





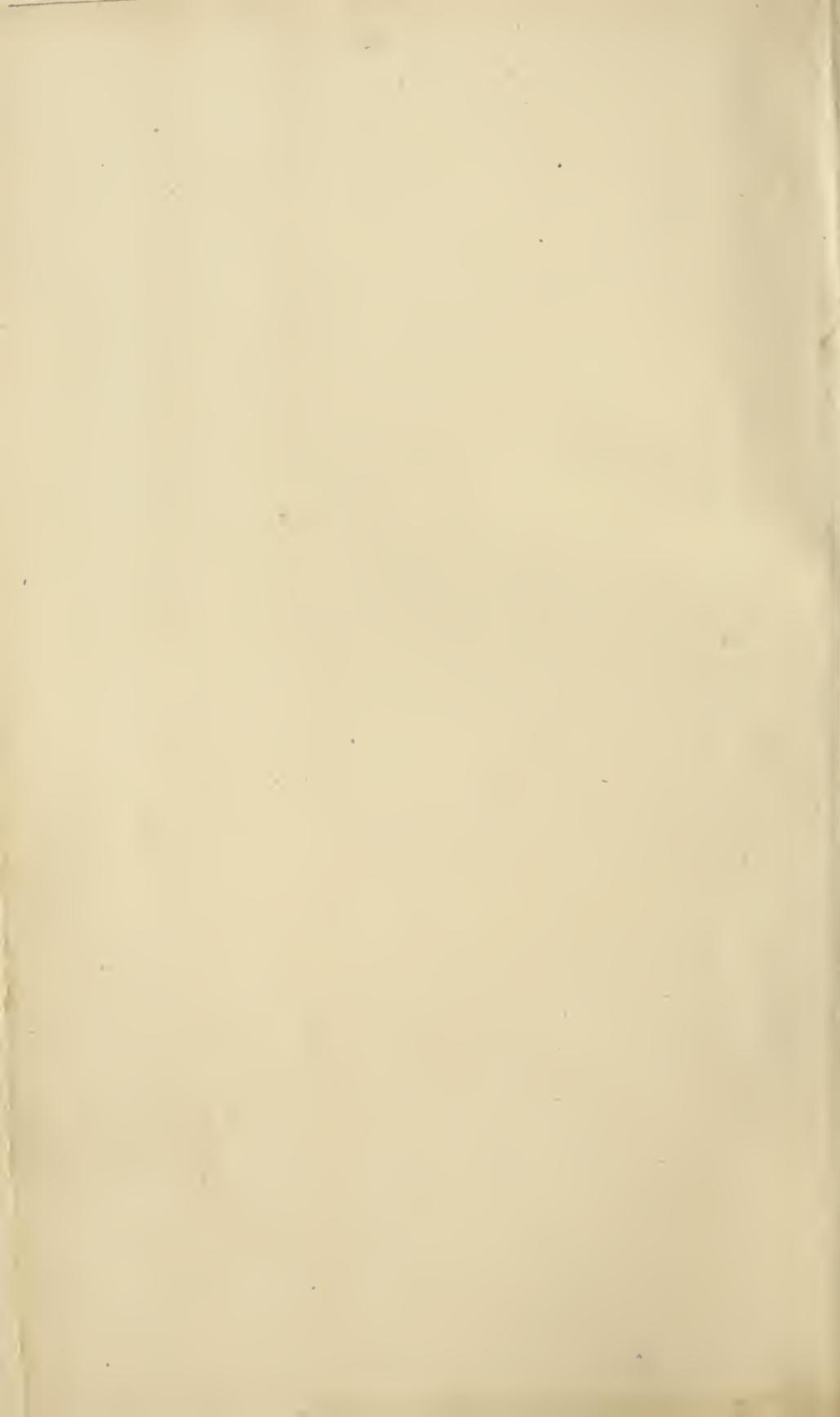
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MALROONY'S ROUT.  
 (AND)  
 THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.  
 TWO COMIC SONGS.



WITH NEW MUSIC.

*As sung at the principal London Theatres.*

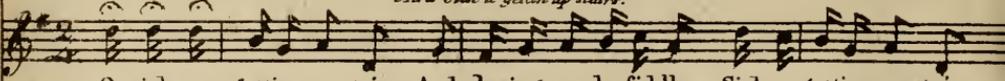
LONDON.

*Published at the Music Saloon, 7, North St.*

SOLD BY R.W.HUME, LEITH.

# MALROONY'S ROUT.

*Air—"Sich a gettin up stairs."*



O sich a gettin up stairs, And playing on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs,  
I neber did see. Pat Malroony sent a "boy" about, With an *Irish Card* for an *Irish Rout*;  
On the last receipt of a Son and Heir, 'Twas the tenth arrival I declare. O sich a gettin  
up Stairs. And playing on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs, I neber did see!

Pat's hedication had been scant, What learning could Malroony want?  
He could twirl the "twig in an *Agitation*"; 'Twas the Priest's affair—the hedication!  
A flash of the Shillela is the thing, About you—Foes or friends to bring;  
Pat sent round his—his friends t' invite, And would be glad to see them at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8,  
*O sich a gettin &c.*

He lived in Dublin the first floor down The cunnley—and five flats from the ground:  
The main entrance to his donjon keep, Was the ladder he used in his "Sweep, ho! sweep!"  
Pat saw this "Retreat" while pursuing his profession And purchased the right by taking possession.  
The inmates, the rats, he murder'd all, Both, young and old, and great and small.  
*And such a gettin &c.*

The gas that lights the regions below, Was never needed as I shall show;  
Through the holes in the roof the Sun-light came, And at night the Moon she did the same.  
*And sich a gettin &c.*

The Company came in twos and threes, Till the place was like a hive of bees;  
Of the guests I am sorry I've lost the list, But the Moder they blessed, and the child they list;  
And the "DROP" went round and round!! and round!!! and back again till it ran aground,  
And droned the Pipe, and screech'd the fiddle, to "Down the back" and "Up the middle".  
*And sich a gettin &c.*

But the longest day will pass away, And the deepest well run dry they say:  
The Potteen was out and every one dry, And the music refused its melody.  
So lots they agreed to cast to see, Who should "raise the wind" and the Mercury.—  
Faith I can't tell why, and I can't how, But the lot it fell on the old brood Sow.  
*And there was sich a gettin &c.*

Now "time and tide will no man bide"; And Grunty's time was come they said;  
But the stair was steep, and history shows, That a sow went never follow its nose:  
So they tied the ropes her round about, With an old grey shawl around her snout.  
And out of the window they slung her high, On her road to her "Uncles" Barnaby.  
*O sich a gettin &c.*

There's much between the snout and trough, And this was the case here sure enough;  
For 5 or 6 Paddies being out on the fly, Boned the pig as came from the sky;  
Who ere "saw a well brim full of ale? Or a "peacock with a fiery tail?"  
Or Irish Rout without a Row? Here was a riglar one any how!  
*O sich a gettin &c.*

And the new Police with much ado, Nabbed Pat, and the pig, and 12 of the crew;  
And locked them up—broken heads and noses, As they had got from Shillela blows—es.  
Next day at 10 the Magistrate, Wid his yellow face and powdered pate,  
Sent Pat and Peter, and Barney and Bill, For 3 months' time to the new Tread Mill.  
*And there was sich a gettin &c.*



THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

Auld Watty o' Kebbuckston brae, Wi' lear an' reading o' beuks auld-farren, What think  
 ye! the body cam' owre the day, And tauld us he's gawn to be married to Mirren. We-a'  
 got a bidding, To gang to the wedding, Baith Johnie and Sandie, an' Nelly an' Nanny; An' Tam  
 o' the Knowes. He swears an' he rows, At the dancing he'll face to the bride wi' his graunie.

A' the lads hae trysted their jocs, Slee Willy cam' up an' ca'd on Nelly,  
 Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse, She's gi'en him the guik an' she's gawn wi' Willy.  
 Wee collier Johnie Has yocket his pony, And's aff to the town for a lading o' nappy,  
 Wi' fouth o' good meat, To serve us to eat, Sae wi' fuddling an' feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

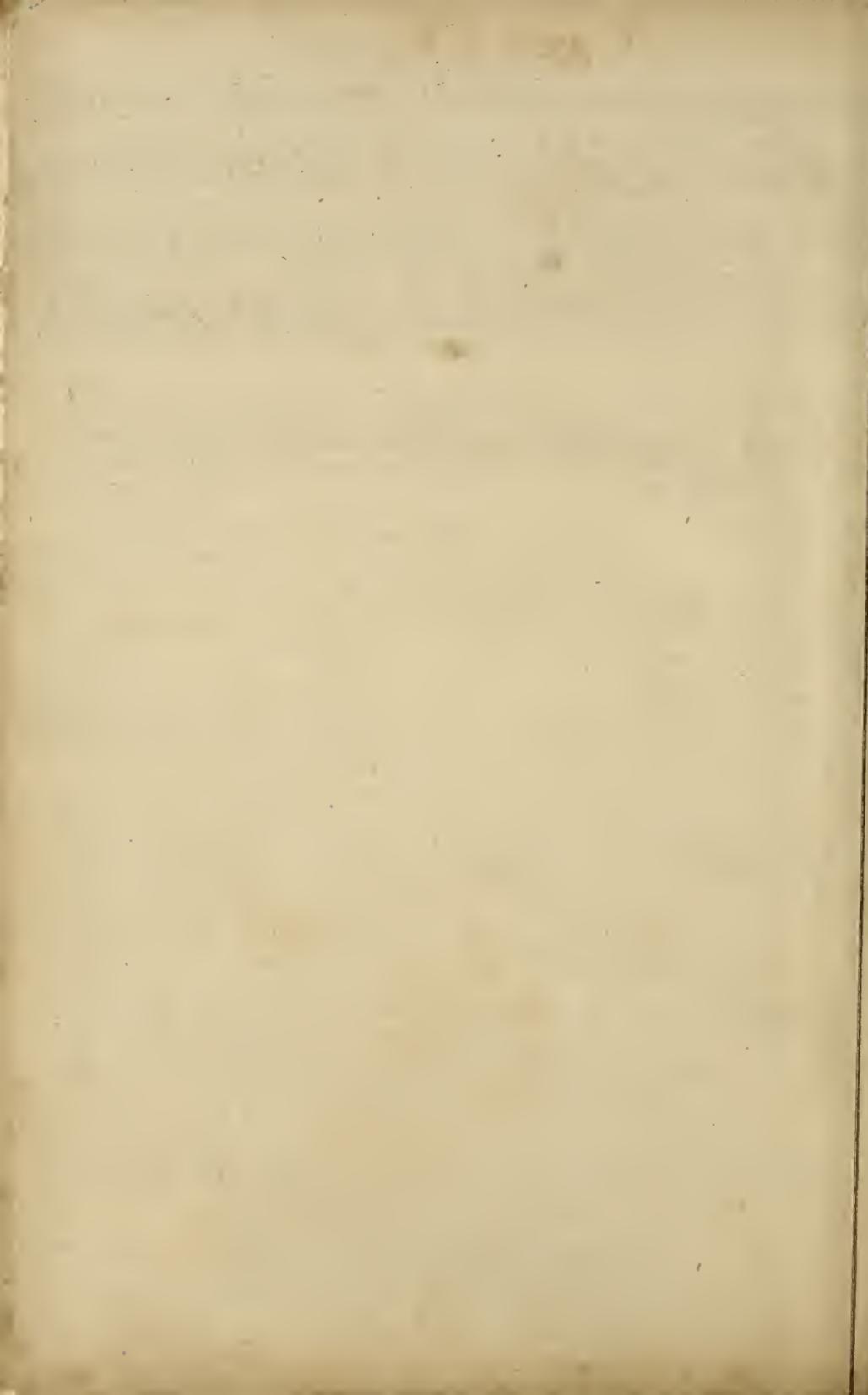
Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace, The body's aye ready at dredgies an' weddings,  
 An' Flunkie M'Fee o' the Skiverton place, Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings.  
 For there'll be plenty, O' ilka thing daintie,  
 Baith long hail an' haggis, an' ev'ry thing fitting,  
 Wi' luggies o' beer, Our wizens to clear,  
 Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the Meeting.

Lowrie has cast Gibbie Cameron's gun, That his auld gutcher bore, when he follow'd Prince <sup>[Charlie,</sup>  
 The barrel wax roustet as black as the gun, But he's taen't to the smiddy and's fetl'd it rarely. <sup>Prince</sup>  
 Wi' wallets o' poulter, His musket he'll shuwer,  
 An' ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading.  
 In ilka farm town, He'll fire them three roun',  
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckston Wedding.

Jamie and Johnie maun ride the brouse, For few like them can sit in the saddle;  
 And Willy Cobreath, the best o' bows, Is trysted to jig in the barn wi' his fiddle.  
 Wi' whisking an' flisking, An' reeling an' wheeling,  
 The young anes are like to loup out o' the body,  
 An' Neelie M'Nairn, Tho' sair forfairn,  
 He rows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the howdie.

Saune M'Nab wi' his tartan trews, Has hecht to come down in the midst o' the caper,  
 An' gie us three wallops o' merry shantrews, Wi' the true Highland fling o' Mairrimoon the piper.  
 Sie hiping an' skipping, An' springing an' flinging,  
 Ise wad that there nane in the lallands can waff it!  
 An' Willy maun fiddle, Au' jirgun and diddle,  
 An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his basset.

Then gie me your hand, my trusty good frien', An' gie me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,  
 Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen, An' join us in raunting an' tooming the timmer.  
 Wi' fouth o' good liquor, We'll haud at the bicker,  
 An' lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish,  
 For Watty's sae free, Between you an' me,  
 Ise warrant he's hidden the half o' the parish.





*The LYRE.*

*No 54.*

**SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'!**

Saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo' she; saw ye Johnnie comin' ? 0  
 saw ye Johnnie comin' ? quo' she; saw ye John-ic comin' ?  
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head. And his dog-gie run-nin' ?  
 quo' she; And his dog-gie run-nin' ?

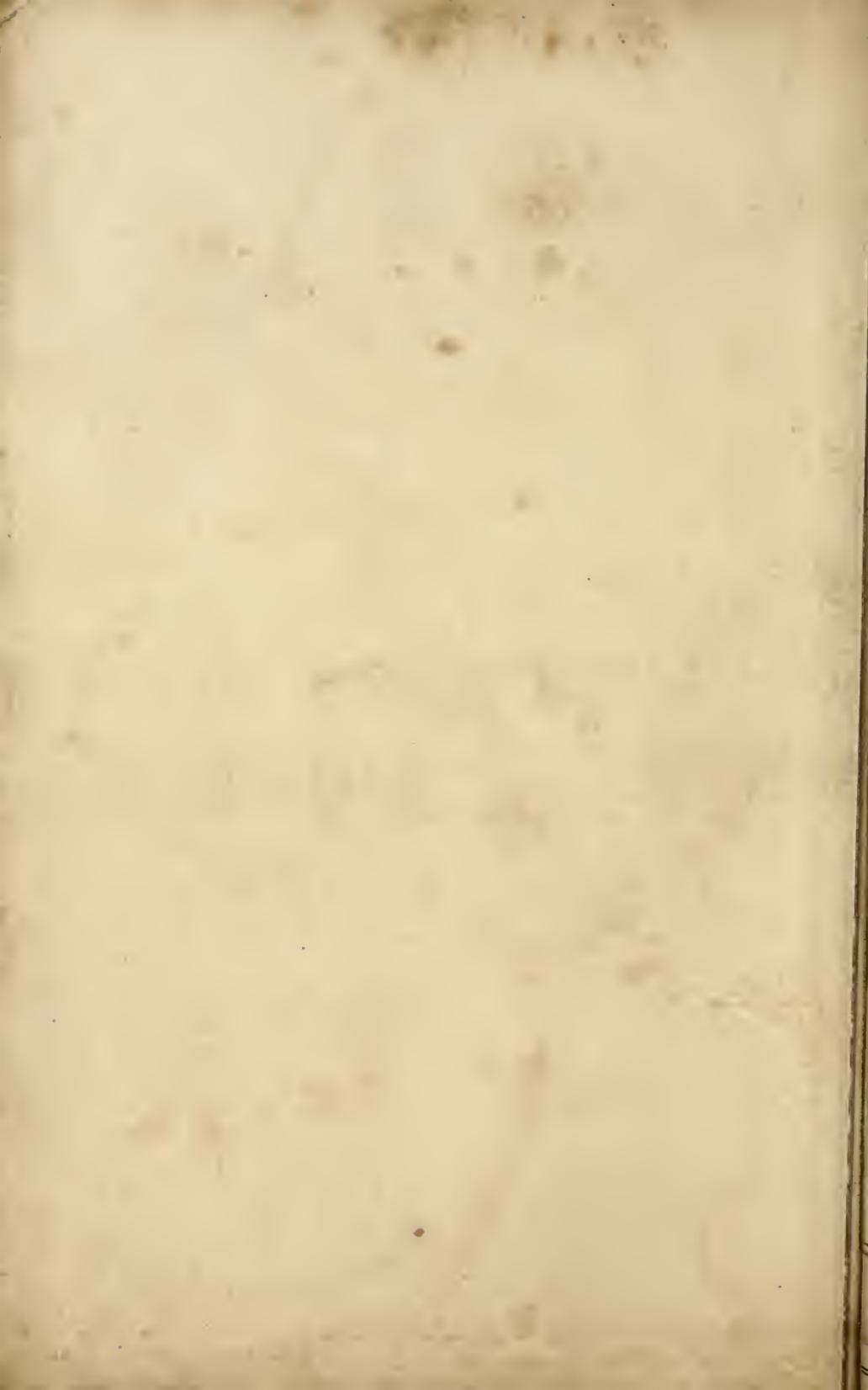
Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;  
 Fee him, father, fee him,  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a weel doin' ;

And a' the work about the house  
 Gae wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
 Wi me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him lussey?  
 What will I do wi' him  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,  
 And I hae nae to gie him.  
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk of mair fee,  
 Dinna stand wi' him quo' she;  
 Dinna stand wi him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll had the plough, thrash in the  
 barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 Crack wi me at e'en.



THE LYRE

No. 104



Leith. Published by R.W. Home.

Price one half penny

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.



Ro...bin is my on...ly jo. For Ro...bin has the art to lo'e. Sae to his suit I mean to bow,



Be...cause I ken he lo'es me. Ha...ppy ha...ppy - was the show'r that led me to his

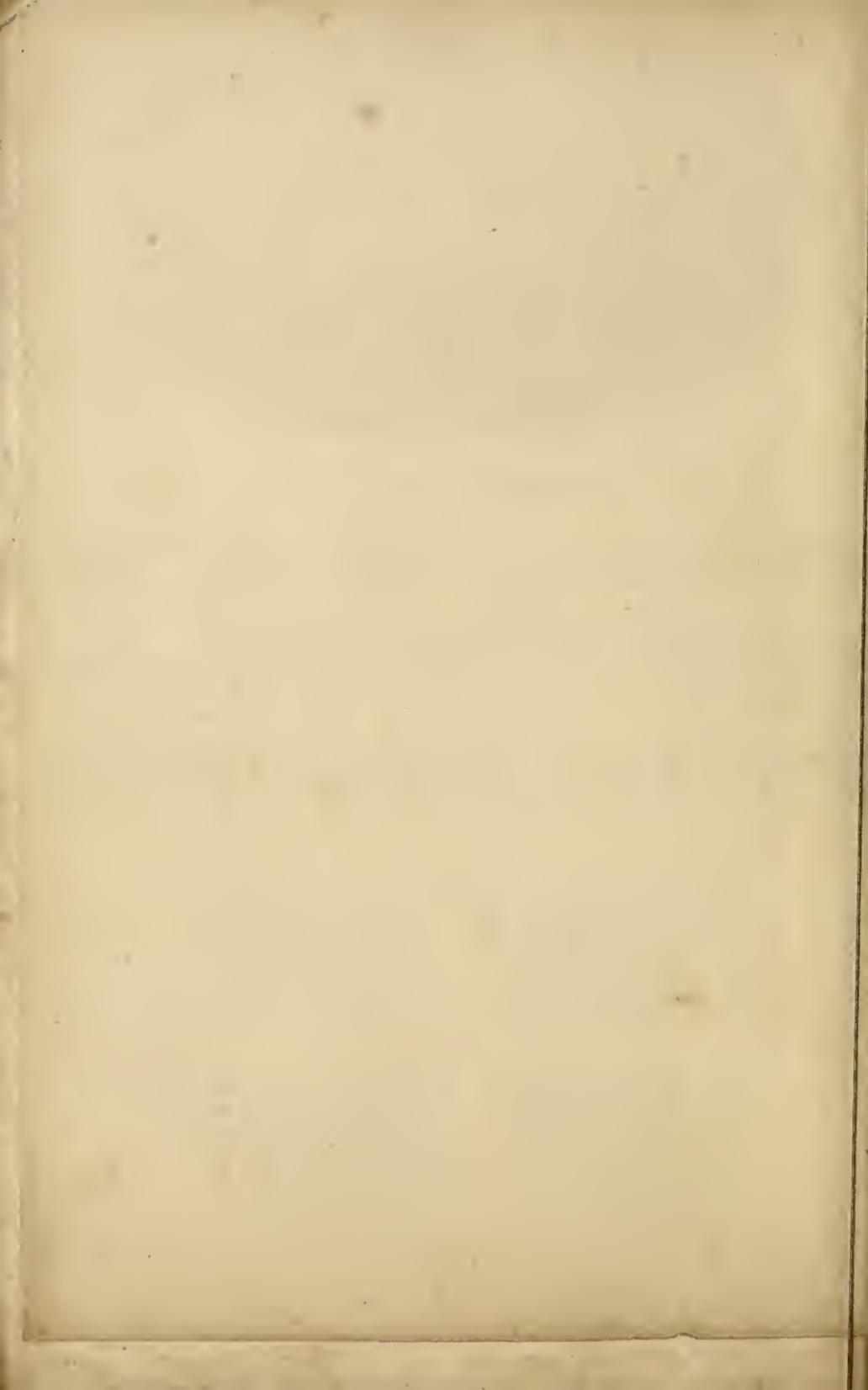


birken bow'r Where first of love I fand the pow'r And kend that Ro...bin lo'ed -me.

They speak of napkins, apeak of rings, But little kens she what has been,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings, Me and my honest Rob between,  
 And name a thousand bonny things, And in his wooing, Oh! see keen,  
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me, Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
 But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob, Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
 When seated on the velvet fog, And hasten 'on the happy day,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab, When 'Join your hands' Mess John shall say,  
 Because I ken he lo'es me. And mak him mine that lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsie, frank and free,  
 LOE'D bu 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 here lang, be made to see,  
 That Robin did na, lo'e me.

Till then let every chance unite,  
 To fix our love and give delight,  
 And I'll look down on 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.





No 36

ROYS WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Roys wife of Aldivalloch, Roys wife of Aldivalloch.  
 wat ye how she cheated me, As I came o'er the braes  
 o' Balloch? She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She  
 said she lo'ed me best of ony, But oh the fickle  
 faithless quean, She's taen the carle, and left her  
 Johnnie, Oh! Roys wife of Aldivalloch, Royswife of  
 Aldi...val...loch, Wat ye how she cheated me, As  
 I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

O she was a canty quean,  
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch,  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!  
 Oh! Roys wife &c.

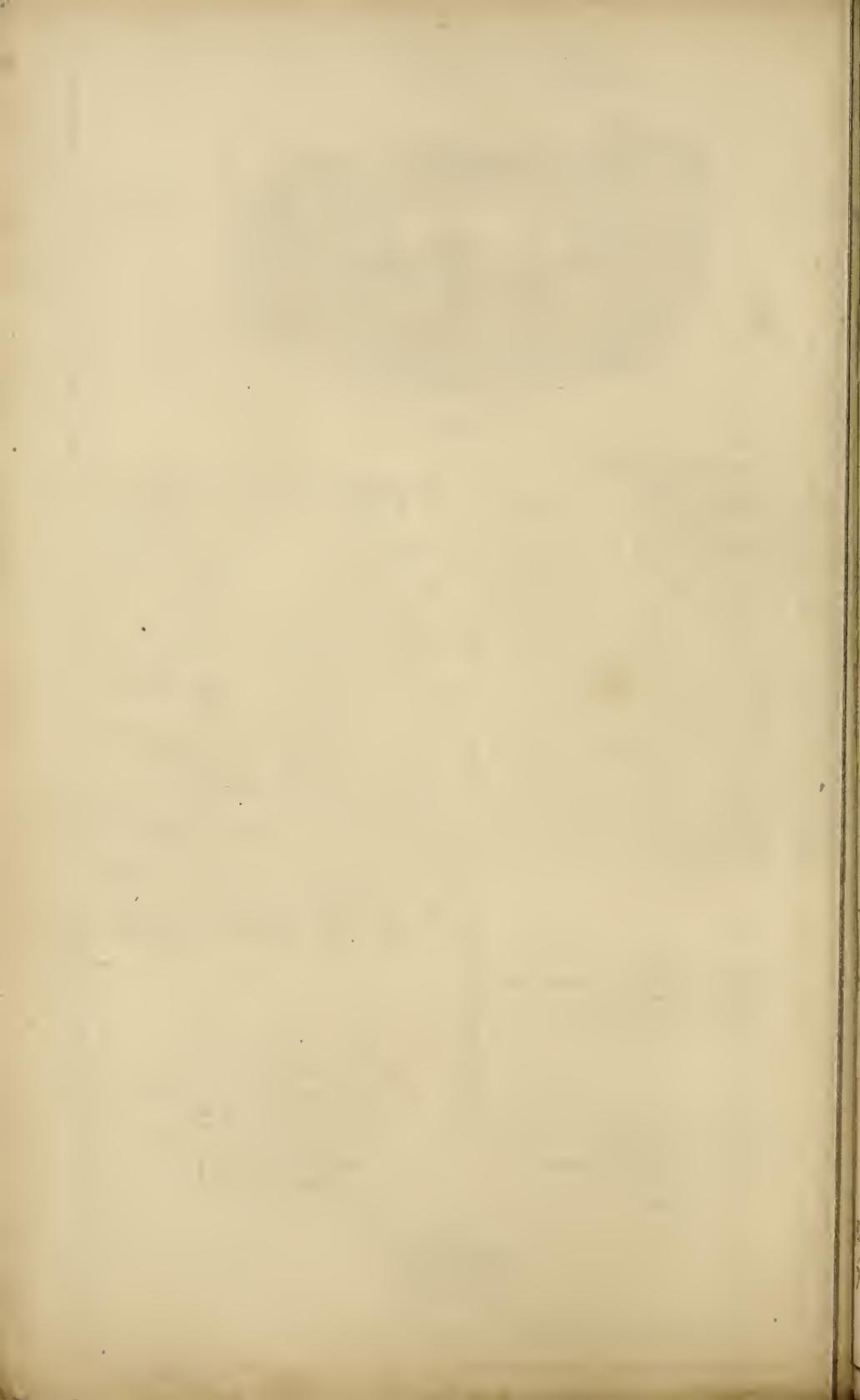
Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee-bit mou', sae sweet an' bonnie;  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.  
 Oh! Roy's wife &c.

O NANNY.

O Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave  
 the flaunting town? Can silent glens have charms  
 for thee, The lowly cot, and russet gown, No  
 longer drest in silken sheen, No longer deck'd with  
 jewels rare Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair,  
 Say canst thou quit the busy scene, Where thou  
 wert fairest, wert fairest of the fair, Where thou  
 wert fairest, Where thou wert fairest, where  
 thou ... wert fair... est of the fair.

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
 O can that soft and gentle mien,  
 Severe't hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair,  
 Where thou wert fairest, &c.







THE  
LYRE

10  
90.

Two in Leith there liv'd a Damsel, *Tooraladdy*  
*Tooraladdy*. She was crooked, glied and lame,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*. Lads she had got name,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*. But she'd a  
 bonnie humpie-back, heegh! *Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;

She had siller, I had name,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;  
 Sae to court her I was fain,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*.  
 Singing But a muckle flesher loon,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;  
 Singing Play'd the lass a bonnier tune,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*.  
 Speeches braw till her he'd make,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;  
 Swore his carcase was at stake,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;  
 He vow'd he lo'd his bonnie chuck,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*;  
 Wi' a' his heart, an' a' his pluck,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*.

TOORALADDY CONTINUED

I gaed a courting ae weel night,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*,  
 And to the skin got ducked outright—  
*Tooraladdy*  
 There I found the faithless she—  
 Singing *Tooraladdy*  
 Sobs. *Tooraladdy*  
 Cries *Tooraladdy*

Says: Ae last kind word before we part.  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*—  
 Ye've brake a bonnie laddie's heart—  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*!  
 But these words I'd scarcely said,  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*—  
 When wi' the frying-pan she brak my head—  
*Tooraladdy, tooraladdy*.



COOLUN.

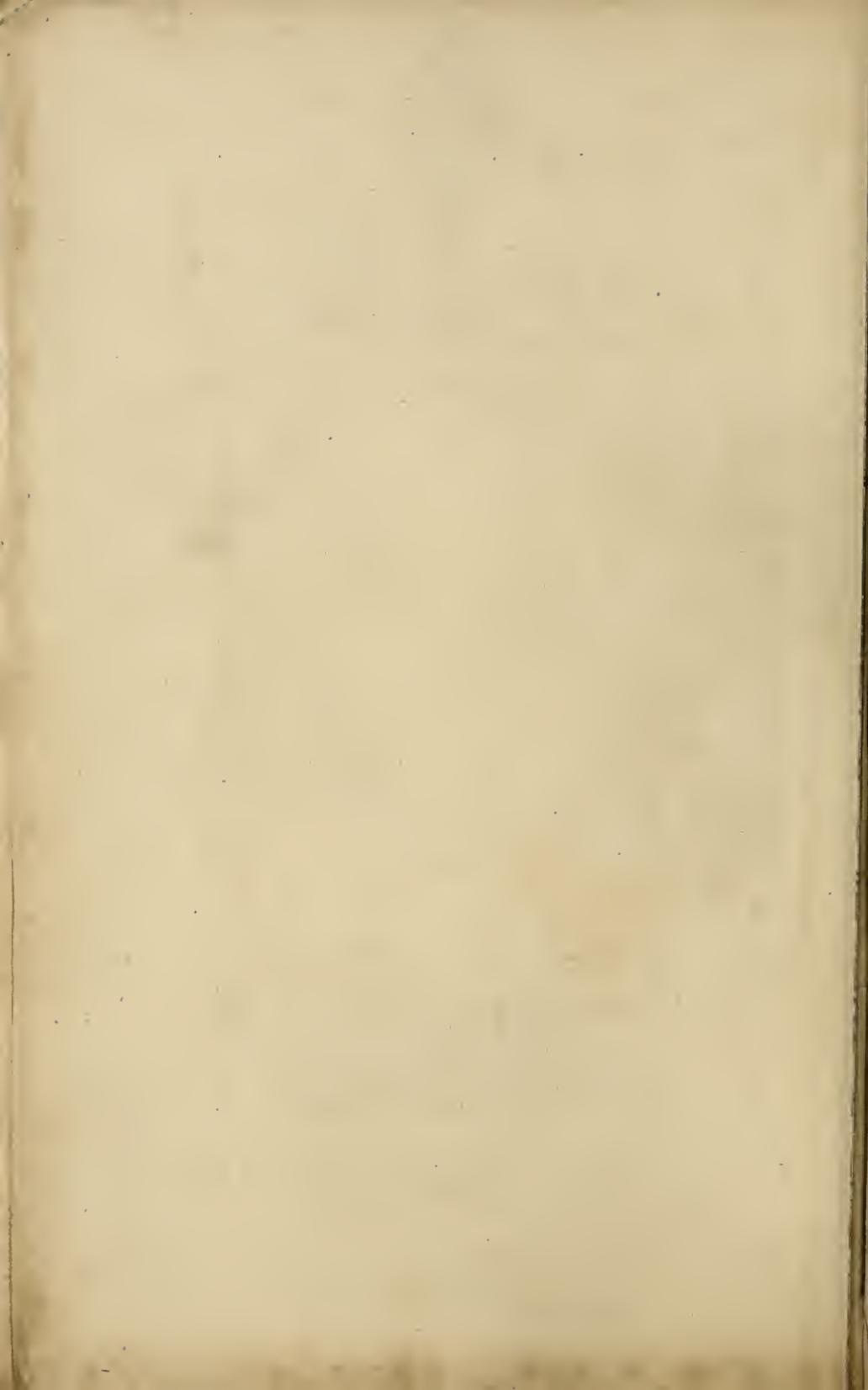
Oh! the hours I have pass'd in the arms of my dear,  
 Can never be thought on but with a sad tear.  
 Oh! forbear, Oh! forbear then to mention her  
 name, It recalls to my memory the cause of my pain.

How often to love me she fondly has sworn,  
 And when parted from me would neer cease to mourn,  
 All hardships for me she would cheerfully bear,  
 And at night on my bosom forget all her care.

3

To some distant climate together well roam,  
 And forget all the hardships we meet with at home;  
 Fate now be propitious, and grant me thine aid,  
 Give me my Pastora, and I'm more than repaid.

Publishing daily  
 by Wm. Hume  
 Leith.



SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

WITH MUSIC.



AS SUNG BY  
M<sup>r</sup>. T. D. RICE,  
The Original Jim Crow.

Published by R. W. Hume, Leith. Price One Penny.

*Dear Sir,* Now you have a batch of Jim Crow's affusions; & any other song I sing you are perfectly welcome to copy also. Yours very truly,

153, N. B. St. H. Hume, Leith.

*T. D. Rice*

## SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

O sich a gettin up stairs, And playin' on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs,  
 I neber did see. In Amerie' when de work is done, We'seuble all to hab de fun,  
 To dance and sing de libe long night, And carry on de glory till it's light. O sich a gettin  
 up stairs. And playin' on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs, I neber did see!

Jibaboo, Jababoo, Juken Junn, sent cards of 'vitation all to come,  
 For a Jiggery fancy ball, To be held in him noble Hall.

*And sich &c.*

Dis Hall was six feet round and round, and 60 feet above de ground;  
 Altho' de rafters, to be sure, Were only 4 feet from de floor.

*And sich &c.*

De walls were hung wid trophies rare, de hoe for de cotton row was dere;  
 De pipe and de 'baccor pouch did grace, an ol' gun stock o'er de chimney brace.

*And sich &c.*

For light, three Candle, wid dem toe, stuck each in half a potatoe;  
 De Music was Jerry Scratchem's feettle, wid two strings- de bass and treble.

*Sich &c.*

Debil Dick wid him Pand'monium pipe, play'd, you neber heard de like!  
 And Iron Samson, de man ob mettle, Beat de drum on de bottom ob de kettle.

*Sich &c.*

Dere came Miss Diana from de South, like a suga' Hogshead was her mouth;  
 Her nose and her toes about so fly, she snuff de east wind and black ny eye.

*Sich &c.*

Appollo Rollo from "down east", Wid a Squatter-loo medal on him breast;  
 Him Spanish Pumps, wid de toes behind, wheel'd like ol' Nick on de whirlwind.

*Sich &c.*

Dere was ol' Jim Brown wid him Mackintosh, and hair as stiff as a blacken brush;  
 In him Soldier's Coat he look so gran', he'd a natch us big as a fryiu' pan.

*Sich &c.*

Jinkun Junn to show his 'breedin', waltzed a hornpipe wid uan'-sell Freedom.  
 So match'd de pair, as if hatch'd dey were, from de eggs ob de Ostrich and Yellow-hammer.

*Sich &c.*

O'twas tridy a glorious sight to see, such a fair and a famous Gombury,  
 And when de supper on de table stood, de sight would hab doue a deart man good.

*Sich &c.*

Dere yan was roast, and Rice was boild, And dere was a snout ob de ol' sow's child,  
 Cat-hash at one corner, at othor frog-fry, wid 2 gooseberry tarts, and 1 Crow-pye.

*Sich &c.*

Den de Ritu flew round about de room, & down deir sable troats like de great monstroom.  
 Till it put de metal in deir heels, and like whirlpools round de Hall dey reels.

*Sich &c.*

But I need not tell of de grand seq'-quel, or what on dat mornin' dere befel;  
 Had you call'd at de Police cells to be sure, you'd see 30 debils asleep on de floor!!

