

THE

CALEDONIAN

K

*Tea-Table Miscellany.*

CHOICE SONGS.



EDINBURGH :

PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD, NETHERBOW.

.....

1808.

---

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
As fond kiss, and then we sever, . . .	6
An' O for ane-an'-twenty, Tam, . . .	7
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . . .	19
Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,	41
Adieu! a heart-warm fond adieu, . . .	42
A rose-bud by my early walk, . . .	62
As I stood by yon roofless tower, . . .	71
Ance mair I hail thee, . . .	89
Awa wi' your witchcraft of beauty's alarms,	147
Again rejoicing Nature sees, . . .	149
A Highland lad my love was born, . . .	183
Adown winding Nith I did wander, . . .	199
Bonny wee thing, canny we thing, . . .	8
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows, . . .	59
Blythe, blythe and merry was she, . . .	63
Bonny lassie, will ye go, . . .	64
But lately seen in gladsome green, . . .	73
Blythe hae I been on yon hill, . . .	120

	PAGE
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, . . .	125
Behold the hour, the boat arrive, . . .	130
By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove, . . .	178
By yon castle wa', at the close of the day, . . .	198
Clarinda, mistress of my soul, . . .	65
Could aught of song declare my pains, . . .	72
Comin thro' the rye, poor body, . . .	90
Cauld is the e'ening blast, . . .	107
Contrated wi' little, and canty wi' mair, . . .	121
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, . . .	139
Come let me take thee to my breast, . . .	167
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy, . . .	170
Does haughty Gaul invasion threat, . . .	43
Duncan Gray cam here to woo, . . .	126
Deluded swain, the pleasure, . . .	180
From thee, Eliza, I must go, . . .	19
Farewel, ye dungeons dark and strong, . . .	66
Flow gently, sweet Afton, . . .	80
Fairest maid on Devon Banks, . . .	122
Farewel, thou fair day, thou green earth, . . .	132
Farewel thou stream that winding flows, . . .	162
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, . . .	189
Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, . . .	206
Gane is the day, and mirk's the night, . . .	11
Gude'en to you kimmer, . . .	87

vii

	PAGE
How pleasant the banks, . . . . .	67
Had I the wyte, . . . . .	91
Here's to thy health, . . . . .	92
Here is the glen, and here the bower, . . . . .	131
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, . . . . .	141
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie, . . . . .	151
How lang and dreary is the night, . . . . .	153
Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, . . . . .	166
Husband, husband, cease your strife, . . . . .	191
How can my poor heart be glad, . . . . .	192
How cruel are the parents, . . . . .	196
I ha'e a wife o' my ain, . . . . .	9
In simmer, when the hay was mawn, . . . . .	10
It was upon a Lammas night, . . . . .	17
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . . . . .	23
Is there for honest poverty, . . . . .	116
It was the charming month of May, . . . . .	171
I am a bard of no regard, . . . . .	186
I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth, . . . . .	216
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . . . . .	86
John Anderson my jo, John, . . . . .	209
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose, . . . . .	213
Louis, what reck I by thee, . . . . .	22
Loud blaw the frosty breezes, . . . . .	68
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, . . . . .	154

## viii

	PAGE
Long, long the night, . . . .	179
Let not woman e'er complain, . . . .	182
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, . . . .	184
My heart is sair, I darena tell, . . . .	21
My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie, . . . .	24
Musing on the roaring ocean, . . . .	69
My lady's gown there gairs upon't, . . . .	47
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, . . . .	56
Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, . . . .	168
My bonny lass, I work in brass, . . . .	185
My Chloris, mark how green the groves, . . . .	200
Now westlin winds, and slaughterin guns, . . . .	79
Now nature hangs her mantle green, . . . .	93
No churchman am I, . . . .	108
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, . . . .	169
Now rosy morn comes in wi' flow'rs, . . . .	172
Now spring has clad the grove in green, . . . .	204
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, . . . .	212
O lovely Polly Stewart, . . . .	13
O leeze me on my spinning wheel, . . . .	16
O will thou go wi' me, . . . .	25
O'were I on Parnassus hill, . . . .	26
O cam ye here the fight to shun, . . . .	27
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . . . .	29
On a bank of flowers in a summer day, . . . .	30
O ken ye what Meg, . . . .	46

	PAGE
Once I lov'd a bonny lass,	49
Lay thy loof in mine, lass,	50
Steer her up, and had her gaun,	57
Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,	70
Tibbie! I hae seen the day,	74
May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet	76
Meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	78
That I had ne'er been married,	81
Gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,	82
Leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,	84
Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,	85
Ay my wife she dang me,	88
Sad and heavy should I part,	96
Wat ye wha's in yon town,	98
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	113
Lassie art thou sleeping yet,	123
Tell na me of wind and rain,	124
My love's like a red, red rose,	127
Poortith cauld, and restless love,	128
Bonny was yon rosy brier,	129
Love will venture in,	133
Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,	136
Oh open the door, some pity to shew,	142
Gin my love were yon red rose,	143
Stay, sweet warbling wood-lark stay,	150
Saw ye bonny Lesley,	155
Mary, at thy window be,	156
Wha is she that loes me,	163
This is no my ain lassie,	164

