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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

*Apollon struck the Lyre
The muses sung
In strains alternate*



*Campbell sc.
Elliott.*

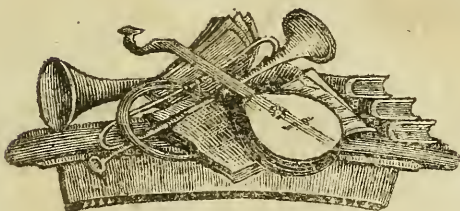
Printed by A. Macgoun Glasgow.

Glen 177: B

THE
SONGSTER'S
FAVOURITE
COMPANION;



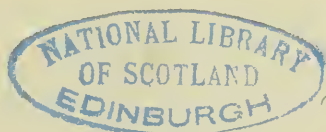
A
Collection
OF
NEW AND MUCH-ESTEEMED SONGS,
ADAPTED FOR THE
FLUTE, VOICE, AND VIOLIN.



Glasgow:

PRINTED FOR A. MACGOUN, MUSIC-SELLER,

BY OLIVER & CO. PRINTERS, EDINR.







	Page
<i>Adieu, adieu, my only life</i>	19
<i>A lady in fair Seville city</i> - -	28
<i>At the sign of the horse</i> - -	45
<i>Adieu, ye streams</i> - -	57
<i>Ah! where can fly my soul's true love</i>	138
<i>All in the Downs</i> - -	164
<i>As soon as I got married</i> - -	200
<i>As pensive one night</i> - -	289
<i>Bright Chanticleer proclaims</i> - -	32
<i>Braw, braw lads on Yarrow</i> - -	84
<i>Bleak was the morn</i> - -	196
<i>Ben Backstay</i> - - -	264
<i>Ca' the ewes to the knowes</i> - -	38
<i>Chloe, by that borrow'd kiss</i> - -	107
<i>Cease rude Boreas</i> - - -	133
<i>Cheerly, my hearts of courage</i>	245
<i>Come under my plaidy</i> - -	293
<i>Fairest of the virgin train</i> - -	92

	Page
<i>Here, a sheer hulk</i> - -	17
<i>How blythe hae I been</i> - -	59
<i>Huzza, my boys</i> - -	77
<i>How blythe was I each morn</i> -	94
<i>How sweet in the woodlands</i> -	117
<i>Hail, peace, <u>b</u>rightest tenant</i> -	279
<i>In the dreenhill of life</i> - -	42
<i>I sigh and lament me</i> - -	68
<i>In storms when clouds</i> - -	90
<i>I met four chaps</i> - -	121
<i>Is there for honest poverty</i> -	127
<i>Is't my country you'd know</i> -	140
<i>I that once was a ploughman</i> -	173
<i>In former times</i> - -	181
<i>I sing the British soldier's praise</i>	187
<i>If to force me to sing</i> - -	212
<i>I made love to Kate</i> - -	226
<i>John Anderson, my jo</i> - -	63
<i>John Bull for pastime took a prance</i>	193
<i>Jean Frog from Calais</i> - -	236
<i>Jockey said to Jenny</i> - -	277

	Page
<i>Just where you burn</i>	301
<i>Keen blew the blast</i>	243
<i>Lectur'd by pa and ma</i>	14
<i>Little thinks the townsman's wife</i>	86
<i>Life's like a ship</i>	115
<i>My name d'ye see's Tom Tough</i>	2
<i>Mary's charms subdu'd my breast</i>	83
<i>My laddie is gane far away</i>	104
<i>My seventeenth year scarce over</i>	124
<i>Miss Jenny, don't think I care for you</i>	151
<i>My love she's but a lassie yet</i>	171
<i>My mam is no more</i>	179
<i>My Harry was a gallant gay</i>	215
<i>Ne'er yet was a name so bandied by fame</i>	9
<i>No, 'twas neither shape nor feature</i>	169
<i>Never till now I knew love's smart</i>	177
<i>Of all the girls</i>	35
<i>Oh! the moment was sad</i>	52
<i>O say, bonnie lass</i>	60
<i>O say, simple maid</i>	61
<i>One day I heard Mary say</i>	88

	Page
<i>O Logie of Buchan</i> - -	100
<i>Oh ! where ? and oh, where</i> -	156
<i>O listen, listen to the voice of love</i>	158
<i>O whistle, and I'll come to you</i> -	217
<i>O merry may the maid be</i> -	223
<i>O I hae lost my silken snood</i> -	236
<i>One kind kiss</i> - -	241
<i>Of a' the airts the wind can blaw</i> -	265
<i>O we sailed to Virginia</i> - -	276
<i>Pretty little feather'd fellow</i> -	261
<i>Robin is my only joe</i> - -	22
<i>Since truth has left</i> - -	30
<i>Say, have you in the valley seen</i> -	40
<i>Sweet is the ship</i> - -	160
<i>Say, will you leave your village cot</i>	248
<i>'Twas post meridian</i> - -	6
<i>The last time I came o'er the muir</i> -	70
<i>The lass of Peattie's mill</i> - -	73
<i>The lawland lads</i> - -	80
<i>The meadows look cheerful</i> -	97
<i>The echoing horn</i> - -	108

	Page
<i>The dusky night</i> - -	110
<i>Thus, thus, my boys</i> - -	119
<i>'Twas Saturday night</i> - -	184
<i>The fatal shafts</i> - -	191
<i>'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat</i>	204
<i>'Twas a beautiful night</i> -	206
<i>Then farewell, my trim-built wherry</i>	231
<i>Tell me, my friends</i> - -	233
<i>Taste life's glad moments</i> -	253
<i>The moon had climb'd</i> - -	258
<i>This is the house that Jack built</i> -	268
<i>The morn was fair</i> - -	271
<i>To Bachelor's hall</i> - -	285
<i>The wind blew hard</i> - -	293
<i>Up amang yon clifffy rocks</i> - -	66
<i>Up and waur them a', Willie</i> -	149
<i>While I hang on your bosom</i> -	12
<i>Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle</i>	24
<i>When merry hearts were gay</i> -	49
<i>Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts</i> - -	55
<i>When Britain first</i> - -	75

	Page
<i>When I think on this world's pelf</i> -	98
<i>With an honest old friend</i> - -	103
<i>Were I oblig'd to beg my bread</i>	113
<i>Whare hae ye been a' day</i> -	130
<i>Wilt thou be my dearie</i> - -	145
<i>Whilst happy in my land</i> -	147
<i>When gloomy night</i> - -	209
<i>When I was a chicken</i> - -	220
<i>Where Eden's sweet and silver tide</i>	228
<i>When our ancient forefathers</i> -	256
<i>Why, fair maid</i> - -	282
<i>Ye wealthy and proud</i> - -	153
<i>You're welcome to Paxton</i> -	167
<i>Young Sandy once a wooing came</i>	250



THE

Songster's

FAVOURITE COMPANION.

THE
SONGSTER'S
FAVOURITE COMPANION.

Yo Heave Ho.



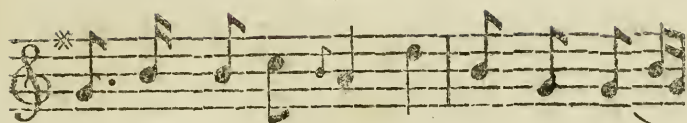
My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've



seen a lit - tle sar-vice, where migh-ty billows



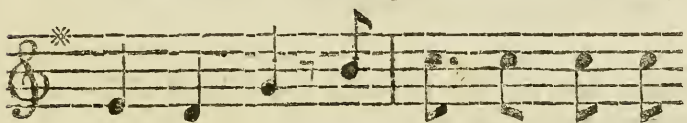
roll, and loud tem-pests blow, I've



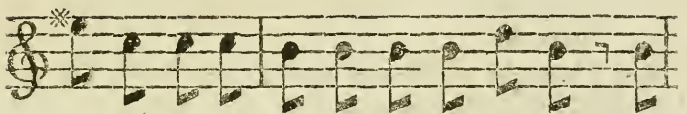
sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with no - ble



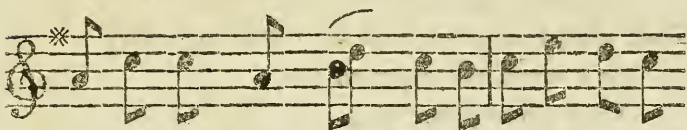
Jarvis, And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out,



yo heave ho. Yet more shall ye be



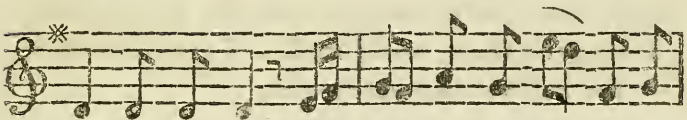
knowing, I was cox-on to Bos-ca-wen, And



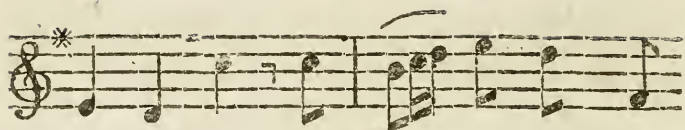
e-ven with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the



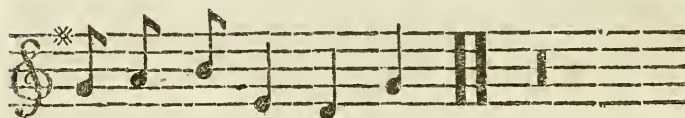
foe; Then put round the grog, so we've



that and our prog, We'll laugh in care's face, and sing



yo, heave ho ; We'll laugh in care's face,



and sing out, yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below ;
I'd like to cotched my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to
thank her,

But I brought my sorrow up with a yo heave ho.
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go ;
So I seized the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones
were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know ;
The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden, and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break, as I sung yo heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,

The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
Somy sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, yo heave, ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe,
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh, with a yo heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face
the foe,

Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of old England, sing out, yo heave ho.

The Sailor's Journal.

'Twas post me - ri - - dian, half past



four, by sig - nal I from Nan - cy parted,



At six she lin - ger'd on the shore with uplift



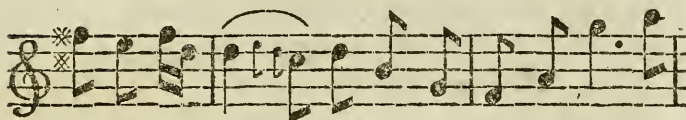
hands and bro - ken hearted ; At seven, while



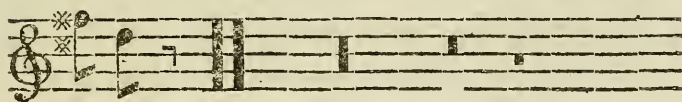
tight - ning the fore - stay, I saw her faint,



or else 'twas fan - cy, At eight we all



got un - der weigh, And bid a long adieu to



Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,

While careless sailors, ever cheary,

On the mid-watch so jovial sung,

With tempers labour cannot weary ;

I little to their mirth inclin'd,

While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,

And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,

Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,

When every true bred tar carouses,

When o'er the grog, all hands delight

To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,

While tender wishes fill'd each fancy ;

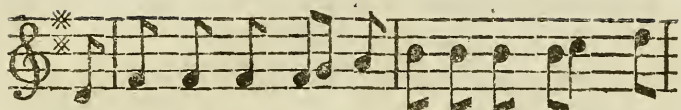
And when, in turn, it came to me,

I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

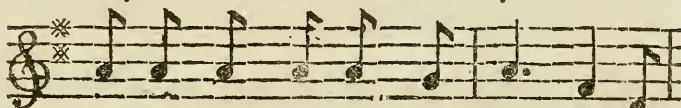
Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,
Headlong into the foaming ocean ;
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seem'd to forbid the waves,
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle :
And now, while some loved friend, or wife,
Like lightning rush'd on ev'ry fancy ;
To providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together ;
At seven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

Abraham Newland.

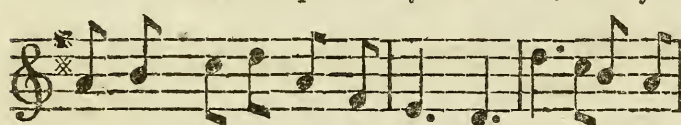
NE'ER yet was a name, so bandied by fame. Thro'



air, and thro' o - cean, and thro' land, As



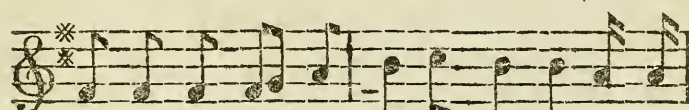
one that is wrote upon ev'ry bank note, And you



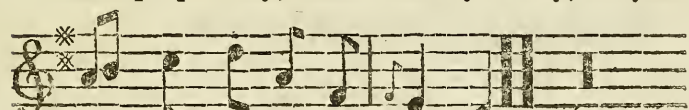
all must know Abra-ham Newland. Oh Abra-ham



Newland! no - to-ri-ous Abraham Newland! I've



heard people say, sham Abram you may, But you



mus'n't sham A-bra-ham New - land.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,
 It matters not wherever you land,
 Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they speak,
 That's the language of Abraham Newland.

Oh Abraham Newland !

Wonderful Abraham Newland !

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

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

Oh Abraham Newland,

Wonderful Abraham Newland !

Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be
 d——d,

If you have not an Abraham Newland !

The world is inclin'd to think justice is blind,
 Lawyers know very well she can view land ;
 But, what of all that ? she'll blink like a bat,
 At the sight of an Abraham Newland.

Oh Abraham Newland !

Magical Abraham Newland !

Tho' justice 'tis known can see through a mill-stone,
 She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,
Kind souls, like mushrooms they strew land ;
Tho' loud as a drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland.

Oh Abraham Newland !

Invincible Abraham Newland !

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

The French say they're coming, but sure they are hum-
ming,

I know what they want, if they do land ;
We'll make their ears ring in defence of our king,
Our country, and Abraham Newland :

Oh Abraham Newland !

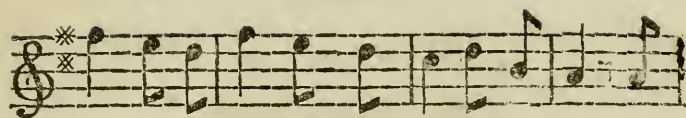
Darling Abraham Newland !

No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall e'er rob us of Abraham Newland.

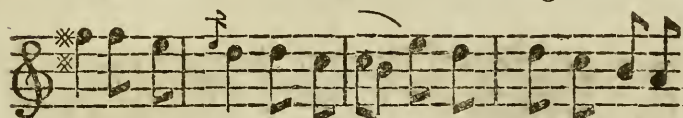
Oh no, my Love, no.

Expressivo.





e'er feel a wish from Ma - ri - a to go, But



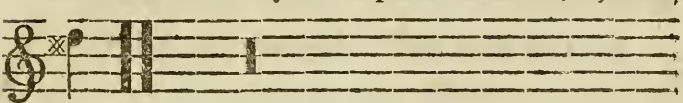
if it gives pleasure to you my dear Har-ry, Shall I



blame your de - par-ture? Oh! no, my love,



no! Shall I blame your de-parture? Oh! no, my love,



no.

Now; do not, dear Har, 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,

Shou'd I e'er cease to love you! Oh no, my love, no!

B

The Lady's Diary.

Lectur'd by Pa and Ma o'er night, Monday, at



ten, quite vex'd and jea-lous, Re - solv'd in



fu - ture to be right, And ne - ver lis - ten,



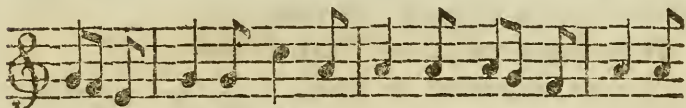
ne - ver lis - ten, and ne - ver lis - ten to the



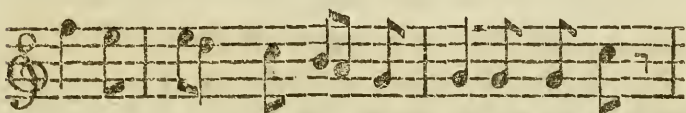
fel-lows. Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text, Re-



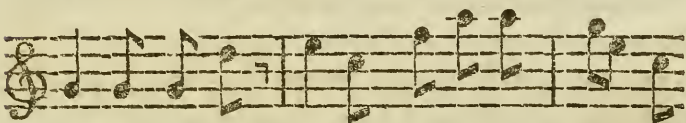
ceiv'd a note from Mis-tress Racket, I hate that



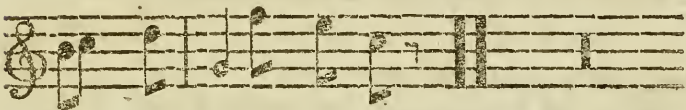
woman, she sat next, I hate that woman, she sat



next, All church time, to sweet Captain Clackit,



Captain Clackit, Captain Clackit, All church time



to sweet Captain Clackit.

Tuesday, got scolded, did not care,

The toast was cold, 'twas past ele'n ;

I dreamt the Captain thro' the air

On Cupid's wings bore me to heav'n.

Pouted, and din'd, dress'd, look'd divine,

Made an excuse, got Ma to back it ;

Went to the play, what joy was mine !

Talk'd loud, and laugh'd with Captain Clackit.

Wednesday came down, no lark so gay,

The girl's quite alter'd, said my mother,
Cry'd dad, I recollect the day

When, dearee, thou wert such another.
Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play,
In the paper read, that Widow Flackit
To Gretna Green had run away,
The forward minx, with Captain Clackit.

Thursday, fell sick ; poor soul, she'll die !

Five doctors came with lengthen'd faces ;
Each felt my pulse ; ah me ! cry'd I,

Are these my promis'd loves and graces ?

Friday, grew worse ; cry'd Ma, in pain,

Our day was fair, heav'n do not black it.
Where's your complaint, love ? in my brain.
What shall I give you ? Captain Clackit.

Early next morn a nostrum came,

Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices ;
A letter, I had been to blame,

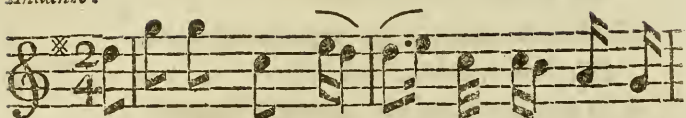
The Captain's truth brought on a crisis.

Sunday, for fear of more delays,

Of a few cloaths, I made a packet,
And Monday morn stept in a chaise,
And ran away with Captain Clackit.

Poor Tom Bowling.

Andante.



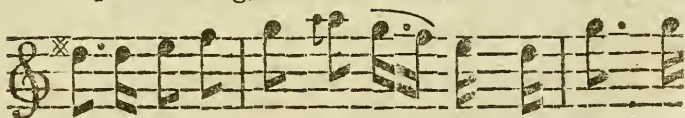
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling! The



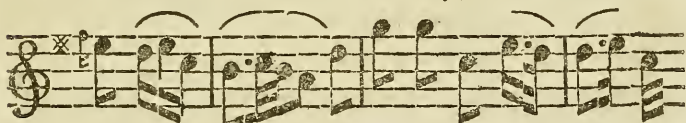
darling of our crew; No more he'll hear the



tempest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His



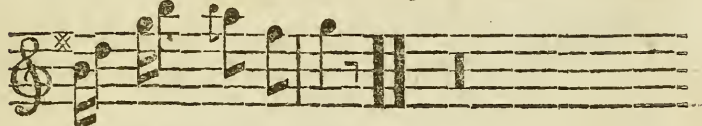
form was of the manliest beau-ty, His heart was



kind and soft, Faithful below he did his



du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft; And



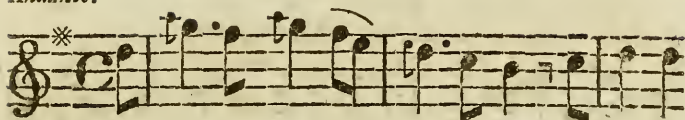
now he's gone a - loft.

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.

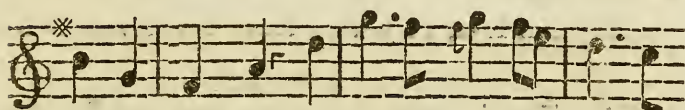
Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

The Soldier's Adieu.

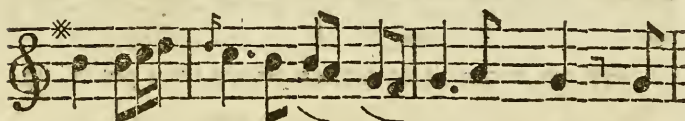
Andante.



A-DIEU ! a-dieu ! my on - ly life, My honour



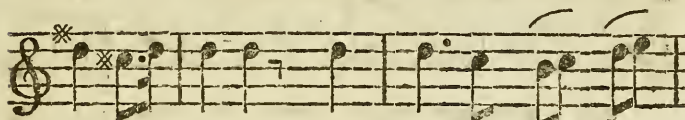
calls me from thee ! Remember thou'rt a sol-dier's



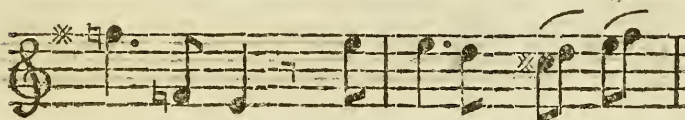
wife, Those tears but ill be - come thee. What



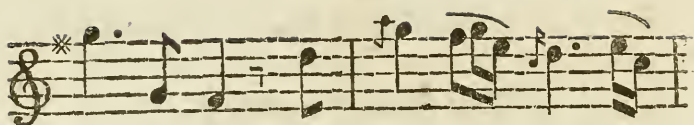
though by du - ty I am call'd Where thund'ring



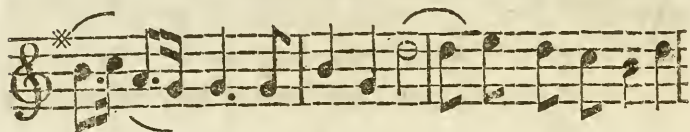
can - nons rat-tle, Where valour's self might



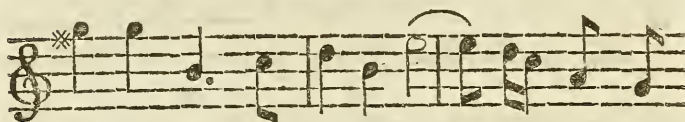
stand ap-pal'd, Where valour's self might



stand appall'd, When on the wings of



thy dear love, To heaven above thy fervent o-ri-



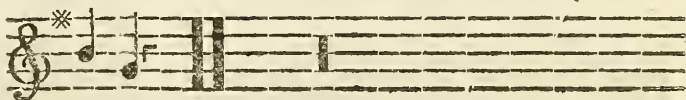
sons are flown; The tender prayer thou put'st up



there, Shall call a guar-dian an-gel down, Shall



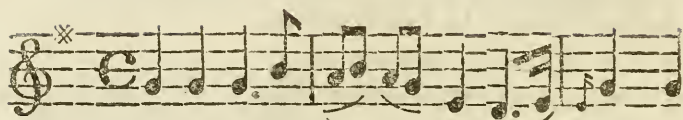
call a guardian angel down, To watch me in the



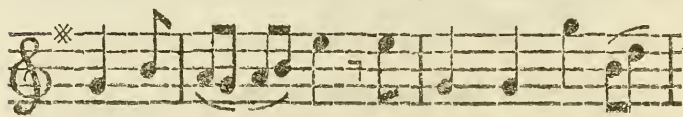
battle.

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 thund'ring cannons rattle,
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
To heav'n 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 !
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle ;
Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Kind Robin lo'es Me.

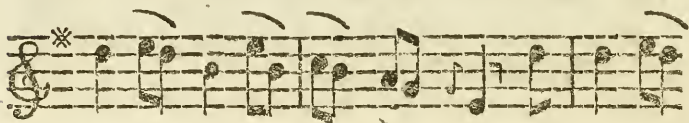
Ro-bin is my on - ly joe, For Ro - bin



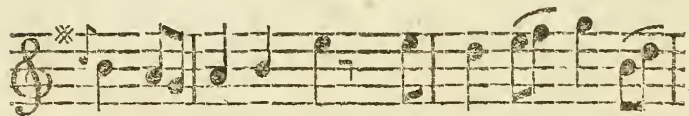
has the art to loe, So to his suit I



mean to bow, Because I ken he lo'es me.



Hap-py. hap - py was the show'r, That led me



to his birken bow'r, Where first of love I



fand the pow'r, And kend that Ro-bin lo'es me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kissing-strings,
And name a thousand bonny things,
And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
Seated on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
Loe'd by a' and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin lo'es me.
My Titty Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, ere lang be made to see,
That Robin did nae lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O sae keen
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly ye lazy hours away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When 'join your hands,' Mess John shall say,
And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
To weigh our love and fix delight,

And I'll look on a' such wi' spite,
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.

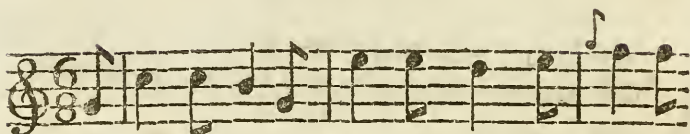
O hey, Robin, quo' she,

O hey, Robin, quo' she,

O hey, Robin, quo' she,

Kind Robin lo'es me.

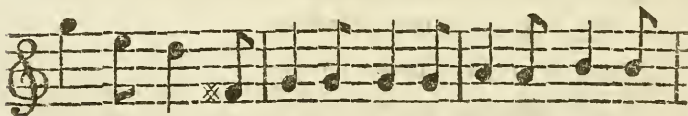
The Wig Gallery.



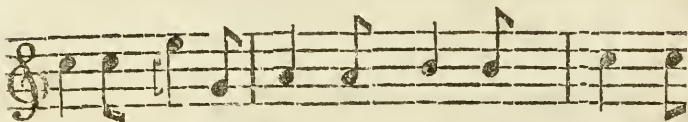
WALK in, walk in each beau and belle, Here wisdom,



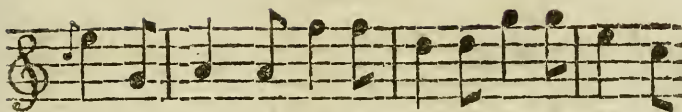
virtue, truth, I sell; Nay, think not I a falsehood tell, I



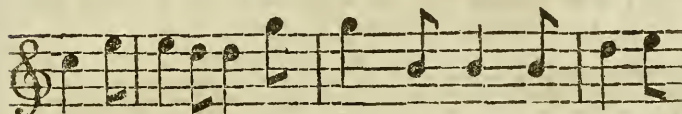
deal not, Sir, in raille - ry ; I deal in wigs, a



curious ware, In which grey, red, black, brown, and



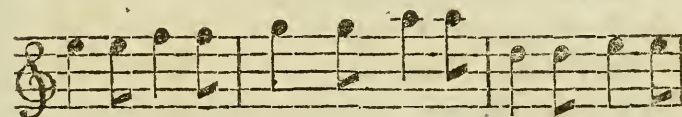
fair, May suit their features to a hair, In this our



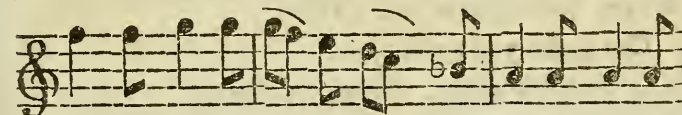
gay wig galle-ry. The wig's the thing, the wig, the



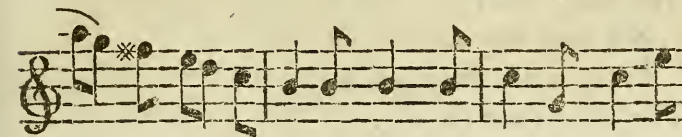
wig, the wig's the thing, the wig, the wig ; When



portly parsons claim their pig, Or guttling Alder-



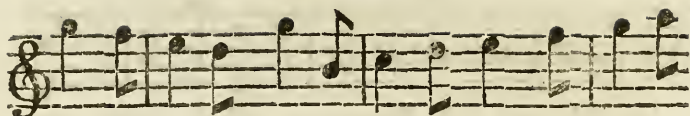
men look big, I do not say, they are not wise, I



on - ly say, in vulgar eyes, The wisdom's in the



wig ; The wisdom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the



wig ; The wisdom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the



wig, The wisdom's in the wig.

