

THE

SONGSTER'S GARLAND.

Consisting of the following  
Excellent Songs.

The laird o' Cockpen  
Jock o' Hazledean  
Soldier's Return  
Jockey's far awa  
John Anderson my Joe  
This is no my ain Lassie,  
The auld man's mare's dead  
O Poortith Cauld  
Nobody comin' to marry me,  
The Highland Widow

The Land o' the Leal  
I gaed a wacfu' gait yestreen  
Sleeping Maggie  
A red red Rose  
The Minute Gun  
Fai fa' the Lasses, O  
Heaving of the Lead  
Charlie he's my Darling  
O swifflly glides  
The bush aboon Traquair.

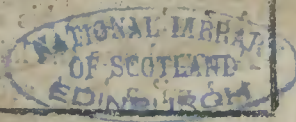
Black ey'd Susan,

THIRD EDITION.

DUNFERMLINE

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN MILLER,

1833.



# The Songster's Garland.

## THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the state,  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;  
But favour wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke side a lady did dwell,  
At his table head he thocht she'd look well;  
M'Clish's ae dochter o' Claverseha' Lee,  
A pennyles lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, as guid as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;  
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily  
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claverseha' Lee,  
"Gae, tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower win,  
"An' what brings the laird at sic a like time?  
She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa doun."

An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low;  
An' what was his errand he soon let her know,  
Amazed was the laird when the lady said—"Na,  
An' wi' a laigh court'sy she turn'd awa."

mfunder'd he was—but nae sigh did he gi'e ;  
 mounted his mare, and rade cannily,  
 and aften he thocht, as he gaeil through the glen,  
 he's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen !”

ar to the house amang the lang trees,  
 ere he did meet sweet Jeanie Greenlees—  
 his table she sits like a white-tappet hen,—  
 and mickle thinks she o' the Laird o' Cockpen.

### JOCK O' HAZLEDEAN.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, lady ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride ;

And ye sall be his bride, lady,

Sae comely to be seen ;”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazledean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale ;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langleydale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen ;”—

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazledean.

“ A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair ;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;  
 And you, the foremost o’ them a’,  
 Shall ride our foremost queen ;” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazledean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer’d fair,  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride  
 And dame and knight are there,  
 They sought her both by bower and ha  
 The lady was not seen !  
 She’s o’er the border, and awa  
 W’ Jock o’ Hazeldean.

---

### THE SOLDIER’S RETURN.

WHEN wild war’s deadly blast was blown  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again wi’ pleasure beam’d,  
 That had been blear’d wi’ mourning ;  
 I left the lines, and tented fields  
 Where lang I’d been a lodger,  
 A humble knapsack a’ my wealth,  
 A poor, but honest sodger.  
 A lee light heart beat in my breast,  
 My hands unstain’d wi’ plunder ;

And for fair Scotia hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander :  
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy,  
 I thought upon the witching smile,  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen,  
 Where early life I sported,  
 I past the mill, and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy oft I courted :  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid  
 Down by her mother's dwelling,  
 I turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O happy, happy, may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom ;  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain would be thy lodger ;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
 Tak pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier grew than ever ;  
 Quoth she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never ;  
 Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake o't ;  
 That gallant badge the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddend like a rose,  
 Syne pale as ony lily,  
 She sank within my arms and cried,  
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?—  
 By Him who made you sun and sky!  
 By whom true love's regarded;  
 I am the man—and thus may still  
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true hearted;  
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
 And mair we's ne'er be parted.  
 Quoth she, my grandsire left me goud,  
 A mailen plenished fairly;  
 Then come my faithfu' sodger lad  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
 The farmer ploughs the manor;  
 But glory is the sodger's prize,  
 The sodger's wealth is honour;  
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
 Nor count him as a stranger;  
 Remember he's his country's stay,  
 In day and hour o' danger.

---

### JOCKEY'S FAR AWA.

Now simmer decks the field wi' flow'rs  
 The wood wi' leaves are green.

An' little birds a' round their bow'rs  
In harmony convene.

The enckoo flies frae tree to tree,  
While saft the zephyrs blaw :  
But what are a' the joys to me,  
When Jockey's far away.

When Jockey's far away on sea  
When Jockey's far awa :  
But what are a' thae joys to me,  
When Jockey's far away.

Last morning, how sweet to see  
The little lambkins play,  
While my dear lad alang wi' me,  
Did kindly walk this way :  
On yon green bank, wild flow'rs he pu'd,  
To busk my bosom brow.  
Sweet sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,  
But now he's far away.

But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,  
Bring Jockey to my arms,  
Frae dangers on the raging main  
An' cruel war's alarms.

