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Scottish Chapbooks





Scottish Chapbooks.

Songs

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- 2 The Peoples Songster.
- 3 Miller's New Comic.
- 4 The Comic Vocalists Budget.
- 5 The Popular Kigger Melodist.
- 6 The Cream of British Song.
- 7 The Popular Songster.

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THE  
**GEMS OF SONG.**



"Ye'll a' hae heard o' famous Neil,  
The lad that played the fiddle weel."

**GLASGOW:**  
**JOHN CAMERON, 45 QUEEN STREET,**  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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B 22 OCT 1972

## GEMS OF SONG.

---

### WE'LL HAE NANE BUT HIELAN' BONNETS HERE.

ALMA, field of heroes, hail!  
Alma, glorious to the Gael,  
Glorious to the symbol dear,  
Glorious to the mountaineer;  
Hark to Sir Colin's battle cry:  
It led the brave to victory,  
It thundered through the charging cheer,  
"We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here!"  
We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here,  
We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here;  
It thunder'd through the charging cheer,  
We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here.

See, see the heights where fight the brave,  
See, see the gallant tartans wave,  
How wild the work of highland steel,  
When conquered thousands backward reel.

See, see the heroes of the north,  
 To death or glory rushing forth ;  
 Hark to their shout from front to rear,  
 " We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here !"  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here,  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here :  
 Hark to their shout from front to rear,  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here.

Let glory rear her flag of fame,  
 Brave Scotland cries, " This spot I claim !"  
 Here will Scotland bare her brand,  
 Here Scotia's rampant lion stand.  
 Here will Scotland's banner fly,  
 Here Scotia's sons will do or die ;  
 And raise the shout to freedom dear,  
 " We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here !"  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here,  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here,  
 Aye hallowed be the inspiring cheer,  
     We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here.

---

## ENGLAND! DEAR ENGLAND!

I HAVE sailed from my home, o'er the far-rol-  
     ling main,  
 To the valleys of France, to the mountains  
     of Spain,  
 To the clime of fair Italy clad in the vest  
 That young Beauty throws o'er the bowers  
     of her rest.



I have traversed the lovely Arabian vales,  
 Inhaled the soft breath of their sweet-scented  
     gales,  
 I have seen the fair islands of Greece as they  
     lay,  
 Like gems that were cast by man's folly away,  
 But I turned, as the magnet still turns to the  
     pole,  
 To dear happy England, the land of my soul!  
 I have roamed through the wide-spreading  
     forests that wave  
 O'er the land of the west, o'er the freeman and  
     slave,  
 By the deep-swelling lakes and wide rivers  
     that flow,  
 In the pride of their grandeur, unequalled  
     below.  
 Oh, England! dear England! the land of the  
     brave,  
 Thou jewel set round with the pearls of the  
     wave,  
 Thy sons and thy daughters have been, and  
     will be,  
 The noblest, the fairest, the greatest, the free!  
 Ever true, as the magnet still turns to the  
     pole,  
 I turn to dear England, the land of my soul!

---

VICTORIA, THE QUEEN OF THE BRAVE.

WHILE man to the health of his mistress  
     fills up  
 With nectar, his deep Bacchanalian cup,

Though woman scarce moistens her lip, yet  
 I ween,  
 With as loyal a heart drinks a health to the  
 Queen.

To the Queen of the brave, to the Queen of  
 the wave,  
 To the Queen whom the proudest would per-  
 ish to save,  
 Here's a health that will hallow the wine as it  
 flows  
 To the Queen of the Shamrock, the Thistle,  
 the Rose.

---

#### THE RING AND THE WINDING-SHEET.

WHY sought you not the silent bower,  
 The bower nor hawthorn tree,  
 Why came you not at evening hour,  
 Why came you not to me?  
 Say, does thy heart beat colder now,  
 Oh, tell me truly, tell!  
 Than when you kissed my burning brow  
 When last you said, "farewell?"

As late my taper I illumed,  
 To sigh and watch for thee,  
 It soon the mystic form assumed  
 Which lovers smile to see:  
 But fondly when I gazed upon  
 And trimmed the flame with care,  
 The pledge of love was gone, was gone,  
 The sign of death was there.

Oh, say, was this foreboding truth,  
 And wilt thou break thy vow?  
 And wilt thou blight my opening youth?  
 And must I now  
 Meet death's embrace for that chaste kiss,  
 That holy kiss you vowed?  
 And must I for my bridal dress  
 Be mantled in my shroud?

---

I HAVE KNOWN THEE IN THE SUNSHINE.

I HAVE known thee in the sunshine  
 Of thy beauty and thy bloom,  
 I have known thee in the shadow  
 Of thy sickness and thy gloom,  
 I have loved thee for thy sweet smile,  
 When thy heart was light and gay;  
 But, alas! I loved thee better,  
 When the smile had passed away.  
 When first we met, thou wert sporting  
 With the proud ones of the earth,  
 And I thought thee only made  
 For nights of music and of mirth.  
 But thy virtue dwelt in secret,  
 Like a flower that furl'd  
 All its sweet leaves from the notice  
 And the sunshine of the world!

---

'T WAS IN THAT GARDEN BEAUTIFUL.

'T WAS in that garden beautiful,  
 Beside the rose-tree bower,  
 Thy gentle child had guileless strayed,  
 To pluck for me a flower.

I heard, alas! his feeble scream,  
 And flew, some fear to chide,  
 His little breast was stained with blood,  
 In these sad arms he died.

You found my raiment dyed with gore,  
 A dagger near me lay,  
 I saw the man who struck the blow,  
 His name I dare not say.  
 The dreadful secret still to guard  
 My duty is, I feel,  
 And let me suffer as I may,  
 The grave my oath shall seal.

---

### THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THERE'S a song of the olden time,  
 Falling sad o'er the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we loved to hear.  
 And even amidst the grand and gay,  
 When Music tries her gentlest art,  
 I never hear so sweet a lay,  
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,  
 As that song of the olden time  
 Falling sad upon the ear,  
 Like the dream of some village chime,  
 Which in youth we loved to hear.  
 And when all of this life is gone,  
 Even the hope, lingering now,  
 Like the last of the leaves left on  
 Autumn's sere and faded bough,  
 'Twill seem as still those friends were near,

Who loved me in youth's early day,  
 If in that parting hour I hear  
 The same sweet notes, and die away  
 To that song of the olden time,  
 Breathed like Hope's farewell strain,  
 To say, in some brighter clime,  
 Life and youth will come again.

---

## THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.

FILL high the cup to him whose sword  
 For years maintained his country's right,  
 The champion of Old England's fame,  
 The hero of a hundred fights.  
 How oft along the swelling waves,  
 When many a well-fought field was won,  
 Hath triumph borne the self-same song  
 Of Victory and Wellington.

From east to west, from north to south,  
 Loud pæans in his praise have rung,  
 And while there beats an English heart,  
 His glorious deeds will still be sung.  
 The swarthy sons of Ind beheld  
 The tide of victory rushing on,  
 And fame well pleased new laurels wreathed  
 To bind the brows of Wellington.

When conquest bore Iberia down,  
 He raised again the martial strain,  
 And bursting on the foemen, gave  
 New life and liberty to Spain.  
 But brighter trophies still will spread  
 To every age his vast renown,

For deathless is the field and fame  
Of Waterloo and Wellington.