See in this jazey what a twirl,
'Twill suit a young or ancient girl,
Sly Cupids lurk in ev'ry curl,
The ribband, Venus' zone is.

Rouse then, old man, throw by your staff,
Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
When, but a guinea and a half
Can make you an Adonis.

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
Be of the ton a natty sprig,
The thing, the tippy, and the twig,
Nor heed who are the truly wise,
For after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
Is that your wife intriguing, pray ?
Oh no, my lovely's hair is grey,
That woman's hair is flaxen.

Then say, who would not not be a wife,
 To lead an unsuspected life,
 And cure all foul and jealous strife,
 By wearing of a caxen?

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,
 Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig.
 Who for dull moral cares a fig?
 'Tis useless to be truly wise,
 For after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, your lover's do not spare;
 At will a hedge-hog, or a bear,
 A Friezland hen, a Flanders mare,
 Whate'er you wish will suit us.
 The lawyer's flaws shall find a patch,
 A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
 The henpeck'd husband wear a scratch,
 His wife a monstrous Brutus.

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig;
 Who'd in the mines of learning dig,
 Or Heliconian potions swig,
 Or study to be truly wise,
 When after all, in vulgar eyes,
 The wisdom's in the wig.

The Spanish Guitar.

Moderato.



A LA-DY in fair Seville ci-ty, Who once fell in



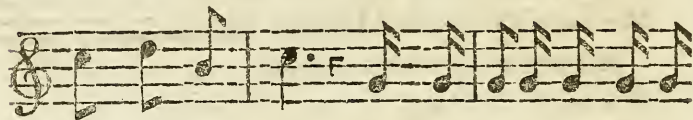
love ve-ry deep, On her Spanish guitar play'd a

Ad lib.

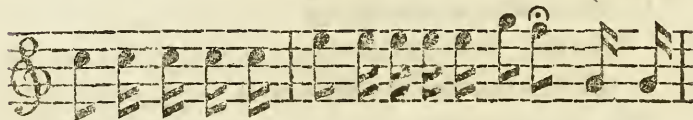
a tempo.



dit - ty, a - - - - - dit-ty, That lull'd her old



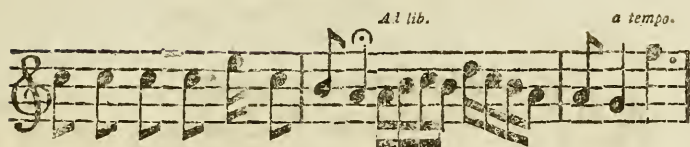
guardian to sleep, With a hoo li - ra li - ra,



hoo li - ra li - ra, hoo li-ra li-ra, li-ra, With a



hoo li - ra li - ra, hoo lira li-ra, hoo li-ra li-ra, On her



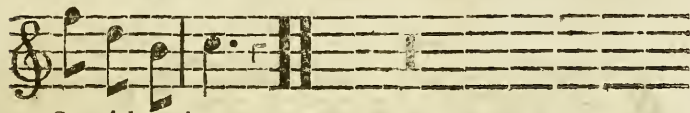
Spanish guitar play'd a ditty, a - - - - - dit-ty, That



lull'd her old guardian to sleep, While she



play'd on her Spanish guitar, While she play'd on her



Spanish guitar.

Her guardian not given to dozing,

Was thought the most watchful of men ;

But each strain had so sleepy a closing,

That he nodded, but soon woke again.

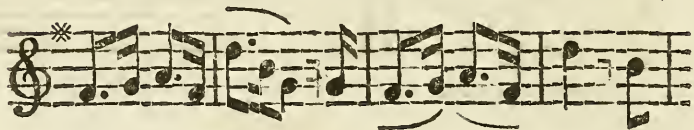
While she play'd on her, &c.

Marian's Complaint.

SINCE truth has left the shep-herd's tongue, A-



dieu the cheer-ful pipe and song; A-



dieu the dance, at clo-sing day, And

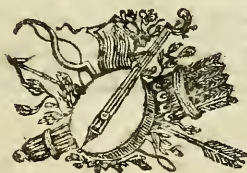


ah! the hap-py morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair;
How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my cap with ev'ry flow'r.

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 ev'ry oak my name!
Blush Colin that the wounded tree
Is all that will remember me.

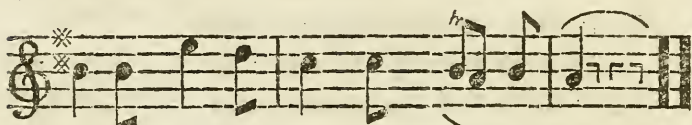


Old Towler.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn, And



spangles deck the thorn, The lowing herd now



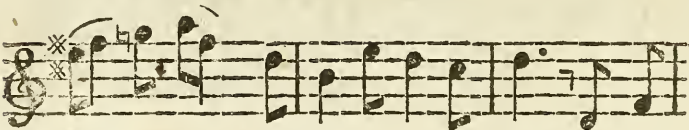
quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn..



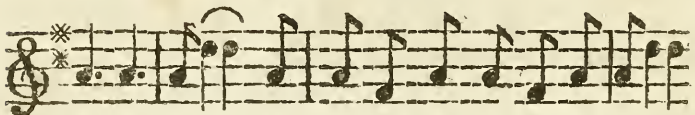
Dogs huntsmen round the window throng, Fleet



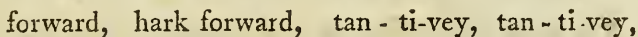
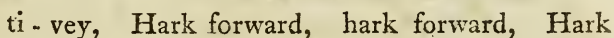
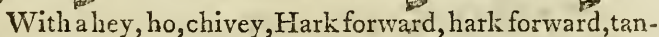
Towler leads the cry, A - rise the bur - den



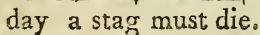
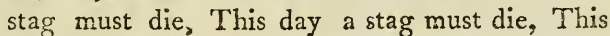
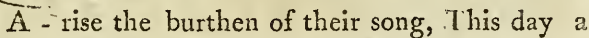
of their song, This day a stag must die, With a



hey, ho, chivey, Hark forward, hark forward tan-ti-vy,



Hark, hark, forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy,



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 lawns they sweep along,
O'er fields thro' brakes they fly,
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
This day a stag must die.
With a hey, ho, &c.

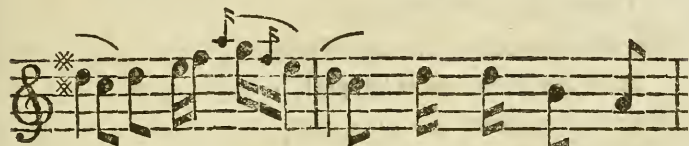
Poor stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face ;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chace :
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With their hey, ho, chivey,
Hark forward, tantivy, &c.

*Salley in our Alley.**Moderato*

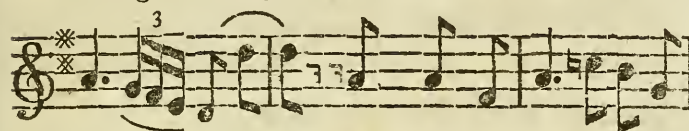
OF all the girls that are so smart,



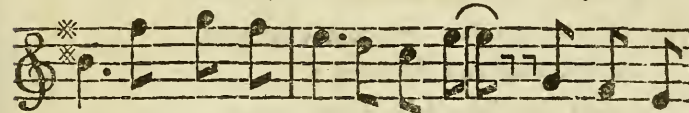
There's none like pret - ty Sal - ley; She is the



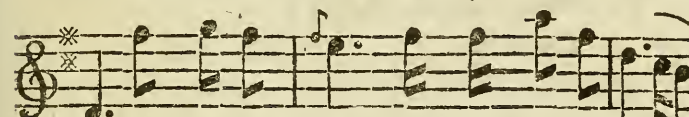
darling of my heart, And she lives in



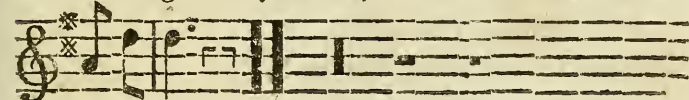
our al - ley, There's ne'er a la - dy in the



land, That's halfso sweet as Sal - ley; She is the



dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our



al - ley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Salley ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely ;
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Salley ;
She is, &c.

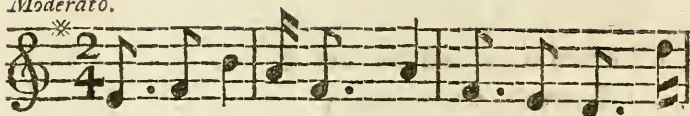
Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt,
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm dress'd in all my best,
To walk abroad with Salley ;
She is, &c.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named ;

I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is, &c.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh ! then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey ;
And wou'd it were a dozen pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is, &c.

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally ;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
For when my seven long years are out,
Oh ! then I'll marry Sally ;
Oh ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not into our alley.

*Ca' the Ewes.**Moderato.*

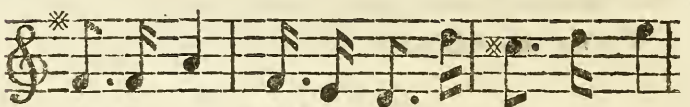
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the



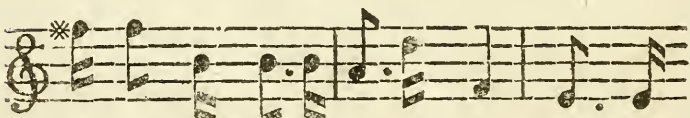
heather grows; Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,



My bonnie dearie. As I gaed down the



water - side, There I met my shep-herd lad,



He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, And ca'd



me his dearie.

[End with the first part.]

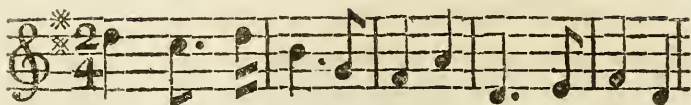
Will ye gang down yon water side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

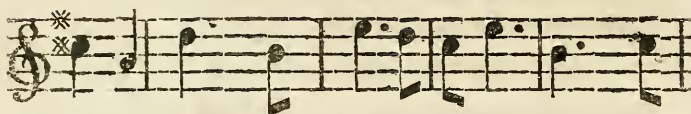
While waters wimple to the sea ;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
Ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Allen Brooke of Windermere.

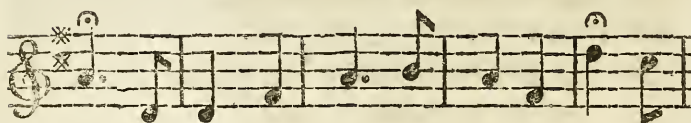
SAY have you in the valley seen, A gentle



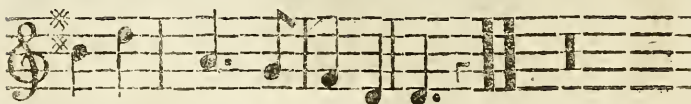
youth of pensive mien? And did you mark his



pal-lid cheek, Which secret sorrow seems to



speak? Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear, 'Tis



Al-len Brooke of Windermere.

But ah ! the cause that prompts his sigh,
That dims with tears his sparkling eye ;
That bids his youthful cheek turn pale,
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail ;
That cause from me you must not hear,
Ask Allen Brooke of Windermere.

Yet needless were his words to prove,
His sorrow springs from hopeless love ;
Go to the youth, of Jessy speak,
Then mark the crimson on his cheek ;
That blush will make the secret clear
Of Allen Brooke of Windermere.

And oh ! believe his Jessy's breast,
Is still by answering cares oppress'd ;
But know, a father's stern command
Withholds from him my willing hand :
All but a father's frown I'd bear
For Allen Brooke of Windermere.

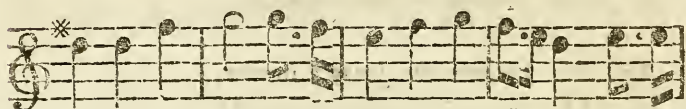
Then, pitying stranger, seek the youth,
And tell him of his Jessy's truth ;
Say, that you saw my faded cheek,
My faithful bosom's anguish speak ;
Say that, till death, I'll hold most dear
My Allen Brooke of Windermere.

To-morrow.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm re-



clining, May my fate no less fortunate be; Than a



snug elbow chair can afford, for reclining, And a



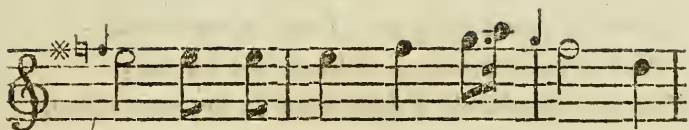
cot that o'er - looks the wide sea; With an



ambling pad po - ney to pace o'er the lawn, While I



carrol a-way i - dle sorrow; And blythe as the



lark that each day hails the dawn, Look



forward with hope for to-morrow, to-morrow to-



morrow, Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail,
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 With 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.
 Nor 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 will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

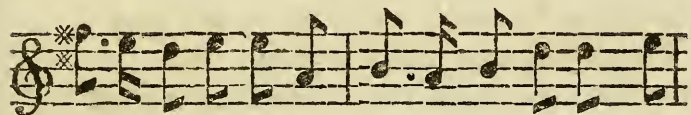
And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten ;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

The Vicar and Moses.

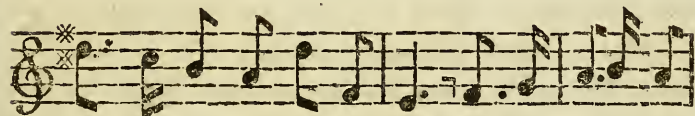
At the sign of the horse, old Spintext of



course, Each night took his pipe and his pot, O'er a



jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy, Was



plac'd this ca - no - ni-cal sot. Tol de rol de rol,



ti dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clark,
With reverence due and submission ;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, said he, to beg, dy'e see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?
Why Lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay :
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, Sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions ;
Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor :
Come, Moses, the king, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower ;
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain can't endanger, that's plain;
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand ;
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
A man for to go that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But crammed his jaw with a quid :
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
Or perchance I will over it stumble ;
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
A man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r ;
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
Such a scandalous print ! sure the devil is in't,
That this *Basket* should print for the crown.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse in my stead.

(*Amen, Amen.*)

Why, Moses, you're wrong, hold still your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

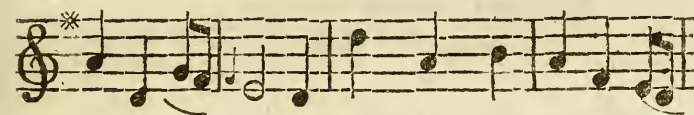
O where's thy sting, Death ! put the corpse in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather :
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together,
Singing, Tol de rol, ti dol di dol.

Donnel and Flora.

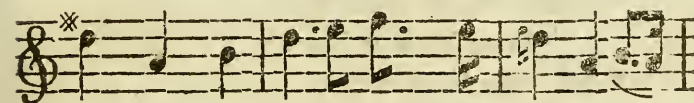
WHEN mer - ry hearts were gay, Careless of



ought but play, Poor Flo - ra slept a - way,



Sad'ning to Mo-ra: Loose flow'd her coal black hair,



Quick heav'd her bosom bare, And thus, to the



troubl'd air, She vented her sor-row.

“ Loud howls the northern blast,

“ Bleak is the dreary waste ;—

“ Haste then, O Donnel haste,

“ Haste to thy Flora.

“ Twice twelve long months are o’er,

“ Since in a foreign shore

“ You promis’d to fight no more,

“ But meet me in Mora.

“ Where now is Donnel dear ?”

“ Maids cry with taunting sneer,

“ Say, is he still sincere

“ To his lov’d Flora ?”

“ Parents upbraid my moan,

“ Each heart is turn’d to stone ;

“ Ah, Flora ! thou’rt now alone,

“ Friendless in Mora !

“ Come then, O come away,

“ Donnel no longer stay ;

“ Where can my rover stray

“ From his dear Flora ?

“ Ah ! sure he ne’er could be

“ False to his vows to me—

“ O heaven ! is not yonder he

“ Bounding in Mora ?”

“ Never, O wretched fair,”

Sigh’d the sad messenger ;

“ Never shall Donnel mair

“ Meet his lov'd Flora.

“ Cold, cold beyond the main,

“ Donnel, thy love lies slain ;

“ He sent me to soothe thy pain,

“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Well fought our gallant men,

“ Headed by brave Burgoyne ;

“ Our heroes were thrice led on

“ To British glory :

“ But ah ! tho' our foes did flee,

“ Sad was the loss to thee,

“ While ev'ry fresh victory

“ Drown'd us in sorrow.”

“ Here take this trusty blade,”

Donnel expiring said,

“ Give it to yon dear maid

“ Weeping in Mora.

“ Tell her, O Allan, tell,

“ Donnel thus bravely fell,

“ And that in his last farewell,

“ He thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,

Speechless with wild despair,

Then striking her bosom bare,

Sigh'd out, “ Poor Flora !

“ Oh Donnel ! Oh welladay ! ”
 Was all the fond heart could say ;
 At length the sound died away,
 Feebly in Mora.

Savourna Delish.



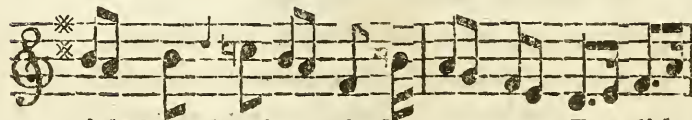
Oh ! the mo-ment was sad when my



love and I parted, Sa-vour-na De-lish



Slí-gan Oh ! As I kiss'd of her tears, I was



nigh bro-ken hearted, Sa-vour-na De-lish



Shigan Oh! Wan was her cheek which hang on



my shoulder, Damp was her hand, no marble was



colder, I felt that I ne - ver a - gain should be-



hold her, Sa-vour - na - De - lish Shigan Oh.

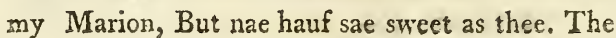
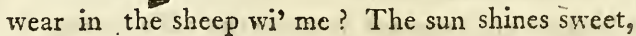
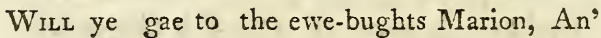
When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna, &c.

I buckl'd my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
Savourna, &c.

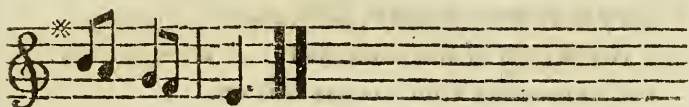
Peace was proclaim'd ; escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas ! to a cold grave had brought her,
Savournna, &c.

2





sun shines sweet my Marion, But nae hauf - sae



sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonnie lass,
 An' the blyth blinks in her e'e :
 An' fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 An' silk on your white hause-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
 A cow, an' a brawny quey ;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day.

An' yese get a green sey apron,
 An' waistcoat o' Lon'on brown,
 An' vow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young an' stout, my Marion ;
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 An' gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 An' kyrtle of the cramasie !
 An' soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, an' see thee.

How blythe hae I been.

To the foregoing Tune.

How blythe hae I been wi' my Sandy,
 As we sat in the howe o' the glen !
 But nae mair can I meet wi' my Sandy,
 To the banks o' the Rhine he is gane.

Alas ! that the trumpet's loud clarion,
 Thus draws a' our shepherds afar ;
 O could na the ewe-bughts an' Marion,
 Please mair than the horrors o' war.

Not a plough in our land has been gangin',
 The ousen hae stood in their staw :

Nae flails in our barns hae been banging,
For mair than this twomond or twa.

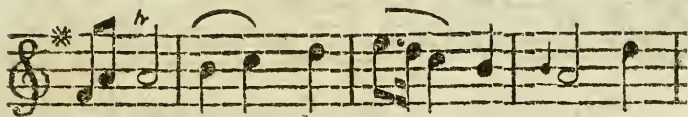
Waes me, that the trumpet's shrill clarion,
Thus draws a' our shepherds afar!
O I wish that the ewe-bughts an' Marion
Could charm frae the horrors o' war.

The Adieu.

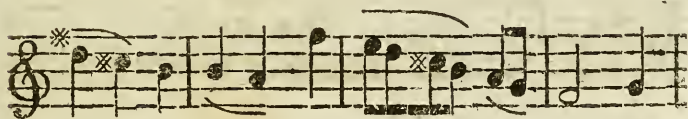
Amoroso.



A-DIEU ye streams that smoothly flow, Ye



ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, Ye



plains by bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, Ye



birds that warble thro' the glade, Ye



birds that war - ble thro' the glade, Un-



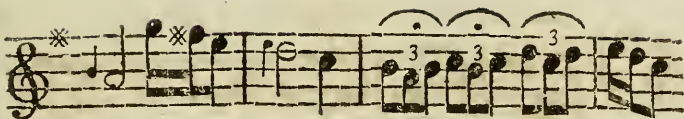
hurt from you my soul could fly, Nor drop one



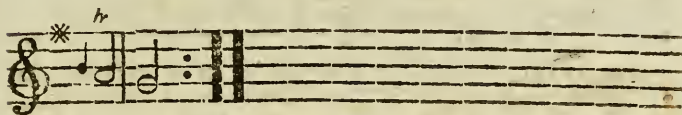
tear, nor heave one sigh, But forc'd from Ce - lia's



smiles to part, All joy de-serts my drooping

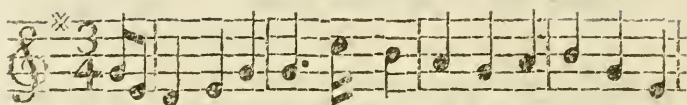


heart, All joy de - serts my droop-



ing heart.

O fairer than the rosy morn,
 When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,
 Unsully'd as the genial ray,
 That warms the gentle breeze of May;
 Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
 And add new splendor to the year,
 Improve the day with fresh delight,
 And gild with joy the dreary night.

O say, bonnie Lass.

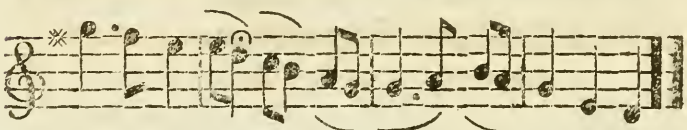
O say, bonnielass, will you lie in a barrack, An'



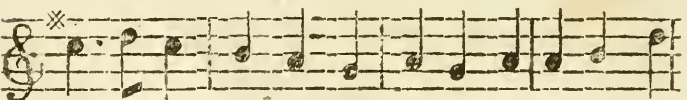
mar-ry a soger, an' car-ry his wallet? O say,



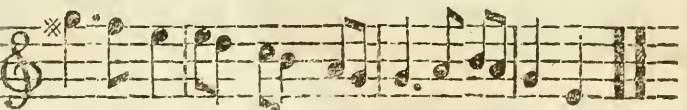
will you leave both your mammy an' daddy, An'



go to the wars with your so - ger lad-die? O



say, will you leave both your mammy an' daddy, An'



go to the wars with your so - ger laddie.

O yes, bonny lad, I will ly in a barrack,
 And marry a soger, and carry his wallet ;
 I'll neither ask leave of my mammy nor daddy,
 But aff and away with my dear soger laddie.

O say, bonnie lass, will you go a campaigning ?
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine ?
 When wounded and bleeding, then wilt thou draw near me !
 And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me !

O yes, I will brave all these perils you mention,
 And twenty times more if you had the invention ;
 Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,
 While I have my Harry, my dearest to charm me.

Inkle and Yarico.

To the foregoing Tune

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 ?

F

YARICO.

Ah ! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look on my lover ;
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

INKLE.

'Then 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.

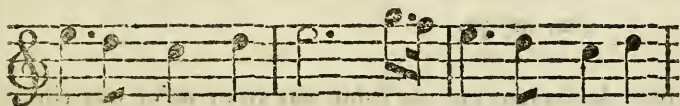
O say, then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the loud thunder ;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

John Anderson, my Jo.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John, when we were



first acquaint, Your locks were like the raven, your



bon-my brow was brent ; But now your turned



bald, John, your locks are like the snow, My blessings



on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,
And ay at kirk and market, I've kept you trim and
neat ;

There's some folk say your failing, John, but I scarce
believe it's so,

For you're ay the same kind man to me, John Ander-
son, my jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, we've seen our bairns'
bairns,

And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your
arms,

And say are ye in mine, John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen, John Ander-
son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty sin' we were man and wife;
We've ay haen bit an' brat, John, great blessings here
below,

And that helps to keep peace at hame, John Anderson,
my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, the warld lo'es us baith ;
We ne'er spake ill o' neibours, John, nor did them
ony skaith ;

To live in peace and quietness was a our care, ye know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead, John An-
derson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us to
our last ;

But let na that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er
our foe,

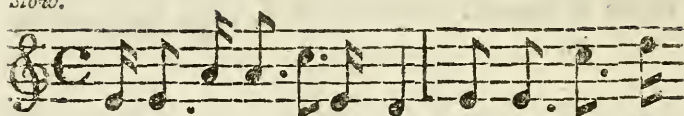
While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson, my
jo.

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,

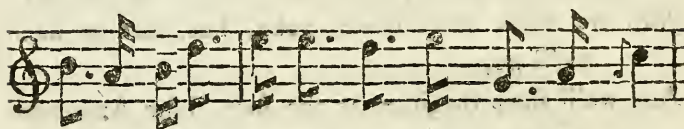
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson,
my jo.

Up amang yon cliffy Rocks.

Slow.



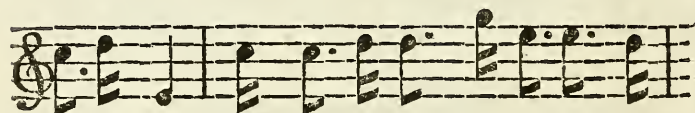
Up amang yon cliffy rocks, Sweetly rings the



ris-ing e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats,



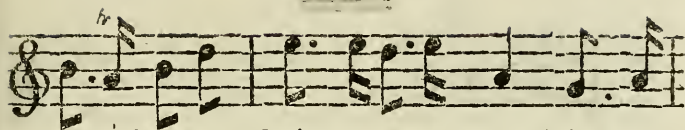
lilt-ing o'er her native notes. Hark ! she sings, Young



Sandy's kind, An' he's promis'd ay to looe me ;



Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine, Till he's fairly



marry'd to me. Drive away, ye drone, Time, An'



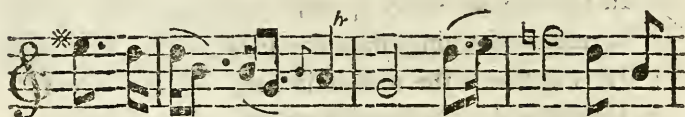
bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 "Aften does he blaw the whistle,
 "In a strain sae saftly sweet,
 "Lammies, list'ning, dare nae bleat.
 "He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 "Hardy as the Highland heather,
 "Wading thro' the winter snow,
 "Keeping ay his flock together,
 "But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
 "He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Brawly he can dance an' sing,
 "Canty glee or Highland cronach;
 "Nane can ever match his fling
 "At a reel, or round a ring.
 "Wightly can he weild a rung;
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
 "A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the langlest winded sangster:
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy,
 "Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang."

Queen Mary's Lamentation.

