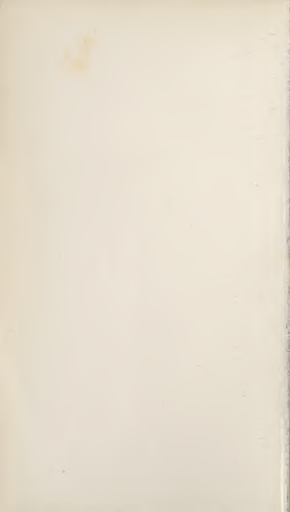




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Songs

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- 5 The Popular Kipper Melodist.
- 6 The Cream of British Song.
- 7 The Popular Songster.

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THE
CREAM OF BRITISH SONG.



"Wilt thou meet me there, love?"

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CREAM

OF

BRITISH SONG.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

BRITANNIA! the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd this land to deform,
The ark of freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm.
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill, fill it up to the brim,
May the Memory of Nelson ne'er wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim;

May the service united ne'er sever,
 But still to her colours prove true,
 The Army and Navy for ever?
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Ours bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
 sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
 powered,
 The weary to rest, and the wounded to die.
 As reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
 slain;
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the cock crew I dreamt it
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far had I roamed on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet
 way,
 To the home of my fathers that welcomed
 me back:

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march when my bosom was
 young;

I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-
 reapers sung.



Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
 swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never
 to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of
 heart;
 "Oh! stay with us, rest, thou art weary and
 worn,"
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay,
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of
 morn,
 And the voice in the dreaming ear melted
 away.

MY BARQUE IS BOUNDING NEAR.

Oh, listen, dearest lady! it is thine own one
 calls,—
 Pale stars are o'er thee shining, dim twilight
 round thee falls,
 Come, come, this heart awaits thee, my lady
 love, appear!
 Come, fly with me across the lake, my barque
 is bounding near.
 My barque is bounding, &c.

Oh, hasten, dearest lady! as o'er yon tide we
 rove,
 Each silvery wave shall echo sweet notes 'of
 minstrel love;

And vows of truth I'll breathe to thee, I'll
kiss away each tear,

Then fly with me across the lake, my barque
is bounding near.

My barque is bounding, &c.

BEHOLD IN HIS SOFT, EXPRESSIVE FACE. :

BEHOLD in his soft, expressive face,
Her well-known features here I see,
And here her gentle smile can trace,
Which once so sweetly beamed on me;
Ah! Rosalvina, that death should sever
Two hearts that could have loved for ever.

Here could I fancy I behold
In thee, sweet boy! her heavenly charms,
Could think, by hope and love impelled,
I clasped her offspring in my arms;
My child, like this, was lovely ever,
Till death decreed our hearts to sever.

O DO YOU REMEMBER.

O do you remember the first time I met you?
Your cheeks breathing roses, your eyes
beaming blue;
Yet so tenderly sweet, as if evening had let
you
Mix twilight and flowers into their lovely
hue.
Slowly was the night-bell ringing,
Faint and sweet the vespers singing,

Short the moments I could gaze upon thy
 beauty's smile,
 Ding dong bell, I sighed farewell,
 But through hapless days and nights and many
 a weary mile,
 I did remember, remember, love, remember.
 Ding dong evening bell,
 Ding dong bell.

Oh! yes, though my path was on mountain or
 billow,
 Still, still on thy loveliness fondly I hung,
 At night-time thou wert the sweet dream of
 my pillow,
 By day, love, the music my memory sung.
 Slowly was the night-bell, &c.

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily ah!
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,
 And say unto thee that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won
 the dower,
 With his mates shall the sports have begun,
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
 each bower,
 An thou longest in thy heart to make one.
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal
can blame ?

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are
the same,

Believe me thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

BEREFT of his love and bereaved of his fame,
A knight to the cell of the old hermit came;
" My foes they have slandered, and forced me
to fly,

Oh! tell me, good father, what's left, but to
die!"

" Despair not my son, thou'lt be righted ere
long,

For Heaven is above us, to right all the wrong :
Remember the words the old hermit doth say,
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day!"

Oh! the hour before day, &c.

" Then back to the tourney, and back to court,
And join thee the bravest in chivalry's sport,
Thy foes will be there, and thy lady-love too—
And show both thou'rt a knight that is gallant
and true."

He rode in the lists, all his foes he o'erthrew,
And a bright glance he caught from a soft eye
of blue,

And he thought of the words the old hermit
did say,

For her glance was as bright as the dawning
of day.}

Oh! the hour before day, &c.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty
and light.

But fairest of all is the lady who glides
To the porch, where a knight with a fleet
courser bides.

She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce band-
dog's bark,

She trembled to look on the night—'twas so
dark;

But her lover he whispered, and thus did he
say:

"Sweet love it is darkest the hour before day!"

Oh! the hour before day, &c.

I'VE WANDERED IN DREAMS.

I've wandered in dreams to the moonlight's
home,

In fancy I've been where a thought could
roam;

I've blissfully gazed on the dewy smiles
Of the maidens that dwell in the starry isles;
And have wakened to slumber pure and free,
From their airy charms to love but thee.

To love, &c.

I've dreamt about Eden's blissful bowers,
And breathed the sighing of heaven's own
flowers:

I've heard the wild songs of the Paradise birds,
 But even in sleeping the mem'ry of words
 Once spoken by thee came sweet on mine ear,
 And the music around me no more could I
 hear.

Oh, not more dear the bonied flowers,
 Just blown at morning, to the bee,
 Or to the garden summer flowers,
 Than thou, my love, art dear to me,
 No, not more dear, &c.

ROB ROY M'GREGOR O!

PARDON now the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Grant him mercy, gentles a'
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Set the Highland laddie free,
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Lang the state has doomed his fa',
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Still he spurned the hateful law,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Scots can for their country die,
 Ne'er from Britain's foes they flee,
 All that's past forget, forgie,

 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

 Pardon now, &c.

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!

Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!
 Lang your favours hae been mine,
 Favours I will ne'er resign,
 Welcome then for auld lang syne,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor O!
 Pardon now, &c.

WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL.

Ours! neighbours, ne'er blush for a trifle like
 this,
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss,
 The greatest and gravest—a truce with grim-
 mace,
 Would do the same thing were they in the
 same place.

No age, no profession, no station is free,
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee;
 What power, resistless, no strength can op-
 pose,
 We all love a pretty girl under the rose.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee when the waveless sea
 Reflects the summer sun;
 I think of thee when light doth flee,
 And the weary day is done.
 I see thee, love, when the clouds above
 In purple glory gleam,
 And see thee still in each purling rill,
 Where the night queen leaves her beam.

