

THE
LINNET,
A
COLLECTION
OF CELEBRATED
SONGS,
FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

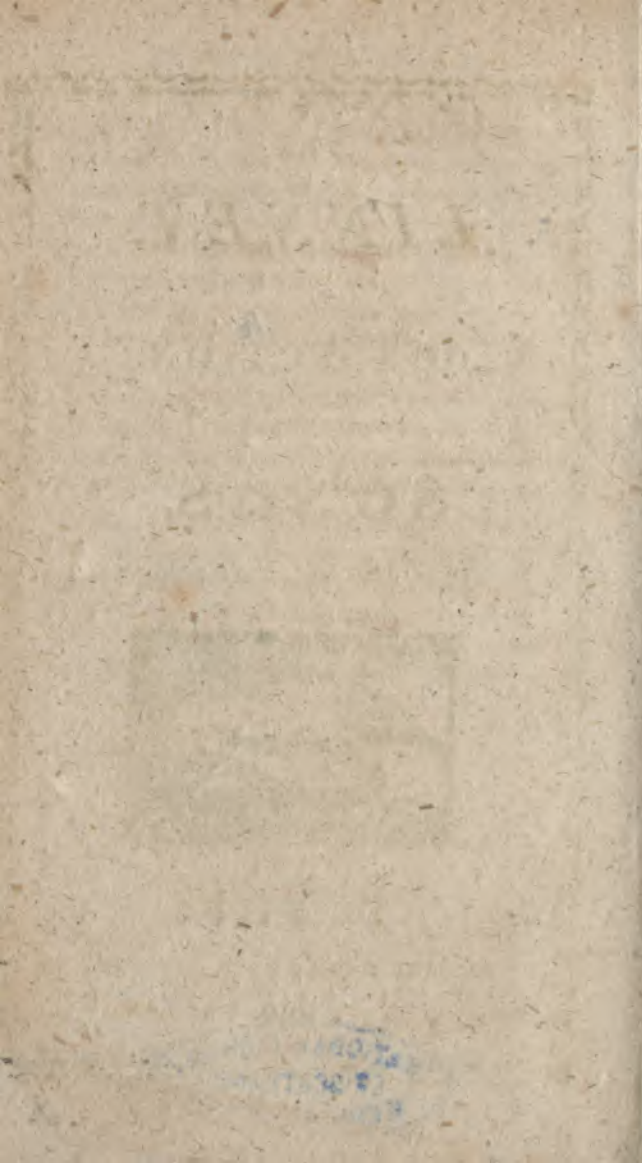


Falkirk:

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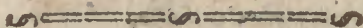
1819.





THE
LINNET.

&c.



Earl Moira's Farewel.

LOUDEN's bonny woods and braes,
I maun lea'e them a', lassie:
Wha can thole, when Britain's faes
Would gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha' frae Fame would liye a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Louden's bonny woods and braes
Has seen our happy bridal-days,
And gentle Hope shall sooth thy waes,
When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings!
That gies joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Wae'fu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae Love and thee, laddie.

O'er the gory field of war,
 Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt maybe fa' frac me afar,
 And nae to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fear, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie:

Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
 Till the day we die, lassie:

Mist our bonny woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb, that plays
 On Loudon's flow y lea, lassie.



JAMIE frae DUNDEE.

Ioanna likē you, gentle Sir,
 Altho' a laird you be;
 I like a bonny Scottish lad,
 Wha brought me frae Dundee.
 Had awa' wi' Jamie,
 Had awa' wi' Jamie.

Had awa' wi' Jamie o'er the lea:
 I'll gang wi' him wi' right guid-will,
 He's a' the world tō me.

I'll gang wi' Jamie frae Dundre,
 To cheer the lonesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
 He's frolicsome as May.
 Had awa', &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
 The lintwhite swells his throat;
 But never one so sweet, so clear,
 As Jamie's tuneful note.
 Had awa', &c.

The Lass o' Arranteinie.

FORLORN amidst the Highland hills,
 Amidst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens an' woody glens,
 With weary step I wander;
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist so rainy
 Are nought to me, when e'en to thee,
 Sweet Lass o' Arranteinie.

