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28th January 1927.

Glen 150

John T. Mackay
THE

BANQUET OF EUPHROSYNE:

A

SELECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED

SONGS,

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH.

Design'd by every power of tuneful art,
Whose magic leads the willing mind along,
To touch the finest feelings of the heart,
And lend to virtue all the charms of song.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's Poems.

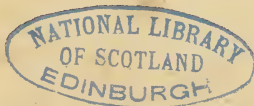
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EDINBURGH.

1811.



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THE

BANQUET OF EUPHROSYNE.

TULLOCHGORUM.

(BY THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.)

COME gie's a sang, the lady cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide,
For what's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their whig-megmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a'
 To make a cheerfu' quorum ;
 Blithe and merry we's be a'
 As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa'
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'em.
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Dowff and dowie,
 Dowff and dowie,
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum :
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear o' want, and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o'em:
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow,
 Dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him:

May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Puddings.*

(BURNS.)

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught.
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' guid fellowship southers it a':
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain;
 My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again."

AULD LANG SYNE.

(BURNS.)

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

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

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

We twae hae paidlet i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

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

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.
For auld, &c.

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—*O bonny lass will you lie in a barrack?*

(BURNS.)

O KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
 And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin, the miller was ruddy;
 A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady:
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:
 She's left the guid fellow, and ta'en the churl.

The miller he hecht her, a heart leal and loving:
 The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailin!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

TUNE—*Old Highland Laddie.*

(MACNEILL.)

THE wind blew hie o'er muir and lea,
 And dark and stormy grew the weather ;
 The rain rain'd sair ; nae shelter near
 But my love's plaid amang the heather :
 O my bonny Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd, Highland laddie,
 Wha wad mind the wind and weit
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

Close to his breast he held me fast ;—
 Sae coozy, warm, we lay thegither ;
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet
 As my love's plaid amang the heather !
 O my bonny, &c.

Mid wind and rain he tald his tale ;
 My lighsome heart grew like a feather ;
 It lap sae quick I coudna speak,
 But silent sigh'd amang the heather.
 O my bonny, &c.

The storm blew past ; we kiss'd in haste ;
 I hameward ran and tald my mither ;
 She gloom'd at first but soon confest
 The bowls row'd right amang the heather.
 O my bonny, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream
 Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather ;
 Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
 Kind hearted lad amang the heather.

O my bonny Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd, Highland laddie ;
 Should storms appear, my Will's ay near
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.

THE WEE THING.

(MACNEILL.)

Saw ye my wee thing ? Saw ye mine ain thing ?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea ?
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming ?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree ?

Her hair it is lint-white ; her skin it is milk-white ;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;
 Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses :—
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me ?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea ;
 But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white ; her skin it was milk-white ;
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee ;

Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses ;
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree ;
Proud is her leel heart, modest her nature,
She never lo'ed ony, till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary ; she's frae Castle Cary :
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee :—
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary ; she's frae Castle Cary ;
It was then your true love I met by the tree :
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee—
Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning :
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling.—
Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee ;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

Is it my wee thing, is it mine ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see ?
O Jamie, forgie me ; your heart's constant to me ;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee. !

*LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.*TUNE—*The Lothian Lassic.*

(BURNS.)

LAST May a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
 I said their was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying,

A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
 I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neighbours might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie:
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow,
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

JEANIE'S BLACK EE.

TUNE—*Cauld frosty morning.*

(MACNEILL.)

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills, adorning,
 Light sprung the lavroc and mounted sae hie;
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning,
 My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.

To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,
Aft, aft to the kend gate she turn'd her black ee;
Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow tree,

*"Ha me mohâtel na dousku me."**

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,
Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree—
Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel—

"Ha me mohâtel na dousku me."

"Wi' love's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,
Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee,—
You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean, open thae lovely een."†

"Ha me mohâtel na dousku me."

"Bright is the whin's bloom, ilk green know adorning,
Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew,
Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning,
Dark wave her haffet locks o'er her white brow.
O, light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth gowany
green,

Barefit and kilted half up to the knee,
While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill."—

"I was asleep and ye've waken'd me."

"I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;
Kiss her and clasp her fast, nae ane can see,
Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou!"—"Will, I'm no sleeping
now,

I was asleep but ye waken'd me."

* I am asleep do not waken me.

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
 Kiss'd her ripe roses and blest her black ee;
 And ay since whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound is
 sweet,
 "*Ha me mohâtel na dousku me.*"

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

(MALLET.)

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them employ the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear,
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 'The feather'd songsters please no more;
 And when they droop and we decay
 Adieu, the birks of Invermay.

© *JOHNNIE! CAN YOU PITY ONY?*

TUNE—*Katie, will ye marry Patie?*

(MACNEILL.)

O JOHNNIE! can ye pity ony?
Is your heart yet turn'd to stane?
Can ye calmly hear that Menie
Ne'er will see your face again?
Here I've wander'd wae and weary;
Here I've fought wi' wind and rain?
Here I've sworn your ance lo'ed deary
Ne'er will see your face again.

Owre lang hae I pin'd in sorrow,
Owre lang hae I sigh'd in vain;
Hearts, tho' leil, can sometimes borrow
Pride whan treated wi' disdain!
Then tak your smiles and fause deceiving,
Gie them to a heart mair true;
—Mine, alas! is chang'd wi' grieving,
Torn by faithless love and you.

Yet ae word before our parting,
(Since for ever mair we part)
In the midst o' pleasure—starting,
Menie's wrangs will wring your heart.—
For, Johnnie, gin ye pity ony,
Gin your heart's no turn'd to stane,
Ye maun rue the cause that Menie
Ne'er will see your face again.

THE LAMMIE.

(MACNEILL.)

“WHAR hae ye been a’ day,
My boy Tammy?

Whar hae ye been a’ day,
My boy Tammy?”

“I’ve been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o’ this young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.”

“And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?”

“I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.”

“What said ye to the bonny bairn,
My boy Tammy?”

“I prais’d her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow,—
She said, she’d tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,

“My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house it cost me dear,
I’ve walth o’ plenishen and geer;

Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy."

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—
"I maun na leave my mammy;
She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought mony waes—
I canna leave my mammy."

"We'll tak her hame and make her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie;
We'll gie her meat we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days."
The wee thing gie's her hand and says,—
"There, gang and ask my mammy."

"Has she been to kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?"
"She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,—
But O! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy."

THE POSIE.

(BURNS.)

O LOVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a
 peer;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonny mou;
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear, by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er re-
 move,

And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

*SHE LOES ME BEST OF A'.*TUNE—*Onagh's Lock.*

(BURNS.)

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er-arching
 Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue,
 Her smiling, sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
 When first her bonny face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair-beaming; and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes her sang;
 There, dearest Chloris' wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

TUNE—Bonny Dundee.

(MACNEILL.)

OH! tell me, bonny young lassie,
 Oh! tell me how for to woo:
 Oh! tell me, bonny sweet lassie!
 Oh! tell me how for to woo!
 Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning?
 Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
 Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?—
 Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wandered to see thee, dear lassie,
 Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea;

Far hae I travell'd owre moorland and mountain,
 Houseless and weary sleep'd cauld on the lea.
 Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak love to onie ;
 For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you ;
 Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonny,
 —Oh ! tell me how for to woo !

What care I for your wand'ring, young laddie,
 What care I for your crossing the sea,
 It was na for naething ye left poor young Peggy ;—
 It was for my tocher ye cam to court me.—
 Say, hae ye gowd to busk me ay gawdie ?
 Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots enew ?
 A house that is canty, wi' walth in't, my laddie ;
 Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae nae gowd to busk ye ay gawdie ;
 I canna buy ribbons and perlins enew ;
 I've naething to brag o' house, or o' plenty ;
 I've little to gie but a heart that is true.—
 I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie ;
 I never loo'd Peggy nor e'er brak my vow.—
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonny ;
 —I little thought this was the way for to woo !

Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning,
 Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou,
 Hae na ye come o'er sea, moor, and mountain,
 What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo ?
 Far hae ye wander'd I ken, my dear laddie,
 Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to rue,
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll never gang gawdie,
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom,
 The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee;
 The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,
 And sweet sang the maivis aboon on the tree.—
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his hinny,
 And aften he tasted her hinny-sweet mou;
 And aye 'tween ilk kiss she sigh'd to her Johnie—
 “Oh! laddie!—*weel* can ye woo!”

JESSIE.

TUNE,—*Bonny Dundee's*

(BURNS.)

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithfu' and maidens as fair.
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
 Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

(J. LAPRAICK.)

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain:
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the melting kiss:
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze,
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel finds ought to blame;
 And ay when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear:
 Hae I a joy? its a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE,

(AS ALTERED BY R. BURNS.)

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee :
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, my Davie, love,
 And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on yon burn side, .
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her locks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And thro' the flow'ry dale ;
 His cheeks to her's he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale.
 With " Mary, when shall we return,
 " Sic pleasure to renew ?"
 Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
 " And ay shall follow you."

AULD ROB MORRIS.

(BURNS.)

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale o' auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 As blythe and as artless as lambs on a lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
 A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight it brings nane;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might ha'e hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

(BURNS.)

*Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers
White o'er the lins the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

GALA WATER.

(BURNS.)

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander through the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Gala water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Gala water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I hae nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

THE ROSY BRIER.

TUNE—*I wish my love were in a mire.*

(BURNS.)

O BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'ening sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow—
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

 ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.
TUNE—*Locherrock Side.*

(BURNS.)

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray!

A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha' kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' woe could waukin.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen*

(BURNS.)

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,
 And cauld, CALEDONIA's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they? the haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save Love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME, &c.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife.*

(BURNS.)

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?*

Is this thy plighted fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching broken heart, my Katy!
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
Canst thou, &c. D 3

KATY'S ANSWER.

(BY AN ENGLISH LADY.)

*Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
 Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
 For ah! thou know'st na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom should'st thou leave me.*

TELL me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrangs shall be forgiven,
 And when this heart proves fause to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betray'd,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilfu' serpent under.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,
 I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres,
 That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.
Stay, my Willie, &c.

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

(BURNS.)

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.

*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 blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter 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.

*I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance 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 nocht to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd 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 charm'd his 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 LEA RIG.

(BURNS.)

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrowed field
 Return sae dowf and weary, O;

Down by the burn where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo.
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

TAM GLEN.

(BURNS.)

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
 Some council unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you brute," he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen!

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if its ordain'd I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen!

Come council, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—*The mill mill, O.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstained wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever;
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er and I'm come hame
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.

Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant plows the main,
 The farmer plows the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour;
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—*I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*

(BURNS.)

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw:
 She wanders by yon spreading tree—
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!

And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms,
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form!
She has the truest, kindest heart.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

(BURNS.)

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O woman, lovely, woman fair:
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

(BURNS.)

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;

Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says I'll be wed come o't what will;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O, gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
 And lassie ye're but young ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen;
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye
 He has nae love to spare for me;
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd and siller canna buy:
 We may be poor—Robie and I,
 Light is the burden love lays on;
 Content and love brings peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

TUNE—*Aha! Johnie lad.*

(BURNS.)

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing wert thou mine;
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face of thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

(BURNS.)

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent;
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 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,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

(BURNS.)

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers parting is sweet painfu' pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft-parting hour
 But the dire feeling, *O farewell for ever!*
 Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and last comfort is gone;
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

MARY'S DREAM.

(ALEXANDER LOWE.)

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree;
 When Mary laid her down to sleep—
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low a voice was heard,
 "O Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow e'e.—

“O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We toss'd upon the raging main,
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain:
 Even then, when horror chill'd my blood
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 The storm is past, and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O, maiden dear! thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.”
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled:
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 “O, Mary! weep no more for me.”

ROSLIN CASTLE.

(RICHARD HEWIT.)

'Twas in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay;

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

(CRAWFORD.)

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to ta'k of wark?
 Mak haste, set by your wheel!
 Is this a time to ta'k of wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quey,
 And see him come ashore.

*For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck ava;
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our goodman's awa.*

Rise up and mak a clean fire side,
 Put on the meikle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat;
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw,

It's a' to please my ain goodman,
For he's been lang awa.

For there's, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
They've fed this month and mair;
Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look bra;
It's a' for love of my goodman,
For he's been lang awa.

For there's, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown;
For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,
That Colin's come to town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain goodman;
For he's baith leel and true.

For there's, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath's like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part—
 But what pits parting in my head?
 It may be far awa;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.