*O Sich &c.*

## MALROONY'S ROUT.

O, sich a gettin up stairs, And playing on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs  
 I neber did see. Pat Malroony sent a "boy" about, With an *Irish Card* for an *Irish Rout*.  
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Pat's dedication had been scant, What learning could Malroony want?  
 He could twirl the twig in an "Agitation," 'Twas the Priest's affair—the dedication!  
 A flash of the Shillelah is the thing, About you—Foes or friends to bring;  
 Pat sent round his—his friends to invite, & would be glad to see them at '2 past 8.  
*O sich a gettin' &c.*

He lived in Dublin the first floor down The chimney—and five flats from the ground;  
 The main entrance to his dojon keep, Was the ladder he used in his "Sweep, ho! sweep!"  
 Pat saw this "Retreat" while pursuing his profession, And purchased the right by taking possession,  
 The inmates, the rats, he murder'd all, Both young and old, and great and small.  
*And sich a gettin' &c.*

The gas that lights the regions below, Was never needed as I shall show;  
 Thro' the holes in the roof the Sun-light came, And at night the Moon she did the same.  
*And sich a gettin' &c.*

The company came in twos and threes, Till the place was like a hive of bees;  
 Of the guests I am sorry I've lost the list, But the Moler they bless'd & the child they kist;  
 And the "DROP" went round! and round!! and round!!! and back again till it ran aground.  
 While droned the Pipe, and screech'd the fiddle, To "Down the back," and "Up the middle."  
*And sich a gettin' &c.*

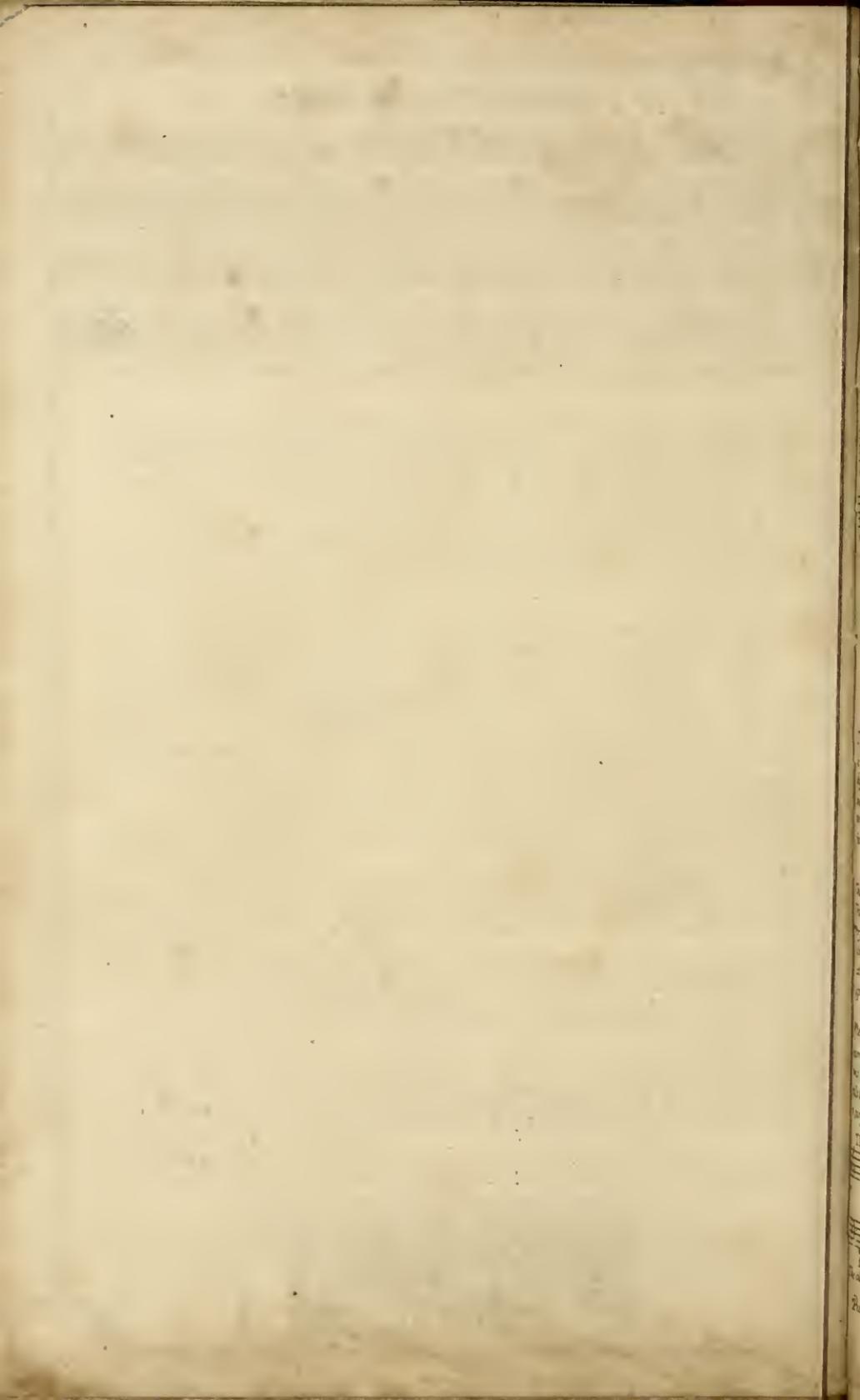
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 So lots they agreed to cast to see, Who should "raise the wind," and the Mercury."  
 Well I can't tell why, and I can't how, But the lot it fell on the old brood sow,  
*And there was sich a gettin' &c.*

Now "time and tide will no man bide," And Gruaty's time was come they said;  
 But the stair was steep, and history shows, That a sow wunt never follow its nose.  
 So they tied the ropes 'er round about, With an old grey shawl around her snout.  
 And out of the window they slung her high, On her road to her "Tneles" Barnaby.  
*O sich a gettin' &c.*

There's much between the Snout and trough, And this was the case here sure enough;  
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 Or Irish Rout without a row? Here was a riglar one any how!  
*O sich a gettin' up stairs &c.*

And the new Police with much ado, Nabbed Pat, and the Pig, and 12 of the crew;  
 And lock'd them up—broken heads & noses, As they had got from Shillelah blows-es.  
 Next day at 10 the Magistrate, With his yellow face and powdered pate,  
 Sent Pat, and Peter, and Barney, and Bill, For 3 months time to the new Tread Mill.  
*And there (on the way) was sich a gettin' &c.*  
 And playing on the Treadles &c.







## THE ROSE TREE.

*Moderato* *An Irish Air*

A rose tree full in bearing, Had sweet flowers fair to see; One rose be  
 yond com-paring, For beauty at-tracted me. Though eager once to win  
 it, Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay, I find a canker in it, And now throw it far a-way.

How fine this morning early,  
 All sunshiny, clear and bright,  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Though lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,  
 Sunny beams no more are seen;  
 Farewell ye happy hours!  
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

The Editor of this very moderately priced Miscellany, impressed with the Importance of Music as a portion of the National Education is wishful to add his humble endeavours towards the diffusion of the Science among those Classes to whom Music generally, from its Size & Price is rather inaccessible. With this View has this work been undertaken, and during the progress of its publication there will be given Concise, but explicative Instructions in Singing, such as it is hoped, will go far to introduce the science and the Halfpenny Lyre together, to every fireside in the Kingdom.

### INSTRUCTIONS in SINGING.

The Pupils should at first be taught to sing a few Simple Melodies. The Gamut is tiresome and the Thirds, Fifths & Octaves in it render it difficult for beginners. Children should begin in the Nursery with such lively tunes as *Brose & Butler*, *O'er the water to Charlie*, *The Highland Laddie* and such like, having appropriate words adapted to the Capacity of the Children. They must be taught that most essential part of music viz. Keeping time, by clapping with the hands. Among older Pupils, the Motion of the Master's hand descending at the first note after each bar will be sufficient.

After the age of Seven years, Children may be taught Notation, that is, the Rules of the Science, and names and uses of notes and other Signs. The Teacher draws on a large board, Staves, Clefs, Minims, Crotchets &c, naming them and describing their uses; then Sings the Notes, causing his Pupils to follow him; again exercises them as to their Knowledge of the Signs, and causes them to sing the notes by themselves.

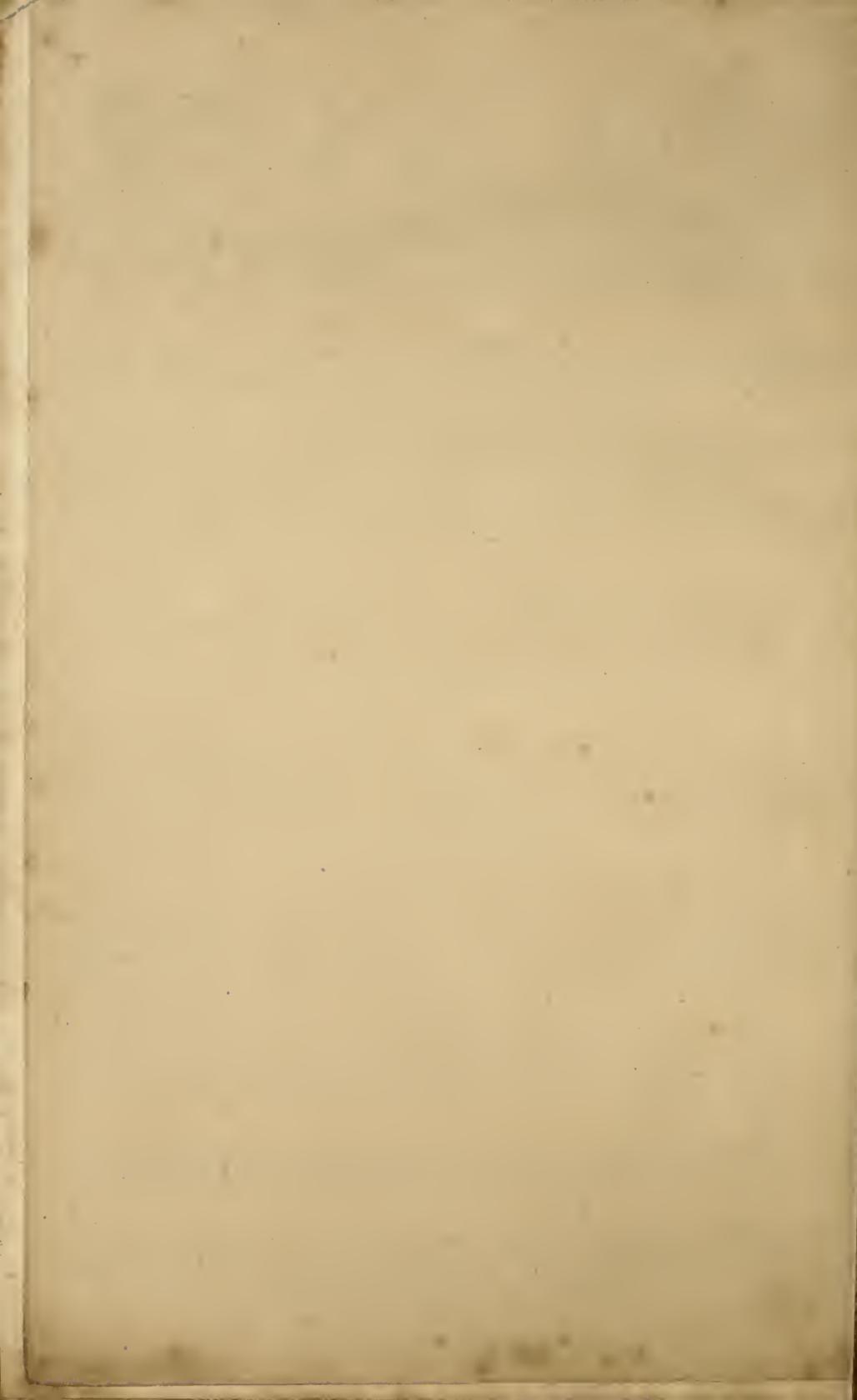
The Gamut or Diatonic Scale.

The above Gamut contains all the notes within the compass of the Human Voice. The notes which form

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith.

Price One Halfpenny.

Continued on N. 4





## THEY LEFT HIM ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

Not a sou he got, not a guinea or note, And he look'd confounded-ly flurried,  
 As he bolted a-way, without paying his shot, And the Land-la...dy af-ter him hurried;-  
 We sa' him a-gain at the dead of night, As home from the club re-turuing: We twigg'd  
 the Doctor be-neath the light, of the Gas--lamps brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,  
 Reclined in the gutter we found him,  
 And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze  
 With his *Marshall* cloak around him.  
 The Doctor's as drunk as the devil, we said  
 And we managed a shutter to borrow,  
 We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought, that his head,  
 Would dreadfully ache on the morrow.

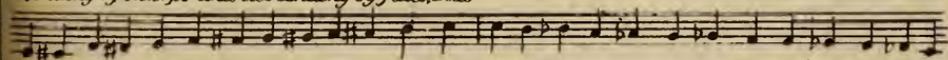
We bore him home, and we put him to bed,  
 And we told his wife, and daughter,  
 To give him, next morning, a couple of red-  
 Herrings with soda-water.  
 Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,  
 And his Lady began to upbraid him,  
 But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,  
 'Neath the couterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done,  
 When, beneath the window calling,  
 We heard the rough voice of a son of a Gunn,  
 Of a watchman, 'one o'clock' bawling.  
 Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down,  
 From his room in the uppermost storey,  
 A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,  
 And we left him alone in his glory.

Continued from No. 7

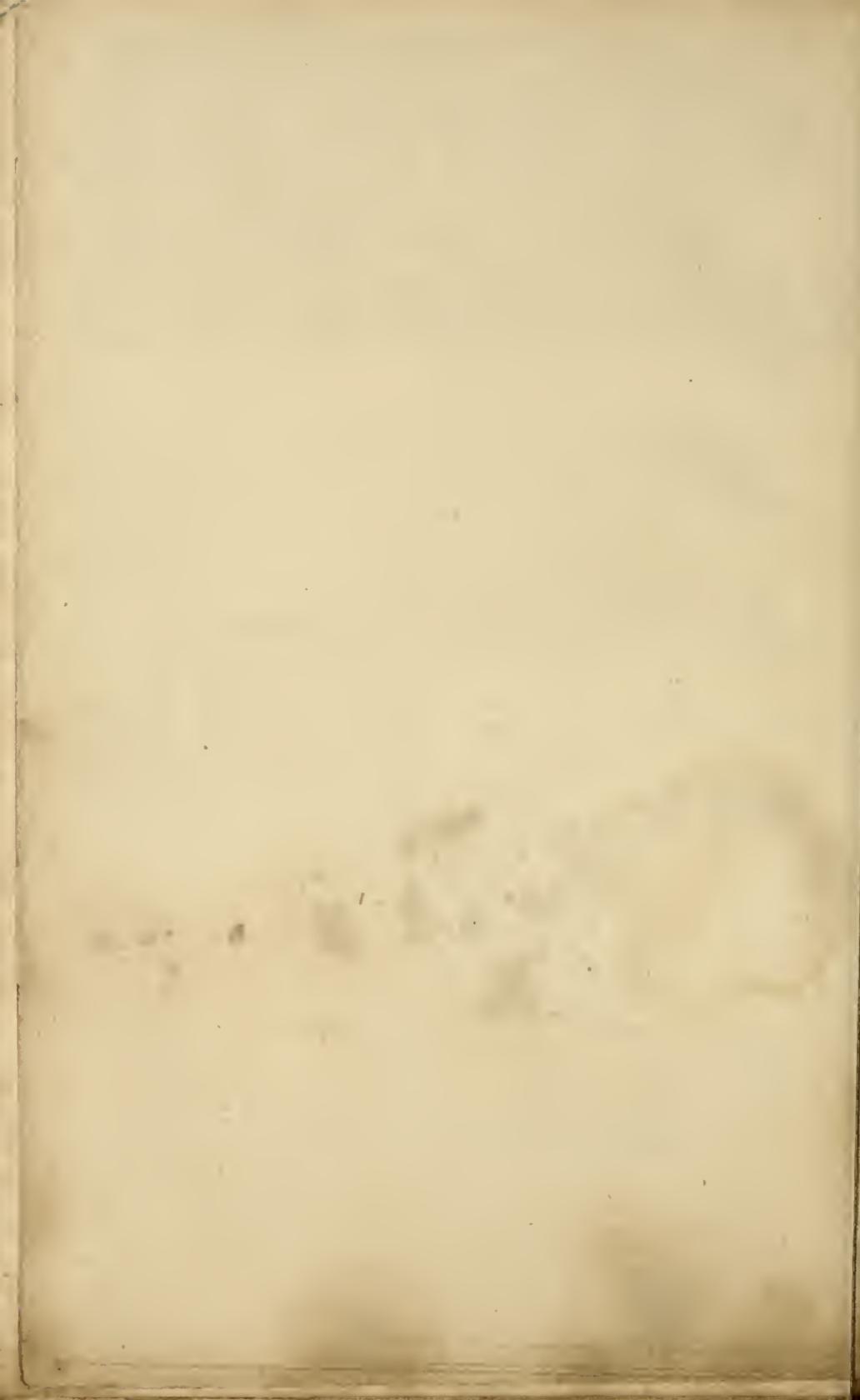
All three Crotchets in do, and so on.

The scale heretofore treated on is the Diatonic, the other, the Chromatic, is formed of Semitones; ascending by sharps and descending by flats, thus



This includes every flat & sharp in music, and enables the student to comprehend the nature of the Keys. Great attention must be paid to this Subject, for upon a right conception of the places of the Semitones in the scale depends the doctrine of Melody. If the third note above the last note of the bass contains 4 Semitones including the note counted from, it is a minor, if 5 semitones, a Major Key.

Write & Practice lessons containing irregular intervals rising and falling thirds, fifths, sixths &c.  
 The foregoing is deemed a useful and tolerably clear summary of that portion of music termed Melody. The Science will be further treated on in course of the Series. Meantime enough has been said to enable the student to acquire a knowledge of Denying, and with the highest wishes for the furtherance of the Science, and best thanks for the increasing patronage bestowed on the Halfpenny Lyre, The Editor here closes the Instructions (which have run through 6 numbers) and proceeds in the daily publication of the songs.





# HEY BONNIE LASSIE BLINK OVER THE BURN

Hey bon-nie lassie blink over the burn, And gin your sheep wander ill gie  
 them a turn; And we'll be sae hap-py in you-der green shade, Gin  
 ye will come dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

I ha'e a wee doggie that rins at my heel      Twa ewes and a laminnie are a my weeflock,  
 And that little doggie I lo'e unco weel;      Yet I'd sell a lammie out o' my sma' stock,  
 But ill gie't to my lassie and ma' gin I had,      And buy thee ahead-lace, sae bonny & braid,  
 If she'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.      Gin ye wou'd come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Instructions continued from p. 4.

## Notes and their relative proportions and rests &c.

is equal in length to 2	One Semibreve.....	Min. Rest.
or 4	Minutims.....	Min. do.
or 8	Crotchets.....	Crot. do.
or 16	Quavers.....	Quav. do.
or 32	Semiquavers.....	Semiq. do.
	Demisemiquavers.....	Demi. do.

The Rests mark the Duration of the Pauses.

## Clefs,

## Bars,

A Clef determines the name of the note on the line on which it is placed.

The G. or Treble Clef      The F. or Bass Clef

The Bold shows that the notes must be held long, or than usual.      The Slur shows that the voice must run the notes into each other.

Da Capo means repeat from the beginning to the end. // Repeat is some words. For Piano means to play the part softly. *f.* or Forte to play the passage loudly. > Indicates that the voice should gradually diminish, < that it should be increased.

The Shake // To learn the shake it is simply necessary to begin to sing the two notes forming the shake at first very slowly, the voice gradually increasing in quickness after the following example.

Space between the Bar called a Measure. Double Bars denote the end of the Tune.

Single Bar. Double Bars.

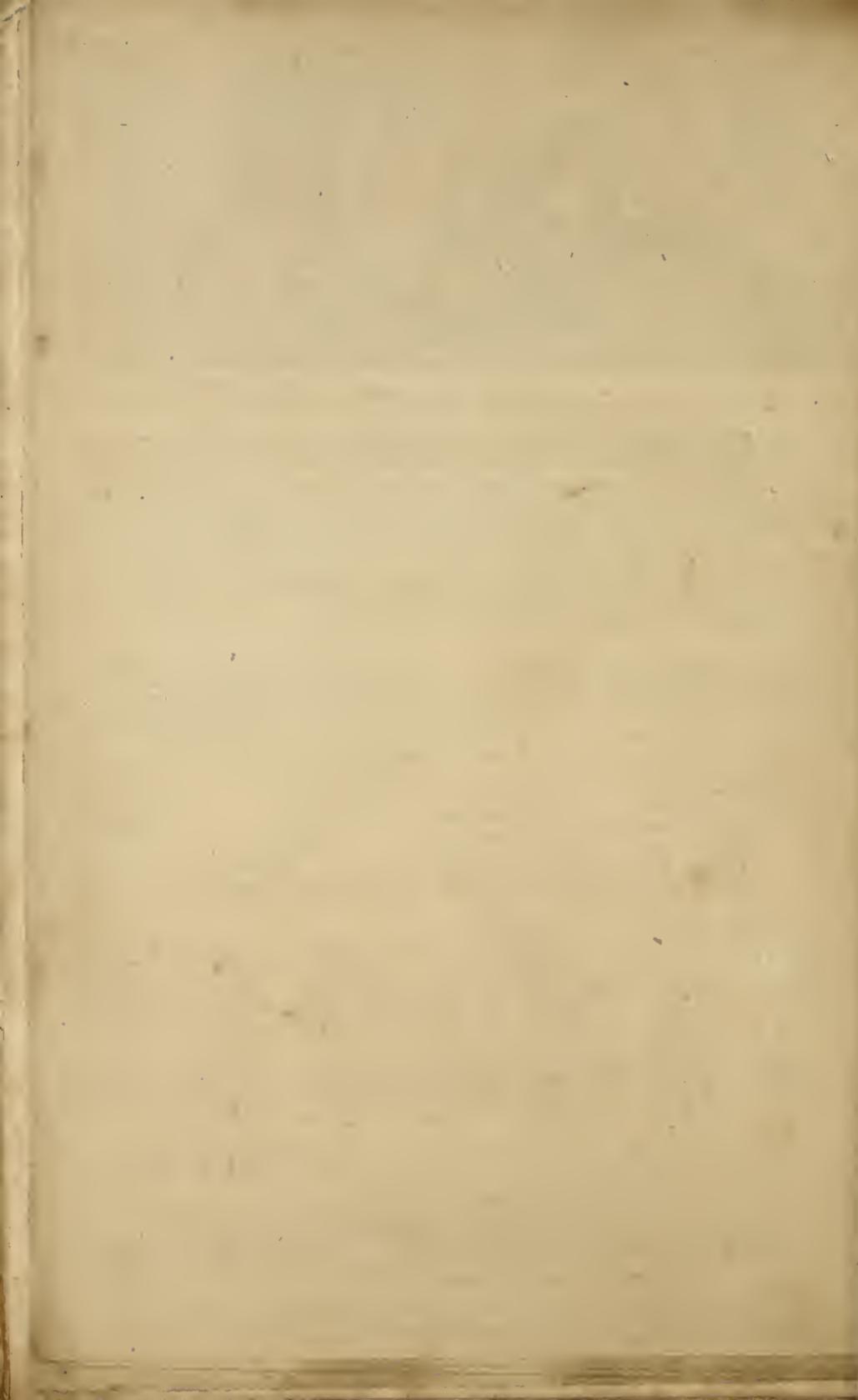
The Sharp raises the note half a tone. The flat lowers the note half a tone. The Natural restores the note.

'Repeats' indicate that the Passage is to be repeated.

Triplets signify that 3 quavers are played in the time of 2.

A dot after a note makes it half its own length longer.

Appoggiaturas or Grace notes



On Fasten-een we had a  
rockin',  
To ca' the crack, an' weave  
our stockin',  
And there was nrickle fun  
and jokin'.  
Ye needna doubt.  
At length we had a hearty  
yokin',  
At sang about.

---

Give me ae spark o' Nature's  
fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire;  
Then, tho' I drudge thro' dub  
and mire  
At plough or cart,  
My muse, tho' havely in  
attire  
May touch the heart.



There was ae sang among  
the west,  
About them a' it pleased  
me best,  
That some kind husband  
had address'd  
To some sweet wife;  
It thirl'd the heart-strings  
thro' the breast,  
A' to the life.

---

O for a spunk o' Allau's glee,  
Or Ferguson's, the bauld and  
glee,  
Or bright Lapraik's, my  
friend to be,  
If I can hit it!  
That would be lear enough  
for me!  
If I could get it.

Illustration of Burns's Epistle to J. Lapraik.

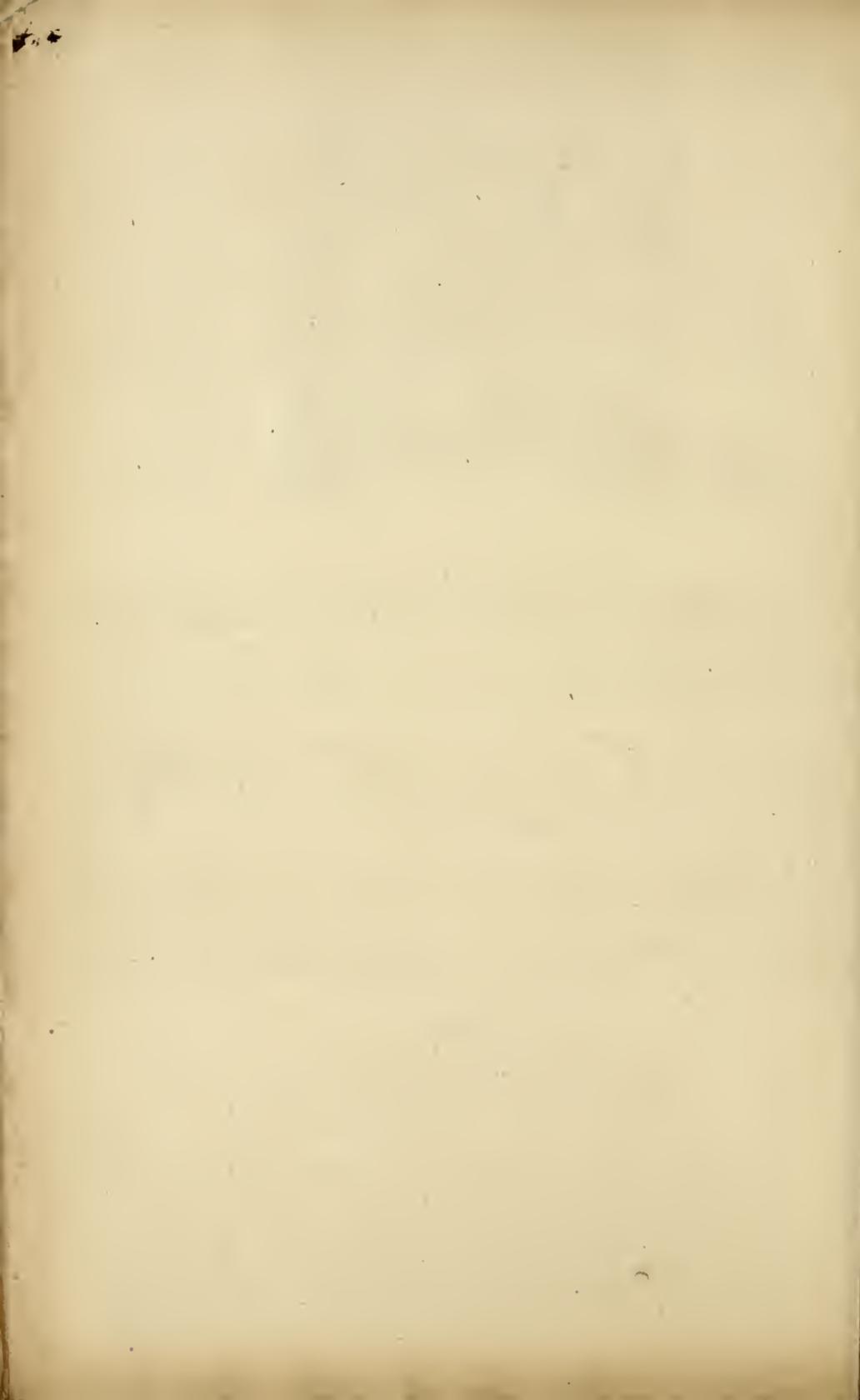
*Air. Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.* **I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.** *Words by Burns.*

I gaed a wae fu' gate, yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; I gat my death  
fra twa sweet een, Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue. 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;  
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew; Her heaving bosom, lily-white;—It was her eon sae bonnie blue.

*2nd Verse.*

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,  
She charmed my soul I wist na how;  
And ay the sound, the deadly wound,  
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
She'll aiblin' listen to my vow:  
Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead  
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Published by R. W. Hume, Stationer, Leith.





FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.

From the court to the cottage convey me away,  
 For I'm weary of grandeur, and what you call gay,  
 Where pride without measure, And pomp without  
 pleasure, Makes life a circle of hurry decay. Far  
 remote and retired from the noise of the town, I'll ex-  
 change my brocade for a plain russet gown, My friends  
 shall be few, But well chosen and true, And  
 sweet recreation our evening shall crown,  
 With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,  
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,  
 The rivers clear brink,  
 Shall afford me my drink,  
 And temperance my friendly physician shall be,  
 Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,  
 Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,  
 I'll neither invoke  
 Nor repine at death's stroke,  
 But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

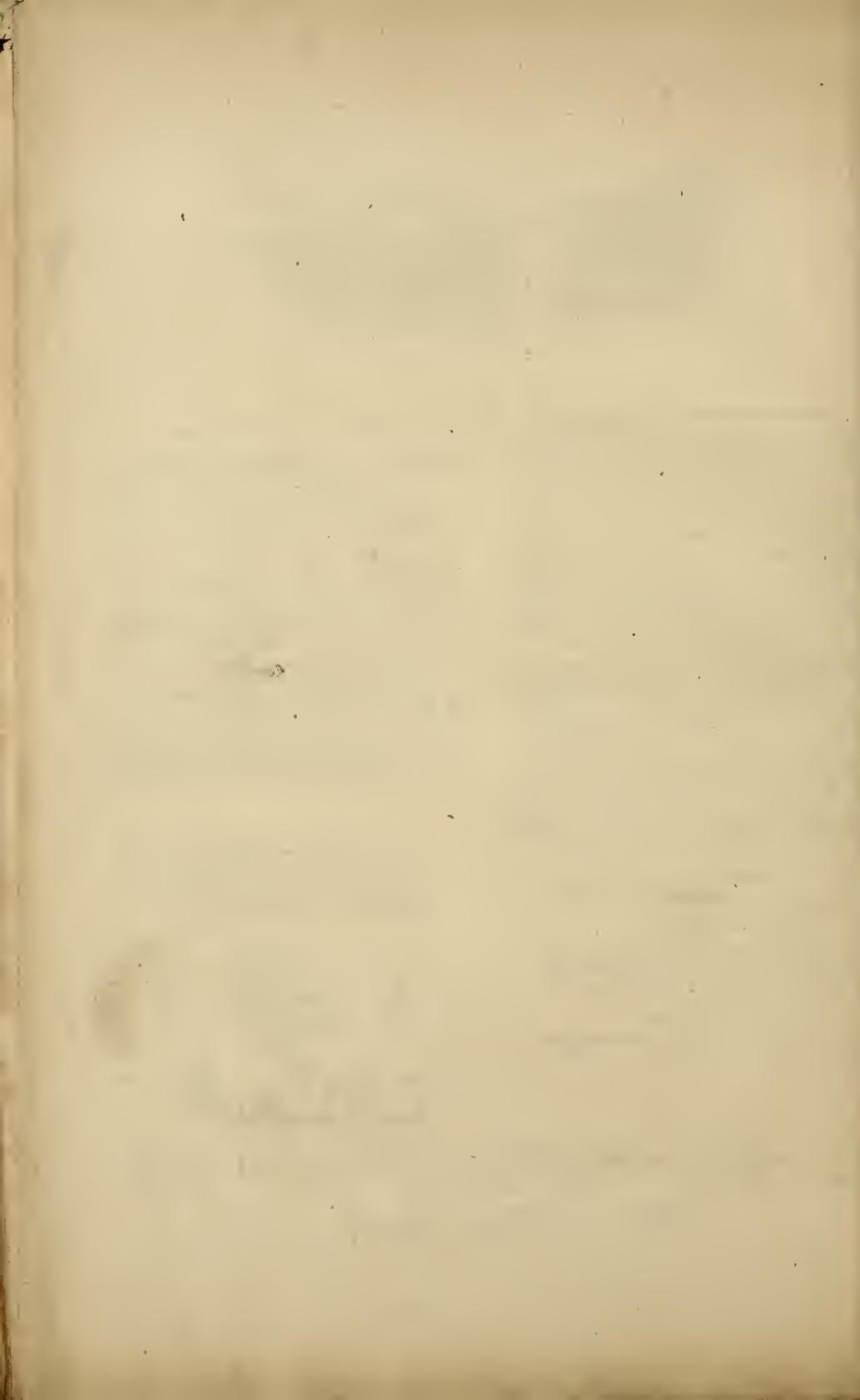
KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping with a  
 pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine, When she  
 saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled, And  
 all the sweet butter-milk water'd the plain. Oh! what  
 shall I do now, 'Twas looking at you now, Sure, sure such a  
 pitcher I'll ne'er meet again, 'Twas the pride of my dai-  
 ty, O Barney McCleary, Yours sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
 That such a misfortune should give her such pain;  
 A kiss then I gave her, before I did leave her,  
 She vow'd for such pleasure she'd break it again.  
 'Twas hay-making season, I can't tell the reason,  
 Misfortunes will never come single, tis plain,  
 For very soon, after poor Kitty's disaster,  
 The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



Published daily (and sold Wholesale & Retail) by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith.  
 Price One Halfpenny.

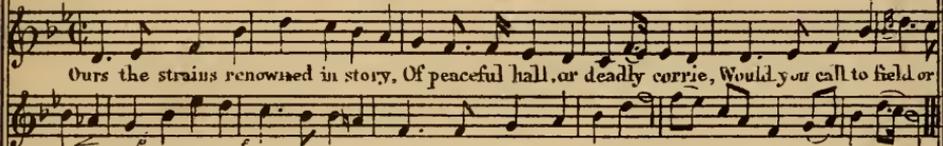




Words by J. Bayne Esq.

Music by R. Tevendale.

**OURS THE STRAINS RENOWNED IN STORY.**



Ours the strains renown'd in story, Of peaceful hall, or deadly corrie, Would you call to field or foray, Melt to love, or rouse to glory, Sound our mountain melody. Sound our mountain melody.

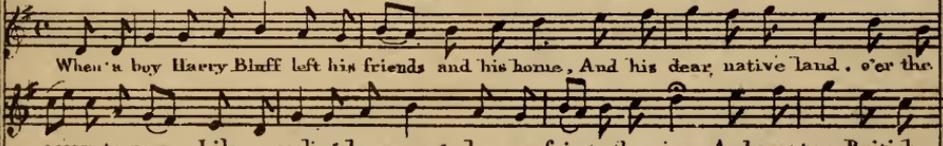
Where the gale of love is blowing,  
Health, and mirth, and bliss bestowing,  
Where the cup of joy is flowing,  
Eyes are bright, and hearts are glowing,  
Pours the pipe its thrilling lay.

Who can hear its strain of woe,  
For friend deceased, or fallen foe,  
And see the mourners as they go,  
To its wild notes, sad and slow,  
And melt not at its melody?

And in the day of doubt and dread,  
When bursts the battle o'er their head,  
How strong the hand and firm the tread,  
Of Albyn's sons, o'er fields of dead,  
When cheer'd by its wild warlike cry.

Oh these the strains renown'd in story,  
Of halls of joy, or deadly corrie,  
Would you call to field or foray,  
Melt to love, or rouse to glory,  
Sound our mountain melody.

**HARRY BLUFF.**



When a boy Harry Bluff left his friends and his home, And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam; Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view, And was true British oak, boys, the older he grew; Though his body was weak, and his hands were so soft, When the signal was given, he the first went aloft, And veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van, For tho' rated

a boy, he'd the soul of a man, And the heart of a true British Sailor.

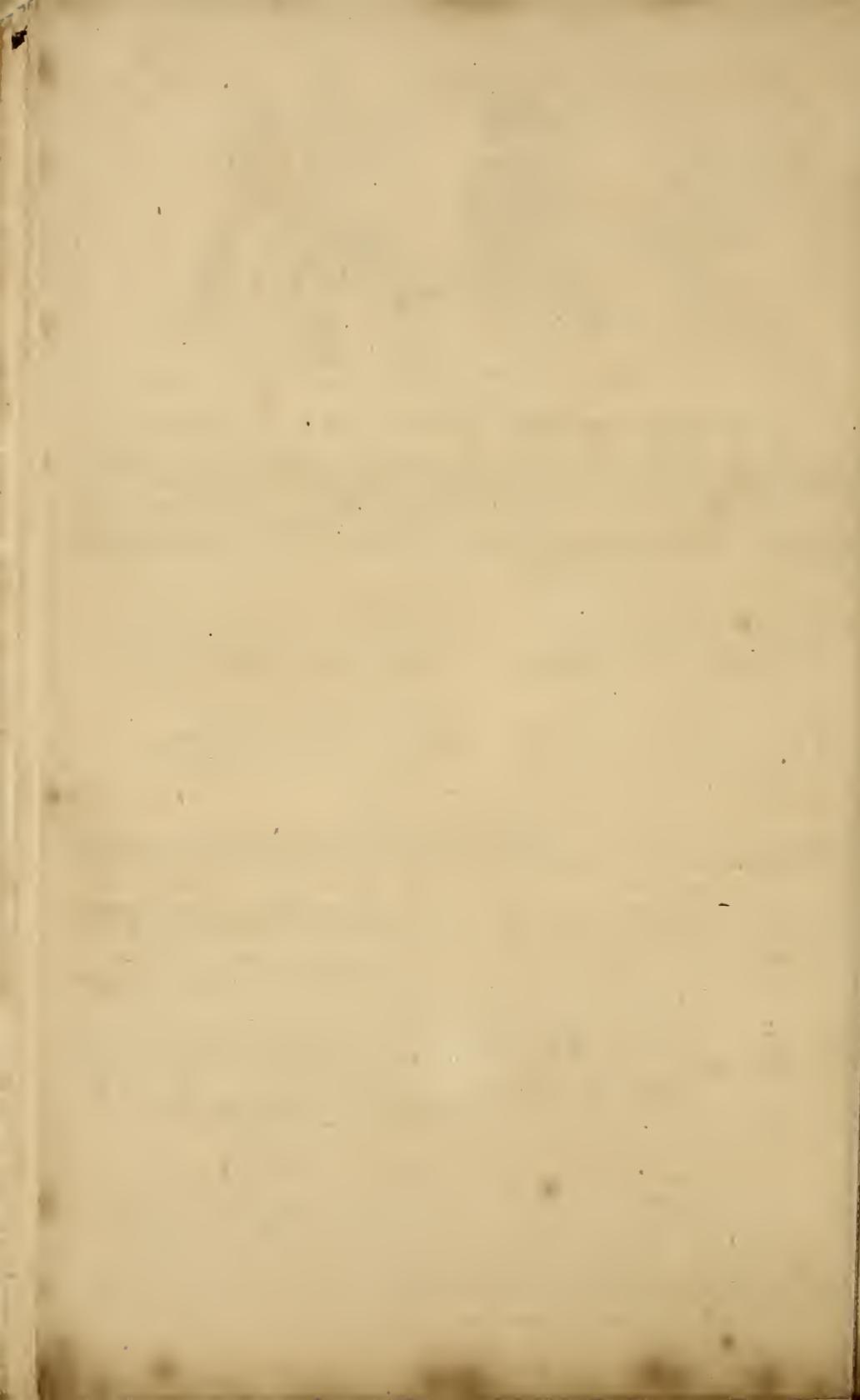
When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,  
Still in peace, or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,  
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,  
The myrtle and laurel entwinc round his grave;

For his Country he fell, when with victory crown'd,  
The flag shot away, hung in tatters around,  
The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out "avast,"  
And the colours of Old England he nail'd to the mast,  
And he died like a true British Sailor.

