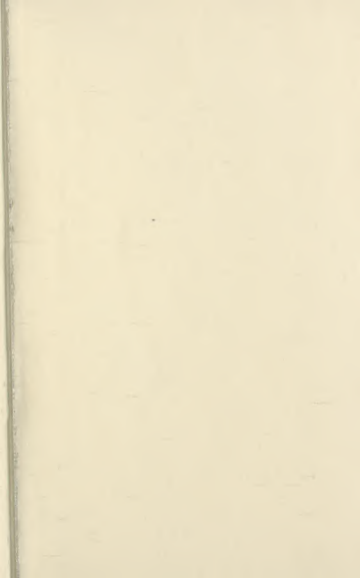


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THE
LINNET.

&c.

Earl Moira's Farewel.

Louden's bonny woods and braes,
I maun lea'e them a', lassie;
Wha can thee, when Britain's face
Would gie Britons law, lassie?
Wha would thun the field of danger?
Wha' hae Fame would live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
Louden's bonny woods and braes
Has seen our happ; bridal-days,
And gentie Hope shall sooth thy wae,
When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings!
That gies joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bagle brings
Wae fu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain.
Still the wae'ry moments countin',
Fac' hae Love an' dotee, laddie.

4
O'er the gory field of war,
Where Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa' frae me afar,
And nae to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress the fear, lassie;
Glorious honour grows the toil
That the faldar shaves, lassie:

Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the weary life is over,
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
Till the day we die, lassie:

Mist our bonny woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
As blythe's you lightsome lamb, that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

JAMIE frae DUNDEE,

I canna like you, gentle Sir,
Altho' a laird you be;
I like a bonny Scottish lad,
Was brought me frae Dundee,
Had awa' wi' Jamie,
Had awa' wi' Jamie,
Had awa' wi' Jamie o'er the lea;
I'll gang wi' him wi' right guid-will,
It's a' the world to me.

I'll gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
 To cheer the lonesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,
 He's frolicsome as May.
 Had awa', &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
 The lintwhite swells his throat;
 But never one so sweet, so clear,
 As Jamie's tuneful note.
 Had awa' &c.

The Lass o' Arranteinie,

FORLORN among the Highland hills,
 'midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens an' woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander;
 The langsome way, the darksome day;
 The moun'tain mist so rainy,
 Are naught to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet Lass o' Arranteinie.

Yon m'isty rose-bud, down the bowe,
 Just opening fresh and bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 An' scarcely seen by ony;
 Sae sweet, amidst her native hill,
 Obscurely blooms my Jennie,
 Mair air an' gay than rosy May,
 The flower of Arranteinie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean;
 There avarice guides the bounding prow,
 ambition courts promotion:
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 her laurel favors many;
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The Lads of Arranémie.



Buxom bonny Willie.

When fragrant bloom of yellow broom
 delights our lads and lasses,
 O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom
 my Will all lads surpasses!
 Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy;
 Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy;
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise
 of buxom, bonny Willy:
 Willy, Willy, Willy, Willy,
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise
 of buxom, bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay, at noon-tide day,
 we'll pu' the daisy pretty,
 The live-lang day we'll kiss and play,
 or sing some loving ditty.
 Wi' Willy then, &c.

Now blythe and gay at setting day,
 gif mither d'ona hinder,
 I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay;
 for we twa ne'er shall funder.

Wi' Willy then, &c.

The Sorrowful Mother.

SLEEP ON, my sweet babie, may nothing distress
 thee,

May sorrow like mine be a stranger to thee;
 Thy father no more shall with rapture care's thee,
 No more will behold his sweet babie and me.
 Soft soft be thy rest, thou companion of sorrow,
 The morning of life it looks gloomy on thee;
 Thy father has fallen in the lowlands of Holland,
 He sleeps far remote from his babie and me.

Thy father is fallen, our stay and protector,
 And with thee, my babie, ah! where shall I see?
 The world, I'm afraid, will sadly neglect us,
 They feel not the wants of my babie and we.
 Dear image of him who has left me for ever,
 The last beam of comfort allotted for me.
 Thro' clouds of distress, shine forth on thy mother,
 And cheer with a smile, her who lives but for thee.