I hear thee, love, when the silent grove
 Is fanned by zephyr's wing;
 My heart beats high, and I hear thee sigh
 In the wind's soft whispering.
 With thee am I still ever nigh,
 Though far away art thou;
 The daylight dies, and the bright stars rise,
 Oh! wert thou with me now!

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Poor Bessy was a sailor's wife,
 And he was off to sea;
 Their only child was by their side,
 And who so sad as she?
 "Forget me not, forget me not,
 When you are far from me;
 And whatso'er poor Bessy's lot,
 She will remember thee!"

A twelvemonth scarce had passed away,
 As it was told to me;
 When Willy with a gladsome heart,
 Came home again from sea.
 He hounded up the craggy path,
 And sought his cottage door;
 But his poor wife and lovely child,
 Poor Willy saw no more!

"Forget me not, forget me not!"
 The words rang in his ear;
 He asked the neighbours one by one,
 Each answered with a tear.

They pointed to the old churchyard,
 And there his youthful bride,
 With the pretty child he loved so well,
 Were resting side by side!

I'D MARRY HIM TO-MORROW.

I've no money; so you see,
 Peter never thinks of me—
 I own it to my sorrow!
 Oh, could I grow rich, and he
 Be reduced to poverty;
 What sweet revenge 'twould be for me
 To marry him to-morrow!

Peter's thought almost a fool,
 You have profited by school—
 Wit from you folks borrow!
 Peter's plain—you handsome, gay;
 But, if you were both to say—
 "Will you have me, Gertrude, pray?"
 I'd marry *him* to-morrow.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save Victoria,
 Long live Victoria,
 God save the Queen!
 May peace its blessings shed,
 Upon her royal head,
 And glory round her spread,
 God save the Queen!

May she through many years
Reign all devoid of cares,

God save the Queen!

May we with pleasure see
Her virtues the envy be
Of foreign majesty —

God save the Queen:

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,

God save the Queen!

Frustrate their knavish tricks,
Confound their politics,
On her our hopes we fix,

God save the Queen!

May prudence be her shield,
Wisely the sceptre wield,

God save the Queen!

May she with power be stored,
Blunting the despot's sword —
Shout, then, with one accord,

God save the Queen!

YOUNG AGNES.

YOUNG Agnes, beauteous flower,

Sweet as blooming May,

One evening from her tower,

Thus poured her tender lay:

The night now hath spread its shade,

And 'twill hide thee from all;

Then haste to thy faithful maid,

Darkness veils bower and hall;

Oh, haste beneath her tower,
 Dost thou not hear love's call?
 The silent hour invites thee,
 No star sheds its ray;
 No danger, love, affrights thee,
 Wherefore then dost thou stay?
 When sunbeams illumine the sky,
 Guardians then may appal,
 But now closed is every eye,
 Let thy steps gently fall;
 The silent hour invites thee,
 Dost thou not hear love's call?

MAID OF ATHENS.

(BY LORD BYRON.)

MAID of Athens, ere we part
 Give, oh give me back my heart;
 Or, since that has left my breast,
 Keep it now, and take the rest.
 Hear my vow before I go;
 My love, my life, I love thee!

By those tresses unconfined,
 Wooed by each Ægean wind,
 By those lids, whose jetty fringe
 Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,
 By those wild eyes, like the roe,
 My dearest life, I love thee!

By that lip I long to taste;
 By that zone-encircled waist;
 By all the token-flowers that tell
 What words can never speak so well;

By love's alternate joy and woe,
I vow, dear girl, I love thee.

Maid of Athens, I am gone;
Think of me, sweet, when alone,
Though I fly to Istambol
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? — No.
My dearest life, I love thee!

VICTORIA, THE QUEEN.

ALL hail to the queen of the fair and the
brave,

Let the bold song of joy reach the skies,
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject
wave

See the star of Victoria arise!
Young queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire,
To hail thee the greatest we've seen —
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-
god's choir,
To welcome Victoria the queen!

May years full of honour and loyalty's love;
Be thine, in thy place of renown:
To say that we honour thee means not enough,
For Britons all honour the crown;
But the crown that encircles young beauty's
fair brow,
With fonder devotion is seen,
And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow
We pledge to Victoria the queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
 With the laurels that circle thy crown,
 But if war should arouse the old lion again,
 'Twill be to increase thy renown:
 To battle while rushing, each heart would beat
 high
 To triumph, as wont we have been,
 Propitious to conquest our bold battle cry,—
 Victoria, for England's fair queen!

WOODLAND MARY.

WITH sloe-black eyes and jet-black hair,
 Cheeks like the rose, and arms all bare,
 With teeth so white and dimpled chin,
 And bosom fair, and pure within,
 A small straw hat so loosely tied,
 A little basket by her side,
 All filled with berries red and blue,
 And little buds of many a hue,
 With steps as light as any fairy,
 I met the little Woodland Mary.

If you, sweet maid, will come with me,
 My little servant maid to be:
 And those soft notes you sweetly sung,
 Repeat unto my nursling young,
 And leave those hills so bleak and wild,
 To nurse and tend my darling child,
 To cherish her I fondly love,
 And if to her, you tender prove,
 And o'er her infant steps be wary,
 I'll treasure you, my Woodland Mary

O lady, listen to my tale,
 And let my simple words prevail :
 My mother's old, she's lame and poor,
 And scarce can walk unto the door;
 Ah ! me, she loves her only joy,
 She has no other girl or boy,
 And while she lives, with her I'll stay,
 And think of you when far away;
 She says the grave will rest the weary,
 And then I'll be your Woodland Mary.

THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

THIS lone heart is thine, lassie, charming an' fair,
 This fond heart is thine, lassie dear;
 Nae world's gear hae I, nae oxen nor kye,
 I've naething, dear lassie, but a pure heart to gie.
 Yet dinna say me na,
 But come, come awa',
 And wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-
 more,
 And wander, dear lassie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-
 more.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;
 I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
 Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
 Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
 This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
 I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I de
 O dinna say me na, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

The rose will cease to blow,
 The eagle turn a dove,
 The stream will cease to flow,
 Ere I will cease to love.

The sun will cease to shine,
 The world will cease to move,
 The stars their light resign,
 Ere I will cease to love.

 THE DREAM.

