

FOUR EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS.

The Lads of Benochie,

The Banks of the River.

The Rose Bud,

The Lamentation of Thomas Smith and George Stevenson, the horse stealers



Edinburgh: printed by J.

## THE BONNY LASS OF BENOCHE.

ONCE I lov'd a lady fair,  
 She was a beauty I declare,  
 She was the flower of the north country,  
 The bonny lass of Benochie.

She being heirs of house and land,  
 And I alone a poor farmer's son,  
 It was her birth and high degree,  
 That parted my true love and me.

I lov'd this lady in my heart,  
 Against our wills it was to part,  
 For she ador'd me as life.

In private we were man and wife.

Great knights and squires a courting came,  
 Unto this fair and lovely dame,  
 But all their offers prov'd in vain,  
 For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,  
 That I lov'd his daughter so  
 He Judas like betrayed me.  
 For keeping of her company.

It was at Auldrain that I was ta'en,  
 A prisoner for lady Jean,  
 In fetters strong then I was bound,  
 And carried into Aberdeen.

It is not their frowns that I do mind,  
 Nor yet the way that I have to go,  
 But love has pierc'd my tender heart,  
 And alas! has brought me very 'low.

I was embarked at the shore,  
 Never to see my native more;  
 In Germany a soldier to be,  
 All for the lass of Benochie.

But when I was upon the seas,

I ne'er could take one women's case,  
 For she was daily in my mind,  
 The bonny lass that I left behind.

But when I arriv'd in a foreign land,  
 From my true love a letter came,  
 With her respects in each degree,  
 Sign'd by the lass of Benochie.

The answer which to her I sent,  
 It never to my true love went.  
 It was her cruel father then  
 Told her that I abroad was slain.

Which griev'd this maiden's heart full sore,  
 To think that we should ne'er meet more;  
 This caus'd her to weep most bitterly,  
 Those tidings from high Germany.

O daughter dear thy tears refrain,  
 To weep for him it is in vain.  
 I have a better match for thee  
 To enjoy the lands of Benochie.

He was the husband of my youth,  
 In pledge he has my faith and truth,  
 I made a vow I'll wed with none,  
 Since my true love is dead and gone.

On every finger she put a ring,  
 On her mid-finger she put three.  
 And she is away to high Germany,  
 In hopes her true love for to see.

O she's put on her robes of green  
 Which was most lovely to be seen;  
 O had he been a crowned king  
 This fair lady might have been his queen.

But when she came to high Germany,  
 By fortune there her love did see,  
 Upon yon lofty rampart wall  
 As he was standing sentry.

O were my true love in this country,

O I could swear that you was she;  
 For there's not a face in high Germany,  
 So like the lais of Bechochie:

The first she met was the colonel then,  
 And he address'd her most courtously,  
 From whence she came and where she was born,  
 Her name, and from what country

From fair Scotland, she said I came,  
 In hopes my true love for to see,  
 But now I hear he's a grenadier  
 In your lordship's company.

What's thy love's name thou comely dame,  
 O lady fair come tell me then,  
 For it's a pity thy love should be,  
 In the station of a single man.

O William Graham is my lover's name,  
 All these hardships he suffers for me  
 But if it should cost me thousands ten,  
 A single man no more he's be.

O fair lady come along with me,  
 And thy true love thou soon shalt see,  
 And for thy sake a vow I make,  
 A single man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,  
 His own true love once more to see,  
 But when he saw her well far'd face,  
 O the salt tears did blind his eye

Your welcome here my dearest dear,  
 You're thrice welcome here to me,  
 For there's not a face so full of grace,  
 Not in the land of high Germany.

With kisses sweet these lovers did meet,  
 Most joyfully as I am told,  
 She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,  
 To crimson scarlet trimm'd with gold,  
 But when her cruel father found,

His daughter sine abroad was gone,  
 He sent a letter on express,  
 ' I was to call these two lovers home.  
 To him he gave a free discharge,  
 All for the sake of Lady Jean,  
 But now we hear he's a wealthy squire,  
 Into the shire of Aberdeen.  
 O now behold how fortune turns  
 Her father's rage to unity,  
 And now he lives in sweet content,  
 With the bonny lass of Benochie.

### THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

**O**NE evening most clear as I walked a long;  
 By the banks of the river I heard a fine song,  
 'Twas sung by a fair maid, her voice was so clear,  
 Crying happy would I be if my true love was here,  
 In a little time after her true love came by,  
 With his red rosy cheeks and rolling black eye,  
 You'd know by her blushes her true lover came,  
 He saluted his lovely, and by her sat down.  
 Saying My honey, my jewel, and my heart's delight  
 Before I would leave you I would die at a stroke,  
 I'll marry my love and will make her my bride,  
 And when we are married she'll ty by my side,  
 I will never prove false unto you my delight.  
 While the stars in the heavens do shine so bright,  
 The rocks and the mountains no man can remove,  
 Nor will I prove false to the girl that I love  
 I'm a stranger in this country from Yarmouth I came  
 There's no body knows me, nor can tell my name,  
 A stranger in this country I must tarry a while  
 For I'm far from my darling, O many a long mile,  
 Some says I am takish some says I am vile,

Some says I am takish fair maid, to be uif'e,  
 But to make them all liars if you'll go with me,  
 When you go to Jamaica my darling you'll be.

Give my service to Katty although she be poor,  
 Likewise unto Polly who lives on you shore;  
 Give my service to Nancy, she is my delight,  
 I'll roll her in my arms a long winters night.

Farewell my dearest Polly whom I adore,  
 For to fight for my king: I am going once more,  
 But if ever I return, I will make you my wife.  
 Then we will live together quite happy for life.

### THE ROSEBUD

SEE Daphné, see, Florella cry'd,  
 And learn the sad effects of pride:  
 You shelter'd rose low safe conceal'd!  
 How quickly blasted, when reveal'd,

The sun with warm attractive rays,  
 Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze:  
 A gale succeeds from eastern skies  
 And all its blushing radiance dies,

So you, my fair of charms divine,  
 Will quit the plains too fond to shine  
 Where some transporting rays allure.  
 Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid,  
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade:  
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,  
 As, to the rose, is eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd—You first, my swain,  
 Confine you sonnets to be plain  
 Envious tongue alike detains  
 You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is unknown, the poet's skill?  
 Or what we heard, the tuneful thrill.  
 What unadorn'd a charming mien?  
 Or what the rose's blush unseen?

The Sorrowfull Lamentation of Thomas Smith  
 And George Stevenson, who were executed  
 in the city of Edinburgh, on the 21st of  
 January 1807.

**D**raw near you wild young men,  
 And give ear to what we do relate,  
 Our Hardships and misfortunes,  
 Alas they are very great,  
 For the crime of horse stealing,  
 We both are sentenc'd here to die  
 And to the Lord of Heaven now,  
 For mercy we aloud do cry.

In England we were born,  
 And brought up all in our youth,  
 Free from all shame or scandal,  
 Which is well known for a truth,  
 Our parents educated us  
 And rear'd us most tenderly,  
 Little e'er they thought we would,  
 Die upon the gallows tree.

But our poor wives and children,  
 Unto the Lord we now commend,  
 Hoping he will assist them,  
 And always them Befriend,

For he is a father to the fatherless,  
 To the widow he is a husband to,  
 But our untimely end  
 Alas for ever they may rue.

We thank the worthy clergy,  
 Who attended us in our Distress,  
 May the God above assist them.  
 And may their souls receive happiness,  
 Likewise unto the magistrates,  
 Who showed us great justice,  
 But it was not in their power,  
 From this death for to set us free.

Our glasses thy are run,  
 And our time it is now at an end,  
 Unto the God of Heaven,  
 Our prayers we both recommend,  
 Hoping that he would pardon us,  
 For all the crimes that we done here  
 Adieu unto the world,  
 For before him now we must appear.

F I N I S.