Gin e'er we meet nae mair we'll part,  
While we hae breath to draw ;  
Nor will I sing wi' aching heart,  
My Jockey's far awa.

My Jockey's far, &c.

8  
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO, JOHN

John Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your looks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is bauld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw,  
But blessing on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither ;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go.  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

O THIS is no mine ain lassie,  
Fair tho' the lassie be !  
Weel ken I mine ain lassie,  
Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form I see a face,  
Ye well may wi' the fairest place,  
It wants to me, the witching grace,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no mine, &c.



She's bonny, blooming, straight and tall,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
And ay it charms my very saul,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no mine, &c.

A thief sae pauky is my Jean,  
To steal a blink by a' unseen;  
But gleg as light are lover's e'en,  
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no mine, &c.

It may escape the country sparks,  
It may escape the learned clerks:  
But weel the watching lover marks,  
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no mine, &c.

---

### THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD.

The auld man's mare's dead,  
The poor man's mare's dead,  
The auld man's mare's dead,

A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut luggit, painch lippet,  
Steel waimit, stainer fittit,  
Chanler chaffit, lang neckit,  
Yet the brute did dee.

The auld man's &c.

Her lawnzie banes were knagg and neuks,  
She had the cleeks, the cauld, the crooks,  
The jawpish and the wanton yeuks,  
And the howks aboon her e'e.

The auld man's &c.

My master rade me to the town,  
He ty'd me to a staincher roun',  
He took a chappin to himself,  
But fient a drap gied me.

The auld man's, &c.

The auld man's mare's dead,  
The poor man's mare's dead,  
The peats and touts and a' to lead  
But yet the brute did die,

The auld man's, &c.

---

### O POORTITH CAULD.

O POORTITH cauld and restless love,  
Ye break my peace between ye.  
Yet poortith a' I could forgive  
If 'twere nae for my Jeanie,

O why should fate such pleasure have,  
Love's dearest band untwining,  
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,  
Depend on fortune's shining.

This world's wealth, when I think o't  
 Its pride and a' the lave o't ;  
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
 That he should be the slave o't ;  
 O why should fate, &c,

Her een sae bonny blue, betray  
 How she repays my passion ;  
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,  
 She talks o' rank and fashion, &c.  
 O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,  
 Wi' sic a lassie by him ?  
 O wha can prudence think upon,  
 And sae in love as I am ?  
 O why should fate, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate,  
 He wo'es his simple deary ;  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never mak me eerie.  
 Then why should fate, &c.

---

NOBODY COMIN' TO MARRY ME.

LAST night the dog did bark,  
 And I peep't out to see,  
 When I saw a lively young spark,  
 But he was not looking for me.

And it's oh dear, what will become of me ?  
Oh dear, what shall I do ?  
Nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,  
My mother does nothing but spin,  
And I am a pretty young girl,  
And the money comes slowly in.  
And it's oh, &c.

They say I am beauteous and fair ;  
They say I am scornful and bold ;  
Alas I must now despair,  
For ah, I am grown very old.  
And it's oh, &c.

And now I must die an old maid,  
Oh dear, how shocking the thought,  
And all my beauty must fade,  
But I'm sure it is not my own fault.  
And it's oh, &c.

---

### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

Oh' I am come to the Low country,  
Ochon, ochon, ochurie ;  
Without a penny in my purse,  
To buy a meal to me.

10  
It was nae sae in the Highland hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ;  
Na woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,  
Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had three score of ewes  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ;  
Skipping on yon bouny knowes,  
Aud casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine ;  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came o'er at last,  
Sae far to set us free ;  
My Donald's arm was wanted then,  
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
Right to the wrang did yield,  
My Donald and his country fell,  
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, ochon, oh Donald, oh,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie ;  
Nae woman in this warld wide,  
Sae wretched now as me.

# THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,  
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,  
I'm wearing awa  
- To the land o' the Leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
There's nae cauld and care, Jean,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were leal and true, Jean,  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,  
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
And we grudg'd her right sair,  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e Jean,  
My soul longs to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel my ain Jean,  
This world's care is vain Jean.  
We'll meet and ay be fain  
In the land o' the leal.

SLEEPING MAGGIE.

10

MIRK an' rainy is the night  
No a starn in a' the carry,  
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift  
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

O are ye sleeping Maggie,  
O are ye sleeping Maggie.  
Let me in, for loud the linn,  
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary,  
Loud the iron yett does clank,  
And cry o' howlets make me eerie.

O are ye sleeping, &c.

Aboon my breath I darnae speak,  
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy,  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,  
Oh rise, rise my bonny lady.

O are ye sleeping, &c.