	PAGE
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . . .	165
O ken ye wha Meg o' the Mill has gotten,	190
O Philly, happy be that day, . . .	194
O saw ye my dear, my Phely, . . .	204
Raving winds around her blowing, . . .	40
Robin shure in hairst, . . . . .	45
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, . . . . .	5
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me, . . .	39
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, . . .	51
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, . . .	99
Sae flaxen were her ringlets, . . . . .	100
She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	102
Sweet closes the evening, . . . . .	103
Sweetest May, let love inspire thee, . . .	107
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, . . .	115
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, dearest creature,	140
She is a winsome wee thing, . . . . .	145
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, . . .	152
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou, . . . . .	181
See the smoking bowl before us, . . . . .	187
Streams that glide in orient plains, . . .	197
Sensibility, how charming, . . . . .	215
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, . . . . .	12
The Catrine woods were yellow seen, . . .	15
There was a bonny lass, . . . . .	22
The lazy mist hangs, . . . . .	31

	PAGE
The gloomy night is gathering fast, . . .	32
Tho' womens minds, like winter winds, . . .	33
There's nought but care on ev'ry hand, . . .	37
There's news, lasses, news, . . .	52
The deil cam fiddling through the town, . . .	55
Thou ling'ring star, . . .	58
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . . .	60
Thickest night surround my dwelling, . . .	61
The smiling spring comes in rejoicing, . . .	104
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, . . .	105
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, . . .	109
The lovely lass o' Inverness, . . .	110
There liv'd a carl in Kelly-burn braes, . . .	111
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, . . .	118
True-hearted was he, the sad swain, . . .	157
There was a lass, and she was fair, . . .	158
Thou sweetest minstrel of the grove, . . .	160
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, . . .	161
Thine am I, my faithful fair, . . .	163
'Twas na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin, . . .	170
Their groves o' sweet myrtles, . . .	173
'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green, . . .	174
The small birds rejoice in the green leaves, . . .	175
The day returns, my bosom burns, . . .	207
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, . . .	208
There once was a day, but old Time, . . .	210
Wha is that at my bower door, . . .	20
When Januar' winds were blawing cauld, . . .	35

	PAGE
Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet, . . .	48
When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, . . .	53
Where braving angry winter's storms, . . .	77
Wilt thou be my dearie, . . . . .	97
What can a young lassie, . . . . .	106
Willie Waste dwalt on Tweed, . . . . .	134
Where Cart rins rowin to the sea, . . . . .	135
While larks with little wing, . . . . .	144
Where are the joys I have met, . . . . .	146
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, . . . . .	148
When o'er the hill the eastern star, . . . . .	176
Why, why tell the lover, . . . . .	177
When Guilford good our palet stood, . . . . .	201
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine, . . . . .	14
Young Peggie blooms our bonniest lass, . . . . .	38
Ye banks and braes, and streams around, . . . . .	119
Ye banks and braes of bonny Doun, . . . . .	137

---

---

# SCOTS SONGS.



## *Bruce's Address to his Army.*

Tune—Hey tutti tatti.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled !  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !  
Now's the day, and now's the hour !  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Traitor, coward, turn and flee !  
Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Caledonian, on wi' me ?

By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free.  
 Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry blow !  
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow !  
 Forward ! let us do, or die !



### *Ae fond Kiss.*

Time—Rory Dall's Port.

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

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

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

*O for ane-and-twenty, Tam.*

Tune—The Moudicwort.

An' O for ane-an'-twenty, Tam !  
 An' hey, sweet ane-an'-twenty, Tam !  
 I'll learn my friends a rattling sang,  
 An I saw ane-an'-twenty, Tam.  
 They snool me sair, an' haud me down,  
 An' gar me look quite bluntie, Tam,  
 But three short years will soon wheel round',  
 An' then comes ane-an'-twenty, Tam.  
 An' O, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;  
 At kith or kin I needna spier,  
 An I saw ane-an'-twenty, Tam.  
 An' O, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam ;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane-an'-twenty, Tam.  
 An' O, &c.

*The bonny wee Thing.*

BONNY wee thing, canny wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.  
 Wishfully I look and languish  
 In that bonny face o' thine ;  
 An' my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

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

*I hae a Wife o' my ain.*

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody ;  
 I hae a penny to spend,  
 There, thanks to naebody ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naebody ;  
 I hae a gude braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody  
 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody ;  
 Naebody cares for me,  
 I care for naebody.



### *Country Lassie.*

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel',  
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will ;  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkl'd eild,  
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

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

For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen  
 I dinna care a single fie ;  
 He looes sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me :  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 And weel I wat he looes me dear ;  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie 'Glen an' a' his gear.

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

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



### *Gudewife count the Lawin.*

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,  
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
 And blude-red wine's the risin' sun.  
 Then gudewife count the lawin,  
 The lawin, the lawin,  
 Then gudewife count the lawin,  
 And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen ;  
 But here we're a' in æ accord,  
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.  
 Then gudewife count, &c.