Young Donald of Dundee.

Young Donald was the blythest lad
 that e'er made l've to me ;
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
 he looks sae gay and free :
 While on his pipe he plays sae sweet,
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,
 He charms my heart, when at eve I meet
 young Donald o' Dundee.

When I go to yonder grove,
 young Sandy follows me ;
 And tain he wants to be my love,
 but O he canna be :
 Tho' mother fret baith soon and late,
 For me to wed this youth I hate,
 There's nane can think to gain young Kate,
 but Donald o' Dundee.

When last I rang'd the banks of Tay,
 the ring he show'd to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 as I happy wou'd he be :
 I ken the taddie will prove kind,
 No more my mother will I mind,
 Mavis Jung to me will quietly bind
 young Donald o' Dundee.

Nan of Logie-Green.

By pleasure long infested,
 Kind Heaven when least expected,
 My devious path directed
 To Nan of Logie-green;
 Where thousand sweet repose 'em;
 In quiet's unruffled bosom,
 I found my peerless bliss,
 The pride of Logie-green.

The city Belle, perchance, ay
 Will blame my youthful fancy,
 But she ne'er saw my Nancy,
 The pride of Logie-green:
 Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
 Her smile a Heaven discloses,
 No lily-leaf that blows is
 So fair on Logie-green.

Ye town-bred fair forgive me,
 Your arms must ne'er receive me,
 Your charms are all, believe me,
 Eclips'd on Logie-green.
 Forgive my passion tender,
 Heav'n so much grace did lend her,
 And made my heart surrender
 To Nan of Logie-green.

No more the town delights me,
 Its noisy tumult frights me,
 I'll go where love invites me,
 To Nan of Logic-green.
 My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
 I ne'er in life shall lerve her;
 In love and peace for ever
 We'll live on Logic-green.

The Braes o' Lomond.

By Burns.

'Twas on a Friday-afternoon,
 I took a trip aboon Glenfroun,
 To see a Concert there begin,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.
 That day the snow lay on the braes,
 Bright Phoebus had withdrawn his rays,
 And Winter had put on her claities,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

But tho' without was wet and cauld,
 Within we were baith blythe and bauld,
 Wi' vocal strains frae young and auld,
 Among the bryes o' Lomond.
 For the braw lasses o' the glen,
 (But for their names I dinna ken)
 They dance'd and sang till I grew fain,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

Their vocal strains war' sweet and rare,
 Nought wi' their dancing could compare,
 Assembly-balls are nae' in' mair
 Than Concerts at Lochlomond.

For a' the youths were dress'd so gay,
 Their music did so sweetly play,
 That ilka heart, till break of day,
 Rejoic'd about Lochlomond:

Poet'ic fire can scarce describe
 Their beauty a'; without a bribe,
 And justice gi'e to ilka tribe.

Among the braes o' Lomond.

For me, I frankly this will say,
 Should men endure on earth for ay;

I'd freely spend perpetual day
 Among the brae o' Lomond.



DESPAIRING MARY.

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?

See a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;

Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs o' Jura,

Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw!

How can this heart ever mair think o' pleasure?

Summer may smile, but delight I have nane;

Could in the grave lie my heart's only treasure,

Nature seems dead, since my Jamie is gane.

This ketchief he gave me, a true-lover's token,

Dear, dear to me, was the gift for his sar;

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart

is broken,

Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break!

Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning;
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
 Spent were my day- a', in secret repining;
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wandered in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves, beneath the moon's silent
 beam;

Sweet were our meetings of tender endearments,
 But fled are these joys, like a fleet-passing
 dream!

Cruel remembrance! ah, why wilt thou wreck me;
 Breeding a' our joys that for ever are flown?
 Cruel remembrance! in pity forsake;
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.



Taste Life's Glad Moments.

Taste life's glad moments
 Whilst the wassing taper glows,
 Pluck, ere-it withers,
 The quickly fading rose.

Mid' bloody, follows grief and care,
 He seeks for thorns, and finds his share;
 While violets to the passing air,
 Unheeded shed their blossoms:
 Taste life's, &c.