---

### THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the roaring sea,  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull which all earthly strength disdains,  
They strain and they crack, and hearts like  
stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.  
Up and down! up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's  
crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,  
The stormy Petrel finds a home;  
A home, if such a place may be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and teach them to spring  
O'er the waves on the stormy wing.  
O'er the deep, o'er the deep!  
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-  
fish sleep,  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale in vain,

For the mariner curseth the warning bird,  
 That bringeth him news of the storms unheard.  
 Ah! thus doth the prophet of good or ill  
 Meet hate from the creature he serveth still;  
 Yet he ne'er falters, yet he ne'er falters—  
 So, Petrel! spring once more on the waves,  
 Spring once more on thy stormy wing!

---

SHE IS THINE.

SHE is thine, the word is spoken,  
 Hand to hand and heart to heart,  
 Though all other ties be broken,  
 Time these bonds shall never part.

Thou hast taken her in gladness  
 From the altar's holy shrine,  
 Oh, remember her in sadness,  
 She is thine, and only thine.

In so fair a temple never  
 Aught of ill can hope to come,  
 Good will strive, and, striving ever,  
 Make so pure a shrine its home.

Each the other's love possessing,  
 Say that care should cloud thy brow,  
 She will be to thee a blessing,  
 And a shield to her be thou.

---

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE MY BED

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
 The bracken curtain for my head;

My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far from love and thee,

Mary.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid;  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me,

Mary!

I may not, dare not fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me,

Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know,  
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe;  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free,

Mary.

A time will come, with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee,

Mary.

And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close;  
How sweet the linnet sing repose  
To my young bride, and me,

Mary.



## MAIDEN, WRAP THY MANTLE ROUND THEE.

MAIDEN, wrap thy mantle round thee  
 Cold the rain beats on thy breast;  
 Why should horror's voice astound thee?  
 Death can bid the wretched rest,  
     All under the tree,  
     Thy bed may be,  
 And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

Maiden, once gay pleasure knew thee,  
 Now thy cheeks are pale and deep;  
 Love has been a felon to thee,  
 Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.  
     There's rest for thee,  
     All under the tree,  
 Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

---

## THE LOVELY EEN OF BONNIE BLUE.

I GA'ED a woeful gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een of bonnie blue.

'Twas not the golden ringlets bright  
 Her lips like roses wet with dew,  
 Her heaving bosom lily white,  
 It was her een of bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wyled,  
 She charmed my soul, I wist na how;  
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam' frae her een of bonnie blue.

But spare to speak and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblens listen to my vow;  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my deead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

---

### THE WOODBINE BOWER.

OH, come to me at this soft hour,  
 When flowers inhale the balmy dew  
 Oh, meet me in the woodbine bower,  
 That I have fondly wreathed for you;  
 The moon that with her silver light,  
 Now brightly beams on tower and tree,  
 But oh! those eyes are far more bright,  
 Which fondly, fondly gaze on me.

Dear maid, the breezes murmur soft,  
 As round the grove and hawthorn tree,  
 Whose wide and leafy branches oft  
 Have shaded thee and me.  
 And now reclined beneath its boughs,  
 By yonder vault of azure hue,  
 And its bright orb, I swear, my vows  
 Shall never, never prove untrue.

---

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

TUNE — "*Let me in this ae Night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet!  
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.

## CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night,  
 For pity's sake this ae night,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star breaks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak' pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

The hither blast that round me blaws  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

---

 HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain!  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!  
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

## CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night:  
 And once for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,

Is nought to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead  
Now trodden like the vilest weed;  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charmed the summer day  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
Let witless, trusting woman say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

---

### THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

ON a wild bank of flow'rets a maiden sat  
weeping,  
The smile from her cheek long had flown,  
The stars in the heavens were silently sleeping,  
She sighed in her sorrow alone.

Oh! land of my childhood, still on thee I'm  
thinking,  
Judea, thy glories are fled!  
She murmured a prayer, then on the earth  
sinking,  
The Jew's lovely daughter lay dead.

The moon's pale lustre with silvery beaming,  
Seemed bathing the flowers in light:

On the form of the Jewess its splendour was  
streaming,  
Dispelling the darkness of night.

As the slumbering babe hushed by mother re-  
poses,

She seemed, though her spirit had fled,  
As calm as the tint on the leaf of night's roses,  
The Jew's lovely daughter lay dead.

---

I'VE WANDERED THROUGH THAT INDIAN  
LAND.

I've wandered through that Indian land,  
Where Nature wears her richest hue;  
I've stood upon the Grecian strand,  
And gazed upon the waters blue:  
I've strayed beneath a myrtle grove,  
On Arnon's banks, when day has set,  
And heard the Italian's song of love  
Come softly from his gondolet:  
But still, though far and wide we roam,  
The sweetest, dearest spot is home.

The gaudy plants of tropic skies,  
Though bright the tints in which they bloom,  
Though decked in Beauty's proudest dyes,  
Are yet divested of perfume.

One wild rose of my native vale,  
The jessamine round my cottage twined,  
That waft their fragrance on the gale,  
Have charms far dearer to my mind;  
For still, though far and wide we roam,  
The sweetest, dearest spot is home.

## O, LET ME HUSH THY TENDER FEARS.

O, LET me hush thy tender fears  
 That prophecy our love's decay,  
 And kiss away those stealing tears  
 That all thy timid doubts betray;

For though the wing of each fleet hour  
 Should brush some honey charm away  
 Yet, fear not, love, to lose thy power—  
 The soul that's won, can ne'er decay

Still glowing on thy cheeks I'll find  
 The lingering blush of passion's dye,  
 And beaming from thy kindly mind,  
 A ray still brightening in thine eye.

## LASSIE, LET US STRAY TOGETHER

LASSIE, let us stray together, far from town  
 tower,

O'er the mountain where the heather spreads  
 its purple flower;

Princely halls were made for pride, towns for  
 low deceit, dear lassie,

'Twas but near the brae's green side you and  
 I did meet, dear lassie.

Lassie, let us stray together, &c

Where the mountain daisies growing o'er the  
 turf we tread,

Where the rippling streamlet flowing o'er its  
 pebbly bed;

Princely halls were made for pride, towns for  
low deceit, dear lassie.

'Twas but near the brae's green side you and  
I did meet, dear lassie.

Lassie, let us stray together, &c.

Lassie, let us live together, e'er on thee fortune  
lowers,

My life with thee, a dream shall be, of leaves  
or rosy flowers;

Princely halls were made for pride, towns for  
low deceit, dear lassie,

'Twas but near the brae's green side you and  
I did meet, dear lassie.

Lassie, let us stray together, &c.

---

### I LOVE BUT THEE.

I LOVE but thee, I love but thee,

My only love, believe it!

That gentle heart, so prized by me,—

May sorrow never grieve it!

Should fortune's smile my labours crown,

I then with thee will share it.

Come weal or woe, my song shall be:—

I love but thee—I love but thee.

As down the paths of life we stray

For thee I'll cull the roses,

And tear each rankling thorn away

That 'neath its leaves reposes.

Oh, may thy life be ever gay,

Round me though fortune lowers!

Be thine the glorious light of day,  
 And mine, night's storms and showers!  
 And still my song, sweet maid, shall be,  
 I love but thee—I love but thee!

---

### THERE'S A LAD THAT I KNOW.

THERE'S a lad that I know, and I know that  
 he  
 Speaks softly to me,  
 The Cushmanachree;  
 He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me  
 well,  
 And who the lad is—I'm not going to tell.