Yon mossy rose-bud, down the nowe,
 Just opening fresh and beauty,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel-bough,
 An' scarcely seen by any;
 Sae sweet, amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jenny,
 Mair fair an' gay than rose May,
 The flower of Arranteinie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant sea;
 There avarice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion:
 Let fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel favors many;
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The Lass of Avaricious.

—X—

Buxom Joan, Willie.

WHEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom
 delights our lads and lass;
 O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom
 my Will all lads surpasses!
 Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy;
 Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy.
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise
 of buxom, bonny Willy:
 Willy, Willy, Willy, Willy.
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise
 of buxom, bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay, at noon-tide day,
 we'll pu' the daisy pret y.
 The live-lang day we'll kiss and play,
 or sing some loving ditty.
 Wi' Willy then, &c.

Now blythe and gay at setting day,
 gi' another donna binder,
 I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay;
 for we twa ne'er shall funder.

Wi' Willy then. &c.

The Sorrowful Mother.

SLEEP on, my sweet babie, may nothing distress
 thee,

May sorrow like mine be a stranger to thee:
 Thy father no more shall with rapture care;
 No more will behold his sweet babie and me.
 Soft rest be thy rest, thou companion of sorrow,
 The morning of life it looks gloomy on thee:
 Thy father has fallen in the lowlands of Holland,
 He sleeps far remote from his babie and me.

Thy father is fallen, our stay and protector,
 And with thee, my babie, ah! where shall I flee?
 The world, I'm afraid, will sadly neglect us.
 They feel not the wants of my babie and me.
 Dear image of him who has left me for ever,
 The last beam of comfort allotted for me:
 Thro' clouds of distress shine forth on thy mother,
 And cheer with a smile, her who lives but for thee.

Young Donald of Dundee.

Young Donald was the biythest lad
 that e'er made love to me ;
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
 he looks fae gay and free :
 While on his pipe he plays fae sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,
 He cherms my heart when at eve I meet
 young Donald o' Dundee.

When I go to yonder grove,
 young Sandy follows me ;
 I'd fain he wants to be my love,
 but O he canna be :
 Tho' mother fret bairn soon and late,
 For me to wed this youth I hate,
 There's nae can think to gain young Kate,
 but Donald o' Dundee.

When last I rang'd the banks of Tay,
 the ring he show'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 and happy wou'd he be :
 I ken the laddie will prove kind,
 No more my mother will I mind,
 Mese Joun to me will quickly bind
 young Donald of Dundee.

Nan of Logie-Green.

By pleasure long infected,
 Knew Heaven, when least expected,
 My devious path directed
 To Nan of Logie-green;
 Where thousand sweets repose 'em;
 In quiet's unuffled bosom,
 I found my peerless blossom,
 The pride of Logie-green.

The city Belle perchance, ay
 Will blame my youthful fancy,
 But she ne'er saw my Nancy,
 The pride of Logie-green;
 Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
 Her smile a Heaven discloses,
 No hly-leaf that blows is
 So fair on Logie-green.

Ye town-bred fair forgive me,
 Your arms must ne'er receive me,
 Your charms are all, believe me,
 Eclip'd on Logie-green.
 Forgive my passion tender,
 Heaven so much grace did lend her,
 And made my heart surrender
 To Nan of Logie-green.

No more the town delights me,
 Its noisy tumult frights me,
 I'll go where love invites me,
 To Nain of Logie-green.

My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
 I ne'er in life shall leave her;
 In love and peace for ever
 We'll live in Logie-green.

The Braes o' Lomond.

By BURNS

'Twas on a Friday-afternoon,
 I took a trip aboon Glenfroun,
 To see a Concert there begin,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

That day the snaw lay on the braes,
 Bright Phoebus had withdrawn his rays,
 And Winter had put on her claitnes,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

But tho' without was wet and cauld,
 Within we were baith blythe and bauld,
 Wi' vocal strains frae young and auld,
 - Among the braes o' Lomond.

For the braw lassies o' the glen,
 (But for their names I dinna ken)
 They danc'd and sang till I grew fain,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

Their vocal strains war' sweet and rare,
 Naught wi' their dancing could compare,
 Assembly-balls are naething mair

Than Concerts at Lochlomond.