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
 With vassals and serfs at my side;
 And of all who assembled within those walls,
 That I was the hope and the pride.
 I had riches too great to count—could boast
 Of a high ancestral name;
 But I also dreamt, which pleas'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.
 That you loved me, you loved me still the same;
 That you loved me, you loved me still the same.
 I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
 That knights on bended knee,
 And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
 They pledged their faith to me.
 And I dreamt that one of that noble host
 Came forth that hand to claim;
 But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most,
 That you loved me still the same.
 That you loved me, you loved me still the same;
 That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

THERE'S many a man of the Cameron clan,
 That has follow'd his chief to the field;
 He has sworn to support him, or die by his side—
 For a Cameron never can yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
 Deep o'er the mountains and glens;
 While light-springing footsteps are trampling the
 heath,
 'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
 He may tread on the heather no more;
 But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
 Where his laurels were gather'd before.
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
 Now trod by the gallant and true—
 High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has
 That whatever men dare, they can do. [said,
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
 Where we sat side by side,
 On a bright May morning long ago,
 When first you were my bride.
 The corn was springing fresh and green,
 And the lark sang loud and high,
 And the red was on your lip, Mary
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
 The day as bright as then;
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,
 And the corn is green again!
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
 And your breath warm on my cheek,
 And I still keep list'ning for the words
 You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
 And the little church stands near—
 The church where we were wed, Mary—
 I see the spire from here.
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
 And my step might break your rest,
 For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
 For the poor make no new friends;
 But, oh! they love the better far
 The few our Father sends!
 And you were all I had, Mary;
 My blessing and my pride;
 There's nothing left to care for now,
 Since my poor Mary died!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true;
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

We may not live to see the day,

But earth shall glisten in the ray

Of the good time coming.

Cannon balls may aid the truth,

But thought's a weapon stronger ;

We'll win our battle by its aid :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming ;

There's a good time coming, boys :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

War in all men's eyes shall be

A monster of iniquity,

In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then,

To prove which is the stronger ;

Nor slaughter men for glory's sake :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

And a poor man's family

Shall not be his misery,

In the good time coming.

Ev'ry child shall be a help,

To make his right arm stronger,

The happier he the more he has :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

Little children shall not toil

Under or above the soil,

In the good time coming.

But shall play in healthful fields,

Till limbs and mind grow stronger,

And ev'ry one shall read and write :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

The people shall be temperate,

And shall love instead of hate,

In the good time coming.

They shall use and not abuse,

And make all virtue stronger ;

The reformation has begun :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, &c.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming :

Let us aid it all we can,

Every woman, every man,

The good time coming.

Smallest help, if rightly giv'n,

Makes the impulse stronger ;

It will be strong enough one day :

Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,

A good time coming ;

There's a good time coming, boys :

Wait a little longer.

ELLEN LORAINÉ.

WHEN I parted from Erin, heart-broken to leave thee,

I dreamt not of falsehood, young Ellen Lorainé;
I thought tho' thou'rt woman, thou would'st not deceive me. [raine?

Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Lo-
I loved thee in sorrow, I sought thee in danger,
And dear was the peril, and sweet was the pain;
But now is thy look as the look of a stranger.

Ah! why art thou faithless, young Ellen Lorainé?

Oh! thou wert the vision that lightened my pillow,

The star of my darkness, young Ellen Lorainé!
As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the billow,
Thou cam'st to my slumber, young Ellen Lorainé!
[ceives thee,

Then think of me yet, when the false world de-
And friends of gay fortune look cold on thy wane,
When the sheen of thy cheek, like the summer's light, leaves thee, [Lorainé!

Thou'lt think how I lov'd thee, young Ellen

Oh! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover,
The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Lorainé;

Go rest in the arms of a happier lover—

Go, lovely but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé.
The moments of rapture, the vow, and the token,
They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain— [broken,

Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast
Go, lovely but faithless, young Ellen Lorainé.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,
 To pleasure his dainty whim,
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green,
 Oh! creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, tho' he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
 To his friend the huge oak tree;
 And sliely he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
 And nations have scatter'd been;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green:
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise,
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where, &c.

WHEN OTHER LIPS.

WHEN other lips and other hearts
 Their tales of love shall tell,
 In language whose excess imparts
 The power they feel so well,
 There may perhaps in such a scene
 Some recollection be,
 Of days that have as happy been,
 And you'll remember me—
 And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
 The beauty now they prize,
 And deem it but a faded light
 Which beams within your eyes;
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
 'Twill break your own to see,
 In such a moment I but ask
 That you'll remember me—
 That you'll remember me.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair,
 I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
 I've bedew'd it with tears and embalm'd it with
 sighs;
 'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
 Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
 Would you learn the spell, a mother sat there
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey,
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
 And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped,
 My idol was shatter'd, my earth star fled :
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now,
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died ;
 And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

MOLLY BAWN.

Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely waiting here for you ?
 While the stars are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do.
 The flowers late were open keeping,
 To try a rival blush with you ;
 But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
 With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.
 Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely waiting here for you ?
 The stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do.
 Molly Bawn ! Molly, Molly Bawn !

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
 And the pretty stars were made to shine ;
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
 And maybe you were made for mine.
 The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
 He takes me for a thief you see ;
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
 And then transported I should be.
 Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
 All lonely waiting here for you ?
 The stars above are brightly shining,
 Because they've nothing else to do,
 Molly Bawn ! Molly, Molly Bawn !

AILEEN MAVOURNEEN.

He tells me he loves me, and can I believe,
 The heart he has won he can wish to deceive ?
 For ever and always his sweet words to me,
 Are Aileen mavourneen acushlamacree.

Last night when we parted his gentle good-by,
 A thousand times said, and each time with a sigh ;
 And still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
 My Aileen mavourneen acushlamacree.

The friend of my childhood, the hope of my youth,
 Whose heart is all pure, and whose words are all
 truth ;

Oh, still the same sweet words he whispered to me,
 My Aileen mavourneen acushlamacree.

Oh, when will the day come, the dear happy day,
 That a maiden may hear all a lover can say,
 And he speaks out the words he now whispers to
 My Aileen mavourneen acushlamacree. [me,

TO LADIES' EYES.

To ladies' eyes a round, boys,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Though bright eyes so abound, boys,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten

Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.

But fill the cup—where'er, boys,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find love there, boys,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As splendid beacons, solely,
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven,
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup, &c.

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flattering error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling,
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 In lips—but this is telling;
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up, where'er, boys, &c.

UNCLE NED.

