

SONGS.

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

AIR—*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*

GIVE the swains of Italia 'mong myrtles to rove,
Give the proud, sullen Spaniard his bright orange grove,
Give gold-sanded streams to the sons of Chili,
But O give the hills of the heather to me !

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens
Whose heads cleave the welkin, whose feet press the glens :
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

The hills whose wild echoes delight to prolong
The soul-stirring pibrochd, the stream's gushing song—
Storm-vexed and mist-mantled though often they be,
Still dear are the hills of the heather to me.

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens
That fondly look down on the clan-peopled glens :
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

Your carses may boast of their own fertile farms,
Yet give me the glens, shielding well in their arms
Blue lakes grandly glassing crag, cliff, tower and tree :
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Their deer-haunted corries, and hazelwood dens :
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

'Tis there 'neath the tartan beat hearts the most leal—
Hearts warm as the sunshine, yet firm as the steel ;
There only this heart can feel happy or free :
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Glad-leaving to England her flats and her fens ;
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

WHO LOVES NOT TO THINK OF GLEN-
FINNAN ?AIR—*Woed an' Married an' a'.*

Who loves not to think of Glenfinnan,
And chiefs such as no one now sees
Saluting young Charlie's bold standard
There freely unfurled to the breeze !
Well might he be proud of his place in
Their hearts all so loyal and leal ;
No foe to his rights would care facing,
That day, the dread flash of their steel.

CHORUS—Chieftains and clansmen and all
Yielding to loyalty's call :
What Scot does not feel his heart beating
With pride as he thinks of them all ?

Arrayed in the garb of the Gael,
In fancy, I see him still there—
The Prince so long loyally hoped for,
Glad-trusting his cause to their care ;
So worthy the throne of his fathers
He looked that, like Highlanders true,
"hey swear, his lost rights to recover,
'Together to die or to do !

CHORUS—Chieftains and clansmen all
Yielding to loyalty's call :
What Scot does not feel his heart beating
With pride as he thinks of them all ?

Woe's me for the mighty in battle—
 The heroes in honor so steeld!
 No "*Cothrom na Feinne*"* vain-seeking,
 They died where they never would yield;
 What man could well grudge to such true hearts
 Their still-swelling meed of renown?
 Alas that the sun of the Stuarts
 At such a dread cost should go down!

CHORUS.—Chieftains and clansmen and all
 Yielding to loyalty's call:
 What S. does not feel his heart beating
 With pain as he thinks of them all?

ELLIE BHÒIDHEACH.

AIR—"*Sud e mar chaidh 'n cal an dolaidh,*"
 OR, "*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

OF all the many scenes that be
 A memory aye sweet to me,
 My heart clings most to fair Carskey,
 The home of Ellie bhoidheach. †
 There first I felt love's pleasing pain;
 There told her smiles that not in vain
 I might aspire some day to gain
 The hand of Ellie bhoidheach.

Alas, that true love never may
 Be left to choose its own sweet way!
 If thus it were, my bride to day
 Might be sweet Ellie bhoidheach.

*The equal combat. † Beautiful; pronounced "voyach."

And knowing this, come weal or woe,
 I trow that, till in death laid low,
 This heart of mine will overflow
 With love for Ellie bhoidheach.

THE LASS OF LEVEN-SIDE.

AIR—"Mary's Dream."

In vain I see fair nature's face
 In all its springtide beauty rare ;
 In vain old woodland walks I trace
 In search of joys once mine to share ;—
 One face — one only — everywhere
 My vision haunts, my footsteps guide ;
 That witching face so heavenly fair
 Is thine, sweet lass of Levenside.

The swan on Lomond's breast serene
 Delights to please her wooer gay ;
 The linnet in yon leafy den
 Rejoicing lists her lover's lay ;
 Could Annie thus my love repay,
 Unheeding who might frown or chide,
 How would my life be one long May !
 How Eden-like fair Leven-side !

O that I were the happy herd
 Who of her father's kye takes care,
 And often a kind look or word
 Finds at the milking time from her,

And sees her when his evening fare
 She does with gentle grace provide !
 To woo her though I might not dare
 I still were blest on Leven-side.

THE BANKS OF LOCH-SHIN.

