

BURNS'



**POPULAR
SONGS.**

PAISLEY;

Printed by G. CALDWELL & Co., 2 New St.



BURNS' SONGS.

Green grows the Rashes, O.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An 'twerna for the lasses, O.

The warly race may richies chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
And war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er say,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

There was a lad was born in Kyle.

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
 Put whatna day, o' whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane,
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo she, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof;
 I think we'll ca' hlm Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a'—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

My Nannie, O.

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin winds blaws loud and shill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O :
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few there be ?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I care nae by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O,
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.

Kenmure's on and awa.

OH Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
 Oh Kenmure's on and awa!
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 Oh Kenmure's lads are men,
 There hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 Thee'll live or die wi' fame,
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa!
 And here's the flower that I love best,
 The rose that's like the snaw

O' a' the airts the Wind can blaw

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I loe best:
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair:
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air:
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes
 Hae passed atween us twa!
 How fond to meet how wae to part,
 That night she gaed awa'
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean?

For a' that and a' that.

Is there, for honest povert,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray and a' that,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves the wine,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'or sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marqnis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that.
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Should brothers be for a' that.

Blythe was she.

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she
 Blythe was she butt and ben :
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks o' Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lea ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the lowlands I have been ;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Gain thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Hast thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 What sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Here by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
 Thy r, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flowers sprung wanton to be pressed,
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 I too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
 All o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 None but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Hast thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The Banks o' Doon.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'lt break my heart; thou warbling bird
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
 Thou minds me o' departed joys.
 Departed—never to return!

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn to me.

The Cardin' O't.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a wat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I loe him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linin' o't.
 For though his lock be lyart grey,
 And though his brow be bald aboon;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishes;

Highland Mary.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie.
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasped her to my bosom.
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly;
 And mouldring now in silent dust
 That heart that loe'd me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

I hae a Wife o' my ain.

I hae a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae nathing to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.
 I am naebody's lord—
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

Up in the Morning early.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure its winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure its winter fairly.
 The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The Rigs o' Barley.

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's uncluded light,
 I hied awa' to Annie :
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Among the rigs o' barley ;
 I kenned her heart was a' my ain ;
 I loved her most sincerely ;
 I kissed her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin' ;
 I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin' ;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three-times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I'll aye ca' in by yon Town.

I'll ays ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again ;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.
 There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again ;
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree.
 When trystin time draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 Oh haith, she's double dear again !
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again ;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

Sweetest May.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;
 Take a heart which he desires thee ;
 As thy constant slave regard it ;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy but the bonnie ;
 Not high-born, but noble-m'inded,
 In love's silken band can bind it.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS,

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled in the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

The Gallant Weaver.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had woers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
And I was feared my heart would tire,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie signed my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land ;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees rejoice in opening flowers
While corn grows green in simmer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

Louis, what reck I by thee.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean ?
Dyvor, beggar louns to me,
I reig in Jeanie's bosom,

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me :
Kings and nations, swith, awa !
Reif randies, I disown ye !

Flow gently, Sweet Afton.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy 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 marked with the courses of clear winding rill;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft as mild evening 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 gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the 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.

My love she's but a lassie yet.

My love she's but a lassie yet,

My love she's but a lassie yet,

We'll let her stand a year or twa,

She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her O.

I rue the day I sought her, O ;

Wha gets he needs na say she's wooed.

But he may say he's bought her, O !

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;

Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,

But here I never missed it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;

The minister kissed the fiddler's wite,

And could na preach for thinking o't.

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 thither souk,
 To drouk the stowrie 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 knowo;
 And or I wed anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

Bannocks o' Barley.

BANNOCK'S o' bear meal,
 Bannock's o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlan'dman's
 Bannocks o' barley.

Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley?

A Red Red Rose.

OH, my love's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June :
 Oh, my love's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly played in tune.
 As fair art thou my bonnie lass,
 So deep in love am I :
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry,
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee weel, my only love !
 And fare thee weel a while !
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

Fairest maid on Devon banks

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do ?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear ?
 Oh, did not love exclaim " Forbear,
 For use a faithful lover so ! "

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, oh let me share !
 And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

John Anderson, my jo.

PARTLY BURNS'S.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 I wonder what you mean,
 To rise sae carly in the morn,
 And sit so late at e'en;
 Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John,
 And why should you do so?
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When Nature first began
 To try her canny han', John,
 Her master-piece was man;
 And you amang them a', John,
 Sae trig from top to toe,—
 She proved to be nae journeyman,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 And ye needna think it strange, John,
 That I ca' ye trim an' neat;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think ye so,
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye in mine, John—
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say No,
 Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 Bnt hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

Come boat me o'er to Charlie.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die for Charlie.

loe well my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's foes before him!
 I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

Oh, Willie Brewed.

OH, Willie brewed a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree :
 Three blither hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wadna find in Christendie.
 We are nae fu', we're no that fu',
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horns,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !

Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, who hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave!

Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',

Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains!

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!

Tyrants fall at every foe!

Liberty at every blow!—

Let us do, or die!

Wandering Willie.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,

Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;

Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,

Tell me thou bring'st me Willie the same.

Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting.

Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;

Welcome now simmer and welcome my Willie,

The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie

Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main!

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!