DENE was an old Nigga, dey call'd him Uncle
 He's dead long ago, long ago ; [Ned,
 He had no wool on de top ob his head,
 De place wher de wool ought to grow.
 Den lay down de shubble and de hoe,
 Hang up de fiddle and de bow ;
 No more hard work for poor old Ned,
 He's gone whar de good Niggas go.

His fingers were long like de cane in de brake,
 He had no eyes for to see ;
 He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake,
 So he had to let de corn cake be.
 Den lay down, &c.

When old Ned die, massa take it mighty bad,
 De tears run down like de rain ;
 Old missus turn pale, and she gets berry sad,
 Cayse she nebber see old Ned again.
 Den lay down, &c.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

MEET me on the gowan lea,
 Bonnie Mary, sweetest Mary ;
 Meet me on the gowan lea,
 My ain, my artless Mary.

Before the sun sinks in the west,
 And nature a' hae gane to rest,
 There to my fond, my faithfu' breast,
 O let me clasp my Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
 The lintie in the bosky dell,
 Nae blyther than your bonny sel',
 My ain, my artless Mary.

Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love-notes to the breeze
 That sighs in whispers through the trees,
 And a' that twa fond hearts can please,
 Will be our sang, dear Mary.

Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
 While to my faithfu' bosom prest,
 Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
 As me and my dear Mary?

Meet me, &c.

O! VIVE L'AMOUR, CIGARS, AND COGNAC.

He who wears a regimental suit,
 Oft is poor, as is some raw recruit,
 But what of that!

Girls will follow when they hear the drum,
 To view the tassel and the waving plume
 That deck his hat!

O he will sing, when he is not on duty,
 Smoke his cigars, and flirt with some gay beauty.

O! vive l'amour, cigars, and cogniac,
 Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

With these we'll bivouac.

Hurra! hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

Hurra! hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

When we march into a country town,
 Prudes may fly from us, and dames may frown,
 But that's absurd!

When we march away, we leave behind
 Prudes and dames who have been vastly kind,
 Pray take my word!
 Off, off we go, and tell them we're on duty,
 Smoke our cigars, and flirt with some new beauty
 O! vive l'amour, cigars, and cogniac,
 Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
 With these we'll bivouac.
 Hurra! hurra! with these we'll bivouac.
 Hurra! hurra! with these we'll bivouac.

WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow *machree*, 'tis no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! widow machree:
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black
 Och hone! widow machree. [gown,
 How altered your air,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair,
 Which should be flowing free;
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! widow machree.
 Widow machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone! widow machree;
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look
 Och hone! widow machree. [glum,
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't speak, they wish,
 Och hone! widow machree.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone ! widow machree ;
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone ! widow machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 While the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee ;
 Yet alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone ! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
 Och hone ! widow machree ; [towld,
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the
 Och hone ! widow machree. [cowld,
 With such sins on your head—
 Sure your peace would be fled—
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, "Och hone ! widow machree?"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
 Och hone ! widow machree ;
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone ! widow machree.
 You'd have me to desire,
 Then to stir up the fire ;
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you've me near your heart,
 Och hone ! widow machree.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

BONNIE Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,
 And mirth round her ripe lip was aye dancing slee,
 And light was the footfa' and winsome the wilea,
 O' the flower o' the parochin—our ain Bessie Lee!

Wi' the bairns she would rin and the schule
 laddies pake,
 And o'er the broomy braes like a fairy would flee,
 Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her
 sake—

There was life in the blithe blink o' bonnie Bessie
 Lee.

Our ain Bessie Lee, our bonnie Bessie Lee,
 There was life in the blithe blink o' bonnie Bessie
 Lee.

She grat wi' the waefu' and laughed wi' the glad,
 And light as the wind 'mong the dancers was she;
 A tongue that could jeer, too, the little limmer had,
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie
 Lee.

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and sometimes
 had twa,

A limmer o' a lassie—but, atween you and me,
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa,
 Though mony aye had sought it frae bonnie Bessie
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c. [Lee.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last,
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me,
 And I said to mysel as her mither's door I pass'd,
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie
 Lee?"

But time changes a' thing—the ill-natured loon—
 Were it ever so rightly, he'll no let it be;
 But I rubbit up my een, and I thought I would
 swoon, [Bessie Lee.
 How the carle had come roun' about wi' our ain
 The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife growing
 auld,
 Twa bairns at her apron and ane on her knee;
 She was dounce, too, and wiselike—and wisdom's
 sae cauld, [Lee.
 I would rather ha'e the ither ane than this Bessie
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

BUFFALO GALS.

As I went lumb'ring down de street,
 Down de street, down de street,
 A ansom gal I chanc'd to meet,
 Oh! she was fair to view.
 Then Buffalo gals can't you come out to-night,
 Come out to-night, come out to-night;
 Then Buffalo gals can't you come out to-night,
 And dance by de light ob de moon.

I asked her if she'd hab some talk,
 Hab some talk, hab some talk;
 Her feet cubber'd up de whole side walk,
 As she stood right by me.

Then Buffalo gals, &c.

I'd like to make dat gal my wife,
 Gal my wife, gal my wife;
 I should be happy all my life
 If I had her by me.

Then Buffalo gals, &c.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun leave them a', lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gie to Britons law, lassie?
 Wha would shun the field o' danger?
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?
 Now when freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' thochts to me, laddie.
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou may sa', frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh! resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh! suppress thy fears, lassie,
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the veangeful strife is over;
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie.

'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peacefu' happy days,
 As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

THE HORN OF CHASE.

To join the chase, at break of day,
 The hunter fearless leaves his dwelling;
 O'er hill, through dale, he speeds his way,
 His cheering horn an echo swelling.
 Attentive mark the eager hounds,
 With list'ning ears and watchful eyes,
 The thicket beat—now swiftly bounds
 The stag, and from the covert flies;
 Through brakes he shuns the hunter's sight;
 But o'er the plain and upland bounding,
 The rifle-ball arrests his flight,
 The horn of chase his knell resounding.

At close of day, the chase now o'er,
 Tow'rds home the hunter's steps are bending;
 The bugle sounds to chase no more,
 But notes of glad return is sending.
 His anxious fair one hails the sound,
 Her heart no longer throbs alarms;
 He gains the door with one swift bound,
 And clasps her in his longing arms!
 The festive board displays its store,
 Good cheer with social joys abounding;
 A welcome call to friends once more,
 The horn of chase is gaily sounding.

