll résume ;
 And while gratitude's tear in my eye-lid is starting,
 Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.

Buy a broom ! buy a broom !

Buy a broom ! buy a broom !

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom !

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY

I HA'E wander'd mony a summer night,
 Alang the banks of Clyde,
 Beneath the moon's sweet silv'ry light,
 Wi' Mary at my side.

A summer was she to mine e'e,
 An' to my heart a joy ;
 An' weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.

I ha'e wander'd mony a summer night, &c.

Oh, her presence could on every star
 New brilliancy confer ;
 And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
 When they were seen with her.

Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
 Her glance was full o' joy ;
 And, oh, her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.

Oh, her presence could on every star, &c.

I ha'e play'd to ladies, fair and gay,
 In mony a southrou hall ;
 But there was one far, far away,
 A world above them all.

And now, tho' weary years have fled,
 I think wi' mournfu' joy
 Upon the time when Mary wed
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.
 I ha'e play'd to ladies, fair and gay, &c.

O ARE YOU SLEEPIN' MAGGIE.

O are you sleepin', Maggie

O are you sleepin', Maggie

Let me in, for loud the linn,

Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigia

Mirk and rainy is the night,

No a starn in a' the carry,

Lightnings gleam athwart the list,

An' winds drive wi' winters fury

Fearfu' soughs the boor tree bank,

The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary,

Loud the iron yate does clank,

An' cry o' howlets maks me eerie.

O are ye sleepin' Maggie, &c.

boon my breath I daurna speak,

For fear I rouse your waukrife Daddy

Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,

O rise, rise my bonny Lady.

O are ye sleepin' Maggie, &c.

She op't the door, she let him in,

He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;

"Blaw your warst ye rain an' wiin',

Since Maggie now I'm in aside ye."

Now since ye'er waukin' Maggie!
 Now since ye're waukin' Maggie!
 What care I for howlets cry,
 For boor—tree bank, or warlock craigie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, an' now's the hour!
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
 Chains an' slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Coward, turn an' flee!

Wha for Scotland's king an' law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa'
 Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains;
 By your sons in servile chains;
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low;
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS A VICTORY.

HE was famed for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of matchless charms;
 Now to him her love imparts;
 One pure flame pervades both hearts;
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield.

“Sweet maid!” he cries, “again, I’ll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!”

Battle now with fury glows!
 Hostile blood in torrents flows!
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She press’d her hero to her heart,
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
 Amid the clash of war’s alarms.

“Sweet maid!” he cries, &c.

Ho with love and conquest burns,
 Doth subdue his mind by turns,
 Death the soldier now enthralls!
 With his wounds the hero falls!
 She disdaining war’s alarms,
 Rush’d and caught him in her arms.

“O death!” he cried, “thou’rt welcome now to me;
 For, hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.”

HAUD AWA’ FRAE ME, DONALD.

HAUD awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;
 What care I for a’ your wealth,
 An’ a that ye can gi’e, Donald?

I wadna lea' my lowland lad
 For a' your goud an' gear, Donald;
 Sae tak' your plaid, and o'er the hill,
 An' stay nae langer here, Donald.
 Haud awa, bide awa, &c.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald;
 And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
 Like him there is nane, Donald.
 Haud awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald;
 What care I for a your wealth,
 An' a' that ye can gi'e Donald?

He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
 But oh! he wears a faithfu' heart,
 And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
 Sae haud awa, bide awa,
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
 To be a Highland queen, Donald.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

CHORUS.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
 He's ower the hills we darena name,
 He's ower the hills ayont Dumblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gone to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame,
 My mither greets and prays for them
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

The whigs may scoff, and the whigs may jeer;
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns.
 What lad's e'er did, our laddies will do;
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'd run.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

DAME DURDEN.

DAME Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail,
 She also kept five lab'ring men,
 To use the spade and flail.

'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll, and Kate,
 And Dorthy Draggletail,
 And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack,
 And Humphrey with his flail.

Twas John kiss'd Dolly, and Dick hiss'd Betty,
 And Joe kiss'd Molly, and Dorthy Draggletail,
 And Kitty was a charming maid,
 To carry the milk-pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon,
 She did begin to bawl,
 To rouse her servant maids and men,
 She did most loudly call.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate,
 Dame Durden's servant maids and men,
 They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?
 In muir, or dale, pray tell me whither?
 Says she, I tend the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.
 O'er the muir, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonny blooming heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And aye the burden o' the sang,
 Was o'er the muir amang the heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
 I couldna think on ony ither:
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!

The bonnie lass amang the heather.

O'er the muir, &c.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

MARCH to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.

The woes and pains, the galling chains,
 Which kept our spirit under,
 In proud disdain we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder.

March to the battle field, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from the invader;
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would traitor-like degrade her?
 March to the battle field, &c.

Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 • March to the battle field, &c.

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When the sweet spring time did fall,
 Was the Miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a wining tongue had he;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When brown Autumn spread its store,
 There I saw the Miller's daughter;
 But she smiled no more.
 For the summer grief had brought her,
 And her soldier false was he;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the Miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast.
 But the Miller's lovely daughter,
 Both from cold and care was free—
 On the banks of Allan water,
 There a corse lay she!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast.
 I'm sure it's winter fairly
 Up in the morning &c.

The birds sit chittering on the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning, &c.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn;
 Thou minds me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And hear ilk bird sing o' its love,
 As fondly sae did I o' mine

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 And left the sharpest thorn wi' me

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main ;
 This was the charter of our land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain—
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves.

FINIS.

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