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



## *Fair Eliza.*

Gaelic Air.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza !  
 Ae kind blink before we part !  
 Rue on thy despairing lover ;  
 Canst thou break his faithful heart ?  
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza !  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid ! hae I offended ?  
 The offence is loving thee :  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,  
 Wha for thine wad gladly die ?

O, while the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sunny noon;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the simmer moon;  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens in his ee,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.



### *Polly Stewart.*

Tune—Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart,  
 O charming Polly Stewart,  
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,  
 That's half so fair as thou art.  
 The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,  
 And art can ne'er renew it;  
 But worth and truth eternal youth  
 Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,  
 Possess a leal and true heart;  
 To him be given to ken the heaven  
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!  
 O lovely, &c.

*Anna.*

Tune—Banks o' Banna.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na;  
 Yestreen lay on this' breast o' mine  
 The raven locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew, in wilderness  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Was naething to my honey bliss  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah,  
 Gie me within my straining grasp  
 The melting form of Anna.

Then I'll despise imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana;  
 While dying raptures, in her arms,  
 I give and take with Anna.

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!  
 Awa, thou pale Diana!  
 Elk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
 When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come in thy raven-plumage, Night!  
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdraw a'!  
 And bring an angel-pen to write  
 My transports wi' my Anna.

*The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,  
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;  
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,  
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.  
 'Thro' faded groves Maria sang,  
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the white,  
 An' ay the wild-wood echoes rang,  
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wint'ry beds, ye flowers;  
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;  
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,  
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.  
 Nae joys, alas! for me are here,  
 Nae pleasure find I in this soil:  
 Until Maria 'gain appear,  
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

*Bess and her Spinning-wheel.*

Tune—Stirling Vale.

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,  
 O leeze me on my rock and reel ;  
 Frae tap to tae that clads me bien,  
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.  
 I'll set me down, and sing and spin,  
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—  
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
 And meet below my theekit cot,  
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,  
 Across the pool their arms unite,  
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
 And little fishes cawler rest !  
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel'  
 Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
 Delighted, rival ither's lays ;  
 The craik amang the claver hay,  
 The pairrick whirring o'er the ley,  
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,  
 Amuse at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
 Aboon distress, below envy,  
 O wha wad leave this humble state,  
 For a' the pride o' a' the great?  
 Amid their flairing, idle toys,  
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

◆

### *The Rigs o' Barley.*

Tune—Corn Rigs are bonny.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonny,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light  
 I hied awa to Annie:  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 'Till 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me through the barley.  
 Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonny:  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night  
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly;  
 I set her down, wi' right gude will,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley:

I kent her heart was a' my ain ;  
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
 I kiss'd her o'er an' o'er again  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;  
 Her heart was beating rarely :  
 My blessings on that happy place,  
 Among the rigs o' barley !  
 But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly !  
 She ay shall bless that happy night  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ,  
 I hae been merry drinking ;  
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;  
 I hae been happy thinking :  
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 Corn rigs, &c.


  
*Anna.*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,  
 An' waste my soul with care ;  
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,  
 When fated to despair !  
 Yet in thy presence, lovely fair !  
 To hope may be forgiven ;  
 For sure, 'twere impious to despair  
 So much in sight of heaven.


  
*Eliza.*

Tune—Donald.

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

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



*Findlay.*

Tune—Lass, if I come near you.

WHA is that at my bower door ?  
 O wha is it but Findlay ?  
 Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here,  
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.  
 What mak ye, sae like a thief ?  
 O come an' see, quo' Findlay ;  
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief,  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise an' let you in,  
 Let me in, quo' Findlay ;  
 Ye'll keep me wakin wi' your din,  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
 In my bower if ye should stay,  
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;  
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day,  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,  
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay;  
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again,  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.  
 What may pass within this bower,  
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;  
 Ye maun conceal till your latest hour,  
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.



*Somebody.*

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

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

*Louis, what reck I by thee?*

Louis, what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean?  
 Dyvor, beggar louns to me,  
 I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me,  
 Kings and nations, swith, awa!  
 Reif randies, I disown ye!

*There was a bonny Lass.*

THERE was a bonny lass, and a bonny, bonny lass,  
 And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear;  
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,  
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.  
 Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,  
 He still was a stranger to fear;  
 And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,  
 But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

◆

*The blue-eyed Lassie.*

Tune—Blue-eyed Lassie.

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

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



## *Tam Glen.*

Tune—Mucking of Geordie's byre.

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len',  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?  
 To anger, &c.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a brow fellow,  
 In poortith I might make a fen:  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?  
 What care, &c.

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

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

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?  
 But, if, &c.

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

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

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



### *Tibbie Dunbar.*

Tune—Johnny M'Gill.

O WILL thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ;  
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ;  
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,  
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar.  
 I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,  
 I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly :  
 But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,  
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

*O were I on Parnassus Hill.*

Tune—My love is lost to me.

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,  
 Or had o' Helicon my fill,  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
 To sing how dear I love thee.  
 But Nith maun be my Muses weil,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sell;  
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,  
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay:  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,  
 How much, how dear, I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
 By heaven and earth I love thee.