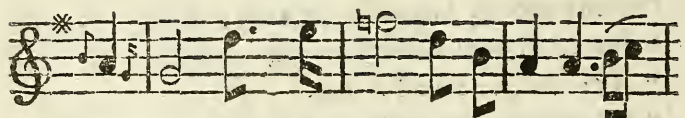
I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls



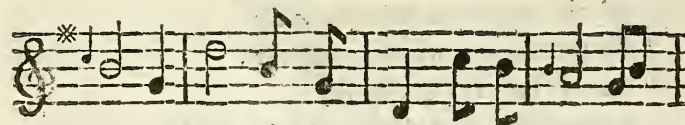
can but e - - cho my moan, A - - las it in-



creases my pain, When I think of the days that



are gone: Thro' the grate of my prison, I



see the birds as they wan-ton in air, My



heart it now pants to be free! My looks



they are wild with des - pair.

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,

I burn with contempt for my foes,

Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,

She ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman! in ages to come

Thy malice detested shall be;

And when we are cold in the tomb,

Some heart still will sorrow for me:

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay

With silence and solitude dwell,

How comfortless passes the day!

How sad tolls the evening bell!

The owls from the battlements cry,

Hollow wind seems to murmur around,

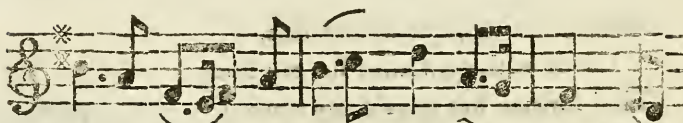
"O Mary, prepare thee to die,"

My blood it runs cold at the sound.

The last Time I came o'er the Muir.



THE last time I came o'er the muir, I



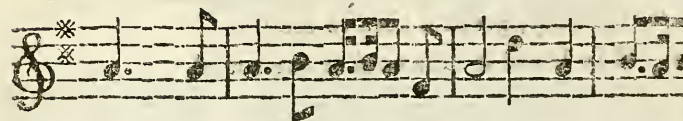
I left my love be - hind me : Ye pow'rs ! what



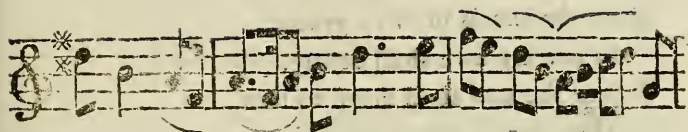
pain do I en - dure When soft i - de - as



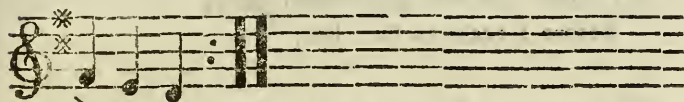
mind me. Soon as the ruddy morn dis-



play'd, the beaming day en-suing, I met,



betimes, my love - ly maid, In fit re - treats for



woo-ing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting ;
 We kiss'd, and promis'd time away,
 'Till night spread her black curtain :
 I pitied all beneath the sk'es,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me ;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter ;

Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover ;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

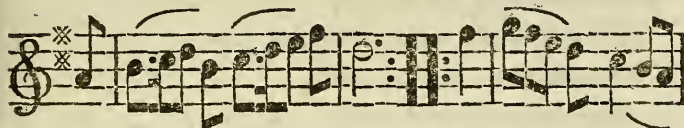
The Lass of Peatie's Mill.



THE lass of Pea-tie's mill, So bonny,



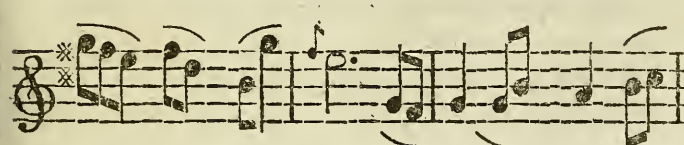
blyth, and gay, In spite of all my skill,



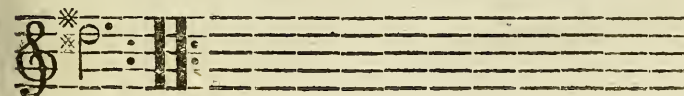
Hath stole my heart away. When tedding of the



hay, Bare-head-ed on the green, Love 'midst



her locks did play, And wanton'd in her

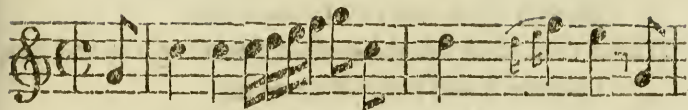


een,

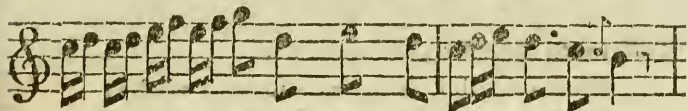
Her arms white, round, and smooth ;
Breasts rising in their dawn ;
To age it would give youth,
To press them with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An extacy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her sweets she did impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd ;
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd ;
I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all that wealth
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will ;
I'd promise, and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peatie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

Rule Britannia.

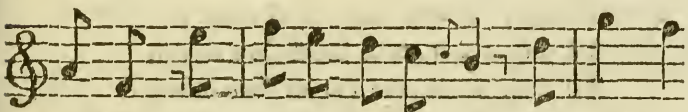
WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command, A-



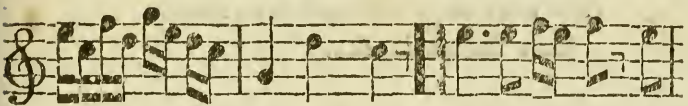
rose - - - - - from out the a - zure main,



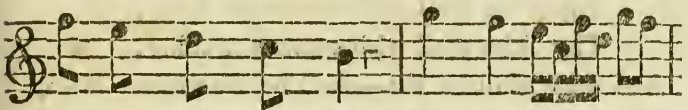
Arose from out the azure main; This was the



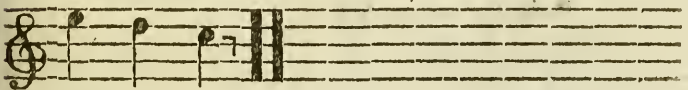
charter, the charter of the land, And guardian



an - - - - gels sung the strain; Rule Britannia, Bri-



tannia rule the waves! Britons ne - - ver



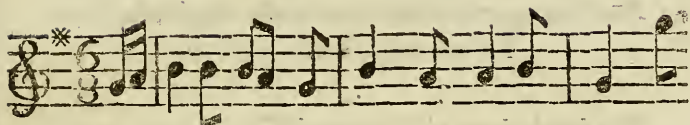
shall be slaves.

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.

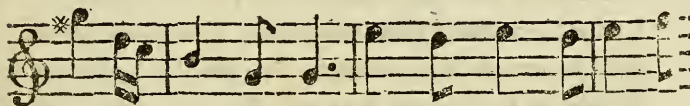
Still more majestic thou shalt rise,
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;
 More dreadful, from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that—loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy—arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

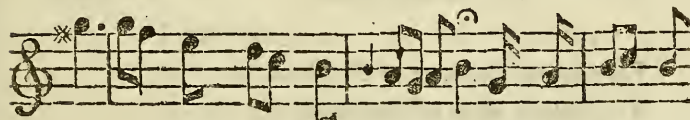
To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 And thine shall be the—shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Old England, O.

HUZZA, my boys for England O! My boys, huz-



za! for England, O; Fac-tion soon shall prostrate



lie, And the wreaths of vic-tory Shall a - dorn - the



brow of old England, O. Fac-tion soon shall prostrate



lie, And the wreaths of vic-tory Shall a-



dorn the brow of old England O.

Old Neptune's pride is England, O,
 Old Neptune's pride is England, O!
 To her mild and equal reign
 He resign'd the liquid main,
 And the queen of the seas is old England, O.
 To her mild, &c.

We dearly love old England, O;
 We dearly love old England, O;
 Let us then our rights maintain,
 And in steady faith remain
 The loyal sons of old England, O.
 Let us then, &c.

For shame! ye sons of England O;
 Ye bastard sons of England, O,
 To forge the trait'rous pike and lance,
 And court the smiles of mad'ning France,
 All intent on the ruin of England, O.
 To forge, &c.

Reflect, ye sons of England, O,
 Deluded sons of England, O;
 Is not your peace and safety fled,
 Where doth freedom rest her head,
 But secure in the bosom of England, O?
 Is not, &c.

Then why fall out with England, O ?

Or why dispute with England, O ?

Is she not a parent kind ?

Then give resentment to the wind,

And again be the friends of old England O.

Is she not, &c.

Your glasses fill to England O,

A bumper charge to England O ;

Long may she give the nations peace,

And may her empire never cease,

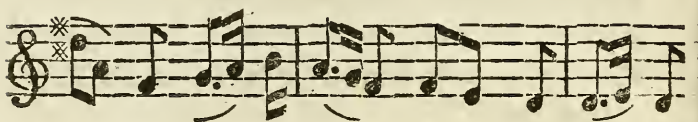
Nor French mobs be thought friends of old Eng-
land, O.

Long may, &c.

The Highland Laddie.



THE Lawland lads think they are fine, But



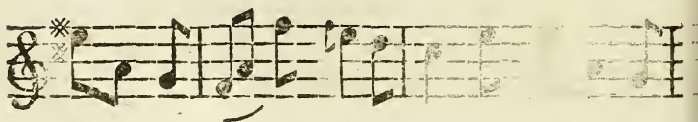
oh! their vain and id-ly gaudy; How much un-



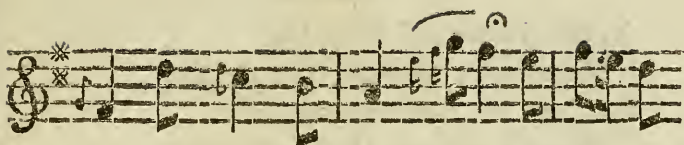
like the grace-fu' mein, And manly looks of my



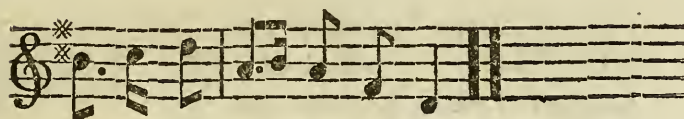
High-land lad-die. O my bonny Highland



laddie, my handsome smiling Highland laddie, May



heav'n still guard, and love reward, The Lawland



lass, and her High-land lad-die.

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

The bravest 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's tartan plaidie.
 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 plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

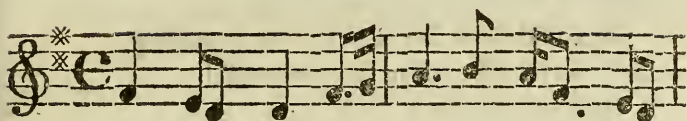
A painted room and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rowes 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 heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Mary's Charms.

TUNE—Braw Lads o' Galla Water.



MA - ry's charms sub-du'd my breast, Her



glow - ing youth, her man-ner win-ning, My



faith-ful vows I fond - ly press't, And mark'd



the sweet return be-gin-ning.

Fancy, kindly on my mind,
 Yet paints that ev'ning's dear declining,
 When raptur'd first I found her kind,
 Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have roll'd,
 And still have found her more endearing,
 Each wayward passion she controul'd,
 Each anxious care, each sorrow chearing.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
 With artless look attention courting,
 With infant smiles dispel each gloom,
 Around our hut so gaily sporting.

Braw Lads on Yarrow Braes.

To the foregoing Tune.

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

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,

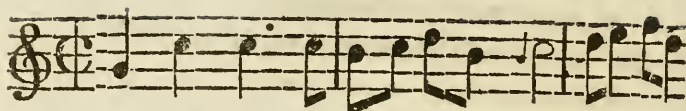
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
An' tho' I ha'e nae meikle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

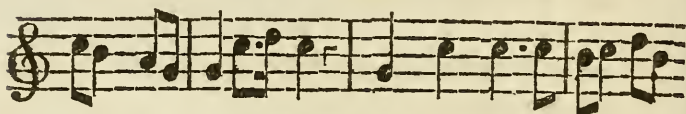
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

H

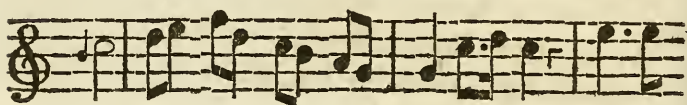


Lira lira la.

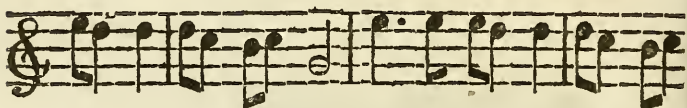
Lir - tle thinks the townsman's wife, While at



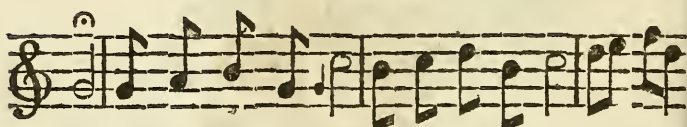
home she tar - ries, What must be the las - sie's



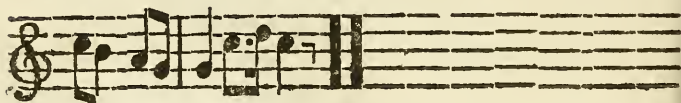
life, Who a sol - dier mar - ries; Now with



wea-ry marching spent, Dancing now be-fore the



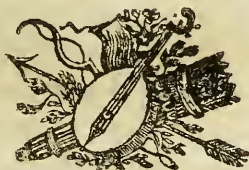
tent; Li - ra li - ra la, li - ra li - ra la, With her



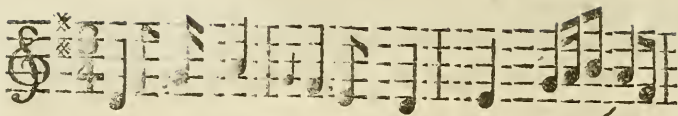
jol - ly sol - dier

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griev'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blythe she sings, at set of sun,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
With her jolly soldier.

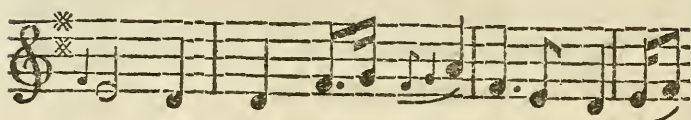
Should the captain, of her dear,
Use his vain endeavour,
Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
Two fond hearts to sever;
At his passion she will scoff;
Laughing she will put him off,
Lira lira la, lira lira la,
For her jolly soldier.



I'll never leave thee.



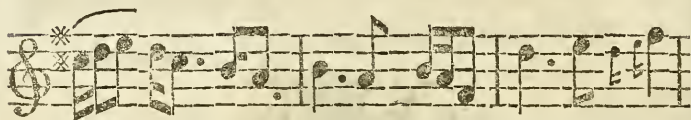
ONE day I heard Ma-ry say, How shall I



leave thee? Stay, dearest A - - donis, stay, Why



wilt thou grieve me? Alas, my fond



heart will break, If thou should leave me! I'll

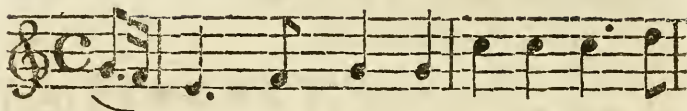


live and die for thy sake, Yet ne-ver leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee ?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may'st believe me ;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee ?
Can Mary thy anguish soothe,
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
O ! that thought makes me sad ;
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

*Lash'd to the Helm.**Andantino.*

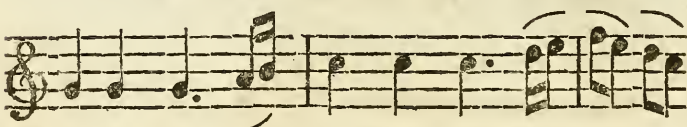
IN storms when clouds obscure the sky, And



thunders roll, and lightnings fly, In' midst of all these



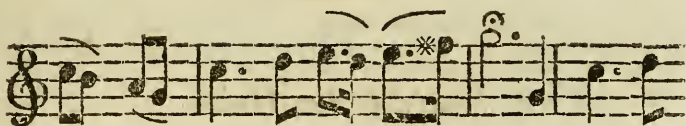
dire alarms, I think, my Sal-ly, on thy charms. The



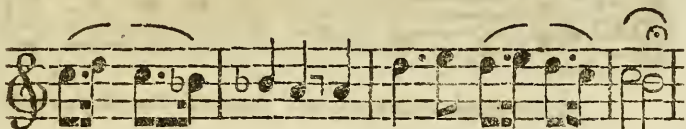
troubled main, The wind and rain, My ar - dent



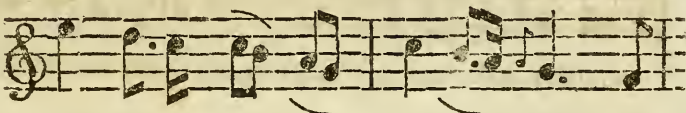
passion prove; Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'er-



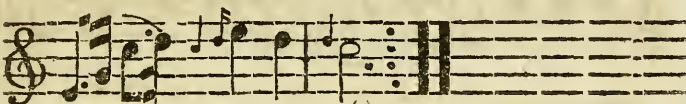
whelm, I'd think on thee, my love. I'd think on



thee, my love, I'd think on thee, my love ;



Lash'd to the helm, Shou'd seas o'erwhelm, I'd



think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers :

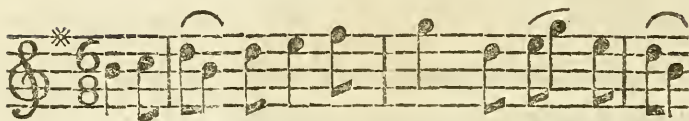
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove ;

Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to thy long-lost native shore ;
 No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
And think on nought but love..

The Fairy.

A Midnight Madrigal.



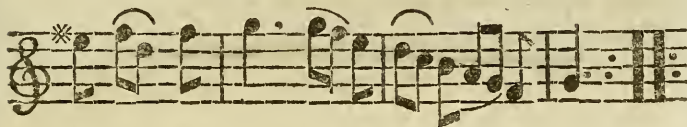
FAIREST of the vir-gin train, That trip it o'er



the ma - gic plain ; Come and dance, and sing with



me, Un-der yon-der a - ged tree : Come and dance



and sing with me, Under yonder aged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill and dale,
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all silver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light,
To try to see my queen with me,
Thro' the boughs of yonder tree.

Who is that which I espy,
Just descended from thy sky?
E'en faith 'tis Cupid, come to see
My fair beneath yon aged tree.

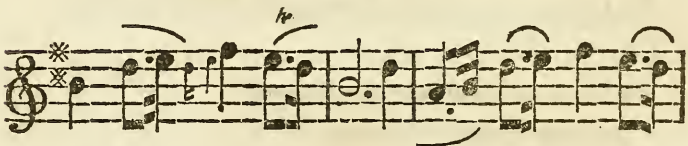
A little rogue ! but he shall smart—
I'll take away his bow and dart,
And give them, 'fore his face, to thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

Then we'll play, and dance, and sing,
 Celebrating Pan our king,
 And I'll always live with thee,
 Under yonder aged tree.

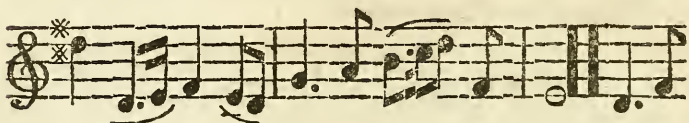
The Broom of the Cowdenknows.



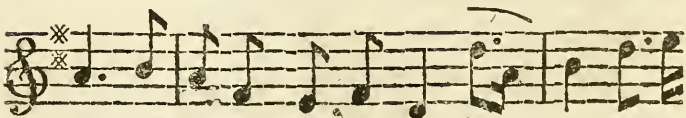
How blythe was I each morn to see, My



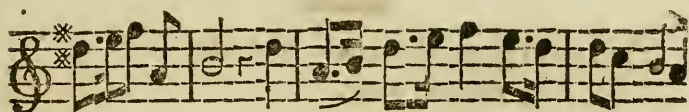
swain came o'er the hill ; He leap'd the brook, and



flew to me ; I met him with good will. O ! the



broom, the bon-ny bon-ny broom, The broom of the



Cowdenknows ; I wish I were with my dear



swain, With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay,
 He gather'd in the sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.
 O ! the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds sat list'ning by ;
 The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 O ! the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
 O ! the broom, &c.

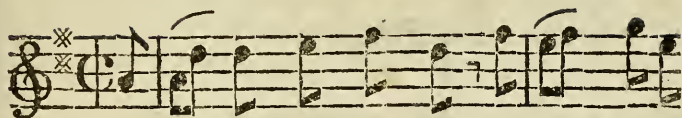
He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
Cou'd I but faithful be ?
He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

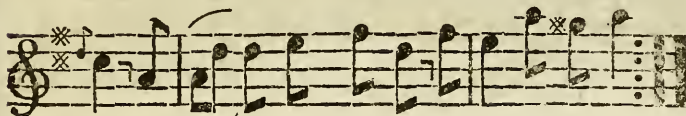
O! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose :
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.



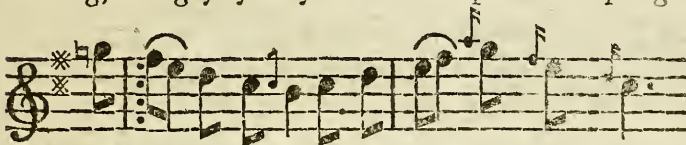
The Lasses of Dublin.



THE meadows look cheer - ful, the birds sweetly



sing, So gay-ly they ca-rol the praises of spring.



Tho' nature rejoic-es, poor Norah shall mourn,

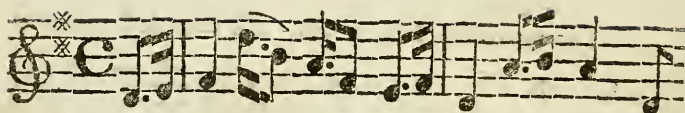


Un-til her dear Pat-rick a - gain shall re - turn.

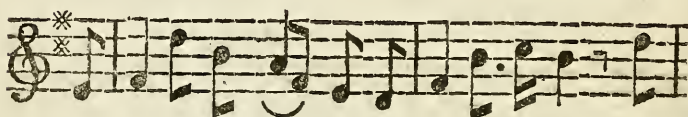


Tho' gain shall return.

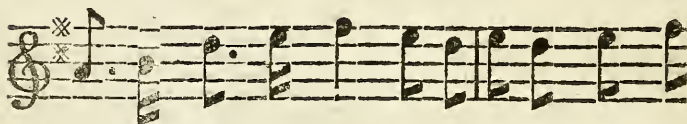
Ye lasses of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
Tho' satins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feeling as mine:

The Blatherie o't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf, And



the little wi' share I hae o't to myself, And



how the lass that wants it is by the lads for-



got; May the shame fa' the gear and the blatherie



o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gear and gowd eneugh ;
 He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat ;
 May the shame, &c.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire,
 An' Jockie says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot ;
 May the shame, &c.

But all this shall never never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free ;
 For the lad that's sae inconstant, he is not worth a
 groat ;
 May the shame, &c.



Logie o' Buchan.

O Lo-gie of Buchan, O Logie the Laird,



They ha'e ta'en a-wa' Jamie, that delv'd in the



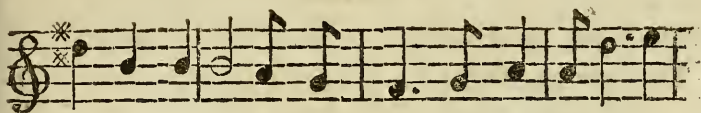
yard, Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the vi-ol sae



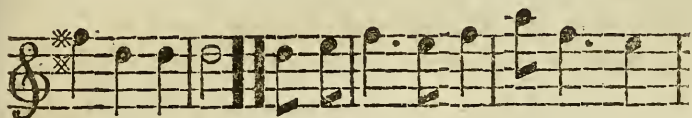
sma'; They hae taen a-wa' Jamie, the flow'r o' them



a'. He said, think na lang lassie, tho'



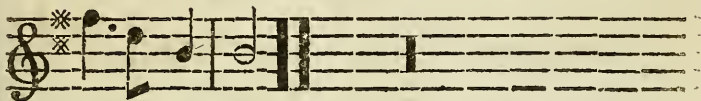
I gang a-wa'; He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho'



I gang awa': For the simmer is coming, cauld



winter's awa', An' I'll come and see thee in



spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
 But I'd tak' my ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him, wi' his houses and land,
 He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour;
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:.



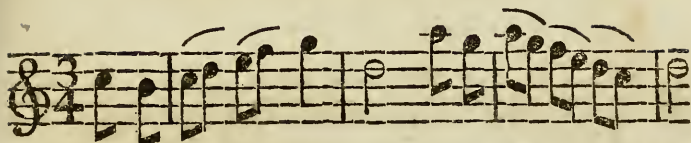
Tho' I lo'e them as well as a daughter should do,
They are nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loed me sae weel ;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gi'ed me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa ;
Simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.

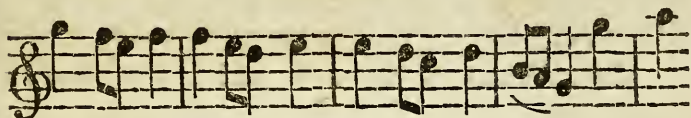


With an Honest old Friend.

With an hon-est old friend, and a mer-ry old song,



And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long : And



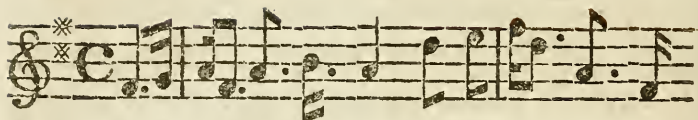
laugh at the malice of those who re - pine, That they



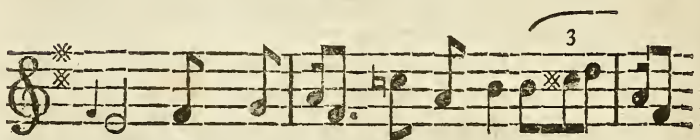
must swig porter, While I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay ;
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away :
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise ;
For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

Jockey.

My lad-die is gane far a-way o'er the



plain, Where in sor-row behind I'm forc'd



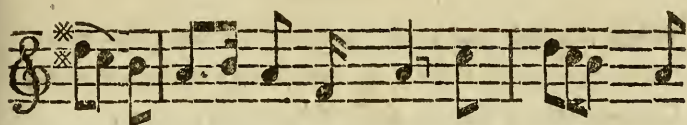
to remain: Tho' blue-bells and vi'-lets the



hedges adorn; Tho' trees are in blossom, and



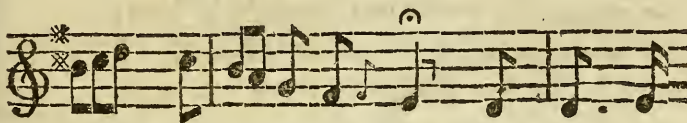
sweet blows the thorn, No plea-sure they give



me, in vain they look gay, There's nothing can



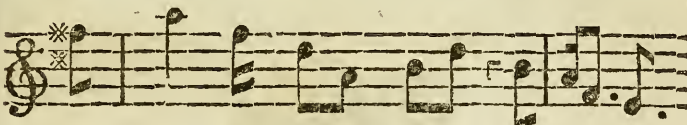
please now my Jockey's away; For-lorn I sit



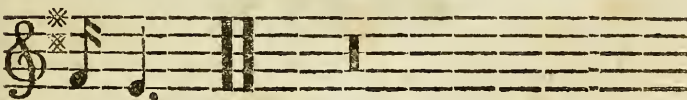
singing, and this is my strain, Haste, haste my



dearest Jockey, haste, haste my dearest Jockey;



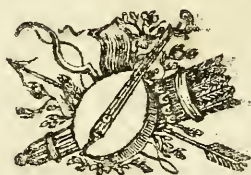
Haste, haste, my dearest Jockey, to me back

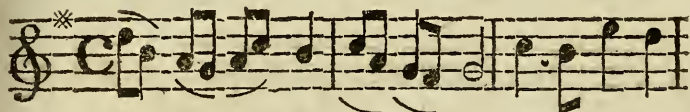


a-gain.