He whisper'd a question one day in my ear,  
 When he breath'd it, oh, dear!  
 How I trembled with fear;  
 What the question he asked was, I need not  
 confess,  
 But the answer I gave to the question was  
 "yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they look'd so  
 kind,  
 When I was inclin'd  
 To speak my mind;  
 And his breath is so sweet, oh, the rose's is  
 less,  
 And how I found it out—why, I leave you  
 to guess.



## SWEET EYES.

SWEET eyes, sweet eyes, how beautiful ye  
are!

Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, how much ye seem  
to say!

Bright as the shining of a star,

In heaven far away;

Then how ye change, and how ye close,

As though ye thought your light

Too dazzling for the gaze of those

Who live like me in night.

Sweet eyes, &c.

Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, how dark the world  
would be,

Sweet eyes, sweet eyes, were ye to pass  
away;

How weak, how weak, and poor our poesy,

In language what decay!

'Tis true the fraudulent tongue can speak

To tell each hope and fear;

But to a glance, its voice how weak,

How feeble to a tear!

Sweet eyes, &c.

---

 THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

## RECITATIVE.

ORINTHIA, my beloved, I call in vain!

Orinthia, echo hears and calls again!

A mimic voice repeats the name around;

And with Orinthia all the rocks resound.

## AIR.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes  
cross'd me,

As wayworn and faint up the mountain I  
press'd;

The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,  
And proffer'd his cell, as the mansion of  
rest.

Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I  
rove,

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

' Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon  
passes,

Let boughs of the lemon-tree shelter thy  
head;

The juice of ripe muscadel flows in my glasses,  
And rushes, fresh pull'd for siesta are  
spread.'

Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I  
rove,

No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love.

---

### SAILOR JACK AND QUEEN VICTORIA!

You've heard of Sailor Jack, no doubt,  
Who found our good King William out—  
To Windsor Castle, too, he'd been,  
A visiting the King and Queen.

Ri tooral, &c.

Now Jack, who'd travelled far away  
Returned to port the other day—

He turned his 'bacca o'er and o'er,  
 For be found the Sailor King no more.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

'Sbiver my timbers! here's a breeze!  
 We've got a woman now to please—  
 So straight to London I must go;  
 To see who's got the craft in tow.'  
 Ri tooral, &c.

Then to the Palace soon he came—  
 He'd got no card, but sent his name.  
 'Go back!' said they, 'she won't see you!  
 Says Jack—'No, damme, if I do!  
 Ri tooral, &c.

'Stand back, you lubbers! not see me—  
 The friend of his late Majesty!  
 He floored them all, sprung o'er each stair,  
 And got where the court assembled were.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

They in amazement viewed the scene—  
 Says Jack, 'I want to see the Queen!—  
 When smiling, seated, from afar,  
 Says sbe—'Well, here I am, old Tar.'  
 Ri tooral, &c.

'All right!' says Jack on hearing this—  
 'I've come here just to warn you, miss  
 Don't you by courtier sharks be led—  
 For d'ye see, I likes your *Figure Head*.'  
 Ri tooral, &c.

'Don't fear me, Jack, it's true they'd fight,  
 But I'm British born, and have gone right.'

And if against my peace they strike,  
I'll give 'em, Jack, what they won't like.

Ri tooral, &c.

'Hurrah!' says Jack, 'your Majesty!  
Just like your noble family!  
You know's what's what, and I'll repeat  
What you have said to all the fleet.'

Ri tooral, &c.

'I like your manners,' answered she—  
'An Admiral you soon shall be.'  
The Lords in Waiting there, said 'No!  
The Queen—'Why can't I make him so?'

Ri tooral, &c.

'You jealous swabs, what are you at  
I knows I am too old for that—  
So one request instead I'll make,  
Off pigtail you'll the duty take.'

Ri tooral, &c.

The Queen, who quite enjoyed the fun,  
Soon promised Jack it should be done.  
Says he, 'I've one thing more, and 'tis,  
To ax you how your mother is?'

Ri tooral, &c.

'Why, hark ye, Jack,' the Queen replied,  
'The old 'un's still her country's pride.  
'She is—and if you'll view my ship,'  
Says Jack, 'for both I'll stand some flip!'

Ri tooral, &c.

Then to his messmates soon he hied—  
'I've seen her,—it's all right,'—he cried;

' I'll prove to you she's wide awake —  
 She's a trim built craft, and no mistake.'  
 Ri tooral, &c.

They ordered grog, to crown the scene,  
 And drank ' The Navy and the Queen!'  
 Says Jack, ' our toast shall ever be,  
 ' " God bless her gracious Majesty!" '  
 Ri tooral, &c.

---

### THE ONE-HORSE SHAY.

Mrs. Bubb was gay and free  
 Fair, fat, and forty-three,  
 And blooming as a posy in buxom May;  
 The toast she long had been,  
 Of Farringdon-within,  
 And she filled the better half of a one-horse  
 shay.

Mrs. Bubb said to her lord,  
 We can very well afford  
 Whate'er a common councilman in prudence  
 may;  
 We've no brats to plague our lives,  
 And the soap concern it thrives,  
 So we'll take a trip to Brighton in the one-  
 horse shay.

When at Brighton they were hous'd,  
 How they revell'd and carous'd,  
 Mr. Bubb to his spouse he next did say —

I've ascertained my dear,  
 The mode of dipping here,  
 From the ostler what is rubbing up our one-  
 horse shay.

Old Nobbs, I am sartin,  
 May be trusted gig or cart in,  
 And shillings for machines we shan't have to  
 pay;  
 He'll stand like a post,  
 While we dabble on the coast,  
 And return back to dress in our one-horse  
 shay.

So out they drove, all drest,  
 So gaily in their best,  
 And finding in their rambles a snug little bay;  
 They uncased at their leisure,  
 Paddled at their pleasure,  
 And left every thing behind in their one-horse  
 shay.

But while so snugly sure  
 That all things were secure,  
 They founced about like porpoises, or whales  
 at play;  
 Some young unlucky imps,  
 Who prowled about for shrimps,  
 Stole all their little articles out of the one-  
 horse shay.

When our pair were soused enough  
 And returning in their buff,

Oh! there was the vengeance and Old Nick to  
 pay;  
 Madam shrieked in consternation,  
 Mr. Bubb, he swore damnation!  
 To find the empty state of the one-horse shay.

Come, bundle in with me,  
 We must squeeze for once, said he,  
 And manage this here business the best way  
 we may.  
 So like two dismal dummies,  
 Heads and hands stuck out like mummies;  
 They crept beneath the little apron of the one-  
 horse shay.

Mr. Bubb gee-uped in vain,  
 And strove to jerk the rein,  
 Nobbs found he had his option to work or  
 play;  
 So he wouldn't mend his pace,  
 Tho' they'd fain have run a race,  
 To escape the merry gazers at the one-horse  
 shay.

Now good people laugh your fill,  
 And fancy if you will;  
 For I'm fairly out of breath, and have had my  
 say;  
 The trouble and the rout,  
 To wrap and get them out,  
 When they drove to their lodgings in the one-  
 horse shay.

## WIDOW JONES.

Oh, Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I am in  
deep distress!