I'M AFLOAT! I'M AFLOAT.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide,
 The ocean's my home, and my bark is my bride:
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea—
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.
 I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law,
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt wears a
 steel. [wind,
 Quick, quick trim her sails, let the sheet kiss the
 And I warrant we'll soon leave the seagulls be-
 hind;
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea—
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard,
 What matter, our vessel skims on like a bird;
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main,
 She has brav'd it before, and will brave it again!
 The fire gleaming flashes around us may fall,
 They may strike, they may cleave, but they can-
 not appal!
 With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward
 we go.
 Hurra! my brave comrades, ye may drink, ye
 may sleep,
 The storm-fiend is hush'd, we're alone on the deep;
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea—
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.

HAPPY LAND.

HAPPY land! happy land!

Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again, still again,

My thoughts will cling to thee.
Land of love and sunny skies,
Rich in joy and beauty;
Merry hearts and laughing eyes,
Still make affection duty.

Oh, happy land! happy land!

Ne'er from thee my heart can stray,
I would fain hear again
Thy merry mountain lay.

Li ra la la, &c.

Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay.

Happy land! happy land!

Whate'er my fate in life may be,
Still again, still again,

My thoughts will cling to thee!
Like that bird of love and song,
Far from its lov'd dwelling,
When into the wild air flung,
What joy its note is telling!

Oh, happy land! happy land!

Ne'er from thee my heart can stray,
I would fain hear again,
Thy merry mountain lay.

Li ra la la, &c.

Thy merry Switzer's mountain lay.

LORD LOVEL.

LORD Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
 Combing his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
 To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,
 Wishing her lover good speed.

Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel? she cried;
 Oh, where are you going? said she:
 I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Strange countries for to see, see, see, &c.

When will you be back, Lord Lovel? she said;
 Oh, when will you be back? said she:
 In a year or two or three at most,
 I'll return to my fair Nancy,-cy,-cy, &c.

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
 Strange countries for to see,
 When languishing thoughts came into his head—
 Lady Nancy Bell he'd go see, see, see, &c.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse,
 Till he came to London town;
 And there he heard St. Pancras' bell toll,
 And the people all mourning round, &c.

Oh, what is the matter? Lord Lovel he said—
 Oh, what is the matter? said he.
 A lord's lady is dead, the women replied,
 And some call her Lady Nancy,-cy,-cy, &c.

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
 And the shroud he turned down;
 And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
 Till the tears came trickling down, &c.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
 Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
 Lady Nancy she died out of pure pure grief,
 Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, &c.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' churchyard,
 Lord Lovel was laid in the choir,
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
 And out of her lover's a brier-rier, &c.

It grew and it grew to the church-steeple top,
 And then it could grow no higher;
 So there it entwined in a true lover's knot,
 For true lovers all to admire,-rire,-rire, &c.

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

THERE lives a young lassie far down in yon glen,
 And I lo'e that lassie as nae ane may ken;
 O! a saint's faith may vary, but faithfu' I'll be,
 For weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan, her smiling wee mou';
 And white as the gowan, her breast and her brow!
 Wi' the foot of a fairy she trips o'er the lea;
 O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 There lives a young lassie, &c.

She sings sweet as ony wee bird o' the air,
 And she's blythe as she's bonnie, she's gudc as
 she's fair;
 Like a lammie, as airy and artless is she;
 O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 There lives a young lassie, &c.

MAIDEN, I WILL NE'ER DECEIVE THEE.

MAIDEN, I will ne'er deceive thee,
 Never wrong thee, never grieve thee;
 Take this hand, and we will go
 Where the early violets blow!
 In the still and shady grove,
 Where I dare to tell of love.

Maiden, smile, or, ere we part,
 Chainless give me back my heart.
 Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee,
 Never wrong thee, never grieve thee;
 Maiden, smile, or, ere we part,
 Chainless give me back my heart.

Happy was I ere I knew thee,
 Wherefore should thy charms pursue me?
 Like the rainbow's fitful beam,
 Like the image in the stream,
 When I think thy bosom won,
 Cloud that brow, and hope is gone.
 Maiden, smile, or, ere we part,
 Chainless give me back my heart.
 Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee,
 Never wrong thee, never grieve thee;
 Maiden, smile, or, ere we part,
 Chainless give me back my heart.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

MANY have told of the monks of old,
 What a saintly race they were;
 But 'tis more true, that a merrier crew
 Could scarce be found elsewhere:

For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
 And liv'd on the daintiest cheer! [quaff'd,
 For they laugh'd, ha! ha! and they quaff'd,
 And liv'd on the daintiest cheer! [ha! ha!

And then they would jest, at the love confess'd
 By many an artless maid; [ears
 And what hopes and fears they had breath'd in the
 Of those who had sought their aid.
 And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
 As they told of each love-sick jade! [quaff'd,
 And they laugh'd, ha! ha! and they quaff'd,
 As they told of each love-sick jade! [ha! ha!

And the Abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
 Was the heartiest of them all;
 And would take his place with a smiling face,
 When refection-bell would call!
 When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
 Till they shook the olden wall! [quaff'd,
 And they laugh'd, ha! ha! and they quaff'd,
 Till they shook the olden wall! [ha! ha!

Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still,
 For a jovial band they were!
 And 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
 Could not be found elsewhere:
 For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine
 And liv'd on the daintiest cheer! [quaff'd,
 For they laugh'd, ha! ha! and they quaff'd,
 And liv'd on the daintiest cheer! [ha! ha!

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a-begging he was
boun',

And he took up his quarters into a land'art toun.

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving sae late into
the night,

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving, let the moon
shine e'er sae bright.

And we'll gang nae mair a-roving.

He wad neither lay in barn, nor yet wad he in
byre,

But in a-hint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' guid clean
straw and hay, [lay.

And in a-hint the ha' door, and there the beggar

And we'll gang, &c.

Up raise the guidman's dochter, and for to bar the
door, [floor.

And there she saw the beggar man standin' t' the

And we'll gang, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
and shrill, [o'er the bill.

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping

And we'll gang, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his dud
dies fa', [amang them a'

And he was the brawest gentleman that was

And we'll gang, &c.

SUSANNA, DON'T YOU CRY.

I COME from Alabama wid my banjo on my knee—
 I'm g'wan to Lousianna my true love for to see.

It rain'd all night the day I left,

The weather it was dry,

The sun so hot I froze to death—

Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh, Susanna! oh, don't you cry for me: [knee
 I've come from Alabama wid my banjo on my

I jump'd aboard the telegraph, and trabbled down
 de riber; [nigger.

De lectric fluid magnified and killed five hundred

De bullgins burst, de horse run off;

I really thought I die;

I shut my eyes to hold my breath—

Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, &c.