For a' the youths were dress'd sae gay,
 Their music did so sweetly play,
 That ilka heart, till break of day,
 Rejoic'd about Lochlomond.

Poetic fire can scarce describe
 Their beauty a'; without a bribe,
 And justice gi'e to ilka tribe,

Amang the braes o' Lomond.

For me, I frankly this will say,
 Should men endure on earth for ay;
 I'd freely spend perpetual day

Amang the braes o' Lomond.



DESPAIR'NG MARY.

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?

See a' around you the flowers, sweetly blaw;

Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs o' Jura,

Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw!

How can this heart ever mair think o' pleasure?

Summer may smile, but delight I have none;

Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,

Nature seems dead, since my Jamie is gane.

This kerchief he gave me, a true-lover's token,

Dear, dear to me, was the gift for his sake;

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart
 is broken.

Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break!

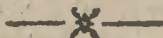
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning;
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
 Spent were my days a', in secret repining;
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

Of! have we wandered in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves death the moon's silent
 beam;

Sweet were our meetings of tender endearments,
 But fled are these joys, like a fleet-passing
 dream!

Cruel remembrance! ah, why wilt thou wreck me,
 Brooding; o'er joys that for ever are flown?

Cruel remembrance! in pity forsake;
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.



Taste Life's Glad Moments.

Taste life's glad moments
 Whilst the waffling taper glows,
 Pluck, ere it withers,
 The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,
 He seeks for thorns, and finds his share;
 While violets to the passing air,
 Unheeded shed their blossoms.
 Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
 And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
 Then ah! how soft, when lull'd the storm,
 The sun smiles forth at even.

Taste life's, &c.

Who spleen and envy anxious flies,
 And meek content in humble guise,
 Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
 Which golden fruits shall yield him.

Taste life's &c.

Who softens faith in upright breast,
 And freely gives to the distress'd,
 There sweet contentment builds her nest,
 And flutters round her bosom.

Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,
 And pressing ills on ills await,
 Then Friendship, sorrow to abate,
 The helping hand will offer.

Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way
 Even to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
 Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
 And pleasure still increases.

Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
 Joins brothers truly hand in hand;
 Thus onward to a better land,

Man journies light and cheerly,

Taste life's, &c.

THE GLAD TRUMPET SOUNDS.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
 She, a maid of envied 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,
 I'll come to thee, when the glad trumpet sounds
 a victory.

Battle now with fury glows,
 Hostile blood in torrent flows!
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She prest her hero to her heart,
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
 And now the clash of war's alarms!

Sweet maid, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns ;
 Death the Soldier now enthralls,
 With his wounds the hero falls ;
 She, disdain'g war's alarms,
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms.

● death ! he cried, thou'rt welcome now to me,
 Welcoms now to me,
 For, hark ! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

YO, YEA, or, The Good Ship KITTY.

Down top-gallant-sails, stand by braces,
 for now we have weather'd the sea,
 Would you, lads, see the girls pretty faces,
 safe moor'd at anchor—Yo, yea.

I sail'd in the good Ship Kitty,
 with a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,
 Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
 safe at anchor here—Yo, yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 and cried, Now be constant to me,
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 so up went the anchor—Yo, yea.

From this time no worse, nor no better,
 for nothing was thought of but she;
 Could grog or gin make me forget her?
 she's my cable and anchor—Yo, yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 and the storm came on the weather and lee,
 The hope that I with her should be harbour'd,
 was my cable and anchor—Yo, yea.

And now, my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with rhino from sea;
 But Miss Polly would not receive me,
 so again I heav'd anchor—Yo, yea.

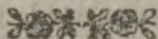
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond-hill there lives a lass,
 more bright than May-day morn.
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,
 a rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 has won my right good-will;
 I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
 sweet Lass of Richmond-hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 and wandon thro' the grove,
 Oh! whisper to my charming fair;
 I die for her in love.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 who calls this nymph his own!
 Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
 mine's fix'd on her alone.



WILLY & NELLY.