When the lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, their hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see :
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I :
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

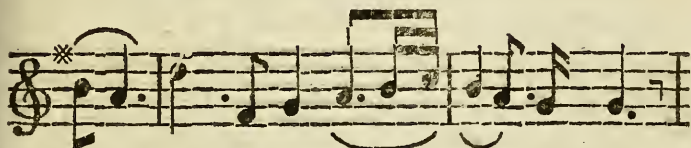


Chloe, by that borrowed Kiss.

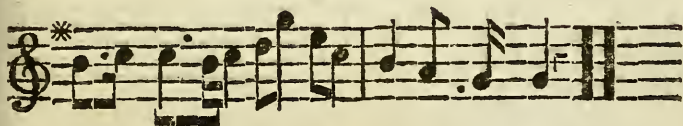
CHLO - E, by that borrow'd kiss, I, a-las, am



quite un - done ! 'Twas so sweet, so fraught with



bliss, Thousands will not pay that one !



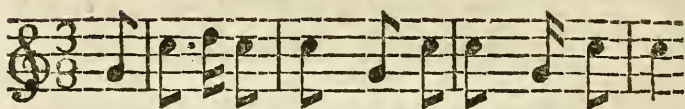
Thou - sands will not pay that one !

Lest the doubt should break your heart,

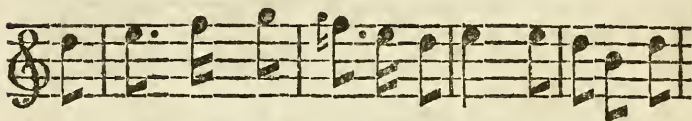
(Roguish Chloe, smiling, cries)

Come, a thousand, then, in part,

For the present shall suffice:

The Echoing Horn.

THE e-choing horn calls the sportsmen a-broad,



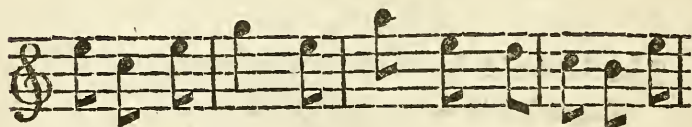
To horse, my brave boys, and away; The morning is



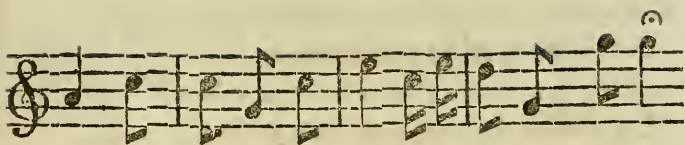
up, and the cry of the hounds Upbraids our too



te-dious de-lay. What plea-sure we feel in pur-



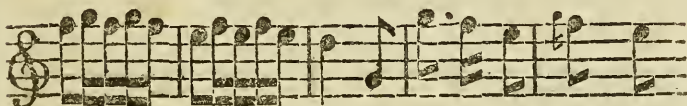
su-ing the fox! O'er hill and o'er valley he



flies : Then follow, we'll soon overtake him : huzza !

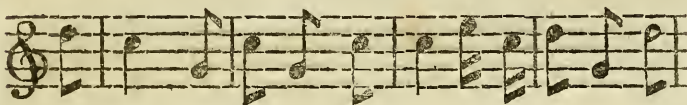


The trai - tor is seiz'd on and dies. He dies - - -



- - - - - The traitor is seiz'd on,

Chorus.



and dies. Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huz-



za ! The trai-tor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay ;
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And drown the fatigues of the day !

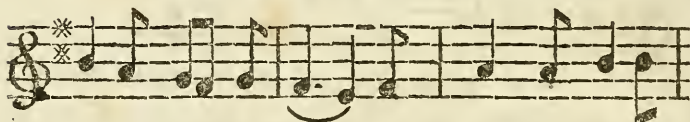
K

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours.
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way ever with flow'rs.
 Let's strew, &c.

The Dusky Night.



THE dus-ky night rides down the sky, And



ushers in the morn ; The hounds all join in



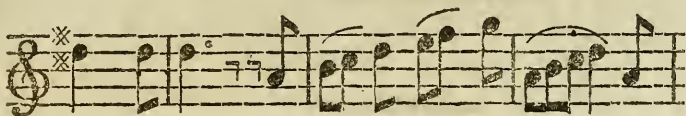
jovial cry, The hounds all join in jovial cry, The



huntsman winds his horn, The huntsman winds his



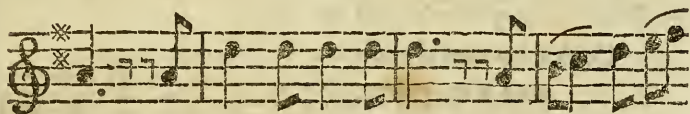
horn. And a hunting we will go, A hunt-ing



we will go, A hunting we will go - - A



hunting we will go. And a hunting we will



go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we



will go - - - A hunt-ing we will go.

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms to make him stay :

My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,

You cannot hunt to-day.

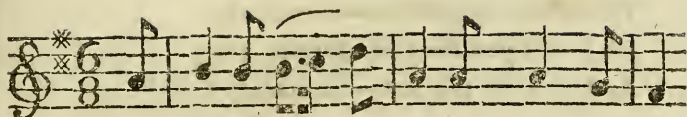
Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
But when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting, &c.

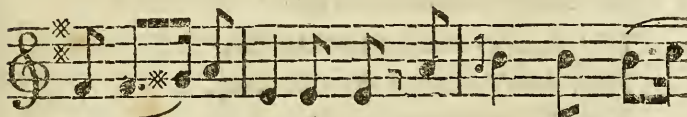
Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods and hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting, &c.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry homeward we return
To feast away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

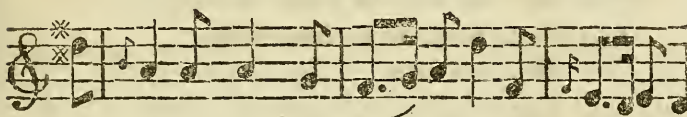
Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chace ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting, &c.

Somebody.

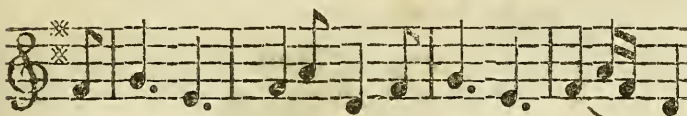
WERE I o - blig'd to beg my bread, And had



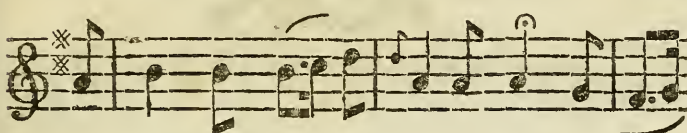
not where to lay my head, I'd creep where yon-



der herds do feed, And steal a look at some-body ;



My own dear somebo-dy, my constant somebo - dy,



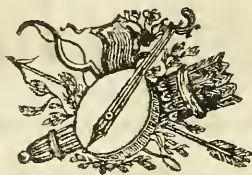
I'd creep where yonder herds do feed, And steal



a look at some-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
And may be number'd with the blest,
Oh ! may thy artless feeling breast
Throb with regard for—Somebody :
Ah ! will you drop one pitying tear,
And sigh for the lost—Somebody ?

But should I ever live to see
That form so much ador'd by me,
Then thou'll reward my constancy,
And I'll be blest with—Somebody :
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be blest with—Somebody.

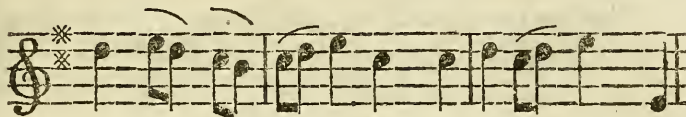


The Sailor's Allegory.

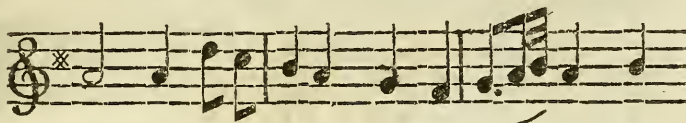
LIFE's like a ship in con-stant mo-tion, Some-



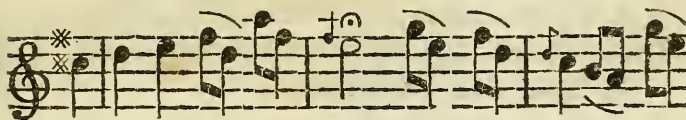
times high and sometimes low ; Where ev'ry one



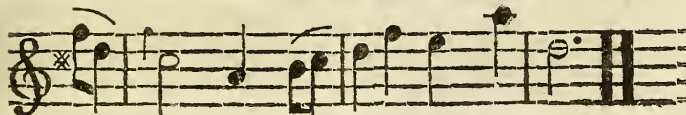
must brave the ocean, What-so-e-ver wind may



blow : If, unassail'd by squall or show-er, Waft-



ed by the gen-tle gales ; Let's not lose the fav'-



ring hour, While success attends our sails.

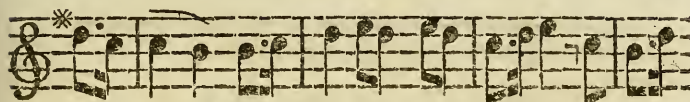
Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
Let us not give way to fear ;
But let us all our patience muster,
And learn by reason how to steer :
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
'Tis a ballast never fails ;
Should dangers rise, be ever ready,
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much in your own opinion,
While 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 on the surface rails ;
Let good Discretion guide the rudder,
And Providence attend the sails.

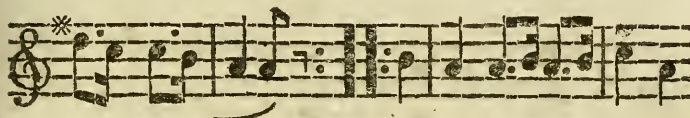
Then, when your safe from danger, riding
In some welcome port or bay ;
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
And Care, awhile, enslumber'd lay :
Or, when each cann, with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails ;
Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,
Drink " success unto our sails."

How sweet in the Woodlands.

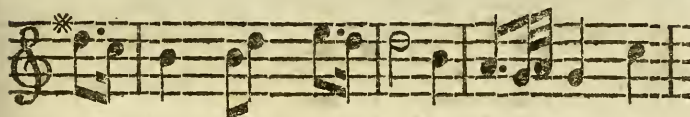
How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hounds



and horn, To wa-ken shrill e-cho, and taste



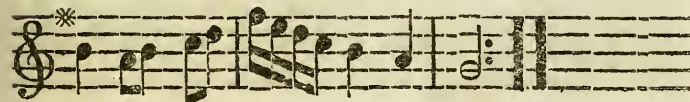
the fresh morn: But hard is the chase my



fond heart must pur-sue, For Daph-ne, fair



Daph - ne is lost to my view; She's lost, fair



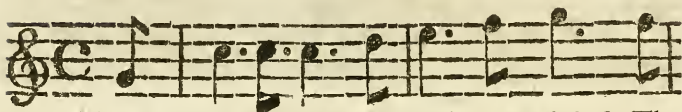
Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain;
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies,—

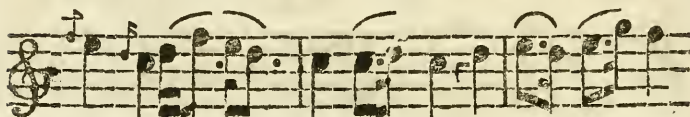
That dies !

Tho' Daphne's pursued, &c.

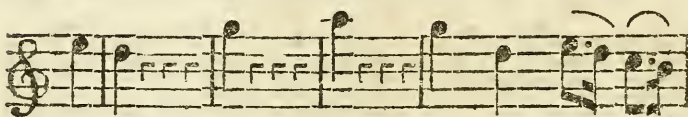
The Sov'reign of the Seas.



Thus, thus my boys, our an-chor's weigh'd, The



glorious Bri-tish flag's display'd, Unfurl'd the swell-



ing sail : Sound, sound, sound your shells, ye



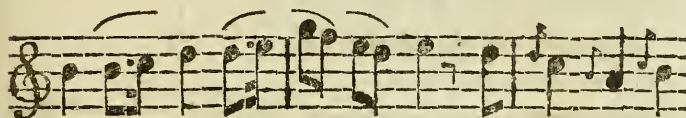
Tri-tons sound, Let ev' - ry heart with joy rebound,



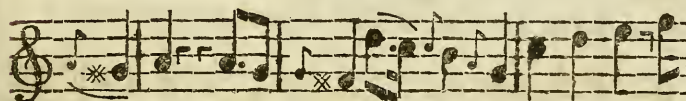
We scud before the gale ; Let ev - 'ry heart with



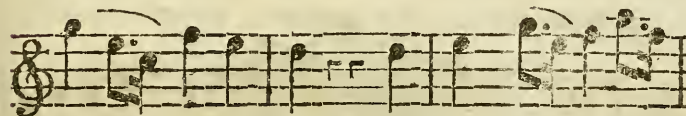
joy re-bound, We scud be - fore the gale. For



Neptune quits his wa - try car, Depos'd by Jove's



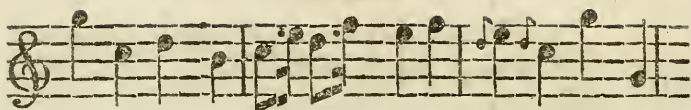
de - cree, Who hails a freeborn British tar, the



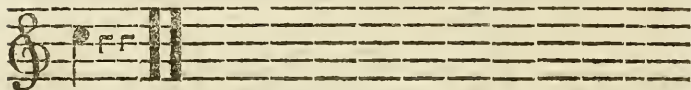
sov'reign of the sea : Who hails a true-born



Bri-tish tar, the sov'reign of the seas, The sov'-

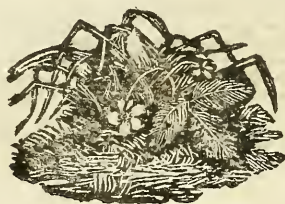


reign of the seas - - - The sov'reign of the



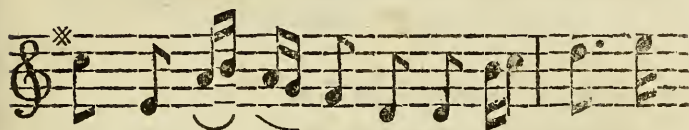
seas.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,
Our canvas crowd, the chace 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.



Jenny's Bawbee.

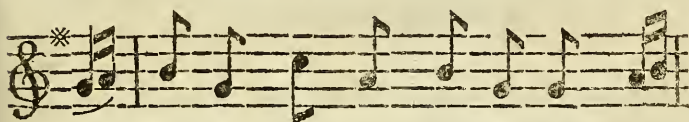
I MET four chaps yon birks amang, Wi'



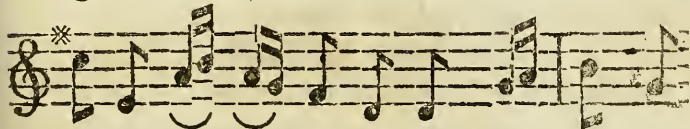
hang-ing lugs, an' fa - ces lang, I spier'd at



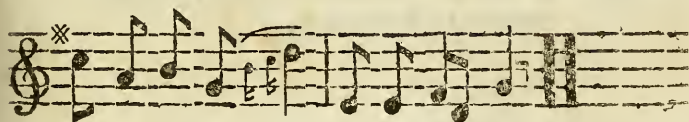
neighbour Bauldy Strang, What are they these we see ;



Quoth he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel', Thinks



himself cun - ning as the deil ; An' here they



cam' a-wa' to steal, Jenny's bawbee.

L

The first, a captain to his trade,
 Wi' ill-lin'd scull and back weel clad,
 March'd roun' the barn and by the shed,
 And papped on his knee ;
 Quoth he, " My goddess, nymph, and queen,
 " Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een ;"
 But deil a beauty he had seen,
 But Jenny's bawbee.

A norlan' laird neist trotted up,
 Wi' bassen'd nag and siller whup,
 Cry'd, " Here's my beast, lad had the grup,
 " Or tie him to a tree :
 " What's goud to me ? I've wealth o' lan'
 " Bestow on ane o' worth your han' ;"
 He thought to pay what he was awn,
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
 Wi' speeches wove like ony wab,
 In ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
 And a' for a fee ;
 Accounts he ow'd thro' a' the town,
 And tradesmens tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
 But now he thought to clout his gown
 Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing-tubs,
 A fool came neist, but life has rubs,
 Foul were the roads, and fu' dubs,

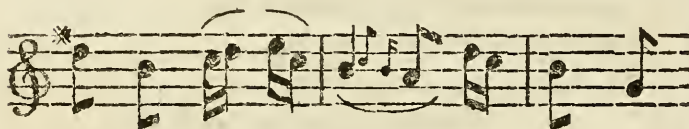
And sair besmear'd was he ;
 He danc'd up, squintin' thro' a glass,
 And grinn'd, " I faith, a bonny lass ;"
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
 Jenny's bawbee.

She bad the laird gae kaim his wig,
 The soger not to strut sae big,
 The lawyer not to be a prig,
 The fool he cried, " Tee-hee,
 " I ken'd that I could never fail,"
 But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

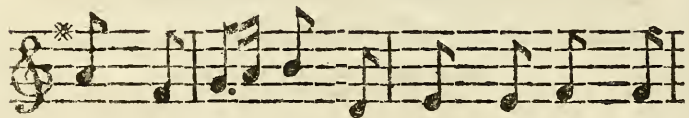
Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense ;
 Altho' he had na mony pence,
 He took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee ;
 Now Johnny was a clever chiel,
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
 That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
 And she birl'd her bawbee.

Why ! what's the Matter now ?

My seventeenth year scarce o - ver, Blyth



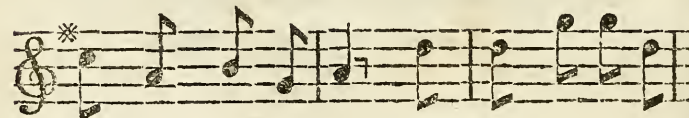
Da-mon woo - ing came, A young and



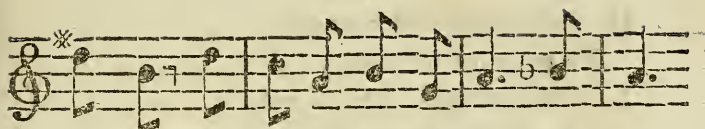
ten - der lo - ver, He own'd his ten - der



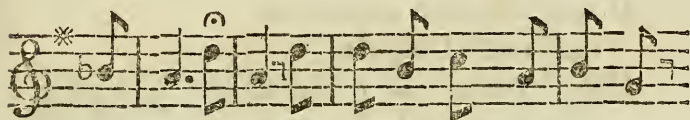
flame ; Such a pi - tious tale he told me, Of



his poor wounded heart, 'Twas hea-ven to be



nigh me, But death if we must part, O dear !



O dear! O dear, my heart it beats so strangely,



I, felt I can't tell how; Lord! Lord! thinks I, what



ails me? Why, what's the mat - ter now ?

The question soon was answer'd,

Sly Cupid's dart was thrown,

I loved as well as Damon,

But that I would not own;

For if he talk'd of dying,

Or mourn'd his hapless case,

I seldom fail'd replying,

By laughing in his face :

O dear ! &c.

At length his patience failing,

He proudly swore he'd go,

Not yet, I said, half smiling,

Why ! what's the matter now ?

He slyly seiz'd that moment,
To press me to be his ;
Lord ! how it was, I know not,
I thoughtless answered, yes !
O then, when first we married,
How easily I reign'd,
If check'd, my point I carried,
With sighs and tears well feign'd.
O dear, &c.
The poor good soul was melted,
Nor proof against my woe,
And coxingly consented,
With, what's the matter now ?

Alas, these times are over,
And I have had my day ;
No more a doating lover,
He swears he'll have his way ;
To all entreaties callous,
What days from me he'll roam,
Gets tipsey at the ale-house,
And then comes staggering home.
O dear, &c.
If then I weep, or chide him,
With consequential brow,
He sets his arms beside him,
With, what's the matter now ?

A Man's a Man.

Is there for honest po-ver-ty, Wha hangs his



head an' a' that? The coward slave we pass him by, An'



dare be poor for a that : For a' that, an' a' that, Our



toils obscure, an' a' that, The rank is but the



guinea stamp, The man's the goud for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, an' a' that,
Gie fools their silk an' knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel shew, an' a' that ;
An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,
Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
A man o' independent mind,
Can look, an' laugh at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
An honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he manna fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it shall, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Its comin yet, for a' that,
When man an' man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, an' a' that.



The Lammy.



WHARE hae ye been a' the day, my boy



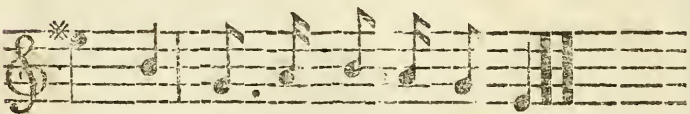
Tammy ? Whare hae ye been a' the day, my boy



Tammy ? I've been by burn an' flow'ry brae,



meadow green, an' mountain grey, Courting o' this



young thing, just come frae her mammy.

And whar got ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ?
 I gat her down in yonder how,
 Smiling on a broomy know,
 Herding a wee lamb an' 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 pried it aft, as ye may trow—She said, she'd tell her
 mammy.

I held her to my beating heart ; “ my young, my smile-
 “ ing lammy !
 “ I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 “ I've wealth o' plenishan and gear ;
 “ Ye'se get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave
 “ your mammy.”

The smile gade aff her bonny face, “ I manna 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 an’ mak’ her fain, my ain kind-
“ hearted lammy!

“ We’ll gi’e her meat, we’ll gie her claise,

“ We’ll be her comfort a’ her days ;”—

The wee thing gi’es her hand and says, “ There gang
“ and ask my mammy.”

Has she been to the kirk wi’ thee, my boy Tammy?

She has been to the kirk wi’ me,

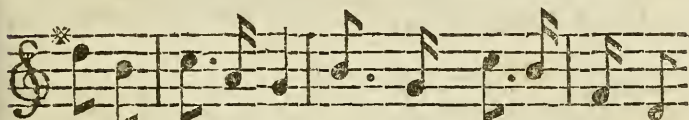
And the tear was in her ee,—

But Oh! she’s but a young thing, just come frae her
mammy.



The Sea Storm.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, List ye



landmen all to me, Messmates hear a bro - ther



sailor, Sing the dangers of the sea. From bounding



billows first in motion, See the distant whirlwinds



rise, To the tempest troubled ocean, Where the

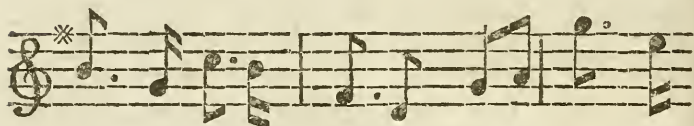


seas contend with skies. Hark the boatswain hoarsely

M



baw-ling, By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand ;



Down top-gallants, quick be hauling, Down your



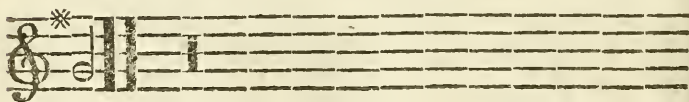
stay-sails, Hand, boys, hand : Now it freshens, set the



braces, Now the top-sail sheets let go ; Luff boys,



luff, don't make wry faces, Up your topsails nimbly



clew.

SLOW.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms :—
Round us roar the tempest louder ;
Think what fear our mind enthrals ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls :

QUICK.

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys ;
See all clear to reef each course !
Let the foresheets go ; don't mind boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail-yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; see all clear :
Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
Mann the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer !

SLOW.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky !
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us—
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

QUICK.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck :
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck :
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
Plumb the well, the leak encreases ;
Four feet water's in the hold !

SLOW.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn ;
Alas ! from thence there's no retreating ;
Alas ! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us ;
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
Only that can save us now !

QUICK.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys :
Let the guns o'er board be thrown !
To the pump come every hand, boys ;
See our mizzen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found ; it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot and more ;

Up, and rig a jury foremast :

She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,

Since kind fortune spar'd our lives ;

Come, the cann, ho s, let's be drinking

To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;

Close to the lips a brimmer join :

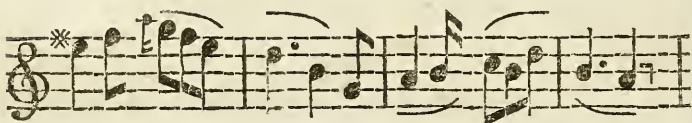
Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?

None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !



Henry's Cottage Maid.

AH! where can fly my soul's true love,



Sad I wan - der this lone grove;



Sighs and tears for him I shed, Hen-



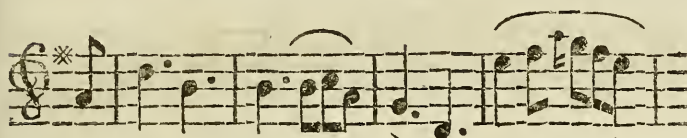
ry is from Lau - ra fled. Thy love



to me thou didst im - part; Thy love



soon won my vir - - - gin heart. But, dear-

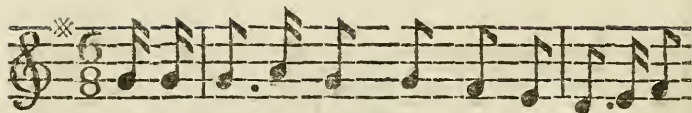


est Henry, thou'st be - tray'd thy - - - -

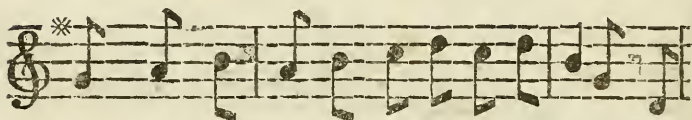


love, with thy poor cottage maid.

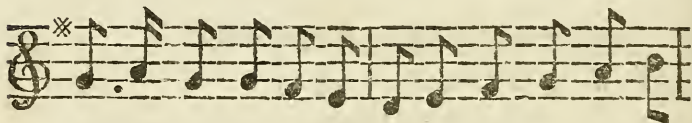
Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green.
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies,
For oh! dear Henry, thou'st betray'd
Thy love, with thy dear cottage maid.

Paddy O' Blarney.

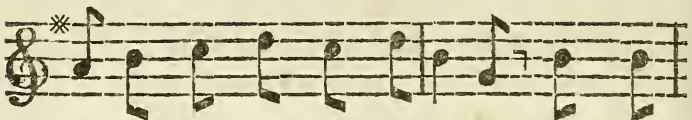
It's my country you'd know, I'm an Irishman



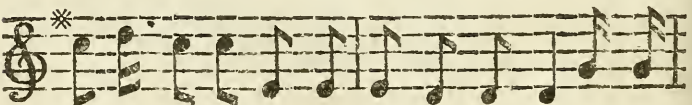
born, And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney, In



hay making time I stept over one morn, All the



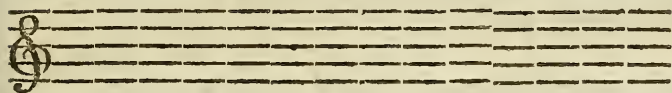
way from the Lakes of Kilar-ney ; Turn'd my



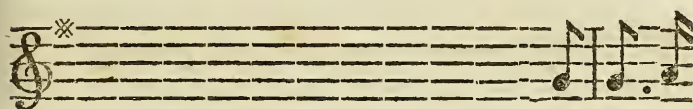
hand to just whatev-er came in my way, To be



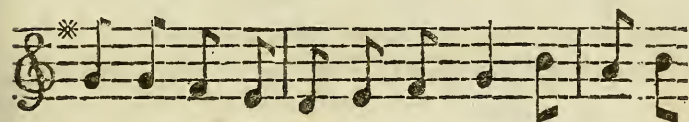
sure while the sun shin'd, I did not make hay ;—



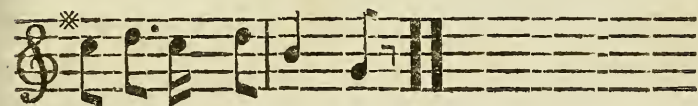
Well then, you know the wives and daughters of



the farmers wont,—well they wont—Have plen-ty



of cause to re-mem - ber the day, When first they



saw Paddy O'Blar - ney.