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;  
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,  
 I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run;  
 Till then—and then I love thee.

*The Battle of Sherra-moor.*

Tune—Cameronian Rant.

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man,  
 Or was ye at the Sherra-muir,  
 Or did the battle see, man?  
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,  
 And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,  
 My heart for fear gae sough for sough,  
 T'o hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
 O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,  
 To meet them were na slaw, man:  
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,  
 And mony a bouk did fa', man:  
 The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glanced twenty miles:  
 They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles,  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clashed,  
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 'Till fey men did awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,  
 And skyrin tartan trows, man,  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,  
 And covenant true-blues, man;

In lines extended lang and large,  
 When bayonets oppos'd the targe,  
 And thousands hasten to the charge,  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blads o' death, till, out o' breath,  
 They fled like frightened dows, man.

O how deil Tam can that be true ?  
 The chace gaed frae the north, man :  
 I saw myself, they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man ;  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;  
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,  
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat  
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate,  
 W'i crowdie unto me, man ;  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae good will  
 That day their neebors blood to spill ;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,  
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,  
 Among the Highland clans, man ;  
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or in his en'mies hands, man.  
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;  
 And mony bade the world gude-night ;

Sae pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,  
 How tories fell, and whigs to h-ll  
 Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

*Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to see ;  
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wadna found in Christendie.  
     We arena fou, we're nae that fou,  
     But just a drappie in our e'e ;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys, I trow are we ;  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony mair we hope to be !  
 We arena fou, &c.

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

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



### *On a Bank of Flowers.*

Tune—Pitie Pate.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,  
 For summer lightly drest,  
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,  
 With love and sleep opprest.  
 When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,  
 Who for her favour oft had su'd ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,  
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
 It richer dy'd the rose.  
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace ;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace :  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake  
 On fear-inspired wings,  
 So Nelly, starting, half-awake,  
 Away affrighted springs.  
 But Willy follow'd,—as he should,  
 He overtook her in the wood ;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all, and good.

---

### *The lazy Mist.*

Gaelic Air.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,  
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.  
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd but how much liv'd in vain ;  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :  
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn ;  
 What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.  
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how  
 pain'd !

Life is not worth having with all it can give,  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.



*The bonnie Banks of Ayr.*

Tune—Roslin Castle.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild, in constant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain :  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
 While here I wander prest with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood to here it rave,  
 I think upon the stormy wave,

Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear :  
But round my heart the ties are bound  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;  
These bleed afresh those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewel old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
Farewel my friends, farewel my foes.  
My peace with these, my love with those :  
The bursting tears my heart declare ;  
Farewel the bonnie banks of Ayr.

*For a' that, an' a' that.*

Tune—For a' that.

Tho' womens minds like winter winds  
My shift and turn, and a' that,  
The noblest breast adores them maist,  
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
 And twice as meikle's a' that,  
 The bonny lass that I loe best  
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;  
 But lordly *will*, I hold it still,  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
 For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave  
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;  
 A bonny lass, I like her best,  
 And wha a crime dare ca' that ?  
 For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that ;  
 But for how lang the flie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex !  
 I like the jades for a' that.  
 For a' that, &c.

*The Lass that made the Bed to me.*

Tune—Steer her up.

WHEN Januar' winds were blawing cauld,  
 As to the north I bent my way,  
 The mirksome night did me infauld,  
 I kendna where to lodge till day ;  
 By my good luck a lass I met,  
 Just in the middle of my care ;  
 And kindly she did me invite  
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,  
 And bade her mak a bed for me.  
 She made the bed baith wide and braid,  
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;  
 She pat the cup to her rosy lips,  
 And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,  
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed,  
 But I ca'd her quickly back again,  
 To lay some mair below my head.  
 A cod she laid below my head,  
 And served me wi' due respect ;  
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,  
 I put my arms about her neck.

" Haud aff your hands, young man," she says,  
 " And dinna sae uncivil be ;  
 " Gif ye hae ony love for me,  
 " O wrang na my virginity !"  
 Her hair was like the links o' gowd,  
 Her teeth were like the ivory,  
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,  
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;  
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.  
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
 And ay she wistna what to say ;  
 I laid her 'tween me and the wa' ;  
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we raise,  
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;  
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,  
 And said, " Alas ! ye've ruin'd me."  
 I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,  
 While the tear stood twinklin in her ee :  
 I said, " My lassie, dinna cry,  
 " For ye ay shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,  
 And made them a' in sarks to me.  
 Blythe and merry may she be,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.  
 The bonny lass made the bed to me,  
 The braw lass made the bed to me ;  
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day that I die,  
 The lass that made the bed to me.

—◆—

*Green grow the Rashes.*

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O :  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
     Green grow the rashes, O ;  
     Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The warl'y race may riches chace,  
 An' riches still may flee them, O ;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

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

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

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O :  
 Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.