On a bank of flowers one summer's day;
 for summer's lightly dress'd,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 with love and sleep oppress'd;

When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 woo for her favour oft had su'd,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd;
 and trembled when he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 were seal'd in soft repose,
 Her lips still as the fragrance breath'd,
 it richer dy'd the rose:
 The springing lillies sweetly press'd,
 wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robe light waving in the breeze,
 her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 all harmony and grace!
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 a flatter'ing ardent kiss he stole:
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 and sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 on fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly startling half-awake,
 away affrighted springs:
 But Willy follow'd as he should,
 he overtook her in the wood;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 forgiving all and good.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad;
 Too much of the creature will make you mad;
 If you take it in reason, 'twill make you wise;
 If you drink it to excess, it will close up your eyes:
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister, and Brother,
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you, to drink it is bad;
 I think so too, if there's none to be had.
 The wadler will bid you drink none at all;
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all.
 Both Laymen and other,
 In spite of this pother,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

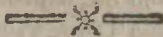
Some Doctors will tell you, 'twill hurt your health;
 And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth:
 Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee:
 Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
 And Lawyer and Proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
 They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
 Yet after their dinner, away they slunk,
 And tipped their wine, till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomat,
They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
By yea, and by nay, tis a fault in the vain:
Yet some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff,
And tipple away, till they've tipped enough.
For Stiff-rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say, they can drink the most;
The French and Italians will also boast:
Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,
For generous drinking, and hearty boys:
There each jovial fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his glass in his turn.



A NEW IMPROVED

TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

Now here's to every honest heart,
the poor man's friend, and a' that,
For feags I mean to tak their part,
while I ha'e breath to draw that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
I'll tell the truth, an' a' that;
We're like to ha'e a kittle time,
for want o' trade, an' a' that.

The filler it is ill to win,
 and ill to ware, an' a' that ;
 You'll hardly get your Sixpence aff
 for threepence-worth, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 A fairly you may ca' that ;
 They'll neither gi'e you meal on trust,
 Nor tak their price for a' that.

I'm was to see the tradesmen chaps,
 their shillings thin, an' a' that ;
 The merchant ca's't no worth a groat,
 it winna do ava that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Tobacco done, an' a' that ;
 An' weans grinnin' roun' the fire,
 wi' hungry kytes, an' a' that.

They're sendin' braw new filler owre
 frae Lunnin town, an' a' that ;
 They'll tak the auld trash in like flour,
 an' gar ye pay for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' whar's the gude o' a' that ?
 Twa Shillings for a peck o' meal,
 it is a shame for a' that.

And our braw gentry, honest men,
 get tea an' toast, an' a' that ;
 Their puddins, pies, and cocks and hens,
 and kail, and beef, and a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that ;
 They'll sit an' hash at a' that,
 Till a' their weel swell'd kytes belyve,
 are bent like drums, an' a' that.

They'll spend as much in ae night's time,
 on wine an' rum, an' a' that,
 And catching hizzies by the wayme,
 in coz's nooks, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They're costly gear for a' that,
 They'll pay a guinea for a wench,
 for warm breeks, an' a' that.

There's some of them awa' to France;
 to spend their time, an' a' that ;
 They think they'll hae a better chance
 for cheaper wine, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They'll get a cheat for a' that ;
 They'll come again, an' a' their tails
 between their feet, for a' that.

The Farmers now may cock their nose,
 their corn's dear, an' a' that ;
 Poor bodies now will scarce get brose,
 when they get tea, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their milk is dear, an' a' th a
 Their butter, cheese, and eggs, and hens,
 is double paid, for a' tha'.

Their fathers us'd to tak their brose,
 wi' servant-chields, an' a' that;
 And wore a pair o' plaiden hose,
 and hudden breeks, an' a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 But now they winna shaw that;
 Feags they maun hae their silken hose,
 and jockey boots, an' a' that.

The carls now that sell the drink,
 they're cunnin blades, for a' that;
 Though they be hurling in the clink,
 they're thankless brutes for a' that:
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They'll sit and chat for a' that;
 Till a' your cash be fairly spent,
 syne kick you out for a' that.

Although the times be very tight,
 the lassies dinna shaw that;
 They'll hae their tappies curl'd right,
 like water-dogs, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their morning-caps, an' a' that;
 And wallops hanging at their lugs,
 like bridle-reins, an' a' that.

