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The Braes o' Lomond.

'Twas on a Friday afternoon
I took a trip about Glenfroin,
To see a Concert there begin
Amang the braes o' Lomond.

That day the shaw lay on the trees,
Bright Phoebus had withdrawn his rays,
An' winter had put on her claites,
Amang the braes o' Lomond.

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

For the brow lasses o' the glen,
(But for their names I dinna ken)
They danc'd and sang till I-grew fain,
Amang the braes o' Lomond.

Their vocal strains war' sweet and rare,
Nought 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 sae sweetly play,
That ilk heart, till break of day,
Rejoic'd about Lochiomond.

Poetic fire can scarce describe
 Their beauty a', without a bribe,
 And justice gi'e to ilka tribe,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

For me, I frankly this will say,
 Should men endure on earth for ay,
 I'd freely spend perpetual day,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

—000—

Kind Robin Loes me.

Robin is my only jo,
 For Robin has the art to loe;
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he loes me.

Happy, happy was the shower,
 That led me to his birken bower,
 Whare first of love I fand the power,
 And ken'd that Robin loed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them signs he loes me.

But I'd prefer a smack o' Reb,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
 Because I ken he loes me.

He's tall and soncy, frank and free,
 Loed by a' and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,

Because my Robin loes me.

My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, or lang, be made to see
 That Robin didna loe me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, O, see keen

Kind Robin is that loes me.

Then flees ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,
 And mak him mixe that loes me.

Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on a' wi' spite,

Wha doubt that Robin loes me.

O hey, Robin, quo' she,

O hey, Robin, quo' she,

O hey, Robin, quo' she,

Kind Robin loes me.

Neilson's Last Victory.

Come all you gallant heroes bold,
 And listen unto me,

Whilst I relate a battle
Which was lately fought at sea,
So fierce and hot upon each side,
As plainly doth appear,
There's not been such a battle,
No, not these many years.

Brave Neilson and brave Collinwood,
Off Cadiz harbour lay,
Watching the French and Spaniards,
To show them British play.
The Nineteenth of October,
From the bay they did set sail,
Brave Neilson got intelligence,
And soon was at their tail.

It was on the twenty-first, my boys
We had them clear in sight,
And on that very day at noon,
Began that bloody fight.
Our fleet into two columns form'd,
We soon broke through their line,
To spare the use of signals,
Was Neilson's bold design.

But now the noise of thunder
Is heard on every side;
The briny waves like crimson,
With human blood was dy'd,
The French and Spanish heroes,
Their courage well did shew,

But our brave British sailors
 Soon brought their colours low,
 Four hours and ten minutes,
 This battle it did hold;
 And on the briny ocean,
 Men never fought more bold,
 But on the point of victory,
 Brave Neilson he was slain,
 And in the mind of Britons
 His death will long remain.

Nineteen sail of the en'mies ships,
 Were taken and destroyed,
 You see the rage of Britons
 Are not to be annoyed.
 In ages yet hereafter,
 We'll have it still to tell,
 The twenty-first of October,
 The gallant Neilson fell.

I hope their wives and children
 Will quickly find relief,
 For the loss of their brave heroes,
 Their hearts are fill'd with grief;
 And may our warlike Officers
 Aspire to such a fame,
 And revenge the death of Neilson,
 Whilst we record his name.

Sweet Polly of Plymouth

Dainty Davie.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet thy faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

Sweet Polly of Plymouth.

Sweet Polly of Plymouth was my dear,
 When forc'd from her to go—
 A down her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind :
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true-love's sake ;
 But press'd as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more.
 “ And have they torn my love away ?
 And is he gone ? ”—she cried :
 My Polly—sweetest flower of May !
 She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

FINIS.