AIR—" *The Hills of Glenorchy.*"

THOUGH pleasant enough be our lakes of the west,
 And many the swains who live nigh them, love-blest,
 Yet often find I my fond heart ill at rest
 When I think of the far-away banks of Loch-shin.
 Well, well may those Banks ever dear be to me,
 Since of all Beauty's daughters the fairest is she
 Who with me changed hearts and love-promises free
 One bright summer night, on the Banks of Loch-shin.

Give lordlings to revel in royalty's rays,
 Give heroes their laurels the poet his bays,—
 'Tis little reck I of rank, riches or praise
 While blest with the love of the Lass of Loch-shin.
 Each hour seems a year, thus so far from her side ;
 Oh, for that glad time I can call her my bride,
 And, proud as if lord of all Sutherland wide,
 Live, loving and loved, on the Banks of Loch-shin !

JEANIE STUART.

AIR—"The Banks of the Devon."

OH, why so long absent, beloved Jennie Stuart,
 The home of thy childhood so far distant from ?
 Far friends may be kind, yet the darling that thou art
 Should surely forget not thy friends left at home.
 Return, then, sweet truant ! my soul longs to see thee,
 The bud always fair now a rose in full bloom ;
 From this weary heartache there's nothing can free me
 Till thou art returned once again to thy home.

Come, welcome as calm after storm on the ocean,
 Come, fair as the dawn after darkness and gloom ;
 Come, proving how vain was the fear that my chosen
 Could ever forget me,—oh, come, loved one, come !
 Come, proving how well may my joy and my pride be
 Our sweet gloaming love-trysts once more to resume ;
 Come, showing that death, only death, can divide thee
 Again from thy lover—then oh, hasten home !

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

AIR—"O' a' the Airts the Wind can blaw."

O'ER yonder ocean wide and wild
 When I am far away,
 Where never more thy voice, sweet child,
 My spirit sad may sway,
 This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,
 Forget though others may,
 That thou wilt sing my songs, sweet child,
 When I am far away.

Unknown to fortune's fickle smile
 Though oft the minstrel sings,
If but his lays are loved meanwhile,
 He'll laugh at crowns and kings.
And thus it is I comfort bring
 From out life's darkest day,
Since thou, sweet child, my songs will sing
 When I am far away.

BONNIE ISABEL.

GIVE fortune's favoured sons to roam
 However far they please from home,
And find their eventide delights
 'Mong Rhenish groves or Alpine heights,
But give to me, by Shira's flow—
 With none to see and none to know—
Love's tryst to keep, love's tale to tell,
And kiss my bonnie Isabel!

A rustic maiden though she be,
 'Twould puzzle all the graces three
To say where in her form or face
 They could have added to her grace.
To see her tripping through the grove,
 So fair, so full of life and love,
You'd think our glen some Elfland dell,
And Elfland's queen sweet Isabel.

Ye guardian spirits hovering near
 The cot where dwells this maiden dear,
 Beware the glances of her eyes—
 They'd make you to forget the skies !
 And then her lips—take care, take care !
 If once you'd taste the nectar there
 I fear you'd get as fond's mysel'
 Of kissing bonnie Isabel !

THE LASS WI' THE BRICHT GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—*“Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.”*

The pride of all the Dee-side is fair Jennie Stuart,
 How dearly I love her nae words can declare :
 The mair I see of her, the mair my fond true heart
 Is charmed by the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.
 Her smile is the dawn breaking o'er the horizon,
 Her voice is the lilt of the lark in the air ;
 Nae mortal can look on her face all-enticing
 And not love the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

I'll fa' them who say I've in vain set my mind on
 A lass of whose smile richer wooers despair !
 Sic fools naething ken of the love-light I find in
 Ilk look of the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.
 Oh, for that blest day this dear maid sae enchanting
 Is mine, and mine only—my life's darling care !
 This world would to me be a weary world, wanting
 The love of yon lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

GLENARA, I LOVE THEE.

AIR—" *Air failirinn, illirinn, uilirinn O.*"

GLENARA, I love thee, though not for thy share
 Of far-stretching woodlands or bahn-breathing air,
 Thy flower-spangled meadows or heather-clad bras ;
 Charms other than these now alone claim my praise.