They'll hae their stays and muslin gowns,
 their habit-shirts, an' a' that;
 But su' that pride can a' be seen,
 their wages disna draw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their fathers pay for a' that ;
 It gars the carls gang right bare,
 to get them clad, for a' that.

You'll hardly ken the servant-lafs
 by the goodwife, for a' that ;
 When they get on their braw pelisse,
 and hairy muff, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their feathers, caps, an' a' that,
 Their faces black as ony deil,
 wi' blads o' crape, an' a' that.

But if the times don't alter soon,
 they'll get a turn for a' that ;
 They'll get their mither's maunky-gown,
 and tartan plaid, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 A toy-mutch, an' a' that,
 A cutty-sark o' harn sheet,
 a worset brat, an' a' that.

Behad till ance they get a man,
 just gin it be their sa' that,
 They'll need to tak the scrimpest plan
 to ware their groat, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 And waffer, tea, an' a' that ;
 They'll need to tak their braw pelisse
 for hippens yet, for a' that.

But surely times will tak a turn,
 let's live in hopes, for a' that ;
 Although at present we do mourn,
 we may get trade for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 And milk an' meal, an' a' that ;
 Syne we'll forget this weary time,
 And never mind we saw that.

THE ROYAL ROBE.

Come all you Free-Masons
 that dwell all round the globe,
 That wear the badge of innocence,
 I mean the Royal Robe ;
 Which Noah he did wear
 In the Ark wherein he stood,
 When the world was destroy'd
 By a deluge of flood.

O Noah he was righteous
 in the sight of the Lord,
 He loved a Free Mason
 that kept the sacred word ;
 He built up the Ark,
 and he planted the first vine,
 And his soul, like an angel,
 in heaven doth shine.

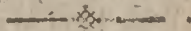
O when I think of Moses,
 it makes me go to bush,
 It was on the Mount of Sineb
 where I saw the burning bush;
 My staff I threw down,
 and my shoes I cast away;
 And I'll wander like a pilgrim
 until my dying day.

'Twas once I was blind,
 and could not see the light,
 It was unto Jerusalem,
 it was there I took my flight;
 They led me like a pilgrim
 through a wilderness of care,
 You may see by the sign
 and the badge that I wear.

O never will I hear
 a poor orphan to cry,
 Nor yet a poor virgin,
 until the day I die;
 Nor like the restless Jews
 that wander the world round,
 But I'll knock at the door
 where truth is to be found.

So now against the Turks
 and the Infidels we'll fight,
 To let the wandering world know
 that we are in the right;

For in heaven there's a Lodge,
 and St. Peter keeps the door;
 And none can enter there
 but those that are pure.



THE TIPPLING FARMER.

Good ale comes, and good ale goes,
 Good ale gart me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my spoon,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had four ewfen in a plough,
 And they drew a' tough enough,
 I drank them a', ane by ane,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.
 Good ale comes, &c.

Good ale keeps me bare and bizy,
 And gars me work' when I am dizey,
 And spend my wage when a' is done,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had forty shillings in a clout,
 Good ale gart me pick them out,
 Pick them out a' ane by ane,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I took the r buckle pot on my back,
 And to the ale-house I did pack,
 I spent it there in an afternoon,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I wish they were a' hang'd on a gallows,
 That winna keep good ale for good fellows,
 And keep a' soup till the afternoon;
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.
 Good ale comes, &c.



ABRAHAM NEWLANDS.

NEVER was a man so bairdied by Fame,
 thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
 As one that is writte upon every Bank-Note,
 and you all must know Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Notorio us Abraham Newland:

I've heard peopel say, Sham Abraham you may,
 but you must trust them Abraham Newland.

For fashions of arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 it matters not wherever you land,
 From C: it an to Greek all language will speak,
 if the language of Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

After this Abraham Newland:

Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
 by the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
 you may tramp like the wandering Jew, land,
 From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
 if a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Wonderful Abraham Newland!

Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may dis
 out of hand,

if you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world are inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
 yet Lawyers know well she can view land;
 But what of all that?—she'll blink like a bat,
 at the sight of a friend—Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Magical Abraham Newland!