Published Wholesale and Retail [ Price One Halfpenny ] by E. W. Hume, Leith.

All communications must be Post paid.

The authors of the "Penny Post Bag" and "Deacon Draft" will observe that we have published their songs.



## THE HALFPENNY LYRE.



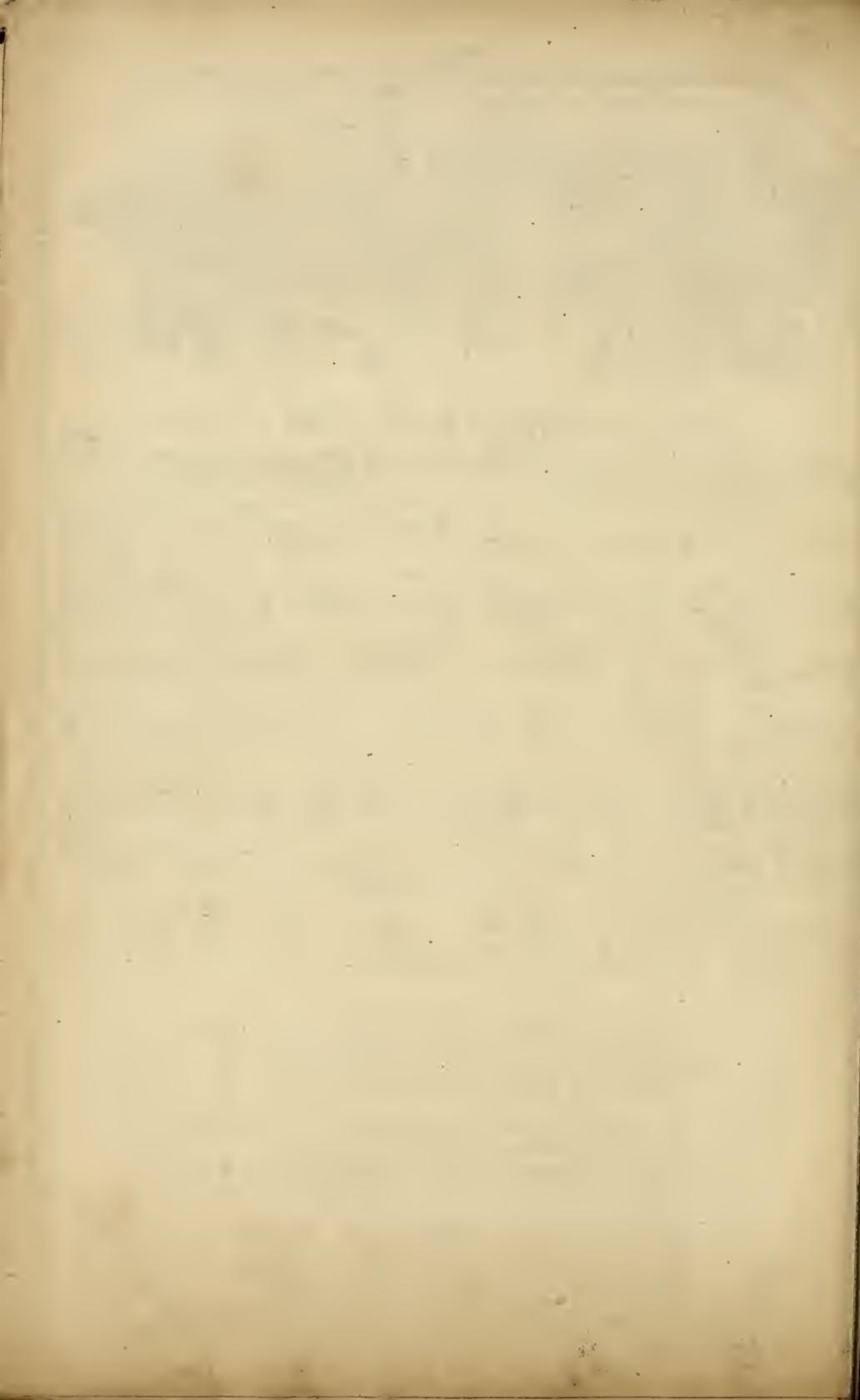
## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard them lilt-ing at the ewe-milk-ing, Lass-es a' lilt-ing be-  
fore dawn of day; But now they are moan-ing on ilka green loan-ing;  
The flow'rs of the For-est are a' wede a-way. At bughts, in the morn-ing,  
nae blyth lads are scor-ning; Lass-es are lone-ly and dow-ie, and wae;  
Nae daff-ing; nae gabb-ing, but sigh-ing and sabb-ing; Ilk ane lifts her  
leg in and hies her away. In harst, at the shear-ing, nae youths now are  
jeer-ing; Band-sters are run-kl'd, and ly-art, or gray: At fair or at preach-  
ing, nae woo-ing, nae fleech-ing; The flow'rs of the For-est are a' wede a-way

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming  
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play:  
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary,  
 The flowers of the Forest are wede a way.

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

Well hea nae mair lilt-ing at the ewe-milking,  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae:  
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—  
 The flowers of the Forest are a' wede a way.





Published by  
R. W. Lame, 57, Shore Lane.

### TOM TUG .

*Tom took the pet—and off he set, on board a Ship of war,  
He'd been a man of-water long, and now he'd try the tar.  
So left his boat and oars to rot, all on the muddy shore,  
And on a scull the coat he flung, his honoured badge that bore;  
And then he sang, with faltering tongue, the song that's writ below,  
While down his cheeks in various streaks, the tears incessant flow;  
'Till the crows and ravens on Chelsea heath, responded to his wail,  
And for a handkerchief he took the corner of a sail!—*

### MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

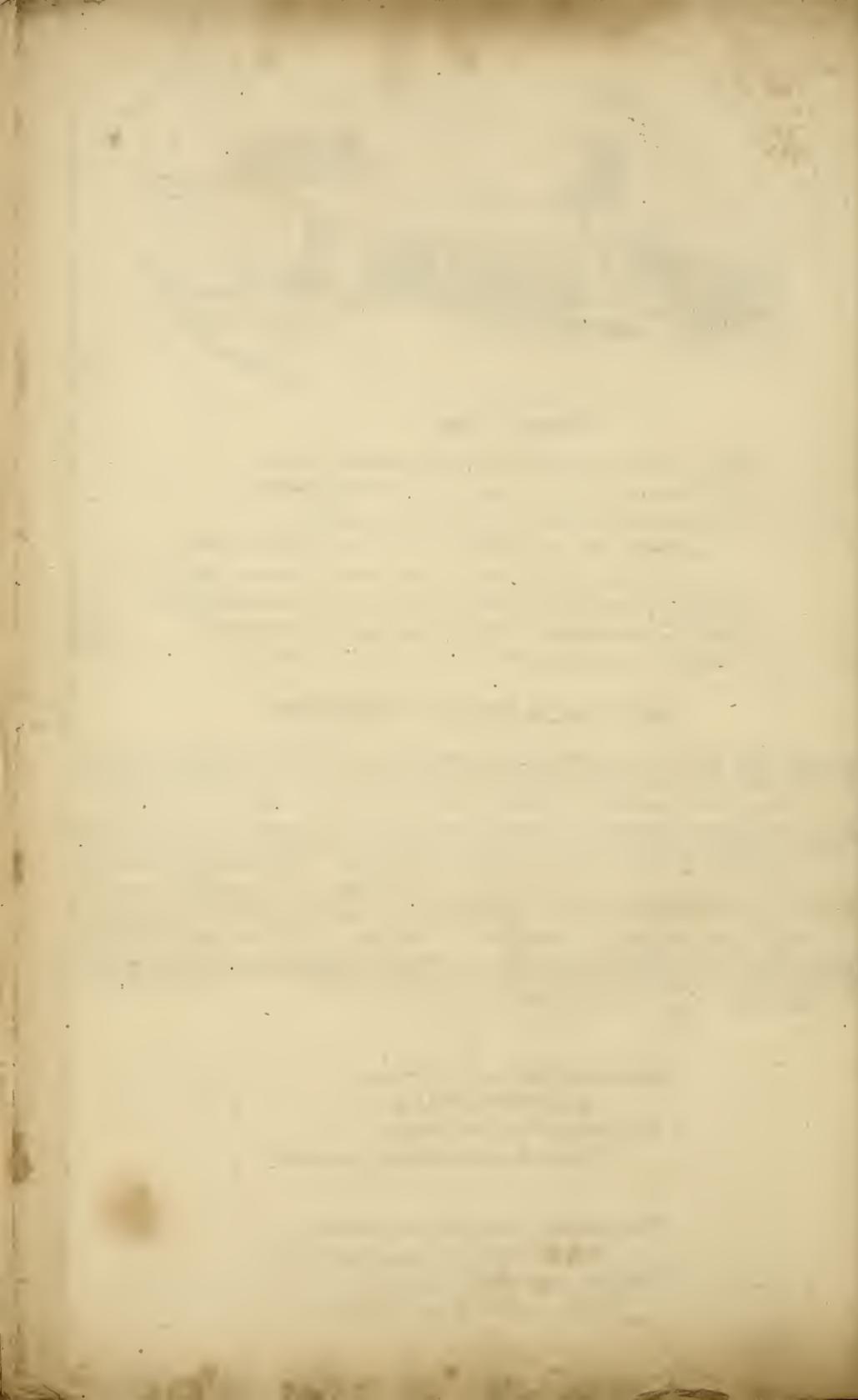
Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat and badge, farewell; Never  
more at Chelsea ferry, Shall your Thomas take a spell. Then farewell my trim-built  
wherry, Oars and coat and badge farewell; Never more at Chelsea ferry, Shall your  
Thomas take a spell, Shall your Thomas take a spell.

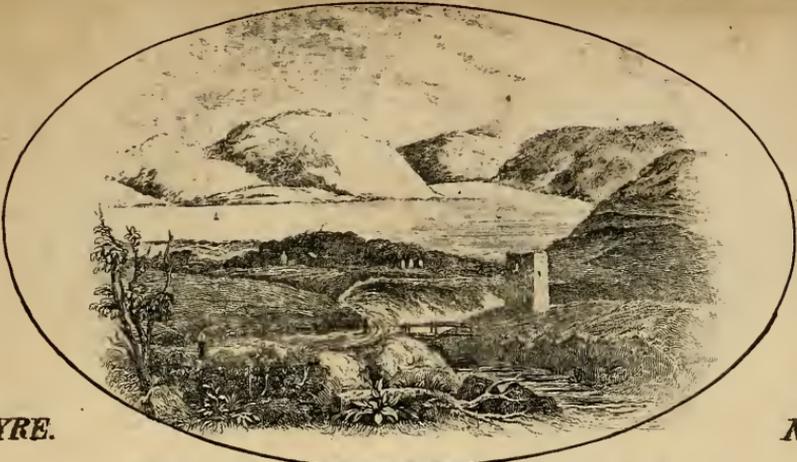
2.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go;  
Where, exposed to every danger,  
Some friendly ball shall lay me low:

3.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,  
With the news my messmates come;  
Even you, my story hearing,  
With a sigh may cry—"poor Tom!"





The LYRE.

N:53.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

Musical score for 'Gloomy Winter's Now Away' with lyrics: Gloomy winter's now awa', Saft the west-lym breezes blaw, 'Mang the birks o' Stan... ley shaw, The naivis sings fir'chords O, Sweet the crawflower's early bell, Decks Glenif... far's dew... y dell, Blooming like thy bonnie sel' My young, my art-less deirie, O Come my lassie let us stray O'er Glenkillock's sunny brae, Blythly spend the gowden day, Midst joys that ne-ver weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
Lavrocks fan the snaw white clouds,  
Siller saughs wi' flewy Birds,  
A' hown the banks sae hriery O:  
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
Feathery breeckans fringe the rocks,

'Neath the brae the burnie jooks,  
And ilka thing looks cheerie O,  
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,  
Joy to me they canna bring,  
Unless wi' thee my dearie O.

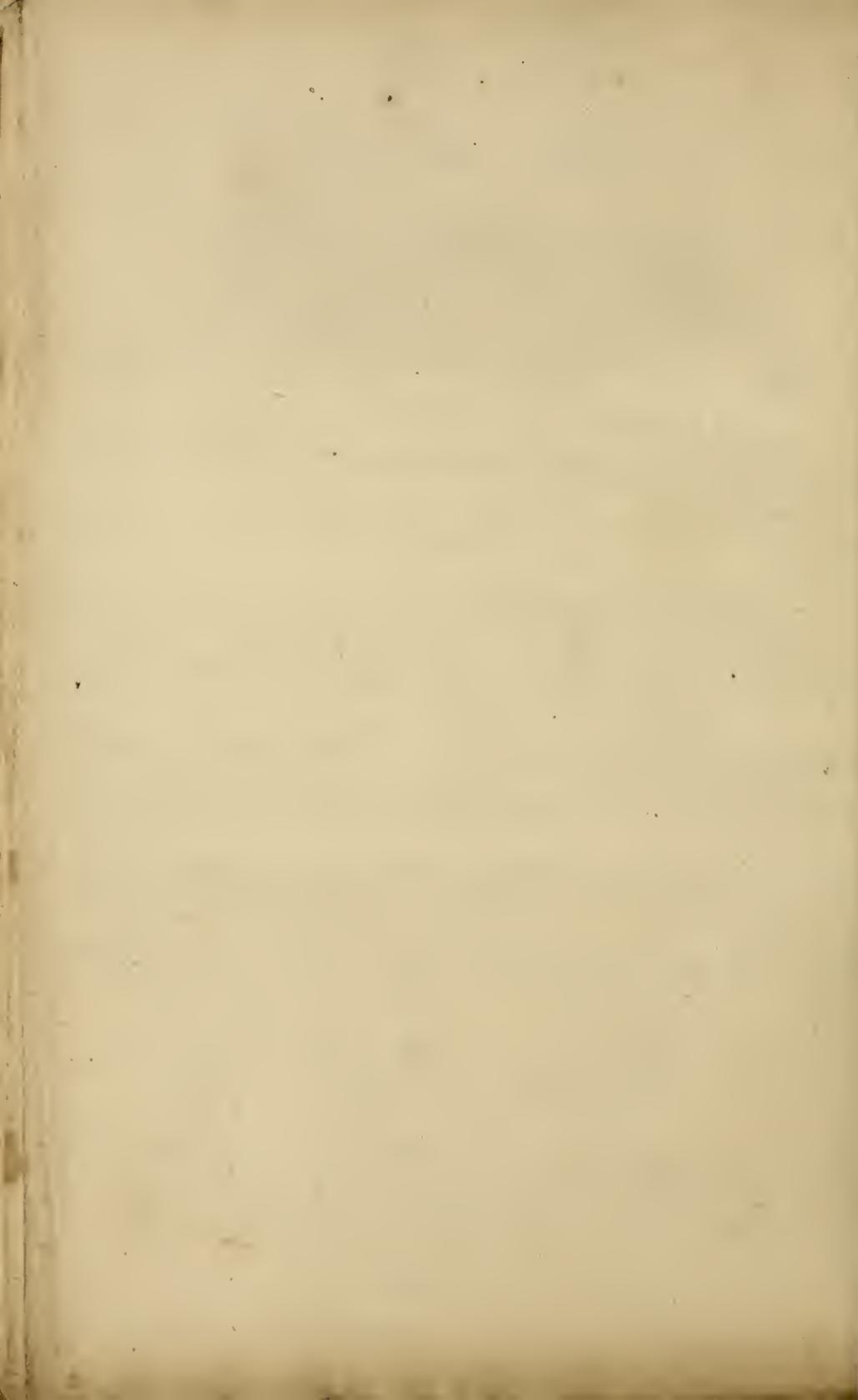
The Lyre has been progressively fulfilling its mission, viz. Causing a taste for music among the lower Classes and carrying many of the best of the Lyrics of the three Nations, with their beautiful melodies, to the fire-sides of the most humble Cottagers.

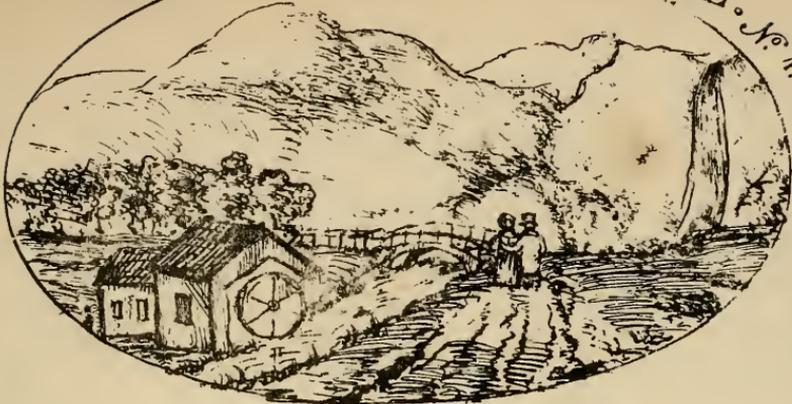
While speaking of the success of the Lyre in the line of usefulness originally contemplated, we must also award the meed of praise due to the other Classes of Society's, many of these having supported this publication, both for Schools and their own families. To ALL, the Publisher offers his best thanks

A number of New Songs in progress.

Publishing daily, Sold wholesale & retail, by R. W. Hume, Leith. Price one halfpenny.

Price one halfpenny.





MY NANNIE, O.

Behind you hills where Lugar flows, Mang' mairs  
and mosses many, O. The wintry sun the day has  
closed, And I'll awa to Nannie, O. Tho' westlin  
winds blaw loud and shill, And its baith mirk and  
rainy, O. I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

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

MY NANNIE, O. CONTINUED.

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

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

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

Our auldguidman delights to see  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O.  
But I'm as blythe, that hauds his plough,  
And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,  
I'll tak' what heavn will send me, O.  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live and love my Nannie, O.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flowers decayd  
on Catrine lea, Nae lavrock sang on hillock green, But  
nature sickend on the ee. Thro' faded groves, Ma-  
ri. a sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, And aye the  
wild wood echoes rang, Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

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







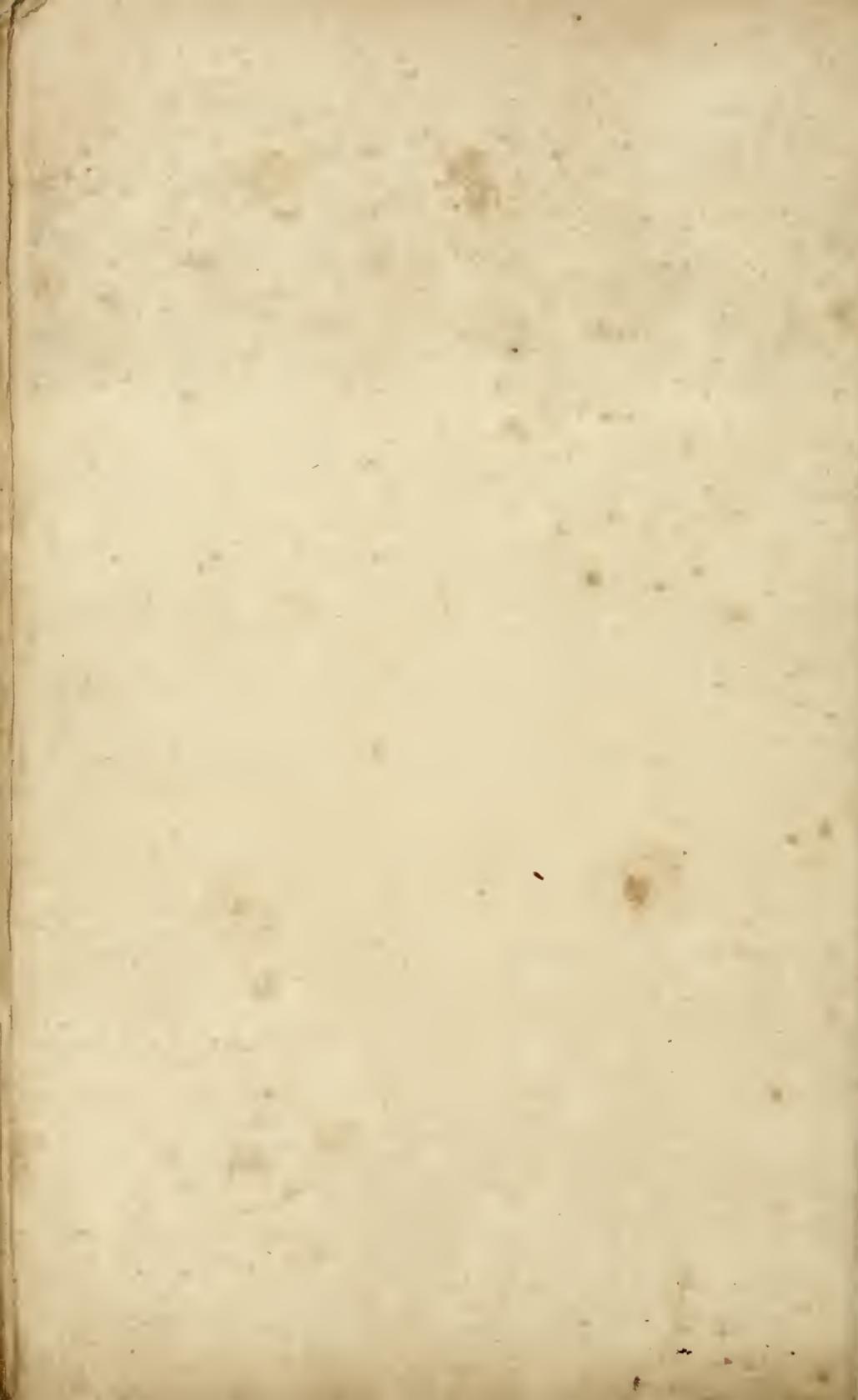
SPRIG OF SHILLELAH AND SHAMROCK SO GREEN.

Oh, love is the soul of a neat Irish man, He loves all that's love-ly,  
 loves all that he can, With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 His heart is good-humour'd, tis honest and sound, No raal-ice or ha-  
 tred there to be found; He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights for  
 love, all for love, for in that he delights With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,  
 An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green,  
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a  
 speck,  
 A nice Barcelona tied round his neat neck,  
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half a crown,  
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks  
 him down,  
 With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

At ev'ning returning, as homeward he goes,  
 His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with  
 blows,  
 From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green:  
 He meets with his Shelah, who, blushing a smile,  
 Cries, Get along, Pat, yet consents all the while;  
 To the priest soon they go, and nine months af-  
 ter that  
 A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat?"  
 With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Bless the country, says I, that gave Patrick his birth  
 Bless the land of the oak and its neighbouring earth,  
 Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.  
 May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,  
 Drub the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon:  
 United and happy at Loyalty's shrine,  
 May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine  
 Round a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!





## PADDY THE PIPER

When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,  
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty, Out at the door as  
I look'd with a steady phiz, Who but Pat Murphy, the  
piper came by. Says Paddy, "but few play this  
music, can you play?" Says I, "I can't tell, for I never  
did try." He told me that he had a charm, To  
make the pipes prettily speak. Then squeez'd a  
bag under his arm. And sweetly they set up a  
squeak. With a fa ral la la. ral la loo. Ooh hone!

*Volto Jubilo.*

how he handled the drone! And then such sweet  
music he blew! 'T would have melted the heart of a stone.

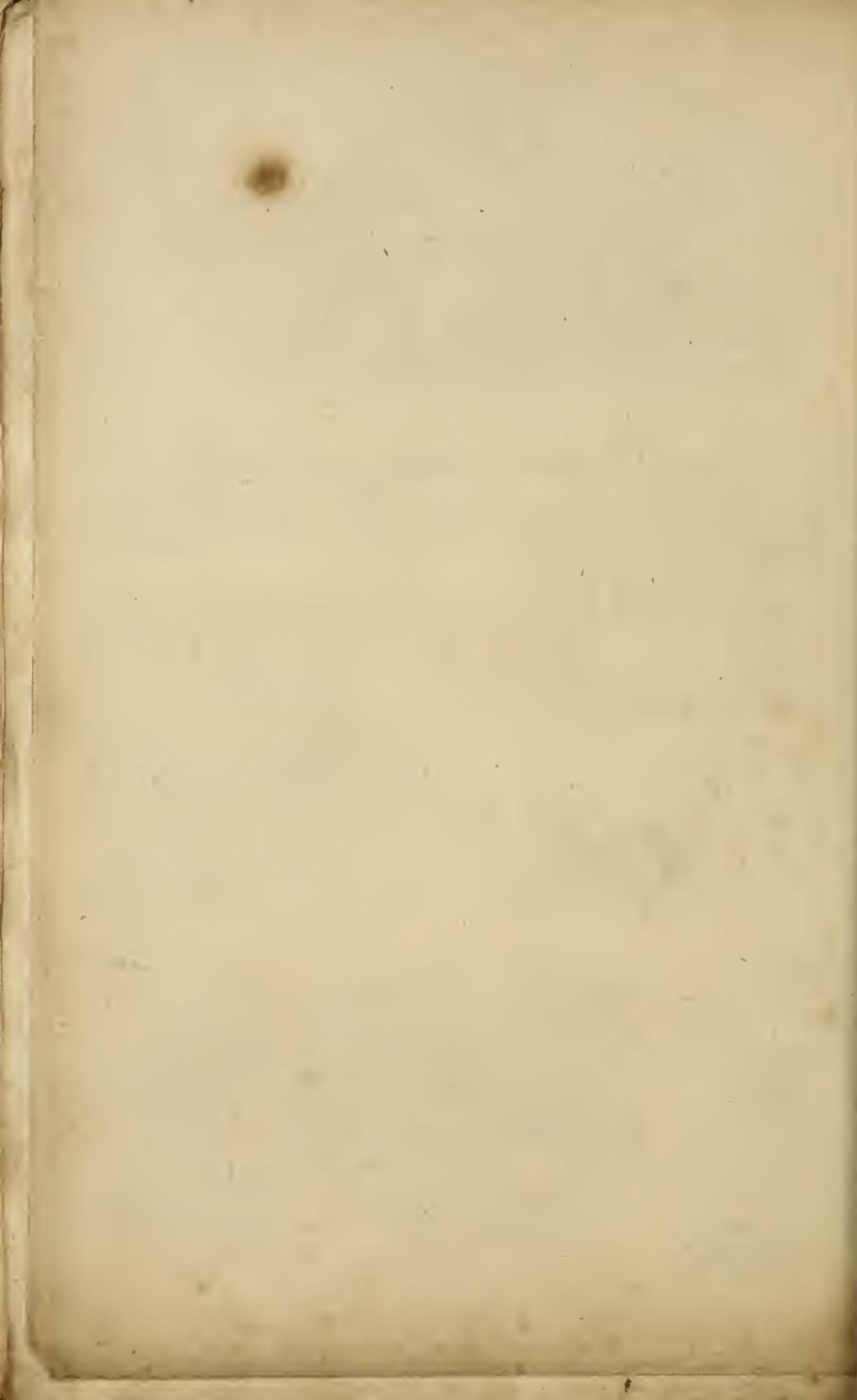
Your pipe says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,  
Baked 'I'll wander where'er it blows.  
And if my father should try to recover me,  
- Save it won't be by describing my clothes.  
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,  
And leads me all over the world by the nose.  
So I follow'd his bagpipe so sweet,  
And sung, as I leapt like a frog,  
Adieu to my family seat  
So pleasantly plac'd in a bag  
With my faralla &c

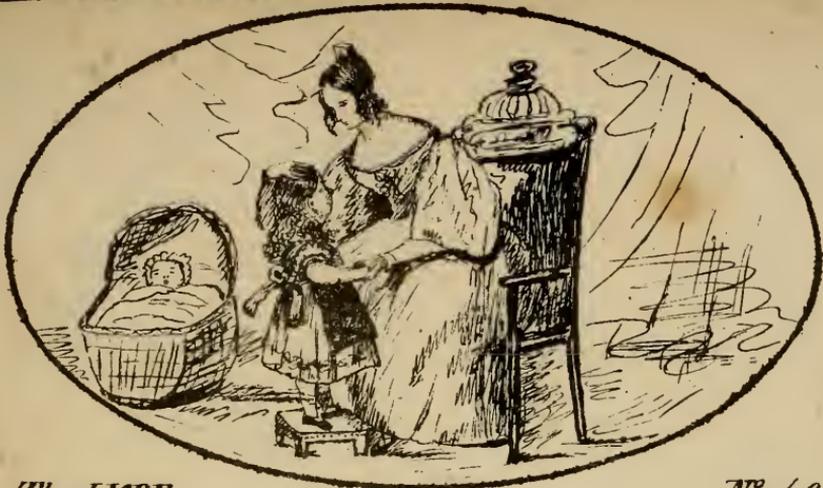
Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sunder us  
Till he, one morning had taken a sup -  
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us.  
Souze - to the bottom, just like a blind pup!  
I roav'd out, and bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,  
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?  
He was dead as a nail in a door -  
Poor Paddy was laid on the shore.  
So I took up his pipes on the shore,  
And now live set up for my self -  
With my faralla, laralla loo, to be sure I have not got the knack,  
To play, laralla laralla loo - ave, and bilberoo ditteroo whack!

## BEGONE DULL CARE.

Begone dull care, I prithee begone from me; Begone  
dull care, You & I can never agree. Long time thou  
hast been tarrying here, And fain thou wouldst  
me kill, But I faith, dull care, thou never shall have thy will  
Too much care will turn a young man grey,  
And too much care will turn an old man to day.  
My wife shall dance and I will sing,  
So merrily pass the day.  
For I hold it one of the wisest things,  
To drive dull care away.







The LYRE.

N<sup>o</sup>. 40.

MY MARION, MY MARION!

*Poetry & Music original.*

My Marion, my Ma-ri-on! My dear, my joy, my pride,  
 My life, my love, my little one, Thy mother's by thy side: Then  
 smile and glad thy mother's heart, And shew how good and  
 sweet thou art, And shew how good and sweet thou art.

My Marion, my Marion,  
 Thy fairy arms entwine  
 Around my neck, while I my child  
 Encircle thee in mine.  
 Sweet babe, may Heaven around thy head,  
 Its arms of love and safety spread.

My babe, my child, my Marion,  
 Thy mother hears thy cry,  
 Nothing shall harm my Marion,  
 While I, thy shield, am by.  
 Then sleep, and o'er thy fancy gleam,  
 Such thoughts as angels would besee.

I'll cherish thee, my Marion,  
 In childhood, and in youth,  
 And lead thy steps the paths upon  
 Of happiness and truth;  
 And when thy mother's taken from thee,  
 O cherish still her memory.



BRIGNAL BANKS.

*By*  
*Wm. Miller Pratt.*

Air:—The broom of the Cowdenknoves.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair, And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there, Would grace a summer queen. And  
 as I rode by Dalton-hall, Beneath the turret high, A maiden  
 on the castle wall, Was sing-ing mer-ri-ly. "O Brignal banks are  
 fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, I'd rather rove with  
 Edmund there, Than reign our English Queen."

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.

"Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
 To leave both bower and town,  
 Thine first must guess what life lead we,  
 That dwell by dale and down.  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood thou shalt speed,  
 As blithe as queen of May."  
 Yet sang she, "Brignal banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there,  
 Than reign our English queen."

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

"I read you, by your bugle horn,  
 And by your palfrey good,  
 I read you for a ranger sworn,  
 To keep the king's greenwood."  
 "A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
 And tis at peep of light,  
 His blast is heard at merry noon,  
 And mine at dead of night."  
 Yet sang she, "Brignal banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay;  
 I would I were with Edmund there,  
 To reign his queen of May."

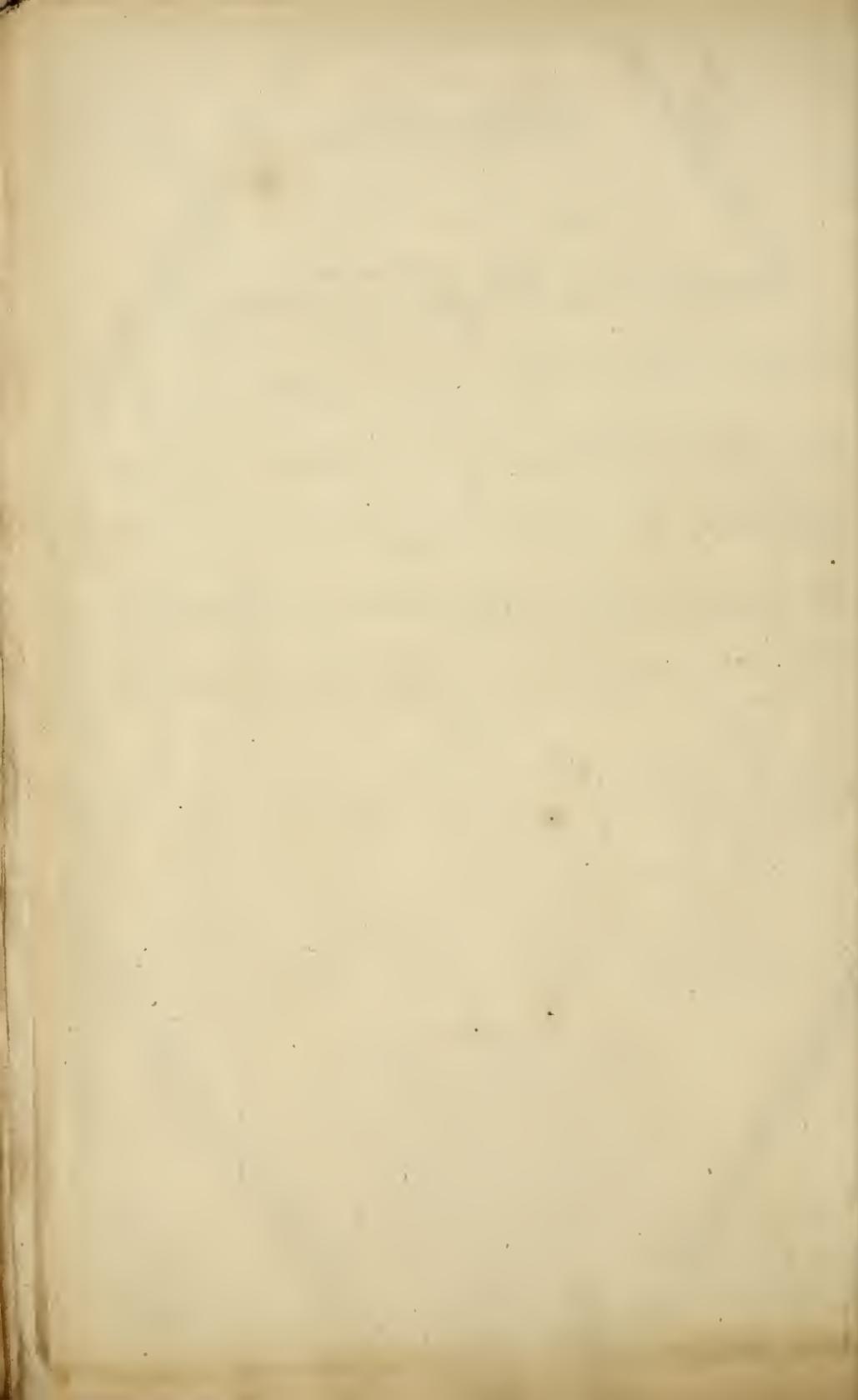
4<sup>th</sup> Verse.

"With burnish'd brand & musketoon,  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold dragoon,  
 That lists the tack of drum."  
 "That no more the tack of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear;  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum,  
 My comrades take the spear."  
 And O, tho' Brignal banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods be gay;  
 Yet middle must the maiden dare,  
 To reign our queen of May."

