

SONGS

CONTAINING

THE BOATIE ROWS,

LONG LONG AGO.

BIRNIEBOUZLE,

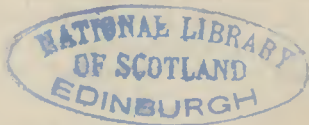
JEAN O' LONA,

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME,

THE GATHERING,

AND

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.



BRECHIN:

PRINTED FOR ALEXR. BLACK, BOOKSELLER,
1844.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O WEEL may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed ;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed.

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine ;
 There were three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed.

When Sawny, Jock, and Jenetie,
 Are up and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
 As we did them before.
 Then, weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boat to speed.

LONG LONG AGO.

TELL me the tales that to me were so dear,
 Long long ago, long long ago ;
 Sing me the songs I delighted to hear
 Long long ago, long ago.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
 Let me forget that so long you have rov'd,
 Let me believe that you love as ye lov'd,
 Long long ago, long ago.

So you remember the path where we met,
 Long long ago, long long ago,
 Ah! yes you told me you ne'er would forget,
 Long long ago, long ago;
 Then to all others my smile you preferred,
 Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
 Still my heart treasures the praises I heard
 Long long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised
 Long long ago, long long ago;
 You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd
 Long long ago, long ago;
 But by long absence your truth has been tried,
 Still to your accents I listen with pride,
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side
 Long long ago, long ago.

BIRNIEBOUZLE.

WILL ye gang wi' me lassie,
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle?
 Baith the earth an' sea lassie,
 Will a rob to fend ye:
 I'll hunt the otter, an' the brock,
 The hart, the hare, an' heather-cock,
 And pu' the limpat off the rock,
 To fatten an' to fend ye.

If ye'll gae we' me lassie,
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
 'Till the day ye dee, lassie,
 Ye sall aye hae plenty.
 The peats I'll carry in a skull,
 The cod an' ling wi' lines I'll pull,
 An' reave the eggs o' mony a gul
 To make ye dishes dainty.

Sae cheery will ye be lassie,
 I' the braes o' Birniebouzle;
 Donald Gun and me, lassie,
 Ever will attend ye.

Though we hae neither milk nor me,
 Nor Lamb, nor mutton, beef nor veal.
 We'll fank the porpy an' the seal,
 An' that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sal gang sae braw lassie,
 To the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
 Wi, liltit brogs an' a', lassie ;
 Wow but ye'll be vaunty,
 An ye sall wear, when you are wed,
 The kirtle an' the highland plaid,
 An' sleep upon a heather bed,
 Sae cozy an' sae canty.

If ye will marry me, laddie,
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
 My chiefest aim shall be, laddie,
 Ever to content ye :
 I'll bait the line an' bear the pail,
 An' row the boat an' spread the sail,
 An' dad the clotters wi' a flail
 To mak our tatoes plenty.

Then come awa wi' me lassie,
 To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
 An' since ye are sae free lassie,
 Ye sal ne'er repent ye ;
 For ye sal hae baith tups an' ewes,
 An gaits an' swine, an' stots an' cows,
 An' be the lady o' my house,
 An' that may weel content ye.

JEAN O' LONA.

JEANIE will you let me gang,
 Why so pale my loving one ;
 I'll be back ere it be lang,
 To bonny Jean O' Lona.
 Though for a while I'll absent be,
 Letters oft I'll send to thee,
 Will tell thee a' I hear an' see,
 As though I were in Lona.

Ah! but Jocky, wha will then
 Lead me down yon flowrie glen,
 An' ease my loving heart o' pain,
 When thou art gane frae Lona.
 Wha will sing wi' heart sae gay,
 Keep me lightsome a' the day,
 An' mak my labour seem as play
 When thou art far frae Lona.

Jeannie dear, 'tis a' for thee
 That I'm to cross the raging sea,
 India's gold to gain and gie
 When I return to Lona.
 Fortune for thy sake will smile,
 Crown with riches a' my toil,
 An' bring me back to Scotias' Isle,
 To thee an' bonny Lona.

Ah! but Jockie you may meet
 Some kind maid whose features sweet,
 Will mak thy bosom cease to beat
 For thy poor Jean o' Lona.
 To be true my Jeannie dear,
 An' to love wi' heart sincere,
 By yonder rising sun I swear
 Now shading 'ts rays in Lona.

