

SONGS:

FROM THOMSON'S COLLECTION.

[ORIGINAL AND SECOND EDITIONS COLLATED.]

Wandering Willie.

Air.—"Here awa, there awa."

I.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie;
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame:
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

II.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

III.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

IV.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it;
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

Braw Lads on Yarrow Braes.

Air.—"Galla Water."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

IV.

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

There's Auld Rob Morris.

Air.—"Auld Rob Morris."

I.

[THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gudedefellows, and wale of auld men;]
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

Open the Door to Me, Oh!

Air.—"Oh, Open the Door."

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh!

When Wild War's Deadly Blast.

Air.—"The Mill, Mill, O."

I.

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

II.

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



SOLDIER'S RETURN

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

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

VIII.

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

○ Stay, Sweet Warbling Wood-Lark.

Air.—"Loch Erroch Side."

I.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay!
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that would touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdain.

II.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.
 Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief and dark despair:
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

Here is the Glen.

Air.—"Banks of Cree;" or "Flowers of Edinburgh."

I.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade;
 The village-bell has told the hour—
 O what can stay my lovely maid?
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

II.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little, faithful mate to cheer;
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.
 And art thou come? and art thou true?
 O welcome dear to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

How Lang and Dreary is the Night.

Air.—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

[SECOND SET: ORIGINAL SET IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.]

I.

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

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

II.

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

III.

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

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

Sweet Fa's the Eve on Craigie-burn.

Air.—"Craigieburn Wood."

[SECOND SET: ORIGINAL SET IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.]

I.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow;
 But a' the pride of spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

II.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O Saw ye Bonie Lesley?

Air.—"The Collier's Bonie Lassie."

I.

O SAW ye bonie Lesley,
 As she gaed o'er the Border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.
 To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And never made anither!

II.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts of men adore thee.
 The Deil he cou'dna scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee!
 He'd look into thy bonie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

III.

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee:
 Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie;
 That we may brag we hae a lass,
 There's nane again sae bonie.



O Mirk, Mirk is this Midnight Hour.

Air.—"Lord Gregory."

I.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempests roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!
 An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it mayna be.

II.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonie Irwin-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied?
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for ay be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

III.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast:
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest!
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare and pardon my false love,
 His wrongs to heaven and me!

True-hearted was He.

Air.—"Bonnie Dundee."

I.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain of the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.

To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

II.

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

—

Duncan Gray Cam Here to Woo.

Air.—"Duncan Gray."

I.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
On new-year's night, when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

II.

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

III.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae—to France, for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

IV.

How it comes, let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick, as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And oh! her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

V.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan cou'dna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

—

Let not Woman e'er Complain.

Air.—"Duncan Gray."

I.

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange
Man should then a monster prove?

II.

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise;
Round and round the seasons go:

Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

—
—
O Poortith Cauld.

Air.—"I had a Horse."

I.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na' for my Jeanie.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

II.

This warld's wealth when I think on,
It's pride, and a' the lave o't:
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!

III.

Her een sae bonie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.

IV.

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

V.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie:
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.

O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

Last May a Braw Wooer.

Air.—"The Lothian Lassie."

[SECOND SET: ORIGINAL SET IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.]

I.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men:
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock;
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

VI.

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

VII.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing;
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchl't feet:
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',
 But, heavens! how he fell a-swearin'.

VIII.

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

—

O, Wat ye Wha's in Don Town?

Air.—"I'll ay ca' in by yon town."

[SECOND SET: ORIGINAL SET IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.]

I.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.
 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.

II.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I would tent and shelter there.

III.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear!
 For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
 And she—as fairest is her form!
 She has the truest, kindest heart!

—

This is No My Ain Lassie.

Air.—"This is no my ain house."

—

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

II.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

III.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

IV.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

Blythe hae I been on Don Hill.

Air.—"The Quaker's Wife."

I.

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

II.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!

If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.



Husband, Husband.

Air.—"My Jo Janet."

I.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir!
 "One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy?"

II.

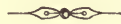
If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so, good-bye, allegiance!
 "Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy."

III.

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it!
 "I will hope and trust in heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy,
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy."

IV.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.
 "I'll wed another like my dear,
 Nancy, Nancy;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy."



Contented wi' Little.

Air.—"Lumps o' Pudding."

[COLLATED WITH CURRIE'S EDITION.]

I.