For there's, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel, content,
 I hae nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave;
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's, &c.

TWEED SIDE.

(CRAWFORD.)

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Where nature doth fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music inchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss—
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay?
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

COWDEN-KNOWES.

(CRAWFORD.)

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes,
For sure so sweet, so soft a broom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with such an art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales around,
Of Leader haughs, and Leader side,
Oh! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knowes;
For sure so fresh so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,

Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knowes,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At ev'n amongst the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden-knowes.

THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me:
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocs are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith evening and morning;

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow;
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

TUNE—*My Love is lost to me.*

(BURNS.)

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my muse's well,
My muse maun be thy bonny sell;
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay,
For a' the lea-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,

Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And ay I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
'Till my last weary sand was run;
'Till then—and then I love thee.

WANDERING WILLIE.

(BURNS.)

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 my 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 howlings 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 Nanie,
 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!

LORD GREGORY.

(BURNS.)

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar,
 A waefu' wand'rer seeks thy tower,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee,
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonny Irwine-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love,
 I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
 Thou wad for ay be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast;

Thou dart of heaven, that flashes by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon, my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—*Logan water.*

(BURNS.)

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and vallies gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts her rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry:
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

(BURNS.)

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman kind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeing as air!
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there!

BANKS OF DOON.

(BURNS.)

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'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons on the flowering thorn;
 Thou mindst me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 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 wi' me.

HIGHLAND MARY.

(BURNS.)

TUNE—*Katharine Ogie.*

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 unfolds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry ;
 For there I took my last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd 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 ourselves 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.

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

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

(BURNS.)

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lavrock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' fading groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair,
 Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile;
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle !

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?TUNE—*The Sutor's Tochter.*

(BURNS.)

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie :
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou loes me ;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me.
 Lassie let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou loes me.

THE ROSE-BUD.

(BURNS.)

A rose-bud by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,

Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride the pleasure of the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender-care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

HOW LANG AND DREARY, &c.

TUNE—*Could kail in Aberdeen.*

(BURNS.)

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.*

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?

For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how dreary:
 It was nae sae, ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

For oh, &c.

*COME LET ME TAKE, &c.**TUNE—Could hail, &c.*

(BURNS.)

COME let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never.

MY CHLORIS, &c.

(BURNS.)

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair:

The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave the flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings :
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' :
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild wood-flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine.
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN, &c.

TUNE—*Liggeram Cosh.*

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me ;

Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me ;
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Jeany is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling I do nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws,
 In my bosom swelling ;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

THE DAY RETURNS.

TUNE— *Seventh of November.*

(BURNS.)

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun-was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give !
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

RAVING WINDS.

TUNE—*McGregor of Rero's lament.*

(BURNS.)

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella strayed deploring.
 “ Farewell, hours that late did measure
 “ Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 “ Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 “ Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

“ O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 “ On the hopeless future pondering ;
 “ Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 “ Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 “ Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 “ Load to misery most distressing,
 “ O how gladly I'd resign thee,
 “ And to dark oblivion join thee !”

AFTON WATER.

(BURNS.)

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 mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills !
 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 thy 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.

BONNY BELL.

(BURNS.)

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly winter grimly flies;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonny blue are the sunny skies;
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old time and nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonny Bell.

*FAIR JENNY.*TUNE—*Saw ye my Father?*

(BURNS.)

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?

Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among ?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair :
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our vallies,
And grim, surly winter is near ?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide, what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known :
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow :
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

MY NANNIE O.

(BURNS.)

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 wind blows loud and shill ;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;
 But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill 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 bonny, O ;
 The opening gowan wat 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 ay to Nannie, O.

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

Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O ;
 But I'm as blithe that hads his pleugh,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
 I'll tak what heaven will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

TUNE—*The Bonny Lass of Livingston,*

(BURNS.)

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign ;
 The brightest jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

(BURNS.)

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks the birken flaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben ?
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonny face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee ;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

(BURNS.)

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
 My bonny dearie.*

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonny dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide
 To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
 Where at moonshine midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
 Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonny dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonny dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

OF A' THE AIRTS, &c.

TUNE—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

(BURNS.)

OF a' the airts the win' can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonny lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e 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 bonny flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

(BURNS.)

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;

I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white;
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—*The mucking o' Geordie's Byre.*

(BURNS.)

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

*Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whoever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the flush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily !
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day !
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
Awa, &c.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

(BURNS.)

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing,
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If you refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

 THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.
TUNE—*This is no my ain house.*

(BURNS.)

O *this is no my ain lassie,*
Fair though the lassie be;

*O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.*

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c,

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE, &c.

TUNE—*Jockey's grey breeks.*

(BURNS.)

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I met him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will sooth my cheerless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me !
And maun I still, &c.

FROM THEE ELIZA, &c.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

(BURNS.)

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel Fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM, &c.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood, gane.*

(BURNS.)

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling ;
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;

But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing ;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS, &c.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

(BURNS.)

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Among the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains :

Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
 The path of man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join and leagues combine ;
 Some solitary wander :
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the field in view,
 All fading-green and yellow :
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair my lovely charmer !

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

(BURNS.)

*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 every han,
 In every hour that passes, O:
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' twere na for the lasses, O?
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may flee them, O;
 And though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O,
 An' warly cares, an warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O.
 The wisest man the world saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

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
Green grow, &c.

BONNY LESLIE.

TUNE—*Collier's bonny Tochter.*

(BURNS.)

O saw ye bonny Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonny face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee :
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag, we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonny.

POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—*I had a horse.*

(BURNS.)

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't ;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue betrays,
 How she repays my passion :
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
 He wooes his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearer bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

(BURNS.)

" OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh,
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh.

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh :
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh :
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, Oh."

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh :
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh.

BY ALLAN STREAM, &c.

TUNE—*Allan Water,*

(BURNS.)

By Allan-stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi :
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie !

O happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's, the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—*Saw ye Johnie coming ?*

(BURNS.)

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever,
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death only should us sever,
 Now thou's left thy lass for ay—I maun see thee never,
 Jamie,
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken,
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie, thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo, while my heart is breaking :
 Soon my weary e'en I'll close—never mair to waken,
 Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken.

THINE AM I, &c.

TUNE—*Quaker's Wife.*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure :
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning :
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

(MISS BLAMYRE.)

WHEN silent Time, wi' lightly foot,
 Had trode on thirty years ;
 My native lan' I sought again,
 Wi' mony hopes and fears ;
 "Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
 Will still continue mine ;
 Or gin I e'er again shall meet.
 The joys I left lang syne ?"

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way ;
 Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day :
 'Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me think the joys at hand
 Were naething to lang syne.

My ivy'd tow'rs now met my een,
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw ;
 Nae frien' stept forth wi' open arms,
 Nae weel-ken'd face I saw,
 'Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad come back,
 He bore about lang syne.

A new sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay ;
 Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,
 And wish'd my groves away ;
 Cut, cut, they cried, yon gloomy trees ;
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine !
 Ah no ! your fathers' names grow there—
 Memorials o' lang syne.

BANKS OF CREE.

(BURNS.)

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has told the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come ! and art thou true
 O welcome dear to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—*O'er the hills, &c.*

(BURNS.)

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent frae my sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe ;
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are with him that's far away.

*On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away ;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are ay with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in this scorching sun
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
 Bullets, spare my only joy !
 Bullets, spare my darling boy !
 Fate do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away !
On the seas &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;

As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

BONNY JEAN.

(BURNS.)

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay she wrought her mither's wark,
 And ay she sung sae merrilie:
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mither's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale of love
 A'e e'enin on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;

His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
O canst thou think to fancy me !
Or wilt thou leave thy mither's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had na will to say him na ;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—Robie donna Gorach.

(BURNS.)

THE Thames flow proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command :
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear !
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom,
 How sweetly wind thy slooping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

(BURNS.)

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
 But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
 My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He can na hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an arle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me..

OH, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—*The Moudiewort.*

(BURNS.)

*An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !**An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !**I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,**An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

An O, for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my auntie, Tam :

At kith or kin I need na spier,

An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

An O, for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam ;

But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !

An O, for ane, &c.

WILLIE WASTLE.

(BURNS.)

WILLIE Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whisken beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

(BURNS.)

Is there for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that,
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 And 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 though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that :
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that,
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :



For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind
 He looks and laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that :
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he mauna 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,
 Its coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

HEY FOR A LASS WIF A TOCHER.

TUNE—*Balinamona Ora.*

(BURNS.)

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;

O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

*Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher;
 The nice yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
 But the rapturous charms o' the bonny green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new decked wi' bonny white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—*Invercauld's Reel.*

(BURNS.)

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
 Ye wadna been sae shy;
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I carena by.*

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;

Ye geck at me, because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy queen,
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho hardly he for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear makes you sae nice;
The deil a anc wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wad na gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;
 Ye needna look sae high.
O Tibbie, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

(BURNS.)

DUNCAN Gray came here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to—France for me!

Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes, let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,

Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een, they spak sic things;

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, &c.

GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

(BURNS.)

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,

But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,

For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blue red wine's the risin sun.

*Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

- Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dōol;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.

Then guidwife count, &c.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT!

(BURNS.)

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan came to see,
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay 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 !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

(RAMSAY.)

GI'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maks nae whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And bloom alane is na worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 For beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and rigs, and muirs and meadows,
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

TUNE—*My Jo Janet.*

(BURNS.)

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I'm not your slave, sir.

“ One of two must still obey,
 “ Nancy, Nancy,

“ Is it man or woman, say,
 “ My spouse, Nancy ?”

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good b'ye allegiance !

“ Sad will I be, so bereft,
 “ Nancy, Nancy,
 “ Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you'll bear it.

“ I will hope and trust in heaven,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Strength to bear it will be given,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

“ I'll wed another, like my dear,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,
 “ My spouse, Nancy.”

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

(BURNS.)

My heart is sair I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake of somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not,
 For the sake o' somebody?

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

(BURNS.)

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
 And come as ye were na comin to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a fie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

DAINTY DAVIE.

(BURNS.)

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green spreading bowers;
 And now comes in my happy hours,
 To wander wi' my Davie.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

The chrystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dewes I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loe best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—*Rothemurche's Rant.*

(BURNS.)

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,*

*Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

Now Nature cleads the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,
At sultry-noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way ;
'Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?*

'TWAS NA HER BONNY BLUE E'E, &c.

TUNE—*Laddie lie near me.*

(BURNS.)

'TWAS na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin ;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
'TWAS the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'TWAS the betwitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me ;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

MY NANIE'S AWA.

TUNE—*There'll never be peace, &c.*

(BURNS.)

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew's of the lawn
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa.

HERE'S A HEALTH, &c.

(BURNS.)

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confesssion,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel degree—Jessy
Here's a health, &c.

O MAY, THY MORN.

(BURNS.)

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
 As the mirk night o' December;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber:
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will ay remember.
And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them:
 And here's to them we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to, &c.

MY PEGGY, &c.

TUNE—*Wauking o' the Fauld.*

(RAMSAY)

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay,
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane;
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense
 At waulking o' the fauld.

BONNY CHRISTY.

(RAMSAY.)

How sweetly smells the simmer green!
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry,
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colorus, fruits, and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting!
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften meant to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Eddie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'erhear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy!—witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for talk,
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

AN thou wert my ain thing,
 O I would love thee, I would love thee,
 An thou wert my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.

Then I would clasp thee in my arms,
 Then I'd secure thee from all harms,
 For above mortals thou hast charms,
 How dearly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
 For heaven's sake, then pity me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

The Powers one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save :
 O for their sake support a slave,
 Who ever on shall love thee!
 An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake
 What man can do I'll undertake ;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fate my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out I'll love thee.
 An thou wert, &c.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle.
 He'll no twin wi' his gear,
 My minny she's a scaulding wife,
 Hads a' the house a-steer ;

But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me ;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me ;
Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me ;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me ;
 But weel ken I, it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnie in the glen ;

And ay sin syne, she cries, beware
 Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c

Gleed Sandy he cam wast ae night,
 And spear'd when I saw Pate ?
 And ay sin syne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air and late.

*But let them say, or let them do,
 It's a' ane to me ;
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad
 That's waiting on me ;
 Waiting on me my love,
 He's waiting on me ;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.*

BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE—*Bhannerach dhon na chri.*

(BURNS.)

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair !
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew ;

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizest
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose,
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

IN APRIL, &c.

TUNE—The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

(RAMSAY.)