*Young Peggy blooms.*

Tune—Last time I came o'er the moir.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morning ;  
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,  
 With pearly gems adorning.  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
 That gild the passing shower,  
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,  
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherry's bright,  
 A richer dye has grac'd them ;  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them.  
 Her smile is like the ev'ning mild,  
 When feather'd pairs are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her ;

As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain  
 Her winning pow'rs to lessen,  
 And spiteful Envy grins in vain  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,  
 From ev'ry ill defend her ;  
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth  
 The destinies intend her.  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,  
 Responsive in each bosom,  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.

*Stay, my Charmer, can you leave me.*

Tune—An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?  
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!  
 Well you know how much you grieve me :  
 Cruel charmer, can you go !  
 Cruel charmer, can you go !

By my love so ill requited ;  
 By the faith you fondly plighted ;  
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,  
 Do not, do not leave me so !  
 Do not, do not leave me so !



*Raving Winds around her blowing.*

Tune—M'Grigor of Rero's Lament.

RAVING winds around her blowing  
Yellow leaves the woodlands strewing,  
By a river hoarsely roaring,  
Isabella stray'd, deploring—  
Farewel hours that late did measure  
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;  
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

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

◆

## *Ae Day a braw Wooer.*

Tune—The Lothian Lassic.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;  
 But I said there was naething I hated like men,  
 The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

A weel stockit mailen himsel' o't the laird,  
 And bridal aff han' was the proffer,  
 I never loot on that I ken'd or I car'd,  
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,  
 An' how for my love he was dien' ;  
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean,  
 The gude forgie me for lien'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,  
 (The deil's in his taste to gae near her),  
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,  
 Think ye how the jade I cou'd bear her.

And a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gade to the tryst o' Dulgarlock ;  
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,  
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,  
 Lest neibours shou'd think I was saucy ;

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
And if she had recover'd her hearin';  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,  
Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
So just to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I will wed him to-morrow.



### *Farewel to a Mason Lodge.*

Tune—Gude Night and Joy be wi' you a'.

ADIEU! a heart-warm fond adieu!  
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!  
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,  
Companions of my social joy!  
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,  
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',  
With melting heart, and brimful eye,  
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,  
And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,  
Presided o'er the Sons of Light:

And by that Hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!  
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
 Those happy scenes when far awa!

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
 Unite you in the grand design,  
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,  
 The glorious Architect divine!  
 That you may keep th' unerring line,  
 Still rising by the plummet's law,  
 Till order bright completely shine,  
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,  
 Justly that highest badge to wear!  
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,  
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!  
 A last request permit me here,  
 When yearly ye assemble a',  
 One round, I ask it with a tear,  
 To him, the Bard, that's far awa.

*Does haughty Gaul Invasionthreat.*

Tune—Pash about the Jorum.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?  
 Then let the louns beware, Sir,  
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
 And volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Nith shall rin to Corsicon,  
 The Criffel sink in Solway,  
 Ere we permit a foreign foe,  
 On British ground to rally.  
 Ere we permit, &c.

O let us not, like snarlin' curs,  
 In wrangling be divided,  
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,  
 And wi' a rung decidé it:  
 Be Britain still to Britain true,  
 Amang oursels united,  
 For never but by British hands  
 Maun British wrangs be righted.  
 For never, &c.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,  
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;  
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun  
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't:  
 Our fathers blude the kettle bought!  
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?  
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it!  
 By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his true sworn brother,  
 Who'd set the mob above the throne,  
 May they be damn'd together.  
 Who will not sing, God save the king,  
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;  
 But while we sing, God save the king,  
 We'll ne'er forget the people.  
 But while we sing, &c.

*Robin shure in Hairst.*

ROBIN shure in hairst,  
 I shure wi' him,  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stack by him.  
 I gaed up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaiden,  
 At his daddie's yett,  
 Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,  
 Tho' I was a cotter,  
 Play'd me sic a trick  
 And me the ells's dochter?  
 Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me  
 A' my winter vittle;  
 Fient haet he had but three  
 Goose feathers and a whittle.  
 Robin shure, &c.

  
*Meg o' the Mill.*

O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
And ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
A braw new naig wi' the tail o' a rottan,  
And that's what Meg o' the mill has gotten.  
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly?  
And ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly?  
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early,  
And that's what Meg o' the mill loes dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?  
And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married?  
The priest he was oster'd, the clerk he was carried,  
And that's how Meg o' the mill was married.  
O ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?  
And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?  
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,  
And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

*My Lady's Gown there's Gairs upon't.*

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,  
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;  
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,  
 My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.  
 My lord a hunting he is gane,  
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,  
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,  
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude  
 Were a' the charms his lordship loed.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,  
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,  
 There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,  
 A lily in a wilderness.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
 Like music notes o' lover's hymns:  
 The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,  
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,  
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;  
 But the lassie that man lo'es best,  
 O that's the lass to mak him blest.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

*Wee Willie Gray.*

**WEE** Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;  
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket :  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and  
 doublet,  
 The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and  
 doublet.

**Wee** Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;  
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat :  
 Feathers of a fice wad feather up his bonnet,  
 Feathers of a fice wad feather up his bonnet.

*O once I lov'd a bonny Lass.*

O ONCE I lov'd a bonny lass,  
 And ay I love her still,  
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast,  
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonny lasses I hae seen,  
 And mony full as braw,  
 But for a modest gracefu' mein,  
 The like I never saw.