When tim'rous nature veils her form,
 And rolling thunder spreads alarm,
 Then ah! how soft, when lull'd the storm,
 The sun smiles forth at even.

Taste life's, &c.

Who spleen and envy anxious flies,
 And meek content in humble guise,
 Improves the shrub, a tree shall rise,
 Which golden-fruits shall yield him.

Taste life's, &c.

Who softens faith in upright breast,
 And freely gives to the distress'd,
 There sweet contentment builds her nest,
 And flutters round her bosom.

Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grew dark and strait,
 And pressing ills on ills await,
 Then Friendship, sorrow to abate,
 The helping hand will offer.

Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she shows his way
 Even to the grave, with flow'ret gay,
 Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
 And pleasure still increases.

Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
 Join brothers truly hand in hand;
 Thus onward to a better land
 Man journeys light and chearful.

Taste life's, &c.

THE GLAD TRUMPET SOUNDS.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
 She, a maid of envied charms,
 Now to him her love imparts,
 One pure flame pervades both hearts,
 Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield:

Sweet maid, he cries, again I'll come to thee,
 I'll come to thee, when the glad trumpet sounds
 a victory.

Battle now with fury glows,
 Hostile blood in torrent-flows!
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She prest her hero to her heart,
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
 And now the clash of war's alarms!

Sweet maid, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns;
 Death the Soldier now enthralls,
 With his wounds the hero falls;
 She disdaining war's alarms,
 Rush'd a downright hit in her arms.

© Death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me,
 Welcome now to me,
 For, hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory.

YO, YEA, or, The Good Ship KITTY.

Down our gallant-sails, stand by braces,
 for now we have weather'd the sea,
 Would you, lads, see the girls pretty faces,
 safe moor'd at anchor—Yo, yea.

I sail'd in the good Ship Kitty,
 with a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,
 Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
 safe at anchor here—Yo, yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 and cried, Now be constant to me,
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 so up went the anchor—Yo, yea.

From this time no worse, nor no better,
 for nothing was thought of but she;
 Could grog or gin make me forget her?
 she's my cable and anchor—Yo, yea.

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
 and the storm came on the weather and lee,
 The hope that I with her should be harbour'd,
 was my cable and anchor—Yo, yea.

And now, my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with rhine from sea;
 But Miss Polly would not receive me,
 so again I heav'd anchor—Yo, yea.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond-hill there lives a lass,
 more bright than May-day morn,
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,
 a rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 has won my right good-will:
 I'd crown'd resign to call thee mine,
 sweet Lass of Richmond-hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 and wanton thro' the grove,
 Oh! whisper to my charming fair;
 I die for her in love.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 who calls this nymph his own!
 Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,
 mine's fix'd on her alone.



WILLY & NELLY.

On a bank of flowers one Summer's day,
 for summer's lightly dres'd;
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 with love and sleep oppress'd;

When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
 woo for her favour oft had fo'd,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 and trembled when he stood.

Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd,
 were seal'd in soft repose,
 Her lips still as the fragrance breath'd,
 it richer dy'd the rose:
 The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
 wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom all at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 all harmony and grace!
 Tumultuous rids his pulses rott,
 a flutt'ring ardent kiss he stole:
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 and sigh'd his very soul!

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 on fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly startling half-awake,
 away affrighted springs:
 But Wally follow'd as he should,
 he overtook her in the wood;
 He view'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Begiving all and good.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKY.

A sup of good whisky will make you glad;
 Too much of the creature will make you mad;
 If you take it in reason, 'twill make you wise;
 If you drink it to excess, it will close up your eyes;
 Yet Father and Mother,
 And Sister, and Brother,
 They all love a sup in their turn.

Some preachers will tell you, to drink it is bad;
 I think so too, if there's none to be had.
 The wadler will bid you drink none at all;
 But while I can get it, a fig for them all.
 Both Laymen and other,
 In spite of this potter,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell you, 'twill hurt your health;
 An Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth;
 Physicians and Lawyers will all agree,
 When your money's all gone, they can get no fee.
 Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
 And Lawyer and Proctor,
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,
 They told us that drinking was held a great crime;
 Yet after their dinner, away they flunk,
 And rippled their wine, till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,
 And even Mahomet,
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,
 By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vain:
 Yet some of the Broadbrims will get to the stuff,
 And tinkle away, till they're tiddled enough.