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sang his loves e'ning and morn,
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That silvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Mary be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air,

But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Maudie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, that would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NOW WAT YE WHA, &c.

(RAMSAY.)

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

O Katy, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gawn to smile:

The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends down his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow :
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog :
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

AMYNTA.

TUNE—*My Apron, dearie.*

(SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.)

My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forsook,

No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do !
 Why left I Amynta ! why broke I my vow !
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote, in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love ;
 O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true !
 O what had my youth with ambition to do !
 Why left I Amynta ! why broke I my vow !
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
 Poor shepherd ! Amynta no more can be thine ;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain ;
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do !
 Why left I Amynta ! why broke I my vow !
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

LOCHABER.

(RAMSAY.)

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony days been ;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse!
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And without thy favour, I'd better not be!
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 A heart I will bring thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

{BURNS.}

T'WAS even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang;

The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along :
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain !
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle !

Then pride might climb the slippery steep ;
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cōt below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day has joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK, &c.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill ;
 Then Bell my wife, who lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, gudeman, save Crummy's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummy is a useful cow,
 And she is come of a guid kin' ;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne ;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae high ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;

But now 'tis scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown :
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain lough,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly ?
 While I sit hurklen in the ass—
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be,
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife she lo'es nae strife ;
 But she wad guide me if she can :
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea :
 Then I'll leave off where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

(RAMSAY.)

AND gin ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gie'er a kiss, and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty lussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er her wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young ;
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the soft minutes of delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face
 Nineteen na-says are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Upon her finger whoop a ring,
 As token of a future bliss.
 These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods' indulgent grant :
 Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang,
 My words they were na ony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills the Earse to learn,
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law,
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till tender kid and lambkin bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my simmer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

THE MILLER.

O merry may the maid be,
 That marries with the miller,

For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her.
 Has ay a penny in his purse,
 For dinner and for supper ;
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling ;
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling ;
 Though I was shy, yet I could spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
 And in the kist was plenty,
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty ;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre ;
 Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller :
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane
 Before a rousing fire ;
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy ;
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives sae happy.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGY.

(RAMSAY.)

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me ;
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing,
 Or like the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her.
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases ;
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

EVAN BANKS.

(BURNS.)

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
 The sun from India's shore retires ;
 To Evan Banks, with temp'rate ray,
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.
 Oh banks to me for ever dear !
 Oh stream whose murmurs still I hear !
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
 Whose image lives within my breast ;
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
 And long pursu'd me with her eye ;
 Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs ;
 Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost ?
 Return, ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !
 Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may ought my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

Æ FOND KISS, &c.

(BURNS.)

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Æ farewell, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

NOW BANK AN' BRAE, &c.

(BURNS.)

Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
 An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring.
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream,
 The birdies flit on wanton wing,
 To Cassilis' banks when e'ning fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e.

'The child wha boasts o' world's wealth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain,
 Ah, fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Cassilis' banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e!

OUT OVER THE FORTH, &c.

(BURNS.)

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

LINES ON A PLOUGHMAN.

(BURNS.)

As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring,
 I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing,

And as he was singing thir words he did say,
 There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o'
 sweet May.—

The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast,
 And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

I'LL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

(BURNS.)

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonny 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 stownlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken-tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!

I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonny Jean again.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

(BURNS.)

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonny Meg was nature's child,
 —Wiser men than me's beguil'd ;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see ;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

DAYS O' LANG SYNE.

WHEN war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd again,
 Twa vet'rans grown gray, with their muskets sair fil'd,
 With a sigh were relating how hard they had toil'd :
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
 But ay they look'd back on the days o' lang syne.

O Davy, man, weel thou remembers the time,
 When twa daft young callins and just in our prime,
 The prince led us, conquer'd, and show'd us the way,
 And mony braw chiel we turn'd cauld on that day ;
 Still again wad I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
 Could our generals lead, or we fight like lang syne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts are still
 true ;
 We fear'd neither danger by land or by sea,
 But time is turn'd coward, and no you and me ;
 And tho' at our fate we may sorely repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the days o' lang syne.

When after our conquest, it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jean caress'd thee, and my Meg was kind ;
 They shar'd a' our dangers tho' ever sae hard,
 And we car'd na for plunder, when sic our reward ;
 Even now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
 And to share the hard fate they were us'd to lang syne.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*Push about the Jorum.*

(BURNS.)

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir.

There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally.
Fal de ral, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided ;
 Till slap come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united ;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
Fal de ral, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't ;
 The deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our father's blude the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it—
 By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who'd set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be damn'd together.

Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, "God save the King,"
 We'll ne'er forget the people.
Fal de ral, &c.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

TUNE—*Paddy O' Rafferty.*

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in,
 An' Martinmas dowie had wind up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't,
 An' left her auld master, an' neibours sae dear.
 For Lucy had serv'd i' the glen a' the simmer;
 She cam there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;
 An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
 Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.

She gaed by the stable, where Jamie was stannin',
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo' Jamie, an' ran in.
 —The gatherin' tears trickled fast to her knee,
 As down the burn-side she gaed slaw wi' her flittin',
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy," was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 An' Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"O what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 An' what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?"

If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that losses it's mither;
 Nae mither nor friend the poor lammie can see.
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me:
 Yestreen when he gae me't, an' saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 'Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel Lucy,"
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
 He coudna sae mair, but just "Fare ye weel, Lucy;"
 Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit;
 The hare likes the brake, an' the braird on the lee;
 But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd an' she lookit;
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair sec.
 Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
 An' weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
 His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, an' will never return.

THE GLOAMIN'.

TUNE—*Mary weep nae mair for me.*

(J. HOGG.)

THE gloamin' frae the welkin high
 Had chas'd the bonny gowden gleam:
 The curtain'd east, in crimson dye,
 Hung heavy o'er the tinted stream:
 The wild rose, blushing on the brier,
 Was set wi' draps o' shining dew,—
 As big an' clear the bursting tear
 That row'd i' Betty's een sae blue.

She saw the dear, the little cot,
 Where fifteen years flew swiftly by,
 An' mourn'd her shame, an' hapless lot,
 That forc'd her frae that hame to lie.
 Though sweet an' mild the e'ening smil'd,
 Her heart was rent wi' anguish keen;
 The mavis ceas'd his music wild,
 An' wonder'd what her sobs could mean.

"It wasna kind to rob my mind
 Of a' its peace for evermair;
 To blot my name wi' burning shame,
 An' mak my parents' hearts sae sair.
 That hame how dare I enter now,
 Ilk honour'd face in tears to see,
 Where oft I kneel'd, to hear the vow
 Was offer'd frae the heart for me!

"An' can I loe the treacherous man
 Wha wrought this dear and deadly ill?
 Wha blurr'd wi' clouds my early dawn?
 Ah! waes my heart, I loe him still!
 My heart abus'd, my love misus'd!
 My wretched fate wi' tears I see!
 But maist I fear my parents dear
 Gae mourning to the grave for me!"

CAROLINE.

TUNE—*Eltrick Banks.*

WHERE Yarrow's current, waving blue,
 Nurses the scented meadow-queen,
 A flower of beauty's fairest hue
 Blooms lovely in its bower of green.
 The lustre of the ruby gem;
 The brightest tinge that decks the sky;
 The wild-briar's blushing diadem,
 With Caroline will never vie.

Soft evening smil'd in mantle fair,
 The swain on Yarrow's banks reclin'd;
 How sweetly sounded through the air
 The anthems of the wand'ring wind!
 I saw, enthron'd, life's morning star
 Through cloudless skies of rapture shine:
 Green fields of pleasure bloom'd afar,
 Till first I saw my Caroline.

But now a prey to dull dismay,
 A boding pang distracts my mind;
 From Yarrow I must bend my way,
 And leave my Caroline behind.
 I leave the wild flower-woven plains,
 So pleasing to my youthful view,
 And heave to Yarrow and her swains
 A long, perhaps a last adieu!

Enchanting girl! though we must part,
 And part in love's delightful road,
 When far away, still, still my heart
 Will linger near thy lov'd abode.
 My memory often shall bequeath
 A pensive throb, to nature true;
 Where'er I go, I'll often breathe
 A sigh to Yarrow and to you.

When far in foreign lands I roam,
 And nurs'd by pallid peril's gloom,
 In exile from my native home,
 Ha! wilt thou weep thy wanderer's doom?
 Or wilt thou scorn thy early love?
 Bid plighted passion cease to burn?
 False to the young affections prove?
 And break my heart when I return?

Ah, no! methinks that breast of thine
 The gentle thrill can ne'er repel;
 Where lingers sympathy divine,
 Sure faithless love can never dwell.

Then, when my wanderings all are o'er,
 A wreath to constant love I'll twine ;
 The wild sea-billows never more
 Shall roll 'twixt me and Caroline.

HER BONNY BLACK E'E.

TUNE—*Saw ye my wee thing.*

ON the banks of the burn, while I pensively wander,
 The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me ;
 I think on my lassie, her gentle, mild nature ;
 I think on the smile o' her bonny black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, an' loud loud the win' blaws,
 An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the tree ;
 I heedna the wind or the rain, when I think on
 The kind, lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
 The cauld Norlan' win' ca's the drift o'er the lea ;
 Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,
 I think on the smile o' her bonny black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
 Though a' neat an' bonny, they're naething to me ;
 I sigh and sit dowie, regardless what passes,
 When I miss the smile o' her bonny black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the grey gloamin';
 When a' round the ingle sae cheery to see,
 Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
 Minds me o' the smile o' her bonny black e'e.

When jockin' an' laughin, the lave they are merry,
 Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun be;
 Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I turn dowie,
 An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's away never;
 She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;
 And this is my wish, may I leave it, if ever
 She row on another her love-beaming e'e.

MY DEAR LITTLE JEANY.

TUNE—*Lack o' Gowd.*

(HOGG.)

"My dear little Jeany, what maks ye sae shy
 An' saucy wi' Charley, whase horses an' kye
 Gang wide on the meadow, his ewes on the lee?
 An' where will you see sic a laddie as he?"

"Ah! father, if ye kend him as weel as I,
 How ye wad despise him, his ewes an' his kye,
 Whene'er we're our lane, on the meadow or hill,
 Ilk word an' ilk action are tendin' to ill.

But Jamie's sae modest, that him I maun ruse;
 He'll beg for a kiss, which I canna refuse:

He ne'er gies a look that a lassie needs fear,
 Nor yet says a word but the world may hear.
 I ken, my dear father, ye like me sae weel,
 That naething frae you I can ever conceal :
 Young Charley is handsome, and gallant to see ;
 But Jamie, though poorer, is dearer to me."

" My sweet little Jeany ! the pride o' my age !
 Oh, how I'm delighted to hear you sae sage !
 The forward, who maks the young maiden his prey,
 Is often carest, and the good sent away.
 I like ye, my Jeany, as dear as my life ;
 Ye've been a kind daughter, sae will ye a wife.
 Then gree wi' your Jamie when he comes again,
 From this time I'll count him a son o' my ain."

THE BONNY LASS OF DELORAINE.

TUNE—*Maid of Isla.*

(HOGG.)

STILL must my pipe lie idly by,
 And worldly cares my mind annoy ?
 Again its softest notes I'll try,
 So dear a theme can never cloy.
 Last time my mountain harp I strung,
 'Twas she inspir'd the simple strain,
 That lovely flower so sweet and young,
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

How blest the breeze's balmy sighs
 Around her ruddy lips that blow ;
 The flower that in her bosom dies ;
 Or grass that bends beneath her toe !
 Her cheek's endued with powers, at will
 The rose's richest shade to drain ;
 Her eyes, what soft enchantments fill !
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

Let Athol boast her birchen bowers,
 And Lomond of her isles so green ;
 And Windermere her woodland shores ;
 Our Ettrick boasts a sweeter scene :
 For there the evening twilight swells
 With many a wild and melting strain ;
 And there the pride of beauty dwells,
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

If Heaven shall keep her ay as good
 As now she's handsome, fair, and free,
 The world may into Ettrick crowd,
 And Nature's first perfection see.
 Glencoe has drawn the wanderer's eye,
 And Staffa in the western main ;
 These natural wonders ne'er can vie
 Wi' the bonny lass of Deloraine.

May health still cheer her beauteous face,
 And round her brows may honour twine ;
 And Heaven preserve that breast in peace,
 Where meekness, love, and duty join !

But all her joys shall cheer my heart,
 And all her griefs shall give me pain ;
 For never from my soul shall part
 The bonny lass of Deloraine.