I love thee—though not for the streamlets that run,
 Now hid in thy birch-woods, now kissed by the sun ;
 The notes of the song-birds no more charm my ear,
 Still less could the sportsman's rude work tempt me here.

O no—for unheeded the roe now skips by ;
 No trout from Carlunan to tempt do I try ;
 A magnet surpassing all these I find in
 The golden-haired lass in yon cot by the linn !

Yes, maiden beloved ! as a bee, that has found
 Some honey-bloom rare in his balm-seeking round,
 Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,
 So seek I love's food in thy tale-telling eyes.

Give poets their choice of Parnassian bays,
 Give wealth's pampered puppets the crowd's passing praise ;
 Away with such shadows ! yon green trysting tree
 And the smile of my Jessie, dear Jessie for me !

WINNA THE SILLER MAKE UP FOR
AN OLD MAN.

AIR—" *Bha mi air banais a'm Bail' Ionaraora..*"

MOTHER.

WINNA the siller make up for an old man !
Winna the siller make up for an old man !
'Twere silly against sic an offer to hold on ;
Lass ! let the siller make up for an old man.

The old man has gowd an' braid acres a plenty ;—
His house is weel stored wi' all things gude and dainty !—
Ye may live to repent in a comfortless, cold one,
Gin ye daftly refuse to be paired wi' the old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

DAUGHTER.

Oh, mither, just think how maist people wad jeer me—
Less wife than a nurse to a body sae eerie !
Gin I wed not for love I'll a maid ever hold on ;
Come weal, then, or wae, I will ne'er wed the old man !

Winna the siller, &c.

MOTHER.

Love looks very nice as a dream,—but be sure, lass,
It counts not for much when the wolf's at the door, lass ;
A girnel aft toom is nae look-out sæ golden
That a lassie like ye should refuse sic an old man.

Winna the siller, &c.

THE LASS OF GLENFYNE.

AIR—" *The Banks of the Devon.*"

OH, would that my home were some green summer shieling
 'Mid scenes far removed from all discord and din—
 Scenes dear to the roe, and where skylarks keep trilling
 Their songs from the day-dawn till gleaming sets in !
 There, living to love and be loved by the maiden
 I trysted yestre'en 'neath the moon's yellow shine,
 How would all around me seem charming as Eden,—
 So dear to my heart is you lass of Glenfyne !

All day with the flock, how delighted I'd roam there,
 No song-bird more tuneful, no man more care-free !
 How gladly at sundown my charge I'd bring home there,
 Where, ready to milk them, my Peggie I'd see !
 And when with a kiss she would welcome her lover,
 No mortal can guess what a bliss would be mine :
 Such life with a lassie perfection all over
 O who would not live 'mong the braes of Glenfyne !

THE BETRAYED ONE TO HER CHILD.

GAELIC AIR—" *O gu ma slan a chi mi mo chailinn dileas, donn.* "

OH, wae's me for thee, darling !
 And wae's me for the hour
 I trysted thy false faither,
 In yonder greenwood bower !
 Sae sweet the tale he tauld me,
 Sae warmly wooed he there,
 My trusting heart was soon deceived,
 My peace lost evermair !

He said my neck and bosom
 Were fair as winter's snow,
 And that the rose for redness
 Was naething to my mou ;
 He vowed he aye would lo'e me,
 Till death should us divide,
 And that as soon as e'er I pleased
 I'd be his wedded bride.

Oh sleep, now sleep, my dearie,
 Safe in thy lanely lair !
 Thy mither is too eerie
 This nick' to sing thee mair.
 Alas for the forsaken
 To the cold world's disdain !
 When comes God's hour of reckoning
 Alas the faithless then !

SWEET ANNIE OF GLENARA.

AIR—" *Katharine Ogie.*"

LET Tannahill in tender strain
 Sing her of Arrautenn' ,
 Let Ettrick's bard in witching vein
 Extol the fair Kilmeny ;
 The lassie who has won *my* heart
 Is quite as bright a fairy :
 You'd own it true, if you but knew
 Sweet Annie of Glenara !

Her brow is of the lily's hue,
Her lips a honey fountain ;
Her cheek is as when Dawn doth show
Her blushes o'er yon mountain :
As any roe that haunts our glen
Her step is light and airy ;
In grace and mien a very queen
Is Annie of Glenara.