Night and day I pass in sighs and moans;  
Blighted in the bud are all my hopes of hap-  
piness,

And all by cruel fickle Widow Jones.  
Long before I knew her, her complexion had  
grown sallow,

And other ladies said that she was old;  
I really could not see it then, for though her  
skin was yellow,

'Twas just the same colour as her gold.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones, Widow Jones, I tried a  
little flattery,

But deaf she was, and could not hear my  
tones;

Useless my endeavours, for, safe behind her  
battery,

My eloquence was lost on Widow Jones.  
The roses on her cheek had long since turned  
to whiteness,

She tottered and she hobbled very lame;  
Though her hair by time had acquired a sil-  
very brightness,

The silver in her purse shone just the same.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

With Widow Jones, Widow Jones, love now  
made me bolder

I ventured soft to squeeze her shrivelled  
hand;



And though no living flesh and blood than  
her's could e'er be colder,

I made her my pretensions understand.

Her voice was cracked and squeaking, and not  
sweet love denoting,

From music's notes it wandered very wide;  
Yet sounded very sweet to me, and I was  
fairly doating,

For other notes she plenty had beside.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

So Widow Jones, Widow Jones, nodded her  
consent,

That we should married be by banns;

With beating heart elate to the parish clerk I  
went,

Thinking of her houses and lands;

But changeable and fickle, like a weather-cock  
a woman's,

She was seen by a captain on half-pay;

Who without any ceremony went to Doctor's  
Commons,

And married her by license next day.

Oh, Widow Jones, &c.

---

## THE PEACE OF THE VALLEY.

THE peace of the valley is fled,

The calm of its once-happy bowers

Disturbed by the rude soldier's tread,

While the gore of the brave stains its flowers,

The young heart which beats but to love,

Is blighted, forsaken and dead;

The songs of the shepherd are hushed in  
 grove,  
 The peace of the valley is fled.

The vine round the cottage-door strays,  
 Its wild boughs neglected and stern;  
 From that door must the widow long gaze,  
 For a form that can never return.  
 He sleeps far away 'mid the slain,  
 His broken shield pillows his head,  
 The smiles of his children await him in vain,  
 The peace of the valley is fled.

---

### SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam  
 When the shrill winds whistle free;  
 But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
 And a life in the woods for me,  
 But a chosen band in a mountain land,  
 And a life in the woods for me.  
 When morning beams o'er the mountain  
 streams,  
 Oh! merrily forth we go,  
 To follow the stag to his slippery crag,  
 And chase the bounding roe.  
 Ho! ho! ho! &c. &c.  
 Some love to roam.

The deer we mark in the forest dark,  
 And the prowling wolf we track;  
 And for right good cheer in the wild wood  
 here—  
 Oh! why should a hunter lack?

And for right good cheer in the wild woods  
here —

Oh! why should a hunter lack?  
For, with steady aim at the bounding game,  
And hearts that fear no foe,  
To the darksome glade in the forest shade,  
Oh! merrily forth we go.

Ho! ho! ho! &c. &c.

Some love to roam.

### ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING.

(*A Duet, from "Fra Diavolo."*)

Zerlina. — ON yonder rock reclining, —  
That fierce and swarthy form be-  
hold!  
Fast his hands his carbine hold —  
'Tis his best friend of old;  
This way his steps are bending,  
His scarlet plume waves o'er his  
brow,  
And his velvet cloak hangs low,  
Playing in careless flow,  
Tremble!  
E'en while the storm is beating  
Afar, hear echo repeating,  
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!  
Although his foes waylaying,  
He fights with rage and hate com-  
bined;  
Towards the gentle fair, they find  
He's ever mild and kind;  
The maid too heedless straying,

(For one we Pietro's daughter  
know,)

Home returns full sad and slow,  
What can have made her so.

Tremble!

Each one the maiden meeting,  
Is sure to be repeating,

Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

*Marquis.* — While thus his deeds accusing,  
Let justice too at least be shown,  
All that's lost here let us own,  
May not be *his* prize alone;  
Full oft his name abusing,  
Perchance some young and rustic  
beau,

Whilst with love he feigns to glow  
At beauty's shrine bows low.

Tremble!

Each sighing lover dread,  
For of *him* more truly may be said  
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

---

THEY HAVE GIVEN THEE TO ANOTHER.

THEY have given thee to another, they have  
broken every vow;

They have given thee to another, and my  
heart is lonely now:

They remember not our parting—they re-  
member not our tears;

They have severed in one moment the ten-  
derness of years.

Oh! was it well to leave me?—thou could'st  
so deceive me!

Long and sorely I shall grieve thee, lost,  
lost, Rosabel!

They have given thee to another—thou art  
now his gentle bride;

Had I loved thee as a brother, I could see thee  
by his side;

But I know with gold they've won thee, and  
thy trusting heart beguiled;

Thy mother, too, doth shun me, for she knew  
I loved her child.

Oh! was it well to sever two fond hearts for  
ever?

I can only answer, never! lost, lost Rosabel!

They have given her to another—she will  
love him, too, they say;

If her memory do not chide her, oh! perhaps,  
perhaps, she may:

But I know that she hath spoken—what she  
never can forget;

And tho' my poor heart be broken, it will love  
her, love her yet,

Oh! 'twas not well to sever two fond hearts  
for ever—

I shall see her, never; lost, lost Rosabel.

---

### PROUDLY AND WIDE.

(From "*Fra Diavolo*.")

AIR.

PROUDLY and wide my standard flies  
O'er daring hearts, — a noble band!

All own my sway; whilst, for supplies,  
 Each traveller's wealth I freely command!  
 My will is law which none gainsay,  
 Whate'er I may ordain;—  
 In silent awe they must obey;—  
 O'er all, a king I reign!  
 Proudly and wide my standard flies  
 O'er daring hearts,—a noble band!  
 All own my sway; whilst, for supplies,  
 Each traveller's wealth I freely command!

Now a banker I stop!—"Your gold! your  
 gold! your gold!"  
 And now a lord is brought!—"Your gold!  
 your gold! your gold!"  
 A lawyer next is caught!—"Let justice be  
 done—  
 Restore your plunder— even three-fold!"  
 Now a pilgrim before me's led!—  
 "I have no gold!— I have no bread!"  
 "Here are both for you, friend,  
 Peace your footsteps attend!"  
 Then a poor simple maid appears:  
 See how she's shaking with her fears!—  
 "Oh, dear! have mercy!— your pity pray  
 show!  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!  
 Here's all I have!— spare my life!— let me  
 go!  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh!  
 Mercy, Mr. Robber!— be mild!  
 I'm, alas! but a poor young child!"

## CAVATINA.

We never aught demand from the fair;  
 All due regard to them we show,  
 Though we gratefully accept whate'er  
 Their tender hearts deign to bestow.  
 Ah! what delights abound on every hand!  
 Who leads a life like to the bold brigand?  
 Yet—yet, swift runs of time the sand!

---

## TAKE NOW THIS RING.

TAKE now this ring,—'tis thine, love,  
 I will make thee, at the altar, mine, love,  
 May fortune ever shine, love,  
 With smiles benignant on our love.

Sacred to thee be this token,  
 Love's soft vows with it spoken,  
 Like my mother's vows unbroken,  
 Sacred pledge of mutual love.

---

## THE BLARNEY.

OH, when a young bachelor woos a young  
 maid  
 Who's eager to go and yet willing to stay,  
 She sighs, and she blushes, and looks half  
 afraid,  
 Yet loses no word that her lover can say;  
 What is it she hears hut the blarney?  
 The blarney, the blarney,  
 Oh, a perilous thing is the blarney!