LOVELY MARY.

TUNE—*Back of the Change-house. New set.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

I've seen the lily on the wold,
 I've seen the opening marigold,
 Their fairest hues at morn unfold ;

But fairer is my Mary.

How sweet the fringe of mountain burn,
 With opening flowers at spring's return !
 How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn !

But sweeter is my Mary.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind,
 Her form's not fairer than her mind ;
 Two sister beauties rarely join'd,

But join'd in lovely Mary.

As music from the distant steep ;
 As star-light on the silent deep ;
 So are my passions lull'd asleep

By love for bonny Mary.

Yet, Mary, when I see the flower
 Droop under autumn's chilling shower,
 In tears, I mind the coming hour

Must blast my bonny Mary.
 Thy spring so fair is past away ;
 How soon will close thy summer day !
 Love's season will not long delay :
 Bethink thee, lovely Mary.

THE UNCO GRAVE.

TUNE—*Crazy Jane.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

BONNY Clouden as ye wander
 Hills, an heughs, an' moors amang,
 Ilka know an green meander,
 Learn my sad, my doolfu' sang.
 Braes o' brechan, hills o' heather,
 Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
 Blissfu' scenes, farewell for ever,
 I maun seek an unco grave !

Sair I pled, though fate unfriendly
 Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dools,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't amang my native mools.
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early
 Ay to soothe my sorrows strave,

Think on ane who lo'es you dearly,
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa frae Scotia's mountains,
Far frae a' that's dear to dwall,
Mak's my een twa gushin' fountains,
Dings a durk in my poor saul.
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
Blissfu' scenes, farewell for ever,
I maun seek an unco grave !

BIRNIEBOUZLE.

TUNE—*Braes of Tullymet.*

(HOGG.)

“WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle ?
Baith the earth an' sea, lassie,
Will I rob to fend ye :
I'll hunt the otter an' the brock ;
The hart, the hare, an' heather-cock ;
And pu' the limpat off the rock,
To fatten an' to fend ye.

If ye'll gae wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Till the day ye dee, lassie :
Ye sall aye hae plenty.

The peats I'll carry in a skull ;
 The cod an' ling wi' lines I'll pull ;
 An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,
 To make ye dishes dainty.

Sae cheery will ye be, lassie,
 I' the braes o' Birniebouzle ;
 Donald Gun and me, lassie,
 Ever will attend ye.
 Though we hae neither milk nor meal,
 Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,
 We'll fank the porpy an' the seal,
 An' that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye sal gang sae braw, lassie,
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle ;
 Wi' littit brogs and a', lassie,
 Wow but ye'll be vaunty :
 An' ye sal wear, when you are wed,
 The kirtle an' the highland plaid,
 An' sleep upon a heather bed,
 Sae cozy an' sae canty."

" If ye will marry me, laddie,
 At the kirk o' Birniebouzle,
 My chiefest aim shall be, laddie,
 Ever to content ye :
 I'll bait the line an' bear the pail,
 An' row the boat an' spread the sail,
 An' dad the clotters wi' a flail,
 To mak our 'tatoes plenty."

"Then come awa wi' me, lassie,
 To the braes o' Birnieboulze ;
 An' since ye are sae free, lassie,
 Ye sall ne'er repent ye :
 For ye sal hae baith tups an' ewes,
 An' gaites an' swine, an' stots an' cows,
 An' be the lady o' my house,
 An' that may weel content ye."

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

(J. HOGG.)

AN' art thou fled, my bonny boy,
 An' left me here alane ?
 Wha now will love, or care for me,
 When thou art dead an' gane ?
 Thy father fell in freedom's cause,
 With gallant Moore, in Spain :
 Now thou art gane my bonny boy,
 An' left me here alane.

I hop'd when thou wert grown a man,
 To trace his looks in thine ;
 An' saw, wi' joy, thy sparkling eye
 Wi' kindling vigour shine.

I thought when I was fail'd I might
 Wi' you an' yours remain ;
 But thou art fled, my bonny boy,
 An' left me here alane.

Now clos'd an' set that sparkling eye!
 Thy breast is cauld as clay !
 An' a' my hope, an' a' my joy,
 Wi' thee are reft away.
 Ah ! fain wad I that comely clay
 Reanimate again !
 But thou art fled my bonny boy,
 An' left me here alane.

The flower, now fading on the lee,
 Shall fresher rise to view ;
 The leaf, just fallen from the tree,
 The year will soon renew :
 But lang may I weep o'er thy grave,
 Ere you revive again !
 For thou art fled, my bonny boy !
 An' left me herè alane.

THE BRAES OF BUSHBY.

(J. HOGG.)

Ae glentin' cheerfu' simmer morn,
 As I came o'er the riggs o' Lorn,
 I heard a lassie all forlorn
 Lamenting for her Johny, O.

Her wild notes pour'd the air along;
 The Highland rocks an' woodlands rang;
 An' ay the o'erword o' her sang
 Was Bushby braes are bonny, O.

On Bushby braes where blossoms blow,
 Where blooms the brier an' sulky sloe,
 There first I met my only joe,
 My dear, my faithfu' Johny, O.
 The grove was dark, sae dark an' sweet!
 Where first my lad an' I did meet;
 The roses blush'd around our feet:
 Then Bushby braes were bonny, O.

Departed joys, how soft! how dear!
 That frae my e'e still wrings the tear!
 Yet still the hope my heart shall cheer
 Again to meet my Johny, O.
 The primrose saw, an' blue hare-bell,
 But nane o' them our love can tell,
 The thrilling joy I felt too well,
 When Bushby braes were bonny, O.

My lad is to the Baltic gane
 To fight the proud an' doubtfu' Dane.
 For our success my heart is fain;
 But 'tis maistly for my Johny, O.
 Then, Cupid, smooth the German sea,
 An' bear him back to Lorn an' me!
 An' a' my life I'll sing wi' glee,
 The Bushby braes are bonny, O.

THE AULD MAN.

(J. HOGG.)

THE auld gudeman cam hame at night,

Sair wearied wi' the way ;

His looks were like an evening bright,

His hair was siller gray.

He spak o' days, lang past an' gane,

When life beat high in every vein ;

When he was foremost on the plain

On every blythsome day.

“ Then blythly blush'd the mornin' dawn,

An' gay the gloamin' fell ;

For sweet content led ay the van,

An' sooth'd the passions well :

Till wounded by a gilded dart,

When Jeanie's een subdued my heart,

I cherish'd ay the pleasing smart,—

Mair sweet than I can tell.

We had our griefs, we had our joys,

In life's uneasy way ;

We nourish'd virtuous girls and boys,

That now are far away :

An' she, my best, my dearest part,

The sharer o' each joy an' smart,

Each wish and weakness o' my heart,

Lies moulderin' in the clay.

The life o' man's a winter day :
 Look back, 'tis gone as soon :
 But yet his pleasures halve the way,
 An' fly before 'tis noon.
 But conscious virtue still maintains
 The honest heart through toils an' pains,
 An' hope o' better days remains,
 An' hauds the heart aboon."

MY BLYTHE AND BONNY LASSIE.

TUNE—*Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky.*

(J. HOGG.)

How sair my heart na man shall ken
 When I took leave o' yonder glen,
 Her faithful dames, her honest men,
 Her streams sae pure and glassy, O :
 Her woods that skirt the verdant vale,
 Her balmy breeze sae brisk an' hale,
 Her flower of every flower the wale,
 My blythe and bonny lassie, O !

The night was short, the day was lang,
 And ay we sat the birks amang,
 Till o'er my head the blackbird sang
 Gae part wi' that dear lassie, O !
 When on Lamgaro's top sae green
 The rising sun-beam red was seen,

Wi' aching heart I left my Jean,
My blythe and bonny lassie, O.

Her form is gracefu' as the pine ;
Her smile the sunshine after rain ;
Her nature cheerfu', frank, an' kin',
And neither proud nor saucy, O.
The ripest cherry on the tree
Was ne'er sae pure and meek to see,
Nor half sae sweet its juice to me,
As a kiss o' my dear lassie, O.

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Yon glen shall ay be dear to me ;
Her banks and howms sae fair to see ;
Her braes sae green and grassy, O :
For there my hopes are center'd a' ;
An' there my heart was stown awa ;
An' there my Jeanie first I saw,
My blythe and bonny lassie, O.

MAID OF DEVON.

TUNE—*Marshall's Compliments to Neil Gow.*

OFt, by the wild-wood, musing slow,
Where Devon's sylvan waters wind,
Enchanting girl ! where'er I go
Thy melting image haunts my mind.

I've pull'd for thee the fairest flowers
 That blossom on the spangled tree ;
 And rifled Nature's sweetest bowers,
 In search of wreaths of love for thee.

I hear thee in the evening gale
 That fans the leaves of every tree,
 As wandering Devon's willow'd vale,
 Each blushing flower reminds of thee :
 I see thee in yon burning gem,
 When fades the purple-colour'd light,
 Yon pensive, beaming diadem !
 That studs the azure zone of night.

How sweetly chides the twilight dove
 Its plighted partner's long delay !
 Why dost thou linger from thy love ?
 The plumed mourner seems to say.
 How softly murmurs Devon's stream !
 How sweetly hums the mountain bee !
 But sweeter far the fairy dream
 That brings thy angel smile to me !

The wither'd wild-heath sadly mourns
 Before the winged wintry blast ;
 But soon a gentler gale returns,
 And breathes oblivion o'er the past :
 The pearly drops of April eve
 Its lovely bells will soon renew ;
 Then come, and all my griefs relieve,
 By one kind glance of love from you.

BONNY LEEZY.

TUNE—*O'er the Muir among the Heather.*

(J. HOGG.)

THOUGH I've enjoy'd my youth in health,
 An' liv'd a life both free and easy ;
 Yet real delight I never felt
 Until I saw my bonny Leezy.
 I've seen the Athol birk sae fair,
 The mountain pine, an' simple daisy ;
 But nought I've seen can e'er compare
 Wi' the modest gracefu' form o' Leezy.

I've seen the hare frisk o'er the dale,
 The lamb upon the lee sae gaily ;
 But when young Leezy trips the vale,
 For lively ease, she dings them fairly.
 Her een, the dew-draps o' the morn !
 Hae gi'en my heart an unco heezy :
 It canna be, that pride or scorn
 Can lodge within the breast o' Leezy.

I winna greet, I winna dee,
 Though love has made me something reezy ;
 But mirth shall ne'er gang down wi' me
 If aught befa' my bonny Leezy.
 When her and I to rest are gane,
 May shepherds strew our graves wi' daisy !
 And when o'er us they make their maen,
 Ay join my name wi' bonny Leezy !

FAREWELL, YE STREAMS.

TUNE—*Lassie wi' the yellow Coatie.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

FAREWELL, ye streams, sae dear to me,
 My bonny Cluden, Nith, an' Dee ;
 Ye burns that row sae bonnilie,
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.
 Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,
 My saul away could ne'er be riven :
 For still she lifts her e'en to Heaven,
 An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
 Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
 An' lilt alang the verdant mead,
 Or blythely on your whistles blaw ;
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's ;
 Her bourtree dikes an' mossy wa's ;
 Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
 Whar love an' freedom sweetens a'.

Sing o' her carles, tough an' auld ;
 Her carlines grim, that flyte an' scauld ;
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld ;
 Her flocks and herds sae fair to see.
 Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high ;
 Her fords, whar neigh'ring kelpies ply ;
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy ;
 Her lasses liltin' o'er the lee.

To you the darling theme belongs,
 That frae my heart exulting spangs;
 O mind, amang your bonniest sangs,
 The la's that bled for liberty.
 Think on our auld forbears o' yore,
 Wha dy'd the muirs wi' hostile gore,
 Wha slavery's ties indignant tore,
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
 Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,
 Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
 Ay true unto your country be.
 Wi' daring look her durk she drew,
 An' coost a mither's e'e on you;
 Then letna ony spulzien crew
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

STRATHFILLAN.

TUNE—*Tushilaw.*

An old Border air, never set.

By Fillan's wild and lonely streams
 She dwells, the angel of my fancy!
 The lustre from her eye that beams
 Proclaims my maid, my lovely Nancy!
 Her locks are of the raven's hue,
 And fair her face as smiling morning,
 When every rose-bud's wet with dew,
 And sun-beams hill and vale adorning.

Whene'er she treads Strathfillan's vale,
 More sweetly sounds the gurgling fountain;
 More balmy breathes the evening gale;
 More bright the moon looks o'er the mountain;
 And when her tongue's attun'd to love,
 Or full the tear of pity swelling,
 The blest above can only prove
 The raptures in my bosom dwelling.