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.
 I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

II.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night of guid fellowship sowthers it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
 Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"



Adown Winding Nith.

Air.—"Muckin o' Geordie's Byre."



I.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

II.

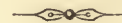
The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
 For she is simplicity's child.
 The rose-bud's the blush of my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.

III.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop of diamond, her eye.
 Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountain,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

IV.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind of my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.



O Wha is She that Lo'es Me?

Air.—"Morag."

[COLLATED WITH CURRIE'S EDITION.]

I.

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping!

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

II.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

III.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention's plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her, by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

IV.

If thou hast met this fair one;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted:
 O that's the lassie, &c.



Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?

Air.—"Auld Lang Syne."

[FINAL EDITION.]

I.

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

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

II.

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

III.

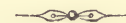
We twa hae paidlet in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

IV.

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

V.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.



Now Rosy May comes in wi' Flowers.

Air.—"Dainty Davie."

[VARIATION OF 'THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.']

I.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.
The chrystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

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

II.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

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

It was the Charming Month of May.

Air.—"Dainty Davie."

I.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
The youthful charming Chloe,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe;
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

II.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree;
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe;
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

Canst Thou Leave Me Thus?

Air.—"Roy's Wife."

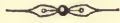
I.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus, for pity?
Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

II.

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

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



Bruce to his Men at Bannockburn.

Air.—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

[AUTHOR'S OWN VERSION.]

I.

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

II.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
Chains and slaverie!

III.

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

IV.

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

V.

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

VI.

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

Bannockburn.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

Air.—"Lewie Gordon."

[VERSION BY THOMSON'S REQUEST.]

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

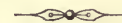
Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Caledonian, on wi' me!

V.

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

VI.

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



Here's a Health to ane I lo'e dear.

Air.—"Here's a health to them that's awa."

I.

HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
 Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

II.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
 I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock't in thy arms—Jessy!

III.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
 I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree?—Jessy!

By Allan Stream.

Air.—"Allan Water."

I.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;
 The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:

I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang—
 "O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie!"

II.

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

III.

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

The Banks, and Braes, and Streams around.

Air.—"Katherine Ogie."

I.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

II.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!



J. O. Brown.

Eng. by J. Bower.

HIGHLAND MARY'S THORN.

BANKS OF AYR

The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

III.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!—
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

IV.

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



Thou hast Left Me ever, Tam.

Air.—"The Lammie."

I.

THOU hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever,
Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever:
Often hast thou vowed that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou's left thy lass for ay—I must see thee
never!

II.

Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken;
Thou canst love another maid
While my heart is breaking!
Soon my weary eyes will close, never more to waken!

How Spring has Clad the Grove
in Green.

Air.—"The Hopeless Lover."

I.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

II.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

III.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the with'ring blast
My youth and joy consume.

IV.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reck't I sorrow's power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

V.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair!"
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save Despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

Had I a Cave.

Air.—"Robin Adair."

I.

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

II.

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

Come, let me take thee.

Air.—"Ally Croaker;" also "Cauld Kail."

I.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur:

And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her:
 I ask for dearest life alone,
 That I may live to love her.

II.

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

O Whistle, and I'll come to You.

Air.—"O Whistle, and I'll come to you."

[SECOND SET: FIRST SET IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM.]

I.

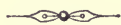
O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad.
 But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile and let naebody see,
 And come, as ye were na comin to me;
 And come, as ye were na comin to me.

II.

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

III.

Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me;
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad.



Their Groves of Sweet Myrtle.

Air.—"Humours of Glen."

I.

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

II.

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



Farewell, Dear Mistress.

Irish Air.

[ALTERED EDITION OF 'CLARINDA.']

I.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun!
 To what dark cave of frozen night,
 Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie?
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

II.

We part—but by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes!
 No other light shall guide my steps,
 Till thy bright beams arise.
 She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my happy glorious day;
 And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray.



The Chebalier's Lament.

Air.—"Captain O'Kean."

I.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale;
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale:
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

II.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 A king and a father to place on his throne!
 His right are these hills, and his right are these
 valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find
 none!
 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
 My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot-blooded trial—
 Alas! can I make it no better return!

—

My Nanie's Awa.

Air.—"There'll never be peace."

—

I.

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

II.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
 They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa!

III.

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

IV.

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

—

Awa wi' your Witchcraft!

Air.—"Ballinamona Ora."

—

I.

AWA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
 O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

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

II.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.

III.

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

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

—

Where are the Joys I have met?