Then, what does I do ? the next calling I seeks,

Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,

I cries mackeral alive that were caught for six weeks,

Ah ! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then fresh gathered strawberries so sound and so sweet,
With just half a dozen at top fit to eat—

‘ Ah ! madam, you need not examine them, bless
your too good looking eyes, they are full to the bottom,
paper and all.’ “ Well I’ll trust to you—I dare say you
won’t cheat me.”

So I coaxes her up, and hereslf makes her cheat,
Ah ! fait, let alone Paddy O’Blarney.

Next I turn’d to a chairman, and got a good job,

Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney :
I harangued at a famous election the mob,

Ah ! let alone Paddy O’Blarney.

Then to see how his honour and I did cajole,
He knock’d down his flats with words, and I mine with
my pole—

Then you know when they came to chair him, I was
no longer, you see, an odd man, for there was a pair of
chairmen.

And sure such a pair was ne’er seen by my soul,
As his honour and Paddy O’Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,

Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney.

Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,
 Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney :
 So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,
 I my qualification took out and turn'd greek—

Ah ! to be sure we did not make a pretty dovehouse
 of our Pharoah Bank—Let me see, we pigeoned, aye
 and pluck'd them completely too—

Four tradesmen and six banker's clerks in one week,
 Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,
 Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
 I found one, who larnt grown up jolman to write,
 Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney.
 I first larnt my name, 'till so fond of it grown ;
 I'd don't say I'd better have let it alone—

But by my soul and conscience it had like to have fi-
 nished me in good earnest, for you see, I just wrote—

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,
 What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney.

But since fate did not chuse for to noose me that day,
 Ah ! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
 With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,
 What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney :

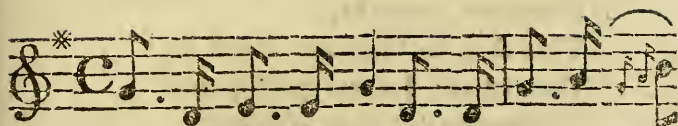
So marriage turned out the best noose of the two,
The old soul's gone to heaven, I'm as rich as a Jew—

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend, or a lady for a lover, or, in short if any body should wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife, or a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and civil service, that can be performed—

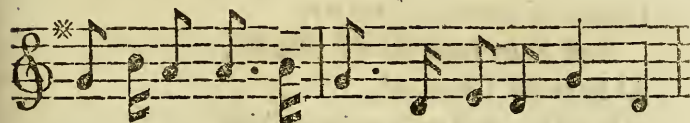
By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.



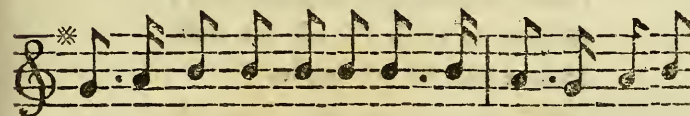
Wilt Thou be my Dearie.



WILT thou be my dearie ? When sorrow wrings



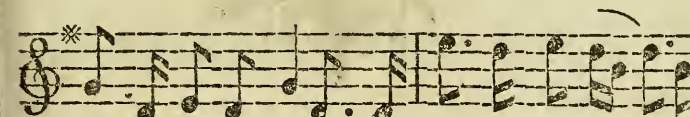
thy gentle heart, O ! wilt thou let me chear thee ?



By the treasure of my soul, And that's the love I



bear thee, I swear and vow that on-ly thou, Shalt



e - ver be my dearie ; I swear and vow that only



thou, Shall e-ver be my dearie.

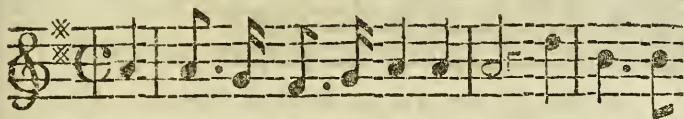
N

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
And if thou winna be my ain,
O say na thou'll refuse me :
If it maunna, canna be,
That thou for thine may chuse me !
Then let me, Jeannie quickly die ?
Ay trusting that thou lo'es me.

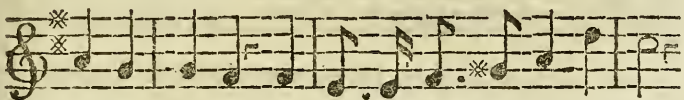
Flower of beauties, hear me,
And dinna treat me wi' disdain ;
A' ither ills I fear na',
Gin thou wad only smile on him
Cou'd part wi' life to please thee ;
Of joys on earth I'll ask nae mair,
If thou wilt be my dearie.



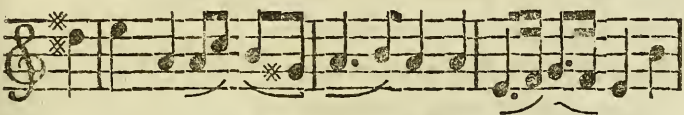
Whilst happy in my native Land.



WHILST hap-py in my native land, I boast my



country's charter, I'll never base - ly lend my hand,



Her li - berties to bar - ter: The no-ble mind is



not at all By po-ver-ty de-graded; 'Tis guilt alone



can make us fall, And well I am perswaded, Each



free-born Briton's song should be, Or give me death



or liber-ty, Or give me death or liberty, Or give



me death or liber-ty, Or give me death or liberty.

Tho' small the power which fortune grants,

And few the gifts she sends us,

The lordly hireling often wants

That freedom which defends us ;

By law secur'd from lawless strife,

Our house is our castellum,

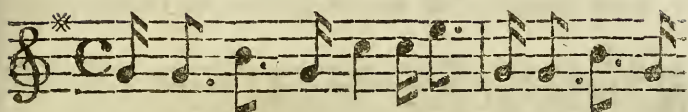
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,

For lucre shall we sell 'em ;

No ev'ry Briton's song should be,

Or give me death or liberty.

Up and waur them a', Willie.



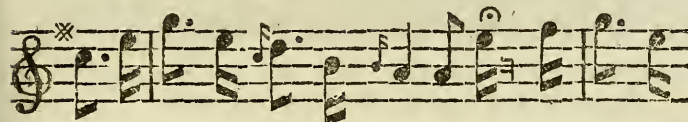
Up and waur them, a' Willie, Up and waur them



a' ; Get Jenny's hand in haly band, Or e'er she



win a-wa', Willie. Her daddy tald me he was



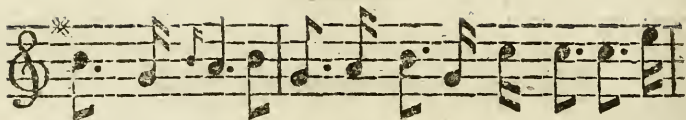
keen, To hae a son like you, Willie ; Gin ye can



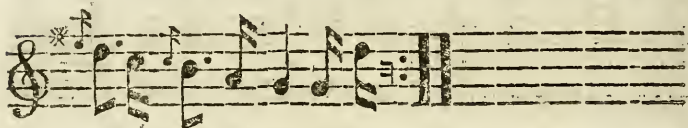
please the lassie's een, I'm sure he win-na rue,



Willie. Up and waur them a', Willie, Up and



waur them a' ; Gin ye can get her ain consent, Its



a' I want at a', Willie.

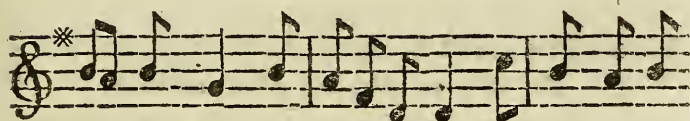
She has a house beyond the hill,
 Whar lovers mony ca', Willie ;
 But ye may hae the best luck still,
 Gin ye'll dress unca braw, Willie.
 Up and waur them a', Willie,
 Up and waur them a',
 Gae put you on your Sunday's coat
 And silken hose an' a', Willie.

Gae wait the day her dad comes hame,
 And in wi' him do gae, Willie :
 If she refuse I'll be the same,
 And still she may come to, Willie.
 Up and waur them a', Willie,
 Up and waur them a' ;
 Gin ye can but Peat's Jenny get,
 Nape e'er will be sae braw, Willie.

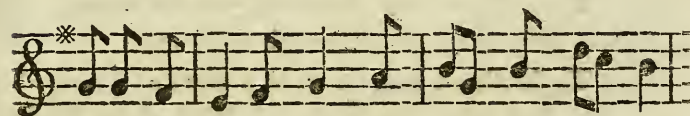
Moll of the Wad.



Miss Jenny dont think that I care for you, For



all your freaks and comical airs, You snub at your



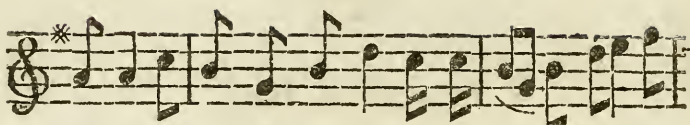
betters, I tell you true, You know full well you're



at your last prayers : There's Katty M'Girk, and



Shelach so smirk, They say that I'm the prince of



a lad; But--that for the two, and a fig for you, I'll



go and be married to Moll of the Wad.

Jenny.—Pray, don't be impudent, Master Crump ;
 For all your cobbling gibes and jeers,
 I'll up with my fist and I'll give you a thump,
 I'll smack your face and I'll box your ears ;
 Your slippers and shoes and you I'd refuse,
 Was there no other man to be had !
 To Mullen-a-hac, be off in a crack,
 And go to the devil with Moll of the Wad.

Crump.—Farewell, Mrs Jane, you'll rue the day,
 That you refus'd to butter your bread.

Jenny.—Remember your last, poor Crump, I may
 Prepare your sole and bristle your thread ;

Crump.—Had I married you,—*Jenny.* Pray what would
 you do ?

Crump.—I'd made you a mammy,—*Jenny.* You'd ne'er
 been a dad ;

Your bed full of thorns—*Crump.* My head full
 of horns,

I'll go and be married to Moll of the Wad.

The Match Boy.

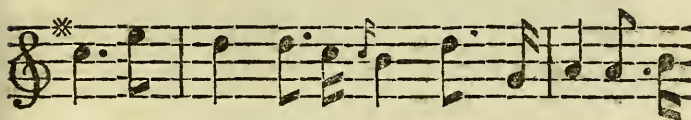
YE wealthy and proud, while in splendor ye



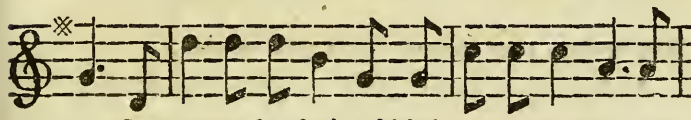
roll, Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan ;



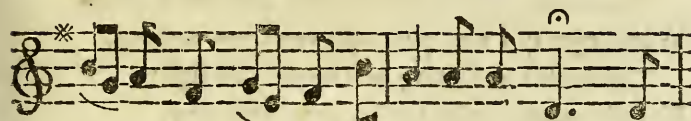
And learn tho' now doom'd to misfortune's con-



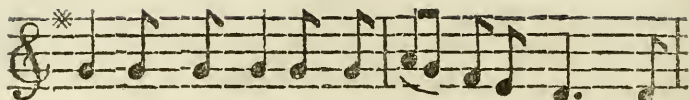
troul, He springs like yourself, from the fountain of



man. So scanty the fruit of his humble employ, De-



jected he roams in a sad ragged plight, Then



O give a mite to the poor little boy ; Then



O give a mite to the poor little boy, Who cries,



buy my matches from morning till night, Buy my



matches, buy my matches ; Who cries " buy my mat-



ches," from morning till night.

Remember, tho' luxury cloy's you by day,
 And pampers you nightly on pillows of down ;
 Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
 Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's frown.
 While apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
 The tinder of feeling you never can light ;
 Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
 Who cries, " buy my matches" from morning till night.

And you, ye proud fair of this ocean girt land,
With beauty external so gifted by fate ;
Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,
Prove also your mental endowments are great.
The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,
Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight ;
Then, O give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, " buy my matches," from morning till
night.



The Blue Bells of Scotland.



Oh! where? and oh, where is your Highland



laddie gone? Oh! where? and oh, where is your



Highland laddie gone? He's gone to fight the



French, for KING GEORGE up-on the throne, And its



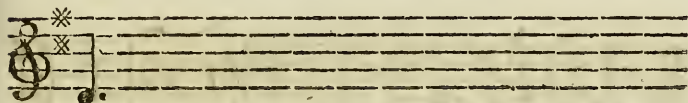
oh in my heart I wish him safe at home. He's



gone to fight the French, for KING GEORGE upon the



And its oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at



home.

Oh where? and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the blue-bell,
And it's oh, in my heart, I love my laddie well.

In what clothes? in what clothes is your Highland lad-
die clad?

His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat of a plaid,
And it's oh, in my heart, I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die:
The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd sit me down
and cry,

And its oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.



Listen, listen to the Voice of Love.



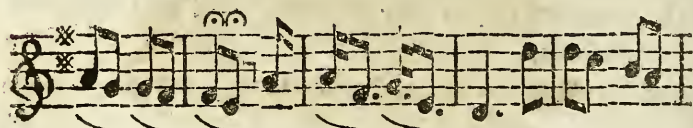
O LISTEN, listen to the voice of love, He



calls me Daphne to the grove; The primrose



sweet be-decks the field, The tuneful birds in-



vite to rove; To soft - er joys let splen-dour

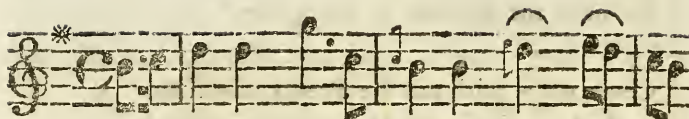


yield, O listen, listen to - - - the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,
My Daphne fondly let us stray,
Where whisp'ring love breaths forth his tale,
And shepherds sing their artless lay :
O listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls me Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,
And leave the town's tumultuous noise ;
The happy swains all cheerful sing,
And echo still repeats their joys ;
Then listen, listen to the voice of love,
He calls me Daphne to the grove.



Lovely Nan.

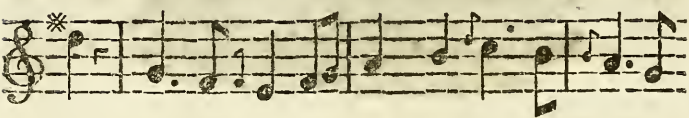
SWEET is the ship that, un-der sail, Spreads her



white bo-som to the gale ; Sweet, oh sweet's the



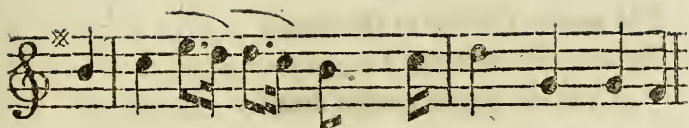
flow - ing cann ; Sweet, oh sweet's the flowing



cann ; Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar, That tugs us



to our na-tive shore, When the boatswain pipes



the barge to mann, When the boatswain pipes the



barge to mann, Sweet sailing with a fav'ring



breeze, But, oh much sweeter than all these ; But,



oh much sweeter than all these, Is Jack's delight,



his love-ly Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
To shew 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 life 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 every creature from me ran;

No ship performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;

But tho' false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Tho' cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth, and merit, to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;

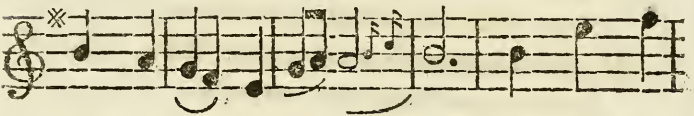
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty, and a spotless heart,
By manners, love to shew the man ;

To sail thro' life, by honour's breeze——
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

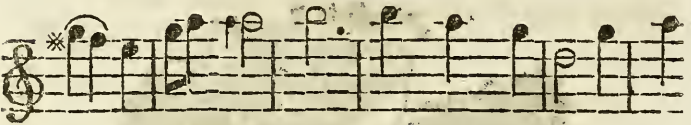


Black-eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The



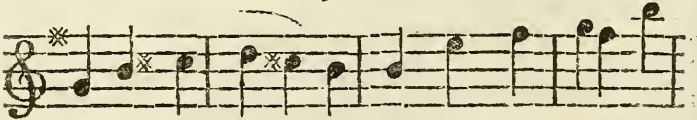
streamers wav-ing in the wind, When black-ey'd



Susan came on board, Oh! where shall I my true



love find? Tell me ye, jovial sailors, tell me true?



Does my sweet Wil-liam? Does my sweet Wil-liam



sail among your 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 thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning 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 landsmen say,
Who tempt to doubt 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.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' 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 aboard ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her list'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

Robin Adair.

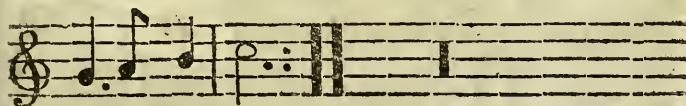
You're welcome to Pax-ton, Robin A-dair !



How does Johnny Mackrill do ? Aye and Luke



Gard'ner too ? Why did they no come with you,



Robin A-dair?

Come and sit down by me, Robin Adair,

And welcome you shall be,

To every thing you see ;

Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair ?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair ;
Rum punch, aye or brandy too,
By my soul I'll get drunk with you ;
Why did they not not come with you, Robin Adair ?

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair ;
Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
Till we've drank a hogshead out,
Then will we be fou, nae doubt ;
Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair ?



No, 'twas neither Shape nor Feature.



No, 'twas neither shape nor fea-ture, Made me



own your sov'reign sway, Ev'n thine, the proud-est



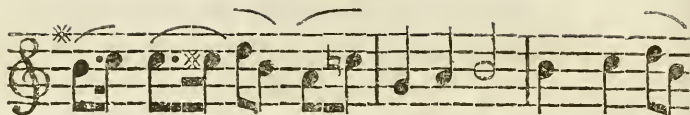
gifts of na-ture, Could have tri-umph'd but a



day ; Could have triumph'd but a day, Could have



triumph'd, Could have triumph'd but a day ;



Could have tri-umph'd but a day, Could have tri-



umph'd but a day.

Beauty's graces, tho' inviting,

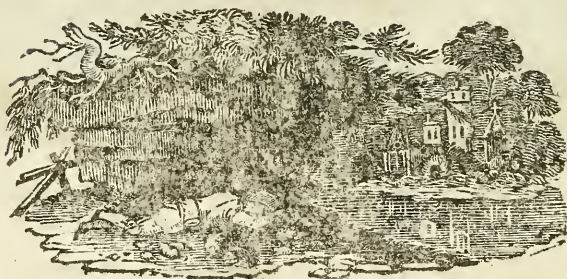
Scarce the ravish'd sense will blind;

But with virtuous charms uniting,

Steal love's fetters o'er the mind, (*Twice*)

Steal love's fetters, steal love's fetters o'er the mind,

Steal love's fetters o'er the mind. (*Twice*)



My Love she's but a Lassie.



My love she's but a las-sie yet, My love's she's



but a lassie yet, We'll let her stand a year or



twā, She'll no be half sae saucy yet. I



rue the day I sought her, O! I rue the day I



sought her, O! Wha gets her, need na say he's wud,



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

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

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

Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,

But here I never mist it yet.

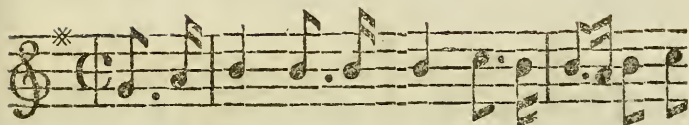
We're ay a' dry wi' drinking o't ;

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

The minister kist the fidler's wife,

He could na preach for thinking o't.



The Ploughman Sailor.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sai - lor am



now, No lark that's a-loft in the sky, E - ver



flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,



Was so gay, and so careless as I; Was so



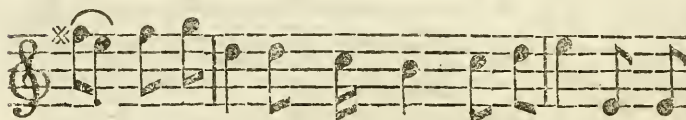
gay, and so care-less as I; But my friend was a



carfinder a-board a king's ship, And he ax'd me to



go just to sea for a trip, And he talk'd of such



things, as if sailors were kings, And so teasing did



keep, and so teasing did keep, That I left my poor



plough, to go ploughing the deep, No longer the



horn call'd me up in the morn, No longer the horn



call'd me up in the morn ; I trusted the carfindo and



the unconstant wind, That made me for to go and



leave my dear be-hind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
 When in danger there is no door to creep out ;
 I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
 But I did not much like rocking about ;
 By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
 Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat ;
 Ah ! cried I, who would roam
 That like me had a home ;
 When I'd sow and I'd reap,
 Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
 Where sweetly the horn
 Call'd me up in the morn,

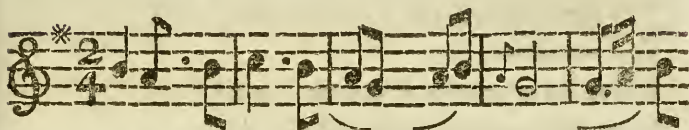
I trusted to the carfindo, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,
Father's dead, and my wife's ran away !
Ah ! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame ?
Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name ;
Ah ! why did I roam
When so happy at home,
I could sow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
When so sweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn :
Curse light upon the carfindo, and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why, if that be the case, said this very same friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gie's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home.
Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :
Now, cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home,
I am well so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough, to go ploughing the deep ;

Once more shall the horn
 Call me up in the morn ;
 Nor shall any damn'd carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
 E'er tempt for to go and leave my dear behind.

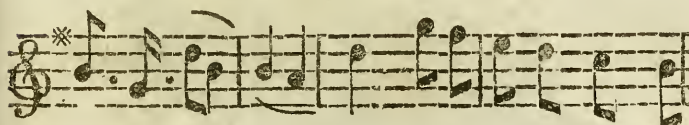
Never till now I knew Love's smart.



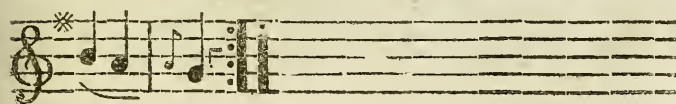
NEVER till now I knew love's smart; Guess who



it was that stole away my heart?'Twas only you, if



you'll believe me ; 'Twas on-ly you, if you'll be-



lieve me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour ;
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wish to stay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me,
For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I'm laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me ;
That's only you, &c.



The Cottage on the Moor.

My mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,



Little or-phans are sis - ter and I, sad-ly poor, In-



dustry our wealth, and no dwel-ling we have,



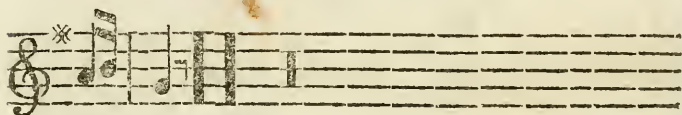
But yon neat little cot-tage, that stands on the



moor. Yon neat lit-tle cottage, Yon neat little



cottage, Yon neat lit-tle cot-tage, that stands on



the moor.

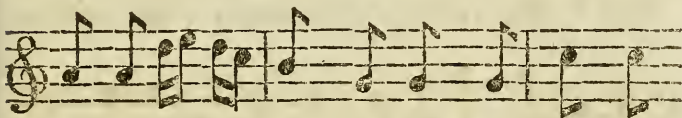
The lark's early song does to labour invite ;
 Contented we just keep the wolf from the door ;
 And Phœbus, retiring, trip home with delight,
 To our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens our chear ;
 Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,
 And heart-ease and health make a palace appear
 Of our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.
 Yon neat little cottage, &c.

In former Times we France did rout.



IN for-mer times we France did rout, 'Cause



then our prin-ces drank old stout ; But now, even



men of low degree, Drink what those drank whom



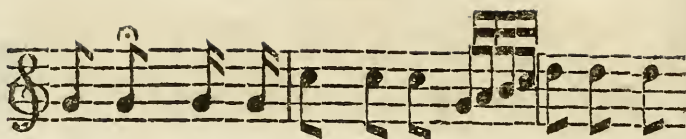
we made flee; I'll beat my best mi-li-tia gun, Who



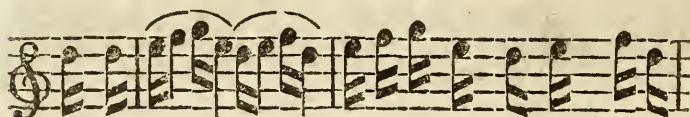
drinks like them, like them, will run : For sure no



knight was ev - er born, Compar'd to Sir John Bar-



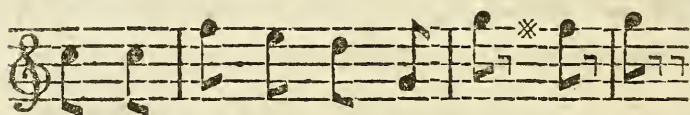
leycorn. With a hey gee, wo gee, up gee, wo ;



And a ringle gingle, ringle gingle, gingle gingle,



creaking breaking, dash-ing splashing, creak-ing



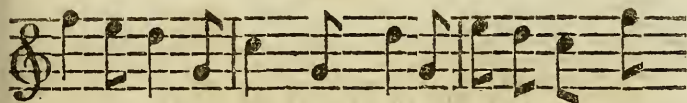
breaking, dash - ing splashing, whack, whack, whack.



Then while that the team goes slow thro' the vale, So



merrily, merri-ly, merrily, merrily, merrily, let us



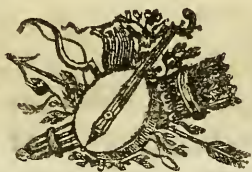
wet a lip, For Joan she loves a smack of the whip,



And the smack of nut-brown ale.

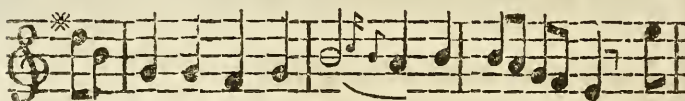
I ne'er want bolus, drug, or pill,
 For 'tis outlandish liquors kill ;
 I keep to ale, and ale keeps me,
 From ev'ry ail, but hiccups, free ;
 Nay, on my beast, the same I try,
 So Dobbin is as stout as I,
 For sure no doctor e'er was born,
 Compar'd to Sir John Barleycorn.

With a hey gee, wo, &c.

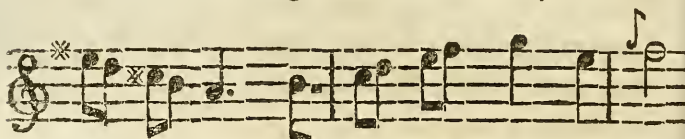


Saturday Night at Sea.