I had a dream de oder night when ebbry ting was
 still,

I thought I saw Susanna a-coming down de hill.

The buck-wheat cake war in her mouth,

The tear was in her eye;

Says I, I'm coming from the south—

Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, &c.

I soon will be in New Orleans, and den I'll look
 all round,

And when I find Susanna I'll fall upon the ground;

But if I do not find her,

Dis darkie'd surely die,

And when I'm dead and buried—

Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, &c.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

A LIFE on the ocean wave !

A home on the rolling deep !

Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep !

A home on the rolling deep !

Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep !

Like an eagle cag'd I pine,

On this dull unchanging shore ;

Oh give me the flashing brine,

The spray and the tempest's roar.

A life on the ocean wave !

A home on the rolling deep !

Where the scatter'd waters rave,

And the winds their revels keep !

The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep !

The winds, the winds, the winds their revels keep !

Once more on the deck I stand,

Of my own swift gliding craft,

Set sail ! farewell to the land,

The gale follows fair abaft,

Of my own swift gliding craft ;

Set sail ! farewell to the land,

The gale follows fair abaft.

We shoot through the sparkling foam,

Like an ocean bird set free ;

Like the ocean bird, our home

We'll find far out on the sea.

A life on the ocean wave ! &c.

The land is no longer in view,

The clouds have begun to frown ;

But with a stout vessel and crew,
 We'll say, let the storm come down!
 And the song of our hearts shall be,
 While the winds and the waters rave,
 A life on the heaving sea!
 A home on the bounding wave!
 A life on the ocean wave! &c.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
 When early fa's the dew,
 And it's there that Annie Laurie
 Gied me her promise true;
 Gied me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face, it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on;
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her eye;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
 And like winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet;
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

CARRY ME BACK TO OULD VIRGINNY.

De floating scow of Ould Virginny,
 I toil in from day to day,
 Kicking among de oyster beds,
 To me it war but play;
 But now I'm old and feeble too,
 I cannot toil any more,
 Den carry me back to Ould Virginny,
 To Ould Virginny shore.
 Oh! carry me back to Ould Virginny,
 To Ould Virginny shore.

Oh! if I were bnt young again,
 I'd lead anoder life;
 I'd save my money and buy a farm,
 And make Dinah my dear wife;
 But now old age him hold me fast,
 My limbs are growing sore,
 Den carry me back, &c.

And when I'm dead and in my grabe,
 Lay de banjo by my side;
 Let coon and possum to de funeral go,
 For dey were my only pride;
 Den down below I'll take my sleep,
 And dream for ebermore;
 Den carry me back, &c.

MY WILLIE AND ME.

As wand'ring my lane down by sweet Birkenshaw,
 And thinkin' on days that are noo gane awa,
 I notic'd twa coothie wee birds on a tree—
 Thinks I noo that's unca like Willie and me.

They lilted about, and they sang, and they sang,
 They flutter'd and courted, I kenn'd how lang;
 My heart was as bappy and fu' as could be,
 They minded me sae o' my Willie and me.

I wonder'd if a' the wee birds o' the dell,
 As kindly and fondly their love-tales could tell;
 And I wonder'd if ony twa mortals could be
 As happy and leal as my Willie and me.

They a' may be bappy,—what for should they no?
 And lassies fu' meikle may think o' their Joe;
 But naething on earth, in the air, or the sea,
 Can be half sae bappy as Willie and me.

My Willie is guid, and my Willie is kin',
 And then, O thank Heaven, my Willie is mine!
 In the joy o' my heart the tear draps frae my e'e,
 To think we're sae happy, my Willie and me.

The hero may sigh for mair laurels—the loon—
 The tyrant may grasp at a kingdom or crown;
 Contented and happy I'd live till I dee,
 Tho' they tak' a' the world but my Willie frae me.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
 And the breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell;
 'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as brave,
 As ever launch'd on the heaving wave.
 She shone in the light of declining day,
 And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They near'd the land where in beauty smiles
 The sunny shores of the Grecian Isles.
 All thought of home, and that welcome dear,
 That soon should greet each wand'ers ear ;
 And in fancy join'd the social throng,
 In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure sky—
 What means that wild despairing cry?
 Farewell! the vision'd scenes of home,
 That cry's for help, where no help can come ;
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
 And the bark is gulf'd in an ocean grave.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,
 But to me its delightless, my Nannie's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose the woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie, and Nannie's awa'.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
 Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay ;
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me, now Nannie's awa'.

TOPSY'S SONG.

I'm but a little Nigger gal,
 As black as black can be;
 You know I can't love nobody,
 'Cos nobody loves me.
 Dey used to whip me long ago,
 And den I wish to die—
 I 'spect I donno how to love,
 And dat's de reason why.

Now what's the use for sich as me
 Ob trying to be good?
 If you could wash de black-a-moor
 Quite white maybe I would.
 Miss Feely preachee talk all day,
 She says me tell big lie—
 No good for me to speak de truth,
 And dat's de reason why.

She can't abear de Nigger gal—
 Miss Feely make me laugh—
 I touch her hand, she brush away,
 As if the black come off.
 I is so wicked—dat's the thing;
 I spect be worse by'n by;
 She says I is, and so I am,
 And dat's de reason why.

But you, Miss Evy, you so good,
 I mind de words you say—
 You're not afraid to touch my hand;
 You neber turn away;
 You talk to me, you gib me smile,
 Till tears come in your eye;
 You lub me, and I lub you too,
 And dat's de reason why.

MY AIN DEAR NELL.

O, BONNIE Nelly Brown,
 I will sing a sang to thee;
 Though oceans wide between us row,
 Ye'll aye be dear to me;
 Though mony a year's gane o'er my head,
 Since down in Linton's dell,
 I took the last fond look o' thee,
 My ain dear Nell.

O, tell me, Nelly Brown,
 Do you mind our youthfu' days,
 When we ran about the burnie's side,
 Or speel'd the gowany braes;
 When I pu'd the craw-pea's blossom,
 And the blooming heather-bell,
 To twine them round thy bonnie brow,
 My ain dear Nell.

How often, Nelly Brown,
 Hae we wandered o'er the lea,
 Where grow the brier, the yellow broom,
 And flowery hawthorn tree;
 Or sported 'mang the leafy woods,
 Till nicht's lang shadows fell—
 O, we ne'er had thought o' partin' then,
 My ain dear Nell.

And in winter, Nelly Brown,
 When the nichts were lang and drear,
 We would creep down by the ingle side
 Some fairy tale to bear;
 We cared not for the snawy drift,
 Nor nippin' frost sae snell,
 For we lived but for each ither then,
 My ain dear Nell.