5<sup>th</sup> Verse.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die;  
 The fiend, whose lanthorn lights the mead,  
 Were better mate than I;  
 And when I'm with my comrades met,  
 Beneath the greenwood bough;  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now.  
 Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green;  
 And you may gather garlands there,  
 Would grace a summer queen."

Price One Penny.



111

R.F.

99



THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth, Mercily oh!  
 merrily oh! where the song of freedom soundeth, merrily  
 oh! merrily oh! There the warriors arms shed more  
 splendour, There the maidens charms shine more  
 tender, Every joy the land surroundeth, Merrily  
 oh! merrily oh! Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,  
 merrily, merrily oh! merrily oh! merrily oh!  
 wearily every bosom pineth, Wearily oh! wearily

oh! Where the bond of slavery twineth, Wearily  
 oh! wearily oh! There the warriors dart hath no  
 fleerness, There the maidens heart hath no sweet-  
 ness! Every flower of life declineth, Wearily  
 oh! wearily oh! Wearily, wearily, wearily, wearily  
 wearily, wearily oh! wearily oh! wearily oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,  
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!  
 Like your native fountains sally,  
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!  
 If a glorious death won by bravery,  
 Sweeter be than breath sigh'd in slavery—  
 Round the flag of Freedom rally, cheerily oh! cheerily oh!  
*(The last verse to be sung Da Capo— Allegro con spirito)*

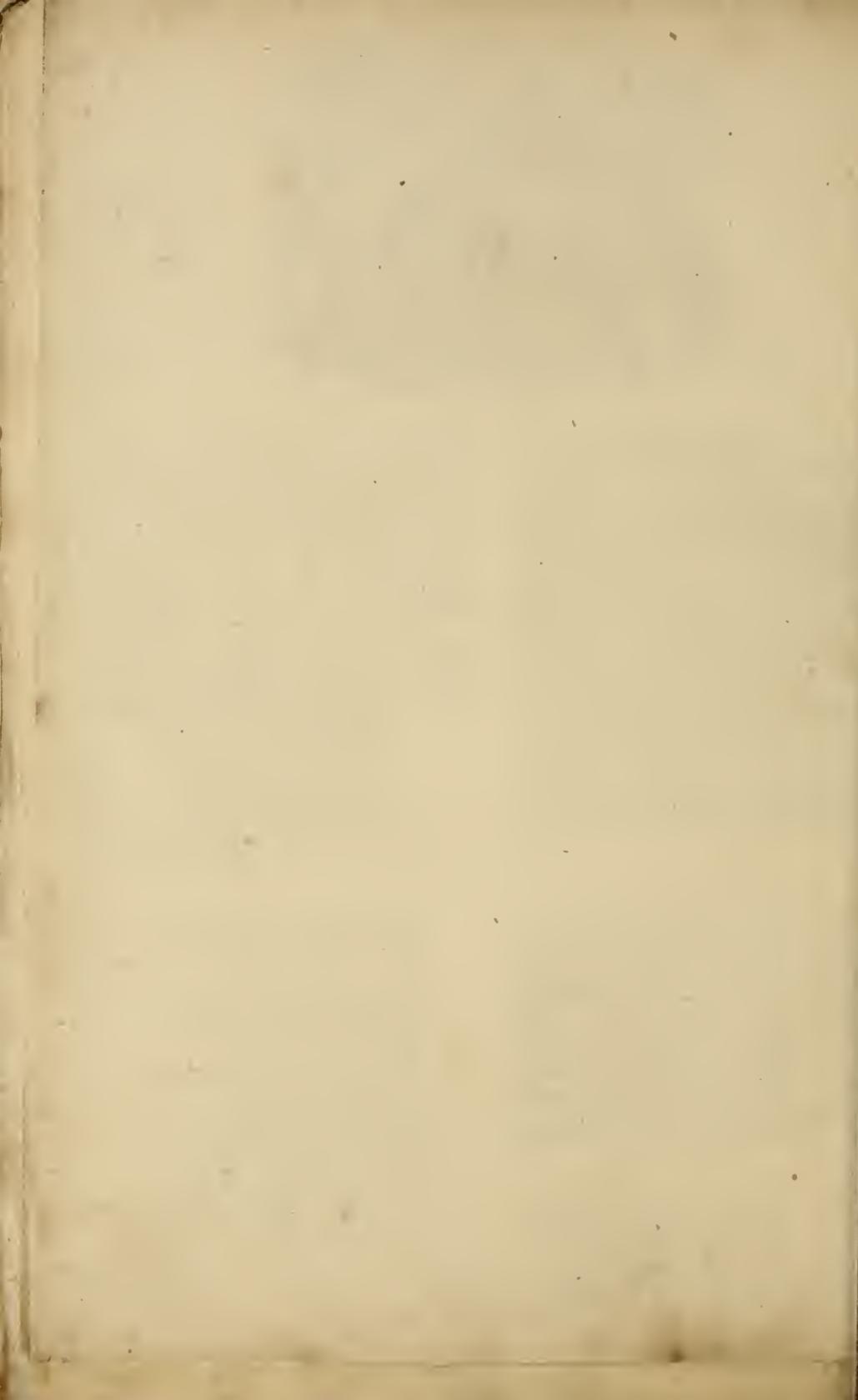
THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COME AGAIN.

The summer days are come again, The summer  
 days are come again, The sun blinks bright on  
 hill and glen, The rosy summers come again. A  
 gowany mantle clads the green, All blossoms on the trees  
 are seen, An Willie saw a bat yestreen, I'm sure that summers come again.

The hasle busses bend nae mair  
 Aneath the loads that crush't them sair,  
 And Tweed rows past the waters fair,  
 The cheerie summers come again.  
 The summer days, &c.

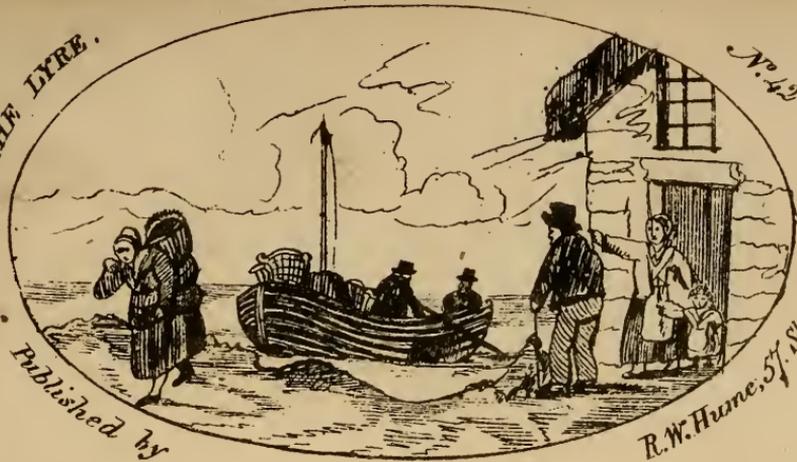
Ye little birdies, aye and a;  
 Loud may your tunefu' whistles blaw,  
 The winds' gane round, and fled the snaw,  
 The bonnie summers come again.  
 The summer days &c.  
 The glens are green, that looked sae ill,  
 The blasts that shored our lambs to kill,  
 The winds has glifed them o'er the bill,  
 And gladsome summers come again.  
 The summer days &c.  
 Now simmer ye wau use us weel,  
 Wi' showers and sun-blinds at iters heel,  
 We're unco glad ye're come arweel,  
 You're doubly welcome back again.  
 The summer days &c.  
 For Spring, ye see, neer binds us now,  
 To nurse the flocks, or tead the plough,  
 There's nae to tak' our part but you—  
 And wow! we're glad ye're back again.  
 Then welcome summer back again,  
 Rosy summer back again,  
 The wuds sall ring wi' mouny a strain  
 To welcome simmer back again.

Publishing daily by P. W. Hume, Luth.



THE LYRE.

No. 42



Published by

R. W. Hume, St. Andrew's, Leith.

### THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row, And better may she speed, And liesome may the boatie  
row that wins the bairn's bread. The boatie rows, the boatie rows, the boatie rows  
fu' weel, Mickle luck attend the boat, the murlain and the creel.

2.

O weel may the boatie row,  
That fills a heavy creel,  
And cleeds us a' frae tap to toe,  
And buys our parritch meal.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows indeed;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

4.

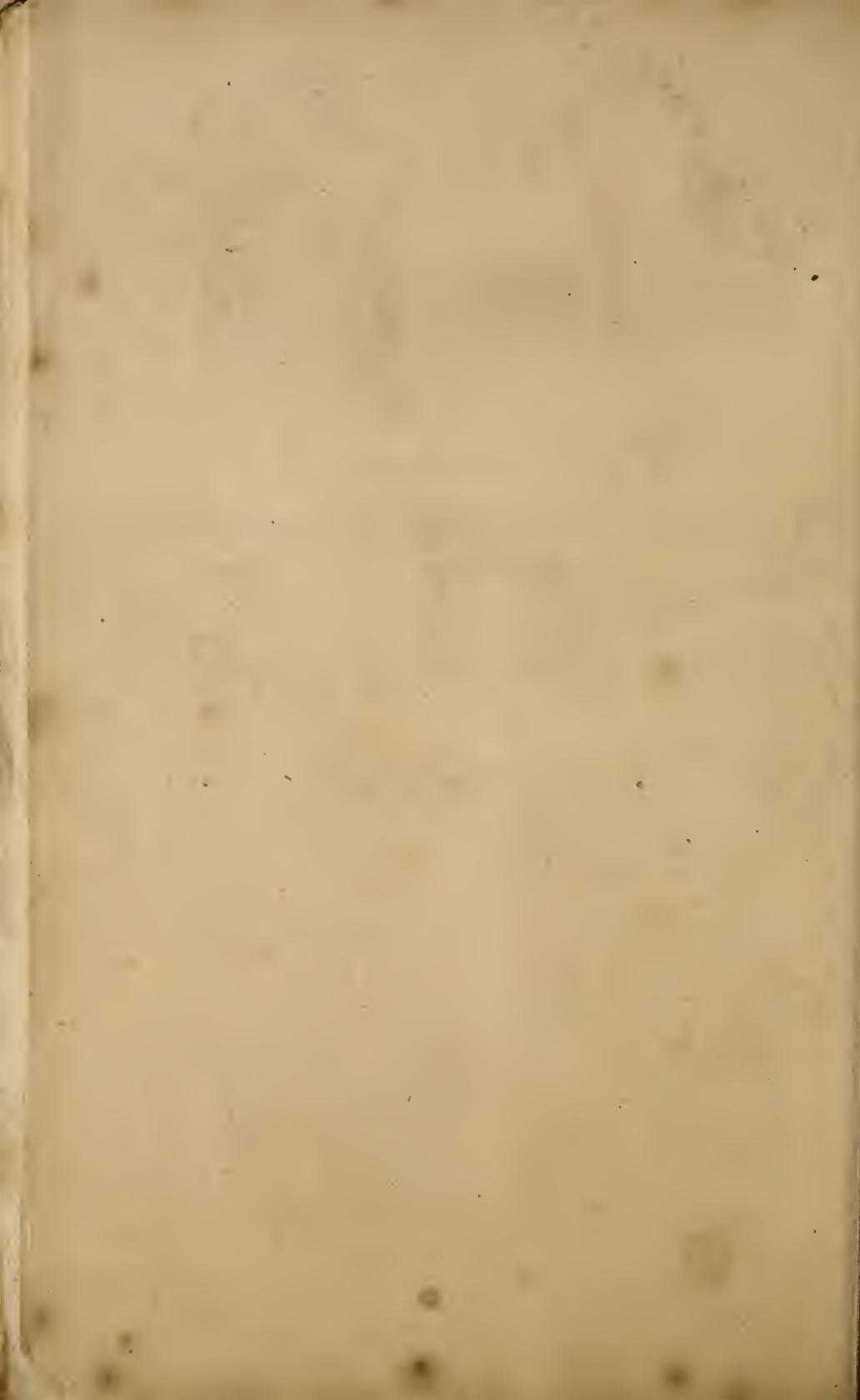
When Sawny, Jock, and Janstie,  
Are up and gotten lair,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel,  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The merlin an' the creel.

3.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
And wan frae me mine heart,  
O! muckle lighter grew my creel,  
He swore we'd never part.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel,  
And muckle lighter is the load,  
When love bears up the creel.

5.

And when we're auld, an' sair, bow'd down,  
And hirplin round the door;  
Our bairns will row to keep us warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
She wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boatie speed.

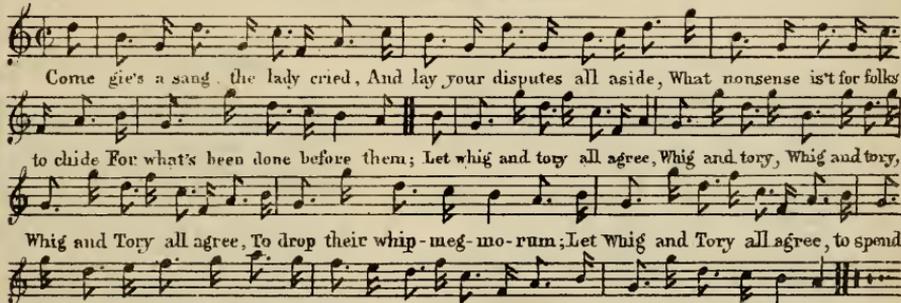




Published by

R. W. Hume, Leith.

## TULLOCHGORUM.


  
 Come gie's a sang, the lady cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What nonsense ist for folks  
 to chide For what's been done before them; Let whig and tory all agree, Whig and tory, Whig and tory,  
 Whig and Tory all agree, To drop their whip-meg-mo-rum; Let Whig and Tory all agree, to spend  
 the night wi' mirth and glee, And choerfu' sing along wi' me, The reel of Tullochgorum.

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

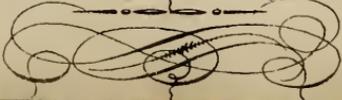
There needs na be so great a phrase,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys,  
 For half a hundred score o' em.  
 There douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 There douff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum.  
 There douff and dowie at the best  
 There allegros, and a' the rest  
 They cannot please a Highland taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

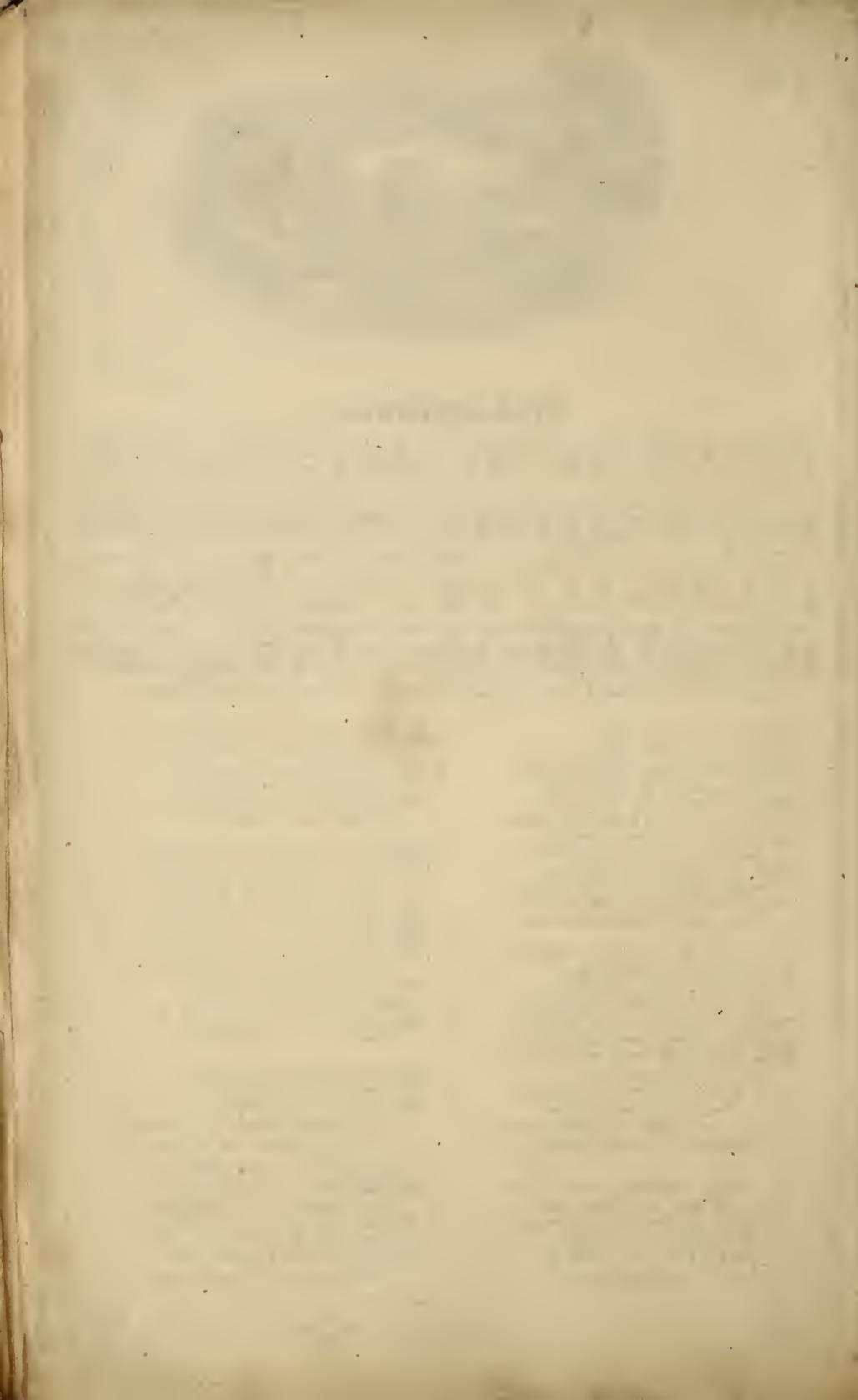
Let worldly minds themselves oppress,  
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,  
 And silly sauls themselves distress,  
 Wi' keeping up decorum,  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

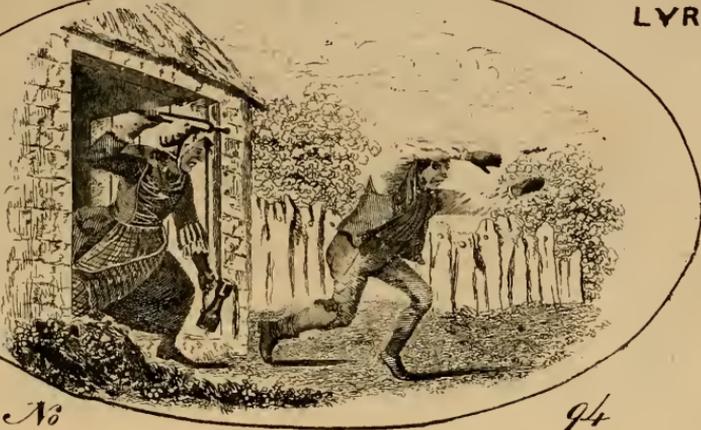
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit,  
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

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

But for the discontented fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And blackest fiends devour him!  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls abhor him!  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Who'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.







No

94

## LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower, And  
gather'd sweets from many a flower, From roses,  
and sweet jessamine, The hly and the eglan-tine.  
The graces there were culling posies, And found  
Young Love among the roses, And found young  
Love a-mong the roses, Young Love a-mong the  
roses, Young Love among the roses, The Graces  
there were culling posies, And found young Love a-  
mong the roses, And found young Love among the roses.

O happy day! O joyous hour!  
Compose a wreath of every flower,  
Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,  
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.  
Eternal spring the wreath composes,  
Content is Love among the roses.  
Young Love, &c.



## THE NAILER'S WIFE.

There lives a Nailer wae the raw, wi' brain o'  
peat, an' scull o' putty, He has a wife— gude  
safe as a! A randy rant, ca'd barny— Betty—  
O sic a scold is Betty, O sic a scold is Betty!  
Xantippes sel' wi' her clack-mill, Was but a lamb,  
compar'd wi' Betty.

An' O but she's a gruesome quean,  
Wi' face like a mahogany table,  
Twa flaming torches ar her een,  
Her teeth could snap in twa a cable—  
O sic a scold, &c.

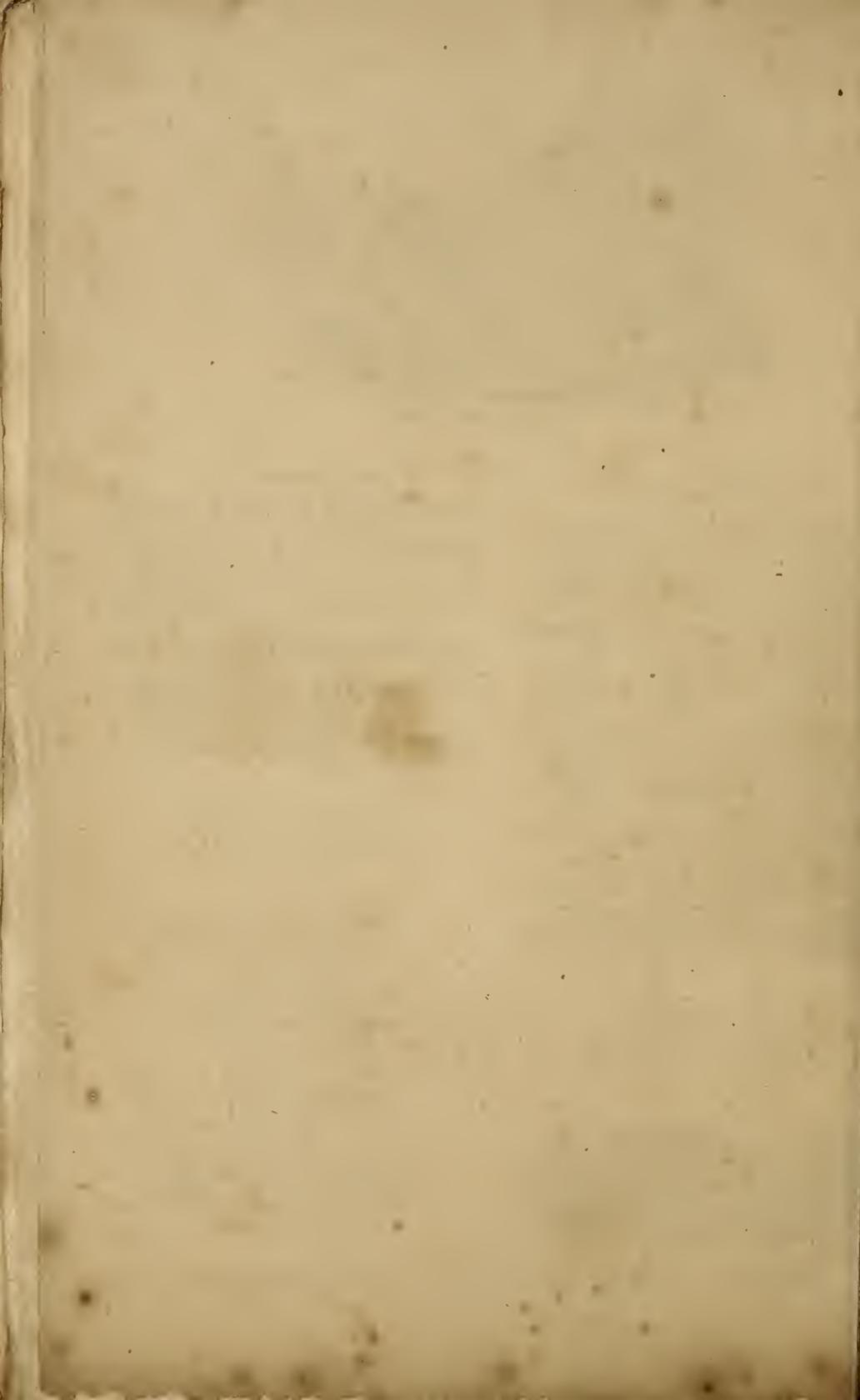
Ye've seen, upon a rainy night,  
Upon the dark-brown clouds reflectet,  
Clyde-airn-wark's grim an' sullen light—

Then, that's her brow, when frowns bedeck it;  
O sic a scold &c.

It had been guid for you an' me,  
Had mither Eve been sic a beauty,  
She soon wad garr'd auld Satan flee  
Back to his regions, dark an' sootie—  
O sic a scold &c.

Whene'er you see a furious storm  
Uprooting trees, an' luns down smashin',  
You then may some idea form  
O' what she's like, when in a passion.  
O sic a scold &c.

For then the weans she cuffs an' kicks,  
In fault, or not, it mak's nae matter,  
While plates, an' bowls, an' candlesticks  
Flee thro' the house wi' hailstane blatter.  
O sic a scold &c.





## DEACON DRAFF'S SONG .

RECITATIVE .

The burly brewer Deacon Draff,  
A verse or two would hollo;  
Then something like a dying calf,  
He drawled the following solo .

*Words by David Vedder Esq.*

There are folk i' the earth, wha crack o' their birth, An' brag' o' their gentle connections,  
There are ithers again insufferably vain, Because they ha'e votes at elections: Let Radicals  
storm about further reform, And moderate measures despise man, I ne'er cared a curse  
for the government purse, Sae lang's I could cheat the Exciseman.

My speeches were rife, o' fortune an' life,  
Whene'er there occur'd an occasion,  
Down'd a cockade, an' flourish'd my blade,  
When Buonaparte threaten'd invasion!  
To shew them my spunk, I got gloriously drunk,  
When Honey cam' over a prize man,  
I thought it nae fau't, when turnin' my maun,  
To bilk my auld frien' the Exciseman.

It aye was my plan, to mind number one,  
Although I supported the Tories,  
I aye did my best to feather my nest,  
While I fuddled, an' drank to their glories.  
I train'd my best horse, for the yeomanry force,  
An' praised Castlebriar to the skies man,  
But I aye thought it right, nae it was my delight,  
To diddle my frien' the Exciseman.

## ВАРНЬКА .

Теперь мы съ просьбой къ вамъ,  
Чтобъ на прощанье къ намъ  
Поснисходительный вы были,  
И чтобъ на этотъ разъ  
И автора и пая  
За новые грѣхи простили!  
Предъ вами рады мы стараться,  
И не жалѣя слезъ своихъ,  
Готовы даже къ вамъ являться  
Всегда вдвоемъ за шестерыхъ!





## FARE THEE WELL.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Fare thee well, and if for ev...er, Still for ev...er, fare thee well,  
 E'en though un...for...giv...ing, nev...er 'Gainst thee shall my heart  
 re...bel. 'Gainst thee shall my heart re...bel. Would that breast  
 were bared be...fore thee, Where thy head so oft has lain,  
 While that pla-cid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou ne'er canst  
 know a...gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a...gain.

2  
 Tho' the world for this commend thee,  
 Tho' it smile upon the blow,  
 E'en its praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe.  
 Tho' my many faults defac'd me,  
 Could no other arm be found,  
 Than the one which once embrac'd me,  
 To inflict a cureless wound?

3  
 And when thou would'st solace gather  
 When our child's first accents flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father,"  
 Tho' his care she must forego?  
 When her little hands shall press thee,  
 When her lips to thine are press'd,  
 Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,  
 Think of him thy love had bless'd.

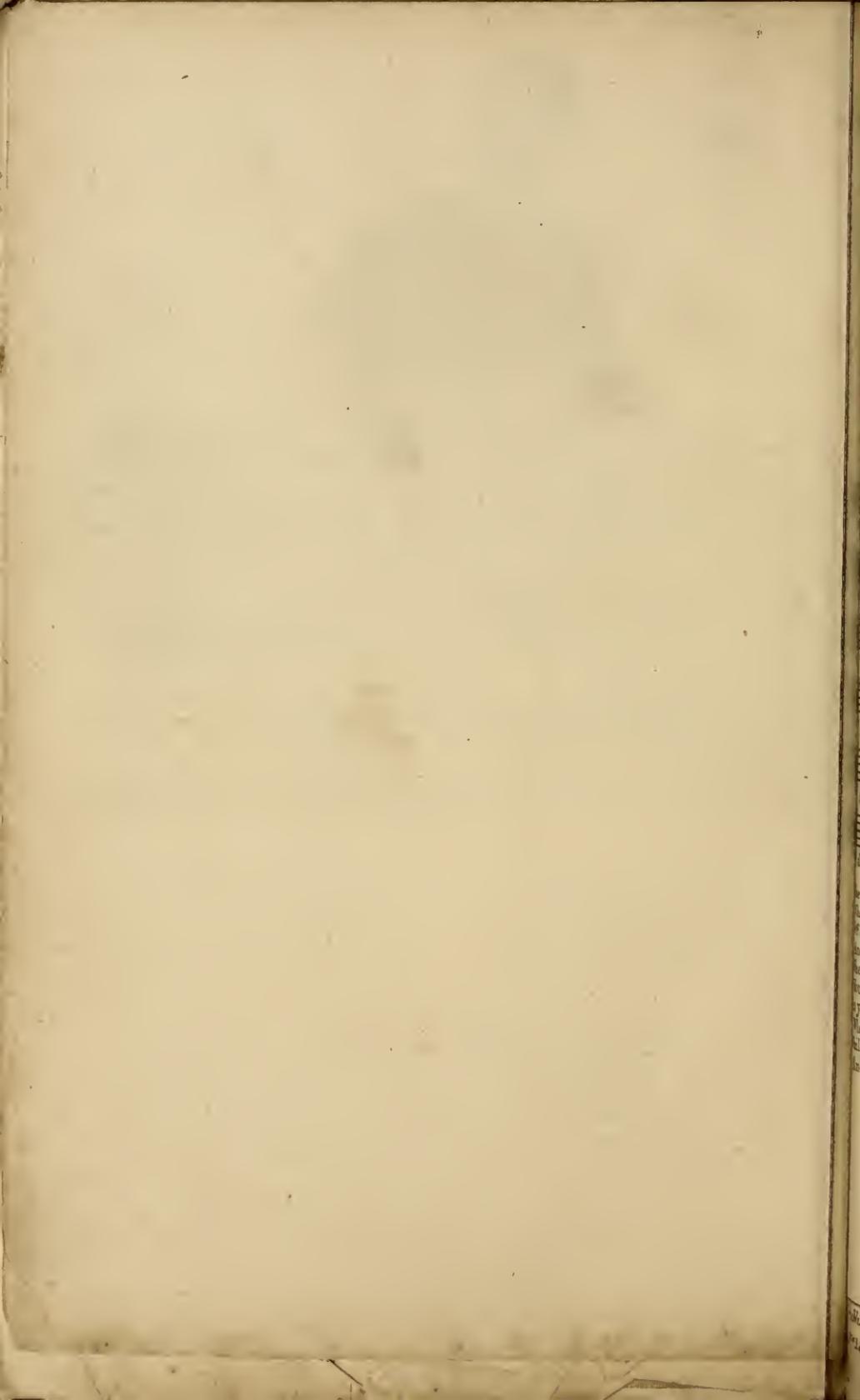
4  
 Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more may'st see,  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me.  
 All my faults perchance thou knowest  
 All my madness none can know;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Whither yet with thee they go.

5  
 But 'tis done, all words are idle,  
 Words from me are vainer still,  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will.  
 Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
 More than this, I scarce can die.

Published daily, and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Hume Bookseller  
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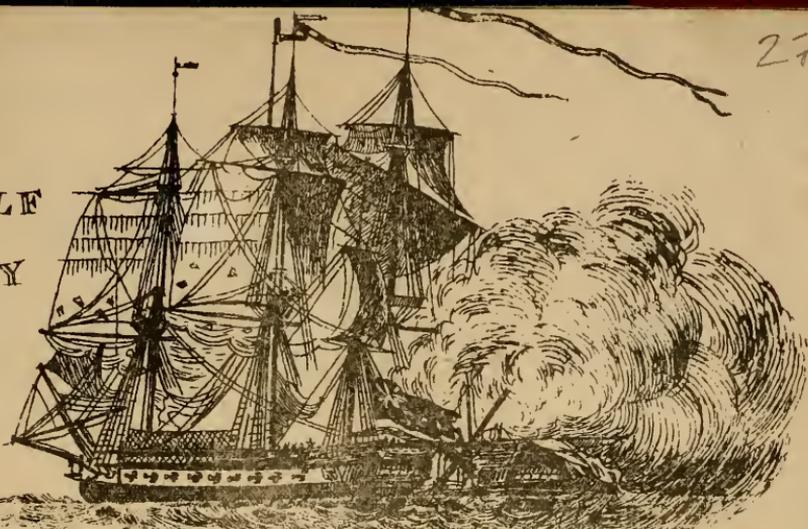
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THE HALF  
PENNY  
LYRE

No. 17



# YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

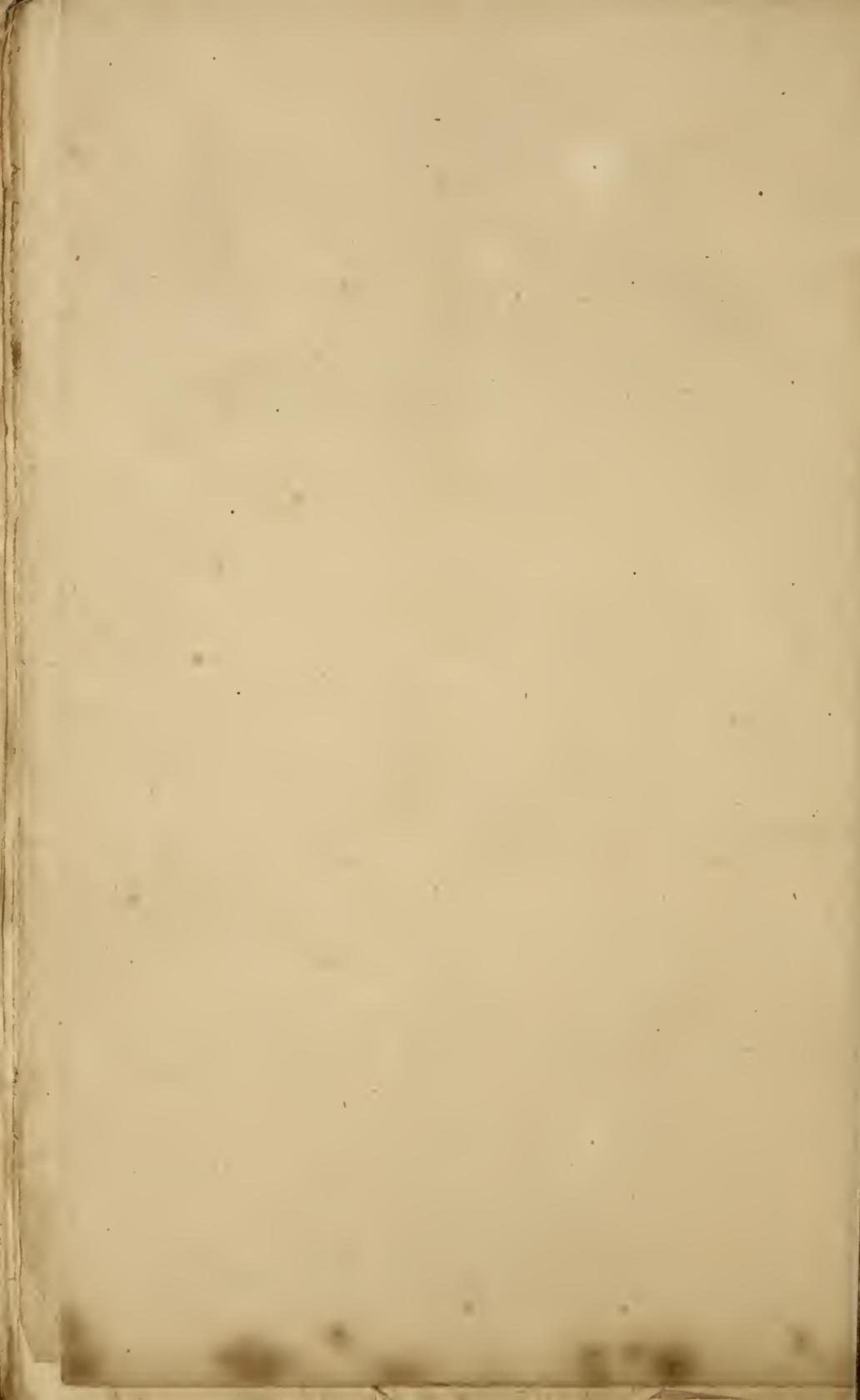
Ye Mar-i-ners of Eng-land That guard your na-tive seas, Whose  
 flag has braved a thousand years The bat-ile and the breeze, Your  
 glorious standard launch a-gain To match an-oth-er foe, ... As they  
 sweep thro' the deep. As they sweep thro' the deep, As they sweep thro'  
 the deep ... When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds  
 do blow When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave!  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And ocean was their grave.  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow;  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn,  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name  
 When the storm has ceased to blow;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

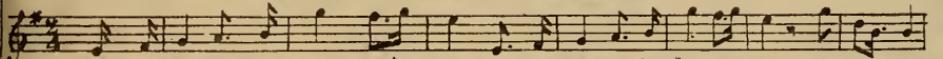
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Published by R.W. Hume, LEITH.

### EW E - BUGH T'S MARION.



Will ye go to the ewe - bughts, Marion, And wear in the sheep wi' me; The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee. The sun shines sweet, my Marion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.

1  
O Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blythe blink's in her e'e;  
And fain would I marry Marion,  
Gin Marion would marry me.

4  
There's braw lads in Earnshaw, Marion,  
Wha gape and glow'r with their e'e;  
At kirk whan they see my Marion,  
But nane o' them lues like me.