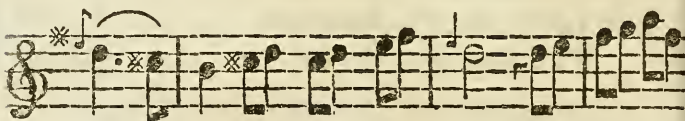
TwAS Sa-turday night, the twink-ling stars



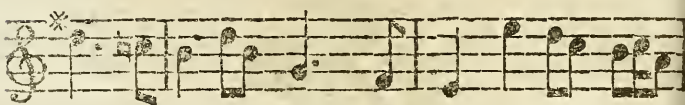
Shone on the rippling sea, - - No du - ty call'd the



jo - vial tars, The helm was lash'd a - lee ;



The helm was lash'd a - lee, The am-ple



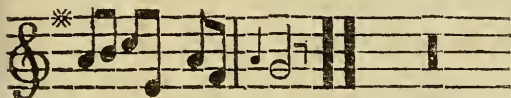
cann adorn'd the board, Prepar'd to see it



out, Each gave the lass that he a - - dor'd,



And push'd the grog a - - bout, And push'd.



the grog a - bout.

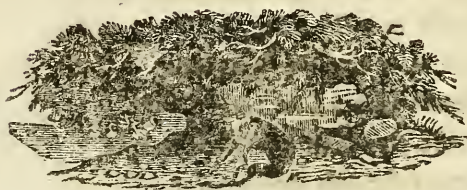
Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast;
 I'd venture life and limb,
 Sail seven long years and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command:
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jock, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top ga'nt-sails set, she is so tall,
 She looks like a first rate.
 Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better birth I'd wish to know,
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
 Trim, handsome, neat and tight,

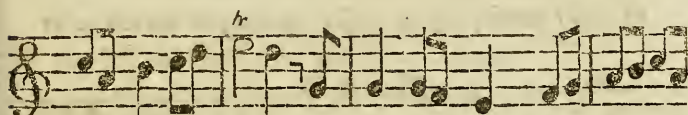
What joy, so neat a ship to mann !
Oh ! she's my heart's delight ;
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for such a wife ;
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried,
Till summon'd by the empty cann,
They to their hammocks hied :
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge cann was out ;
For in soft visions gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

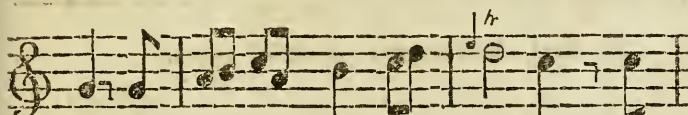


The Neglected Soldier.

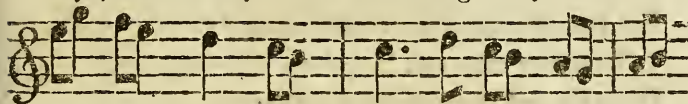
I SING the British soldier's praise, A theme



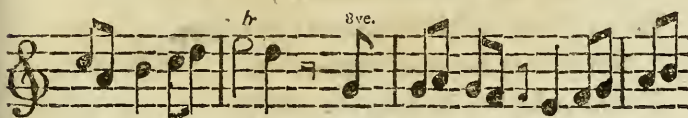
renown'd in sto-ry, It well deserves more polish'd



lays, Oh 'tis your boast and glo-ry. When



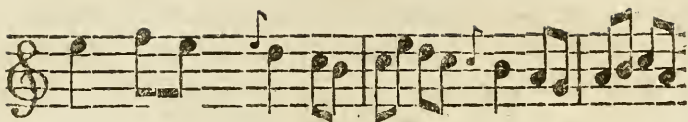
thund'ring Mars spread war around, By them



you are protected; But when in peace the na-



tion's found, Poor souls they are neglect-ed. But



oh ! stretch forth your aid-ing hand, in tok - en



of their merit, Then bold-ly they'll march o'er.



the land, And shew a grateful spirit.

For you the musket first he takes,
 That you may rest in quiet ;
 His wife and children he forsakes,
 To shift for cloaths and diet ;
 He's sudden call'd, he knows not where,
 Nor knows he shall return
 To those he left in deep despair,
 Whose hearts for him yet burn.
 But oh ! stretch forth your bounteous hand,
 In justice to their merit,
 Then cheerful they'll march through the land,
 And shew a grateful spirit.

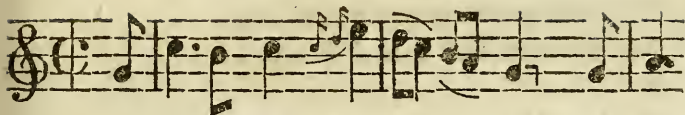
For you through many a tedious road
He goes without complaining,
From scorching heat he seeks abode,
Sometimes without obtaining :
By thirst and hunger oft he's prest,
Yet scorns to droop his head,
Ambition from within his breast,
He substitutes as bread.
Then oh ! stretch forth your friendly hand,
In justice to his merit,
How cheerful he'll march thro' the land,
And bless your gen'rous spirit !

For you thro' fields of blood they'll seek
Your foes of ev'ry nation ;
'Tis there bold actions loudly speak
Their worth in every station.
Firm as a flinty wall they'll stand,
Observing strict decorum,
Until their leaders give command
To beat down all before 'em.
Then oh ! stretch forth th' afflicting hand,
In justice to their merit,
When they return unto their land,
They'll bless your noble spirit.

Well, now, they've thresh'd the daring foe,
Done all within their power,

But little more than blows have they,
And one farthing in an hour.
Little within the Frenchman's fob
To recompense their labours;
Why then, it proves a sorry job,
Little better than their neighbours.
Then oh! stretch forth the lib'ral hand,
In justice to their merit,
So shall they bless the happy land,
The land of godlike spirit.

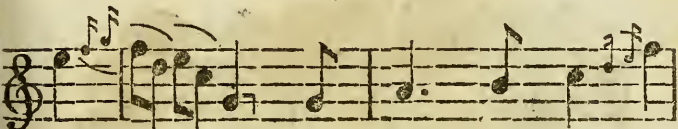


The Fatal Shafts.

Thy fa - tal shafts un - err - ing move, I bow



before thine al - tar love; I feel the soft



re - sistless flame Glide swift through all my



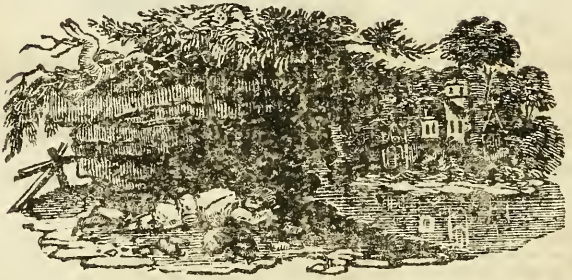
vi - tal frame.

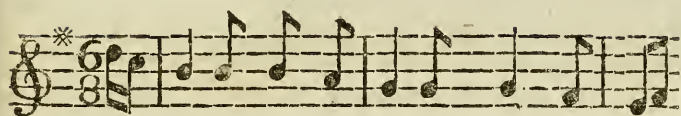
For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;

Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,
In soothing numbers to complain ;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop this silent tear ;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

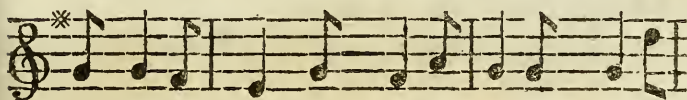


Mounsieur Nong Tong Paw.

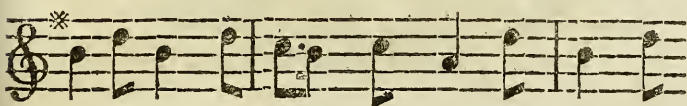
JOHN Bull for pastime took a prance, Some time



a - go to peep at France, To talk of sci-en - ces



and arts, And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts; Mon-

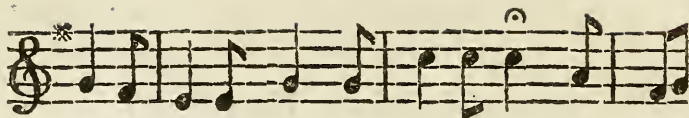


sieur, obse-queous, heard him speak, And answer'd

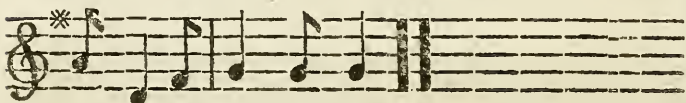


John in heathen Greek, to all he as'ld, 'bout all he

R



saw, To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw, 'Twas Mon-



sieur, je vous n'entends pas.

John to the Palais Royal came,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb ;
 I say, whose house is that there here ?
 Hosse ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.
 What Nong Tong Paw again ? cries John,
 This fellow is some mighty Don !
 No doubt has plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nong Tong Paw.

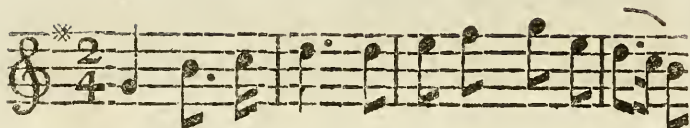
John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 Whose fine estate is that there here ?
 Stat ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.
 His ? what the land and houses too ?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew !
 On ev'ry thing he lays his claw,
 I should like to dine with Nong Tong Paw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair ;
 John cried, enchanted with her air,

What lovely wench is that there here ?
Ventch ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.
What, he again ? upon my life ;
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw ;
I should like to sup with Nong Tong Paw.

But hold, whose funeral's that ? cries John ;
Je vous n'entends pas ; what ! is he gone ?
Wealth, fame, and beauty, could not save
Poor Nong Tong Paw then from the grave ;
His race is run, his game is up,
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup,
But since he chuses to withdraw,
Good-night t'ye, Mounsieur Nong Tong Paw.



Bleak was the Morn.

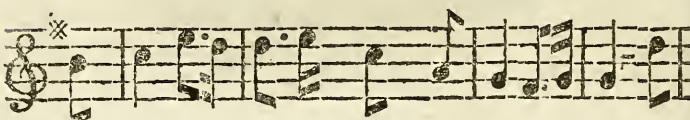
BLEAK was the morn, when William left his Nancy,



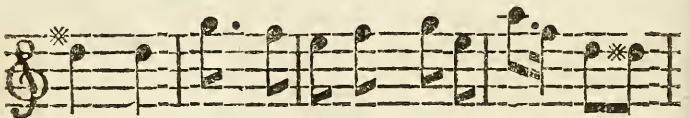
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,



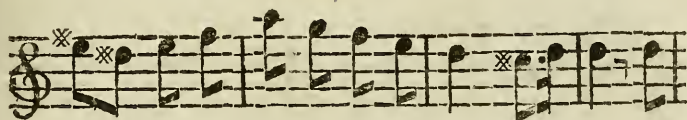
Cold as the fears that chill'd her drea-ry fan - cy,



While she her sail-or from her bo-som tore; To



his fill'd heart a lit - tle Nancy press - ing.



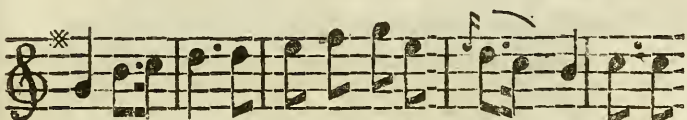
While a young tar the ample trous - ers ey'd, In



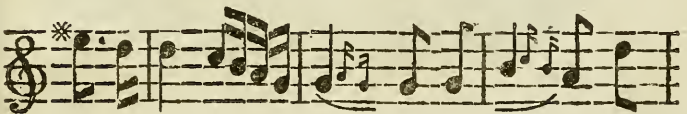
need of firm-ness in this state distress - ing, Will



check'd the ris-ing sigh, and fondly cried, Ne'er



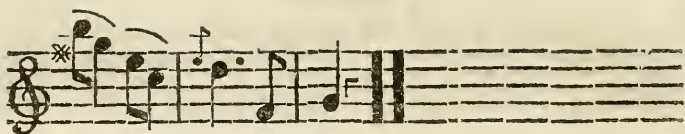
fear the pe-rils of the fickle o - cean, Sorrow's



all a no - tion, grief all in vain, Sweet



love, take heart, for we but part, In joy,



joy to meet a - gain.

Loud blew the wind, when leaning on that willow
 Where the dear name of William printed stood,
 When Nancy, saw upon a faithless billow,
 A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood :
 Her tender heart with frantic sorrow thrilling,
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,
 'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more !
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean ?
 Sorrow's my portion,
 Misery and pain.
 Break my poor heart,
 For now we part,
 Never to meet again.

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,
 Four tedious years had Nancy past in grief,
 When with her children the sad hours beguiling,
 She saw her William fly to her relief ;
 Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
 But soon return'd to life, to love and joy,

While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:
Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow's all a notion,
Grief all in vain ;
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet,
Never to part again.

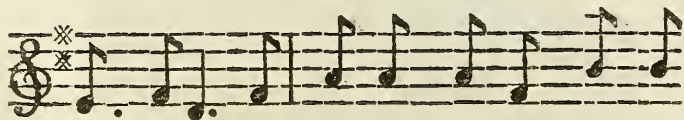


The bad Wife.

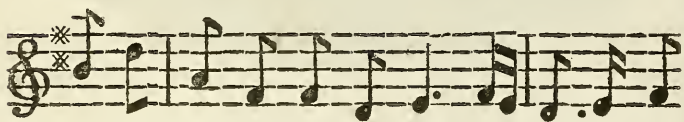
As soon as I got married, a hap - py man



to be, My wife turn'd out a sor-ry jade, we never



could agree, For what I thought my great - est



bliss, was grief without compare, And a' the cause



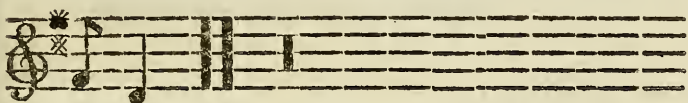
of my complaint's she's mine for-ev-er mair ; For she's-



aye plague plaguing, And she's pla- guing me, me;



She's aye plague, pla-guing, And ne - ver lets



me be.

About a week or something less, a bonny thing she was;
But e'er the second Sunday came, she made me cry,
alas!

Oh! aftentimes I cry alas! 'tis needless here to tell,
For a' the cause o' my complaint, the jade she kens
hersel.

And she's aye plague, plaguing, &c.

An' if I chance to speak a word, she flies like fire frae
flint;

I darna' ca' my house my ain, nor any thing that's
in't,

My very hair I darna' cut, my claes I darena' wear,
 An' o' baith claise an' siller too, she keeps me naked
 bare.

An' she's ay strip, stripping, &c.

Right weel she kens I dearly looe, a dainty dish o' meat,
 But she cuikes it up sae dirtily, a bit I canna eat ;
 An' if I turn my mouth awry, or chance to shake my
 head,

She ca's me filthy loun, an' says, I'm very ill to feed.

An' she's aye starve, starving, &c.

When I am for soberness, she gangs distracted mad,
 And when I am for merriment, oh then she's always sad;
 And when I wish to hear her speak, she silent sits and
 dumb,

And when I am for quietness, she rattles like a drum.

An' she's ay drum, drumming, &c.

Last night my neighbour Tam an' I, went out our throats
 to wet,

She thunder'd in my lugs sae loud, I think I hear her yet;
 And when her barlike hoods are on, which aften is the
 case,

The first thing that comes to her hand, she dashes't in
 my face.

An' she's ay dash, dashing, &c.

That marriage is a paradise, I've often heard folk tell,
But for my ain part, first and last, I think it waur than
hell ;

And yet there is a comfort left, ae comfort and nae
mair,

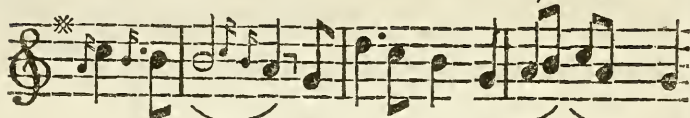
The pangs o' death will break the bands, and bury a'
my care ;

For she'll soon, soon bury, and she'll soon bury me,
She'll soon, soon bury, and then she'll let me be.



Moulines Maria.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat, Under a



pop-lar tree, Ma-ri-a chose her lone-ly seat



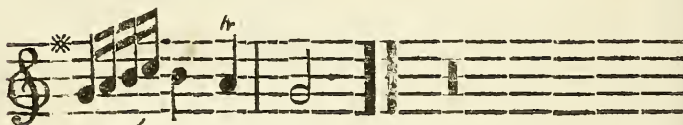
To mourn her sor-rows free : Her love-ly form



was sweet to view, As dawn at op'ning day, But,



ah ! she mourn'd her love not true, And wept

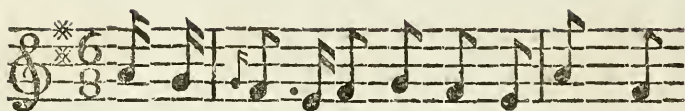


her cares a - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs smooth along ;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song ;
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast,
Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,
And fled with them her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold
Thy anguish so severe,
And hear thy love-lorn story told,
Without a falling tear.
Maria, luckless maid, adieu !
Thy sorrows soon must cease,
For heav'n will take a maid so true,
To everlasting peace.

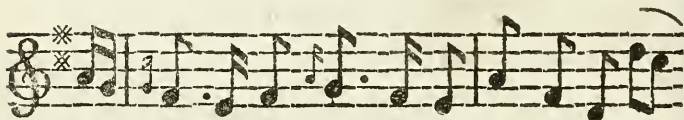


Johnny and Phillis.

Twas a beau - tiful night, and the stars they



shone bright, When Johnny came tripping a - long,



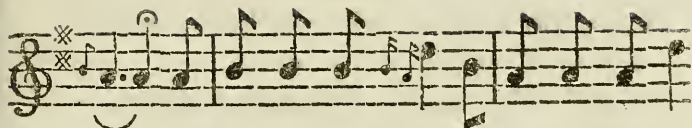
He warbled a tune by the light of the moon,



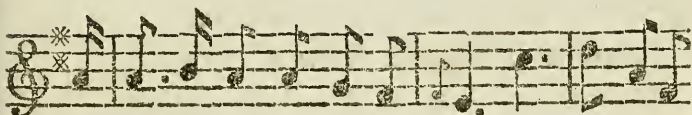
And thus run the theme of his song : O Phillis, my



dear, thy lover is here, And the nightingale too is in



tune, Then prithee don't stay, I've something to say,



Sweet girl, by the light of the moon; Sweet girl, by the



light of the moon, Then prithee don't stay, I've



something to say, Sweet girl, by the light of the moon,



Sweet girl by the light of the moon.

The elegant youth, I lov'd for his truth,

And instantly flew to his arms,

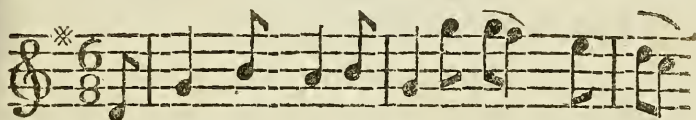
When so gentle and kind, he prov'd to my mind,

It banish'd a maiden's alarms ;

'To morrow, he cry'd, shall make thee a bride ;
Ah no ! I reply'd, 'tis too soon,
But still still be press'd, O grant my request,
Sweet girl, by the light of the moon.

To keep him in pain, was surely in vain,
For tho' I attempted to frown,
My little heart beat, as he knelt at my feet,
And my hand dropt unknowingly down ;
Transported with bliss, he gave it a kiss,
And pleaded so tender his boon,
I promis'd next day a husband might say,
Sweet girl, by the light of the moon.



Heather Braes.

WHEN gloomynight had taken flight, Chac'd by



the rud-dy morning, When daisies fair, perfume the



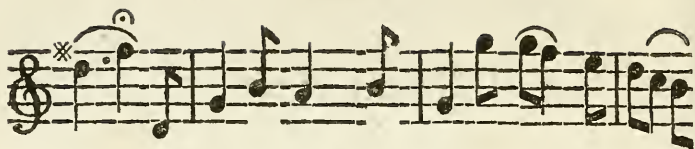
air, Each hill and dale adorning ; As forth I hied,



young Jockey cri'd, My bonny las-sie, stay, O



gang wi' me, and chat a-wee, Upon the heather.



brae, As forth I hied, young Jockey cried, My bonny



las-sie stay, O gang wi' me, an' chat awee, U-



pon the heath-er brae, Up - on the heath - er



brae.

A maid too soon may may grant a boon,
 Too late repent her folly ;
 And what reward meets her regard,
 But grief and melancholy ;
 For all mankind are false as wind,
 Or like an April day ;

Then seek not me to chat wi' thee,
Upon the heather brae.

The bonny swain then tun'd a strain,
So wonderfully pleasing,
That while he play'd, his music made,
Me wish it never ceasing ;
Now fraught with joy that ne'er can cloy,
I blest the happy day,
I first did meet my Jockey sweet,
Upon the heather brae.



Nobody.



If to force me to sing it be your inten-tion,



Some one I will hint at, yet no bo-dy men - tion,



No-body, you'll cry, pshaw, that must be stuff,



At singing I'm no-bo - dy, that's the first proof;



No, no-bo - dy, no, no-body, no - bo-dy,



nobody, nobody no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they ought to be asham'd of have done;
'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaus,
What they were intended for, nobody knows.

No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back ;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd ?

No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid :
She gently cries out, Sir, there'll somebody hear us ;
He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.

No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded ;
And when she's examin'd, cries, mortals forbid it !
If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.

No, nobody, &c.

When by stealth, the gallant the wanton wife leaves,
The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves ;
He rouses himself, and cries loudly, who's there ?
The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody dear.

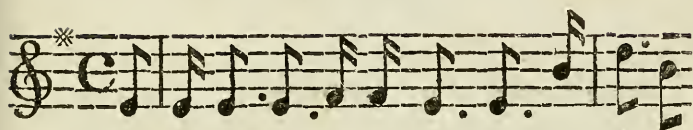
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody sure has been sung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd ;
I hope for free speaking I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.

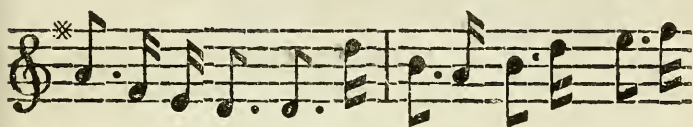
No, nobody, &c.



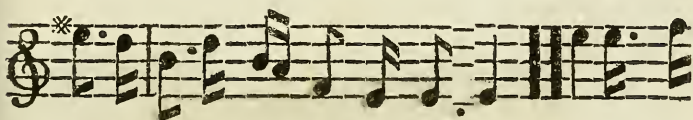
My Harry was a Gallant gay.



My Har-ry was a gallant gay, Fu' state-ly



strade he on the plain; But now he's banish'd far a-



wa, I'll nev-er see him back a - gain. O for him



back again ! O for him back again ! I wad gie a



Knockhaspie's land, For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen ;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain ;
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.



O whistle, and I'll come to you.



O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad, O



whistle and I'll come to you my lad, Tho' father and



mother, and a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll

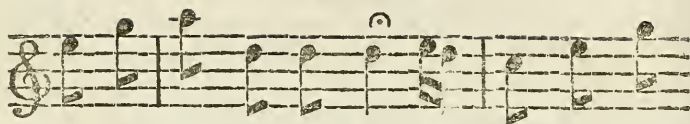


come to you, my lad, Come down the back stairs when



ye come to court me, Come down the back stairs

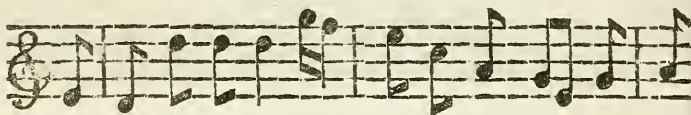
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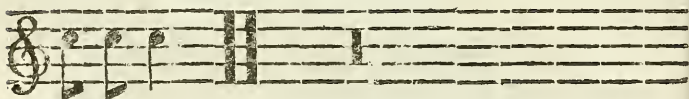
when ye come to court me, Come down the back



stairs, and let naebody see, And come as ye were



na coming to me, And come as ye were na com-



ing to me.

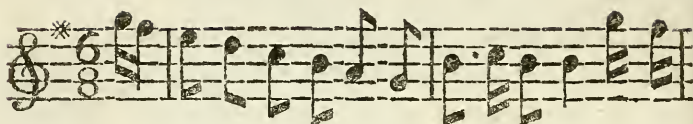
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 Tho' father and mother, and a' shoud gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flee,

But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
Ay vow, and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me..



When I was Chicken.



WHEN I was a chicken, as high as a hen, By the



priest I was bother'd my les - son to ken; As an



oak you must bend, says old Father O'Rook, First



impres-sion's the thing; then he threw down his



book, While in rap - tures he took a young girl by



the hand, To give ab-so-lu-tion as I understand ;



Oh ho' thinks I, you're a forestalling thief, I'll follow



before ye and turn a new leaf, With my ta ral la



la, ral la ta ral la la, and ta ral la, la tal la, la



ral la, ta ral la, la ta la, ta la ta, la la la, ra la la, ra



ta la, ta la ra, la la.

When a few twelvemonths older ; says I, to myself, .
I'll turn out a master and pocket the pelf ;
So I wash'd off the sins from my penitent fair,
Before they committed them, conscience was clear ;
'Twas this stamp't my fame, and business encreas'd,
For the ladies all flock'd from the north, south and east,
To receive dispensations and pardons for crime,
While they simper'd, "Dear father, am I come in time."
For your ta ra la, &c.

Now snug in possession of every thing fine,
A heart full of love and a houseful of wine ;
With a levee of beauty, delightful my trade is,
To give absolution to innocent ladies ;
While Father O'Rook turns his eyes in despair,
Talks of bending of oaks and reclaiming the fair ;
"First impression," says I, "told me this was the way,
"To attend on the ladies, morn, noon, night, and day."
With my ta ra la, &c.



The Miller.

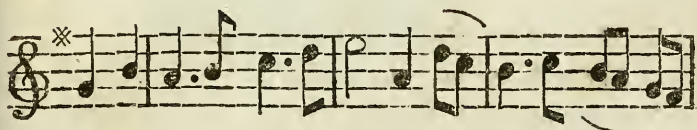
O MER-RY may the maid be, That marries



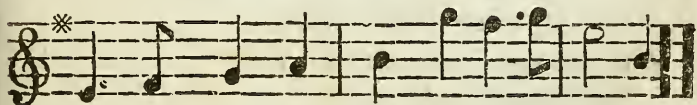
with the miller, For foul day and fair day, He's



ay bringing till her, He's ay a pen-ny in his



purse, For dinner and for supper, And gin ye please a



good fat cheese, And lumps of yel-low but-ter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'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 of meal,
And in the kist was plenty
Of good fat cakes his mother bakes,
And bannocks were nae scanty ;
A good fat sow, and sleekit cow,
Were standing in the byre ;
Whilst lazy puss, wi' 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 so nappy ;
Who'd be a king ?—a petty thing !
When a miller lives so happy.

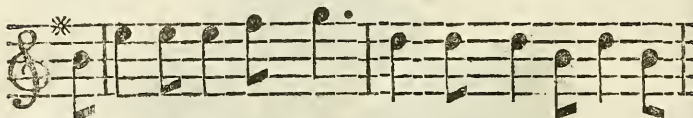


I made Love to Kate.

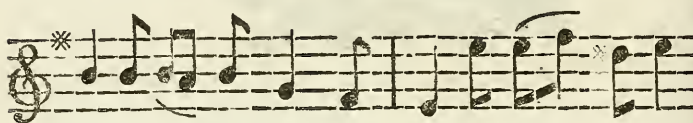
I MADE love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,



Till I heard of late, she'd a mind to me. me.



I met her on the green, in her best array, So



pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away ;



Oh then we kiss'd and prest, were we much to



blame ? Had you been in my place, Why, you had



done the same. Oh ! same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, and you will marry Kate ;
 But then I laugh'd, and swore
 I lov'd her more than so,
 Ty'd each to a rope's end,
 Is tugging to and fro.
 Again we kiss'd and prest, were we much to blame ?
 Had you been in my place, why, you had done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd and said, she was wond'rous sick ;
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick ;
 Long we toy'd, and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke ;
 For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name,
 Had you been in my place, why, you had done the
 same.