To all that he tells her she gives no reply;  
 Or murmurs and whispers, so gentle and  
 low;  
 And though he has asked her, when nobody's  
 by,  
 She dare not say "yes," and she cannot say  
 "no."  
 She knows what she hears is the blarney,  
 The blarney, the blarney,  
 Oh, a perilous thing is the blarney!

But people get used to a perilous thing,  
 And fancy the sweet words of lovers are  
 true;  
 So, let all their blarney be passed through a  
 ring;  
 The charm will prevent all the ill it can do,  
 And maids have no fear of the blarney,  
 The blarney, the blarney,  
 Or the peril that lies in the blarney!

---

THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW.

THOUGH you leave me now in sorrow,  
 Smiles may light our love to-morrow,  
 Doomed to part, my faithful heart,  
 A gleam of joy from hope shall horror.

Ah, ne'er forget, when friends are near,  
 This heart alone is thine for ever,  
 Thou may'st find those who love thee dear,  
 But not a love like mine, O never!  
 Though you leave me, &c.



## I LOVE HER, HOW I LOVE HER!

I LOVE her, how I love her,  
 Though mine, alas! she ne'er can be:  
 The sun that shines above her,  
 Is far less bright to me.

The time by tears I measure,  
 I prize my fatal treasure,  
 And feel a fatal pleasure  
 In suffering, dear love, for thee.

Deep in my bosom concealing the fierce flame  
 That consumes me, ne'er e'en to thee shall  
 my lips reveal  
 All the woes I feel;  
 The voice of honour I obey,—it speaks in  
 friendship's sacred name.

## SHE SAT WITHIN THE ABBEY WALLS.

A MAIDEN was there from her father's halls,  
 A being formed to love and bless;  
 Who sat within the abbey walls,  
 The living form of loveliness!  
 A lovelier face I never met,  
 For she was beauty's brightest gem;  
 And her waving tresses of silken jet,  
 Were festooned with a diadem.

Her lips which shamed the roses red,  
 Proclaimed what words can never speak  
 Though eighteen summers scarce had shed  
 Their warmth upon her crimson cheek,

But faintly falls description's praise,  
 'Twere vain to picture such a scene;  
 E'en Royalty was marked to gaze  
 Admiringly on beauty's queen.

---

### JESSIE.

SWEET Jessie was young and simple, and  
 mirth beamed in her eye,  
 And her smile made a rosy dimple, where  
 Love might wish to lie;  
 But when lovers were sighing after, and vowed  
 she was matchless fair,  
 Her silver-sounding laughter said Love had  
 not been there.

The Summer had seen her smiling 'mong  
 flowers as fair as she,  
 But Autumn beheld her sighing when the  
 leaves fell from the tree,  
 And the light of her eye was shaded, and her  
 brow had a cast of care,  
 And the rose on her cheek was faded, for ah,  
 Love had been there.

When Winter winds were blowing, she roved  
 by the stormy shore,  
 And looked o'er the angry ocean, and shrunk  
 at the breakers' roar, —  
 And her sighs, and her tearful wonder at the  
 perils that sailors dare  
 In the storm and the battle's thunder, showed  
 Love was trembling there.

No ring is upon her finger, and her raven locks  
 are grey,  
 Yet traces of beauty linger, like the light of  
 parting day:  
 She looks, with a glance so tender, on a locket  
 of golden hair,  
 And a tear to his ship's defender, shares Love's  
 own dwelling there.

---

## MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

### RECITATIVE.

My boyhood's home — oh, welcome sight!  
 Green spot in memory ever dear!  
 In youth, my subject prayer at night,  
 In age, a joy no time can sear.  
 The thunder of the battle ne'er  
 Could drown thy yellow corn-field's song;  
 My heart has often dreamed 'twas there,  
 Though death came on the breezes long!

### AIR.

My boyhood's home — I see thy hills —  
 I see thy valley's changeful green,  
 And manhood's eye a tear-drop fill's,  
 Though years have rolled since thou wert  
 seen.  
 I come to thee from war's dread school,  
 A warrior stern o'er thee to rule —  
 But while I gaze on each loved plain,  
 I feel I am a boy again!

To the war-steed adieu—to the trumpet  
farewell!

To the pomp of the palace—the proud  
gilded dome;

For the sweet scenes of childhood, I bid you  
farewell!

The warrior returns to his boyhood's loved  
home!

---

### THE SPELL IS WOMAN'S LOVE.

#### RECITATIVE.

OH! Nature, wondrous mother! wondrous  
mother!

Thou hast given to man foretaste of heaven in  
woman's love.

Firm as the rock, yet meek and lovely, pure,  
Nor joy nor sorrow change her truth,  
Nor joy nor sorrow change her truth.

#### AIR,

What is the spell which in manhood's dawn  
Spreads o'er the boldest hearts?

'Tis a spell which hallows life's young morn,  
And is sacred when life departs.

What is the spell, what is the spell  
Spreads o'er the boldest hearts?

'Tis woman's love—it twines the brow  
With the hero's wreath of fame;

It draws the sword, it breathes the vow,  
The spell is woman's love.

'Tis the bright green spot on the desert of life;  
'Tis the fountain of life fresh gushing;

'Tis the star of hope in the night of fate;  
 'Tis the dawn of young joys blushing.  
 What is the spell, what is the spell  
 Spreads o'er the boldest hearts?  
 'Tis woman's love, &c.

---

### GO, FORGET ME.

Go, forget me — why should sorrow  
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me, and to-morrow  
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing:  
 Smile, though I shall not be near thee,  
 Sing, though I shall never hear thee;  
 May that soul with pleasure shine,  
 Lasting as the gloom of mine!

Go, forget me — why should sorrow  
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me, and to-morrow  
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

Go where other smiles await thee,  
 Go to halls of dazzling light;  
 Go, outshine all beauties near thee,  
 Chain another's heart to-night.

Go, thou vision, wildly dreaming,  
 Softly on my soul that fell,

Go, for me no longer gleaming,  
 Hope and beauty, fare ye well!

Go, forget me — why should sorrow  
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me, and to-morrow  
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

## THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

I HAD a flower in my garden growing,  
 I nourished it with fond and anxious care,  
 Rich in each charm of nature's own bestowing,  
 Of tints unrivalled and of fragrance rare.  
 In evil hour, there came about my dwelling  
 One who had blighted many a flower before,  
 He saw my gem, all other flowers excelling,  
 He smiled upon it, and it bloomed no more!  
 He saw my gem, in innocence, &c.

Next day I found it withered and degraded,  
 Cast by the spoiler carelessly away;  
 Its freshness gone, its varied beauties faded,  
 Despised, forsaken, hastening to decay.  
 Vainly I strove the fading sparks to cherish,  
 Nought now remains of what was once so  
 dear;  
 Only with life shall fond remembrance perish  
 Or cease to flow the unavailing tear.  
 Only with life, &c.

---

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

WHY weep ye by the tide, lady?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed you to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride,—  
 And ye sall be his bride, lady,  
 Sae comely to be seen;  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale,  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale;  
 His step is first in peacefu' ha',  
 His sword in battle keen:—  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair;  
 Nor mettld hounds nor manag'd hawk  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our foremost queen;  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morn tide,  
 The tapers glimmered fair,  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her both by bower and ha',  
 The lady was nae seen!  
 She's o'er the border and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

---

### TEACH ME TO FORGET.

FRIENDS depart, and memory takes them  
 To her caverns pure and deep;  
 And a forced smile only wakes them  
 From the shadows where they sleep.  
 Who shall school the heart's affection?  
 Who shall banish its regret?

