

An Excellent Collection of

Popular Songs;

Logan Braes.

Paddy Carey's Fortune.

Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

Dulce Domum.

Tom Starboard.

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

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Logan Braes.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
 Has made our hills and vallies gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flower
 Blythe morning lifts her rosy eye,
 And e'ening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

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*Paddy Carey's Fortune, or Irish
Promotion.*

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Serjeant Snap met Paddy Carey,
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy ;
 His brawney shoulders, four feet square,
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoës ;
 His legs would make a chairman stare,
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies !
 Old and young—grave and sad—deaf and dumb—
 dull or mad,
 Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
 Light, brisk, and airy:
 All the sweet faces at Lim'rick raees,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's beautiful name would melt !
 The souls would ery, and look so shy,
 Oeh ! cushlamaeree, did you never see
 The jolly boy, the darling boy !
 The widow's joy, the lady's toy !
 Nimble-footed, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-
 headed Páddy Carey !
 O sweet Paddy !
 Beautiful Paddy !
 Nate little, tight little, Paddy Carey.

His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney ;
 His tongue was tipt with a bit o' the brogue,
 But the deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
 Now Serjeant Snap, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
 A shilling slipt so nate and clane,
 By th' powers he listed Paddy Carey !

Tight and sound—strong and light—checks so
 round—eyes so bright,
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight, and airy.

All the sweet faces, &c.

The sowls wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came Widow Leary ;
 Tho' she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey.

“Och, Pat !” she cried, “go buy the ring,
 Here's cash galore, my darling honey :”
 Says Pat, “Your sowl ! I'll do that thing,”
 And clapp'd his thumb upon her money !

Gimlet eye—sausages-nosc--Pat so sly, ogle throws,
 Leering, titt'ring, fritt'ring ;
 Sweet Widow Leary !

All the sweet faces, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He pressed the lips of Mrs Leary ;
 And mounting straight a large cockade !
 In captain's boots struts Paddy Carey !
 He grateful prais'd her shape, her back,
 To others like a dromedary ;

Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey !

Nate and sweet—no alloy—all complete—love and
 joy,

Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear Widow Leary ;

All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt ;
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt ;
 The sowls all cry, as the groom struts by,
 “Och ! cushlamacree, thou art lost to me,
 The jolly boy, the darling boy !
 The lady's toy, the widow's joy !

long sword-girted, neat short-skirted, head cropt,
whisker-chopp'd, Captain Carey!

O sweet Paddy!

Beautiful Paddy!

White-feathered, boot-leathered, Paddy Carey!

Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the rose wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;

an' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o'
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dum-
blane.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
I ne'er reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Dulce Domum.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,
 Oft sought by trav'lers weary,
 And long it prov'd the bless'd abode,
 Of Edward and of Mary.
 For her he chas'd the mountain goat,
 O'er Alps and Glaciers bounding ;
 For her the chamois he would shoot,
 Dark horrors all surrounding.
 But evening come,
 He sought his home,
 And, anxious, lovely woman,
 She hail'd the sight,
 And ev'ry night,
 The cottage rung,
 As they sung,
 Oh ! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss
 Was chang'd to prospect dreary ;
 For war and honour rous'd each Swiss,
 And Edward left his Mary.
 To bold St Gothard's height he rush'd,
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending ;
 And by unequal numbers crush'd,
 He died his land defending.
 The evening come,
 He sought not home,
 Whilst she—distracted woman—
 Grown wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead,
 And hears the knell
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum.

Tom Starboard.

TOM STARBOARD was a lover true,

As brave a tar as ever sail'd ;

The duties ablest seamen do,

Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.

But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,

Within a mile of England's coast,

Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,

For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,

True to his love as e'er was man ;

Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,

Rich in the thoughts of lovely Nan.

But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd,

When he was press'd ; he heav'd a sigh,

And said, though cruel was his lot,

Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;

Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,

Said, love for Nan, his only dear,

Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.

The war being ended, Tom return'd,

His lost arm serv'd him for a joke,

For still his manly bosom burn'd

With love, his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,

To cheer his love, his destin'd bride ;

But false report had brought to Nan,

Six months before, that Tom had died.

With grief she daily pin'd away,

No remedy her life could save,

And Tom arriv'd the very day

They laid his Nancy in her grave.

Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see,
 Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw; the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!

We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!

We are na fou, &c.