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Scottish Chapbooks.

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Anecdotes and Songs.

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THE
FIRESIDE SONGSTER.

No. 3.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

FAMILY CIRCLE.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE

RESIDE SONGSTER.

No. 3.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

French Air—Troubadour.

As for the best, be sanguine and cheerful,
Grief and sorrow are friends in disguise ;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Grief for ever is happy and wise.

As for the best, be a man, but confiding,
Divine providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creature is guiding
Gently and warily, all's for the best.

As for the best, then, fling away terrors,
Let all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Behave like a child, while you strive like a man.

As for the best, for unbiased, unbounded
Divine providence reigns from the east to the west,
And by his wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Be and be happy, that all's for the best.

THE TOOM POUCH.

Air—The auld man's mare's dead.

O weary on the toom pouch,
 It shames us a' the toom pouch ;
 Sic times as we ha'e often seen,
 Mak mony a waefu' toom pouch.

Of a' the ills in life's career,
 The want o' bread and beef and beer,
 The taunt o' men, and women's jeer—
 The greatest is the toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

An empty purse is slighted sair,
 Gang ye to market, kirk, or fair,
 Ye'll no be muckle thought o' there
 Gin ye gang wi' a toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

An empty purse is ill to wear,
 An empty purse is ill to share,
 E'en lovers' friendship canna bear
 To hear aught o' a toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

But O, ye lasses blythe and clean,
 Just let me tell ye as a frien,
 Whene'er you meet your lads at e'en,
 Be canny on the toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

For fegs! the times are no the thing,
 To mak our merry taverns ring ;



And wha the deil could dance and sing,
 Gin pester'd wi' a toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

Sae dinna ca' your laddie shy,
 And dinna say he's cauld and dry,
 And dinna speak o' sweeties.—Fie!
 Be mindfu' o' the toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

For kind may be his heart and true,
 And weel and warmly may he lo'e,
 And fondly kiss your cherry mou',
 Although he wears a toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

But may be times will mend a wee,
 When twa may venture to be three;
 But, gudesake, lasses! ne'er agree
 To marry wi' a toom pouch.
 O weary on, &c.

IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
 A long time ago,
 The lads and lasses in their best
 Were dress'd from top to toe.
 We danc'd and sung the jocund song,
 Upon the forest green;
 And nought but mirth and jollity
 Around us could be seen.

And thus we pass'd the pleasant time,
 Nor thought of care or woe,
 In the days when we went gipsying, &c
 All hearts were light, and eyes were bright,
 While nature's face was gay ;
 The trees their leafy branches spread,
 And perfume filled the May ;
 'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note
 Steal softly through the air,
 While every scene around us looked
 Most beautiful and fair.

We filled a glass to every lass,
 And all our friends most dear,
 And wished them many happy days,
 And many a happy year ;
 We gave the King, with all our heart,
 And may his subjects be
 Our nation's pride, all lands beside,
 And glory of the sea.

YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.

Tune—Kelvin Grove.

Would you banish care an' gloom frae your ain
 fireside ! [fireside
 O, let temp'rance bud and bloom at your ain
 Then your canty wifie's smile will the cares o'
 life beguile,
 An' allay the pains o' toil at your ain fireside.

How sweet the artless joys at your ain fireside,
 While your gleesome girls and boys cheer your
 ain fireside ; [board convene,
 Can blyther sight be seen, as they round your
 fresh and fair as olives green by your ain fireside ?
 Would you force the bitter tear at your ain
 fireside ? [fireside,
 Frae the heart you vow'd to cheer at your ain
 could you see the fading cheek still her smother-
 ed grief bespeak,
 An' afar your pleasure seek frae your ain fireside ?
 Frae ye vow'd to train for heaven at your ain
 fireside ? [fireside,
 Those sweet flow'ries kindly given to your ain
 could you see their bloom decline, while in
 cold and want they pine,
 Or run wild in heart an' mind at your ain fireside ?
 Would you dread the serpent's fang at your ain
 fireside ?
 Or the deadly adder's stang at your ain fireside ?
 Frae the drunkard's drink abstain, an' your sair
 won penny hain, [fireside.
 Then shall peace and pleasure reign at your ain

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
 I wander'd by the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
 I gathered shells in days before.

The splashing wave like music fell,
 Responsive to my fancy wild ;
 A dream came o'er me like a spell,
 I thought I was again a child.