6  
And ye's get a green sey apron,  
And waistcoat o' Lunnon brown;  
And wov but ye will be vav'rin',  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

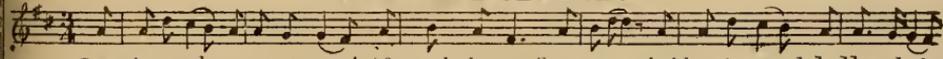
3  
There's goud in your garters, Marion,  
And sillier on your white haute bane;  
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
At e'en whan I come hame.

5  
I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
A cow and a brawny quey;  
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
Upon her bridal day.

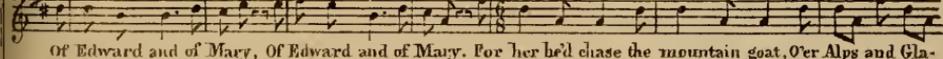
7  
I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dance like me on the green;  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

8  
Sae put on your pearls, Marion, And kirtle o' cramasie;  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on, I sall come wast and see thee.

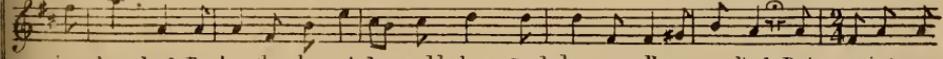
### DULCE DOMUM.



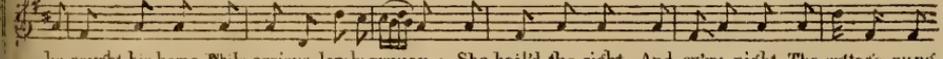
Deep in a vale a cottage stood, Oft sought by travellers weary, And long it proved the blest abode



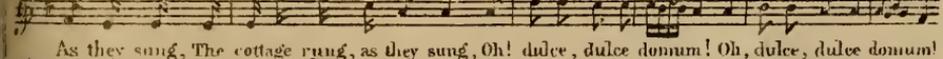
Of Edward and of Mary, Of Edward and of Mary. For her bed chase the mountain goat, O'er Alps and Gla-



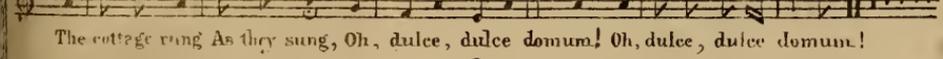
ciers bounding, For her the chamois he would shoot, Dark horrors all surrounding; But evening comes,



he sought his home, While anxious, lovely woman; She hail'd the sight, And ev'ry night The cottage rung



As they sung, The cottage rung, as they sung, Oh! dulce, dulce domum! Oh, dulce, dulce domum!

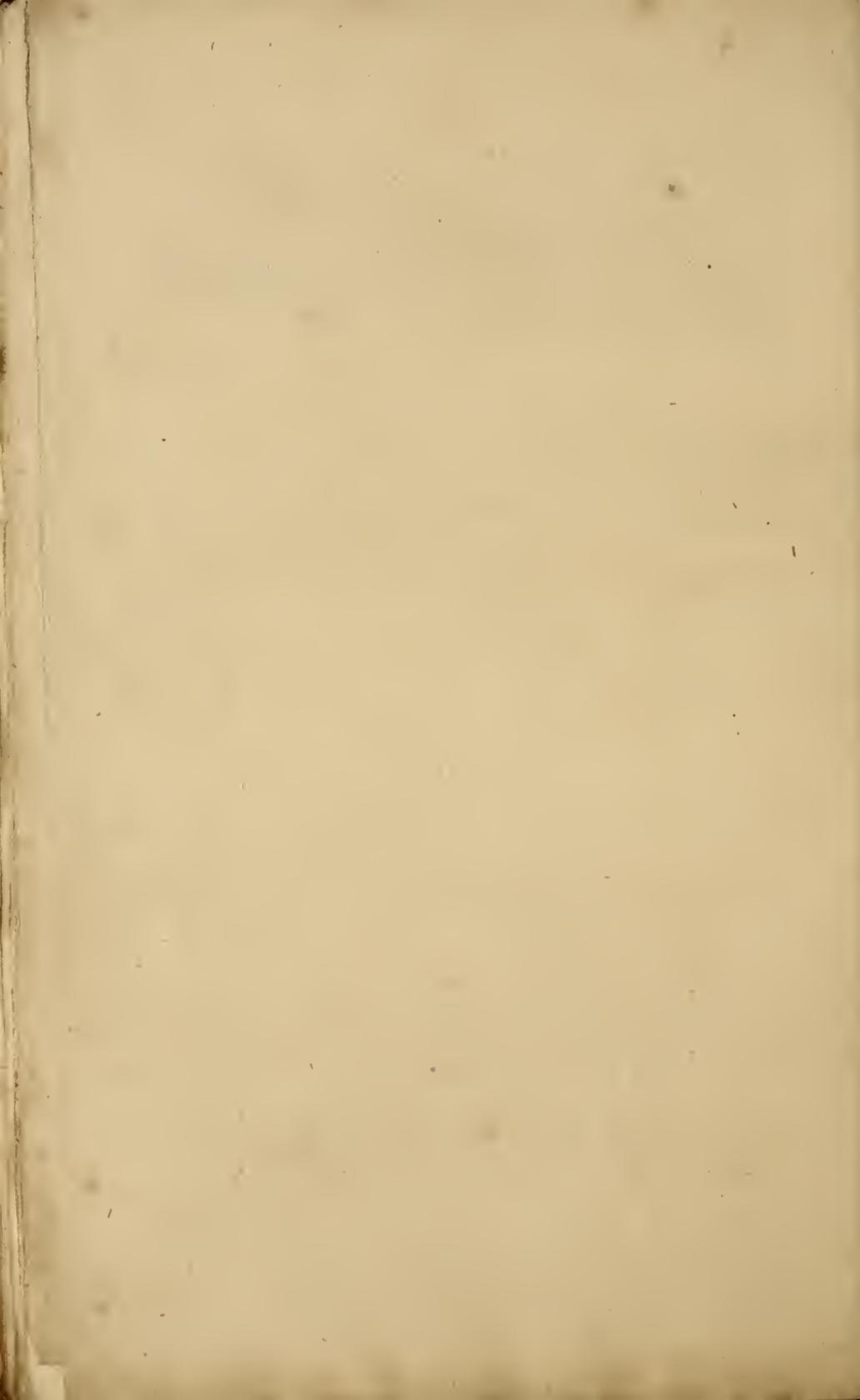


The cottage rung As they sung, Oh, dulce, dulce domum! Oh, dulce, dulce domum!

2.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss,  
Was changed to prospects dreary;  
For war and honour roused each Swiss,  
And Edward left his Mary.  
To bold St Gothard's height he rushed,  
'Gainst Gallias force contending,  
And, by unequal numbers crushed,  
He died - his land defending.

The evening come, he sought not home,  
Whilst she, distracted woman,  
Grown wild with dread,  
Now seeks him dead,  
And hears the knell,  
That bids farewell,  
To dulce, dulce domum!





Published by

B W Hume, LEITH.

### CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning, right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes played loud and clear,  
And a' the folks came running out,  
To meet the Chevalier.

They've left their bonny hieland hills,  
Their wives and bairnies dear;  
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,  
The young Chevalier.

Wi' hieland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores bright and clear;  
They came to fight for Scotland's right  
And the young Chevalier.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,  
And many hopes and fears,  
And many were the prayers put up  
For the young Chevalier.

### CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

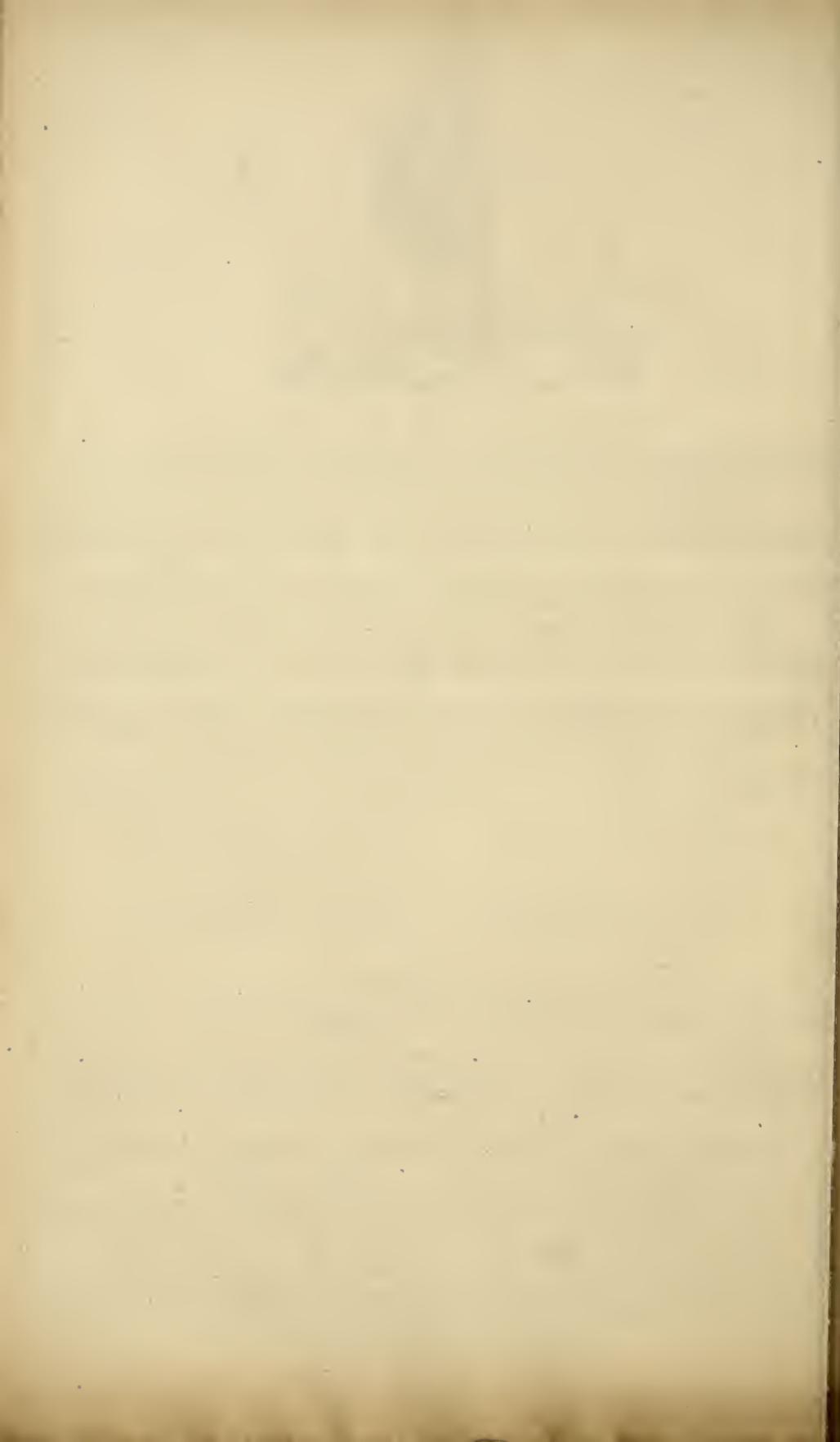
Fareweel, fareweel, my gallant hearts a', Fareweel to Scotland, ye sae dear; I weep

for the ills that on thee's fa'en, And a' the wrangs that thou maun bear.

Oh, Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!  
A reckless fate abideth thee!  
The bonniest spot in a' Christendom,  
Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!

O gin my grave were Culloden field,  
Where drapt the flowers o' chivalrie!  
O Scotland! Scotland that I should live  
To mourn the wrangs o' thine and thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,  
Thy stay and prop I wish'd to be;  
But thee and thine I will ne'er forget,  
Tho' I am banished far frae thee.





## O LOGIE O' BUCHAN .

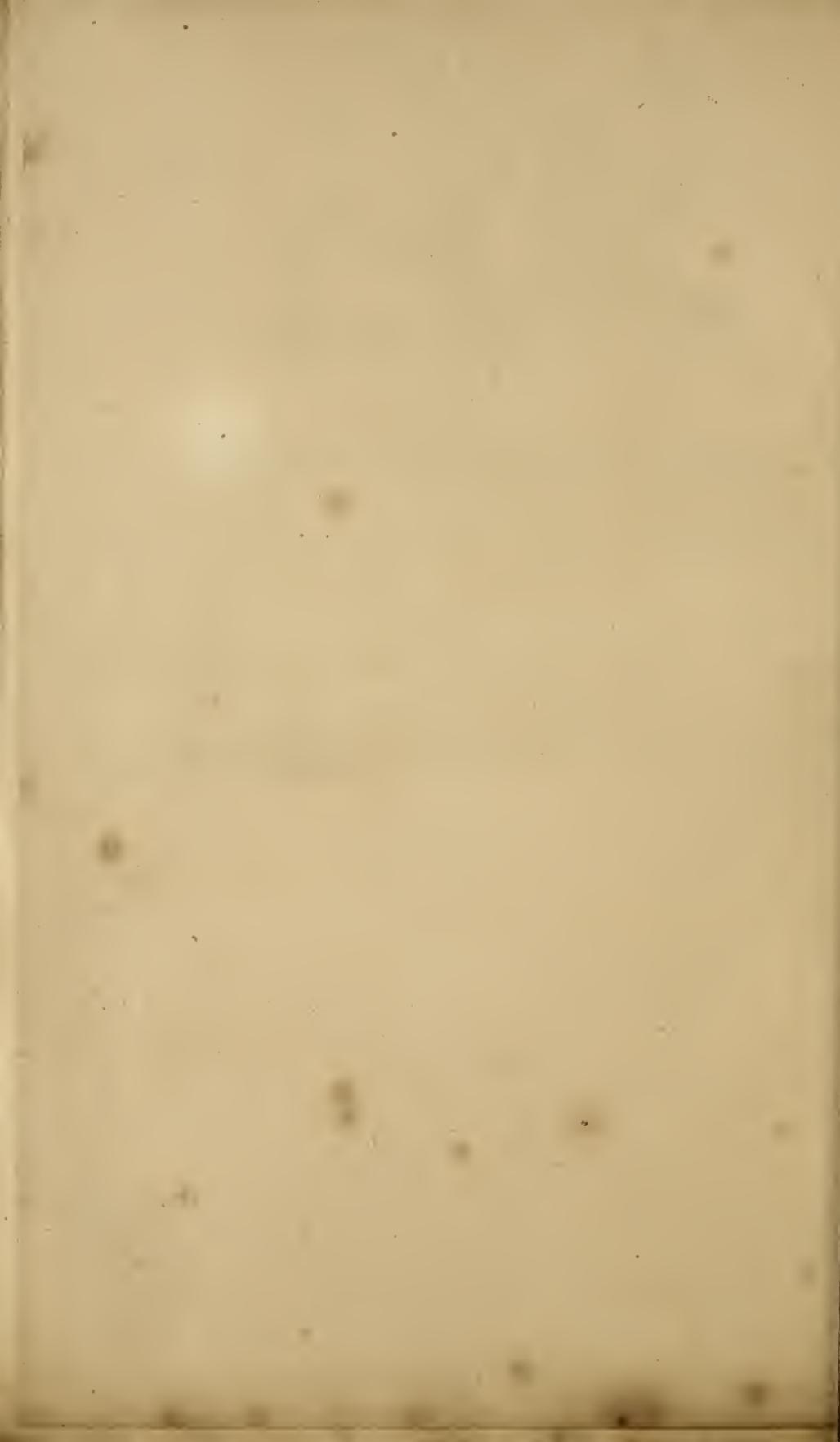
O Logie o' Buchan . O Logie the laird , They hae ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd  
 in the yard ; Wha play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae snta ; They hae ta'en a-wa  
 Jamie, the flower o' them a' . He said, " think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang a-wa ,"  
 He said, " think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa ; The simmer is comin' , cauld  
 winter's awa , And I'll come and see you in spite o' them a' ."

Sandy has owsen , has gear , and has kye ,  
 A house and a haddin , 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 na lang " &c .

My Daddy looks sulky , my Minny looks sour ,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;  
 Tho' I luv them as weel as a Daughter can do ,  
 And blythe were their lassie , gin they would lo'e you .  
 He said, " think na lang &c .

I sit on my creepie , and spin at my wheel ,  
 And think on the Laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;  
 He had but ae saxpence , he brak it in twa ,  
 And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa .  
 But simmer is coming , cauld winter's awa ,  
 And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a' .

The curly Numbers being now reprinted, our friends can have these convenient Instructions, which are copious, & easily understood.  
 The Lyre is respectfully recommended to all Classes as a cheap & useful Miscellany, and well calculated for diffusing a taste for Music throughout the Country. — Dealers will find it their interest to arrange the songs in separate portfolios, pasting one outside; it facilitates the Sales much.

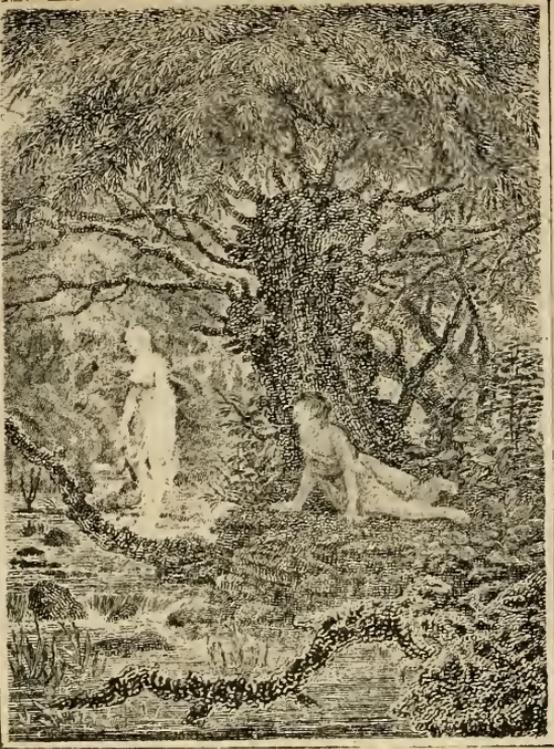


T.H.E.

L.V.R.E.

100

100.



THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Up among the clifly rocks, Sweetly rings the rising  
 echo, To the maid that tends the goats, lifting o'er her  
 native notes. Hark! she sings, young Sandy's kind,  
 An' hes promis'd aye to loe me; Here's a brooch I  
 neer shall tine, Till hes fairly married to me. Drive  
 awa' ye drone tins, An' bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle  
 In a strain sae softly sweet,  
 Lannocks listning, dare nae blout  
 Hés as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the highland heather.

Wading through the winter snow,  
 Keeping aye his flock together,  
 But a plaid, wi' bare boughs,  
 He braves the bleakest north blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing  
 Cauty glee, or highland cronach,  
 Nane can ever match his fling  
 At a reel, or round a ring,  
 Wightly can he wield a rung,  
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster.  
 A' his praise can neer be sung  
 By the langest winded sangster.  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

WATERS OF ELLE.

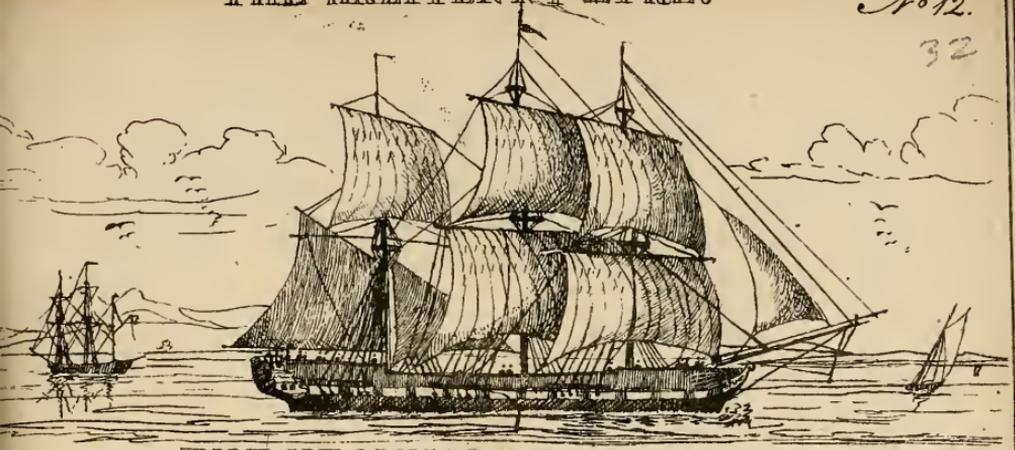
Waters of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing,  
 pure and untroubled, through the flowery vale  
 On thy green banks, once more the wild rose blowing,  
 Greet the young spring and scents the passing gale.  
 Greet the young spring, and scents the passing gale

Here I was aye near yonder tree reposing  
 One, still too dear, first breathed his vows to thee  
 Near this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,  
 Near to thy heart in memory of me  
 Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave is faded  
 Love's blighted flower can never bloom again  
 Weep for thy fault, in heart, in mind degraded,  
 Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain

LETTER

Published by R.W.F. & Co. 7, St. Andrew's





THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale, Our gal...lant ship up chan...nel  
 steer'd, And scudding under ea....sy sail, The high blue west...ern land appear'd;  
 To heave the lead, the seaman sprung, And to the pi...lot cheer...ly sung, "By the  
 deep, Nine! By the deep, Nine!" To heave the lead the sea....man sprung, And  
 to the pi...lot cheer...ly sung, "By the deep, Nine!"

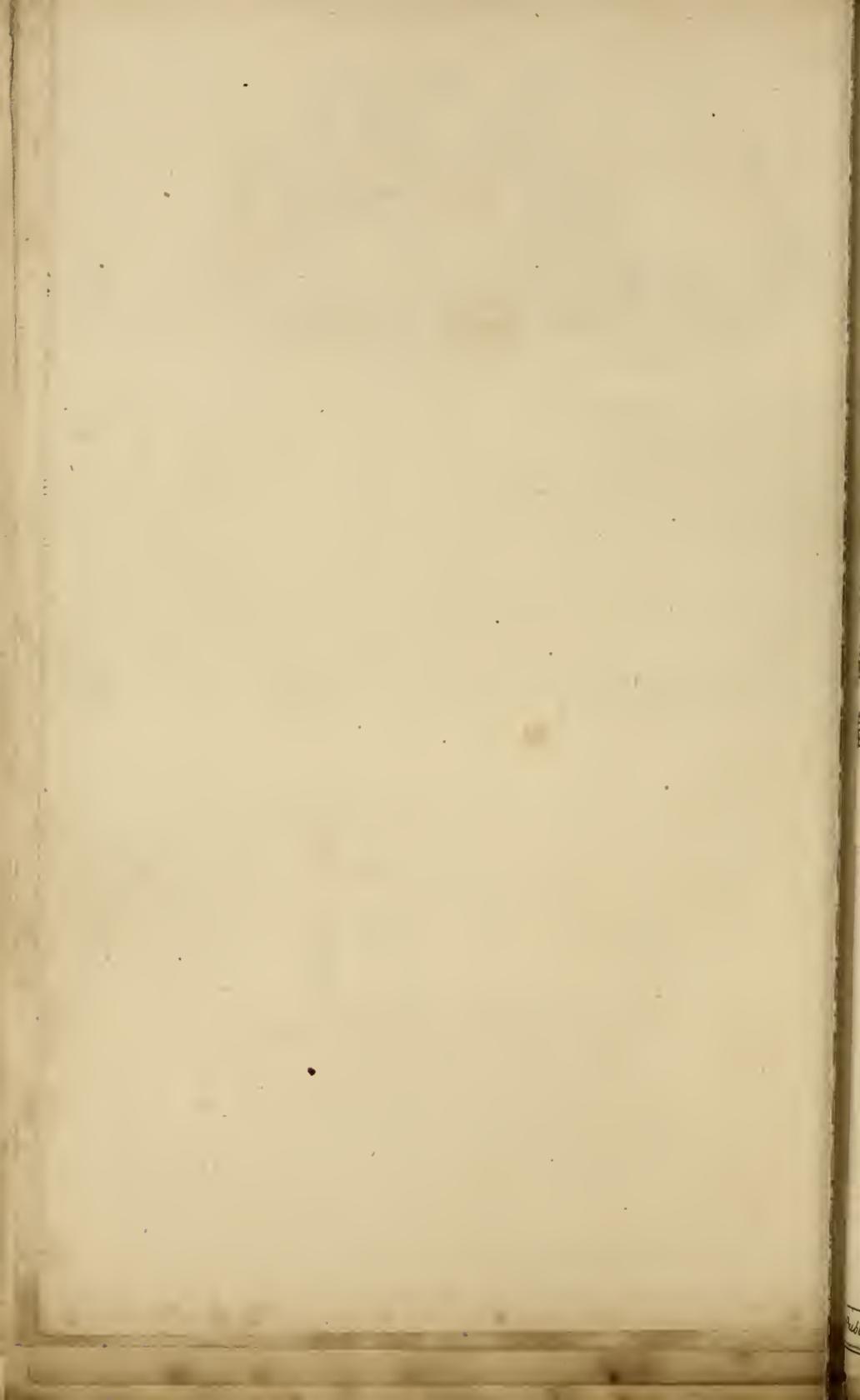
And bearing up to gain the port  
 Some well-known object kept in view  
 An abbey tow'r, a harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the mark, Seven!"

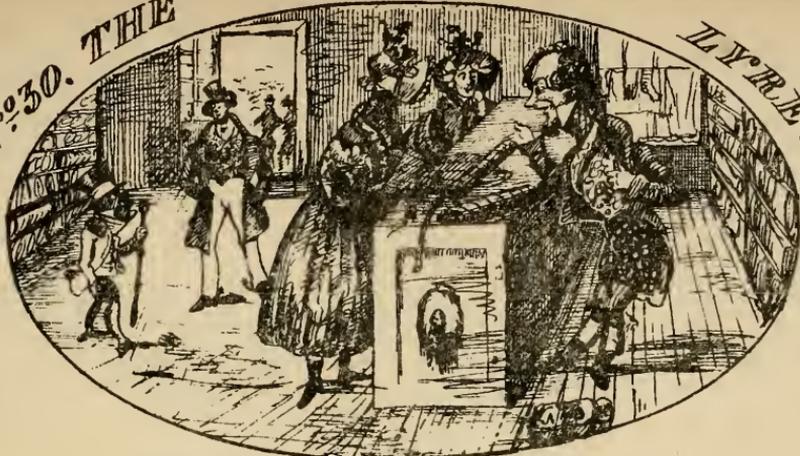
And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
 The lead once more the seaman flung  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less five?"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,  
 With slacken'd sail — she feels the tide —  
 "Stand! clear the cable!" is the cry;  
 The anchors gone — we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night  
 We hear the seamen with delight  
 Proclaim — "All's well!"

Published daily and Sold wholesale & retail by R. W. Hume, Bookseller, Leith  
 Price One Halfpenny.

Price One Halfpenny.



TUGAL M<sup>c</sup> TAGGER.

Would you'll know me, my name it pe Tugal M<sup>c</sup> Tagger—She's prouht her sel' down  
 frae ta braes o' Lochaber, To learn her nain-sell to pe braw Habberdauber, Or fine Lin-  
 en Traper, ta taen o' ta tu, Shell pe shust a strainger, shell leuk unco shy-like—She's  
 no well acquaint wi ta laigh-kintra dialect, But houigh!—nefer heed—she's got plen-  
 ty o' Gaelic. She comes frae ta Hoos at ta fit o' Glendoo.

But her kilt shell exchange for ta praw tandy truiser—  
 Shell learn to ta lady to scrape an' to doo Sir,  
 An' say to ta shantlemans—"hoo did you'll do Sir"—  
 An' ten shell forgot her puir freens in Glendoo.  
 An' when shell pe spokt ta laigh kintra jabber,  
 Shell gie her sel' out for ta LAIRD O' LOCHAPER,  
 Shust come for amusements, to turn Habberdauber—  
 For tat will pe praver, tan herdin' ta ku.

She'll teuk a big Shop, an shell turnt a big dealer,  
 She'll pe cautiont hersel' for tey'll no sought no bailer—  
 But Tugal M<sup>c</sup> Tagger hersel', maks a failure,  
 Tey'll callt her a Pankrump—a trade shell not knew—  
 Tey'll callt a creat meetings—shell leuk unco blate noo—  
 Shell lain gang awa, but tey'll tellt her to wait noo—  
 Tey'll spokt a lang times 'bout a creat estate noo  
 Nae doot tey'll thocht shell pe ta Laird o' Glendoo.

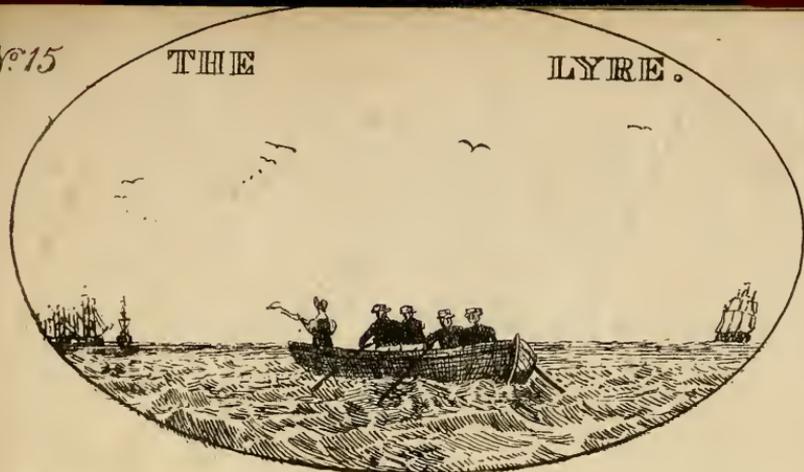
Tey'll wrote a lang paper tey callt a Trust Deeder—  
 Tey'll ax her to sign—but hersel' no can read her—  
 Tey'll sought Compongition—Ugh! oick! nefer heed her—  
 Tere's no sic a word 'mongst ta hills o' Glendoo—  
 Oich! had she her durk noo, hersel' could devour tem,  
 Tey'll leuk her to shail when shell stood tare before tem,  
 But faith shell got out on a hashimanagerum,  
 An noo she's as free as ta winds o' Glendoo.

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Wishes



## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet... lay moor'd. The streamers way...ing in  
 the wind. When black-ey'd Su...san came on board, Oh! where  
 shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye jo-vi-al sail...ors, tell me  
 true, Does my sweet Wil...liam, Does my sweet Wil...liam, sail  
 a---mong your crew?

2

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 cords glide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3

O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that fallen 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.

4

Believe not what the landsmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so;  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

5

Though battle call me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return:  
 Loveturns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Least precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

6

The boatswain gave the dreadful word  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board;  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;  
 Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.



THE  
LYRE

No.  
28



AULD LANG SYNE.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And ne ver  
brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot And  
days of lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear,  
for auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kindness  
yet, For auld lang syne.

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

We twa hae paidlet in the burn,  
When simmer days were prime,  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand my trusty friend,  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And toom the cup to friendships growth,  
And auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
As sure as I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak' a right guid willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne &c.

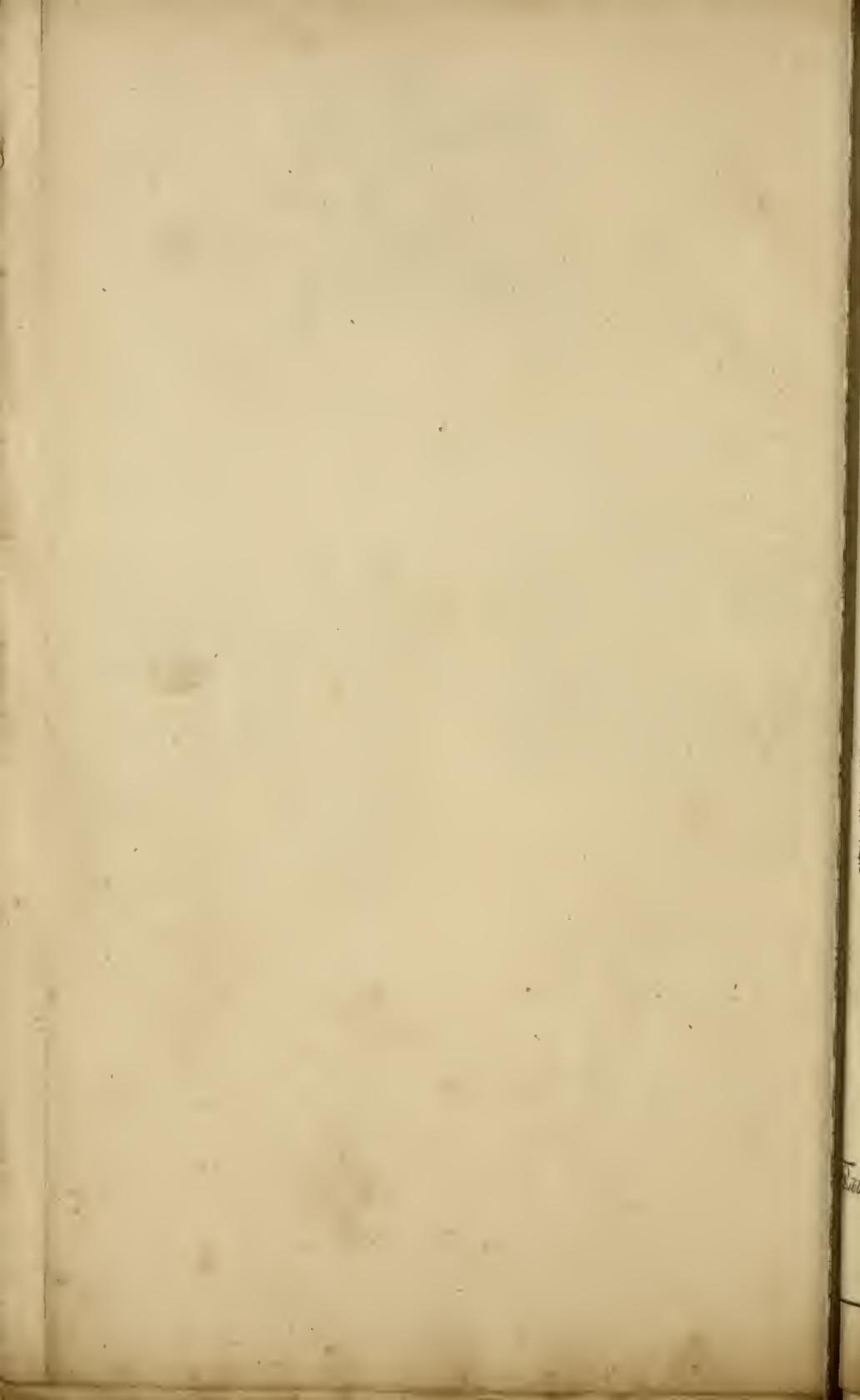
CORPORAL CASEY.

When I was at home I was merry and frisky, My  
dad kept a pig, and mother sold whisky, My Uncle  
was rich, but would never be easy, Till I was en-  
listed by Corporal Casey. Oh rub-a-dub, row-de-dow,  
Corporal Casey! Rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Cor-por al  
Casey! My dear little Sheelah I thought would run  
crazy, Oh! When I trudg'd away with stout Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking  
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;  
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!  
Oh rub-a-dub, row-de-dow Corporal Casey.  
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,  
He stuck in my skirts so, auld Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
That fell on my pate, but he bother'd me rarely.  
And who should the first be that dropt? why an't please ye.  
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey!

Oh! rub-a-dub, row-de-dow, Corporal Casey,  
Thanks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy,  
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.





GO HOME, GO HOME.

Go home, go home to your rest, young man, The  
 sky looks cold in the west, young man, For should  
 we rove thro' Morne's grove, A noontide walk is the  
 best, young man. Go sleep, the heavens look  
 pale, young man, And sighs are heard in the  
 gale, young man, A walk in the night, by the  
 dim moonlight, A maiden might chance to bewail young man.

When all the worlds awake, young man,  
 A proffer of love I may take, young man,  
 But the star of truth,  
 The guide of my youth,  
 Never pointed to midnight wake, young man,  
 Go sleep till rise of the sun young man,  
 The Sage's eye to shun, young man,  
 For he's watching the flight  
 Of daemons to night,  
 And may happen to take thee for one, young man.