LAMENT FOR ABERCROMBIE.

TUNE—*Caledonia.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

WHEN Nature with wild-flowers bespangled the moun-
 tains,
 And meadows display'd a' their charms to the bee;
 When pure gush'd the rills by their grass border'd foun-
 tains,
 And saft sough'd the wind through the bloom-laden
 tree;
 Beneath yon auld aik, on the green banks o' Clouden,
 Where aft in the gloamin' I wandered to rave,
 Auld Malcolm was seen, o'er his scars fondly broodin',
 Lamenting a warrior laid cauld in his grave.
 He stood by the stream, on a strong claymore leaning,
 Like ane whase sad bosom o' sorrow is fou;

He strade o'er the gowans fu' mournfully maening,
And straight frae its scabbard his braid sword he
drew:

"Farewell, dear renown," cried the auld lyart veteran;
"For Malcolm nae mair will be seen on the field
Wi' death warsling dourly, his faes bravely scatterin';
The sword o' a sodger his arm downa wield.

But here though he wanders wi' eild heavy laden,
And joyless gaes hirplin' down life's briary brae,
He ance strade to glory, through bluid bravely wadin',
Whar great Abercrombie, his chief, led the way.
Illustrious leader! now stalking wi' heroes,
Wha bled for our country, our king, and our laws,
When freedom unfurls her banner, be near us,
And rouse Scottish valour to stand in her cause.

By thee, led to victory, the sodger undaunted,
In wild transport fir'd at the loud shouts o' war,
O'er heaps rush'd to glory, the breach boldly mounted,
Though death arm'd wi' terror his courage to scaur.
Auld Scotia may lang on the heath wander cheerless,
And mourn as she sits by the sad sounding wave,
The prime o' her warriors, intrepid, and fearless,—
The brave Abercrombie lies cauld in the grave!"

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

TUNE—*Lord Ballandine's Delight.* *New set.*

(J. HOGG.)

'MONG Scotia's glens and mountains blue,
 Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
 Where Roman eagles never flew,
 Nor Danish lions rallied :
 Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
 Where roves the stately nimble deer,
 There live the lads to freedom dear,
 By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on every hill ;
 There freemen wander at their will ;
 Sure Scotland will be Scotland still
 While hearts so brave defend her.
 " Fear not, our Sov'reign liege," they cry,
 " We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye ;
 For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
 Nor ought but life surrender.

Since thou hast watch'd our every need,
 And taught our navies wide to spread,
 The smallest hair from thy gray head
 No foreign foe shall sever.
 Thy honour'd age in peace to save
 The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,
 Or stem the fiercest Indian wave,
 Nor heart nor hand shall waver.

Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
 While Scotia's noble blood runs warm,
 Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
 Or fall in heaps around him.
 Although the Irish harp were won,
 And England's roses all o'errun,
 'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
 We'll form a bulwark round him."

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

TUNE—*Lee Rig.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

AMANG the birks, sae blythe an' gay,
 I met my Julia hameward gaun;
 The linties chantit on the spray,
 The lammies lowpit on the lawn;
 On ilka swaird the hay was mawn;
 The braes wi' gowans buskit braw;
 An' gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn
 Out o'er the hills o' Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
 An' fragrance wing'd alang the lee,
 When down we sat, the flowers amang,
 Upon the banks o' stately Dee:
 My Julia's arms encircled me;
 Then sweetly slade the hours awa,

Till dawning coost a glimmerin' e'e,
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is na owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It is na gowd, it is na gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quo' I,
The warl's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye Powers wha row this yirthen ba',
An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the rashes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills an' dales o' Gallowa.

An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Where friendship dwells, an' freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks craw,
O dig my grave, an' lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

HER BLUE ROLLIN' E'E.

TUNE—*Banks of the Devon.*

My lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning
 Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee ;
 Though sweet is the violet, new blown i' the morning,
 As tender an sweet is her blue rollin' e'e.
 O say, what is whiter than snaw on the mountain ?
 Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie ?
 Yes, whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain,
 An' bonny her face as the red rose can be.

See yon lowly cottage that stands by the wild-wood,
 Hedg'd round wi' the sweet briar and green willow
 tree,
 'Twas yonder I spent the first days of my childhood,
 An' first felt the power of a love-rollin' e'e.
 Though soon frae my hame an' my lassie I wander'd ;
 Though lang I've been tossing on fortune's rough sea,
 Ay dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'd ;
 Ay dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' e'e.

O for the evening, and O for the hour,
 When down by yon greenwood she promis'd to be ;
 When quick as the summer-dew dries on the flower,
 A' earthly affections an' wishes wad flee.
 Let Art an' let Nature display their proud treasures ;
 Let Paradise boast o' what ance it could gie ;
 As high is my bliss, an' as sweet are my pleasures,
 In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue e'e.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

TUNE—*Johnie Macgill.*

(MACNEILL.)

“COME under my plaidy, the night’s gau’n to fa;
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
 There’s room in’t, dear lassie! believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 I’ll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
 O! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 There’s room in’t, dear lassie! believe me for twa.”

“Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy! auld Donald, gae ’wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
 Gae ’wa wi’ your plaidy! I’ll no sit beside ye;
 Ye may be my gutcher!—auld Donald, gae ’wa.
 I’m gau’n to meet Johnie, he’s young and he’s bonny
 He’s been at Meg’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
 O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu’! sae tightly!
 His cheek’s like the new rose, his brow’s like the snaw!”

“Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa’,
 Your Jock’s but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 The hale o’ his pack he has now on his back,
 He’s thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly; I’ll busk you ay finely;
 To kirk or to market they’ll few gang sae braw;
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to tend ye as oft as ye ca’.”

“ My father’s ay tauld me, my mither and a’,
 Ye’d make a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 It’s true I loe Johnie, he’s gude and he’s bonny,
 But, waes me ! ye ken he has naething ava !
 I hae little tocher ; you’ve made a gude offer ;
 I’m now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma’ !
 Sae gie me your plaidy, I’ll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye’d been aulder than threescore and twa.”

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa’,
 Whar Johnie was list’ning, and heard her tell a’;
 The day was appointed !—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack, gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wandered hame weary, the night it was dreary !
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep ’mang the snaw;
 The howlet was screamin’, while Johnie cried ‘ Women
 Wa’d marry Auld Nick, if he’d keep them ay braw.’

O the deel’s in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
 They’ll lie down wi’ auld men o’ fourscore and twa;
 The hale o’ their marriage is *gowd* and a *carriage*,
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!

CANNIE WI’ YOUR BLINKIN’, BESSIE.

TUNE—*Willie was a wanton Wag.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

CANNIE wi’ your blinkin’, Bessie,
 Dinna beet the dools I dree;

Kill na me, my bonny lassie,
 Wi' the glamour o' your e'e.
 Dreigh an' dour hae I been yokit
 Sin' our maiden tryst yestreen,
 Whan my heart I first unlockit
 On the velvet sward sae green.

Limpin' Tibbie Demster saw us
 Tak a kindly kiss or twa ;
 Syne away she bang'd to blaw us,
 Mumblin' what she heard an' saw.
 Slav'rin' Jock glowr'd o'er the hallan,
 Kindly spier'd for wooster Tam :
 Swith, quo' he, ye beardless callan,
 Tak' your beuk an learn your psalm.

Whisht, quo' Kate, our clashin' howdie,
 Haith ye wrang the laddie sair ;
 Bessie's sleek as ony mowdie,
 They wha cuddle young learn fair.
 Scowderdowp cam to our dwallin',
 An' wi' serious, smudgin' look,
 Speer'd at aunty gin the callan'
 Wanted owther clips or crook.

Fidgin' Davie clew his haffit,
 Hotchin' thrang wi' crikes an' flaes ;
 Tam, quo' he, their gibes we'll laugh at -
 Whan I mak the bairns's claes.
 Warst o' a', Rab Birse, the souter,
 Sent it ringing through the town,

How he'd fairly pourch'd the multer
O' the laddie's bridle shoon.

Blythe hae I been wi' my Bessie,
Blyther days I never saw,
Gaun to woo my bonny lassie
Owre the muirs o' Gallowa.
O the days when love was lispin'!
O the days o' auld langsyne,
Whan the silkin tow was twistin'
Roun' this artless heart o' mine!

AULD ETTRICK JOHN.

TUNE—*Rothemurche's Rant.*

(J. HOGG)

THERE dwalt a man on Ettrick side,
An honest man I wot was he;
His name was John, and he was born
A year afore the thretty-three.
He wed a wife when he was young,
But she had deit, an' John was wae;
He wantit lang, at length did gang
To court the lassie o' the brae.

Auld John cam daddin' down the hill,
His arm was waggin manfullie;
He thought his shadow look'd na ill,
As aft he keek'd aside to see.

His shoon war four pound weight a-piece,
 On ilka leg a hoe had he ;
 His doublet strang was large an' lang,
 His breeks they hardly reach'd his knee.

His coat was threed-about wi' green,
 The mouds had wrought it muckle harm ;
 The pouches were an ell atween,
 The cuff was faldit up the arm.
 He wore a bonnet on his head,
 The bung upon his shouders lay,
 And by the neb ye wad hae red
 That Johnie view'd the milky way.

But yet for a' his antic dress,
 His cheeks wi' healthy red did glow ;
 His joints war knit, an' firm like brass,
 Though siller grey his head did grow :
 An' John, although he had nae lands,
 Had twa gude kye amang the knowes ;
 A hunder pund i' honest hands,
 And sax-and-thretty doddit yowes.

An' Nelly was a bonny lass,
 Fu' sweet an' ruddy was her mou' ;
 Her een war like twa beads o' glass,
 Her brow was white like Cheviot woo ;
 Her cheeks were bright as heather-bells,
 Her bosom like December snaw,
 Her teeth as pure as eggs's shells,
 Her hair was like the hoddy craw.

"Gudewife," quo' John, as he sat down,
 "I'm come to court your daughter Nell;
 An' if I die immediately,
 She sall hae a' the gear hersel.
 An' if I chance to hae a son,
 I'll breed him up a braw divine:
 An' if ilk wish turn out a wean,
 There's little fear that we hae nine."

Now Nelly thought, an' ay she leugh,
 "Our lads are a' for sogers gane;
 Young Tam will kiss and toy eneugh,
 But he o' marriage talketh nane.
 When I am laid in Johnie's bed,
 Like hares or lav'rocks I'll be free;
 I'll busk me braw an' conquer a',—
 Auld Johnie's just the man for me."

Wi' little say he wan the day,
 She soon became his bonny bride,
 But ilka joy is fled away
 Frae Johnie's canty ingle side.
 She frets, an' greets, an' visits aft,
 In hopes some lad will see her hame;
 But never ane will be sae daft
 As tent auld Johnie's flisky dame.

An' John will be a gaishin soon;
 His teeth are frae their sockets flown;
 The hair's peel'd aff his head aboon;
 His face is milk-and-water grown:

His legs, that firm like pillars stood,
 Are now grown toom an' unco sma' :
 She's reav'd him sair o' flesh an' blood,
 An' peace o' mind—the warst ava.

Let ilka lassie tak a man,
 An' ilka callan tak a wife ;
 But youth wi' youth gae hand in hand,
 Or tine the sweetest joys o' life.
 Ye men wha's head are turnin' gray,
 Wha to the grave are hastin' on,
 Let reason ay your passion sway,
 An' mind the fate of Ettrick John.

An' a' ye lasses plump an' fair,
 Let pure affection guide your hand,
 Nor stoop to lead a life o' care,
 Wi' wither'd age, for gear or land.
 When ilka lad your beauty slights,
 An' ilka smile shall yield to wae,
 Ye'll mind the lang an' lanesome nights
 O' Nell, the lassie o' the brae.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

(RAMSAY.)

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie !

*O my bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming Highland laddie ;
 May Heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to choose,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,

And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG FROM THE DUENNA.

TUNE—*Highland Laddie.*

(SHERIDAN.)

Ah sure a pair were never seen !
 So elegantly form'd by nature ;
 The youth excelling so in mien,
 The maid in ev'ry graceful feature.
 O how happy are such lovers,
 When kindred beauties each discovers ;
 For surely she was made for thee,
 And thou to bless this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence,
 Will early learn the task of duty,
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty,

O how charming to inherit,
 At once such graces and such spirit !
 Thus while you live may fortune give,
 Each blessing equal to your merit.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

(DR. PERCY.)

