

ROBIN ADAIR,

A New Way of Waterloo,

THE THORN,

O let me in this ae night,

AND

HIGHLAND MARY.



B. &

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1818.

ROBIN ADAIR.

New-~~Way~~ of Water

THE HORN,
[Robin Adair.]

O let me in this so night

What's this dull town to me ?

Robin's not near:

What was't I wish'd to see ?

What wish'd too hear ?

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made this town a heaven on earth ?

Oh ! they are all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made the assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there.

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet him I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

MY MERRY HEARTS OF GOLD.

Tune—*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*

To you my merry hearts of gold,
British valour must be told,
Victorious Britain ever bold,
Again we must review, man,
The rebel-tyrant and his train,
Again assembled on the plain,
He thought to make those fields his ain,
The plains of Waterloo, man:

Invincibles, a mighty throng,
Form'd in columns great and strong,
With crouded thousands lin'd along,
'I was daring like to view, man.
No doubt he thought himself secure,
From all attacks of every power,
And that he'd conquer o'er and o'er,
The plains of Waterloo, man.

But our hero, whom he never saw,
Defensive lines did quickly draw,
With hardy veterans, heroes a',
And every one a true man.

Then the lofty colours fly,
 Thousands wounded, thousands die,
 They made him rue that he came nigh
 The plains of Waterloo man.

Brave Wellington, with sword in hand,
 His gallant heroes did command,
 They soon did beat the rebel band,
 And made their hero run, man:
 In battle where his noble grace,
 Did shew his dauntless warlike face,
 Then Boney did commence his race,
 And fled from Waterloo, man.

Many a race he's run indeed,
 This seems to be his only creed,
 Ay by his heels to save his head,
 Ye ken that's naething new, man.
 From Egypt's land he ran awa',
 And from Moscow among the snaw,
 From Leipsic too, what he could claw,
 And now from Waterloo, man.

New where's the crowns that he did wear;
 And where the sceptre and the spear;
 Ah, where are a' his friends so dear;
 I think they are but few, man.
 The bloody car he drew in vain
 Across yon bonny verdant plain:

But he will never try again
The plains of Waterloo, man.

The Thorn.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested,

A sprig her fair breast to adorn.

From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested,

A sprig her fair breast to adorn.

O by heav'ns I exclaim'd may I perish,

If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

O by heav'ns I exclaim'd may I perish,

If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I shew'd her a ring and implor'd her to
marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn.

When I shew'd her a ring and implor'd her to
marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn.

As I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise,

That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

O by heav'ns I exclaim'd may I perish,

If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

O let me in this ae night.

O, lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin' I would wit;
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae, night,
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O wad ye let me in jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came this dark and dreary hour:
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, jo.

O let me, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me, &c.

O tell na me of wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
 Gae back the gate ye came again,
 I winna let you in, jo.
 O let me, &c.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around
 The castle of Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie,
 There summer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry,
 For there I took the last farewell
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
 As underneath the fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom.
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;

And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder;
 But oh, fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower so early;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly;
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwalt on me, sae kindly.
 And moulderin' now in silent dust,
 That heart that lov'd me dearly;
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

FINIS.