

A Most Choice Collection of

Popular Songs ;

1. Highland Mary.
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Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and hraes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie;
 There simmer first unfolds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their 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 sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' moiny 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 sae 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 dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lov'd me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Corporal Casey.

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky:
 My uncle was rich, but would never be aisey,
 Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy;
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I marched from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking
 But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisey,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who should the first be that dropt! why, an'
 plaise ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey.
 Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be aisey;
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

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' Drummiller,
"Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?

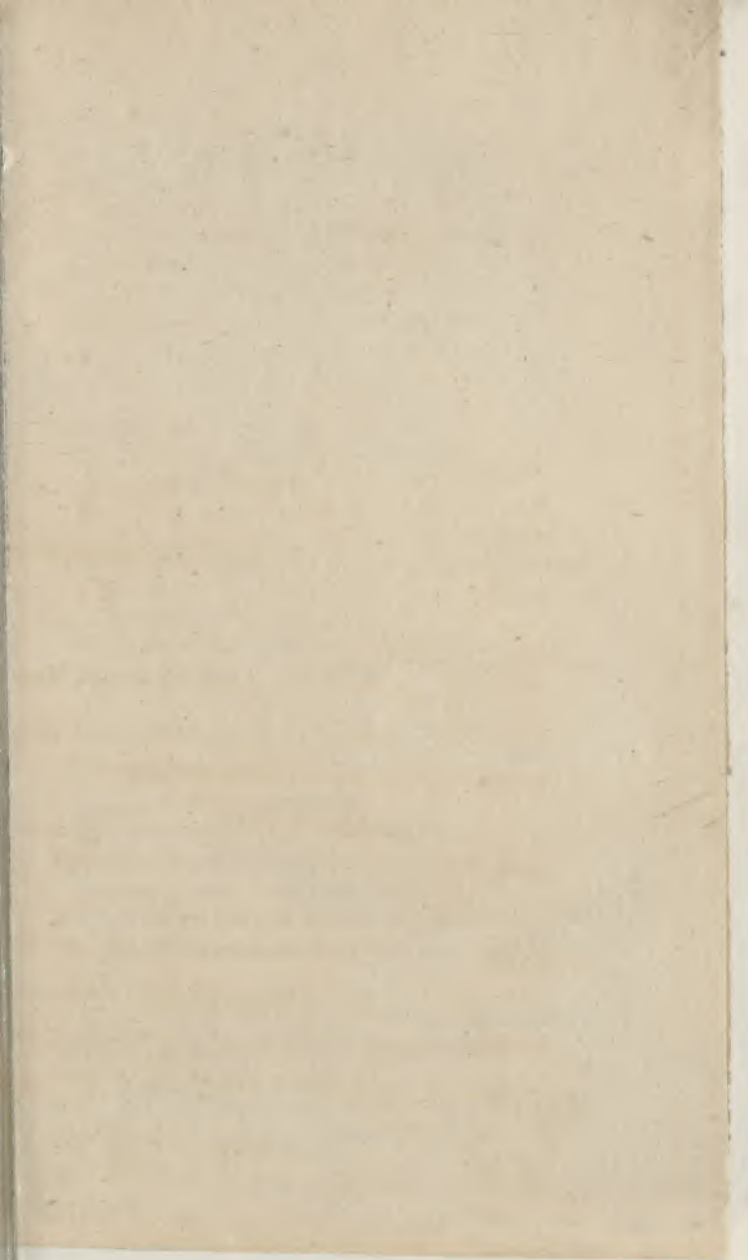
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