They tell me, Nelly Brown,
 That your bonnie raven hair
 Is snaw-white noo, and that your brow,
 Sae cloudless ance and fair,

Looks care-worn noo, and unco sad;
 But I heedna what they tell,
 For I ne'er can think you're changed to me,
 My ain dear Nell.

Ance mair then, Nelly Brown,
 I have sung of love and thee,
 Though oceans wide hetween us row,
 Ye're aye the same to me,
 As when I sighed my last farewell,
 In Linton's flowery dell—
 O, I ne'er can tine my love for thee,
 My ain dear Nell.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,
 As guid as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a hole,
 Beyont the ingle lowe,
 And aye she took the tither souk,
 To dronk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wed anither jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

O my love is like the red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my love is like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I,
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Tho' a' the seas gang dry.

Tho' a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 O I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands of life shall run.
 But fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel a while;
 And I will come again, my dear,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn wha sits pokin' in the aae,
 Glow'rin' in the fire wi' his wee round face,
 Laughin' at the fuffin' lowe—what sees he there?
 Ah, the young dreamer's biggin' castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, an' his tousie curly pow,
 Are laughin' and no'fidin' to the dancin' lowe,
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny
 hair
 Glow'rin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,
 He sees little sodgers pu'in' them a'doon;
 Worlds whomlin' up and down, bleezin' wi' a flare,
 Losh, how he louns as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
 He's thinkin' upon naething, like mony mighty men:

A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's
 us stare; [air.
 There's mair folk than him biggin' castles in the
 sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld;
 His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him
 auld, [Care,
 His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that Daddy
 Wad let the wean alane, wi' his castles in the air.
 He'll glower at the fire an' he'll keek at the licht;
 But mony sparklin' stars are swallowed up by
 nicht;
 Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
 Hearts are broken—heads are turned—wi' castles
 in the air.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

KATHLEEN Mavourneen ! the gray dawn is break-
 ing,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
 The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
 shaking,
 Kathleen Mavourneen, what ! slumbering still.
 Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever ?
 Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part ?
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
 Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
 Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavour-
 neen.

Kathleen Mavourneen ! awake from thy slumbers,
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
 light; [numbers,
 Ah ! where is the spell that once hung on my
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are
falling,

To think that from Erin and thee I must part ;

It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart !

It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen !

THE KAIL BROSE O' AULD SCOTLAND.

WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird
For a spot o' guid ground for to be a kail-yard,
It was to the brose that they had the regard—

Oh, the kail brose o' auld Scotland,
And oh, for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd his foes
Before they began they had dined upon brose.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

Then our sodgers were dressed in their kilts and
short hose, [pose

With bonnet and belt, which their dress did com-
With a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

In our free early ages a Scotsman could dine
Without English roast beef, or famous French wine
Kail brose, if weel made, he always thought fine.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws or puddings or tarts were seen
there,

A dish of kail brose was the favourite fare.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the
 glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as moon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow:
 There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gath'ring sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

I HAD A DREAM, A HAPPY DREAM.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream,
 I thought that I was free;
 That in my own bright land again
 A home there was for me;

Savannah's tide dash'd bravely on,
 I saw wave roll o'er wave;
 But in my full delight I woke,
 And I was still a slave.

I never knew a mother's love,
 Yet happy were my days;
 For hy my own dear father's side,
 I sang my simple lays;
 He died and heartless strangers came,
 Ere closed on him the grave,
 They tore me, weeping, from his side
 And claimed me as their slave.

And this was in a Christian land
 Where men kneel oft and pray;—
 The vaunted home of liberty,
 Where lash and chain hold sway:
 O give me back my Georgian cot,
 It is not wealth I crave;
 O let me live in freedom's light,
 Or die if still a slave.

THE CAVALIER.

'Twas a beautiful night, the stars shone bright,
 And the moon o'er the waters played,
 When a cavalier to a bower drew near,
 A lady to serenade.
 To tenderest words he swept the chords,
 And many a sigh breathed he;
 While o'er and o'er he fondly swore,
 "Sweet maid! I love hut thee;
 Sweetmaid, sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee.
 Sweet maid," &c.

He raised his eye to her lattice high,
 While he softly breathed his hopes; [hreeze,
 With amazement he sees swing about with the
 All ready a ladder of ropes.

Up, up he has gone, the bird is flown,
 "What is this on the ground?" quoth he;
 Oh, it's plain that she loves, here's some gentle-
 man's gloves,
 She's off, it's not with me; [to me,
 For these gloves, these gloves, they never belonged
 For these gloves," &c.

Of course, you'd have thought, he'd have followed
 and fought,
 As that was a "duelling age;"
 But this gay cavalier he quite scorned the idea
 Of putting himself in a rage.
 More wise by far, he put up his guitar;
 And as homeward he went, sung he,
 "When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes,
 She may go to Hong-Kong for me. [for me,
 She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong-Kong
 She may go," &c.

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

BONNIE Charlie's now awa'
 Safely owre the friendly main;
 Mony a heart will break in twa,
 Should he ne'er come back again.
 Will ye no come back again?
 Will ye no come back again?
 Better lo'ed ye canna be—
 Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
 They trusted you, dear Charlie!
 They kent your hiding in the glen,
 Death or exile braving.
 Will ye no, &c.

English bribes were a' in vain,
 Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;

Siller canna buy the heart
 That beats alone for thine and thee.
 Will ye no, &c.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
 We watched thee in the morning gray;
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gife,
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray.
 Will ye no, &c.

Sweet's the lav'rock's note an' lang
 Liltin' wildly up the glen;
 But aye to me he sings ae sang,
 Will ye no come back again?
 Will ye no, &c.

THE BONNIE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

O'ER the bonnie hills of Scotland,
 Where sports the summer bee,
 How oft, in youth's bright time, I rov'd
 With heart so gay and free.

The blooming heath and pale blue bell
 In my bonnet then I wore;
 Oh, mem'ry holds no fonder theme
 Than those happy days of yore.
 Scotia! land of chiefs and song,
 Oh! what charms to thee belong;
 Oft I sigh, but sigh in vain,
 To greet thy purple hills again.

The bonnie hills of Scotland,
 I never more may see,
 Oh! no spot so dear in the world's wide range,
 As those bonnie hills to me.

Oh! the bonnie hills of Scotland,
 Oft doth fancy's dream restore,
 With the hearts I prized, the faithful friends,
 Now link'd to me no more.