She's opt the door, she's let him in,  
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie,  
Blay your warst ye rain and win,  
Since Maggy, now I'm in beside ye.

Now since I'm in beside you,  
Now since I'm beside you, Maggie,  
What care I for howlet's cry,  
For boor-tree bank or warlock craigie.

FAIRFA THE LASSES, O.

FAIRFA' the lasses, O

Fairfa' the lasses O,

And dool and care be still his share,

Wha doesna lo'e the lasses, O.

Pale poverty and grinning care,

How lang will ye oppress us O,

Yet light's the load we hae to bear,

If lessened by the lassies, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,

Or scornfully may pass us, O :

Their better lot let's ne'er envy,

But live and love the lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, O.

Why should we ever sigh for wealth ?

Sic thought should never fash us, O,

A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,

Content and bonny lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, O.

The ancient bards, to show their skill,

Plac'd Muses on Parnassus, O

But let them fable as they will,

My Muses are the lasses, O.

Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

The drunkard cries the joys o' wine,

A' ither mirth surpasses O



But he ne'er felt the bliss divine,  
 That I hae wi' the lasses, O  
 Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,  
 The time fu' quickly passes, O,  
 But days are hours, and less, I trow,  
 When I am wi' the lasses, O.  
 Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

When joys abound, then let a round  
 Of overflowing glasses, O,  
 Gae brisk about, and clean drink out,  
 The toast be—"Bonny lasses," O.  
 Fairfa' the lasses, &c.

---

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with favouring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
 And scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appeared ;  
 To heave the lead the seamen sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 By the deep nine.

Now bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view,  
 An abbey tower, an harbour fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true :

While oft the lead the seamen flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 By the mark seven.

And as the much loved shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof,  
 Where dwells a friend and partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
 The lead once more the seamen flung,  
 Then to the watchful pilot sung,  
 Quarter less five.

Now to their birth the ship draws nigh,  
 We shorten sail, she feels the tide,  
 Stand clear the cable, is the cry,  
 The anchor's gone—we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night,  
 We hear the sentry, with delight,  
 Proclaim—all's well.

---

### 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 darliug, 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 through.

An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumpied 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 the Highland dress ;  
 For brawlie well 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.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear I'll dearly rue ;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een ;  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright  
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew'  
 Her heaving bosom lily white,  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wil'  
 She charm'd my soul I watna how,  
 An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare I'll speak, an spare I'll speed,  
 She aiblins listen to my vow ;  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

---

### THE MINUTE GUN.

When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
 The night-watch guards his wary post,  
 From thoughts of danger free ;  
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
 And hears amid some howling storm,  
 The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,  
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew,  
 And dare the dangerous wave ;  
 Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
 For they go the crew to save.

But oh what rapture fills each breast  
 Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd,  
 Then landed safe what joy to tell  
 Of all the dangers that besel,  
 Then heard is no more,  
 By the watch on the shore,  
 The minute gun at sea.

---

### A RED RED ROSE.

O my luv's like a red rose  
 That's newly sprung in June,  
 O my love's like the melodie,  
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou my bonny lass,  
 As deep in love am I ;  
 And I will love thee still my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun,  
 I will love thee still my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

---

### O SWIFTLY GLIDES.

O swiftly glides the bonny boat,  
 Just started from the shore,

And to the fisher's chorus note,  
 Soft moves the dipping oar.  
 His toils are borne with happy cheer,  
 And ever may they speed ;  
 That feeble age, and helpmate dear  
 And tender bairnies feed.

We cast our lines in Largo bay,  
 Our nets are flowing wide,  
 Our bonny boat, with yielding sway,  
 Rocks lightly on the tide.  
 And happy prove our daily lot,  
 Upon the summer sea ;  
 And blest on land our kindly cot,  
 Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,  
 The witch may weave her charm ;  
 Nor water-sprite, nor eldrich thing,  
 The bonny boat can harm.  
 It safely bears its scaly store,  
 Thro' many a stormy gale,  
 While joyful shouts rise from the shore,  
 Its homeward prey to hail !  
 We cast our lines, &c.

---

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me ye nymphs and every swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;  
 Tho' thus I languish thus complain  
 Alas, she ne'er believes me,

My vows and sighs like silent air  
 Unheeded never move her,  
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,  
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;  
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I tried to sooth my am'rous flame,  
 In words that I thought tender ;  
 If more there passed, I'm not to blame,  
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented ;  
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonny bush bloom'd fresh in May,  
 It's sweets I'll ay remember,  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?  
 O ! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender :  
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

## BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 'The streamers waving to the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
 O! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
 The cord flies swiftly through his glowing hands  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

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.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread;  
 No longer must she stay aboard:  
 They kiss'd—she sigh'd, he hung his head  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.