For Stiff-rump and Steady,
 And Solomon's Lady,
 Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say, they can drink the most;
 The French and Italians will also boast:
 Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,
 For generous drinking, and hearty boys!

Their each jovial fellow,
 Will drink till he's mellow,
 And take off his glass in his turn.



A NEW IMPROVED

TOUGH ON THE TIMES.

Now here's to every honest heart,
 The poor man's friend, and a' that,
 For feags I mean to tak their part,
 While I ha'e breath to draw that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 I'll tell the truth, an' a' that;
 We're like to ha'e a little time,
 For want o' trade, an' a' that.

The filler it is ill to win,
 and ill to ware, an' a' that ;
 You'll hardly get your Sixpence aff
 for threepence-worth, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 A fairly you may ca' that ;
 They'll neither gie you meal on trust,
 Nor tak their price for a' that.

I'm was to see the tradesmen chaps,
 their shillings thin, an' a' that ;
 The merchant ca's't no worth a groat,
 it wians do ava that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Tobacco done, an' a' that ;
 An' weans grinnin' roun' the fire,
 wi' hungry kytes, an' a' that.

They're lendin' brew new filler owre
 frae Lunnin town, an' a' that ;
 They'll tak the auld trash in like flour,
 an' ga' ye pay for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 An' what's the gude o' a' that ?
 Twa Shillings for a peck o' meal,
 it is a thame for a' that.

And our braw pentry, honest men,
 get tea an' toast an' a' that ;
 Their puddin', pies, and cock, and hen,
 and sally, and beef, and a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that ;
 They'll sit an' hash at a' that,
 Till a' their weel swell'd kytes belyve,
 are bent like'drums, an' a' that.

They'll spend as much in ae night's time,
 on wine an' rum, an' a' that,
 And catching lizzies by the wayne,
 in cozie nooks, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They're easly gear for a' that,
 They'll pay a guinea for a wench,
 for warm breeks, an' a' that.

There's some of them awa' to France;
 to spend their time, an' a' that ;
 They think they'll see a better chance
 for cheaper wine, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They'll get a cheat for a' that ;
 They'll come again, an' a' their tails
 between their feet, for a' that.

The Farmers now may cook their nose,
 their corn's dear, an' a' that ;
 Poor bodies now will scarce get brose,
 when they get tes, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their milk is dear, an' a' th a
 Their butter, cheese, and eggs, and hells;
 is double paid, for a' that.

Their fathers us'd to tak their brose,
 wi' servant-spiels, an' a' that ;
 And wore a pair o' plaiden hose,
 an' hudden breeks, an' a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 But now they win a shaw that ;
 Feags they maun see their silken hose,
 and jockey boots, an' a' that.

The carls now that tell the drink,
 they're cunnin blades, for a' that ;
 Though they be hurling in the clink,
 they're thankless brutes for a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 They'll sit and chat for a' that ;
 Till a' your cauld be fairly spent,
 syne kick you out for a' that.

Although the times be very tight,
 the lasses dinna shaw that ;
 They'll see their tappies curl'd right,
 like water-dogs, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their morning-caps, an' a' that ;
 And wallops hanging at their lugs,
 like bridle-reins, an' a' that.

They'll hae their stows and muslin gowns,
 their habit-shirts, an' a' that ;
 But su' that pride can a' be seen,
 their wages dinna draw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their fathers pay for a' that;
 It gars the carls gang right bare,
 To get them clad for a' that.

You'll hardly ken the servant-lads
 by the goodwife, for a' that;
 When they get on their brow pelisse,
 and hairy muff, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their feathers, caps, an' a' that,
 Their faces black as ony deil,
 wi' blads o' crape, an' a' that.

But if the times don't alter soon,
 they'll get a turn for a' that;
 They'll get their mither's maunky-gown,
 and tartan plaid, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 A toy-mutch, an' a' that,
 A cut o' sack o' barn sheet,
 a wofset brat, an' a' that.