Then dearest Jocky fare thee weel,
 I to thee will ay prove leal,
 Till on my head they lay the feal,
 The flowrie feal o' Lona.
 Then dearest Jeannie thrice adieu,
 Oft times will I think on you,
 And sigh thy name while oceans blue
 Roar 'tween me an' Lona.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

OH! why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep?
 Oh! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I cannot get a blink
 O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs,
 And to the Indian maid
 The bulbul sweetly sings ;
 But I dinna see the broom,
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie.

Oh ! here, no sabbath bell
 Awakes the sabbath morn ;
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Among the yellow corn ;
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slavery ;
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain.
 But the first joys of our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea,
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie.

THE GATHERING.

Rise ! rise ! lowland and highlandmen !
 Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early ;
 Rise ! rise ! mainland and islandmen,
 Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charli
 Down from the mountain steep—
 Up from the valley deep—
 Out from the clachan, the bothy, and shieling—
 Bugle and battle-drum,
 Bid chief and vassal come,
 Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing !
 Rise ! rise ! &c.

Men of the mountains!—descendants of heroes !
 Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers :
 Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us,
 When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers ?

Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls.

Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin ;
Seize then, ye mountain Maes,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Braedalbane !
Rise ! rise ! &c.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward ?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal ?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart ;
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal !
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald M'Donald !
Lovat ! Lochiel ! with the Grant and the Gordon !
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on !
Rise ! rise ! &c.

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

On Green Caledonia there ne'er werc twa lovers,
Sae enraptured and happy in each ither's arms,
As Burns, the sweet Bard, and his dear Highland Mary,
And fondly and sweetly he sang o' her charms.

And lang will his sang sae enchantin' and bonnie,
Be heard wi' delight on his ain native plains ;
And lang will the name o' his dear Highland Mary,
Be sacred to love in his heart-melting strains.

! 'twas a May-day and the flowers o' the Summer,
Were blooming in wildness a' lovely and fair,
That our lovers met in a grove o' green bowers,
Which grew on the banks o' the clear winding Ayr.

And O ! to them baith 'twas a meeting fu' tender,
As it was the last for a while they could hae,
The love's purest raptures they tasted thegither,
Till the red setting sun show'd the close of the day.

"O Mary, dear Mary," exclaimed her fond lover,
"Ye carry my heart to the Highlands with thee ;
Every burnic and bank, every grove and green bower,
May talk o' the love o' my lassie and me.

My life's sweetest treasure, my ain charming Mary,
 To thee I'll be ever devoted and true ;
 For the heart that is beating sae fast in this bosom,
 Is a heart that can never love ony but you.

O dinna bide lang in the Highlands, my Mary,
 O dinna bide lang in the Highlands frae me ;
 For I love thee sincerely, I love thee o'er dearly,
 To be happy sae far my dear Mary frae thee."

" I winna bide lang my dear lad in the Highlands,
 I canna bide lang for you winna be there ;
 Although I hae friends I like weel in the Highlands,
 The ane I love best's on the banks of the Ayr.

Then he kissed her red lips they were sweeter than roses
 And he strained her lily white breast to his heart,
 And her tears fell like dew-drops at e'en on his bosom,
 As she said, " my fond lover, alas ! we maun part."

Then farewell he said, and flew frae his Mary,
 " O ! farewell," said Mary,—she could say nae mair,—
 O ! little they kent they had parted for ever,
 When they parted that night on the banks o' the Ayr

Yet the Green Summer saw but few sunny mornings,
 Till she in the bloom of her beauty and pride,
 Was laid in the grave like a bonny young flower,
 In Greenock kirk-yard on the banks of the Clyde.

And Burns the sweet Bard o' his ain Caledonia,
 Lamented his Mary in many a sad strain ;
 Ah ! sair did he weep for his dear Highland Mary,
 And never did his heart love so deeply again:

Then bring me the lillies, and bring me the roses,
 And bring me the daisies that grow in the vale,
 And bring me the dew o' the mild Summer e'ening,
 And bring me the breath o' the sweet scented gale.

And bring me the sign o' a fond lover's bosom,
 And bring me the tear o' a fond lover's e'e,
 And I'll pour them a' down on thy grave Highland Mary
 For the sake o' thy Burns wha sae dearly loved thee.