I stopp'd upon a pebbly strand,
 To cull the toys that round me lay ;
 But as I took them in my hand,
 I threw them one by one away.
 O ! thus, I said in every stage,
 By toys our fancy is beguil'd ;
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child.

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Take her—she will ne'er deceive thee,
 I, that loved her from her birth,
 Know that she will never grieve thee,
 Never wrong thy household hearth ;
 Take her to thy tender keeping,
 Trust her—I have proved her well—
 Chide me not that I am weeping,
 'Tis a mother's fond farewell.

Take her—she will prove a blessing,
 Purer heart none ever knew :
 Sister ! 'tis thy last caressing !
 Brother ! 'tis thy last adieu !
 Yet we part with her in sorrow,
 Though we know thou lov'st her well,
 Blessings on the coming morrow
 Breathes a mother's last farewell.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

was standing beside him when last he sat there,
 and he passed his thin hand through my cluster-
 ing hair ;

He bade me not sorrow when he should be gone ;
 He told me that God would ne'er leave me alone.
 I marked how his step grew uncertain and frail ;
 I watched while his once ruddy features grew
 pale.

But I faltered not yet, for I smiled to the last,
 and I shed not a tear till the struggle was past.

He has left me ! but while on his chair now I
 A vision comes o'er me of earlier days ; [gaze,
 A spell is upon me ; I listen once more
 To my grandfather's voice, as I heard it of yore ;
 I can see him again, with his heavenly smile,
 As he prays to his God to preserve me from guile ;
 Once more he is passing his hand through my
 hair,

As I stand by the side of my grandfather's chair.

The dream has been broken, my vision is gone,
 With the tenantless chair I am standing alone ;
 But my grandfather's hand has been laid on my
 brow,

And his warm blessing rings in my ear even now.

Farewell, then, ye visions of sorrow and pain,
 No longer I mourn, I shall meet him again ;
 And listen, oh Father of love ! to the prayer,
 I offer in hope by my grandfather's chair.

NID NODDIN'.

And we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin',
 And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

Gude e'en to you kimmer, and are ye alane,
 Oh come and see how blythe are we,
 For Jamie he's come hame, [was sair,
 And O! but he's been lang awa', an' O! my heart
 As I sobb'd out a lang farewell, maybe to meet
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c. [nae mair.

O sair ha'e I fought, ear' and late did I toil,
 My bairnies for to feed and cleed, my comfort
 was their smile, [sae fain,
 When I thocht on Jamie far awa, an' o' his love
 A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart,
 We'd maybe meet again.
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knockit at the door, I thocht I kent
 his rap, [cum back!"
 And little Katie cried aloud, "my daddie he's
 A stoun gaed through my anxious breast as
 thochtfully I sat,
 I raise—I gaz'd—fell in his arms,
 And burstit out and grat.
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

 THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The light of other days is faded,
 And all their glories past ;

For grief with heavy wing hath shaded,
 The hopes too bright to last.
 The world with morning's mantle clouded,
 Shines forth with purer rays ;
 But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days.

The leaf which autumn tempests wither,
 The birds which then take wing,
 When winter's winds are past, come hither
 To welcome back the spring.

The very ivy on the ruin,
 In gloom full life displays ;
 But the heart alone sees no renewing
 The light of other days.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 When our gudewife had puddins to mak,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

And the barrin' o' our door weel, weel, weel,
 And the barrin' o' our door weel.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
 It blew into the floor ;
 Says our gudeman to our gudewife,
 Get up and bar the door.
 And the barrin', &c.

My hand is in my husswyfskip,
 Gudeman, as you may see ;

An' it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,
It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
The first that spak the foremost word,
Should rise and barr the door.

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night ;
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle-light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is this a puir ?
But never a word would ane o' them speak,
For the barrin' o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddins
And syne they ate the black ;
And muckle thocht our gudewife to hersel,
But never a word she spak.

Then said the tane unto the tither,
Hae man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife.

But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than ?
What ails ye at the puddin broo,
That boils into the pan ?

O, up then startit our gudeman,
And an angry man was he :

Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
And scaud me wi' puddin bree ?

Then up and startit our gudewife,
Gi'ed three skips on the floor :
Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June,
Alang the banks o' Clyde,
Beneath the bright an' bonny moon,
Wi' Mary by my side.

As simmer was she to my e'e,
An' to my heart a joy,
An' weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh ! her presence could on every star
New brilliancy confer :
An' I thought the flowers were sweeter far,
When they were seen with her.
Her brow was calm as sleepin' sea,
Her glance was fu' o' joy,
An', oh ! her heart was true to me,
Her Highland minstrel boy.