Tho' Justice, 'tis known we can see thro' a mill-stone,
 she can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
 and, good souls, like mushrooms, they strew all,
 But tho' loud as a drum, each proves Orationer Mumm,
 if attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Invincible Abraham Newland,

No argument's sound in the world half so sound,
 as the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but surely they're
 humming;

we know what they want, if they'd only land.

But we'll make their ears ring, in defence of
 our King,
 our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
 Excellent Abraham Newland!
 No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
 shall rob us of Abraham Newland.



The Maid in Bedlam.

ONE morning very early;
 one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled in her hands,
 while sweetly thus sung she,
 I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents,
 who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel was the ship,
 that bore my love from me:
 Yet I love his parents since they're his,
 altho' they've ruin'd me;
 And I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying Powers,
 to call me to the flock,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
 around my love to fly,
 To guard him from all dangers;
 how happy should I be!
 or I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,
 I'll make it wond'rous fine;
 With roses, lillies, daffies,
 I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love,
 when he returns from sea.
 For I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O! if I was a little bird,
 to build upon his breast;
 Or if I wa a nightingale,
 to sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes,
 all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O! if I were an eagle,
 to soar into the sky;
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,
 where I my love might spy.

But ah! unhappy maiden,
 that love you ne'er shall see;
 Ye I love my love because I know
 my love loves me.

MY NANNY O.

BEHIND yon hill where Stenchar flows,
 'manie muir and mae-mony O,
 The wintry sun the day ha' clos'd,
 and I'll awa' to Nanny O.
 The waisting wind blow loud and thrill,
 the night's baith mirk and rainy O;
 But I'll get my plaid; and out I'll steal,
 and o'er the hill to Nanny O.

My Nanny's charming, sweet and young,
 nae a' ful wiles to win ye O;
 May ill be fa' the flattering tongue
 that wad beguile my Nanny O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 as spotless as she's bonny O;
 The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
 nae purer is than Nanny O.

A country lad is my degree,
 an' few they be that ken me O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome to my Nanny O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 and I maun guide it canny O;
 But wardly gear ne'er troubles me,
 my thoughts are a' my Nanny O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 his sheep and kyne thrive bonny O;
 But I'm as blyth that hauds his plough,
 and hae nae care but Nanny O.

Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
 'll tak what Heaven will send me O.
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 but live and love my Nanny O.



FAIR SUSANNA.

Ask if you damask rose be sweet,
 that scents the ambient air?
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 if dear Susanna's fair?

Say, Will the Vulture quit his prey,
 and warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the spray:
 then doubt thy Shepherd's-love.

The spoils of war let heroes share
 let pride and splendor thine;
 Ye Bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 be fair Susanna mine.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

BEHOLD, from many an hostile shore,
 and all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 your faithful Tom returns again;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart,
 That never from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 how sweet to tread our native soil!
 With ease quest to return at last,
 and deck our sweetheart with the spoil!
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

 PRETTY SALLY.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain,
 My wild desire to rally, to rally,
 My wild desires to ral—ly:

But now they ra of themselves come home;
 And strange! no longer wish to roam,
 They centre all in Sally, in Sally,
 They centre all in Sal—ly.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally, ruin tally ?

My mind desires to ral—ly :

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all toments bear,

Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,

Rather than injure Sal—ly.

Come then, Oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than violets and roses are,

Or lillies of the valley, of the valley,

Or lillies of the val—ley :

O follow love, and quit your fear,

He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,

And make you blest in Sally, in Sally,

And make you blest in sal—ly,

YOUNG ANNIE.

When beauty blazes heav'nly bright,

the Muse can no more cease to sing,

Than can the lark with r'ring light,

her notes neglect with drooping wing.

The morning shines, harmonious birds rise high,

The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim

th' inspired thought, and softest lays,

And kindle in the breast a flame
 which must be vented in her praise.
 Tell us, ye shepherds, have ye seen
 E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youths, be watchful of your hearts,
 when she appears, take the alarm!
 Love on her beauty points the darts,
 and wings an arrow from each charm.
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove,
 when such enchanting sweetness shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 and wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such flame the softish butterfly should shun;
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair,
 her lovely features are complete;
 Whilst Heaven, indulgent, makes her share,
 with angels, all that's wise and sweet.
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
 Exalt each other of the inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 or sparkle in the airy town,
 O! happy he, thy favour gains,
 unhappy, if she on him frown.
 The Muse unwilling quits the lovely theme;
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

THE LOVER'S SUMMONS.