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink before the warping wind ?
 O can that saft and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair ?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae ?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae ?

And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

THE BONNY GREY-EY'D MORN.

(RAMSAY.)

THE bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day.
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet attend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While flustered with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,

The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

MY DEARY, IF THOU DIE.

(CRAWFORD.)

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee,
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray !
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs, the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see :
 Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me ;
 And when it's destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share ;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair :
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me !
 Oh ! never rob them from these arms :
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

(RAMSAY.)

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 And let us to the braes of Yarrow.
 There will we sport, and gather dew,
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing in the morning ;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And Nature looks more fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Though on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Hasten to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
 Wi' free consent my fears repel;
 I'll wi' my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

(DR. AUSTIN.)

For lack of gold she's left me, Oh!
 And of all that's dear bereft me, Oh!
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless care has left me, Oh!
 A star and garter has more art,
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she left me, Oh!

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love,
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh !
 Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely charming fair,
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Though she's for ever left me, Oh !

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

(BURNS.)

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where 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 !

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbl'd shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 'Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care,
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

CAPTAIN O'KAINE.

Row saftly thou stream, thro' the wild spangled valley;
 O green be thy banks, ever bonny and fair!
 Sing sweetly, ye birds, as ye wanton fu' gaily,
 Yet strangers to sorrow, and strangers to care.
 The weary day lang, I list to your sang,
 And waste ilka moment, sad, cheerless, alane:
 Each sweet little treasure o' heart cheering pleasure,
 Far fled frae my bosom wi' Captain O'Kaine.

Fu' aft on thy banks have we pu'd the wild gowan,
 And twisted a ringlet beneath the hawthorn :
 Ah ! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin ;
 Sweet days o' delight, which can never return !
 Now ever, waes me ! the tear fills mine e'e,
 And sair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain ;
 Nae prospect returning to gladden life's morning,
 For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine.

CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kaine.*

(BURNS.)

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the vale ;
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
 No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice ?
 A king and a father to place on his throne.
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
 None.

But 'tis not my suff'rings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make it no better return?

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY.

(BURNS.)

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave!
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know
 No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves even the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

SCOTS WHA HAE, &c.

(BURNS.)

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

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be—shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow,
 Forward! let us do, or die!

BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE—*Hey tutti taiti.*

(CUNNINGHAM.)

WIDE o'er Bannock's heathy wold
 Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,
 And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
 To the purpling east. -
 Freedom beam'd in every eye;
 Devotion breath'd in every sigh;
 Freedom heav'd their souls on high,
 And steel'd each hero's breast.

Charging, then, the coursers sprang;
 Sword and helmet clashing rang;
 Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang
 Echo'd round the field.
 Deathful see their eye-balls glare!
 See the nerves of battle bare!
 Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
 And glance from every shield.

Hark the bowmens' quivering strings!
 Death on grey-goose pinions springs!
 Deep they dip their dappled wings,
 Drunk in hero's gore.

Lo! Edward,* springing on the rear,
 Plies his Caledonian spear;
 Ruin marks his dread career,
 And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!
 See the reeling, yielding foe,
 How they melt at every blow!
 Yet we shall be free!

Darker yet the strife appears;
 Forest dread, of flaming spears!
 Hark, a shout the welkin tears!

Bruce has victory!

Join the Caledonian lyre,
 In strains of bold celestial fire,
 Till the sound to Heaven aspire,

Bruce has victory!

Give the world, O Bard! their praise;
 Crown with glory's brightest bays;
 Sing them in eternal lays,

Who set their country free.

* The brave EDWARD BRUCE, whose intrepidity and valour contributed so highly to the fortune of the day.

*THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.**Part First.*

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
 Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
 But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning;
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning;
 Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering;
 Bandsters are runckled, and lyart or gray;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—
 The flowers of the forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:
 The flowers of the forest, that fought ay the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae:
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Part Second.

(MRS. COCKBURN.)

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.
 I've seen the forest adorn'd of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay :
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air per-
 fuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day ;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny
 beams,
 Turn drumly and dark, as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
 Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

ONE DAY THE GOD, &c.

(THOMSON.)

ONE day the god of fond desire,
 On mischief bent, to Damon said,
 Why not disclose your tender fire,
 Nor own it to the lovely maid?

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
 And, softly sighing, thus reply'd :
 'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

The slave, in private only bears
 Your bondage, who his love conceals ;
 But when his passion he declares,
 You drag him at your chariot wheels.

HARD IS THE FATE, &c.

(THOMSON.)

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh! when her footsteps next are seen-

In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind:
Oh! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear,
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

AMANDA.

(THOMSON.)

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the freshening fields appear:
 Without my love there is no spring.

FOR EVER, FORTUNE, &c.

(THOMSON.)

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

COME, GENTLE GOD, &c.

(THOMSON.)

COME, gentle god of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast,
 Not fury-like in flames and fire,
 Or frantic folly's wildness drest :

But come in friendship's angel-guise :
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,
 With peace and pleasure void of storm,
 And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
 Put on Amanda's winning form.

BLUE-EYED ANN.

(SMOLLETT.)

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
 And ocean's billows cease to roll :
 When Libyan sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost ;
 When heavenly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-eyed Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
 When blue-eyed Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth,
 Nor beauty give the passion birth,
 Nor heat to summer sun-shine cleave,
 When blue-eyed Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom,
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
 When Nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

TO FIX HER, &c.

(SMOLLETT.)

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare ;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser, too, in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain ;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah ! friend, 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
She need but look, and I confess,
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there ;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

(GAY.)

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,

When black-eyed Susan came on board,

Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,

If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,

Rock'd with the billows to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sigh'd and cast his eyes below :

The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,

And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet-lark high pois'd in air,

Shuts close his pinions to his breast,

(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear)

And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet,

Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,

- My vows shall ever true remain ;

Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find.

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory, so white.
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
 Her less'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
 Adieu, she cries! and wav'd her lily hand.

'T WAS WHEN THE SEAS, &c.

(GAY.)

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That tremble o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then beneath the water,
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied ;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head and died.

I AM WEARING AWAY, &c.

(MRS. OPIE.)

I AM wearing away like the snow in the sun,
 I am wearing away from the pain in my heart ;
 But ne'er shall he know, who my peace has undone,
 How bitter, how lasting, how deep is my smart.

I know he would pity—so kind is his soul,
 To him my affliction would agony be ;
 But never, while I can my feelings control,
 The youth whom I love shall know sorrow through me.

Though longing to weep, in his presence I'll smile,
 Call the flush on my cheek the pure crimson of health ;
 His fears for my peace by my song I'll beguile,
 Nor venture to gaze on his eyes but by stealth.

For conscious I am, by my glance is exprest
 The passion that faithful as hopeless will be,
 And he, whom, alas ! I can ne'er render blest,
 Shall never, no never, know sorrow through me.

MARIAN.

(MRS. OPIE.)

YES, thou art chang'd since first we met,
But think not I shall e'er regret,
Though never can my heart forget,
The charms that once were thine :
For, Marian, well the cause I know
That stole the lustre from thine eye ;
'That proved thy beauty's secret foe,
And bade thy bloom and spirits fly :
What laid thy health, my Marian, low,
Was anxious care of mine.

O'er my sick couch I saw thee bend,
The duteous wife, the tender friend,
And each capricious wish attend
With soft, incessant care.
Then trust me, love, that pallid face
Can boast a sweeter charm for me,
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace
Than blooming health bestowed on thee ;—
For there thy well-tried love I see,
And read my blessings there.

HENRY,

A Ballad founded on fact.

(MRS. OPPE.)

ROUND youthful Henry's restless bed
His weeping friends and parents press'd ;
But she who raised his languid head
He loved far more than all the rest.

Fond mutual love their bosoms fir'd ;
And nearly dawn'd their bridal-day,
When every hope at once expir'd,
For Henry on his death-bed lay.

The fatal truth the sufferer read
In weeping Lucy's downcast eye :
" And must I, must I, then," he said,
" Ere thou art mine, my Lucy, die !

" No—deign to grant my last, last prayer ;
'Twould soothe thy lover's parting breath,
Wouldst thou with me to church repair,
Ere yet I feel the stroke of death ?

" For trust me, love, I shall my life
With something like to joy resign,
If I but once may call thee wife,
And, dying, claim and hail thee mine."

He ceased: and Lucy check'd the thought
That he might at the altar die,—
The prayer with such true love was fraught,
How could she such a prayer deny?

They reach'd the church—her cheek was wan
With chilling fears of coming woe—
But triumph when the rites began
Lent Henry's cheek a flattering glow.

The nuptial knot was scarcely tied,
When Henry's eye strange lustre fir'd,
“She's mine! she's mine!” he faltering cried,
And in that throb of joy expired.

YE SHEPHERDS, &c,

(HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.)

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies,
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire ;
 Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire ;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

(HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.)

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish !
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover ;

While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.

(MOORE.)

How blest has my time been, what days have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own !
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play,
 How pleasant their sport is the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green ;
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year through ?
 Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
 In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam !
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

THAT JENNY'S MY FRIEND, &c.

(MOORE.)

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
 They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

At ev'ning oft-times with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
 Again I cry Jenny! sweet Jenny, again !
 I kiss her soft lips, as if there I could grow,
 And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so ;
 Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no, no ?

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
 I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own :
 Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
 And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no ?

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, ah ! why
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly ?
 Thy bounties, O Fortune ! make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

YOU TELL ME I'M HANDSOME, &c.

(MOORE.)

You tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true),
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune :
 All this has been told me by twenty before,
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring.
 For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er,
 To love me for life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Chloe, the wanton, can rival me there ;
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour, as sunshine the day ;
 For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
 And I in my turn, may be taught to love too.

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

(PETER PINDAR.)

SINCE truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
 Adieu the cheerful pipe and song ;
 Adieu the dance at closing day,
 And, ah ! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
 And wove the garland for my hair !

How oft for Marian cull'd the bower,
And fill'd my lap with every flower !

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear ;
The crook he gave in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on every oak my name !
Blush, Colin, that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.

CYNTHIA.

(PETER PINBAR.)

Come, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant Winter shades the scene ;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And every warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to me the howling wind ?
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies.
Or what the cloud to me, who find
Eternal sunshine in thy eyes ?

PHILLIDA'S COMPLAINT.

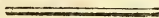
(PETER PINDAR.)

WHEN Night spreads her shadows around,
 I will watch with delight on thy rest ;
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,
 And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

Love heeds not the storm, and the rain ;
 On me, let their fury descend :
 This bosom shall scorn to complain,
 While it shelters the life of a friend.

What tempts thee to wander away ?
 To another, ah ! dost thou depart ?
 Believe me, in time thou wilt say,
 None e'er lov'd thee like Phillida's heart.

Though resolv'd from a mourner to fly ;
 To memory thou still shalt be dear :
 The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,
 And the ocean convey thee a tear.

*WHEN BLEEDING NATURE.*

(PETER PINDAR.)

WHEN bleeding Nature droops to die,
 And begs from heaven th' eternal sleep,

Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,
And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep.

How rich the tear by Pity shed!
How sweet her sighs for human woes!
They pierce the mansions of the dead,
And soothe the spectre's pale repose.

DAPHNE.

(PETER PINDAR.)

FAREWELL, the beam of early day!
Cold on the eye the valley fades;
The riv'let mourns upon its way,
And spectres seem to haunt the shades.
*These eyes, alas! no pleasure see,
Since Colin's love is chang'd from me.*

Adieu the crook he gave my hand,
Adieu the flow'rs that deck my hair!
Go, doves, and leave your silken band,
Since Daphne is no longer fair.
These eyes, &c.

Let nought but Daphne be possest—
The myrtle wreath that binds my brow;
The knot of love he gave my breast,
Deep blushing for his broken vow.
These eyes, &c.

Let all his tokens meet his eye—
 From Daphne all his gifts depart ;
 And let me send with these a sigh,
 To tell him of a broken heart.
These eyes, &c.

PHILLIDA.

(PETER PINDAR.)

DEAR Phillida, do not my passion despise ;
 Ah, wherefore disdain all my vows and my sighs ?
 Can cruelty dwell with the dove ?
 O Phillida ! think not I mean to deceive,
 Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe ;
 For truth is the daughter of love.

Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store ;
 The eye that beholds thee, at once must adore ;
 Nor wish from thine altar to rove :
 Distrust not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy smile ;
 The swain who now wooes thee, is void of all guile ;
 And truth is the daughter of love.