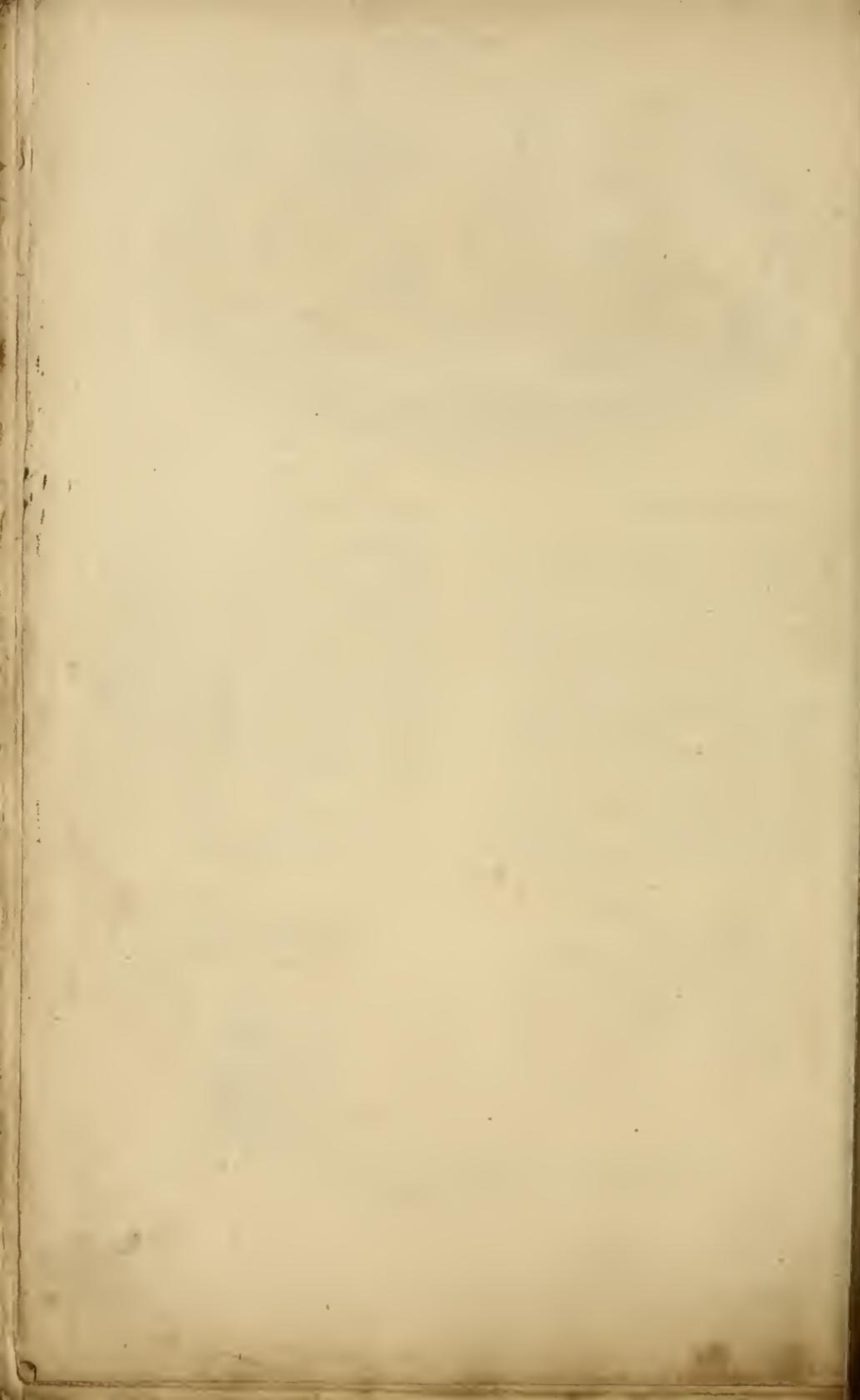
'TWERE BETTER FAR WE NEER HAD MET.

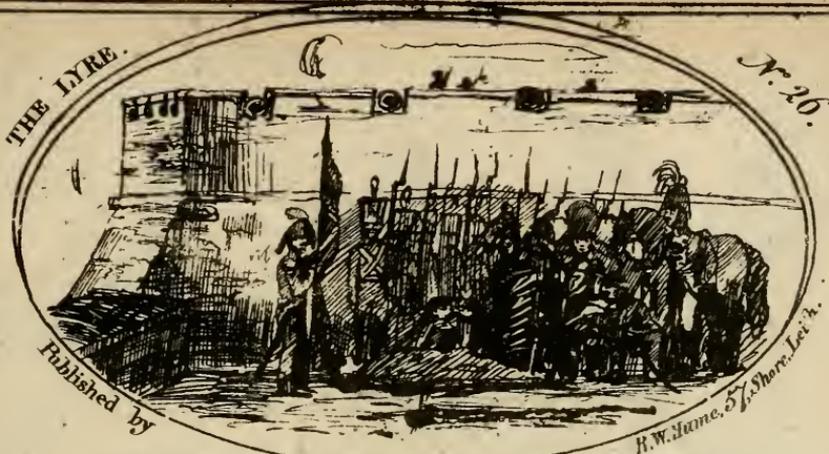
'Twere better far we neer had met, If met to part so  
 soon, 'Twere but to change to cold regret, The glow of  
 pleasure's noon, To cloud the sunty path of joy, E'en  
 whilst it gayest shone, And leave each flower to  
 wither there, Uncherished and alone.

Around the board where memory twines  
 With friendships kindest ties,  
 A world of sweet remembrances  
 How blest each moment flies!

While o'er and o'er, in thought we roam  
 Each balmy native dell,  
 Oh! who could think of parting then,  
 Oh! who could say farewell!







Published by

R. W. Johnson, 57, St. Mark Lane, London.

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corse to the ramparts we hurried,  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, O'er the grave where our hero was buried.  
 We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning, By the  
 struggling moonbeams misty light. And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
 With his martial cloak around him.  
 Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 And we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hallow'd his narrow bed,  
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,  
 That the foe and the stranger would tread on his head,  
 And we far away on the billow.  
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done, When the clock tall'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we knew by the distant and random gun, That the foe was suddenly firing;  
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down, From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone, But we left him alone in his glory.

The Publisher embraces the opportunity which the republication of this number of the Lyre affords, to notice the individual who has enriched their highly finished pages, by composing for them the above beautiful melody. Like the subject of the song and its author, Robert Rowland, has also passed the Boorn, whence Hero, Poet, nor Composer ever returns. Stone is not raised, nor line either penciled or carved to his memory, nor will his name run down the stream of Time so far as the fame of those with whom we are now associating him; but for "a season" he will not be forgotten by those who knew his worth. His abilities as a Musician, & a Lithographic Printer were of a first rate order, and other qualifications had he, of which we have not space to write. His faults were few & far between, and his virtues such as his narrow sphere in Society, permitted him to exercise.

His other musical contributions to the Work are, "Over the Graves," "The Moon-fing'd with her silver Beams," & "Aunt Mary's Lullaby."





MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

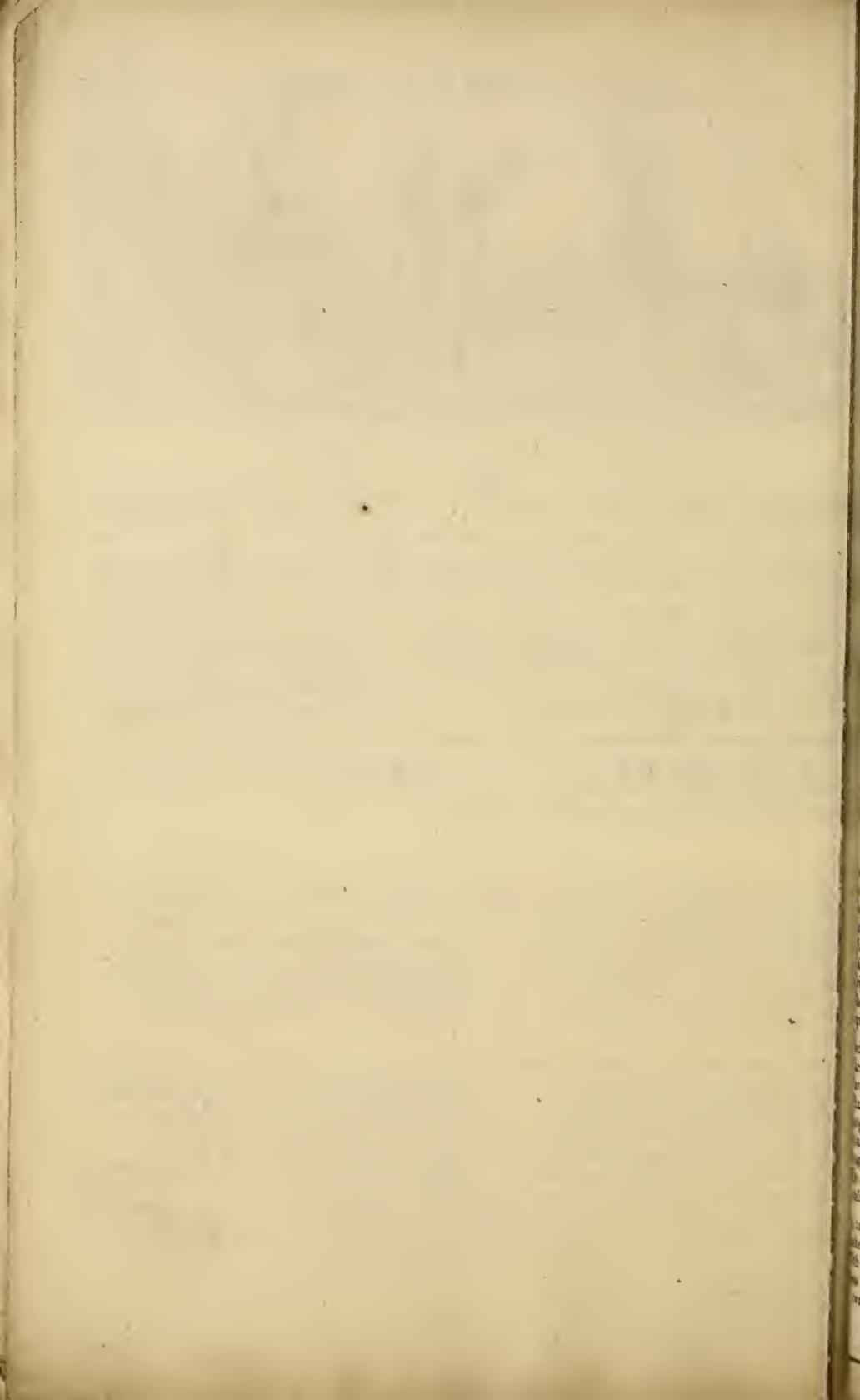
Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon  
 lea? Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming, Sought she the burnie  
 where flowers the haw-tree? Her hair it is lint white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark  
 is the blue o' her soft rolling ee, Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses, Where  
 could my wee thing wander frae me.

<sup>2</sup>  
 w nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,  
 or saw I your true love down by yon lea;  
 I met wi' my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,  
 down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree;  
 fair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,  
 dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;  
 were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—  
 sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

<sup>1</sup>  
 It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,  
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;  
 Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,  
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me  
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, and blood-red his cheek grew  
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his wild rolling ee  
 Ye see rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorn,  
 Defend ye fause traitor, fuloudly ye lie.

<sup>7</sup>  
 as nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,  
 was nae my true love ye met by the tree:  
 and is her leal heart, modest her nature,  
 she never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.  
 name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,  
 it has she sat when a bairn on my knee:  
 r as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,  
 young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

<sup>5</sup>  
 Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—  
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,  
 The belted plaid faing her white bosom shawing,  
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.  
 Is it my wee thing is it my ain thing,  
 Is it my true love here that I see?  
 O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,  
 Ill never mair wander, dear laddie frae thee.





STEAM-ERY.

O WHAT a row, what a rumpus and a rioting, All those endure, you may be sure, who go to sea.  
 A ship you know, from heel to toe, you never can get quiet in; by wind or sea, 'tis all the same, 'twas so  
 with me. Wife & daughter, on the water, said they'd like to sail a bit; I consented, soon repented, soon  
 began to rail a bit. "Papa now pray, do go to-day, the weather's so inviting lauk! I'm sure 'twill do  
 much good to you they'll feed you like a fighting cock. O what a row &c.

In a boat I got afloat as clumsy as an elephant,  
 So spruce and gay, to spend the day, and make a splash;  
 Gad! it's true, I did it too; for stepping in, I fell off on't,  
 And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash'ing me.  
 Wife squalling, daughter bawling, every thing provok-  
 Called a' hog, poodle dog, all the sailors joking me;  
 Dripping wet, in a pet, with many more distressibles,  
 The fellow took the longboat-hook and caught my in-  
 expressibles!

*Oh! what a row, &c?*

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited,  
 Ears a whizzing, laughers quizzing, passengers & crew;  
 Raved & swore, that on shore I rather had been gibbeted,  
 Than thus half-drowned, by all around be roasted too.  
 Danger past & dry at last indulging curiosity; [ocity,  
 I stared to see the vessel flee, with such a strange vel-  
 Pray, said I to one hard by, what power can impel us so,  
 The smokie devil goes by steam; at least the sailors  
 tell us so.

*Oh! what a row, &c*

Not a sail to catch a gale yet magically on we went,  
 Gainst wind & tide & all beside in wonder quite; [ment  
 Cast my eye up to the sky, and, tall as London Monu-  
 I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.  
 People toiling, roasting, boiling, bless us such a rookry!  
 They'd soup & fish, fowl & flesh, a London tavern cooke-  
 Then the noise of men boys, a din to rival a hubbub'ry  
 I thought the crew were devils too, the master-Cap-  
 tain BelzeBuB.

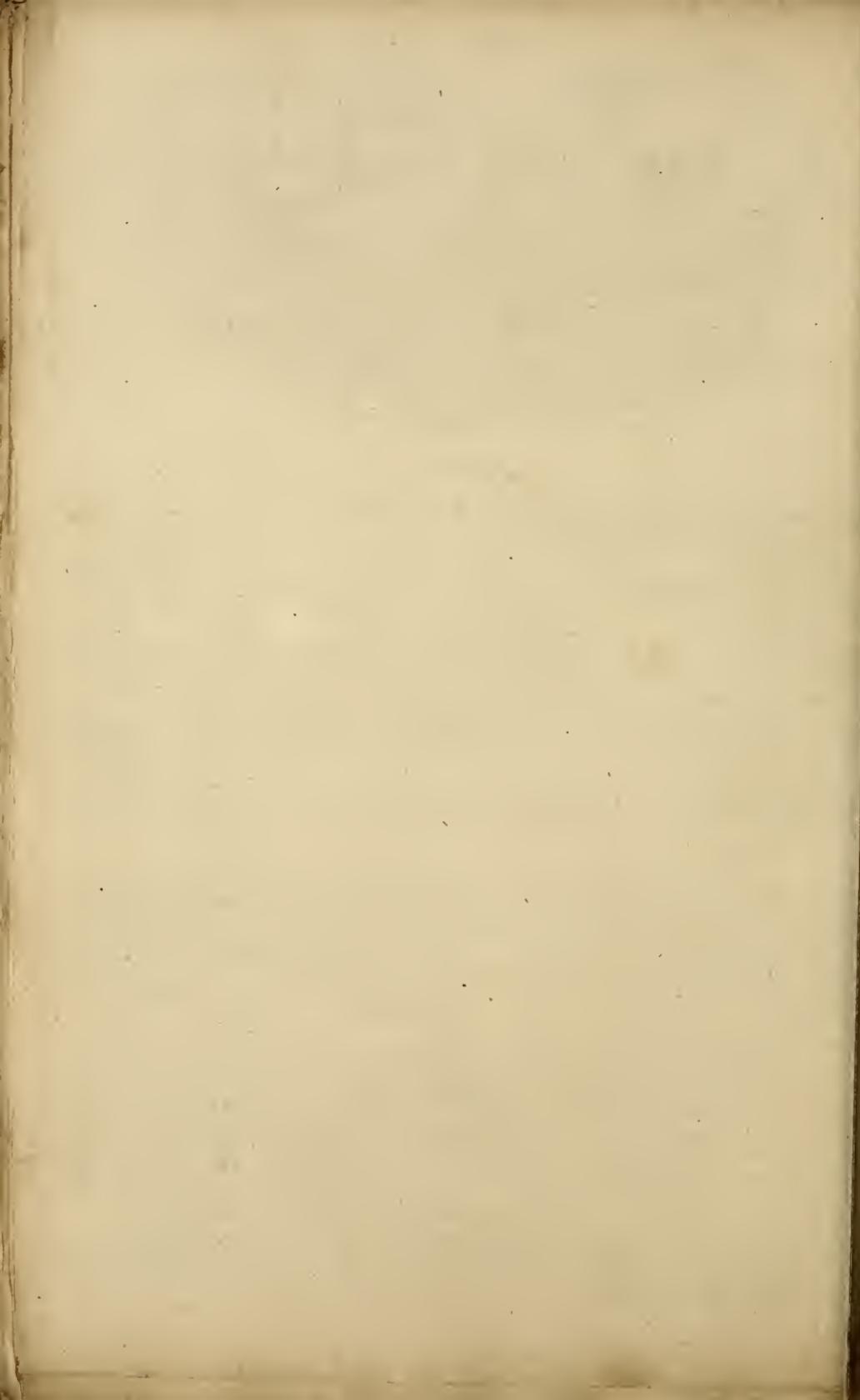
*Oh! what a row, &c*

Wife drew near, & said, my dear now's your time to pick  
 The dinner's serving up, observe we must fly (a bit.  
 Says I my dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be sick  
 I'm seized with an all-overness, I faint, I die! [a bit.  
 I cannot eat, I loath my meat, I feel my stomach failing me;  
 Steward hasten get a basin, what the deuce is ailing me;  
 If it's handy, bring some brandy—the malady to qu-  
 Down I lay, for half a day, in pickle [ench unable,  
 quite unmentionable.

*Oh! what a row, &c*

As to dinner, I'm a sinner, if I touched a bit of it; but anchor cast and home at last, we're safe, I see,  
 In the packet such a racket, crowding to get quit of it, and little wonder, blood and thunder! I'm on the quay.  
 With how d'ye do, how are you? I see you're better physically, Zounds be still I'm very ill you're ever talking  
 Some with glee may go to sea; but I shall not be willing, Sirs, for such a day, again to pay just (quizzically,  
 two pound, fifteen shillings, sirs.

O what a row, &c.





Published by

R.W. Hunter, 57 Shore Leith.

**BLUE BONNETS.**

March, march, Rattrick and Tiviotdale! Why, my lads dinna ye march forward in order? March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale! All the blue bonnets are over the border. Many a banner spread flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in story, Mawat and make ready then, Sons of the mountain Glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish border.

2.

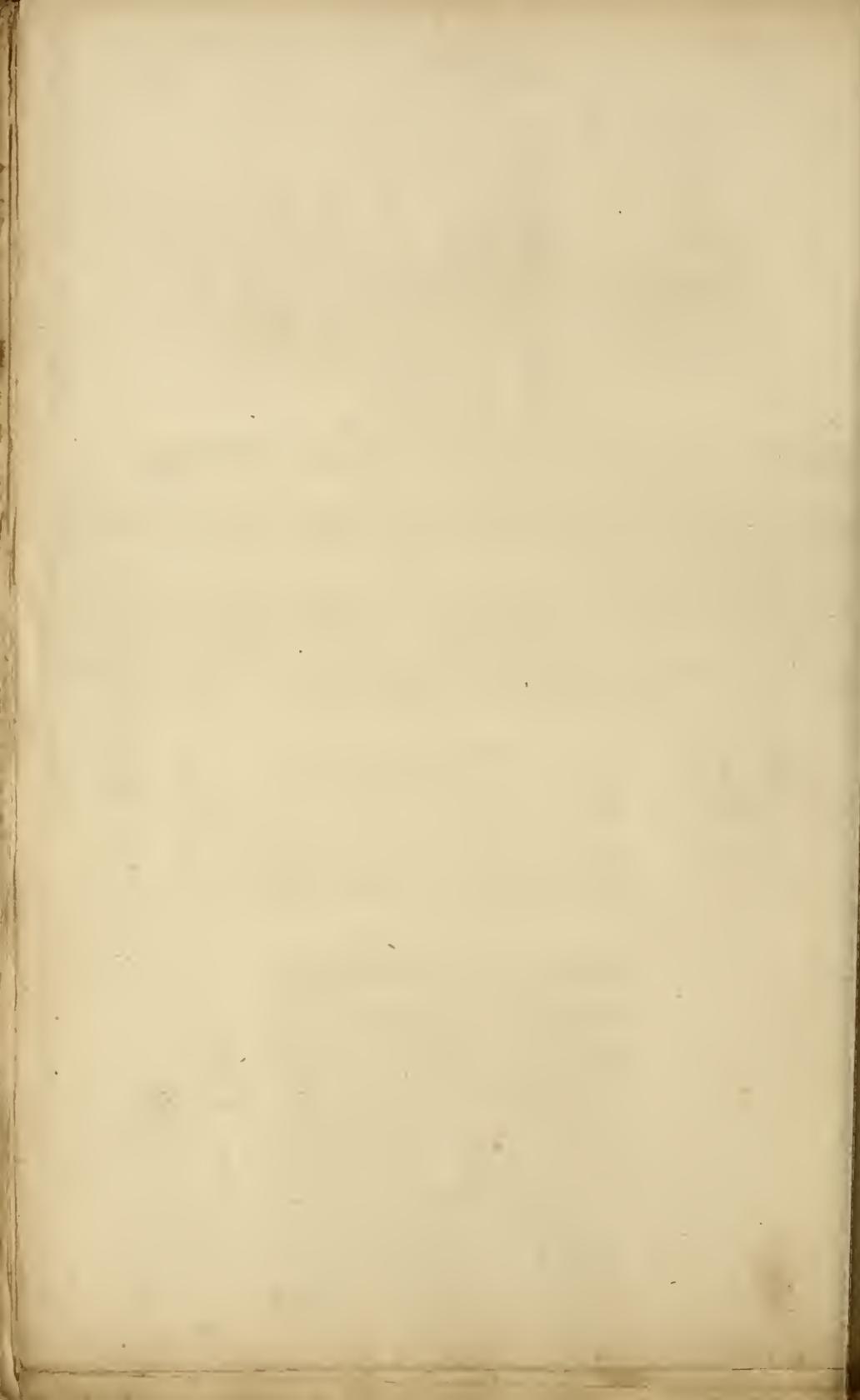


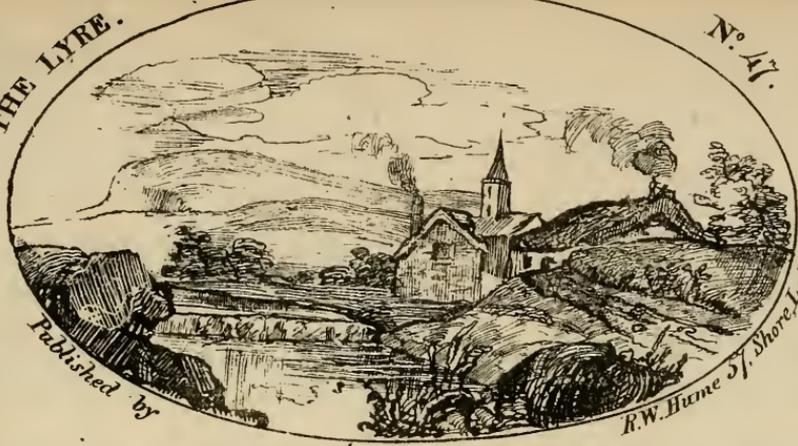
Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,  
 Came to the Craig where the beacon is blazing,  
 Came with the brookler, the lance and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,  
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;  
 England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.



**WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.**

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I, In a cowslip  
 bell lie, there I couch when owls do cry, when owls do  
 cry, when owls do cry, On a bee's back do I fly.  
 After sunset merrily, merrily,  
 After sunset merrily, merrily, merrily shall I live  
 now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now, Under the blossom that  
 hangs on the bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.





AYONT' YON MOUNTAIN THAT LOOKS SAE GREEN.

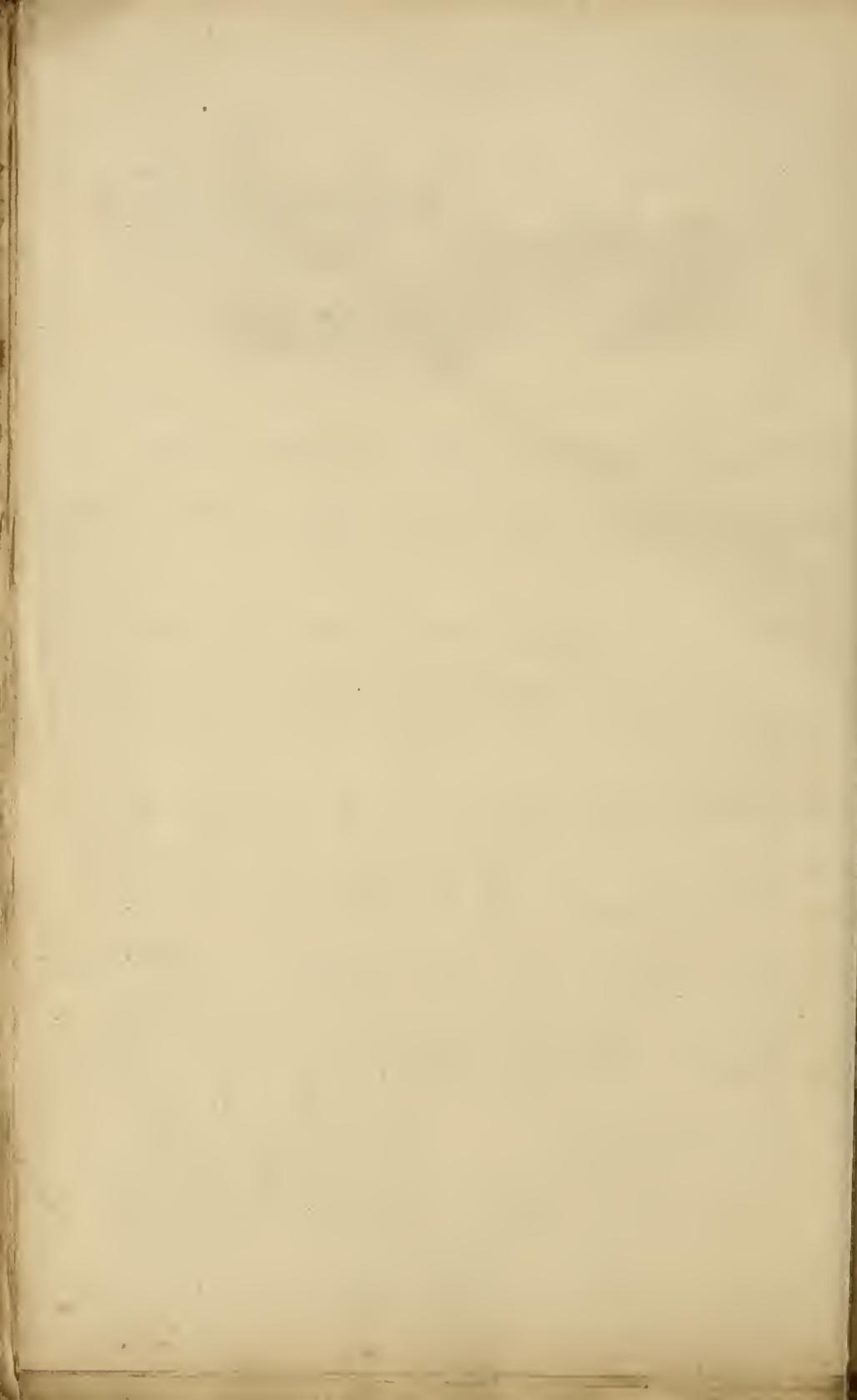
A... yont yon mountain that looks sae green. And down in a  
 vale sae bon-nie, O. Wi' jess... a... mine porch a wee cot...ie is seen, Sur...rounded wi'  
 beauties mony, O; Behind an' before, an' around the door, Kind nature has strewn  
 her blessings, O. An' wi' flow'ers rare perfumeth the air, But the loveliest flower is my Jessic, O.

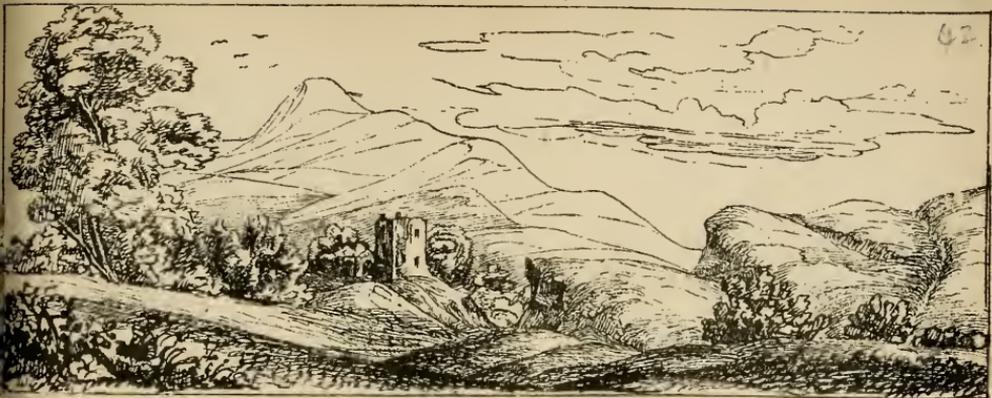
O kind is her daddy, an' happy to see,  
 (When the sun's gane abint the fraigie, O.)  
 My bannet glintin' owre the lea  
 An' down by the rustic briggie, O.  
 An' blithe is her mammy when spreadin' the board  
 Wi' the supper sae clean and sae cleerie, O.  
 But happier an' kinder an' blyther than a'  
 Is the snile an' the glance o' my dearie, O.

O Fortune be kind, an' down in the glen,  
 Wi' the burnie rinnin' by the end o' O,  
 Bestow me a cot wi' a but an' a ben,  
 An' an' aere or twa around it, O;  
 An' send me and income sufficient to scare  
 Bile want frae the door o' my houtsie, O,  
 Then farewell the world, its toil, an' its cares,  
 An' welcome love an' my Lassie O.

Price One halfpenny.

See Nos 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany for copious Instructions in Singing.





JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

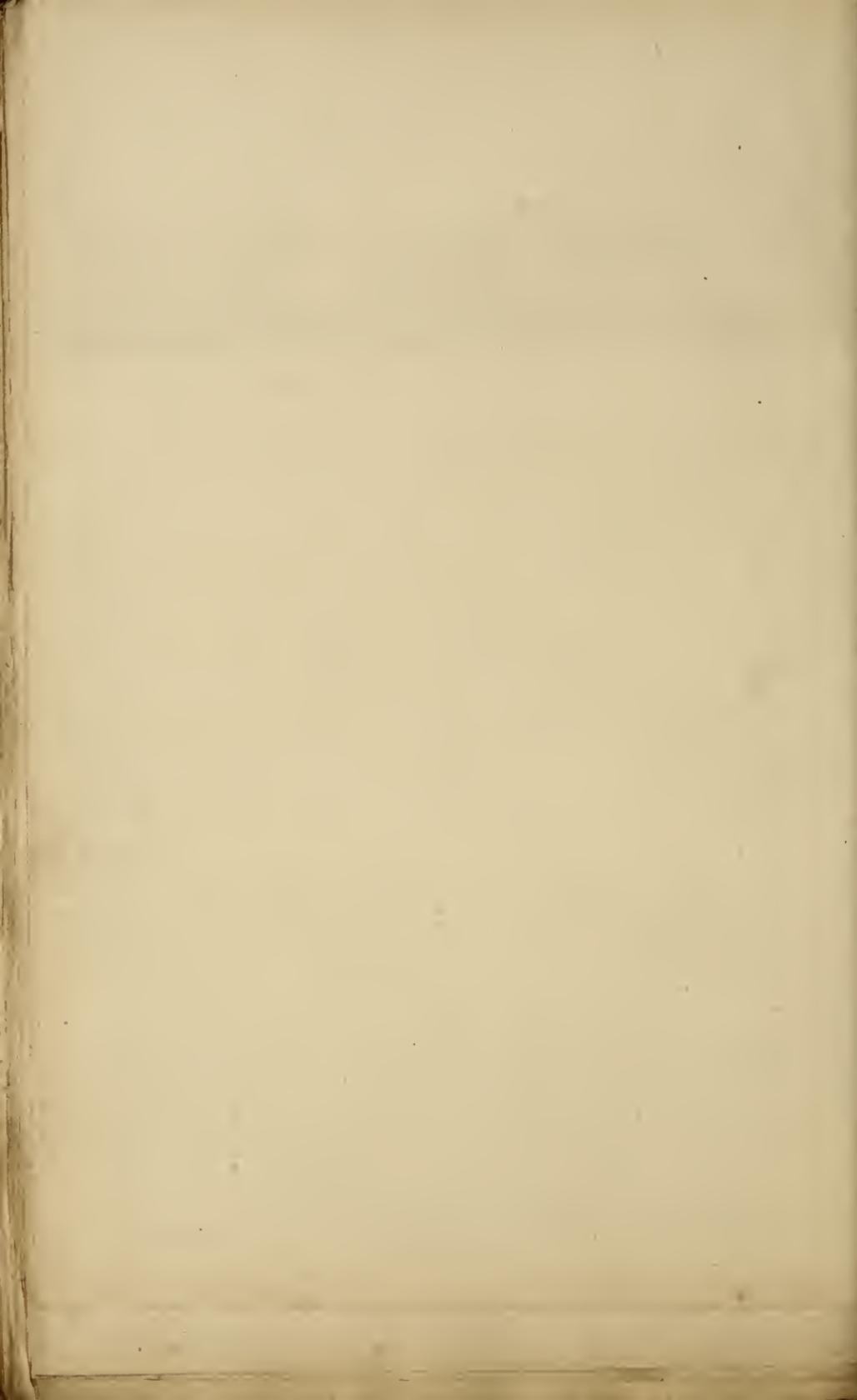
The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And left the red clouds to pre-  
 side o'er the scene; While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming, To muse  
 on sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding  
 blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an'  
 dear to this bosom, Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is lovely  
 young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

<p>1</p> <p>She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,          For guileless simplicity mark her its ain;          An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling          Whad' blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o'          Dumblane.</p>	<p>2</p> <p>Sing on thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the evening,          Thour't dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;          Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,          Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o'          Dumblane.</p>
--	--

<p>3</p> <p>How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie          The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain          Ine'er saw a nymph I would ca'my dear lassie,          Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o'          Dumblane.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,          Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain:          An' reckon as naething the height o' its splend          If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o'          Dumblane.</p>
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Published daily and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Home, Bookseller, Leith  
 Price One Halfpenny.

Price One Halfpenny.



4.



THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

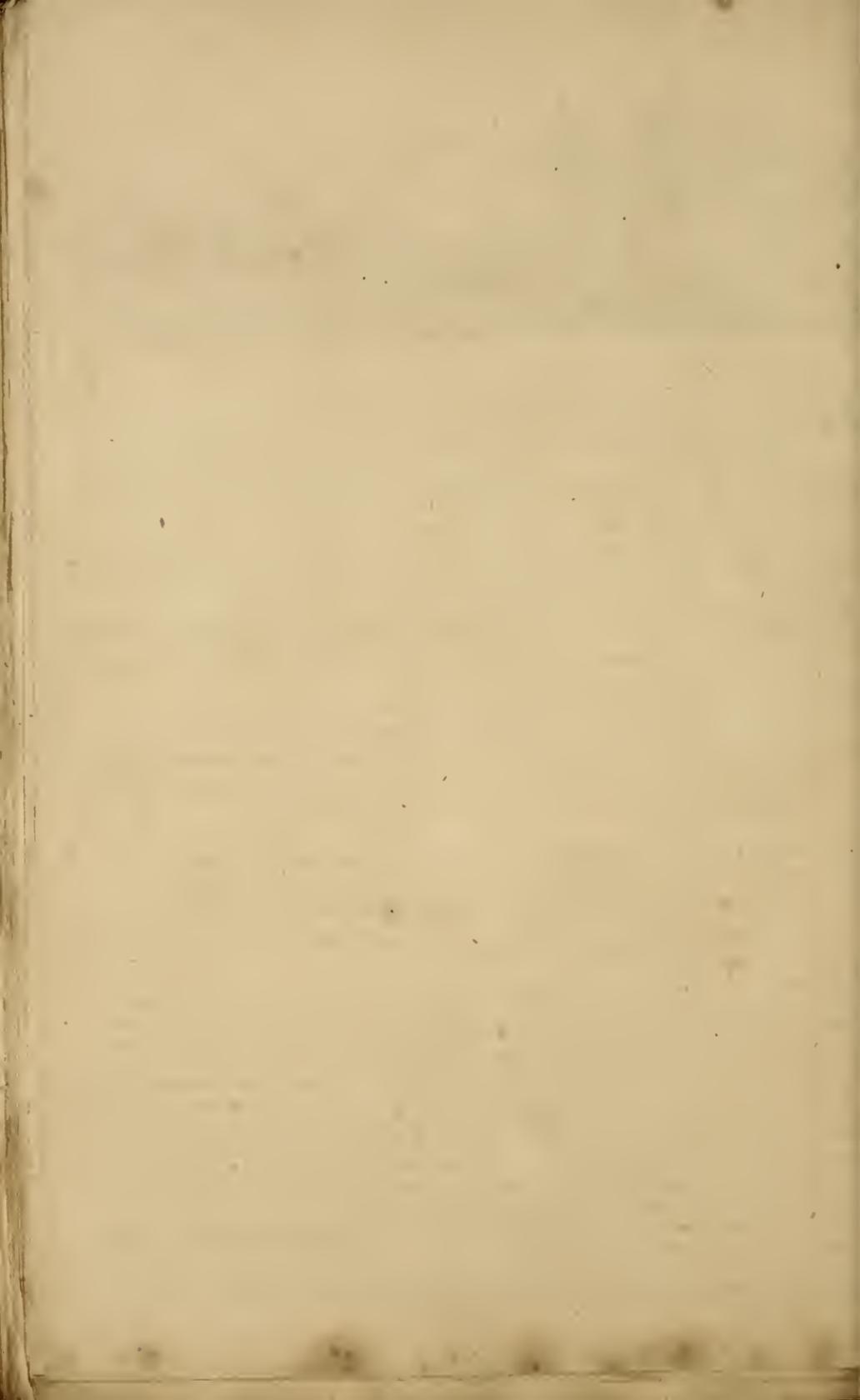
Wilt thou go, my bon\_nie Las:sie, Wilt thou go, my brow Lassie, Wilt thou go,  
 say ay or no, To the braes a\_ boon Bo\_naw, Las-sie. Tho'Don.ald hae nae mic-  
 kle frase. Wi' law'land speeches fine La<sup>s</sup> sie, What hell im-part  
 comes frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, Las - sie. D.C.

