

A COLLECTION OF

6

# SONGS, &c.

CONTAINING

VL

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

HIE BONNIE LASSIE.

HOHENLINDEN.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

HEARTS OF OAK.



EDINBURGH.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,

*Within a Mile of Edinburgh.*

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet flow'rs bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear;  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,  
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay :  
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning, cry'd.  
 Na, na, it winna do ;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle t

Jockie was a wag that never would wed,  
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass ;  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily,  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cry'd,  
 Na, na, it winna do ;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle t

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,  
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd ever be true.  
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily ;  
 At kirk she nae mair frowning cry'd,  
 Na, na, if winna do,  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle t

## Logie o' Buchan.

Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,  
 y've ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,  
 a play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';  
 y've ta'en awa Jamie, the flow'r o' them a'.

said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;  
 said, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;  
 simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,  
 I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

dy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;  
 ouse and a hadden, and sill<sup>r</sup> forbye:  
 I'd tak my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
 ore I'd hae him, wi' his houses and land.

He said, think na lang, &c.

daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 y frown upon Jamie because he is poor:  
 I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,  
 y're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, &c. I

on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,  
 I think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;  
 had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
 I gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa.

en haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
 en haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;  
 e simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,  
 I ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

*The Bay of Biscay, O!*

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder!

The rain a deluge show'rs!

The clouds were rent asunder,

By lightning's vivid pow'rs!

The night both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

Till next day,

There she lay,

In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow,

Our opening timbers creak,

Each fears a wat'ry pillow,

None stop the dreadful leak!

To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,

Each breathless seaman 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 a bitter sigh;

The dismal wreck to view,

Struck horror to the crew!

As she lay,

On that day,

In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent,  
 When heav'n, 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!

*His Bonnie Lassie.*

His bonnie lassie blink over the burn,  
 And if your flocks wander I'll gie them a turn,  
 Sae happy as we'll be on yonder green shade,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie and sit in my plaid.

A ewe and twa lammies is a' my hale stock,  
 But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,  
 To buy thee a head lace sae bonnie and braided,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae a wee whittle made me a trout creel,  
 And O that wee whittle I liked it weel;  
 But I'll gie't to my lassie, and mair if I had,  
 If she'd be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

I hae little siller, but ae hauf year's fee;  
 But if you will tak it, I'll gie't a' to thee,  
 And then we'll be married and lie in ae bed,  
 If ye'll be my dawtie, and sit in my plaid.

*Hohenlinden.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
 And furious every charger neigh'd,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven—  
 Then flew the steed to battle driven—  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet these fires shall glow  
 On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow,  
 And bloodier yet shall be the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

The battle thickens!—On ye brave!  
 Who rush to glory or the grave—  
 Wave, Munich!—all thy banners wave  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

'Tis morn; but scarce you level sun  
 Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,  
 Where fiery Frank, and furious Hun,  
 Shout mid their sulphurous canopy.

Few, few shall part, where many meet;  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
 And every sod beneath their feet  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*The Mariner's Song.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high;  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And hark the music, mariners,  
 The wind is piping loud;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

*Hearts of Oak.*

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,  
 To add something more to this wonderful year ;  
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,  
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

Hearts of oak are our ships,  
 Jolly tars are our men ;  
 We always are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady,  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
 They never see us but they wish us away ;  
 If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,  
 For if they won't fight us what can we do more ?

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !  
 They frighten our women, our children, and  
 beaux ;

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
 Still Britans they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts, of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em  
 sweat,

In spite of the devil and Brussel's Gazette ;  
 Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,  
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Hearts of oak, &c.