Behind till ance they get a man,
 just gin it be their sa' that,
 They'll need to tak the scrimpest plan
 to ware their great, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 And weans, tea, an' a' that;
 They'll need to tak their brow pelisse
 for hippens yet, for a' that.

But surely times will tak a turn,
 let's live in hopes, for a' that ;
 Although at present we do mourne,
 we may get trade for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 And milk an' meal, an' a' that ;
 Sync we'll forget this weary time,
 And never mind we saw that.

THE ROYAL ROBE.

Come all you Free-Masons
 that dwell all round the globe,
 That wear the badge of innocence,
 I mean the Roy Robe ;
 Which Noah he did wear
 In the Ark whercin he stood,
 When the world was destroy'd
 By a deluge of flood.

O Noah he was righteous
 in the sight of the Lord,
 He loved a Free Mason
 that kept the sacred word ;
 He built up the Ark,
 and he planted the first vine,
 And his soul, like an angel,
 in heaven doth shine.

O when I think of Moses,
 it makes me for to blush,
 It was on the Mount of Horeb
 where I saw the burning bush;
 My staff I threw down,
 and my shoe I cast away;
 And I'll wander like a pilgrim
 until my dying day.

'Twas once I was blind,
 and could not see the light,
 It was unto Jerusalem,
 it was there I took my flight;
 They led me like a pilgrim
 through a wilderness of care,
 You may see by the sign
 and the badge that I wear.

O never will I hear
 a poor orphan to cry,
 No, nor yet a poor virgin,
 until the day I die;
 Nor like the restless Jews,
 that wander the world round,
 But I'll knock at the door
 where truth is to be found.

So now against the Turks
 and the Infidels we'll fight,
 To let the wandering world know
 that we are in the right;

For in heaven there's a Lodge,
 and St. Peter keeps the door;
 And none can enter there
 but those that are pure.



THE TIPLING FARMER.

Good ale comes, and good ale goes,
 Good ale gart me sell my horse,
 Sell my horse, and pawn my shoon,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had four ewfen in a plough,
 And they drew a' tough enough,
 I drank them a', one by one,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.
 Good ale comes, &c.

Good ale keeps me bare and b'izy,
 And gars me work when I am d'izy,
 And spend my wage when a' is done,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had forty thillings in a clout,
 Good ale gart me pick them out,
 Pick them out a' one by one,
 Good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I took the muckle pot on my back,
 And to the ale-house I did pack,
 I spent it a' in an afternoon,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon.

I wish they were a' hang'd on a gallows,
 That winna keep good ale for good fellows,
 And keep a soup till the afternoon,
 For good ale keeps my heart aboon,
 Good ale comes, &c.



ABRAHAM NEWLANDS.

NEVER WAS a man so bandied by Fame,
 thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
 As one that is wrote upon every Bank-Note,
 and you all must know Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Notorious Abraham Newland:

I've heard people say, Siam Abraham you may,
 but you musn't thum Abraham Newland.

For fashions of arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 it matters not where'er you land,
 From Christian to Greek all language will speak,
 if the language of Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Astonishing Abraham Newland:

Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
 by the credit of Abraham Newland.

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
 you may tramp like the wandering Jew, land,
 From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
 if a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Wonderful Abraham Newland;
 Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die
 out of hand,
 if you say'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world are inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
 yet Lawyers know well the contrary land;
 But what of all that?—she'll blink like a bat,
 at the sight of a friend—Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Magical Abraham Newland;
 Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a mill-stone,
 she can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
 a - - - good souls, like mushrooms, they strew all,
 But no louder as a drum, ever proves Orator Mum,
 if attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!

Invisible Abraham Newland,
 No argument's sound in the world half so sound,
 as the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French say they're coming, but surely they're
 humming;
 we know what they want, if they do land:

But we'll make their ears ring, in defence of
 our King,
 our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
 Excellent Abraham Newland!
 No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
 Shall rob us of Abraham Newland.



The Maid in Bedlam.