A bonny lass, I will confess,  
 Is pleasant to the ee,  
 But without some better qualities  
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,  
 And what is best of a',  
 Her reputation is compleat,  
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,  
 Both decent and genteel;  
 And then there's something in her gait  
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air  
 May slightly touch the heart,

But its innocence and modesty  
That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,  
'Tis this enchants my soul ;  
For, absolutely, in my breast  
She reigns without control.



*O lay thy Loof in mine Lass.*

O LAY thy loof in mine lass,  
In mine lass, in mine lass,  
And swear on thy white hand lass,  
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;  
But now he is my deadly fae,  
Unless thou be my ain.  
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
That for a blink I hae loed best ;  
But thou art queen within my breast,  
For ever to remain.  
O lay thy loof, &c.

*Scenes of Woe.*

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew ;  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu.

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloamin,  
 Fare thee weel before I gang,  
 Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,  
 First I weav'd the rustic sang.

Bowers adieu ! where love decoying,  
 First enthal'd this heart o' mine,  
 There the saftest sweets enjoying,  
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.  
 Friends so near my bosom ever,  
 Ye hae render'd moments dear ;  
 But alas ! when forc'd to sever,  
 Then the stroke, O how severe !

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,  
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me ;  
 Could I think I did deserve it,  
 How much happier wad I be.  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew ;  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu !



## *Gude News.*

**THERE's news, lasses, news,  
 Gude news I've to tell,  
 There's a boat fu' o' lads  
 Come to our town to sell.  
 The wean wants a cradle,  
 And the cradle wants a cod,  
 And I'll no gang to my bed  
 Until I get a nod.**

**Father, quo' she, mither, quo' she,  
 Do what ye can,  
 I'll no gang to my bed  
 Till I get a man.  
 The wean, &c.**

**I hae as gude a craft rig  
 As made o' yird and stane ;  
 And waly fa' the lee-crap,  
 For I maun till'd again.  
 The wean, &c.**

*The Soldier's Return.*

Tune—The Mill, Mill, O.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
 That had been blear'd with mourning ;  
 I left the lines, and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor but honest soldier.

A leal light heart beat 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 her witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

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

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

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

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

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
 And find thee still true-hearted ;  
 Tho' poor in gear we're rich in love,  
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.  
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,  
 A mailin plenish'd fairly ;  
 Come then, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

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

◆

*The Deil's awa the Exciseman.*

THE deil cam fiddling through the town,  
 And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman ;  
 And ilka auld wife cried, " Auld Mahoun,  
 " We wish you luck o' the prize, man.  
 " We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,  
 " We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;  
 " And mony thanks to the muckle black deil  
 " That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

" There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,  
 " There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ;  
 " But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',  
 " Was the deil's awa wi' the exciseman."  
 We'll mak, &c.

  
*My Peggy's Face.*

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
Might charm the first of human kind.  
I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art,  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
The kindling lustre of an eye,  
Who but owns their magic sway ?  
Who but knows they all decay ?  
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
The generous purpose nobly dear,  
The gentle look that rage disarms,  
These are all immortal charms.

*O steer her up, and haud her gaun.*

O STEER her up, and had her gaun,  
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;  
 An' gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,  
 An' ca' anither gill, jo ;  
 An' gin she tak the thing amiss,  
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,  
 An' gin she tak' it ill, jo,  
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,  
 And time nae langer spill, jo :  
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,  
 But think upon it still, jo,  
 That gin the lassie winna do't,  
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

*My Mary, Dear departed Shade.*

Tune—Captain Cook's Death.

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

That sacred hour can I forget?  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity cannot efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flow'rs sprang, wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

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

◆◆◆◆◆

### *My Nannie O.*

BEHIND you hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O ;  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 An' I'll awa' to Nannie; O ;  
 The westlin wind blows loud and shill,  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O ;  
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,  
 An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, fair, and young,  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O ;  
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonny, O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
 But what care I how few they be,  
 I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O ;  
 My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a', my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonny, O ;  
 But I'm as bythe that hauds his pleugh,  
 An' has na care but Nannie, O ;  
 Come weel, come woe, I carena by  
 I'll tak' what heav'n will sen' me, O ;  
 Nae ither care in life ha'e I,  
 But live, and love my Nannie, O.



### *The Northern Lass.*

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,  
 Far as the pole and line ;  
 Her dear idea round my heart,  
 Should tenderly entwine.  
 Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between ;  
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
 I still would love my Jean.

  
*Strathallan's Lament.*

**THICKEST** night, surround my dwelling!  
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!  
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
Roaring by my lonely cave.  
Crystal streamlets gently flowing,  
Busy haunts of base mankind,  
Western breezes softly blowing,  
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
Wrongs injurious to redress,  
Honour's war we strongly waged,  
But the heavens deny'd success:  
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
Not a hope that dare attend,  
The wide world is all before us—  
But a world without a friend!



*A Rose-bud by my early Walk.*

A ROSE-bud by my early walk,  
Adown a corn inclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.  
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her covert nest  
A little linnnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awauk the early morning.