Some change, perhaps, o'er all has come,
 Could I love's circle view;
 And my anxious eye might look in vain,
 For some lov'd form it knew.

Scotland! childhood's happy home,
 The warrior's bed, the martyr's tomb;
 Oft I sigh, but sigh in vain,
 To roam thy bonnie hills again.

LITTLE NELL.

THEY told him, gently, she was dead,
 And spoke of heaven and smiled;
 Then drew him from the lonely room
 Where lay the lovely child.
 'Twas all in vain, he heeded not
 Their pitying looks of sorrow,
 "Hush! hush!" he cried, "she only sleeps,
 She'll wake again to-morrow!"

They laid her in a lonely grave,
 Where winds blew high and bleak,
 Tho' the faintest simmer breeze had been
 Too rough to fan her cheek.
 And there the poor old man would watch
 In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
 And whisper to himself the words,
 "She'll come again to-morrow."

One day they missed him long, and sought
 Where most he loved to stray;
 They found him dead upon the turf
 Where little Nelly lay.
 With tottering steps he'd wander'd there
 Fresh hope and strength to borrow,
 And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer,
 "Oh! let her come to-morrow!"

THE BLACK FLAG.

Oh, ever a rover's life for me,
 A gallant bark and a rolling sea;
 On my own proud deck like a king I'll stand,
 Where proud hearts bow to their chief's command.
 With canvas spread, where'er I roam,
 The deep, deep sea to me's a home,
 And my heart on that would ever be,
 With the black flag waving gallantly.

Through thunder, storm, and lightning's flash,
 Onward my bark will proudly dash,
 Swift as the flight of the hawk she'll sail,
 And bravely ride through the wildest gale.
 We'll shun no foe, and strike to none,
 With bright sword gleaming, and mounted gun,
 But we'll meet them still on the broad blue sea,
 With our black flag waving gallantly.

SALLY DEAR.

It was one evening in the month of June,
 The stars shone bright, the sky was clear,
 This ducky played a good old tune,
 To serenade his Sally dear.
 He lightly touched the banjo string,
 Beneath the window, that she might hear,
 And soon the shutters back did swing,
 And there I saw my Sally dear.

Then come, love, come, you need not fear,
 My boat lies on the other shore,
 All that I want is Sally dear,
 And I'll be off to Baltimore.

Her hair it floated in the breeze,
 And hung around her sable cheek.
 I really thought that I would freeze,
 If my sweet Sally did not speak ;

But soon her silvery voice I heard,
 'Twas music to this darky's ear,
 I list to catch it every word,
 From the sweet lips of Sally dear.

I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 What my sweet Sally said to me,
 She said, she'd meet me by and by,
 If I would wait by the old pine tree.
 It was not long before she came,
 Her band-box filled with all her store,
 She said, For you I've left my home—
 I'll go with you to Baltimore.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN.

KATHLEEN! you're goin' to lave me
 All alone by myself in this place!
 But I'm sure you will never decave me;
 Oh, no! if there's truth in that face!
 Though England's a beautiful country,
 Full of illigant boys, och! what then?
 You wouldn't forget your poor Terence,
 You'll come back to ould Ireland again?

Och! them English!—decavers by nature!—
 Though maybe you'd think them sincere,
 They'll say you're a sweet charmin' crature,
 But dout you believe them, my dear!
 No, Kathleen, agra! dont be mindin'
 The flatterin' speeches they'll make;
 Just tell them, a poor boy in Ireland
 Is breaking his heart for your sake!

It's a folly to keep you from goin',
 Though faith! it's a mighty hard case;
 For, Kathleen! you know there's no knowin'
 When next I may see your sweet face!

And when you come back to me, Kathleen!
 None the better shall I be off then;
 You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,
 Sure I wot know my Kathleen agen!

Eh, now! where's the need of this hurry?
 Dont fluster me so in this way!
 I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
 Every word I was manin' to say!
 Now just wait a minute, I bid ye,
 Can I talk if you bother me so?
 Och! Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye,
 Every inch of the way that you go.

WITHIN A MILE O' EDINBURGH TOWN.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year;
 Sweet flowers bloomed, and the grass was mawn,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear,
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
 Kiss'd young Jenny making hay;
 The lassie blushed, and frowning cried—Na, na, it
 winna do,
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

Young Jockie was a wag that ne'er wad wed,
 Though lang he had followed the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
 And merrily turned up the grass;
 Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blushed, and frowning cried—Na, na,
 it winna do;
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and herds were not few,

She g'ied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
 Bonnie Jockie, hlythe and free,
 Won her heart right merrily.
 At kirk she no more frowning cried—Na, na, it
 winna do,
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna huckle to.

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love hat her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

THE EXCISEMAN.

THE de'il cam' fiddling through the town,
 And danced awa' wi' the exciseman,
 And ilka wife cries, " Auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman;
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the exciseman.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
 We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il
 That danced awa' wi' the exciseman.
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land
 Was, the de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman.
 The de'il's awa', the de'il's awa',
 The de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman,
 He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
 He's danced awa' wi' the exciseman.

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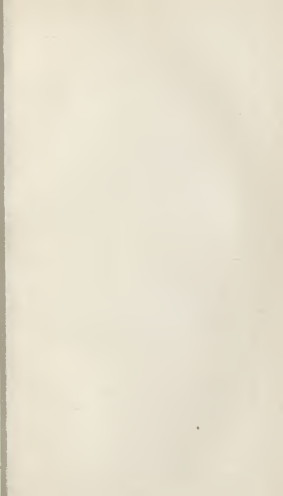
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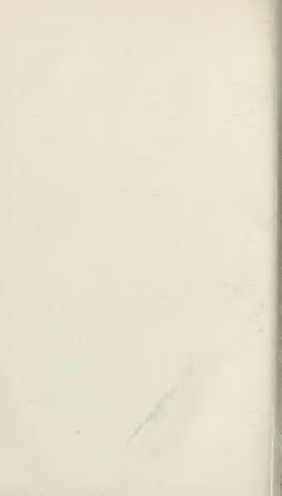
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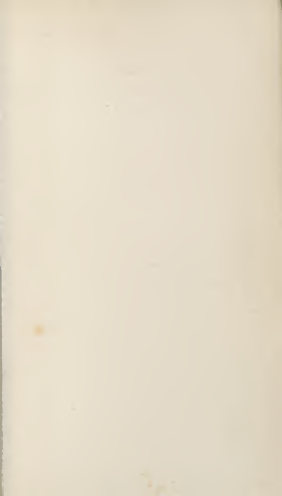
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