

THE BRAES O'GLENIFFER!



Keen blows the wind,
O'er the braes O'Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets
Are cover'd wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time,
When I met wi' my lover
Among the broom bushes.

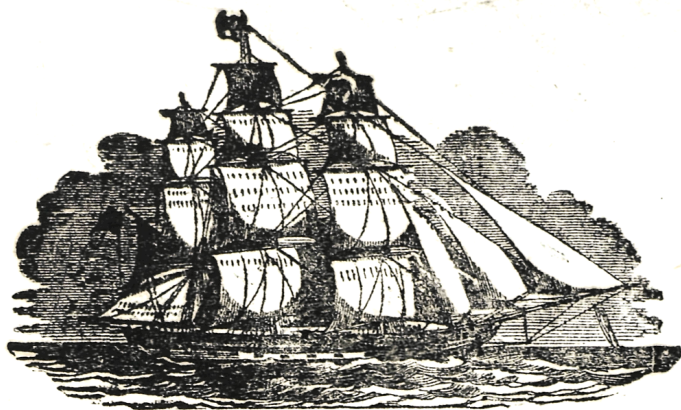
The wild flowers o' simmer,
Were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet,
Frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp,
They hae march'd my dear Johanie,
And now it is winter,
Wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us,
Was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us,
Was bonnie and braw;
So naething is heard,
But the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen,
But the wide-spreading snaw.

The trees are a' bare,
And the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift,
Frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints,
Seeming wae for my Johanie;
'Tis winter wi' them,
And 'tis winter wi' me.

Non cauld sleety cloud,
Stiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs,
On the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glee,
Brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet,
To my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar,
On the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast,
Brings the tear i' my e'e;
For, O! gin I saw,
Hat my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter,
Were simmer to me.



HENRY & NANCY, OR, THE LOVER'S SEPARATION.

As I walked out one morning in the spring time of the year
I overheard a sailor bold, likewise a lady fair:
They sung a song together that made the vallies ring,
Whilst birds on sprays and meadows gay proclaim'd a lovely
spring.

Then Henry said to Nancy, I soon must sail away,
It is lovely on the water to hear the music play,
The Queen she does want seaman so I'll not stay on shore,
So I'll brave the wars for my country's cause cannons loudly
roar.

Oh, then said pretty Nancy pray stay at home with me,
Or let me go along with you to bear your company,
I'll put on a pair of trowsers and leave my native shore,
Then let me go along with you where cannons loud de roar.

It will not do said Henry, it's in vain for you to try,
They will not ship a female, young Henry did reply;
Besides your hands are delicate, the ropes will make them sore,
'Twould be worse if you should fall where the cannons loudly
roar.

Four pounds is the bounty, and that will do for thee,
To help thy aged parents while I am far at sea;
Come, change your ring with me, my love, for we may meet
once more,
For one above may guide your love where cannons loudly roar.

Poor Nancy fell and fainted but soon they brought her too,
They then shook hands together and took a fond adieu,
The Tower hill was crowded with mothers weeping sore,
For sons that's gone to face the foe where cannons loudly roar.

There's many a mother's darling has entered for the main,
And in the dreadful battles what numbers will be slain;
For many a weeping mother and widow will deplore,
For those who fall by cannon balls where cannons loudly roar.

