

An Excellent Collection of

*Popular Songs ;*

VIZ.

1. The Hawthorn.
2. Lilies of the Valley.
3. Paudien O'Rafferty.
4. Charlie he's my Darling.
5. The Bay of Biscay, O.
6. Tam Glen.
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## The Hawthorn.

ONE midsummer morning, all nature look'd gay,  
I met my dear Jamie a tedding the hay,  
Who said, my lovely treasure, come see where I  
dwell,

Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale:  
That blooms in the valley, that blooms in the vale;  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

He prais'd me, and said that his love was sincere,  
Not one on the green was so charming and fair;  
I listen'd, with pleasure, to Jamie's tender tale,  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale  
That blooms, &c.

O hark, bonny Bess, to the birds in yon grove.  
How delightfu' they sing, how inviting to love;  
The briers, deck'd wi' roses, perfume the fanning  
gale,  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.  
That blooms, &c.

His looks were so pleasing, his words soft and kind,  
They told me the youth had no guile in his mind;  
My heart, too, confess'd him the flower of all the  
dale,  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.  
That blooms, &c.

I tried for to go, and oft said I could not stay,  
But he would not leave me, nor let me away;  
Still pressing his suit, at last he did prevail,  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.  
That blooms, &c.

Now tell me, ye maidens, how I could refuse,  
His lips were so sweet, and so binding his vows;  
We went and were married, and most cordially we  
dwell.  
Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.  
That blooms, &c.

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### *Lilies of the Valley.*

O'ER barren hills and flowery dales,  
 O'er seas and distant shores,  
 With merry songs and jocund tales,  
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours ;  
 Tho' wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find  
 A girl like blythsome Sally;  
 Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,  
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,  
 From nestling of each tree,  
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
 So social, gay, and free :  
 Yet tho' the lasses love me well,  
 And often try to rally,  
 None pleases me like her who cries,  
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,  
 To see my native soil ;  
 From fighting in my country's cause,  
 To plough my country's soil :  
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,  
 So I possess my Sally,  
 That little merry nymph, who cries,  
 " Sweet lies of the valley."

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### *Paudien O'Rafferty.*

WHEN I was a serving my time at Drogheda, . . .  
 Minding my work, just as I ought to do,  
 My master's fair daughter, Miss Biddy O'Dogherty,  
 Bored a hole in the heart of young Paudien O'Raf-  
 ferty.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

Miss Bid was a nice little girl as she ought to be,  
 Courted by half the young fellows of Drogheda,

Who long'd to be kissing this sweet creature of  
Drogheda,  
But she lik'd none so well as young Paudien O'-  
Rafferty.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

Now to think upon this, faith it made me conceited,  
I went near the fire where Miss Biddy was seated ;  
She look'd like an angel when knitting her stocking  
O,  
I drew close my chair, and laid hold of her bottom  
O\*.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

When I found myself close by my darling a sitting,  
Says I, my dear creature, come throw by your knit-  
ting,  
And listen a while till I tell you how I love you,  
why,  
And how much I adore you, Miss Biddy O'Dogh-  
erty.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

O can't you be aisy, Pat, don't be a teasing,  
You've pull'd out my needles, you see, by your  
wheezing ;  
I've dropt all the stitches, you've quite spoil'd the  
stocking O,  
The dickens is in you, pray let go my bottom O.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

Her mother came running to us in the kitchen,  
To see if Miss Biddy was minding her knitting ;  
Says she, what are you doing there, Paudien O'Raf-  
ferty ?

Faith, I'm courting your daughter, Miss Biddy O'-  
Dogherty.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

Her nose grew as red's a big turkey cock's snout :  
Says she, my young Pat, have I now found you out !

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\* From a bottom of thread the knitter is supplied.

But straight I will run and tell Mr O'Dogherty,  
 What a hopeful apprentice is Paudien O'Rafferty.

Fol., lol, lol, &c.

Then I begg'd the dear girl no longer to stay,  
 But pack up her tatters and with me set away:  
 So now she's no longer call'd Biddy O'Dogherty,  
 Faith we're married, and now she's Mrs O'Rafferty.

Fol, lol, lol, &c.

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*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 darling, my darling,  
 Charlie he's my darling,  
 The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,  
 The city far to view,  
 O there he spied a bonnie lass  
 'The window looking thro'.  
 An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jumped 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 his Highland dress;  
 For brawlie weel 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.

*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,  
 There she lay,  
 Till next day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
 Her op'ning 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 the bitter sigh ;  
 The dismal wreck to view,  
 Struck horror to our crew  
 As she lay,  
 On that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;  
 When Heaven, 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.

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### *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 bráw fallow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen',  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the Laird o' Drumeller,  
 " Gude day to you," brute, he comes ben :  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when 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 it's ordain'd I maun take 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 ken ;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen !

Còme counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry ;  
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam' Glen.

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*Far, far at Sea.*

'Twas night, when the bell had toll'd twelve,  
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,  
 In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elfe,  
 Your love now lies tost on a billow,  
 Far, far at sea.

All was dark, when she woke out of breath,  
 Not an object her fears could discover ;  
 All was still as the silence of death,  
 Save Fancy, which painted her lover,  
 Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a pray'r—clos'd her eyes,  
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow ;  
 While in terror she echo'd his cries,  
 As struggling he sunk in a billow,  
 Far, far at sea.