Air.—"Saw ye my Father?"

—

I.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 At evening the wild woods among?



Sketch by Editor.

J. Bower, Sculp.

BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

II.

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care!

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal;
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



The Lass o' Ballochmyle.

Air.—"Johny's Grey Broeks."

I.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

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

III.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
 But Woman, nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

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

V.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine:
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



Thou hast Left Me ever, Jamie.

Air.—"Fee him, Father."—*Slow.*

[VARIATION OF 'THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, TAM.'
COLLATED WITH CURRIE'S EDITION.]

I.

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

II.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken!

Long, Long the Night.

Air.—"Ay Waking, O!"

I.

LONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Can I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

II.

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.

III.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

O Bonie was Yon Rosy Brier.

Air.—"The wee, wee man."

I.

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt-o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure, among the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

II.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
Amid life's thorny path o' care.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,—
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

O Logan, Sweetly didst Thou Glide.

Air.—"Logan Water."

I.

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

II.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Blythe Morning lifts his rosy eye,
And Ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

III.

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

IV.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in 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!

Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks.

Air.—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

I.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,
And a' is sweet and young like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou't be my dearie O?

II.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
And when the welcome simmer-show'r
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

III.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.

IV.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasp'd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Fairest Maid on Devon Banks.

Air.—"Rothiemurchie's Rant."

I.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Full well thou knows't I love thee dear!
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear!
O did not love exclaim "Forbear!
Nor use a faithful lover so?"

II.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?
Then come, thou fairest of the fair!
Those wonted smiles, O let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know!

There was a Lass, and She was Fair.

Air.—"Willie was a wanton wag."

I.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

II.

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

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

III.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He dane'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
As in the bosom of the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonie Jean.

IV.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e;
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

V.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

VI.

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

Behold the Hour, the Boat Arrive.*Air.*—"Oran-gaoil."

I.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part!
 I'll often greet this surging swell;
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 "E'en here I took the last farewell;
 There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

II.

Along the solitary shore,
 While fitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me?

O Lassie, art Thou Sleeping yet?*Air.*—"Let me in this ae night."

I.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake, this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo!

II.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

III.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake, this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo!

O tell na Me o' Wind and Rain.

[HER ANSWER.]

I.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' could disdain!
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo!

II.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

III.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The wierd may be her ain, jo.

IV.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo!

Sleep'st Thou, or Wak'st Thou?

Air.—"Deil tak the Wars."

[CURRIE'S EDITION.]

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

II.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'er cast my sullen sky;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart,
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.



Sleep'st Thou, or Wak'st Thou?

Air.—"Deil tak the Wars."

[THOMSON'S EDITION.]

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ev'ry bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears of joy.
 Now to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain,
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton
 stray;
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnet pours;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

II.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When frae my Jeany parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er-
 cast my sky:
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then—'tis then I wake to life and joy!



Forlorn, my Love, no Comfort Near.

Air.—"Let me in this ae night."

[COLLATED WITH CURRIE'S EDITION.]

I.

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

II.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

III.

[Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart;—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.]

IV.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Henry shine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!



Mark yonder Pomp of Costly Fashion.

Air.—"Deil tak the Wars."

I.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are their showy treasures?
What are their noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

II.

But, did you see my dearest Phillis
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day.
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Av'rice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.

O Phely, Happy be that Day.

Jacobite Air.

HE.

O PHELY, happy be that day,
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthful heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Phely.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above,
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year,
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,
As is a sight o' Phely.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight, is poor,
Upon the lips o' Phely.

SHE.

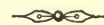
The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Phely.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.



How can my Poor Heart be Glad?

Air.—"O'er the hills and far awa."

I.

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

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

II.

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

III.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air;
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

IV.

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

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

—

A Man's a Man, for a' That.

Air.—"Up and waur them a' Willy."

I.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that!
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

II.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that!

III.

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

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

IV.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will, for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the green, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin yet for a' that;
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that!

—

When o'er the Hill the Eastern Star.

Air.—"The Lea-Rig."

I.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
 Return sae dowf and weary, O!
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O!

II.

At midnight hour, in mirkest glen,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O:
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O!
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O!

III.

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



O were my Love yon Lilac Fair.

Air.—"Oran-gaoil."

I.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing!
 How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When merry May its bloom renewed.

II.

[O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa';
 And I mysel a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonie breast to fa'!
 Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night:
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa by Phœbus' light.]