Yet, Phillida, let me confess in thine ear,
 I would fly from thy charms, which so much I revere,
 But their magic forbids me to move :
 And yet, as inconstancy governs the fair,
 Perhaps thou mayst smile, and thus end my despair ;
 Hope too is the daughter of love.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

(CAMPBELL.)

Our bugles had sung, for the night cloud had lower'd,
 And the centinel stars set the watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk to the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till Nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft,
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft.
~~And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.~~

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home, and my weeping friends never to
 part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

Stay ! stay with us ! rest ! thou art weary and worn !
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

EXILE OF ERIN.

(CAMPBELL.)

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

O sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah ! never again in the green shady dowers,
Where my fore-fathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet
hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin ! my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Ah! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my child-hood?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why didst thou doat on a fast fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
 Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my fore-fathers—Erin go Bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

(CAMPBELL.)

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;

O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my true love,
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
 What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd.
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding and low, on the heath she decry'd,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was that eye once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war :
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war !
 " Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,
 " To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar ?"

" Thou shalt live, (she replied), heaven's mercy relieving
 " Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn."
 " Ah ! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 " No light of the morn shall to Henry return :
 " Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
 " Ye babes of my love, that await me afar."—
 His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu !
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded Hussar.

HAD I A HEART, &c.

(SHERIDAN.)

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you ;

For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true ;
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong,
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not their deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong,
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

(COLLINS.)

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
 Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea :
 With an ambling pad-poney to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
 Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade, too,
 As the sun-shine or rain may prevail ;

With a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 And a barn for the use of the flail.
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
 I'll envy no nabob, his riches or fame,
 Or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring rill !
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends I will share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
 As this old worn out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

CRAZY JANE.

(LEWIS.)

WHY fair maid in every feature,
 Are such signs of fear express'd ?

Can a wandering wretched creature

With such terror fill thy breast ?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee ?

Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain,

Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,

Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish ?

Mark me, and avoid my woe ;

When men flatter, sigh, and languish,

Think them false,—I found them so.

For I lov'd, ah ! so sincerely

None could ever love again,

But the youth I lov'd so dearly

Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,

Which was doom'd to love but one :

He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,

He was false—and I undone.

From that hour has reason never

Held her empire o'er my brain :

Henry fled—with him for ever

Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,

And with frenzied thoughts beset,

On that spot where last we parted,

On that spot where first we met,

Still I sing my love-lorn ditty ;

Still I slowly pace the plain ;

While each passer by, in pity,

Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane !

OLD TOWLER.

(DIBDIN.)

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn ;
 The lowing herd now quits the lawn,
 The lark springs from the corn,
 Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
 Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
 Arise the burthen of their song,
 'This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale:
 The upland wilds they sweep along
 O'er fields, through brakes they fly ;
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a stag must die.
 With a hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward tantivy, &c.

Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face ;
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chase.
 Alike the sportsmen of the town,
 The virgin game in view,

Are full content to run them down,
 Then they in turn pursue.
 With their hey ho chevy,
 Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

(M. PILKINGTON.)

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,—
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie:
 Go, search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore;
 The wealth and glory they possess,
 And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,
 But, when its short liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again:

'tis with us, my jovial souls ;
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls ;
 When Jove us calls, we must obey.

TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

*Taste life's glad moments,
 While the wasting taper glows,
 Pluck, ere it withers,
 The quickly fading rose.*

MAN blindly follows grief and care,
 He seeks for thorns, and finds his share ;
 Whilst violets to the passing air,
 Unheeded shed their blossoms.

Taste life's, &c.

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

Taste life's, &c.

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

Taste life's, &c.

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

Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows 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 strews his way,
 E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay ;
 Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
 And pleasure still increases.

Taste life's, &c.

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

Taste life's, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee :
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.

What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thundering cannons rattle ;
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd.
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd?

When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heaven above thy fervent orisons are flown ;
 The tender pray'r thou put'st up there
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving ;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough,—with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee ;
 I go—assur'd—my life ! adieu,
 Though thundering cannons rattle,
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wing of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

THE GODS OF THE GREEKS.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
 Merry Momus amongst them was set as a guest ;
 (Homer says the celestials love laughing.)
 On each of the Synod the humorist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at length he began upon Jove.

“Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 Grows grievously tired of late ;
 He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 So he begs to be eas'd of his weight.”
 Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball ;
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in this hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth :
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of Liberty, then first did smile,
 And Britain's sons fed on the fruit :

Thus fed and thus bred from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given !
 We will, whilst we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp it in
 death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

ROSY MORN.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain ;
 'They forsake their leafy dwelling,
 To secure the golden grain.

See content the humble gleaner
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall !
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

GOLD AND LOVE.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
 The joy of each free-hearted swain,
 Till Phœbe promis'd to be there
 I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught my eye,—
 The ribbon gay, or silken glove,
 With eager haste I ran to buy,
 For what is gold compar'd to love?

My posey on her bosom plac'd,
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale?
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
 With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move:
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

HAL THE WOODMAN.

STAY, traveller, tarry here to night,
 The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
 The moon too has withdrawn her light,
 And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
 'Tis seven long miles across the moor;
 And should you from our cottage stray,
 You'll meet, I fear no friendly door,
 No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
 This stranger shall partake our best;
 A cake and rasher be his fare,
 With ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth ; there take a place ;
 And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
 Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
 We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.
 Had I the means, I'd use you well :
 'Tis little I have got to boast ;
 But should you of our cottage tell,
 Say, Hal the Woodman was your host.

LOVE AND GLORY.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth,
 As ever grac'd a martial story ;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
 She sigh'd for love and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story,
 Till war, their honest joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride ,
 Jane follow'd—fought—ah ! hapless story
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

• SAY, SIMPLE MAID.

TUNE—*O say, bonny lass.*

Inkle.

O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean ;
When winds whistle shrilly, ah ! wont they remind you
To sigh, with regret, for the grot left behind you ?

Yarico.

Ah ! no, my true love, I could sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look on my lover ;
The winds may blow shrilly, your arms for my pillow
Will lull me asleep, while I'm rock'd by each billow.

Inkle.

O say, lovely lass, what if haply espying,
A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying ?

Yarico.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

Both.

O say then, my true love, we never shall sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder ;
While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh,
 The winds and waves in gentle motion,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry,
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing
 Soothes them with its lullaby.

PARTING MOMENTS.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
 High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
 Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my Love, no!

I own it would please me, at home would you tarry,
 Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny to go,
 But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
 Shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my Love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
 That heart which is mine, on a rival bestow.
 Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
 Do you think I suspect you? oh! no, my Love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
 Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe ;
 Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
 Should I e'er cease to love you? oh! no, my Love, no!

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

(MR. POE, OF DUBLIN.)

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blythest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray :
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er ;
 Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenoughe,
 Ma Molly Ashtore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields ;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields :
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate :

How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear !

Ah ! why did I believe ?

Yet, who could think such tender words

Were meant but to deceive ?

That love was all I ask'd on earth,

Nay, heav'n could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze

On yonder yellow hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds

That yon green pasture fill ;

With her I love I'd gladly share

My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head

Sat courting on a bough ;

I envied them their happiness,

To see them bill and coo :

Such fondness once for me she show'd ;

But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,

Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;

Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,

'Twill beat for thee alone :

Tho' thou art false, may Heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

THE ALL OF LIFE.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove ;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd ;
But, when HER lip the brim had prest,
The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace our dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh :
In them was given (tho' gold was spar'd)
What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot
But as the means to prove,
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

WHEN 'TIS NIGHT.

(ASCRIBED TO R. B. SHERIDAN.)

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends, they ne'er may see again.
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
 We think, but should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts to hear,
 That their old companion he was one !

Or my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you :
 Oh, when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one !

THE GENERAL TOAST.

(SHERIDAN.)

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen,
 Now to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
 And then to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the damsel with none, sir ;
 Here's to the maid with her pair of blue eyes,
 And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with her bosom of snow,
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry ;
 Here's to the wife with her face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather ;
 So fill us a bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

LOCHINVAR.

(SCOTT.)

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There ne'er was a knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
 He swam the Esk river where ford there was none ;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
 Then spoke the bride's Father, his hand on his sword,
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar !"

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume.
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “’Twere better by
 far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
 near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 “She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
 “They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee;
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER, &c.

(SCOTT.)

WHERE shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever ?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow,
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow.

Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving ;
 There, while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving ;
 There, thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle,
 With groans of the dying.

Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap,
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,—
 Never, O never.

Eleu loro, &c. Never O never

THE HEATH, &c.

(SCOTT.)

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-Alpin 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!

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

(SCOTT.)

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warped and wrung—
 I cannot sleep on highland brae,
 I cannot pray in highland tongue.
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 They bade me to the church repair ;
 It was my bridal morn they said,

And my true love would meet me there:
 But woe betide the cruel guile,
 That drowned in blood the morning smile!
 And woe betide the fairy dream!
 I only waked to sob and scream.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.

(GOLDSMITH.)

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?
 The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.

Who treads with conscious dignity yon shore,
 Where Nile's fam'd waters slowly seek the sea ;

Nor startled at the thundering cannon's roar,
But proudly rears the British standard free ?

'Tis Scotia's son, who, daring, leads his band
Of free-born Britons 'gainst th' insulting Gaul ;
Calm valour guides his firm and steady hand,
Prostrate, to cause, their boasted trophies fall.

With eager eye, he seeks th' embattled plain,
Where ranks on ranks the British arms defy,
But Gallia's boasting sons oppose in vain,
And from his conquering arms are forc'd to fly.

Those fam'd Invincibles, whose standard bore,
Murder and rapine thro' Italia's plains,
Are doom'd to raise their bloody hands no more,
Their lives and standard yield to Scotia's swains—

Where strongest rolls the tide of battle fierce,
There Abercrombie still his ardour shows,
Nor sinks, though wounded, till his soldiers pierce
The scatter'd ranks of their retiring foes.—

Cover'd with glory he victorious falls,
And, as he liv'd, he as a soldier dies ;
To glory still his fame each Briton calls,
Such pure unsullied fame, the soldier's prize.

WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

(SCOTT.)

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,

 'The bugles sound the call ;

The Gallic navy stems the seas,

The voice of battle's on the breeze,

 Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,

 A band of brothers true ;

Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,

With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd ;

 We boast the red and blue.

Tho' tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,

 Dull Holland's tardy train ;

Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,

Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,

 And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

O ! had they mark'd the avenging call

 Their brethren's murder gave,

Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown.

Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,

 Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
 In Freedom's temple born,
 Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
 To hail a master in our Isle,
 Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
 Come pouring as a flood,
 The sun, that sees our falling day,
 Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
 And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
 Or plunder's bloody gain ;
 Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
 To guard our King, to fence our Law,
 Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
 Shall fan the tri-color,
 Or footstep of invader rude,
 With rapine foul, and red with blood,
 Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
 Adieu each tender tie !
 Resolved we mingle in the tide,
 Where charging squadrons furious ride,
 To conquer or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
 High sounds our bugle call ;

Combined by honour's sacred tie,
 Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
 March forward, one and all!

THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.

SAID a smile to a Tear,
 On the cheek of my dear,
 And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
 In sooth, lovely Tear,
 It strange doth appear,
 That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
 A soft balm to impart
 To yonder sad daughter of grief:
 And I, said the Smile,
 That heart to beguile,
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said, the Tear,
 Sweet Smile, it is clear,
 We are twins, and soft Pity our mother:
 And how lovely that face
 Which together we grace,
 For the woe and the bliss of another!

THE ROSE.

(COWPER.)

THE rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd in a show'r,
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so drooping and drown'd,
 And wringing it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 It snapt and it fell to the ground.

Ah ! such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner a while,
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps, by a smile.

ERE AROUND, &c.

ERE around the huge oak that o'er-shadows yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or the rook built his nest on the pine,
 Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me ;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd by shame
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.

For tenderness form'd in life's early day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way.
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow,
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!

Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the shame.

THE DAY IS DEPARTED, &c.

(LOGAN.)

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The Moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the Nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears :
 Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
 I sigh——can a lover do more ?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the Moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.

Ye Powers of the Sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the Moon ?

KATE OF ABERDEEN,

(CUNNINGHAM, THE COMEDIAN.)

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been),
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains they all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

(CAPTAIN THOMSON.)

THE topsails 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 though thy sailor's bound afar
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Love breath'd constant gales.
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves ;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves.
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Although we've left our hearts with you.

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

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

(CAMPBELL.)