ARISE thou Sovereign of my heart,
 and do not me disdain;
 Come now and quickly take a part
 with me, your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am a slave,
 there's none on earth can cure
 The flame that in my breast I have,
 for you I do endure.

Come now, dear nymph, and ease the heart
 of me your darling swain;
 My love for you within my heart,
 does constantly remain.

Now we to Hymen's bands will wed,
 our hearts united more;
 In love live without any dread,
 and joys for evermore.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

YE banks and braes of bonny Doon,
 how can you bloom so fresh and fair,
 How can your blue stream row so clear,
 when I'm so weary o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 that wanton on you flow'ry thorn;
 Ye mind me of departed joys,
 departed never to return.

Aft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 to see the rose and Woodbine twine,
 What ilka bird sang of it's love,
 and sae did I wi' glee of mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 the sweetest on it's thorny tree.
 But my false love has stown the rose,
 and oh! he's left the thorn wi' me.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
 the ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 are, Mary, moor'd with thee:
 For tho' thy Sails are bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No valiant Sailor ever sail'd,
 if Cupid fill'd the sails:
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 more fell than rocks or waves ;
 But Sailors of the British fleet
 are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
 we'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows and the wind,
 the powers of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

MARY OF GLENKILLOCH.

Will ye go to Glenkilloch, Mary,
 where the burnie fa's owre the linn ?
 Its murmurs are dearer to me, Mary,
 when borne on the fast breathing win'.
 The sun sheds his beams, my Mary,
 on the white blossom'd Hawthorn tree ;
 But his beams are bought to me, Mary,
 compar'd with thy love-glancing e'e.

The woodlark sings sweet, my Mary,
 at eve, in the green leafy grove ;
 But his strains are still sweeter, my Mary,
 when with thee I joyfully rove

Haste then to the glen, my Mary,
 ere summer frae us will be gane:
 O say that thou lovest me, Mary,
 'twill ease my fond heart o' its pain.

SWEET WILLY O.

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains;
 He gladden'd the plains;
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He sung it &c.

He melted each maid,
 So skillful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O,
 All nature, &c.

Wherever he came,
 Whatever had name,
 Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a Soldier, the sweet Willy O,
 He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.



NOBODY NO.

TUNE — *Ge-bo-Debbin.*

To sing you a long *see*, it is my intention,
Some folks I might laugh at yet, N' body
mention;

Nobody, you say, sure that must be ruff,
At singing I'm Nobody, that's the first proof.

CHORUS.

No Nobody, No Nobody, Nobody, Nobody,
Nobody No.

'Tis Nobody, Nobody sees the pranks play'd,
When Nobody's by, betwix Master and Maid,
When she cries out, Be quiet, somebody will
hear us!

He softly replies, Child, Nobody is near us.
No Nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly
discarded,

When favours are granted, Nobody's rewarded;
 When examined, she cries, Ye mortals forbid it,
 If I'm got with child, 'twas Nobody did it.

No Nobody, &c.

When by stealth the gailant the wanton wife
 leaves,
 His footsteps are heard, and her spouse cries,
 'Tis thieves!

He starts in a fright, and cries loudly, Whose
 there?

His wife pats his cheek, and says, Nobody dear.

No body, &c.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
 When something they should be ashamed of
 is done:

'Tis a name very fit for old Maids and young
 Beaux.

For what they were made for, Nobody knows:

No Nobby, &c.

Of Nobody now enough has been sung,
 If Nobody's angry, then Nobody wrong;
 I hope for free speaking I shall not be blam'd,
 For who can be angry when Nobody's nam'd;
 No Nobody, &c.

A MASON SONG.

TUNE— *In the garb of old Gaul.*

In the dress of Free Masons fit garments for Jove,
 With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
 We now are all mbr'd. all jovial and free,
 For who are so wise, and so happy as we?
 And since we're bound by secrecy to unity & love,
 Let us, like brethren, faithful to ev'ry brother
 prove :

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,
 All Masons in a ring,
 Protectors of our native land,
 The Craft, and the King.