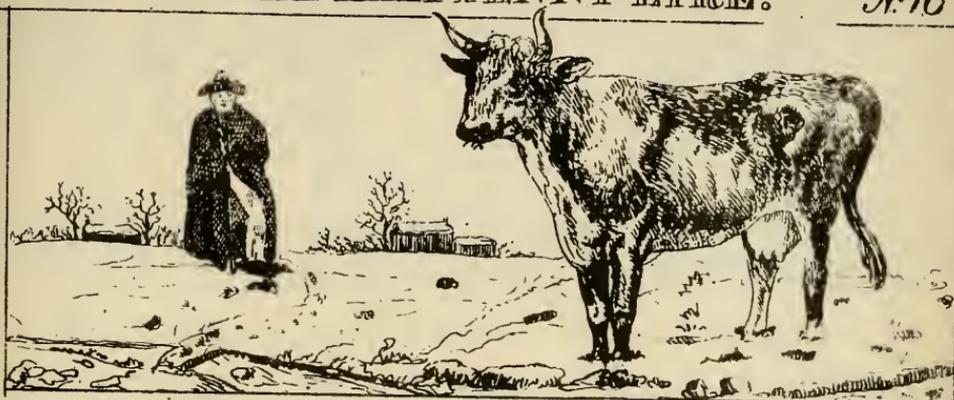
<p>When simmer days cleed a' the braes                  Wi' blossom'd broom, sae fine, Lassie,                  At milking sheel we'll join the reel,                  My flocks shall a' be thine, Lassie                  Wilt thou go, &amp;c.</p>	<p>I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,                  The ptarmigan, sae sly, Lassie,                  For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,                  Nae want shall thee come nigh, Lassie.                  Wilt thou go, &amp;c.</p>
---	---

Instructions Continued, from Page 3<sup>d</sup>

it are Seven in number, and are denoted by the relative names of the first seven letters of the Alphabet A.B.C.D.E.F.G. These (notes ♯) are written upon and in what is called a "Stave," being 5 parallel lines and their Spaces. Of these seven notes the Scale is composed, being repeated when requiring extension to form a tune, and when they necessarily go below or above the Stave, "ledger lines," such as are seen drawn through some of the notes in the scale are used. Eight of these notes, ascending or descending, make an Octave. the eighth note being both by name and sound, a repetition of the fir<sup>t</sup> though higher in pitch, and these form the complete Natural Scale. It must be observed however, that although an Octave contains eight notes, it has but five full tones and two semitones, the first semitone occurring between the 3<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> & the second semitone between the 7<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup> notes, in the Octave. For instance C, being the Key note of the natural Scale, the foregoing Gamut is arranged upon that principle and so is the following Octave.

Continued in Page 5<sup>th</sup>





TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on ilk hill,  
 And Bor-eas wi his blast sae hault, Was threstning a' our kye  
 to kill; Then Bell, my wife, wha loes na strife, She said to me right has-  
 tie, Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life, And tak your auld cloak a bout ye.

2  
 My Crummie is a useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kin';  
 Aft has shewet the bairns' mou,  
 And I am laith that she should tyne;  
 Get up gudeman, it is fu' time,  
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracious end,  
 Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye:

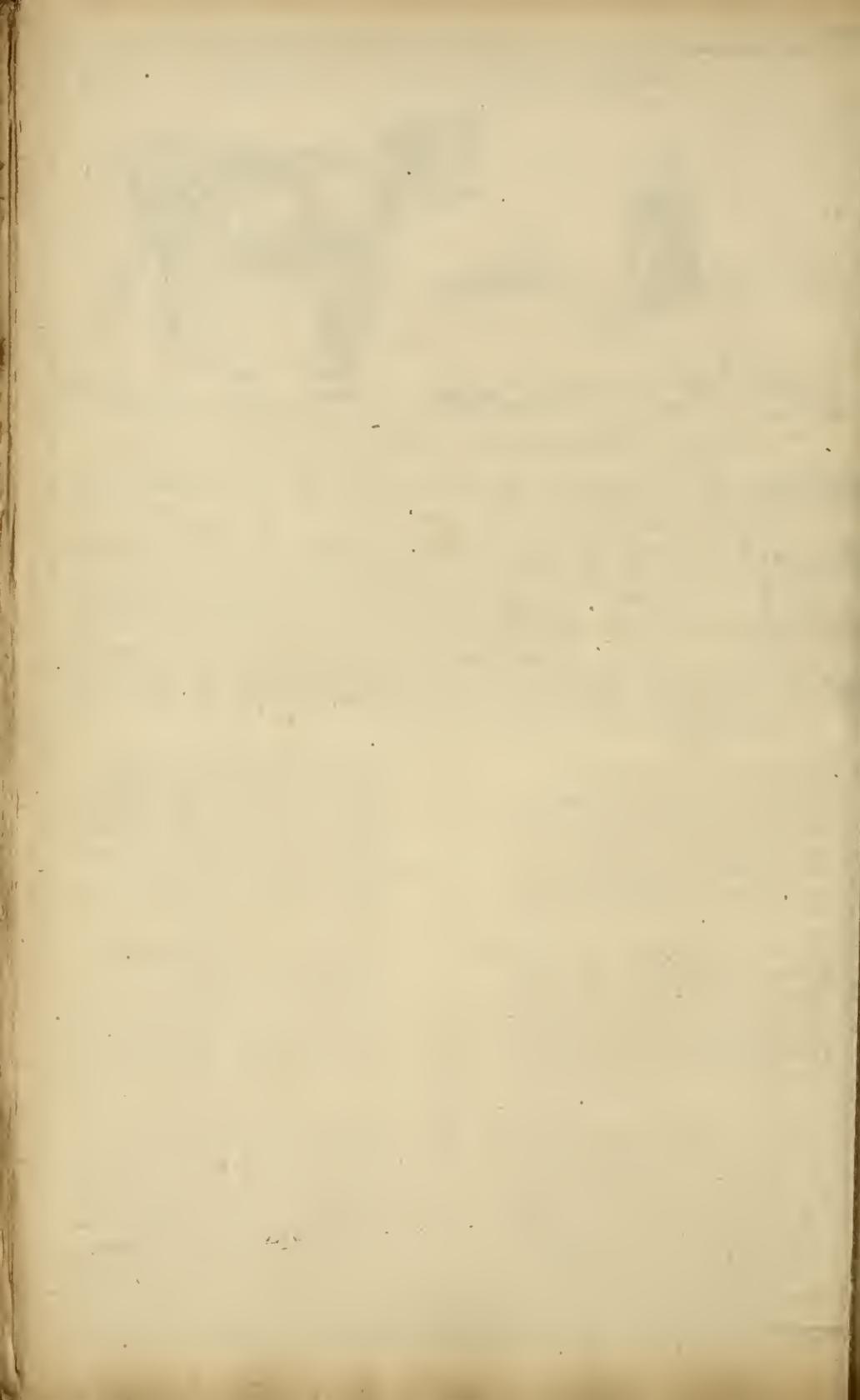
3  
 My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;  
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,  
 For I hae worn't this thretty year.  
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die:  
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn—  
 To hae a new cloak about me'

4  
 In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;  
 He said they were a groat owre dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor, thief and loun:  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thour't a man of laigh deg. ee.—  
 'Tis pride puts a the country down;  
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye'

5  
 Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool;  
 I think the world is a' gaun daft  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.  
 Doye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 How they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit lurkle in the ase?—  
 I'll hae a new cloak about me!

6  
 'Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we hae had atween us twa,  
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
 Now, they are women grown, and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be;  
 And why will thou thyself misken,  
 Then tak your auld cloak about ye.

7  
 Bell, my wife, she loes na strife;  
 But she wad guiltle me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman:  
 Noughts to bewon at woman's han;  
 Unless ye gi'e her o' the plea;  
 Sae I'll leave aff whare I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me





HURRAH FOR THE POSTMAN THE GREAT ROLAND HILL.

Come send round the liquor and fill to the brim, A bumper to Railroads, the Press, Gas, and Steam;  
 To rags, bags and nutgalls, ink, paper and quill, The Post and the Postman, the gude Roland Hill;  
 By stean we noo travel mair quick than the eagle, A sixty mile trip for the price o' a sang! A  
 prin it has powntit, - th' Atlantic surmountit, We'll compass the Globe in a fortnight or lang.

1.  
 The Gas bleezes brightly, you witness it nightly,  
 Our Ancestors lived mico lang in the dark;  
 Their wisdom was folly, their sense melancholy!  
 When compared wi' sic wonderfu' modern wark. *Then send &c.*

2.  
 Neist o' rags, bags and size then, let no one despise then,  
 Without them whar wad a' our paper come frae,  
 The dark flood o' luk too, I'm given to think too,  
 Could as ill be wanted at this time o' day. *Come send &c.*

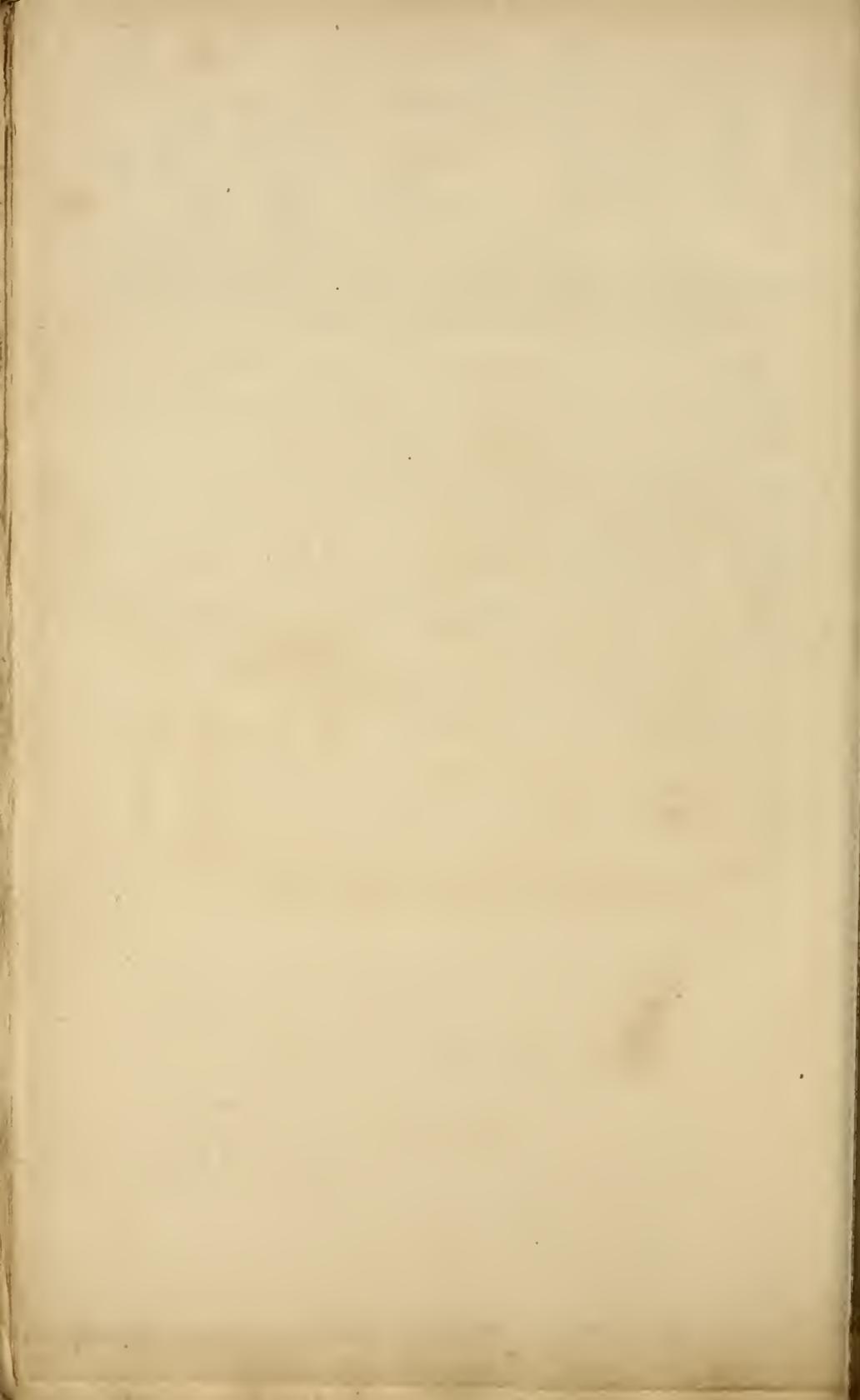
3.  
 The quill its a queer thing, a cheap and a dear thing,  
 A weak looking object, but gude keus how strang,  
 Sometimes it is ceevil, sometimes its the deevil,  
 Tak tent when you touch it, you had nae it wrang. *Then send &c.*

4.  
 The Press I'll next mention, a noble invention,  
 The great mental cook with resources so vast;  
 It spreads on bright pages the knowledge o' ages,  
 And tells to the future the things of the past. *Then send &c.*

5.  
 Heh, Sirs! but its awfu', (but ne'er mind its lawfu')  
 To saddle the Postman wi' sic meikle bags;  
 Wi' epistles and sonnets, love billets and groan-ets,  
 Ye'll tear the poor Postie to shivers and rags. *Then send &c.*

6.  
 Noo Joek sends to Jenny, it costs but ae penny,  
 A screed that has near broke the Dictionary's back,  
 Fu' o' dove-in' and dear-in', and 'thoughts' on the shearin'!!  
 Nae need noo o' whisp'rin' ayont a wheat stack. *Then send &c.*

7.  
 Auld drivers were lazy, their mail coaches crazy,  
 At ilk Public Housie they stopt for a gill;  
 But noo at the gallop, cheap mail-bags maun wallop,  
 Hurrah for our Postman, the great Roland Hill. *Then send &c.*



# THE HIGHWAYMAN.

## A Ballad.

*With the Original music!*

AS SUNG TO CROWDED AUDIENCES,

*By*



*Feed me on thee, John Barleycorn,  
Thou lang o' grain!*

**LEITH.**

PUBLISHED AT LAPICIDE LANE,

BY THE AUTHOR and SOLD BY  
ALL  
BOOKSELLERS.

*Price One Halfpenny.*



## THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A Far-mer there liv-ed in fair Der-by-shire, Who kept a good house,—it was  
his de-sire, A pret-ty York-shire boy, to be for his man, To do all his buz-ness,  
his name it was John. Der-ry down ho, down, der-ry down.

One day he called to him, and thus he did say,  
"My pretty man, John, give attention I pray:  
"You must take the Cow this day to the fair,  
"For she is in good order, & her I can spare."

*Derry down &c.*

The boy went away with the Cow in a Band,  
And came to the Fair, as we understand;  
And when he got there, he met three men,  
And he sold them the Cow, for £6 10.

*Derry down &c.*

They went to an alehouse, and called for some drink,  
The men then paid the Boy down the chink;  
He called to the Landlady, and thus he did say,  
"Oh; what shall I do with my money, I pray."

*Derry down &c.*

"I'll sew it within thy coat lining," quo she,  
"For fear, on the Road, you robbed should be."  
This heard a highwayman, who was drinking Wine,  
And who said to himself, "all the money is mine!"

*Derry down*

The boy went away, and homeward did go;  
The highwayman followed him after, also,  
And soon overtook him upon the highway,  
"Oh! well overtaken, young man," he did say.

*Derry down*

"Will you get up behind me?" the highwayman said,  
"How far go you this way?" he then asked the lad,  
"Some two or three miles further, for ought I do know;"  
So he got up behind him and away they did go.

*Derry down*

They rode thus untill they came to a glen,  
The highwayman then said, "I must needs tell thee plain,  
"Deliver your money without any strife,  
"Or else I will take it with thy sweet life."

*Derry down*

The boy without fear, & void of remorse,  
Instantly jumped from the highwayman's horse;  
He tore his coat lining, the money pulled out,  
And, amongst the long grass, he strewed it about.

*Derry down*

The highwayman, instantly, jumped from his horse,  
But little did he think it was to his loss;  
Before he could find all the money, they say,  
The boy got on horseback, and galloped away.

*Derry down*

John coming on horseback, his master did spy,  
While he was looking from a window that was high,  
He ran down stairs, and cried with a curse,  
"What the devil!—has my cow turned into a horse?"

*Derry down*

"Oh! no, my good master, your cow I well sold,  
"I was robbed on the road by a highwayman so bold,  
"And while he was putting the money in his purse,  
"To make you amends, I came off with his horse."

*Derry down*

The saddle bags were opened, the money was told,  
"Three hundred pounds, of silver and gold.  
"A brace of horse pistols," the boy cried I vow,  
"So, I think, my good master, I've sold well your cow."

*Derry down*

The boy for his valour & courage, so rare,  
Three fourths of the money he got for his share,  
Now, since the highwayman has lost all his store,  
He may e'en go rob untill he finds more.

*Derry down*

The only individual we ever heard sing this ditty, is an old denizen of Leith, well known in the Northern district, particularly amongst the Urchins of the lower classes. The prominent feature of his character is his inordinate love of Whiskey to which he has paid devoted adoration, ever since he was fifteen years of age. His musical powers are by no means first rate, but what he lacks in vocal melody is amply compensated in loud and long vociferations; especially when he has been doing homage at the shrine of the stoup, under the influence of which he is generally four days out of seven. When able, he delights to take a country ride on one of his Arabians, (Cuddies) but the long eared quadruped, displaying more sense than his riders, may be seen galloping homewards, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his elevated, and infuriated, master; and, not unfrequently, the same animal is employed in carrying him home, in a coal cart, surrounded by a host of noisy juvenile attendants, who cease not to molest the scarcely conscious subject of their mirth, but he!

"O'er a' the ill's o' life, victorious,"

is far beyond the reach of their annoyance, and being coupit frae his carriage, is safely deposited

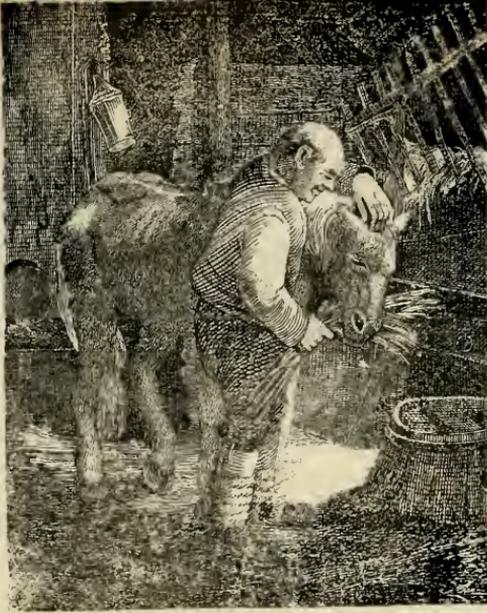
at.



his ain fireside.



A Guid New-year I wish thee,  
 Maggie!  
 Hae, there's a ripp to thy  
 auld baggie;  
 Tho' thou's howe-backit now  
 an' knaggie.  
 E've seen the day,  
 Thou could hae gaeu  
 like onie staggie,  
 Out owre the lay.



Tho' now thou's dowie,  
 stiff, an' crazy,  
 An' thy auld hide's as  
 white's a daisy,  
 I've seen thee dapp'l,  
 sleek, an' glaizie,  
 A bonnie grey.  
 He should been tight that  
 daur't to raise thee,  
 Anee in a day.

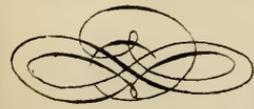
*Illustration of Burns' Auld Farmer's Salutation to his auld Mare Maggie.*

**LOGAN WATER.**

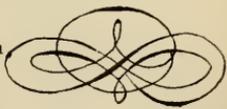
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide, That day I was my Willie's bride! And years  
 sin- syne hae o'er us run, like Logan to the summer sun. But now thy flowry banks appear,  
 Like drunlie winter dark & drear, While my dear lail man's face his faes, Far, far frae me & Logan braes.

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

*3<sup>rd</sup> Verse.*  
 Within you milk-white hawthorn bush,  
 Among her nestlings, sits the thrush;  
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile:  
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer;  
 Has widow'd nights and joyless days,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

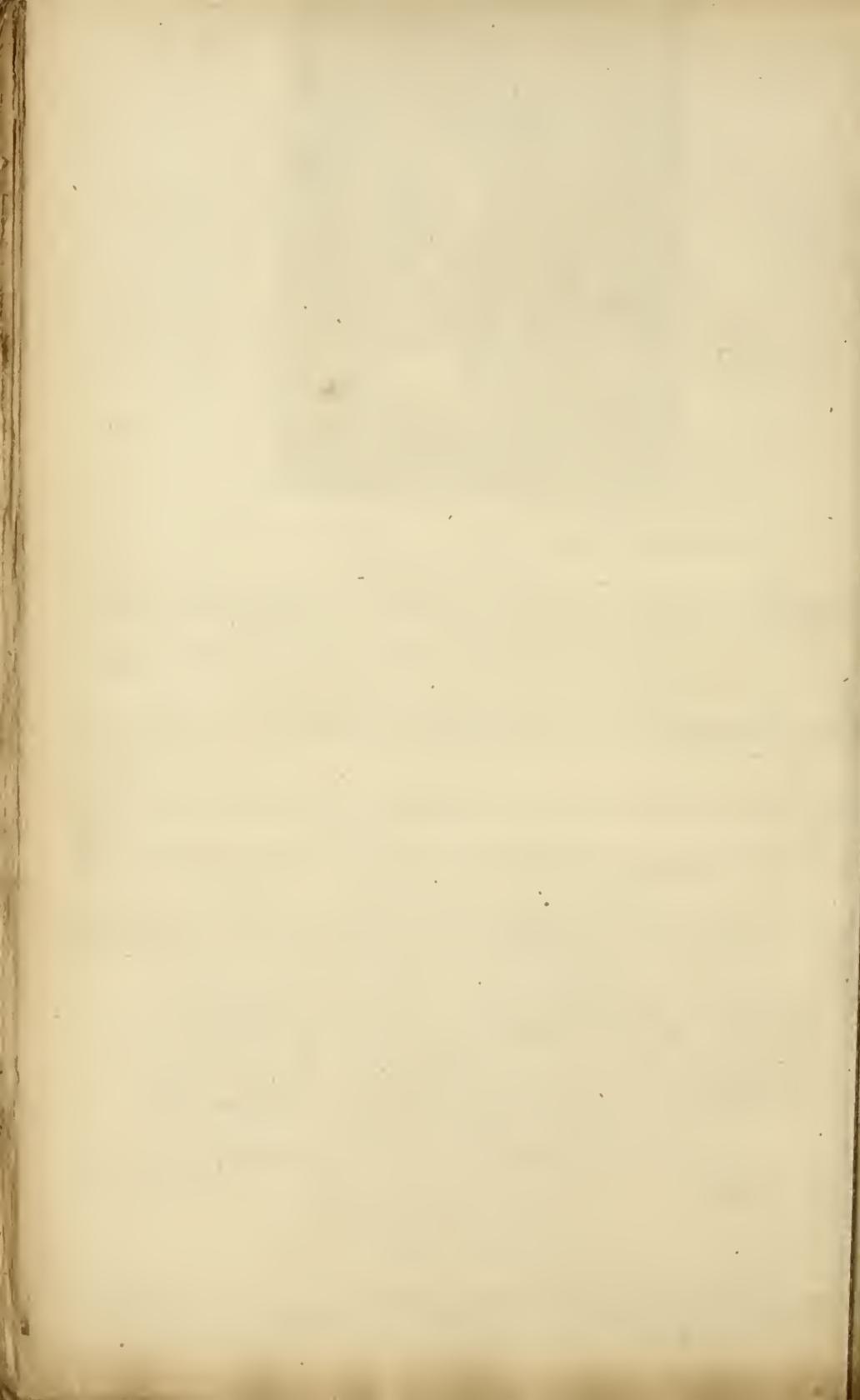


*4<sup>th</sup> Verse.*  
 O wae upon you, men o' state,  
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate,  
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn  
 Sae may it on your heads return!  
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?  
 But soon may peace bring happy days,  
 And Willie,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



*Published by R. W. Hume, Stationer, 57, Shore.  
 LEITH.*

*Price One Halfpenny.*





# ONE NIGHT CAME ON A HURRICANE.

*Composed by J. P. Cooke*

One night came on a hurricane, The sea was mountains rolling, When Barney  
Buntline turn'd his quid, and said to Billy Bowling, A strong sow wester's blow -  
ing Billy, cant you hear it roar now, Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks  
on shore now, Bow, wow, wow, fal-lal-de-riddy-tiddy, Bow, wow, wow.

2<sup>d</sup>  
Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,  
What dangers they are all in!  
And now they're quaking in their beds  
For fear the roof should fall in,  
Poor creatures, how they envies us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
For our good luck in such a storm,  
To be upon the ocean.  
Bow wow, wow,  
Fal-lal-de-riddy-tiddy, bow, wow, wow.

3<sup>d</sup>  
Then as to them kept out all day  
On business from their houses,  
And late at night are walking home  
To cheer their babes and spouses,  
While you and I upon the deck  
Are comfortably lying  
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots  
About their heads are flying!  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

4<sup>th</sup>  
And often have we seamen heard  
How men are killed or undone,  
By overturns in carriages,  
And thieves and fires in London;

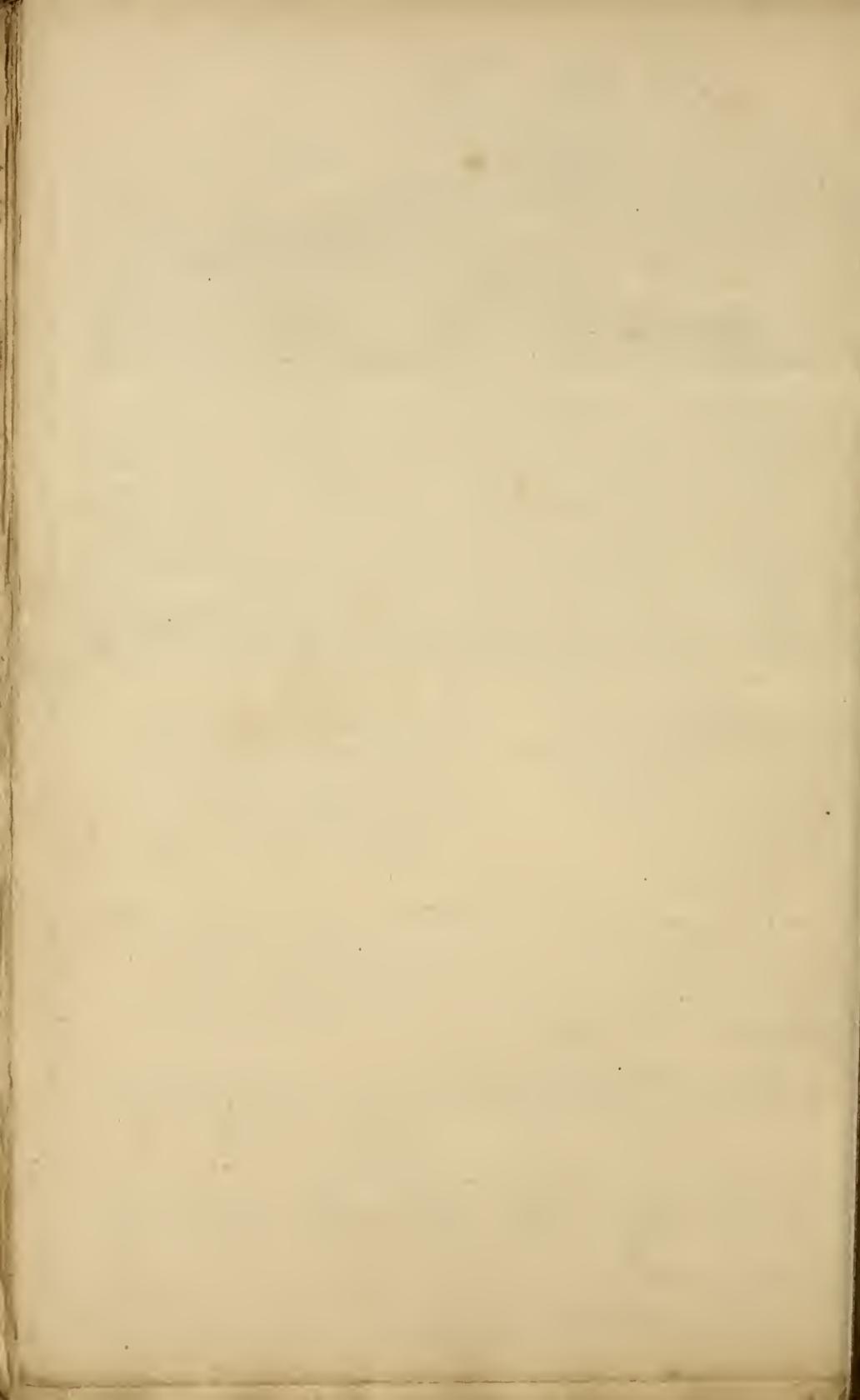
We've heard what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors —  
So Billy, lets thank Providence  
That you and I are Sailors.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

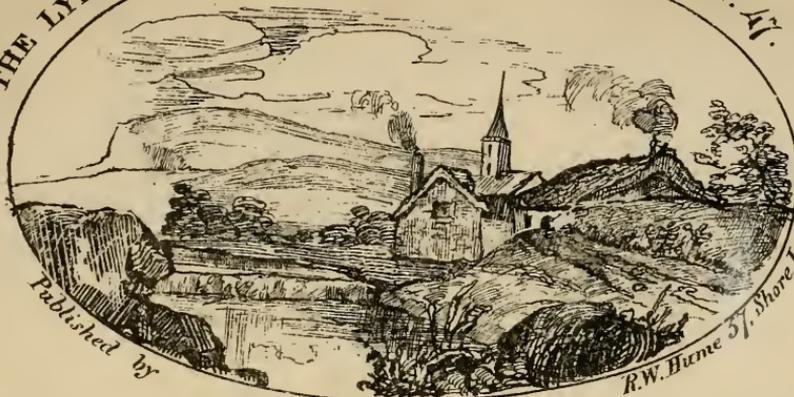
*Continued from N<sup>o</sup> 6  
sixth notes the third note being but one and a half tone, instead of two tones, from the Key note as  
in the Major.*

### Example of Major & Minor Keys.

*These are natural Keys, Others are artificial, and require flats or sharps at the beginning of the  
staff to express them. They are termed the signature and appear thus.*

*C. The common time mode, indicates that there are in every measure four Crotchets or their equevalent  
which are to be performed slow C Quick common time, 3/4 shews two Crotchets in a Measure, and*





## AYON'T YON MOUNTAIN THAT LOOKS SAE GREEN.

A yont yon mountain that looks sae green, And down in a  
 vale sae bonnie, O, Wi' jess... a... mine porch a wee cot...ie is seen, Sur...rounded wi'  
 beauties many, O; Behind an' before, an' around the door, Kind nature has strewn  
 her blessings, O, An' wi' flow'ers rare perfume's the air, But the loveliest flower is my Jessie, O.

O kind is her daddy, an' happy to see,  
 (When the sun's gae aboot the craigie, O.)

My banner glintin' ower the lea

An' down by the rustic briggie, O.

An' blithe is her mammy when spreadin' the board

Wi' the supper sae clean and sae cheerie, O.

But happier an' kinder an' blyther than a'

Is the smile an' the glance o' my dearie, O.

O fortune be kind, an' down in the glen.

Wi' the burnie riamin' by the end o' O,

Bestow me a cot wi' a but an' a ben.,

An' an aere or twa around it, O;

An' send me and income sufficient to scare

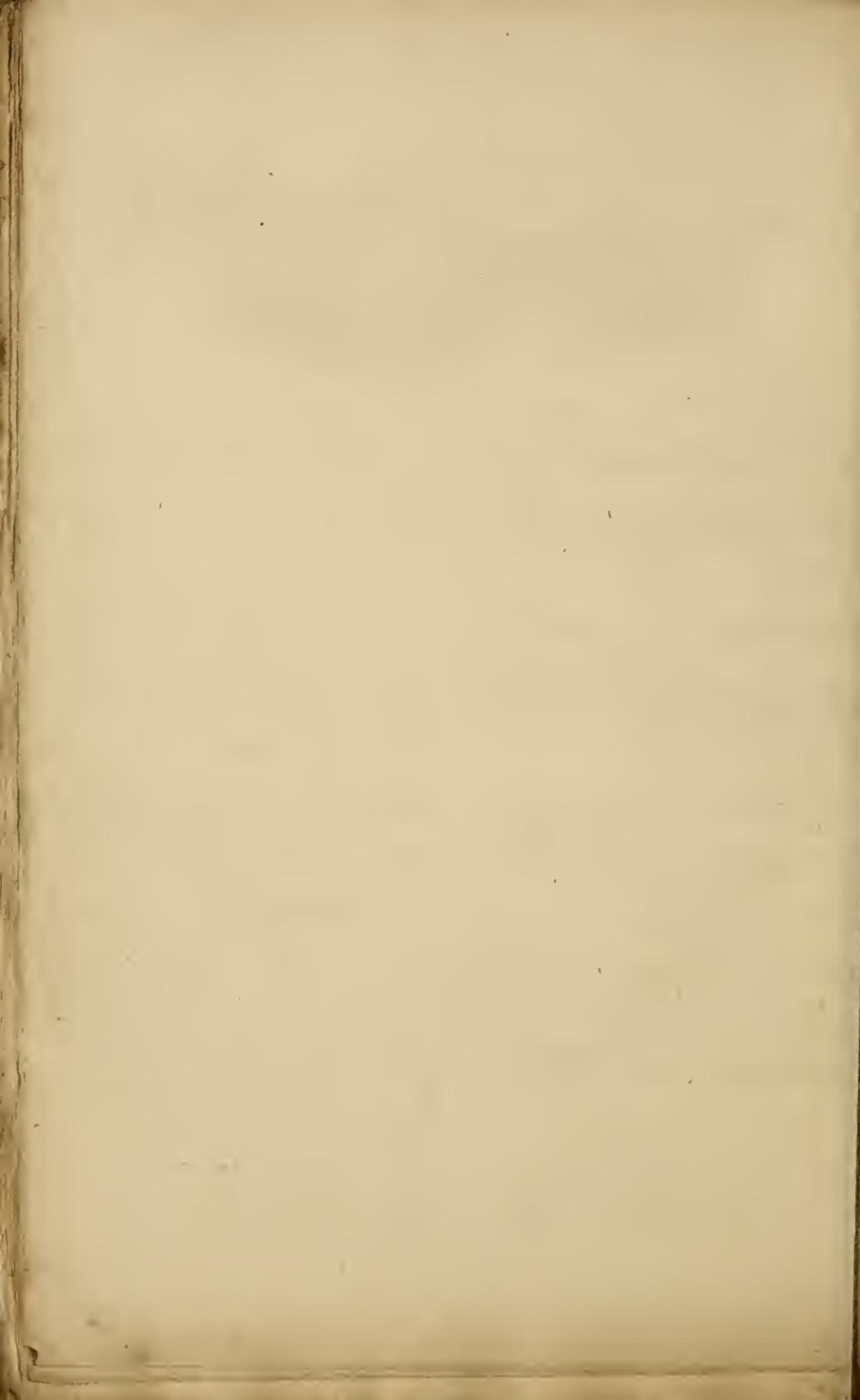
Pale want frae the door o' my hoosie, O.

Then farewell the world, its toils an' its cares,

An' welcome love an' my Lassie O.

Price One halfpenny.

See Nos 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany, for copious Instructions in Singing.





THE LYRE.