Ellen of the Dale.



WHERE Eden's sweet and silver tide turns gently



thro' the vale, In cot remov'd from noise and



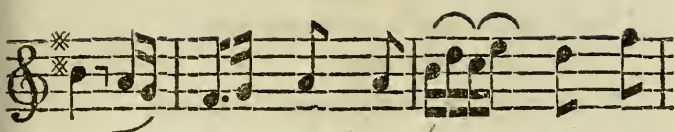
pride, Lives Ellen of the dale. From all the ills that



poisons life, From fraud, disguise, and care, Nor



sorrow, ava-ric, nor strife, Dwells with the happy



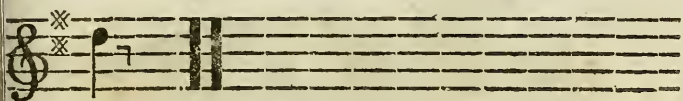
fair, Where Eden's sweet and sil-ver tide, Turns



gent-ly thro' the vale, In cot remov'd



from noise and pride, Lives Ell - en of the



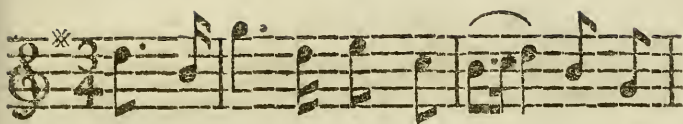
dale.

The rural dance my Ellen leads,
 And sports the swains among;
 With what becoming grace she treads
 The verdant mead along :
 Can aught to leave this happy scene,
 Can aught on me prevail ;
 To quit my charming beauteous queen,
 My Ellen of the dale ?

U

Such simple sports must ever please
The unpolluted mind ;
From guilt the conscience rests at ease,
And vice of every kind :
Give me, ye powers ! this happy cot,
Give me this happy vale ;
Content will be my future lot,
With Ellen of the dale.



Poor Tom.

THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and



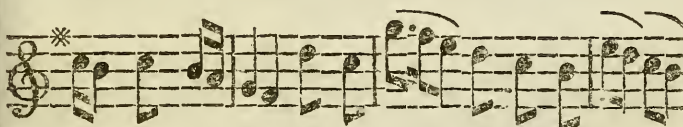
coat, and badge fare - well, Ne-ver more at



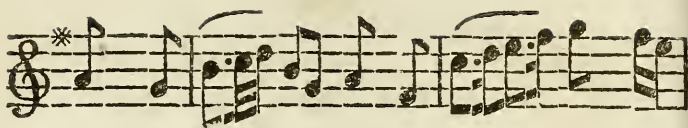
Chelsea fer-ry, Shall your Thomas take a spell.



Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat,



and badge farewell, Never more at Chelsea fer-ry,



Shall your Thomas take a spell, Shall your



Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
 In the battle's heat I'll go ;
 Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,
 Some friendly ball will lay me low.

Then mayhap, when homeward steering,
 With the news my messmates come ;
 Even you, my story hearing,
 With a sigh may cry, poor Tom !

Protestant Boys.

TELL me, my friends, why are we met here? Why



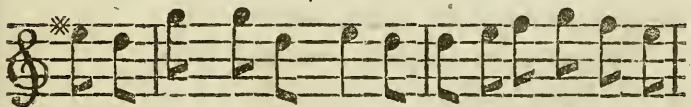
thus assembled, ye Pro-tes - tant boys? Do mirth and



good liquor, good humour, good cheer, Call us to



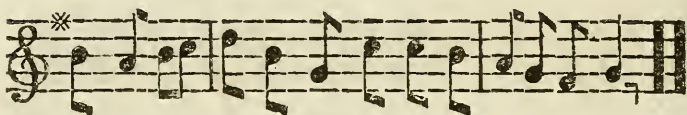
share of fes - ti-vity's joys? Oh no! 'tis the cause



of king, freedom, and laws, That calls loyal Protestants



now to unite ; For orange and blue, will be faithful



and true, Our king to support, and sedition affright.

Great spirit of William, from Heaven look down,
 And breathe in our hearts our forefather's fire ;
 Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
 From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire !
 Jacobine, Jacobite, against all to unite,
 Who dare to assail our sovereign's throne.
 For orange and blue will be faithful and true,
 And Protestant loyalty ever be known.

In that loyalty, proud let us ever remain,
 Bound together in truth, and religion's pure band ;
 Nor honour's fair cause with foul bigotry stain,
 Since in courage and justice supported we stand.
 So heaven shall smile on our emerald isle,
 And lead us to conquest again and again,
 While Papist shall prove our brotherly love :
 We hate them as masters, we love them as men.

By deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe :
Hearts with true honour and loyalty fired,
Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
In orange and blue, still faithful and true,
The soul-stirring music of joy they'll sing ;
The shades of the Boyne in the chorus will join,
And the welkin re-echo, with God save the king.





JEAN Frog from Ca-lais cringing came, To Bri-



tish shores to spread his fame, Puff'd up with va-



ni - ty and self,Contemning all but English pelf;He



pranc'd ashore like any fop, With frizzled pate just



like a mop. The English damsels with a sneer, The



English damsels with a sneer, Exclaim'd, "What



monkey have we here?"

Advancing bold with impudence,
 A Frenchman's substitute for sense,
 "Voyez Ma'amselles ; Tout a la mode,"
 Then shrugg'd and grinn'd like any toad.
 To shew how he'd for beauty die,
 He chatter'd faster than a 'pie ;
 To check such sauce they box'd his ear,
 And cried, "What monkey have we here?"

With fawning cringing tricks again,
 Mounsieur Grenouille then bow'd to men,
 "Me came from Paris, per express,
 "To teach de Anglois politesse."
 With stern disdain they view'd his art,
 Too shallow for a Briton's heart,
 Replying with contemptuous sneer,
 "What would this monkey teach us here?"

"Conceited Sir, so debonair,
 "Hie home to France and frizzle hair,

“ No conversation petulant,
“ Nor superficial ways we want ;
“ We cultivate the sounder part,
“ Improve the head, and mend the heart ;
“ Our manners candid and sincere,
“ No apes we want to teach us here.”

Monsieur abash'd in discontent,
Quick capers back his spleen to vent,
Of Englishmen now dare to prate,
“ Les brutes, les sauvages, les betes,
“ Fools to despise ma politesse,
“ Mes compliments et ma finesse,”
While yet these sounds assail his ear,
“ No apes we want to teach us here.”



Twine weel the Plaiden.

O I hae lost my silken snood, That tied



my hair sae yellow, I've gi'en my heart to



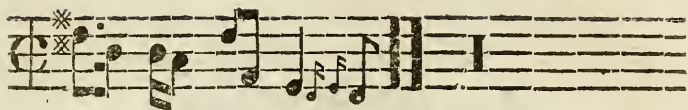
the lad I lo'ed, He was a gallant fellow. And



twine it weel, my bonny dowie, And twine it weel, the



plaiden; The lassie lost her silken snood, In

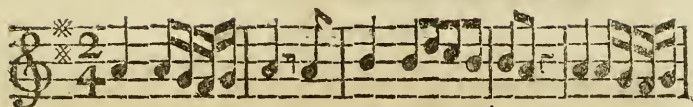


pu'ing of the bracken.

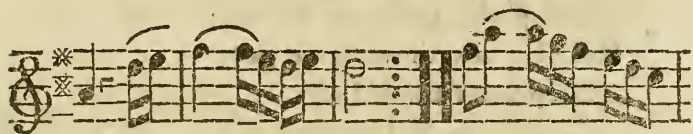
He prais'd my e'en sae bonny blue,
 Sae lilly white my skin, O,
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae sin, O.
 And twine, &c.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,
 His ain true love forsaken ;
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine, &c.

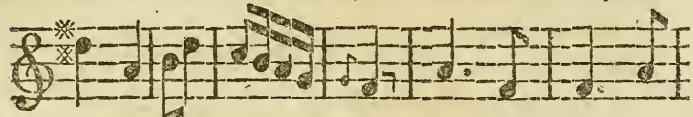


The Kiss.

ONE kind kiss be-fore we part, Drop a



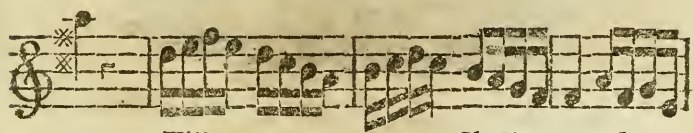
tear and bid a - - dieu, Tho' - - - you



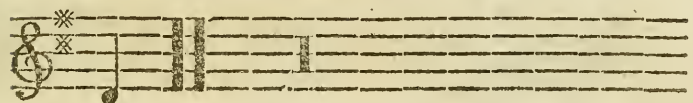
se-vere my fond heart, Till we meet shall



pant for you, Till we meet, Till we



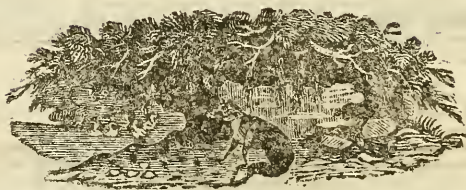
meet, Till we meet Shall pant for

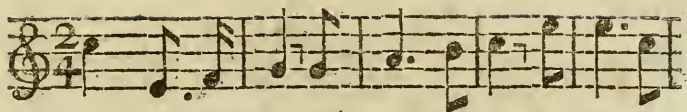


you.

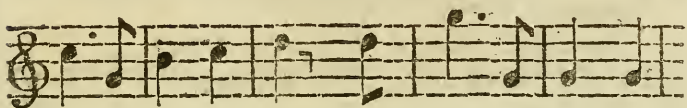
Yet, yet weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul must still be here.
Till we meet, &c.

All my soul, and all my heart,
Every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then e'er we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.
Till we meet, &c.

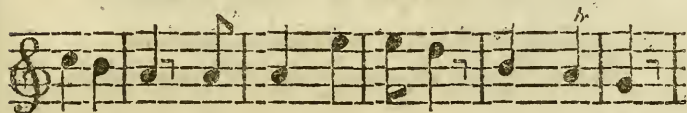


Poor Emma.

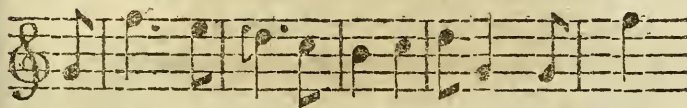
KEEN blew the blast, the night unkind, No friendly



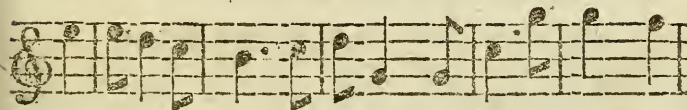
star: reliev'd the gloom, When thro' a deep wood's



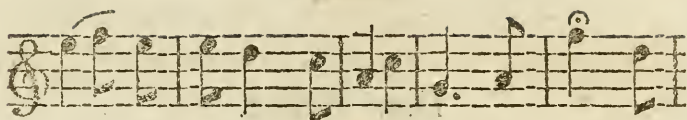
mazy wind, The wand'ring Emmasought her home.



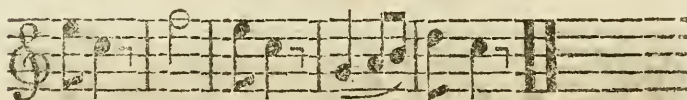
'Twas love that led the maid a straying, That source



of many a dread dilemma; Yet mid a pros-pect



so dis-maying, She little more than sigh'd, poor

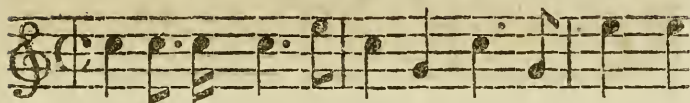


Emma, poor Emma, poor Emma!

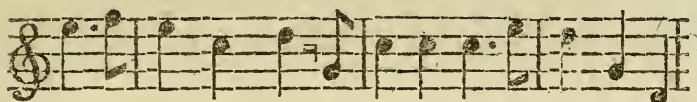
Nor was it strange so little fear,
 Should fill a breast like her's forlorn ;
 For ah! she mourn'd her Henry dear,
 Whom cruel war had from her torn.
 She heard the night-bird's horrid screaming,
 The lightning glar'd, ah! dread dilemma!
 And Henry's ghost, the frequent gleaming
 Disclos'd, and shrieking swoon'd poor Emma.

She wak'd but in a friendly cot,
 Where Henry, (for 'twas he return'd)
 Convey'd her from the dreadful spot,
 Where lovelorn she his absence mourn'd :
 And now he ask'd her for his bride,
 She gave her hand in love's dilemma ;
 Next day the joyful knot was tied,
 And now no more she sighs, poor Emma.

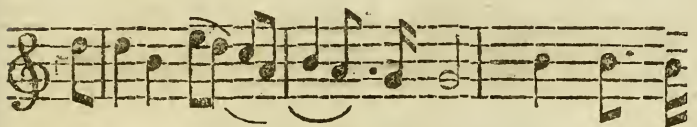
Cheerly, my Hearts of Courage true.



CHEERLY, my hearts of courage true, The hour's at



hand to try your worth; A glorious peril waits for you,



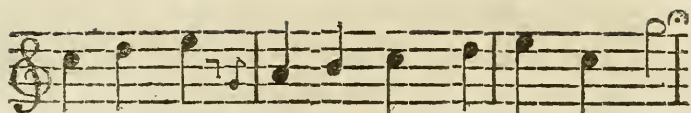
And valour pants to lead you forth. Mark where the



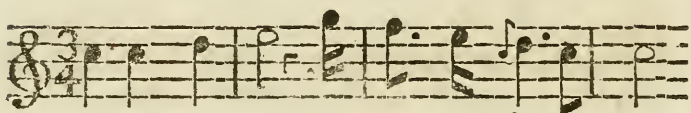
en - e-mies colours fly, boys, There some must con-



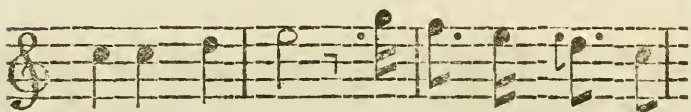
quer, some must die, boys; But that appals not



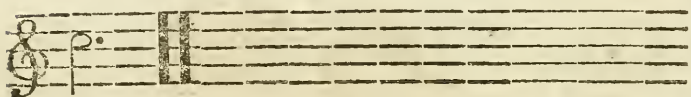
you nor me, For our watch-word it shall be,



Britons, strike home, Revenge your country's wrongs;



Britons, strike home, Revenge your country's



wrongs.

When rolling mists their march shall hide,

At dead of night a list'ning band,

List'ning to the dashing tide,

With silent tread shall print the sand.

Then where the Spanish colours fly, boys,

We'll scale the walls, or bravely die, boys ;

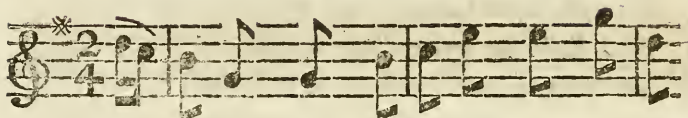
For we are Britons bold and free,

And our watch-word it shall be,

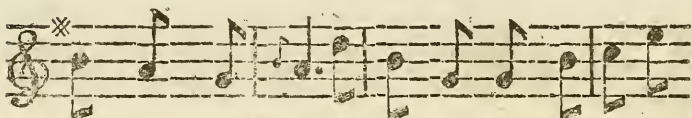
Britons strike home, &c.

The cruel Spaniard then too late,
Dismay'd, shall mourn th' avenging blow ;
Yet vanquish'd meet the milder fate,
Which mercy grants a fallen foe:
Thus shall the British banner fly, boys,
On yon proud turrets rais'd on high, boys ;
And while the gallant flag we see,
We'll swear our watch-word still shall be,
Britons strike home, &c..



Nan of Gloster Green.

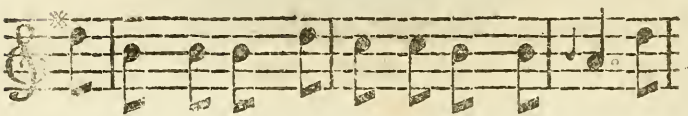
SAY, will you leave your village cot, And range



the fields with me, My mind to soothe on yon fair



spot, Intent on nought but thee: The op'ning spring



that hails the year, So like thy graceful mein, My



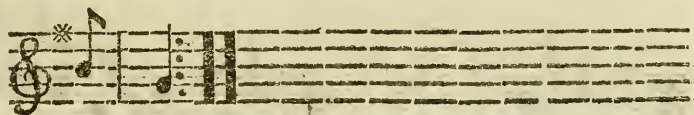
charming girl, to me so dear, Is Nan of Gloster green,



Is Nan of Gloster green, Is Nan of Gloster green;



My charming girl, to me so dear, Is Nan of Glos-



ter green.

Could I but gain your heart, my fair,

How gay the time would pass,

Each day to tend my fleecy care,

With you, my lovely lass;

Come then, dear girl, to church with me,

Now smile, my lovely queen;

My ev'ry wish is form'd for thee,

Sweet Nan of Gloster green.

Her lily hand, and willing heart,

A blush o'erspread her face;

Here take me, shepherd, let's depart,

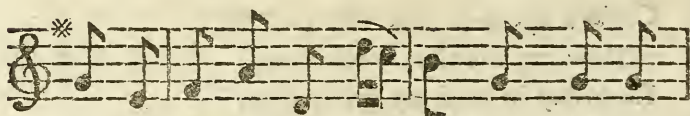
And seek the hallow'd place.

Where love and friendship shall combine,
 And union e'er be seen :
 Now all assist our hands, to join
 The joy of Gloster green.

So dearly I love Johnny O.



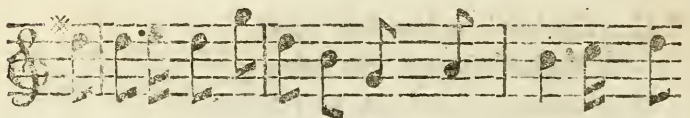
YOUNG San-dy once a-woeing came, And fond - ly



tried to gain my heart; He sigh'd whene'er he



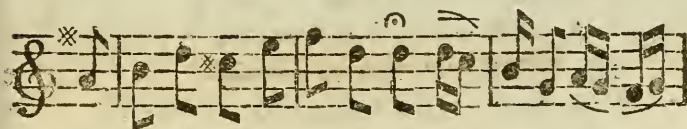
own'd his flame, But soon I guess'd his wi - ly art.



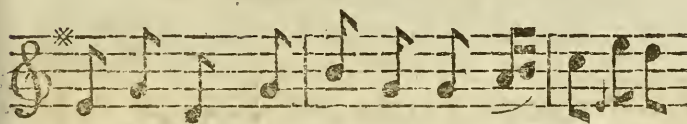
'Tho' il-ka lad in tar - tan plaid, Shou'd ca' me blyth-



and bonny, O, They'd try in vain my heart to gain,



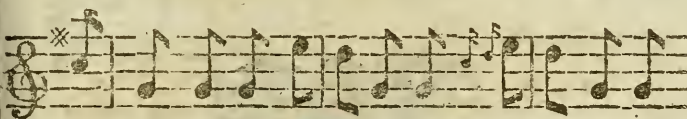
So dearly I love Johnny O. Tho' il-ka lad in



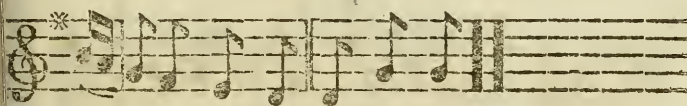
tar-tan plaid, Should ca' me blyth and bon-ny O,



They'd try in vain my heart to gain, So dear-ly I



love John-ny O, So dearly I love Johnny O,



So dearly I love John-ny O.

Tho' Johnny canna boast of wealth,
Contentment crowns his lowly state;
His rosy cheeks denote sweet health,
And goodness makes the laddie great.
In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
A youth sae blyth and bonny, O,
His flatt'ring tale can ay prevail,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

The other morn upon the bent,
I met my lad so brisk and gay;
He vow'd, unless I'd give consent,
He'd o'er the hills and far away :
As home we stray'd, his pipes he play'd,
And sang so sweet and bonny O,
I made a vow to buckle too,
So dearly I love Johnny O,

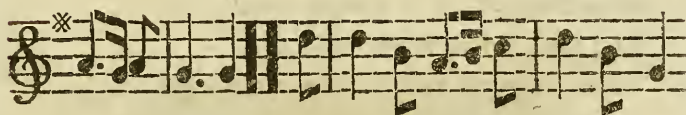


Taste Life's glad Moments.

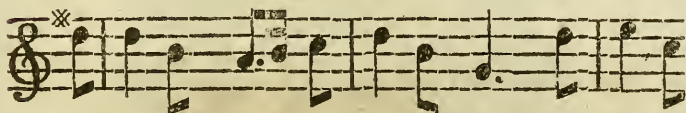
TASTE life's glad moments, Whilst the wasting



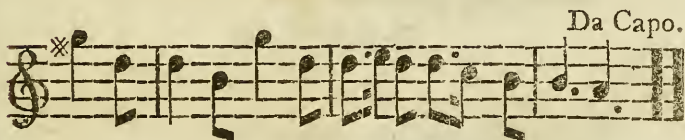
ta - per glows, Pluck, e'er it withers, The quickly



fad-ing 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.

When tim'rous nature veils her 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 will 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 encreases.

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 glad moments,
Whilst the wasting taper glows,
Pluck, e'er it withers,
The quickly fading rose.



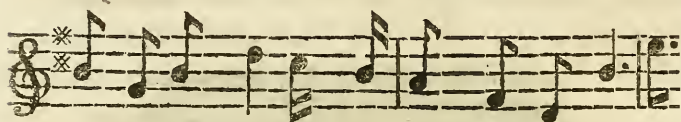
Kail Brose of Auld Scotland.



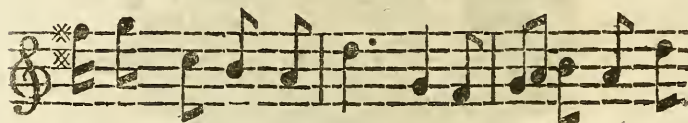
WHEN our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird,



For a piece o' guid groun' to be a kail-yard, It



was to the brose that they paid their regard. O!



the kail-brose of auld Scotland, An' O! the Scottish



kail-brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
 At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
 Just before they began, they'd been feasting on brose.
 O! the kail-brose, &c.

Our sodgers were drest in their kilts and short hose,
 Wi' their bonnet sand belts, which their dress did com-
 pose,
 And a bag of oat-meal on their backs to be brose.
 O! the kail-brose, &c.

At our annual elections for baillies or mayor,
 Nae kick-shaws o' puddings or tarts were seen there;
 But a cog o' guid brose was the favourite fare.
 O! the kail-brose, &c.

But when we remember the English our foes,
 Our ancestors beat them with very few blows,
 John Bull oft cried, O! let's rin, they've got brose!
 O! the kail brose, &c.

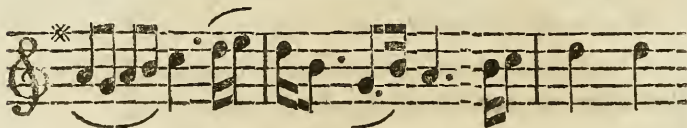
But now that the thistle is join'd to the rose,
 And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
 We've lost a great deal o' our relish for brose.
 O! the kail-brose, &c.

Yet each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
 Likes always to feast on a cog o' guid brose ;
 And thanks be to heaven, we've yet plenty of those.
 O ! the kail-brose, &c.

Mary's Dream.



THE moon had climb'd the highest hill Which



ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And from the



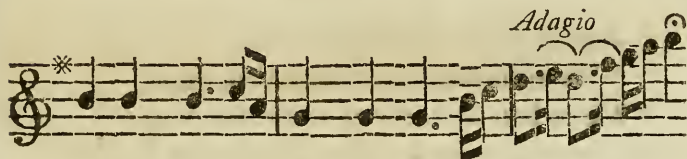
eastern sum-mit shed Her sil-ver light on



tow'r and tree ; When Mary laid her down to



sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea, When



soft and low a voice was heard, say, Ma-ry, weep



no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head, to ask who there might be ;

She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,

With visage pale and hollow eye :

" 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,

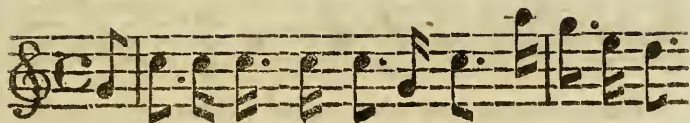
" But all our striving was in vain :

“ Ev’n then, when horror chill’d my breast,
“ My heart was fill’d with love for thee :
“ The storm is past, and I at rest,
“ So Mary, weep no more for me !

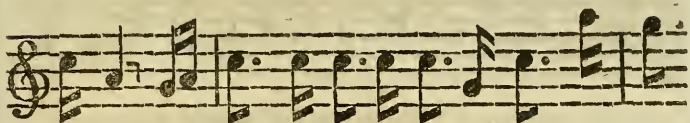
“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
“ We soon shall meet upon that shore,
“ Where love is free from doubt and care,
“ And thou and I shall part no more !”
Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy cou’d she see :
But soft the passing spirit said,
“ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !”



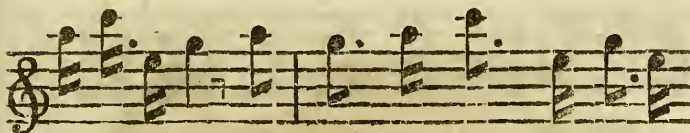
Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.



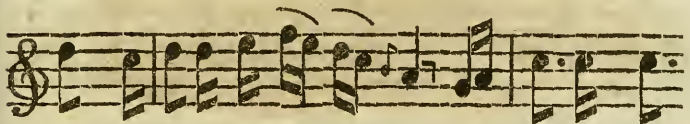
OF a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dearly like



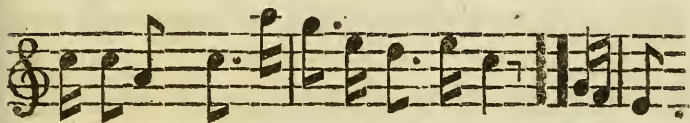
the west, For there the bonny lassie lives, the lass



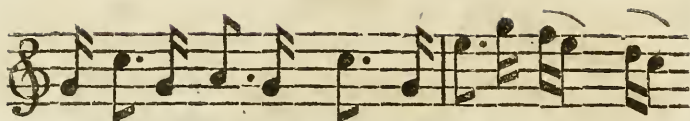
that I lo'e best: Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers



row, wi' mony a hill between, Baith day an' night



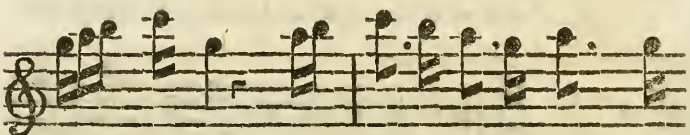
my fancy's flight, is ev - er wi' my Jean. I see



her on the dew-y flow'r, sae lovely, sweet, an'



fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird, wi' music



charm the air: There's not a bonny flower that



springs, by fountain, shaw, or green; Nor yet a bonny



bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the lasses busk them
braw,

But when their best they hae put on, my Jeannie dings
them a';

In hamely weeds, she far exceeds the fairest of the
town ;

Baith sage an' gay confess it sae, tho' drest in russet
gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks the dam, mair harmless
canna be ;

She has nae fau't, (if sic wi' ca't,) except her love for
me ;

The sparkling dew, of clearest hue, is like her shining
e'en,

In shape an' air, wha can compare, wi' my sweet lovely
Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft among the leafy
trees,

Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale bring hame the
laden bees ;

An' bring the lassie back to me, that's ay sae neat an'
clean ;

Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae charming is my
Jean.