One morning very early,
 one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,
 who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled in her hands,
 while sweetly thus sang she,
 I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents,
 who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel, cruel was the ship,
 that bore my love from me:
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his,
 altho' they've ruin'd me;
 And I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying Powers,
 to call me to the Sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
 around my love to fly,
 To guard him from all dangers;
 how happy should I be!
 For I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,
 I'll make it wond'rous fine;
 With roses, lillies, daisies,
 I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love,
 when he returns from sea.
 For I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O! if I was a little bird,
 to build upon his breast;
 Or if I was a nightingale,
 to sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes,
 all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

O! if I were an eagle,
 to soar into thy sky;
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,
 where I my love might spy:

But ah! unbappy maiden,
 that love you ne'er shall see!
 Yet I love my love, because I know
 my love loves me.

MY NANNY O.

BEHIND you hill where Stinchar flows,
 'mang muirs and mosses mony O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 and I'll awa' to Nanny O.

The whistling wind blows leud and shrill,
 the night's baith mirk and rainy O;
 But I'll get my plaids, and out I'll steal,
 and o'er the hill to Nanny O.

My Nanny's charming, sweet and young,
 nae artful wiles to win ye O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 that wad beguile my Nanny O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 as spotless as she's bonny O;
 The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
 nae purer is than Nanny O.

A country lad is my degree,
 an' few they be that ken me O;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome to my Nanny O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 and I maun guide it canny O;
 But wardly gear ne'er troubles me,
 my thoughts are a' my Nanny O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 his sheep and kyne thrive bonny O;
 But I'm as blyth that hauds his plough,
 and hae nae care but Nanny O.
 Come weel, come wae. I carena by,
 * H tak what Heaven will send me O
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 but live and love my Nanny O.



FAIR SUSANNA.

Ask if yon damask rose be sweet,
 that scents the ambient air?
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 if dear Susanna's fair?

Say, Will the Vulture quit his prey,
 and warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton Linnets quit the spray:
 then doubt thy Shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share
 let pride and splendor shine;
 Ye Bards, uncov'ry'd laurels wear,
 be fair Susanna mine.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

BEHOLD, from many an hostile shore,
 and all the dangers of the main,
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 your faithful Tom return again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart,
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 how sweet to tread our native soil !
 With conquest to return at last,
 and deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.

 PRETTY SALLY.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph, I rove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally, to rally,
 My wild desires to ral—ly ;

But now they're of themselves come home ;
 And, strange ! no longer wish to roam,
 They centre all in Sally, in Sally,
 They centre all in Sal—ly.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy :
 Can love with ruin tally ruin tally
 My mind desires to ral—ly :
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,
 Rather than injure Sal—ly.

Come then, Oh! come, thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley, of the valley,
 Or lillies of the val—ley :
 O follow love, and quit your fear;
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make you blest in Sally, in Sally,
 And make you blest in Sal—ly,

YOUNG ANNIE.

When beauty blazes heav'nly bright,
 the Muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the lark with rising light,
 her notes neglect with drooping wing.
 The morning shines, harmonious birds rise high,
 The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
 th' inspired thought, and softest lays,

And kindle in the breast a flame
 which must be vented in her praise.
 Tell us, ye shepherds, have ye seen
 E'er one so like an angel tread the green ?

Ye youths, be watchful of your hearts;
 when she appears, take the alarm !
 Love on her beauty points the darts,
 and wings an arrow from each charm.
 Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
 And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove,
 when such enchanting sweetness shines,
 The wounded swain must yield to love,
 and wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
 Such flame the foppish butterfly should shun ;
 The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair ;
 her lovely features are complete ;
 Whilst heaven, indulgent, makes her share,
 with angels, all that's wise and sweet,
 These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
 Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
 or sparkle in the airy town,
 O ! happy he, thy favour gains,
 unhappy, if she on him frowns.
 The Muse unwilling quits the lovely theme ;
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

THE LOVER'S SUMMONS.

ARISE thou sovereign of my heart,
and do not me disdain;
Come now and quickly take a part,
with me, your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am, a slave,
there's none on earth can cure
The flame that in my breast I have,
for you I do endure.