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze ;
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 And sweep thro' the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow—
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from ev'ry wave ;
 For the deck it was their field of fame
 And ocean was their grave !
 Where Blake (the boast of freedom) fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As you sweep thro' the deep
 While the stormy tempests blow—
 When the battle rages loud and long—
 And the stormy tempests blow !

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-ways,
 Her home is on the deep :—
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,

As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy tempests blow !
 When the battle rages loud and long—
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,
 'Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye Ocean warriors,
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the tempests cease to blow—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more
 And the tempests cease to blow.

RULE BRITANNIA.

(THOMSON.)

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose from out the azure main ;
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain ;
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.
 The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;

Whilst thou shalt flourish—shalt flourish great and
free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic thou shalt rise,

More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;

More dreadful, from each foreign stroke;

As the loud blast—the blast that tears the skies,

Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

'Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their attempts to bend thee down,

Will but arouse—arouse thy generous flame,

And work their woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;

Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;

Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;

And thine shall be—shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with Freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair ;

Shall to thy happy coast repair :

Blest Isle, with beauty—with matchless beauty
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchors weigh'd,
The glorious British flag's display'd,

Unfurl'd the swelling sail :

Sound your shells, ye Tritons, sound,

Let ev'ry heart with joy rebound,

We scud before the gale ;

For Neptune quits his wat'ry car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a true-born British tar,

The sovereign of the sea,

The sovereign of the sea.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,

Our canvas crowd, the chase we near,

In vain the Frenchman flies ;

A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke ;

Our captain roars, my hearts of oak,

Now draw and board your prize.

For Neptune, &c.

THE BANNER OF WAR.

BEHOLD the Britannia ! how stately and brave

She floats on the ambient tides !

For empire design'd, o'er the turbulent waves,

How trim and how gallant she rides !

Yet love in a true Briton's heart

With glory contends for a part ;

And the fair cheek of beauty with tears is impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

On the shore how alert, how intrepid her crew !

How firm at their sovereign's command !

Or dauntless o'er ocean her foes to pursue,

And die for the cause of their land ;

Yet one tear, ere the heroes depart,

One sigh shall be drawn from the heart ;

One kiss on the cheek with sweet sorrow impearl'd,

When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd.

Now forth to the contest ! the battle swells high,

And fierce round the vessel it roars :

Hark ! the sons of Britannia, " to victory !" cry,

And victory sounds to our shores :

Then peaceful again to their home

Shall the patriot warriors come ;

No more the fair cheek shall with tears be impearl'd,

But the banner of peace stand for ever unfurl'd.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

(DIBDIN.)

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,

Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,

And scudding under easy sail,

The high blue western land appear'd

To heave the lead the seaman sprung,

And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 ‘ By the deep nine.’

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view,
 An abby tower, an harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true :
 While oft’ the lead the seaman flung.
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 ‘ By the mark seven.’

And as the much-lov’d shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof,
 Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof :
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 ‘ Quarter less five.’

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,
 We take in sail, she feels the tide ;
 ‘ Stand, clear the cable,’ is the cry,
 The anchor’s gone—we safely ride :
 The watch is set, and through the night,
 We hear the seamen with delight,
 Proclaim—‘ All’s well.’

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wandering sailor plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain,

Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease,
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his favourite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast,—
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,
 ast anchor on our native shore.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow.
 If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales,
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 Whilst success attends our sails.

But if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn from reason how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 That's a ballast seldom fails :
 If dangers rise, be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 Whilst your vessel's under way ;
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray.
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And Providence unbend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger riding,
 In some welcome port or bay,
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And Care a while in slumbers lay ;
 Then when each cann's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
 Let each heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

SWEET IS THE SHIP, &c.

Sweet is the ship, that, under sail,
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale ;
 Sweet, O sweet's the flowing cann ;
 Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar.
 That tugs us to our native shore,
 When the boatswain pipes the barge to man.
 Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze,
 But O ! much sweeter than all these,
 Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
 To show of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man ;
 The needle, time may rust ; a squall
 Capsize the binnacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can :
 My love in worth shall higher rise,—
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And ev'ry creature from me ran :
 No ship performing quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen,
 None hail'd me, woman, child, or man :
 But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
 Tho' cut adrift by all the world,
 I had all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To mourn their loss who hazard ran :
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love beauty and a spotless heart,
 By manners love to show the man ;
 To sail thro' life by honour's breeze :
 'Twas all along of loving these,
 First made me doat on lovely Nan.

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
 The darling of our crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him to.
 His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true-hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair ;
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah many's the time and oft !
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When HE who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
 For tho' his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

CONTENTS.

	Page
ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December ...	42
And are ye sure the news is true	47
A rose-bud by my early walk	61
A-down winding Nith I did wander	76
Again rejoicing Nature sees	80
An' O for ane and twenty, Tam	99
Awa' wi your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms ...	102
Although thou maun never be mine	116
An' thou wert my ain thing	121
An' gin ye meet a bonnie lassie	132
And I'll o'er the muir to Maggie	136
Ae fond kiss and then we sever	138
As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring ...	140
An' thou art fled, my bonny boy	158
Ae glentin' cheerfu' simmer morn	159
Amang the birks, sae blithe and gay	171
Ah! sure a pair were never seen	182
All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd	202

	Page
Ah the shepherd's mournful fate ...	218
Alone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube ...	221
Adieu, adieu, my only life ...	229
As down on Banna's banks I stray'd ...	237

B

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes ...	26
Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing ...	41
Blythe hae I been on yon hill ...	65
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows ...	70
By Oughtertyre grows the aik ...	72
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove ...	89
Bonny Clouden, as ye wander ...	155
By Fillan's wild and lofty stream ...	167
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ...	186
Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn ...	226
Behold the Britannia, how stately she rides ...	260

C

Come gie's a sang, the lady cried ...	1
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair ...	4
Cans't thou leave me thus, my Katy ...	29
Come let me take thee to my breast ...	64
Ca' the ewes to the knowes ...	73
Come under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa' ...	174
Cannie wi' your blinkin', Bessie ...	175
Come, gentle god of soft desire ...	200
Come, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale ...	215

D

Duncan Gray came here to woo ...	105
----------------------------------	-----

	Page
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat	143
Dear Phillida, do not my passion despise	212

E

Ere around the huge oak	253
--------------------------------	-----

F

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes	68
From thee, Eliza, I must go	81
Farewell, thou stream, that winding flows ...	82
Farewell to Lochaber, and, farewell my Jean ...	127
First when Maggy was my care	142
Farewell, ye streams, sae dear to me	166
For lack of gold she's left me, O	187
Farewell, thou fair day	191
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove	199
Farewell, the beam of early day	217
For tenderness form'd in life's early day	253
For England when with favouring gale	261

G

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night	106
Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' land	108

H

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain	46
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie	54
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore	57
How long and dreary is the night	63
Here is the glen, and here the power	93
How can my poor heart be glad	94

	Page
Husband, husband, cease your strife	109
How sweetly smells the simmer green	119
How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon	123
How sair my heart nae man shall ken	162
Hard is the fate of him who loves	197
How blest has my time been	211
Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd	222
Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen	241
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	266

I

Is this thy plighted fond regard	29
In simmer when the hay is mawn	39
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen	75
Is there for honest poverty	101
In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain	124
In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld	130
I'll ay ca' in by yon town	141
I've seen the lily on the wold	154
I've heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking	195
I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling	196
I am wearing away like the snow in the sun	206
In the down-hill of life when I find I'm declining	223

J

John Anderson, my jo, John	46
-----------------------------------	----

L

Last May a braw wooer came down the lang glen	10
Love never more shall give me pain	185
Life's like a ship in constant motion	268

M

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie	33
My Chloris; mark how green the groves	64
My heart is sair I dare na tell	111
My Peggy is a young thing	118
My daddy is a canker'd carl	122
My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook			126
My dear little Jeany, what makes ye sae shy			151
'Mong Scotia's glens and mountains blue	170
My lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning		...	173
Man blindly follows grief and care	228

N

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes	25
Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns		...	83
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers	112
Now nature cleads the flowery lea	114
Now in her green mantle, blythe Nature arrays			115
Now wat ye wha I met yestreen	125
Now bank an' brae are claith'd in green	139

O

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten	...		6
O Johnie! can ye pity ony	14
O love will venture in	16
Oh! tell me, bonny young lassie	19
O' bonny was yon rosy brier	27
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay	27
O lassie, art thou sleeping yet		...	31
O tell na me o' wind and rain	31
O wat ye wha's in yon town	37

	Page
O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn	52
O were I on Parnassus' hill	53
O mirk, mirk, is the midnight hour	55
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide	56
O wert thou in the cauld blast	72
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	75
O this is no my ain lassie	78
O saw ye bonny Lesly	86
O poortith cauld, and restless love	87
Oh, open the door, some pity to show	88
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty	98
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut	107
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad	111
O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet	117
On Ettrick banks, on a simmer's night	133
O merry may the maid be	134
Out over the Forth, I look to the north	140
On the banks of the burn, while I pensivly wander	150
Oft by the wild-wood, musing slow	163
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me	183
One day the god of fond desire	197
Our bugles had sung,	219
Once the Gods of the Greeks	231
O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion ...	236
O young Lochinvar is come out of the west ...	242

R

Raving winds around her blowing	67
Row saftly, thou stream,	189
Round youthful Henry's restless bed	208

S

Should auld acquaintance be forgot	5
Saw ye my wee thing ? Saw ye my ain thing	8
Sae flaxen were her ringlets	18
She's fair and fause that causes my smart	39
Sweet fa's the eve on Cragie-burn	78
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires	137
Still must my pipe lie idly by	152
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	192
Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue	214
Says Plato, why should man be vain	227
Stay, traveller, tarry here to night	233
Said a smile to a tear	251
Sweet is the ship, that, under sail	264

T

The wind blew high o'er muir an' dale	7
The sun raise sae rosy, the gay hills adorning	11
The smiling morn, the breathing spring	13
True-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow	21
There's auld Rob Morris	24
Their groves o' sweet myrtle	28
Tell me that thou yet are true	30
The moon had climb'd the highest hill	43
'Twas in that season of the year	44
The Catrine woods were yellow seen	60
The day returns, my bosom burns	66
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing	69
There's nought but care on every han'	85
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie	90
Thine am I, my faithful fair	91

There was a lass, and she was fair	95
The Thames flows proudly to the sea	97
'Twas na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin	115
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green	128
'Twas when the wan leaf	145
The gloamin' frae the welkin high	147
The auld gudeman cam hame at night	161
Though I've enjoy'd my youth in health	165
There dwalt a man on Ettrick side	177
The Lawland lads think they are fine	180
The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep	184
Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray	188
The small birds rejoice	190
To fix her—'twere a task as vain	201
'Twas when the seas were roaring	204
That Jenny's my friend	212
There came to the beach	220
The heath this night must be my bed	245
They bid me sleep, they bid me pray	246
To horse! to horse! the standard flies	249
The rose had been wash'd	252
The day is departed, and round from the cloud	254
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	255
The topsails shiver in the wind	256
The wandering sailor, ploughs the main	262

U

Unless with my Amanda blest	193
-----------------------------	-----	-----	-----

W

Whar hae ye been a' day	15
-------------------------	-----	-----	----

	Page
When I upon thy bosom lean	22
When trees did bud, and fields were green ...	23
When o'er the hill the eastern star	32
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn ...	34
What beauties does Flora disclose	49
When summer comes, the swains on Tweed ...	51
Wilt thou be my dearie	61
Where are the joys I have met in the morning ...	69
When silent Time, wi' lightly foot	92
Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed	100
When war had broke in on the peace of auld men	142
Where Yarrow's current, waving blue	148
Will ye gang wi' me, lassie	156
When Nature with wild-flowers	168
Wide o'er Bannock's heathy wold	193
When the rough North forgets to howl	200
When bleeding Nature droops to die	216
Why, fair maid in every feature	224
While I hang on your bosom	236
When first this humble roof I knew	239
When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come ...	240
When the rosy morn appearing	232
When lovely woman stoops to folly	247
Who treads with conscious dignity yon shore ...	247
Where shall the lover rest	244
When Britain first, at heaven's command	268

Y

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon	58
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	59
Yestreen I met you on the moor	103

	Page
Yes thou art chang'd since first we met	207
Ye shepherds and nymphs	209
You tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true)	213
Young Henry was as brave a youth	234
Ye Mariners of England	257

THE END.