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

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

◆

*Blythe was She.*

**BLYTHER**, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben ;  
 Blythe by the banks of Ern,  
 And blythe in Glen-turit glen.  
 Blythe, &c.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
 Blythe, &c.

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

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

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

### *The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

Tune—Birks of Aberfeldie.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonny lassie, will ye go  
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlets plays ;  
 Come let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonny lassie, will ye go  
 To the Birks of Aberfeldy.

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

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foamy stream deep roaring fa's,  
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

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

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.



### *Clarinda.*

CLARINDA 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  
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;  
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
 The Sun of all his joy.

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 glorious day :  
 And shall a glimmering Planet fix  
 My worship to its ray ?



### *M'Pherson's Farewell.*

FAREWELL, ye dungeon's dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destinie !  
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,  
 On yonder gallows-tree,  
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he.  
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round  
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath !  
 On many a bloody plain  
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again !  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword ;

And there's nō a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;  
 I die by treacherie :  
 It burns my heart I must depart  
 And not avenged be.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky !  
 May coward shame ay stain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die !  
 Sae rantingly, &c.



### *The Banks of the Devon.*

Tunc—Bhannerach dho na chrí.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green-spreading bushes and flow'rs bloom-  
 ing fair !  
 But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,  
 In the gay, rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew !

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



### *The young Highland Rover.*

Tune—Morag.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,  
 The snaws the mountains cover,  
 Like winter on me seizes,  
 Since my young Highland Rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where e'er he go, where'er he stray,  
 May Heaven be his warden :  
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blythely singing,  
 And every flower be springing.  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 When by his mighty warden  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonny Castle Gordon.

*Musing on the roaring Ocean.*

Tune—Druimion dubh.

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me ;  
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to nature's law,  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care untroubled, joy surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night do thou befriend me ;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that's far awa !

---

*Whistle an' I'll come to you.*

O WHISTLE an' I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, &c.  
 Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.  
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to court  
 me ;  
 Come down, &c.  
 Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see,  
 And come as ye were na' coming to me,  
 And come, &c.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, &c.  
 Though father, and mother, and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.  
 At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee !  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,  
 Yet look, &c.

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

*A Lassie all alone.*

Tune—Cunpock Psalms.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the midnight moon her care.  
 A lassie all alone was making her moan,  
 Lamenting our lads, beyond the sea;  
 In the bluidy wars they fa' and our honor's  
 gaen and a',  
 And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky;  
 They tod was howling on the hill,  
 And the distant echoing glens reply.  
 A lassie, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,  
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.  
 A lassie, &c.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Like fortune's favors, tint as win  
 A lassie, &c.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,  
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,  
 When, lo! in form of Minstrel auld,  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.  
 A lassie, &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;  
 But oh! it was a tale of woe,  
 As ever met a Briton's ear.  
 A lassie, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,  
 He weeping veil'd his latter times;  
 But what he said it was nae play,  
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.  
 A lassie, &c.



### *Could aught of Song.*

COULD aught of song declare my pains,  
 Could artful numbers move thee,  
 The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,  
 O Mary how I love thee.  
 They who but feign a wounded heart,  
 May teach the lyre to languish;  
 But what avails the pride of art,  
 When wastes the soul with anguish.

Then let the sudden bursting sigh  
 The heart-felt pang discover ;  
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd  
 The voice of nature prizing.



### *The Winter of Life.*

BUT lately seen in gladsome green  
 The woods rejoic'd the day,  
 Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay :  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter blasts awa !  
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pownae, kindly thowe,  
 Shall melt the snaws of age ;  
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
 Sinks in time's wintery rage.  
 Oh, age has weary day !  
 And nights o' sleepless pain !  
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,  
 Why comes thou not again !

*Tibbie I hae seen the day.*

Tune—Invercauld's Reek

O **TIBBIE** ! I hae seen the day,  
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spak na, but gade by like stoure ;  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me wi' a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 If he but want the yellow dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 But if he hae the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie ! I hae seen the day  
 Ye wadna been sae shy ;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But, troth, I carena by.  
 There lives a lass in yonder park,  
 I wadna gie her under sark  
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousand mark ;  
 Ye need na look sae high.



*O May, thy Morn.*

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

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

*Where braving angry Winter's Storms.*

Tune—Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairney

WHERE braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes.  
 As one who by some savage stream,  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 Where first I felt their pow'r !  
 The tyrant death, with grim controul,  
 May seize my fleeting breath,  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

◆

### *My Tocher's the Jewel.*

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

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try,  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

◆

## *Now Westlin Winds.*

Tune—Come kiss wi' me, come clap wi' me

Now westlin winds, and slaughterin guns,  
 Brings Autumn's pleasant weather ;  
 The gorcòck springs, on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather :  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer ;  
 The moon shines bright, as I rove by night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells ;  
 The plover lo'es the mountains ;  
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells ;  
 The soaring hern the fountains :  
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
 The path o' man to shun it ;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

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

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

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 While the silent moon shines clearly ;  
 I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,  
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly !  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers  
 Not Autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer.