If you blame my deep dejection,  
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers,  
'Twas with *them* I sat there last;  
Weave me not spring's early flowers,  
They'll remind me of the past.  
Music seems like mournful wailing,  
In the halls where we have met;  
Mirth's gay call is unavailing—  
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

One who hopeless'y remembers,  
Cannot bear a dawning light;  
He would rather watch the embers  
Of a love that once was bright;  
Who shall school the heart's affection,  
Who shall banish its regret?  
If you blame my deep dejection,  
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

---

## ALL IS LOST.

### RECITATIVE.

ALL is lost now,  
Oh! for me love's sun is set for ever;  
This poor heart in future never  
Not one hope of bliss can see.  
Hence, hence, thou lost one,  
Go, ungrateful, thou away all hope hast driven.

Go, go, ungrateful,  
See these looks so fraught with sadness:



Once this heart, oh! once this heart was filled  
with gladness!

Now 'tis driven into madness,  
Made unhappy, made unhappy still by thee,  
See these looks, oh, cruel! so fraught with  
sadness.

Once this heart, &c. &c.

AIR.

Still so gently, o'er me stealing,  
Memory will bring back the feeling,  
Spite of all my grief revealing  
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still.

Though some other swain may charm thee,  
Ah! no other e'er can warm me;  
Yet, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,  
No, thou false one, no, I dearly love thee still;  
Ah, ne'er fear, I will not harm thee, &c.

A CHARMING WOMAN.

So Miss Myrtle is going to marry!

What a number of hearts she will break!  
There's Lord George, and Tom Brown and  
Sir Harry,

Are dying of love for her sake.

'Tis a match that we all must approve,  
Let the gossips say all that they can,  
For indeed she's a *charming* woman,  
And he's a most fortunate man.

For indeed she is, &c.

Yes, indeed, she's a *charming* woman,  
And she reads both Latin and Greek,

And I'm told that she solved a problem  
 In Euclid *before* she could speak.  
 Had she been but a daughter of mine,  
 I'd have taught her to hem and to sew,  
 But her mother (a *charming* woman)  
 Couldn't think of such trifles you know.  
 But her mother, &c.

Oh, she's really a *charming* woman,  
 But I think she's a little too thin,  
 And no wonder such very late hours  
 Should ruin her beautiful skin.  
 Her shoulders are rather too bare,  
 And her gown's nearly up to her knees,  
 I'm told that those *charming* women  
 May dress themselves just as they please.  
 I'm told that those, &c.

Yes, she's a *charming* woman,  
 But have you observed, by the by,  
 A something, that's rather uncommon,  
 In the flash of that very bright eye?  
 It may be a fancy of mine,  
 Though her voice has a rather sharp tone,  
 But I'm told that those *charming* women  
 Are apt to have wills of their own.  
 But I'm told, &c.

She sings like a bullfinch or linnet,  
 And she talks like an archbishop too:  
 She can play you a rubber, and win it,  
 If she's got nothing better to do.

She can chatter of poor laws and tithes,  
 And the value of labour and land,  
 'Tis a pity when *charming* women  
 Talk of things which they don't understand.  
   'Tis a pity, &c.

I'm told that she hasn't a penny,  
 Yet her gowns would make Maraden stare,  
 And I fear that her hills must be many,  
 But you know that's her husband's affair.  
 Such husbands are very uncommon,  
 So regardless of prudence and pelf,  
 But they say such a *charming* woman  
 Is a fortune you know in herself.  
   But they say, &c.

She has brothers and sisters by dozens,  
 And all *charming* people, they say;  
 And she's several tall Irish cousins,  
 Whom she loves in a sisterly way.  
 Oh, young men, if you'd take my advice,  
 You would find it an excellent plan,  
 Don't marry a *charming* woman,  
 If you are a sensible man.  
   Don't marry, &c.

---

## LOVE IS THE THEME.

Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the  
 earth :  
 List to the light-hearted Chanson of France,  
 Trace the hurthen of German romance,

Hear the guitar in the sweet orange grove,  
Of what sings the Spaniard -- oh, is it not love?  
Yes, yes, love is, &c.

Love is the theme of the minstrel all over the  
earth :

List to the song in the camp of the brave,  
Hear the sailor, the sport of the wave,  
Of what sings the minstrel -- oh, is it not love?  
Yes, yes, love is, &c.

---

### THE DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.

A DAUGHTER of Israel sat by a stream,  
And the water rolled murmuring by ;  
Like the shadows that flit o'er the soul in a  
dream,

Were the storm-clouds that darken the sky ;  
The clear light that shone in her mild beaming  
eye,

Proclaimed her as one of the free ;  
And these were the words she breathed in a  
sigh,

“ I weep, land of Judah, for thee !”

The thunder roared loud, but she heeded not  
that,

She thought on the land of the brave ;  
And still by the waters she mournfully sat,  
Till the stream bellowed high in a wave ;  
And as she departed, this, this was the lay,

‘ Farewell to the land of the free ;

No longer thy children the timbrel shall play,

“ I weep, land of Judah, for thee !”

## SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses, the night that  
     first we met,  
 Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls  
     of jet;  
 Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the  
     joyous tone,  
 The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow  
     is unknown;  
 I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see  
     her now,  
 With the wreath of summer flowers upon her  
     snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms when next we  
     met she wore,  
 Th' expression of her features was more  
     thoughtful than before;  
 And standing by her side was one who strove,  
     and not in vain,  
 To soothe her leaving that dear home she ne'er  
     might view again;  
 I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see  
     her now,  
 With a wreath of orange blossoms upon her  
     snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow, no bridal  
     wreath is there,  
 The widow's sombre cap conceals her once  
     luxuriant hair;

She weeps in silent solitude, and there is no  
 one near,  
 To press her hand in his and wipe away a tear;  
 I see her broken-hearted, yet methinks I see  
 her now,  
 In the pride of youth and beauty with a garland  
 on her brow.

---

### LET US BE GAY.

LET us be gay, let us be gay,  
 Banish all care and sorrow away;  
 Wby should we sigh, pleasure is nigh,  
 Come, come, let us be gay!  
 Here not a shade of grief shall baunt us,  
 Here nought shall damp our bosom's delight,  
 Music and mirth shall sweetly enchant us,  
 Oh, every heart shall be happy to-night.  
                   Ob, we'll be bappy to-night,  
                   Let us be gay, &c.

If from life's stream pleasure's bright beam  
 Soon passes away, oh, let us be gay;  
 If, as they sing, time's on the wing,  
 Cull then the flowers as they spring;  
 Let not our hearts one dark thought borrow,  
 Let not a care our happiness blight;  
 If we should sigh and be sad to-morrow,  
 Oh, at least we'll be happy to-night.  
                   Happy to-night, &c.

## I'M A RANTING, ROVING BLADE.

Whoop! I'm a ranting, roving blade,  
 Of never a thing I was ever afraid,  
 I'm a gentleman born, and I scorn a trade,  
 And I'd be a rich man if my debts were paid.

But my debts are worth something, this truth  
 they instil,—  
 That pride makes us fall, all against our will,  
 For 'twas pride that broke me—I was happy  
 until  
 I was ruined all out by my tailor's bill.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,  
 I know ev'ry place of *curiosity*,  
 From Ballinacfad unto Tander-a-gee,  
 And if you're for sport come along wid me.