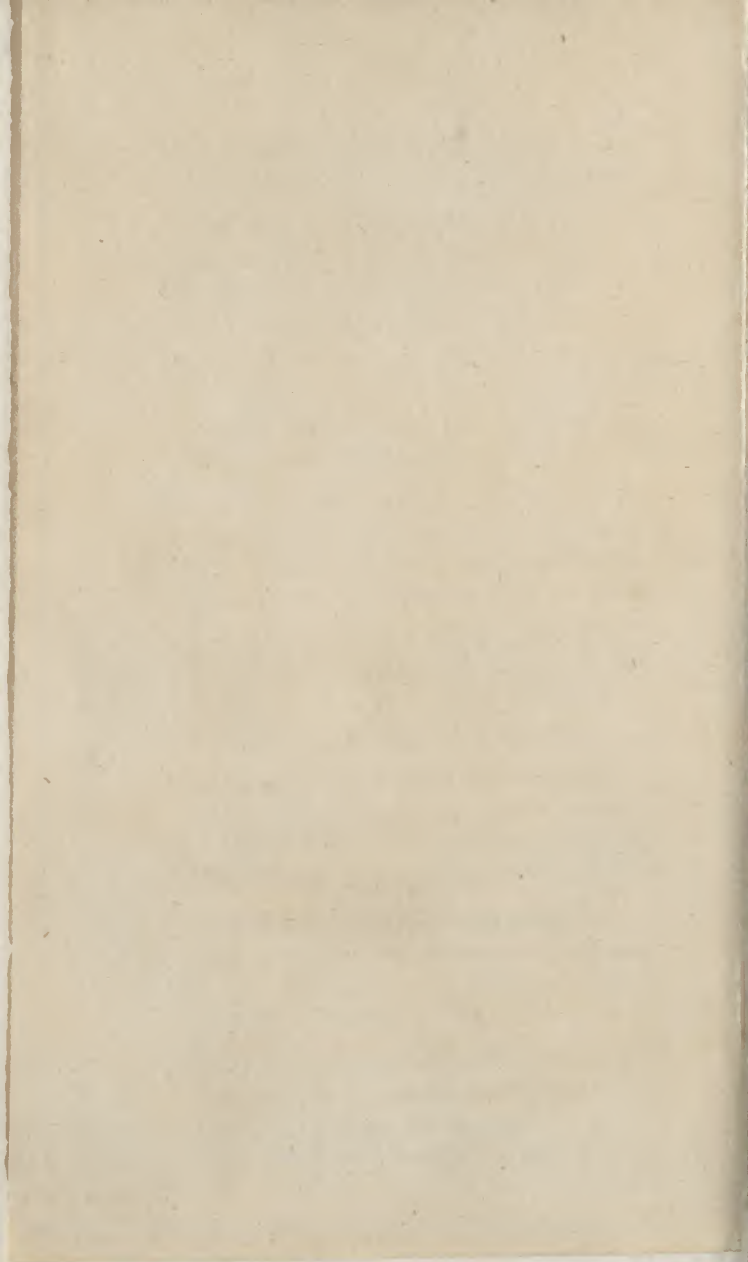
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if its ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

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 keen;
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 bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I love dearly, Tam Glen.





Black-ey'd Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When blaek-ey'd Susan came on board ;
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Roek'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voiee he heard,
 He sigh'd, and east his eyes below :
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quiek as lightning on the deek he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If ehance his mate's shrill eall he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest eaptain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find !
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
 Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harm,
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head ;
 Her less'ning boat, unwilling, rows to land,
 Adieu, she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

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.

The Galley Slave.

Oh, think on my fate ! once I freedom enjoy'd,
 Was as happy as happy could be,
 But pleasure is fled ! even hope is destroy'd,
 A captive, alas ! on the sea.
 I was ta'en by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate
 To tear me from her I adore,
 But thought brings to mind my once happy state,
 I sigh, while I tug at the oar.
 Hard, hard is my fate ! oh, how galling my chain,
 My life's steer'd by misery's chart ;
 And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my full heart.
 I disdain e'en to shrink, though I feel the sharplash,
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore,
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
 I sigh ! and still tug at the oar.
 How fortune deceives—I had pleasure in tow,
 The port where she dwelt we'd in view ?

But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with
 wo,
 And, dear Anna! I was hurried from you.
 Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,
 To behold my dear Anna no more;
 But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay.
 He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar!

Parting Moments.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose
 you,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears
 flow,

Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,

Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my love, no!

I own it would please me, at home would you tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny to go,

But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,

Shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my
 love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,

That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow.

Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,

Do you think I suspect you? oh! no, my love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,

Or plant in a heart which adores you such wo;

Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,

Should I e'er cease to love you? oh! no, my
 love, no!