

An Excellent Collection of

Popular Songs ;

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The Soldier's Adieu.

ADIEU ! adieu ! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee ;
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where valour's self might stand appal'd :
 When on the wings of thy dear love ;
 To Heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender prayer thou put'st up there,
 Will call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving ;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving :
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
To Heav'n above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
 I go, assur'd, my life, adieu !
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
To Heav'n above, &c.

My Nannie, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.
 The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk an' rainy, O;
 I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' o'er the hills to Nannie, O.
 My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonny, O;
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.
 A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.
 Our auld gudeman delights to view,
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds the pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wo, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

Old Towler.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn ;
 The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn ;
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
 Arise the burthen of their song, -
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale :
 The upland wilds they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly ;
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face ;
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more ;
 His joys were in the chase.
 Alike the sportsman of the town,
 The virgin game in view,
 Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.
 With their hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The Lammy.

- “WHAR hae ye been a’ day,
My boy Tammy?
Whar hae ye been a’ day,
My boy Tammy?”
- ‘I’ve been by burn and flow’ry brae,
Meadow green, and mountain-gray,
Courting o’ this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.’
- “And whar 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 ewe
For her poor mammy.’
- “What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy?”
- ‘I prais’d her cen sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow,—
She said, she’d tell her mammy.’
- ‘I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammy!
I hae a house it cost me dear,
I’ve walth o’ plenishin and geer;
Ye’se get it a’, wer’t ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.’
- The smile gaed aff her bonny face—
“I maunna leave my mammy;
She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,
She’s been my comfort a’ my days;—
My father’s death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy.”

• We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammy ;
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.
 The wee thing gie's her hand and says,---
 " There, gang and ask my mammy."
 " Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammy ?"
 ' She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee,---
 But O ! she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.'

Kate Kearney.

O DID you not hear of Kate Kearney ?
 She lives on the banks of Killarney ;
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.
 For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming :
 Yet oh ! I can tell, how fatal's the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.
 Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 There's mischief in every dimple,
 And who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

King Robert's Address.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory !
 Now's the day, and now's the hour !
 See the front of battle lour !
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r !
 Edward, chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee !
 Wha, for Scotland's king and 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, they shall be free !
 Lay the proud usurper low ;
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe !
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow !
 Forward—let us do or die !

This is no mine ain Lassie.

THIS is no mine ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be :
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place ;
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, fresh, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall,
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clarks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in the ee.
 O this is no, &c.

FINIS.