What sighs an' vows among the knowes, hae past atween
us twa ;

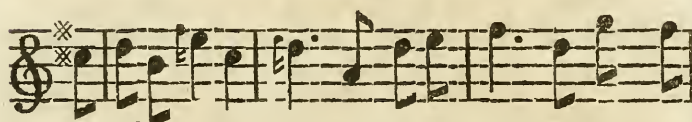
How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gade
awa :

The pow'r's aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is
seen,

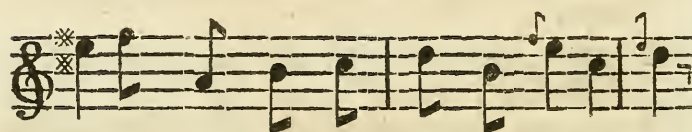
That nane can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely
Jean.

Ben Backstay.

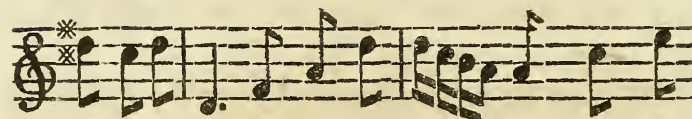
BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna, Constant



as pu-ri-ty was she; Her honey words like succ'ring



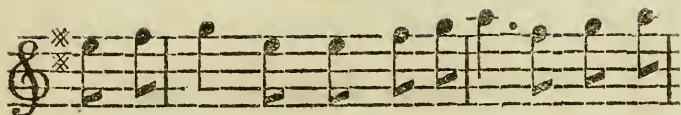
manna, Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea;



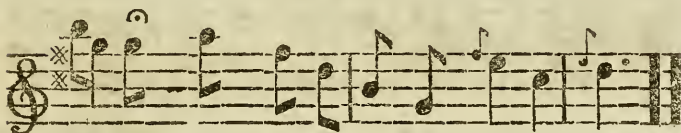
One fatal morning saw them part - ing, While each



the other's sorrow dried ; They, by the tear that



then was starting, They, by the tear that then was



starting, Vow'd they'd be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
 While roaring winds the sea deform,
 Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
 And braves for love the frightful storm.
 Alas ! in vain the vessel batter'd,
 On a rock splitting open'd wide ;
 While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd ;
 Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died

The semblance of each lovely feature,
 That Ben had worn around his neck,
 Where art stood substitute for nature,
 A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
 In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
 Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride ;
 The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

Pretty little feather'd Fellow.

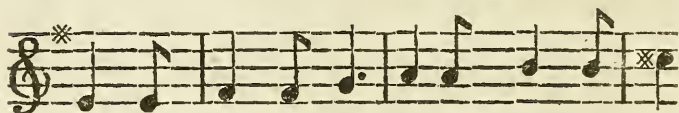
PRETTY lit-tle feath-er'd fel - low, Why so far



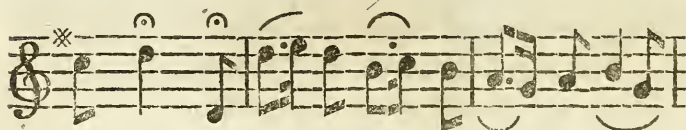
from land dost rove? What misfortune brought thee



hither, From the gay embow'ring grove? Let thy



throbbing breast be still, Here se - cure from dan-



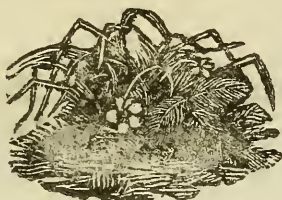
ger rest thee; No one here shall use thee ill,



Here no truant boy molest thee.

Barley-corns and crumbs of bread,
Crystal water too shall cheer,
On softest sails recline thy head,
Sleep and fear no mischief near.
So when kindly winds shall speed us,
To the land we wish to see,
Then, sweet captive, thou shall leave us,
Then among the groves be free.

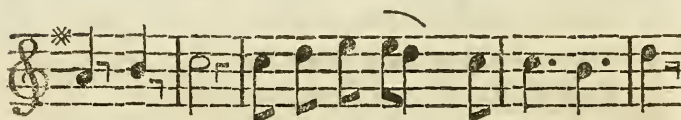
Seek thy loving mate, and meet her,
Fondly take her to thy breast,
With thy luckless story greet her,
How thou cam'st to break her rest :
Tell her how this absence grieved,
Of love unlock thy little store,
Then, her cares once more relieved,
Never quit her bosom more.



'This is the House that Jack built.



This, this, this, this is the house that Jack built;

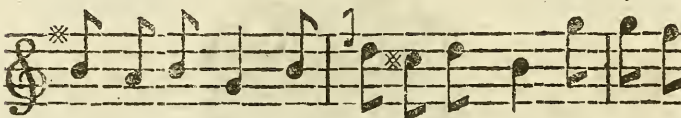


This, this, this, this is the house that Jack built; This,



this, this, this is the house that Jack built.

Ad lib.



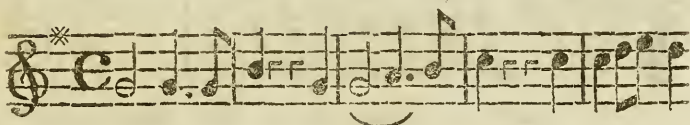
This is the malt that lay in the house, that lay in



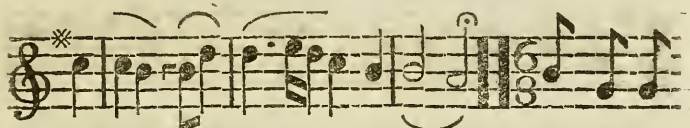
the house that Jack built: This is the rat, that eat



the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.



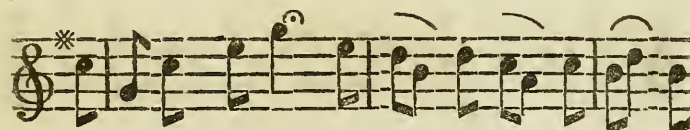
This is the cat that kill'd the rat, and this is



the dog that wor - ried the cat. This is the



cow with the crumpled horn, that toss'd the dog,



that worried the cat, That kill'd the rat, that eat the



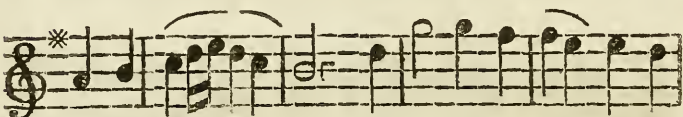
malt, that lay in the house that Jack built. This



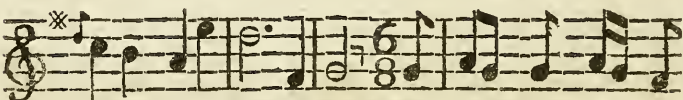
is the maiden all for-lorn, that milk'd the



cow with the crumpled horn, That milk'd the cow



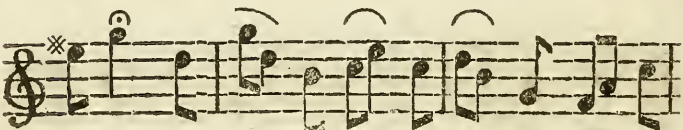
with the crumpled horn. Yes, this is the maid-en. the



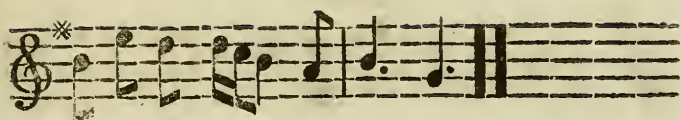
maiden all - - - forlorn, That milk'd the cow with



the crumpled horn, that toss'd the dog, that worried

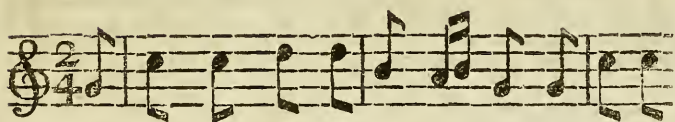


the cat, that kill'd the rat, that eat the malt, that



lay in the house that Jack built.

Leader-haughts and Yarrow.



THE morn was fair, saft was the air, All nature's



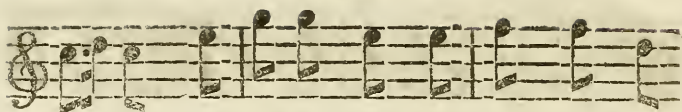
sweets were springing ; The buds did bow with sil-ver,



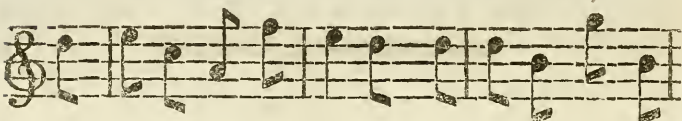
dew, Ten thousand birds were sing-ing ; The buds



did bow with silver dew, Ten thousand birds were



sing-ing, When on the bent with blythe con-tent,



Young Jamie sang his marrow, Nae bonnier lass e'er



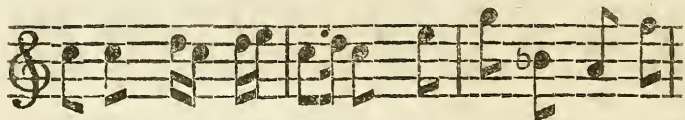
trod the grass, On Leader-haugh and Yarrow; While



on the bent with blyth content, Young Jamie sang



his marrow, Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass, On



Leader-haugh and Yarrow ; Nae bonnier lass e'er



How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heav'nly beauty's planted !
Her smiling een, and comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bless my bonny marrow :
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O, bonny lass ! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And day and night affright ye ;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,
I'll study to delight ye.

Our years, around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy shall borrow :
Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader-Haugh and Yarrow.

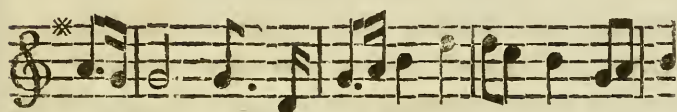
O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move,
To grant this best of blisses.
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom :
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.



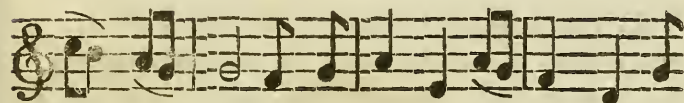
The Death of Admiral Benbow.



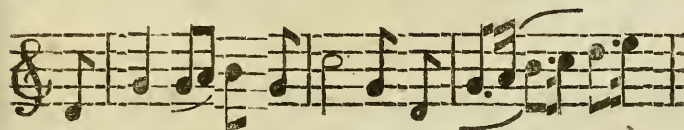
O WE sail - ed to Vir - gi-nia, and thence to



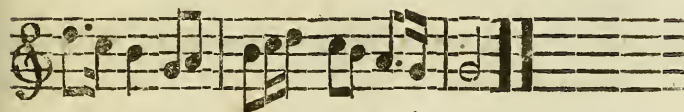
Fay-al, Where we water'd our shipping, and so



then weigh'd all ; Full in view on the seas, boys, se-



ven sail we did es-py ! O we mann-ed our



capstern and weigh'd spee - di - ly.

The first we came up with, was a brig and a sloop,
We ask'd if the other five were as big as they look'd ;
But turning to windward, as near as we could lie,
We found they were French men of war cruising hard by.

O we drew up our squadron in a very nice line,
And fought them courageous for four hours time ;
But the day being spent, boys, and night coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morning, the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain-shot :
O when he was wounded, to his merry men he did say,
Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me away.

O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
While brave Admiral Benbow for help loud did cry ;
Carry me down to the cockpit, there is ease for my
smarts ;

If my merry men should see me, 'twill sure break all
their hearts.

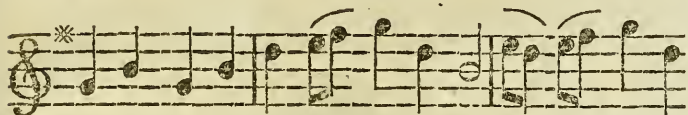
The very next morning, at break of the day,
We hoisted our topsails, and so bore away ;
We bore down to Port Royal, where the people flock'd
much,
To see brave Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston
Town church.

Come all ye brave fellows, wheresoever you have been,
 Let us drink a good health to our king and our queen,
 And another good health, boys, to the girls that we know,
 And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

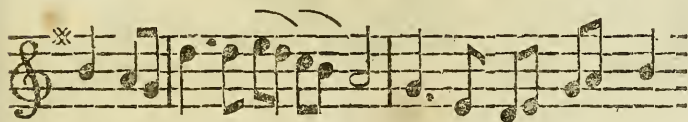
Jockey said to Jenny.



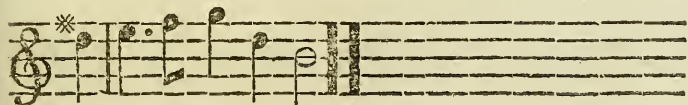
JOCKEY said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't, Ne'er a



fit, quo' Jenny, for my to-cher guid, for my tocher



guid, I win-na marry thee; Eens-ye-like, quo' Jock-



ey, I can let ye be.

I hae gowd an' gear, I hae land aneugh,
I hae sax guid owsen gangin in a pleugh;
Gangin in a pleugh, an' linkan o'er the lee,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

hae a guid ha' house, a barn, an' a byar;
A peat-stack 'fore the door, will mak a rantin fire;
I'll mak a rantin fire, an' merry sall we be,
An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.



Friendship and Love.

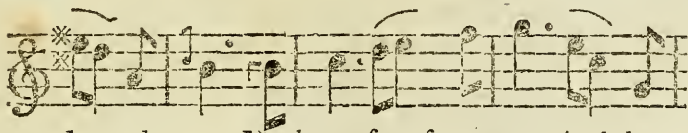
HAIL peace, brightest tenant Of my hum-ble



cot, Thy beams how resplendent, How hap-py



my lot ; Content with my fate, Tho' low-



ly and mean, My heart free from care, And de-



void of all spleen : I laugh at the great,



Who poor would me prove, For my heart's best es-



tate Is from friendship and love; My heart's best es-



tate Is from friendship and love.

When my labour is o'er,
 The employ of the day,
 I trudge o'er the muir,
 At the sun's sinking ray;
 I'm met at my wick
 By the wife of my heart,
 The smiles on her cheek
 Speak the joy I impart.
 I laugh at the great, &c.

My sweet little cherubs
 All cling round my knee,

Forth lisp'ing their pleasures,
Fond endearments to me :
My friend crowns the night,
My pipe and my pot,
I look round with delight,
For happy's my lot.
I laugh at the great, &c.

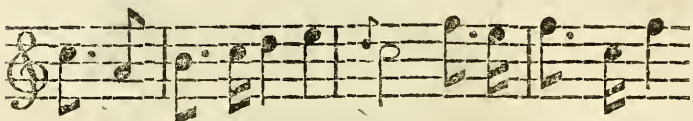


Crazy Jane.

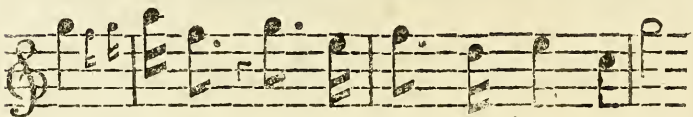
Why, fair maid, in ev' - ry feature, Are such signs of



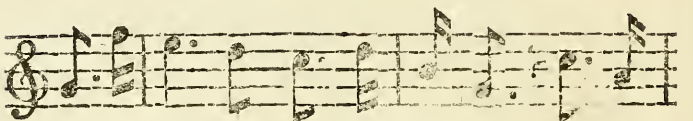
fear express'd? Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,



With such terror fill thy breast? Do my frenzied looks



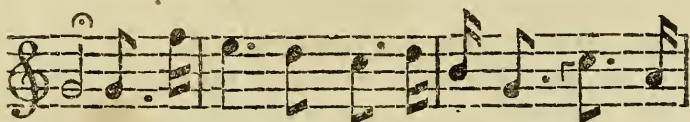
a - larm thee? Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain :



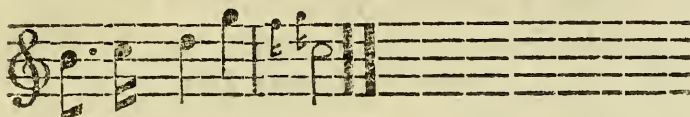
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee, Shun not

Ad lib. ☺

then poor crazy Jane, poor crazy Jane, poor crazy



Jane: 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, oh! so sincerely,

None can 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 seem'd true, and I believ'd him,

He was false, and I undone;

From that hour has reason never
Held its empire o'er my brain ;
Henry fled, with him for ever
Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still 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.



Bachelor's Hall.

To Bachelor's hall we good fellows invite, To



partake of the chace that makes up the delight; We



have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,



That our pulse strikes the seconds as just as a



clock: Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with



a grace; Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount



with a grace, That Di-an-a had dubb'd some new



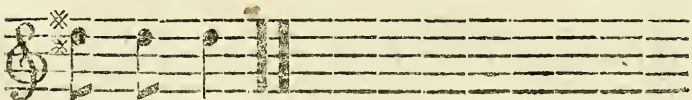
gods of the chace, That Diana had dubb'd some new



gods of the chace: Hark away, hark away, All na-



ture looks gay, And Au-ro-ra with smiles ushers in



the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;
 Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,
 And gayly Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;
 But the horse of all horses that rivalled the day,
 Was the Squire's Neck or Nothing, and that was a grey.

Hark away, hark away,
 While our spirits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was Nimble, that so well climbs
 rocks,

And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox ;
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
 And beetle-browed Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch ;
 Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from the
 south,

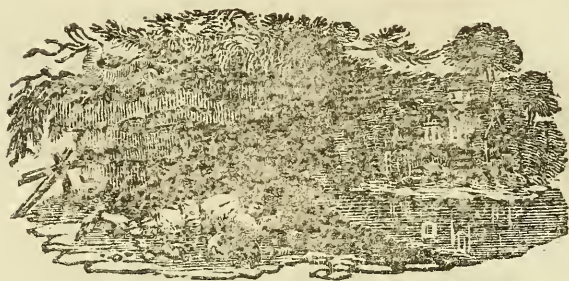
And musical Echowell, with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
 And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'll back
 That all England throughout can't produce such a pack ;
 Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

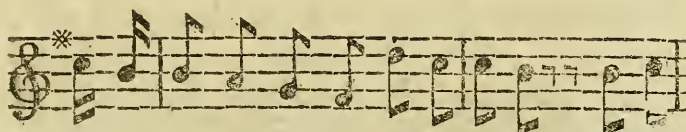
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horn sounds a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall ;
The savory sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard ;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chace.
Hark away, &c.



The Last Shilling.

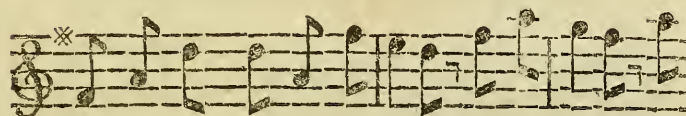
As pensive one night in my gar-ret I sate,



My last shilling produc'd on the ta-ble, That ad-



vent'rer, cried I, might a his'try re-late, If to

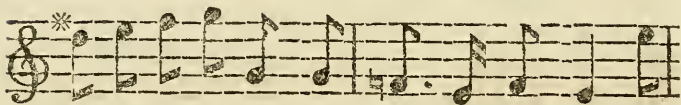


think and to speak it were a-ble, it were able ; If

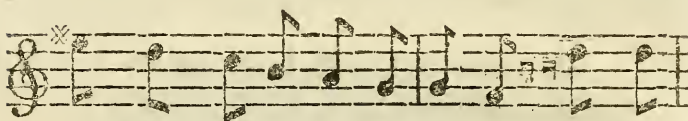
Z



to think and to speak it were able. Whether



fan-cy, or magic, 'twas play'd me the freak, The



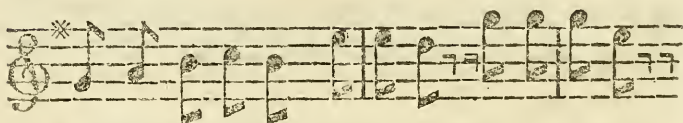
face seem'd with life to be fill-ing, And cried,



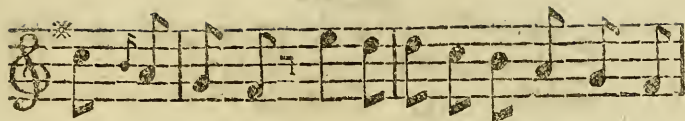
instant-ly speaking, or seeming to speak, Cried, in-



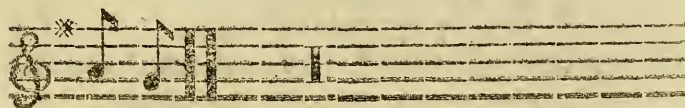
stant-ly speak-ing, or seem-ing to speak, Pay at-



tention to me thy last shilling, thy last shilling,



Thy last shilling, Pay attention to me thy last



shilling.

I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,
 Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter ;
 'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
 And he paid me to buy him a halter :
 A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
 With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
 Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,
 Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling.

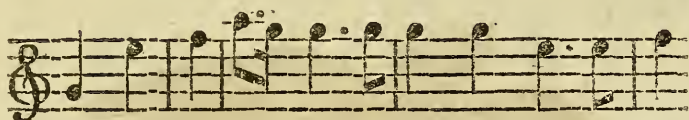
'Twas the wife of his mess-mate, whose glistening eye
 With pleasure ran o'er, as she view'd me ;
 She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
 And at parting, with tears she bedew'd me :
 But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
 Pale want their poor families chilling ;
 Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
 Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shilling.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates bail,
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury ;
When my little hist'ry, thou offerest for sale,
In the interim, spend me and be merry !
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my mentor, my muse,
And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart, thus men counsel refuse,
'Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

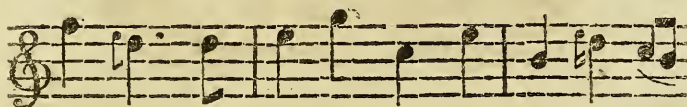


Every Inch a Sailor.

THE wind blew hard, the sea run high, The dingy



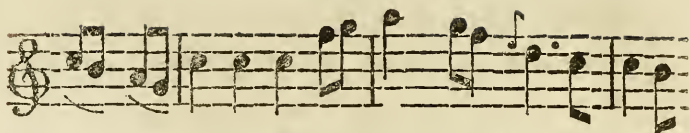
scud drove cross the sky; All was safe stow'd, the bowl



was slung, When careless, thus Ned Haulyard sung,



When careless, thus Ned Haul-yard sung, A sailor's



life's the life for me, He takes his du - ty mer-



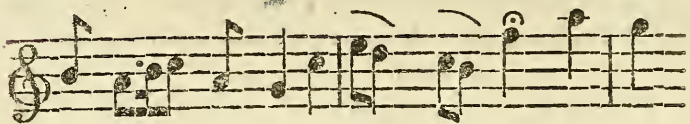
ri - ly; If winds can whis-tle, he can sing,



He can sing, Still faith-ful to his friend and



king, He gets be - lov'd by all the ship,



And toasts his girl and drinks his flip, And toasts



his girl and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run ;
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard.

A sailor's life's, &c.

A leak, a leak, come lads be bold,
There's five feet water in the hold ;
Eager on deck, see Haulyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump.

A sailor's life's, &c.

And see the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a wa'try grave,
Yet Ned preserv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,

A sailor's life's, &c.

And now, unnumber'd perils past,
On land, as well as sea, at last
In tatters to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come.

A sailor's life's, &c.

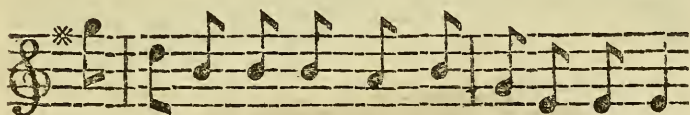
Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face ;

He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily ;
If winds can whistle, he can sing ;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

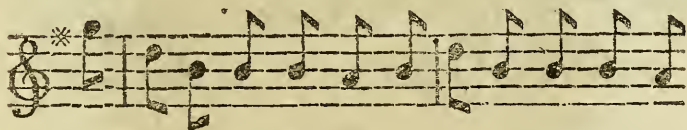


Come under my Plaidy.

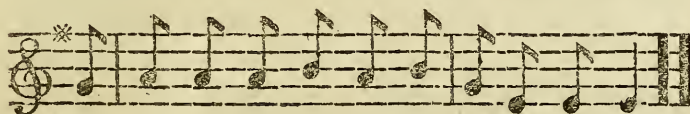
Come under my plai-dy, the night's gaun to fa' ;



Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;



Come un-der my plai-dy, and lie down beside me,



There's room in't, believe me, dear lass-ie, for twa.



Come under my plaidy, and lie down beside me, I'll



hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw, Come



un-der my plai-dy, and lie down beside me,



There's room in't, dear lass - ie, be - lieve 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 lie beside ye;
 "Ye might be my gutchard; auld Donald, gae 'wa!
 "I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young an' he's bonny;
 "He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
 "O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
 "His cheeks are like roses, 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'm but three-score and twa.
 "Bé frank now and kindly; I'll busk ye ay finely;
 "At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae braw;
 "A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 "And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'."

"My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 "Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
 "Its true I loe Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
 "But wae's me, I ken he has naething ava'!
 "I hae little tocher; you've made a good 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, beside the stane wa',
 Where Johnny 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 wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw ;
The howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, " women
" Wad marry auld nick, if he'd keep them ay braw."

O the deil's in the lasses ! they gang now sae braw,
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' three-score and twa ;
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw !
But loe them I canna, nor marry I winna,
Wi' ony daft lassie ! tho' fair as a queen ;
'Till love ha'e a share o't, the never a hair o't
Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en.

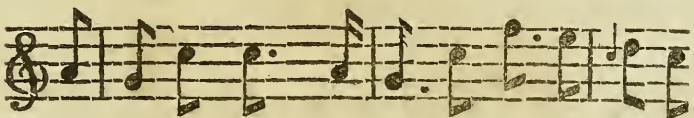


My Dearie, O.

Just where yon burn trots thro' the broom, A-



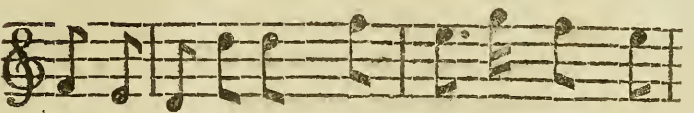
mang the birks sae mony O, Where gowans glent,



and bluebells bloom, And lintwhites sing sae bonny



O; A lass there lives, right fair to see, Wi' gracefu'



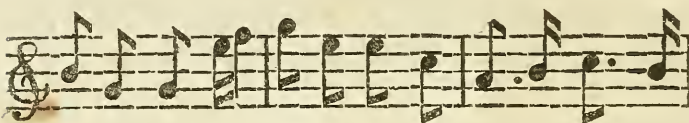
air enchant-ing O, Whase rose-bud cheek, and
A a



sparkling e'e, Ha'e set this heart a panting O: Her



presence makes me cheery O, Her absence maks me



weary O; 'Tis my delight, baith day and night, To



gaze u-po' my dear-ie O.

I'd leave the town and a' its pride,
 The seat o' vice an' slander, O,
 At eve yon burnie's flow'ry side
 Wi' my sweet lass to wander, O.
 Let fortune shun my lowly cot,
 And wealthy sauls frown on me, O,

The fickle jade, I'd mind her not,
Would Annie smile upon me, O :
Her presence maks me cheery, O, &c.

Ye painted prudes, wi' a' your art,
In silk and siller flaunting, O,
Whase costly claise aft hides a heart,
Where modesty is wanting, O.
My Annie scorns your borrow'd grace,
And sweet as May-day morning, O,
Bright health blooms on her cheerfu' face,
In spite o' a' your scorning, O.
Her presence maks me cheery, O, &c.

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Wm. Woodcock
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