Come now, dear nymph, and ease the heart
of me, your darling swain;
My love for you within my heart,
does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,
our hearts united more;
In love live without any dread,
and joys for evermore.

 THE BANKS OF DOON.

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can you bloom so fresh and fair,
How can your blue stream row so clear,
when I'm so wearyt' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 that waston on yon flow'ry thorn;
 Ye mind me of departed joys,
 departed never to return.

Aft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 to see the rose and Woddye twine,
 Whar ilka bird sang, of it's love,
 and he did + wi' glee of mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 the sweetest on it's to my tree,
 But my false love has stown the rose,
 and on! he's left the thorn wi' me.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

The topmast shiver in the wind,
 the ship she casts to sea;
 But yet my soul my heart, my mind,
 are Mary, moor'd with thee:
 For thou my Sailor's bound star,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should'nt land-men barter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No afloat sailor ever sail'd
 f' Cupid fill'd the sails:
 Thou art the central, golden ball,
 Which steers my head from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 more fell than rocks or waves ;
 But Sailors of the British fleet
 are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foe our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
 we'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows and the wind,
 the powers of France and Spain,
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

MARY OF GLENKILLOCH.

WILT ye go to Glenkilloch, Mary,
 where the burnie is's owre the lion ?
 Its murmurs are dearer to me, Mary,
 when borne on the soft breathing win'.
 The sun sheds his beams, my Mary,
 on the white blossam'd Hawthorn tree
 But his beams are brought to me, Mary,
 compar'd with my love-glancing e'e.

The woodcock sings sweet, my Mary,
 at eve, in the green leafy grove ;
 But his strains are still sweeter, my Mary,
 when with thee I joyfully rove .

Haste then to the glen, my Mary,
 ere summer frae us will be gane;
 O say that thou lovest me, Mary,
 'twill ease my fond heart o' its pain.

SWEET WILLY O.

The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sang it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He sang it &c.
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O,
 All nature, &c.
 Wherever he came,
 Whatever had name,
 Whenever he sang, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a Soldier, the sweet Willy O,
 He would, &c.
 When arm'd in the field
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd. &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

NOBODY NO.

Text—Ge-bo-Dobbin.

To sing you a song. Les, it is my intention,
Some folks I might laugh at yet, Nobody
mention;

Nobody, you say, sure that must be stuff,
At singing I'm Nobody, that's the 6th proof.

enough.

No Nobody, No Nobody, Nobody, Nobody,
Nobody No.

'Tis Nobody Nobody sees the pranks play'd,
When Nobody's by, betwixt Master and Maid,
When she cries out, Be quiet, somebody will
hear us!

He softly replies, Child, Nobody is near us,
No Nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly
deceiv'd.

When favours are granted, Nobody's rewarded;
 When examined, she cries, Ye most tale forbid it,
 If I'm got with child, 'twas Nobody did it.

No Nobody, &c.

When by stealth the gallant the wanton wife
 leaves,

His footsteps are heard, and her spouse cries,
 'Tis thieves!

He starts in a fright, and cries loudly, Whose
 there?

His wife pats his cheek, and says, Nobody dear.

No body, &c.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
 When something they should be ashamed of
 is done:

'Tis a name very fit for old Maids and young
 Beauties.

For what they were made for, Nobody knows.

No Nobody, &c.

Of Nobody now enough has been sung,
 If Nobody's angry, then Nobody's wrong;
 I hope for free speaking I shall not be blam'd,
 For who can be angry when Nobody's nam'd.
 No Nobody, &c.

A MASON SONG.

Tune—*In the garb of old Saul.*

In the dress of Free Masons, & garments for Jove,
 With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
 We now are assembl'd, all jovial and free,
 For who are so wise, and so happy as we?
 And since we're bound by secrecy to unity & love,
 Let us, like brethren, faithful to ev'ry brother
 prove:

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,
 All Masons in a ring,
 Protectors of our native land,
 The Craft, and the King.

Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
 And when they've attain'd it, despise each poor
 friend,
 Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to insure,
 Counts each Mason his brother tho' ever so poor,
 And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our brethren alone we confine
 That brotherly love, that affection divine;
 For our kindhearted sisters in that bear a share:
 And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.
 And since we're bound by secrecy to unity & love,
 Let us, like brethren, faithful still to ev'ry sister
 prove, &c.