N<sup>o</sup>. 52.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

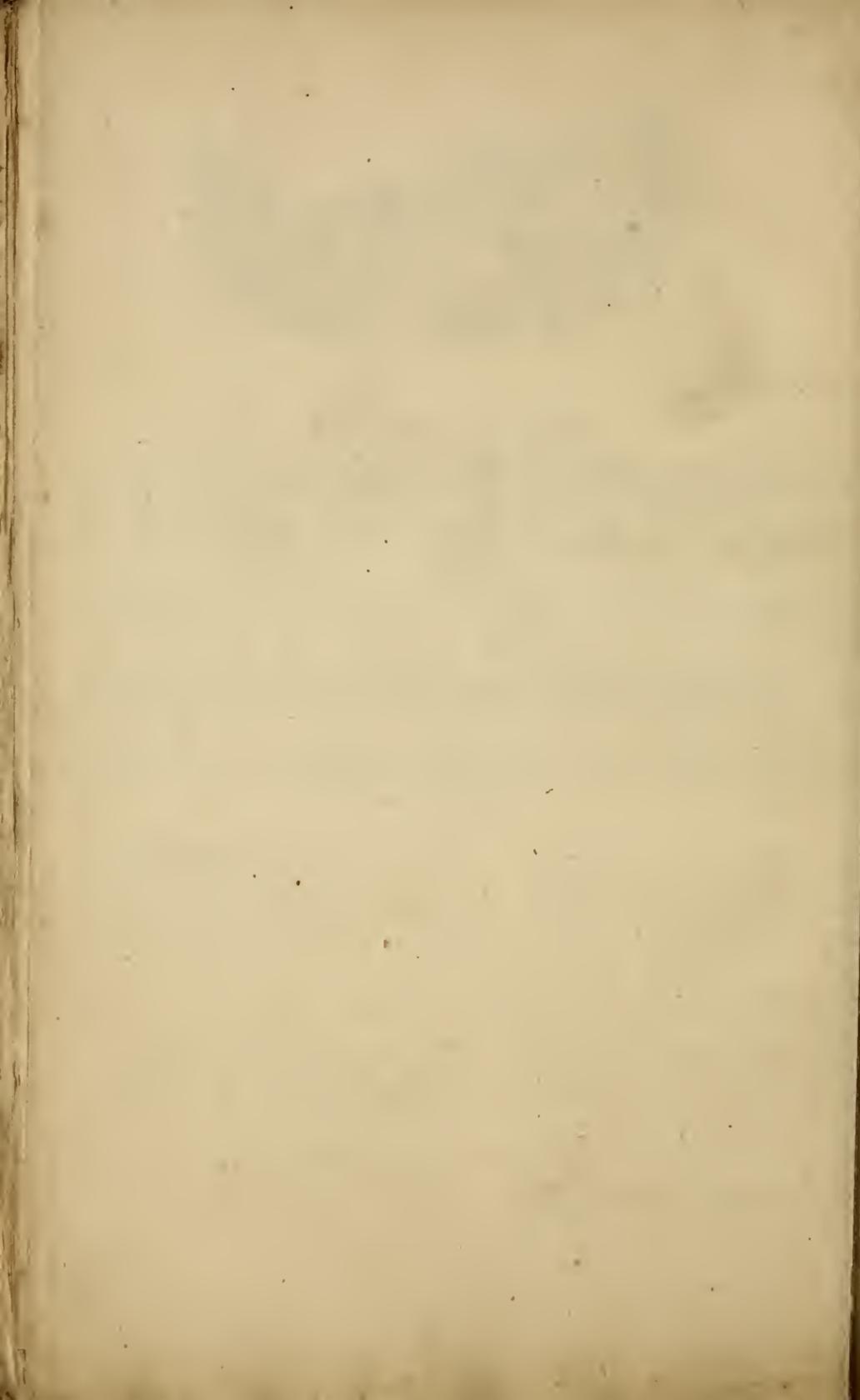
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin, The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing, To wander alone by the wind beat -  
 en hill. But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion, For it rose o'er his  
 own native isle of the ocean, where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
 Alone and a country remain not for me.  
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet  
 hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers  
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

Oh, Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
 more!  
 Ah, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase  
 me;  
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is the cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah, ray sad soul! long abandoned by pleasure,  
 Why didst thou doat on a fast fading trea-  
 sure.  
 Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;  
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of my forefathers — Erin go Bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its mo-  
 tion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean.  
 And thy harp-sounding birds sing aloud with  
 devotion.  
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!





**AULD GUDAMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.**

"Auld gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle, "A' the long day ye wink an' drink, an' "Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyt-in' body, flyt-in' body, Will ye hae, but gude be praised the  
gape an' gaunt; O' sottish loons ye're the pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl, Il' fard doited, ne'er do-  
wit ye want; The puttin' cow should be aye a doddie, aye a doddie, Mak' nae sic an' Aw'some  
weel. Ye're a sow, auld man, Ye get fou, auld man, Bye for shame auld man, tis your  
veel. It's a lie gudewife, tis your tea, gudewife, Na, na gudewife, Ye spend  
blame, auld man, Rusht'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow, A plack to clood your back and pow,  
a' gude-wife. Din-na fa' on me pell-mell, Ye like 'the drap sic' weel your sel'.

"Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest an' frolic, jest an' frolic, Dare ye say, goose, I ever likt to tak' a drapp'  
"An' 'twere na just fur to cure the cholie, cure the cholie, Deil a drap wad weel my mou'.

"Troth, gudewife, and ye wadna swither, wadna swither, Soon, soon to tak' a cholie, when it brings a drap o' eapp'  
"But twa-score years we hae fought the-gither, fought the-gither, Time it is to gree, I trow'.

"I'm wrang, auld John, owre lang, auld John, For nought, gude John, we hae fought, gude John,  
"Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight, we're far owre feckless now to fight.

"Ye're right, gude Kate, the night, gude Kate, Our cup gude Kate, we'll sup gude Kate,  
"The-gither bae this hour we'll draw, An' toom the stoup atween us twa'!

Tune, Singing Johnie.

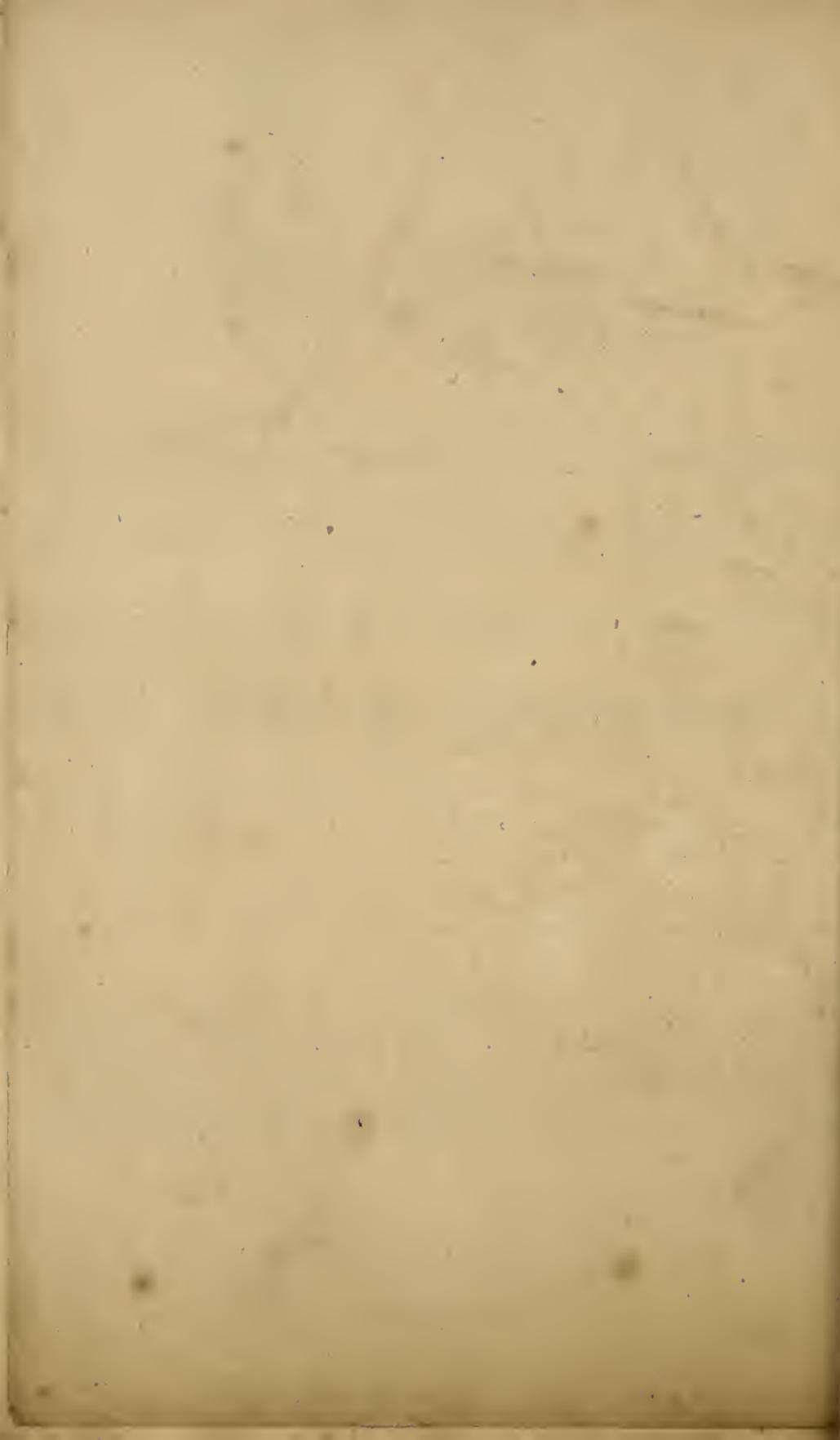
**THE NEW BENLEDI.**

New Edition.

Ye Tourists say, come list to my lay, a glorious Steamer, rigged and ready, Urges her way four times  
a day to Kirkcaldy bay the New Benledi. In days of yore, 'twas quite a bore, They tugg'd at the oar  
with hands unsteady, Four hours and more to the Fifean Shore, How very unlike the New Benledi.

<p>If during a gale, they hoisted sail, The vile Cockle shell made Passengers giddy, And the sea spray fell, on helm and belle, Tis otherwise now in the New Benledi, But this sweet sea flower, thro' storm and shower, In half an hour so neat and tidy; Can cross the Forth, either south or north, And no mistake with the New Benledi.</p>	<p>{ Pre read in my youth (the' dubbing its truth) { Of Great Cleopatra's golden gullies, { With their silken sails, spread to perfumed gales, { But here we've a floating iron palace, { And I've been in a craft, when the wind was aft, { Who sail'd like daff, if the gale was steady; { But this craft can fly, tho' the gale be high, { In the very winds eye, the New Benledi.</p>
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If A—G—were worth his wig, He'd never rest till he had a dozen.  
Of such like ships, for pleasure trips, Then he needna "Gi' the King his Cousin".  
Long life I ween, to our beauteous Queen, May she reign o'er a people loyal and steady;  
And long may the Forth, the pride of the north, Be cross'd by that Gem the New Benledi.





HIGHLAND MARY.

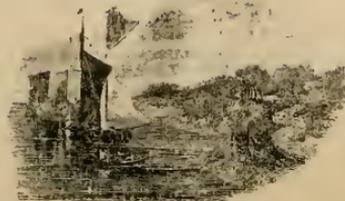
Ye banks and braes, and streams around. The  
Castle o' Montgomerie, Green be your woods, and fair your  
flowers, your waters never drunke! There summer  
first unfolds her robes, And there the longest tarry:  
For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary.

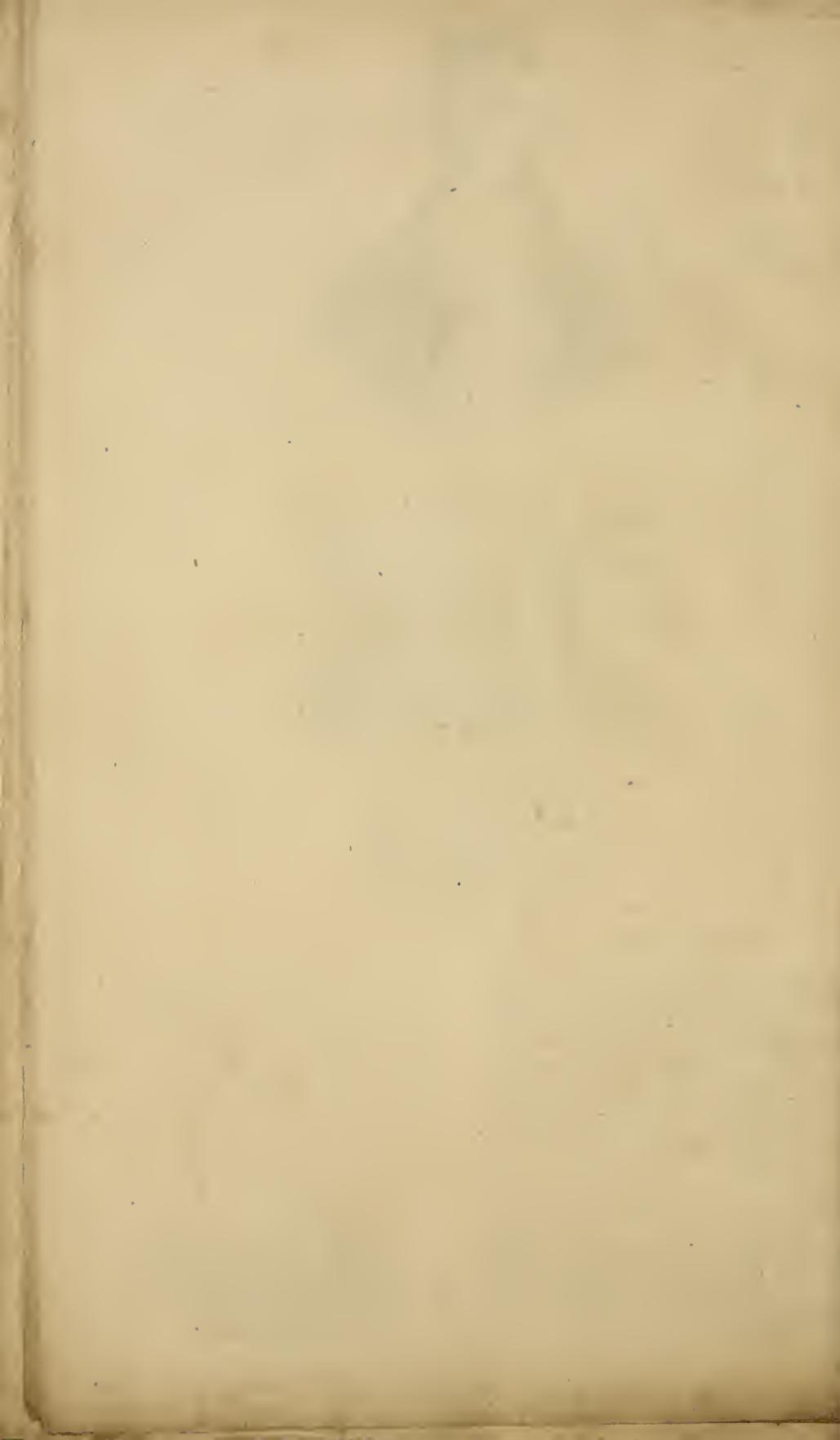
But ah! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod, and could the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that loe'd me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

MARY'S DREAM.

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

She from the pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
She saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow ee,  
"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."







THE LYRE

N<sup>o</sup>.55

CALLER HERRIN'

Wha'll buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hailsum farin'; Wha'll buy caller  
 her-riu, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin' on your pillows, Dream'd  
 ye ought o' our pair fel-lows, Darkling, as they faced the billows, A' to fill the wove-  
 vil-lows. Buy my cal-ler herriu, They're bou-tie fish and hale-son farin'; Buy  
 my caller herriu, New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler herrin? They're  
 no brought here without brave dar--ing; Buy my cal-ler her--rin, Ye little  
 ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin? Oh! ye may ca' them vul-  
 gar far--ing, Wives and mithers, maist despairing, Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 Bonnie fish and hale-son farm'.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
 Haul'd thro' wind and rain?  
 A' our lads at herrin' fishin',  
 Costly vampum, dinner dressin',  
 Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',  
 Fine folkes scora shoals o' blessin'.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 Ye may ca' them vulgar farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Haul'd thro' wind and rain.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 What they've cost ye're little carin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Aye the pair man's friend.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 What they've cost ye're little carin';  
 Siller canna pay  
 For the lives o' honest men.

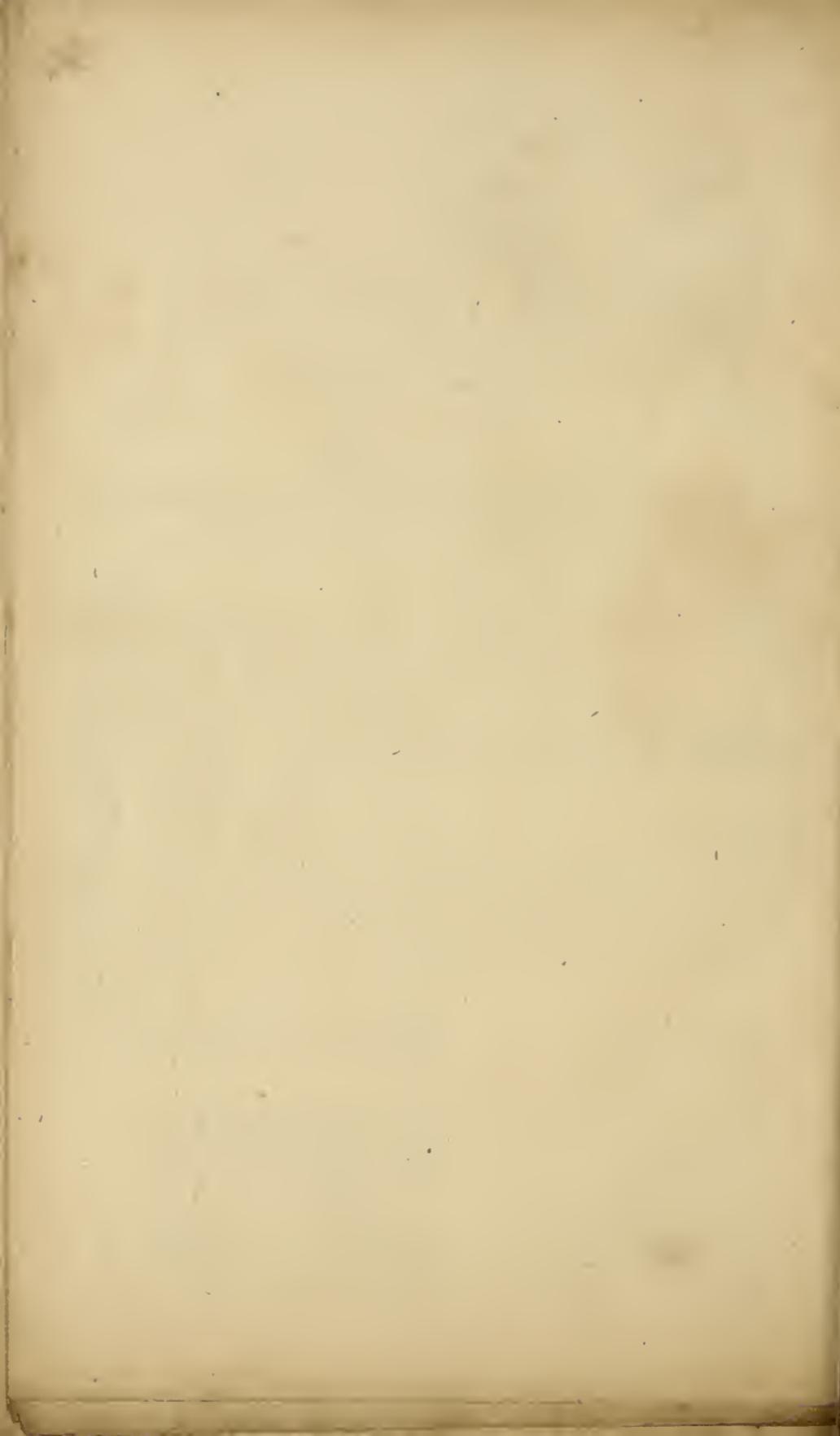
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,  
 Gather in their brow pelisses,  
 Cast their heads, and screw their faces.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll by caller herrin'? &c.  
 Caller herrin's no to lightlie,  
 Ye can trip the spring tu' tightlie,  
 Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
 Gow has set you a' a singin'.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.  
 Neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
 At a word aye be your dealing,  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's  
 failin'.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.  
 When the creel o' herrin' passes,





### WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

When I was an infant, mammy would say, I'd when  
 older Be a soldier, Rattles and toys I'd throw  
 them away, Unless a gun or a sabre. When a  
 yunker up I grew, Saw one day a grand review.  
 Colours flying, Set me dying, To embark in a life so  
 new, Roll drums merrily, march away, Soldiers  
 glory Lives in story, His laurels are green when  
 his locks are grey, Then hey for the life of a soldier.

Listed - to battle I marched along,  
 Courting danger,  
 Fear a stranger,  
 The cannon beat time to the trumpets song,  
 And made my heart a hero's.  
 Charge! the gallant leader cries,  
 On like lions then we fly,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 Foes knock under,  
 Then buza! for a victory!  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp?  
 Battle over,  
 Live in clover,

Care and his cronies are forced to tramp.  
 And all is social pleasure.  
 Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,  
 Time goes gaily on the wing,  
 Smiles of beauty,  
 Sweeten duty,  
 And each private is a king.  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

### BARROCHAN JEAN.

It's hinnie ye heard man, o' Barrochan Jean, As hinnie  
 ye heard man, o' Barrochan Jean? How death an' starvation  
 came o'er the hale nation, She wrought sic mischief wi' her  
 twa pawkie een? The lads an' the lasses were dyin'  
 in dizzens, The tane kill'd wi' love, an' the tither wi'  
 spleen - The plowing, the sowing, the shearing,  
 the mowing, A wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean.

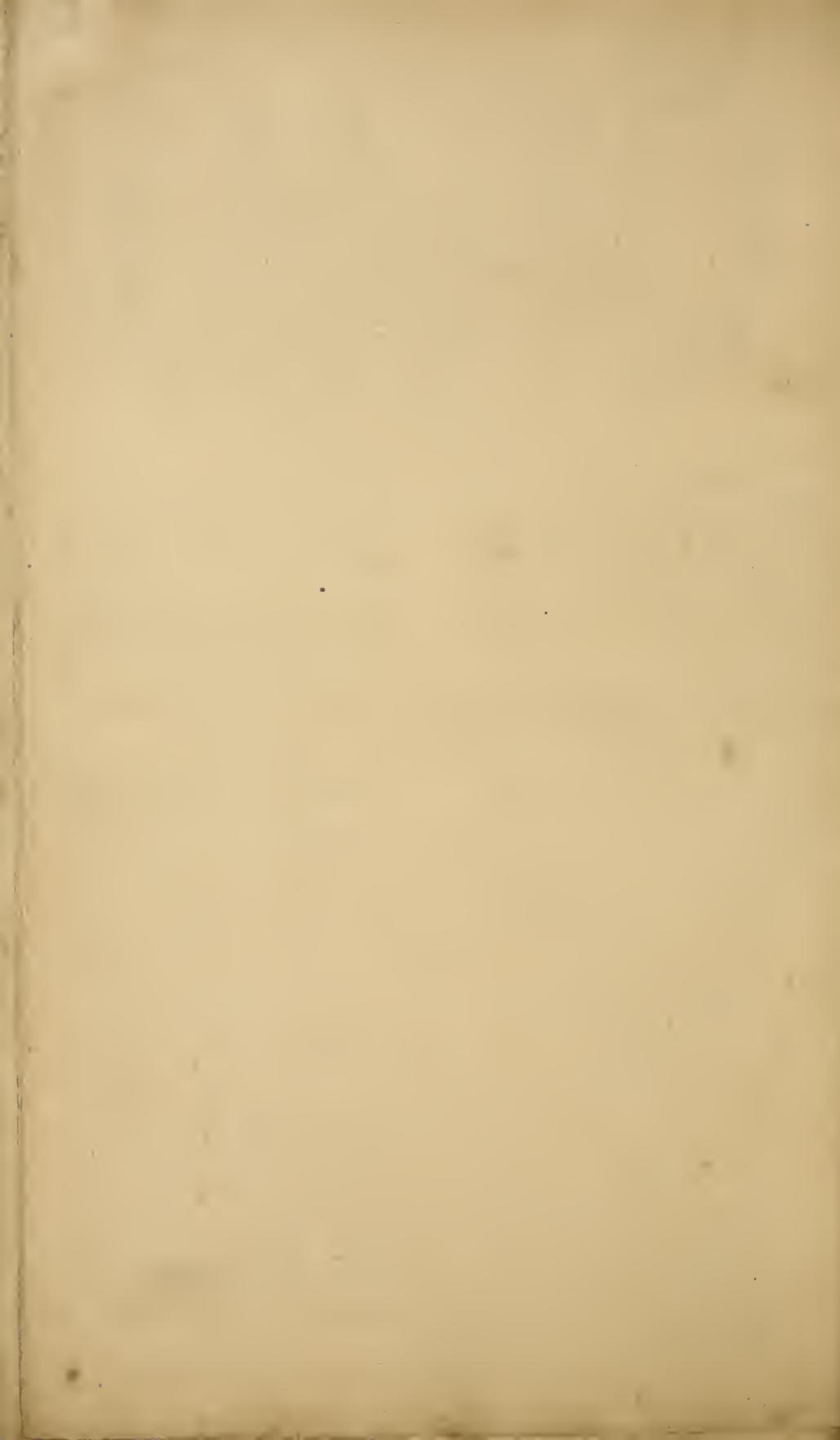
Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,  
 Sic coming and gangin' there never was seen;  
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were heavy,  
 Despairin' or hopin' for Barrochan Jean.  
 The curliens at hams were a' burning and graining,  
 The bairns were a' greetin' frae morning till e'en;  
 They gat naught for crowdie but ruats hold to sordie,  
 For naething got growin' for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describin';  
 The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin;  
 But they lookit sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,  
 I was sure they were dyin' for Barrochan Jean.  
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinkin',  
 Yer a' wadna sloken i' the drouth i' their skin;  
 A' around the peat-stacks, an' against the dyke-backs,  
 E'en the winds were a' sighin' sweet Barrochan Jean.

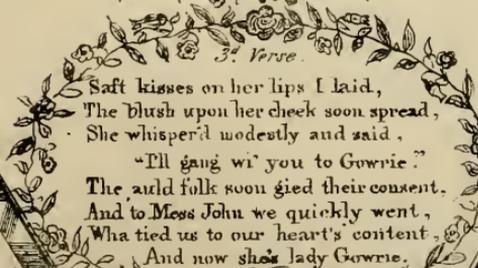
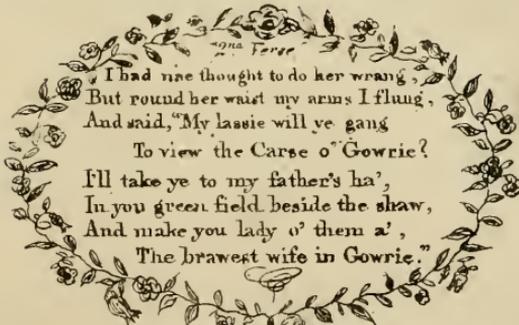
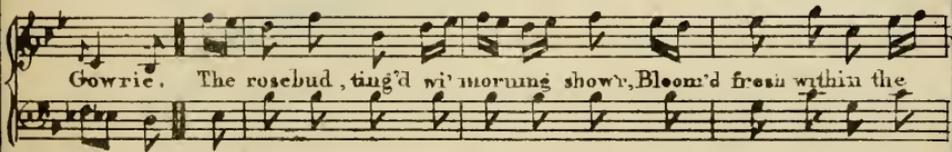
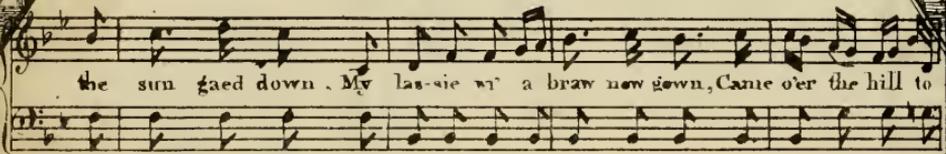
The timmer ran dune wi' the making o' coffins.  
 Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;  
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,  
 Sic thousands were dyin' for Barrochan Jean.  
 But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glenbrodie,  
 The grass o'er their grafs is now bonnie and green;  
 He staw the proud heart o' our wanton young lady,  
 And spoild a' the charms o' her twa pawkie een.

### HOT CROSS BUNS.

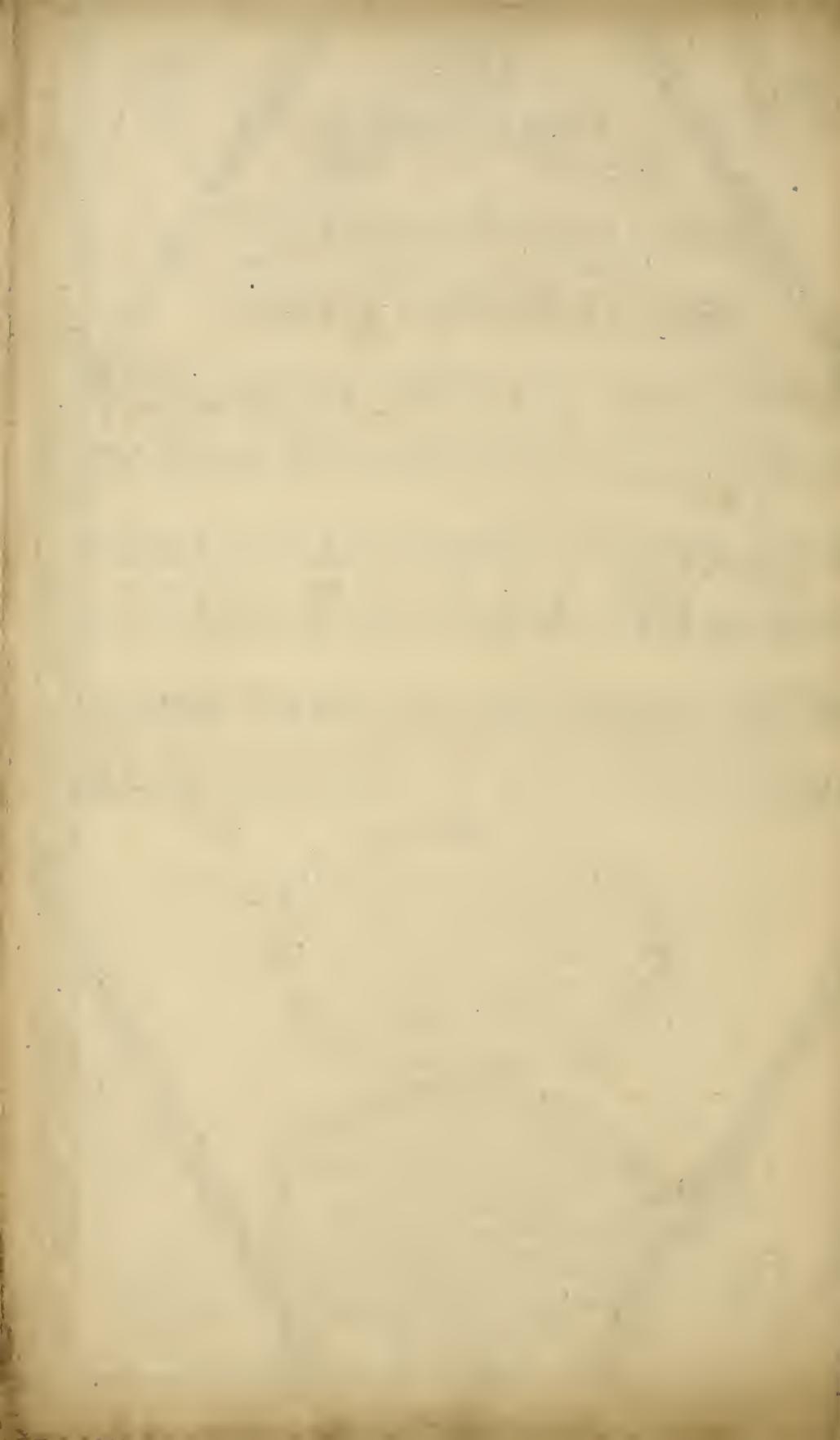
Hot cross buns, one a penny, buns, one a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns



# THE LASS O' GOWRIE



Price One Penny.





## WHAWADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie? Wha wadna draw the sword? Wha wadna up and rally, At their Royal Prince's word? Think on Scotia's ancient heroes, Think on foreign foes repell'd; Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

2

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors,  
Rouse ye heroes of the north:  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,  
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth,  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

3

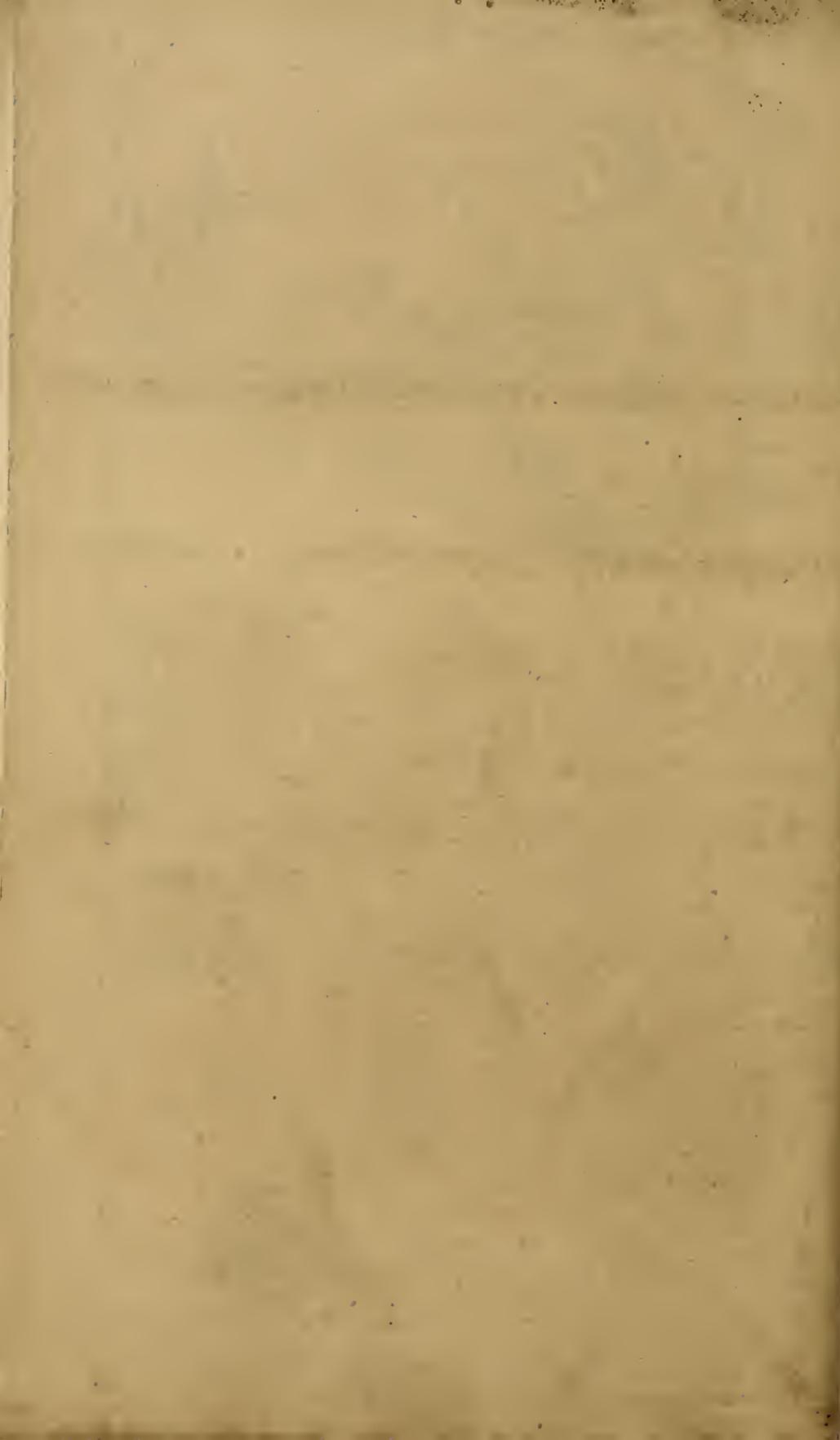
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day,  
Wha wadna fecht &c.

4

See the northern clans advancing,  
See Glengary and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broad sword's glancing,  
Highland hearts are true as steel!  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.

5

Now our prince has reared his banners,  
Now triumphant is our cause:  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,  
Let us strike for prince and laws,  
Wha wadna fecht, &c.



MY BARK DOST THOU LONG TO BE  
FREE.

A NAUTICAL SONG.

Words by

R. GILFILLAN.

MUSIC WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS

By

R. TEVENDALE.



LEITH.

Robert W. Hume.

Price

# O MY BARK, DOST THOU LONG TO BE FREE!

*Andante*

*p*

*Con*

*Espress.*

The first system of the score features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked *Andante*. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a rest, followed by the first line of lyrics.

O my Bark, dost thou long to be free! That thou chaf'st thus thy keel on the strand

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

Then a way! for I love to career it with thee. Far a way, far a way from the land. Far a

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

*ad lib.*

way, far a way from the land. Far a way, far a way from the land

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

We shall tra verse where nought meets the eye, save the green wave or

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

high flashing spray We shall traverse where nought meets the eye, save the

The sixth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with the lyrics.

green wave or high flashing spray, With no sound save the wild wheeling sea bird's

lone cry, Screaming welcome to us on our way, With no sound save the wild wheeling

*ritard* *ad lib*  
sea bird's lone cry, Screaming welcome to us on our way, Screaming welcome

*ritard*  
to us on our way

Let us haste, for the light breeze is near,  
 That shall waft us o'er yon summer sea  
 By the sun bright and clear, our wild course we shall steer  
 And the stars our night compass shall be;  
 Then away! my swift Bark, o'er the deep,  
 Bound along o'er the vast rolling main,  
 Like an eagle across the broad wave shall thou sweep,  
 And return to thine eyry again.

O! I dream'd in my night troubled sleep,  
 That our lorded ocean wandrings were o'er,  
 Unheeded I sank in the dark stormy deep,  
 And thou lay a frail wreck on the shore;-  
 But away with such visions as these!  
 When thy true helm I thus grasp again,  
 Thou art leaving behind thee thy track on the sea,  
 And our home is the far distant main,





