

An Excellent Collection of

Popular Songs;

viz.

1. A Man's a Man for a' that.
2. Lilies of the Valley.
3. Of a' the Airts the Wind can
blaw.
5. The Bay of Biscay, O.
6. Tam Glen.
4. Charlie he's my Darling.



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A Man's a Man for a' that.

Is there for honest poverty,
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that,
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,
 The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that,
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that,
 An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that,
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look, and laugh, at a' that.

The king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid-faith he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 His dignities, and a' that:

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it shall, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that ;
Its coming yet for a' that,
When man and man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

Lilies of the Valley.

O'ER barren hills and flowery dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours ;
Tho' wandering thus, I ne'er could find
A girl like blithesome Sally ;
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
“ Sweet lilies of the valley.”

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,
From nestling of each tree,
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social, gay, and free :
Yet tho' the lasses love me well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
“ Sweet lilies of the valley.”

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
To see my native soil ;

From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil:
 I care not which, with either pleased,
 So I possess my sally,
 That little merry nymph, who cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best;
 Tho' wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' monie a hill between,
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.
 I see her in the dewy flower,
 Sae lovely, sweet; an' fair;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air;
 There's not a bonny flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.
 Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them brow;
 But when their best they hae put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a';
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town;
 Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
 Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be ?

She has na faut, (if sic we ca't,)
Except her love for me :

The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
Is like her shining een ;

In shape and air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;

Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees,

And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;

Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa !

How fain to meet, how wae to part
That day she gade awa !

The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,

That nane can be so dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean !

The Bay of Biscay, O.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder ;

The rain a deluge showers ;

The clouds were rent asunder,

By lightning's vivid powers :

The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 There she lay,
 Till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Her op'ning timbers creak ;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak ;
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seamen crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd for morrow,
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh ;
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to our crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent ;
 A sail in sight appears !
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

Tam Glen.

My heart is a breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity ;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen',
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,
 " Gude day to you," brute, he comes ben :
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men ;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten,
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten ;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin,
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Charlie he's my Darling.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 That Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

An' Charlie he's my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 Charlie he's my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonny lass
 The window looking thro'.

An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin ;
 And wha sae ready as hersel,
 To let the laddie in.

An' Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress ;
 For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
 To please a bonny lass.

An' Charlie, &c.

Its up yon heathery mountain,
 And down yon scroggy glen,
 We daur nae gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men.

An' Charlie, &c.