I ha'e played to ladies fair an' gay,
In mony a southern ha',
But there was ane, far, far away,
A world aboon them a'.

An' now, when weary years ha'e fled,
 I think wi' mournfu' joy
 Upon the time that Mary wed
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

We have liv'd and lov'd together,
 Through many changing years;
 We have shared each other's gladness,
 And wept each other's tears.

I have never known a sorrow
 That was long unsoothed by thee;
 For thy smile can make a summer,
 Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
 In Autumn's fading hours,
 Are the traitor smiles that darken
 When the cloud of sorrow low'rs.
 And though many such we've known, love,
 For prone, alas! to range;
 We both can speak of one, love,
 Whom time could never change.

We have liv'd and lov'd together,
 Through many changing years;
 We have shar'd each other's gladness,
 And wept each other's tears.

And let us hope the future,
 As the past hath been, will be;
 I will share with thee thy sorrows,
 And thou thy joys with me.

THE RAY THAT BEAMS FOR EVER.

There is a flower that never fades,
 A rose no storm can sever,
 Beyond the tulip's gaudy shades,
 The ray that beams for ever.

There is a charm surpassing art,
 A charm in every feature,
 That twines around a feeling heart,
 It is thy charm, oh ! nature.

Then, stranger, when thou fain wouldst find
 This rose no storm can sever,
 Go, seek it, stranger, in thy mind,
 The ray that beams for ever.

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her—
 She's lovely, she's divine ;
 But her heart, it is another's—
 It never can be mine.

Yet loved I as man never loved,
 A love without decay ;
 Oh ! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray.

Her nut-brown hair is braided o'er
 A brow of spotless white ;
 Her soft blue eye now languishes,
 Now flashes with delight.
 But her hair is braided, not for me—
 Her eye is turned away ;

Oh ; my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer sun,
I've trembled in the blast ;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done—
The weary conflict's past.

And when the green turf wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh ! his heart, his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, it's mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging
sea, [man's dwelling,—
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisher-
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh, come
back to me."

Her beads while she number'd, her baby still
slumbered,

And smiled in her face as she bended her knee ;
"Oh, blessed be that warning, my child, thy
sleep adorning, [with thee.

For I know that the angels are whispering
"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er
thy sleeping,

Oh, pray to them softly, my baby, with me,—
And say thou wouldst rather, they'd watch o'er
thy father, [with thee."

For I know that the angels are whispering

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father
 to see,
 And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,
 Said, " I knew that the angels were whisper-
 ing with thee."

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Oh ! weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed,
 And liesome may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread.

I coost 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 o' a'
 Who wish the boatie speed.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we did them before.

Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the bairns' bread ;
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the boatie speed.

O ! WHEREFORE WEEP, MY SISTER DEAR.

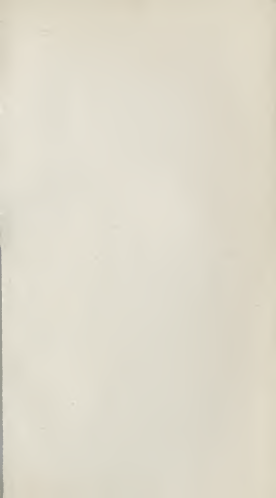
O ! wherefore weep, my sister dear,
 For truth and innocence are thine !
 O ! cloud not with a falling tear
 A cheek where artless graces shine ;
 Let others weep, remorse who fear,
 But weep not thou my sister dear.

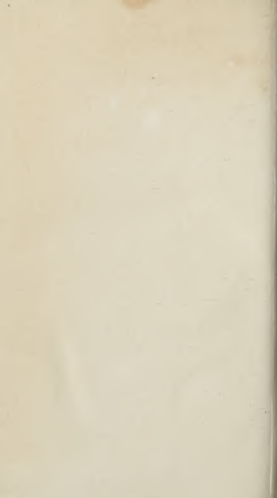
I love thee well, my sister fair,
 Thy bosom does my love return,
 Thy sorrows, then, O ! let me share,
 I cannot bear to see thee mourn ;
 Let others weep, reproof who fear,
 But weep not thou my sister dear.

My sister dear, O ! smile once more,
 I love to see thy laughing eye :
 My comfort in thy smiles restore,
 And thine my music shall supply ;
 Thy tuneful voice I love to hear,
 But weep no more, my sister dear.

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