I'll lade you sporting round about,  
 We've wild ducks and widgeon, and snipe, and  
 throut,  
 And I know where they are and what they're  
 about,  
 And if they're not at home, then I'm sure  
 they're out.

The miles in this country much longer be,  
 But that is a saving of time you see,  
 For two of our miles is equal to three,  
 Which shortens the road in a great degree.

And the roads in this place is so plenty we say,  
 That you've nothing to do but to find your  
 way;

If your burry's not great, and you've time to  
 delay,  
 You can go the short cut — that's the longest  
 way.

And I'll show you good drinking too,  
 I knew the place where the whiskey grew,  
 A bottle is good when it's not too new,  
 And I'm fond of one but I doat on two.

Truth is scarce when liars are near,  
 But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,  
 And mutton is high when cows is dear,  
 And rint it is scarce four times a-year.

Such a country for growing you ne'er did be-  
 howld,  
 We grow rich when we're poor, we grow hot  
 when we're cowl'd;  
 And the girls know that bashfulness makes us  
 grow bowld,  
 We grow young when we like, but we never  
 grow owld.

And the sivin small sines grow natural here,  
 For praties has eyes and can see quite clear,  
 And the kittles is singing with scalding tears,  
 And the corn fields is list'nin' with all their  
 ears.

But along with sivin sines we have one more,  
 Of which I forgot to tell you before,  
 It is Nonsense, spontaneously gracing our shore,  
 And I'll tell you the rest when I think of more.



## I'M A JANIUS.

AIR—“*The Shamrock.*”

I FIRST saw the light one shiny night in county  
 Tipperary,  
 And long before one word I spoke, I larnt my  
 ab-c-dary,  
 Whilst all the larned languages of every tongue  
 and tone, sir,  
 I conversed in well, and, strange to tell, before  
 I knew my own, sir.  
 Born a janius, a most precocious janius,  
 At that or this, what comes amiss,  
 To one that's born a janius?  
 At that or this, &c.

And when my long clothes were cut short, I  
 held a long oration,  
 Concerning the statisticals of every forren  
 nation,  
 And previous to my reading out of any sort of  
 printin',  
 I wrote like copperplate, in letters of my own  
 invintin'.  
 Och! such a janius, a mighty nat'ral janius,  
 At that or this, &c.

Then I took a fit of travellin' and crossed all  
 sorts of oceans,  
 Till I came here—and mighty quare I think  
 your savage notions,

Though in axin' me to punch and tea and tal-  
 ken' of our larnen',  
 I show you my accomplishments, and you your  
 great dissarnen',  
 For I'm a janius, from top to toe a janius,  
 At that or this, &c.

Now, Mrs. Gig, let's have a jig, to keep up our  
 divarsion,  
 Too much of one thing's wearisome, of the best  
 of conversation,  
 Then just to give the winding up, so national  
 and hearty,  
 To end the night we'll have a fight, in honour  
 of your party.  
 For I'm a janius, a highly-seasoned janius, &c.

---

### ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL! — farewell to thee, Araby's daugh-  
 ter,  
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
   
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,  
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing—  
 How light was thy heart till love's witchery  
 came,  
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer's  
 lute blowing,  
 And hushed all its music and withered its  
 frame.

But long upon Araby's green sunny highlands,  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the  
 doom

Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Is-  
 lands,

With nought but the sea-star to light up  
 her tomb.

And still when the merry date season is burning,  
 And calls up to the palm-groves the young  
 and the old,

The happiest then, from their pastime returning,  
 At sunset will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers  
 she dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
 Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her  
 tresses,

She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero! forget  
 thee —

The tyrants watch over her tears as they  
 start,

Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set  
 thee,

Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her  
 heart.

Farewell! — be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
 With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows in  
 the deep;

Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the  
 billow,  
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy  
 sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;  
 With many a shell in whose hollow-wreathed  
 chamber,  
 We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie dark-  
 ling,  
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are  
 sparkling,  
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell! until 'pity's sweet foun-  
 tain  
 Is lost in the heart of the fair and the brave,  
 They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that  
 mountain,  
 They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in  
 the wave.

---

### MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
 Will still desire to grow richer;  
 Give me but health—I ask no more—  
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
 With such what mortal can be richer?

Possessed of these — a fig for care,  
 My sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve  
 To toil, a hedger, or a ditcher,  
 If that, when I come home at eve,  
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my doot,  
 I know not what 'tis can bewitch her!  
 With all my heart I can be poor,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

---

#### THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

WHAT for should I sing you of Roman or  
 Greek,  
 Or the boys we hear tell of in story;  
 Come match me for fighting, for frolic, or freak,  
 An Irishman's reign in his glory.  
 For Ajax, and Hector, and bold Agammemnon  
 Were up to the tricks of our trade; O,  
 But the rollicking boys for war, women, and  
 noise,  
 Are the boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing you of Helen of Troy,  
 Or the mischief that came by her flirting;  
 There's Biddy M'Clinch, the pride of Fermoy,  
 Twice as much of a Helen, that's certain.  
 Then for Venus Medica or queen Cleopatra,  
 Bad luck to the word should be said, O,

By the rollicking boys for war, women, and  
noise,  
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing of classical fun,  
Or of games whether Grecian or Persian;  
Sure the Curragh's the place where the  
knowing one's done,  
And Mallow that fogs for divarsion.  
For fighting, for drinking, for women and all,  
No time like our times e'er were made, O,  
By the rollicking boys for war, women, and  
noise,  
The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

---

### PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

MAM dear did you ever hear of purty Molly  
Brallaghan?  
Troth dear I've lost her and I'll never be a  
man agin,  
Not a spot on my hide will another summer  
tan agin,  
Since Molly she has left me all alone for to  
die.  
The place where my heart was you'd easy  
rowl a turnip in,  
The size of all Dublin, and from Dublin to the  
Devil's glen;  
If she chose to take another sure she might  
have sent mine back agin,  
Nor leave me by myself here all alone for to  
die.

Mam dear I remember when the milking time  
     was past and gone,  
 We went into the meadow where she swore I  
     was the only man  
 She ever could love, yet oh, the base deceitful  
     one,  
 After all that she's left me here alone for to  
     die!  
 Mam dear I remember as we came home the  
     rain began,  
 I wrapt her in my frize coat tho' the devil a  
     waistcoat I had on,  
 And my shirt was rather fine-drawn, yet oh,  
     the hase and cruel one,  
 After all that she's left me here alone for to  
     die.

I towld all my case to Father M'Donnell  
     Mam,  
 And thin I went and ax'd advice of Councillor  
     O'Connell Mam,  
 He towld me promise breeches had been com-  
     mon since the world hegan,  
 Now I've only got one pair Mam, and they're  
     corduroy!  
 Now what could he mean, arrah what would  
     you advise me to,  
 Must my corduroys to Molly go? in troth I'm  
     puzzled what to do.  
 I can't afford to lose both my heart and my  
     breeches too,  
 Yet what need I care when I've only to die.