Away with fashion's fickle set !
Give me the darling creature
All charming without knowing it,
All woman in her nature.
Small joy to me were any boon
Dame Fortune well could spare me,
Could I not with it call my own
Sweet Annie of Glenara.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AIR—"Gude Night an' Joy be wi' you a'."

THE shepherd boy was far away,—
His heart was dowie as the song
That often in the gloaming grey
To pity moved his comrades young :
They hinted of the coming May,
With all its wealth of bud and bloom,—
Yet aye the burden of his song
Was, This is no my native home !

" There's trout to wile frae yonder burn,
 Our fields are white wi' lambkins gay ;
 The blackbird on yon flow'ring thorn
 To love and song gives a' the day ;
 Nae glen in a' the land can be
 Mair fit than ours to chase thy gloom :"
 Yet aye the burden of his lay
 Was, This is no my native home !

" The cushat nestles in yon wood,
 The cuckoo, too, will soon be there ;
 Our muirlands teem wi' music good
 Frae clouds of laverocks in the air ;
 O'er hazel dell and berrie brae
 We'll a', betimes, delighted roam ;"
 Yet still the burden of his lay
 Was, This is no my native home !

BELLA.

YE'VE seen frae heaven's blue
 The star o' Gloamin' gleam—
 The rosebud wet wi' dew,
 The rowan by the stream ;
 But naething hae ye seen,
 And ne'er may see, I trow,
 Sae bright as Bella's een,
 Sae red as Bella's mou'.

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high
 On Cruachan's airy steep—
 The lake when zephyrs die,
 And sunbeams on it sleep ;

Yet naething hae ye seen,
 And ne'er may see, I trow,
 Sae fair as Bella's skin,
 Sae calm as Bella's brow!

MAGGIE STUART.

AIR—"O but ye're long a coming."

Oh but she's sweet and bonnie,
 Sweet and bonnie, blythe and bonnie!
 A heart-charmer quite uncannie
 Is young Maggie Stuart.

Ye who would see grace the rarest
 Joined to form and face the fairest—
 One to all perfection nearest—
 Look on Maggie Stuart!
 Oh, but she's sweet, &c.

Sweet her smile as May-morn gleaming,
 Bright her eye as starlet gleaming,
 Not one maiden charm worth naming
 Misses Maggie Stuart.
 O, but she's sweet, etc.

Thinking of her, late and early,
 Wiser thoughts are mine but sparely;
 All the lads around are fairly
 Daft for Maggie Stuart!
 O, but she's sweet, etc.

Would that some kind star would move her
 To make me her chosen lover,
 Nothing then save death could sever
 Me from Maggie Stuart !
 O, but she's sweet, &c.

INVERAE'S WOOING.

(Written to the Gaelic air of "*A Mhorag, an dean thu tighinn.*")

Thus a Highland wooer
 Pleaded with a Lowland lassie,
 As he fond'y drew her
 'Neath his plaid, one gloaming gray :—
 " Annie, gin ye love me,
 Do, I pray thee,
 Cease to Nay me ;
 Now or never I must hae thee
 Off to bonnie Inverae."

Answered she, " Na, I canna ;—
 Weel tho' I'd like to gae,
 Faither and mither winna
 Let me gang to Inverae."

" Sweet along the glen, there,
 Sounds the herd-boy's morning carol ;
 Sweeter still at e'en, there,
 Lilts the lass her milking lay ;

Nor less like to charm thee
Songs of thrushes
'Mong the bushes
Bending o'er each burn that rushes,
Flowret-fringed, through Inverae."

Still it was, " Na, I canna ;—
Weel tho' I'd like to gae,
Faither and mother winna
Let me gang to Inverae."

" Ne'er was such a welcome
As my bonnie bride shall win there ;
Hundreds proudly shall come
To our bridal banquet gay :
Bards shall sound thy praises—
Gladly granting,
'Mid their vaunting,
Ne'er was bride so all-enchanting !
Haste we, then, to Inverae."

Still, though 'twas, " Na, I canna,
Weel though I'd like to gae,"
Long ere they parted, Annie
Said she'd gang to Inverae !