With justice, with candour, our bosoms are warin'd,
 Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
 We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those,
 Who treat us as friends, and we smile at our foes,
 And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend;
 For these are the rulers we're bound to defend;
 And when such a King, such a Master arise,
 As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice,
 And since we're bound, &c.



I AM NOT TWENTY.

As thro' the grove the other day,
 I gang'd so blythe and bonny,
 Who should I mee upon the way
 But my true lover Janney;
 With rage haste he clasp'd my waist,
 and kisses gave me plenty,
 Tho' I deny'd and thus reply'd,
 Dear lad, I am not twenty.

What's that to me; the Shepherd cry'd,
 you're old enough to marry.
 Then comes sweet lass, and be my bride,
 no longer let us part;

But let's begone, o'er yonder lawn,
 where lads and lasses plenty,
 Are fill'd with joy, and kiss and toy,
 altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,
 and gang'd with him so rarely,
 With song and pipe he did prevail,
 he won my wishes fairly ;
 O! he's the lad, that makes me glad,
 with kisses sweet and plenty ;
 So I declare, by all that's fair,
 I'll wed tho' not quite twenty!



Mind Hussy what you do.

WHEN I was of a tender age,
 and in my youthful prime,
 My mother oft would, in a rage,
 cry, Girl, take care in time ;
 For you are now so forward grown,
 the men will you pursue ;
 And all the day this was her tone,
 Mind hussy, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,
 I hasten'd o'er the plain,
 Where I was courted in a trice,
 by each young Sylvan swain

Yet, by the bye, I must declare,
 I virtue had in view
 Altho' my mother cry'd, Beware,
 Mind huffy, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,
 I gave my youthful hand,
 His blooming face, and comely mien,
 I cou'd not well withstand.
 But straight to chure we trip away,
 with hearts both true and true,
 Ah! then my mother cry'd to say,
 Mind, huffy, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,
 and hence this lesson learn,
 When to your mind a man you see,
 ne'er look morose or stern:
 But take him with a free good will,
 should he have love for you,
 Altho' your mother's crying still,
 Mind huffy, what you do!

THE TAILOR CAME TO CLOUT THE CLAISE.

The Tailor came to clout the claise,
 Sit a brew fellow!
 He fill'd the house o' su' o' saes,
 Dassin down, and dassin down,
 He fill'd the house a' su' o' flars,
 Dassin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire,
 Sic a braw hissey!
 Oh! she wa' a' his heart's desire,
 Daffin' down, and daffin' down,
 Oh! she was &c.

The lassie she fell fast asleep,
 Sic a braw hissey!
 The faul' close to her did creep,
 Daffin' down, and daffin' down,
 The faul' &c.

The lassie waken'd in a fright!
 Sic a braw hissey!
 Her maiden-head had ta'en the flight,
 Daffin' down, and daffin' down,
 Her maidenhead, &c.

She sought it butt, she sought it ben,
 Sic a braw hissey!
 And in beneath the clocking hen,
 Daffin' down, and daffin' down,
 And in beneath, &c.

She sought it in the owfen-flaw,
 Sic a braw hissey!
 Na' faul', quo' the, it's quite awa';
 Daffin' down, and daffin' down,
 Na, 1210, &c.

we fought it 'yont the knocking-flane,

Sic a braw billey!

Ye day, quo' the twit gang its lane,

Daffin dawa, and daffin dawa,

Ye day, quo' the. &c.

So ca'd the Tailor to the court,

Sic a braw billey!

And a' the young men round about,

Daffin dawa, and daffin dawa,

And a' the young men, &c.

Sic gar'd the Tailor pay a fine,

Sic a braw billey!

Gi'e me my maidenhead again,

Daffin dawa, and daffin dawa,

Gi'e me my maidenhead, &c.

O what way wad ye ha'e't again?

Sic a braw billey!

Oh! just the way that it was ta'en,

Daffin dawa, and daffin dawa,

Oh! just the way that it was ta'en,

Daffin dawa, and daffin dawa.

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