Oh! the left side of my carcass is as weak  
     water gruel Mam,  
 I've nothing left upon my bones since Moll  
     been so cruel Mam,  
 If I had but a carabine I'd go and fight a d  
     Mam,  
 Sure it's better for to kill myself than s  
     here to die!  
 I'm hot and detarmined as a live salaman  
     Mam,  
 Won't you come to my wake, when I go  
     long meander Mam?  
 Oh! I'll feel myself as valiant as the fam  
     Alexander Mam.  
 When I hear yiz crying round me, " Arr  
     why did you die?"

---

### BRYAN O'LYNN.

BRYAN O'Lynn had no coat to put on,  
 He borrowed a goat-skin to make him a on  
 And he planted the horns right under his ch  
 They'll answer for pistols, says Bryan O'Lyn

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,  
 So he bought a sheep-skin to make him a pe  
 With the skinny side out, and the hairy side  
 They're nice, light, and cool, says Bry  
     O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch for to wear,  
 So he got a turnip and scoop'd it out fair,  
 He then put a cricket clean under the skin;  
 They'll think it's a ticking, says Bryan O'Lyn



Bryan O'Lynn went to bring his wife home,  
 He had but one horse and 'twas all skin and  
 bone;

I'll put her behind me as neat as a pin,  
 And her mother before me, says Bryan  
 O'Lynn.

Bryan O'Lynn, his wife, and his mother,  
 Were all going over the bridge together;  
 The bridge it broke down, and they all tumbled  
 in,  
 We'll find ground at the bottom, says Bryan  
 O'Lynn.

---

### THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney, they are so charming,  
 All by the purling of sweet silent brooks,  
 And banked with posies that spontaneous grow  
 there,

Planted in order in the sweet Rockclose;  
 'Tis there's the daisy and sweet carnation,  
 The blooming pink and rose so fair,  
 The daffodowndilly, besides the lily,  
 Flowers that adorn the sweet Rockclose.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,  
 Like Alexander or Helen fair:  
 There's no commander throughout the nation  
 For emulation to her can compare,  
 She has castles round her that no nine pounder  
 Should dare to plunder her place of strength,  
 But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummell,  
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There are gravel walks there for recreation,  
 And conversation in sweet solitude,  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover in the afternoon;  
 And if a lady would be so engaging  
 To walk alone in these shady boughs round,  
 'Tis there some courtier he may transport her  
 In some dark fort or underground.

For 'tis there's the cave, where no daylight  
 enters,

But bats and badgers for ever breed,  
 And moss by nature that makes it sweeter,  
 Than a coach and six or a bed of down;  
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with  
 perches,

And comely eels in the verdant mud,  
 The trouts and salmon playing at backgammon,  
 But if you attempt to lay hold of them,  
 don't they all swim away?

Oh! there's many a fitchen in the kitchen,  
 With maids a stitchin' in the open air;  
 Oh! the bread and turkey, and the beef and  
 whiskey,  
 Faith they'd make you friskey if you were  
 but there.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter,  
 A poking the praties before the door,  
 With Nancy Casey, and Miss Roger Heney,  
 All blood relations to my Lord Donough-  
 more.

There are statues gracin' this noble place in  
 All heathen gods and goddesses so fair,

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
 All standing stark naked in the open air.  
 So now to finish this brave narration,  
 That my poor genius could not divine,  
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,  
 'Tis in every feature I'd make it shine.

---

### THE GOOD OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

I LOVE to hear the good old song in merry  
 England's praise,  
 And prize the hospitality of good old Eng-  
 land's ways,  
 But I've another theme, to which I'll dedicate  
 my lays,  
 'Tis— good old Erin's happy isle in her glo-  
 rious olden days,  
 And the fame of Irish gentlemen a hundred  
 years ago.

Such joy, such pleasure, then was hers, (that  
 such a change should come!)  
 Her sons ne'er thought of leaving her, through  
 other lands to roam,  
 The peasant loved his cottage then, the peer  
 his princely dome,  
 And good old hospitality was always found at  
 home  
 In the hearts of Irish gentlemen a hundred  
 years ago.

Good claret and prime usquebaugh, and *moun-  
 tain dew* were glowing  
 As brightly as Killarney's lake, as freely too  
 were flowing,

And lighting up the Irish heart with joy well  
 worth the knowing,  
 Thus landlords reaped a hundred fold the  
 pleasures they were sowing  
 In the hearts of Irish peasantry a hundred  
 years ago.

Old Erin then was justly called — the Atlan-  
 tic's proudest gem —  
 The very spot that Freedom loved, it was her  
 diadem;  
 Of all earth's nations then was she first flower  
 of the stem,  
 Renowned for beauty were her girls, her boys  
 — well what of them?  
 Why by nature they were gentlemen a hun-  
 dred years ago.

And why should not prosperity still bless this  
 fav'rite nation?  
 Because the rich have taken up in other lands  
 their station,  
 And what is worst of all, the nerves just now  
 are quite the fashion,  
 So if you ask them home again, they talk of  
 agitation,  
 Unlike the Irish gentlemen a hundred years  
 ago.

Our patron saint was kind enough, and all for  
 Erin's ease,  
 To banish from our happy land, toads, snakes,  
 and things like these,  
 If he would benefit us now, I'd go down on  
 my knees,

And cry, " Saint Patrick, just bring back all  
 Irish absentees,  
 And make us just as happy now as a hundred  
 years ago!"

---

### CRUISKEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
 And boast of the deeds they have done;  
 But I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,  
 lawn, lawn,  
 My charming little cruiskeen lawn,  
 Gramachree ma cruiskeen, slanta gal ma  
 vourneen,  
 Gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn.  
 Oh! gramachree ma cruiskeen lawn.

Immortal and divine,  
 Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
 Create me by adoption your son;  
 In hopes that you'll comply,  
 That my glass shall ne'er run dry,  
 Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn,  
 Gramachree, &c.

And when grim death appears,  
 In a few but pleasant years,  
 To tell me that my glass has run;  
 I'll say, begone you knave,  
 For bold Bacchus gave me leave  
 To take another cruiskeen lawn,  
 Gramachree, &c.

## ILKA BLADE O' GRASS.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence,  
 For Providence is kind,  
 And bear ye a' life's changes  
 Wi' a calm and tranquil mind;  
 Though pressed and hemmed on every side,  
 Ha'e faith, and ye'll win through,  
 For ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin rest frae friends, or crossed in love,  
 As whiles nae doubt you've been,  
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart,  
 Or tears flow frae your een;  
 Believe it for the best, and trow  
 There's guid in store for you,  
 For ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,  
 When the clear and cloudless sky,  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain  
 To nature parched and dry,  
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath,  
 Gars verdure spring anew,  
 And ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

So, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine,  
 We should feel ower proud and high,  
 And in our pride to forget to wipe  
 The tear frae poortith's e'e,  
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come,  
 We ken na whence nor how,  
 But ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

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They have given thee to another .....	30
Though you leave me now in sorrow .....	34
'Twas in that garden beautiful .....	5
Victoria, the queen of the brave .....	8
We'll hae nane but hielan' bonnets here .....	1
Widow Jones .....	28

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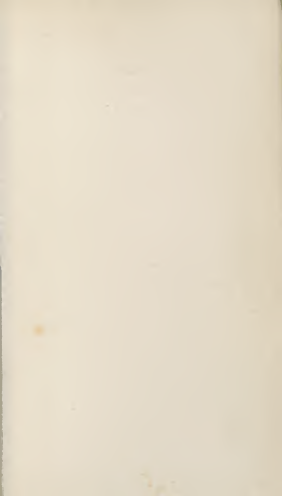
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