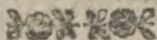
Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
 And when they've attain'd it, despise each poor
 friend,

Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to insure,
 Counts each Mason his brother tho' ever so poor.
 And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our brethren alone we confine
 That brotherly love, that affection divine ;
 For our kindshearted sisters in that bear a share :
 And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.
 And since we're bound by secrecy to unity & love,
 Let us, like brethren faithful still to ev'ry sister
 prove, &c.

With justice, with candour, our besoms are warm'd;
 Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
 We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those,
 Who treat us as friends, and we smile at our foes.
 And since we re bound. &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend;
 For these are the rulers we're bound to defend:
 And when such a King, such a Master arise,
 As Britons, as Malons, we've cause to rejoice.
 And since we re bound. &c.



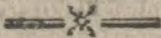
I AM NOT TWENTY.

As thro' the grove the other day,
 I gang'd so blythe and bonny,
 Who should I meet upon the way
 But my true lover Johnny;
 With eager haste he clasp'd my waist,
 and kisses gave me plenty.
 Tho' I deny'd, and thus reply'd,
 Dear lad, I am not twenty.

What's that to me, the shepherd cry'd,
 you're old enough to marry,
 Then come, sweet lass, and be my bride,
 no longer let us tarry;

But let's begone, o'er yonder lawn,
 where lads and lasses plenty,
 Are fill'd with joy, and kiss and to
 altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,
 and gang'd with him so rarely,
 With song and pipe he did prevail,
 he won my wishes fairly ;
 O! he's the lad, that makes me gl
 with kisses sweet and plenty ;
 So I declare, by all that's fair,
 I'll wed tho' not quite twenty!



Mind Hussy what you do

WHEN I was of a tender age,
 and in my youthful prime,
 My mother oft wou'd, in a rage,
 cry, Girl, take care in time ;
 For you are now so forward grown,
 the men will you pursue :
 And all the day this was her tone,
 Mind, hussy, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,
 I hasten'd o'er the plain,
 Where I was courted in a trice,
 by each young Sylvan swain

Yet, by the bye, must declare,
 I virtue had in view
 Altho' my mother cry'd, Beware,
 Mind, huff, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,
 I gave my youthful hand,
 His blooming face and comely mien,
 I cou'd not well withstand,
 But straight to clout we tript away,
 with hearts both firm and true,
 Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say,
 Mind, huffy, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,
 and hence this lesson learn.

When in your mind a man you see,
 ne'er look morose or stern,
 But take him with a true good will,
 should he have love for you,
 Altho' your mother's crying still,
 Mind, huffy, what you do!

THE TAILOR CAME TO CLOUT THE CLAISE.

The Tailor came to clout the claise,
 Sic a braw fellow!
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' flaes,
 Dassin down, and dassin down,
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' flaes,
 Dassin down and dilly.

The lassie slept avont the fire,
Sic a braw hissey!

Oh! she was a' his heart's desire,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
Oh! she was, &c.

The lassie she fell fast asleep,
Sic a braw hissey!

The sailor close to her did creep,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
The sailor, &c.

The lassie waken'd in a fright!

Sic a braw hissey!

Her maiden-head had ta'en the flight,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
Her maidenhead, &c.

She sought it wair, she sought it ben,
Sic a braw hissey!

And in beneath the clocking ben,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
And in beneath, &c.

She sought it in the owfen-flaw,
Sic a braw hissey!

Na faith, quo' the. it's quite awa';
Dassin down, and dassin down,
Na, faith, &c.

She fought it 'yont the knocking-stane,
Sic a braw hissey!

One day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
Some day, quo' she, &c.

She ca'd the Tailor to the court,
Sic a braw hissey!

And a' the young men round about,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
And a' the young men, &c.

She gar'd the Tailor pay a fine,
Sic a braw hissey!

Gi'e me my maidenhead again,
Dassin down, and dassin down,
Gi'e me my maidenhead, &c.

O what way wad ve ha'e: again?
Sic a braw hissey!

O! just the way that it was ta'en,
Dassin down, and dassin down,

O! just the way that it was ta'en,
Dassin down: and dilly.

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