### *Afton Water.*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise :  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;  
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear  
 wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

---

*O that I had ne'er been married.*

O THAT I had ne'er been married,  
 I wad never had nae care ;  
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,  
 An' they cry crowdie ever mair.

Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,  
 Three times crowdie in a day ;  
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,  
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,  
 Glowrin by the hallan en' ;  
 Sair I fecht them at the door,  
 But ay I'm cerie they come ben.  
 Ance crowdie, &c.

◆

*O gude ale comes.*

O GUDE ale comes, and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 I had sax owsen in a pleugh,  
 They drew a' weel enough ;  
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,  
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,  
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,  
 Gude ale gars me sell my hose,  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,  
 Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

  
*My Peggy's Face.*

Tune—Glammis Castle.

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
Might charm the first of human kind.  
I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly heav'nly fair,  
Her native grace so void of art,  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's die,  
The kindling lustre of an eye ;  
Who but owns their magic sway !  
Who but knows they all decay !  
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
The generous purpose nobly dear,  
The gentle look that rage disarms,  
These are all immortal charms.

*O leave Novels.*

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,  
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel ;  
Such witching books, are baited hooks  
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.  
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,  
They make your youthful fancies reel,  
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,  
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung ;  
A heart that warmly seems to feel ;  
That feelin heart but acks a part,  
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.  
The frank address, the soft caress,  
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,  
The frank address, and politesse,  
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

*O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.*

O MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet,  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,  
 A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet,  
 But O the road was very hard  
 For that fair maiden's tender feet,  
 Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet  
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,  
 And twere more fit that she should sit,  
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.  
 Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,  
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,  
 And her two eyes like stars in skies,  
 Wad keep a sinking ship frae wreck.  
 Mally's meek, &c.

*Jockey's ta'en the parting Kiss.*

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,  
 O'er the mountains he is gane,  
 And with him is a' my bliss,  
 Nought but griefs with me remain.  
 Spare my love ye winds that blaw,  
 Plashy sleet and beating rain ;  
 Spare my love thou feath'ry snaw,  
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep  
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,  
 Sound and safely may he sleep,  
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be.  
 He will think on her he loves,  
 Fondly he'll repeat her name ;  
 For whare'er he distant roves  
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

*Gude'en to you Kimmer.*

GUDE'EN to you kimmer,  
 And how do ye do?  
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,  
 The better that I'm fou.  
 We're a' noddin,  
 Nid nid noddin,  
 We're a' noddin,  
 At our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,  
 Suppin hen broo;  
 Deil tak Kate  
 And she be na noddin too!  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye fare?  
 A pint o' the best o't,  
 And twa pints mair.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,  
 And how do ye thrive?  
 How mony bairns hae ye?  
 Quo' kimmer, I hae five.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's ?  
 Eh ! atweel no :  
 Twa o' them were gotten  
 When Johnny was awa.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,  
 And dogs like broo,  
 Lads like lasses weel,  
 And lasses lads too.  
 We're a' noddin, &c.

*O ay my Wife she dang me.*

O AY my wife she dang me,  
 An' aft my wife she bang'd me ;  
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
 Gude faith she'll soon o'ergang ye.  
 On peace and rest my mind was bent,  
 And fool I was I marry'd ;  
 But never honest man's intent  
 As cursedly micarry'd.

Some sairie comfort still at last,  
 When a' thir days are done, man,  
 My pains o' hell on earth is past,  
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.  
 O ay my wife, &c.

  
*Gloomy December.*

**ANCE** mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!

**A**nce mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
**S**ad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
    **P**arting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.  
**F**ond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
    **H**ope beaming mild on the soft-parting hour ;  
**B**ut the dire feeling, O farewel for ever,  
    **A**nguish unmingl'd, and agony pure.

**W**ild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
    **T**ill the last leaf o' the summer is flown,  
**S**uch is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
    **T**ill my last hope and last comfort is gone.  
**S**till shall I hail thee, thou gloomy December,  
    **S**till shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;  
**F**or sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
    **P**arting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

◆

*Comin thro' the Rye.*

COMIN thro' the rye, poor body,  
 Comin thro' rye,  
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie  
 Comin thro' the rye.  
     Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body,  
     Jenny's seldom dry;  
     She draigl't a' her petticoatie  
     Comin thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
     Comin thro' the rye,  
 Gin a body kiss a body,  
     Need a body cry.  
     Oh Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body  
     Comin thro' the glen;  
 Gin a body kiss a body  
     Need the warid ken.  
     On Jenny's a' weet, &c.

*Had I the Wyte She bade me.*

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,  
 Had I the wyte she bade me?  
 She watch'd me by the hiegate-side,  
 And up the loan she show'd me.  
 And when I wadna venture in,  
 A coward loon she ca'd me :  
 Had kirk and stae been in the gate,  
 I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,  
 And bade me mak nae clatter ;  
 " For our ramgunshoch, glum goodman  
 " Is o'er ayont the water."  
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,  
 When I did kiss and daute her,  
 Let him be planted in my place,  
 Syne, say, I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,  
 Could I for shame refus'd her ?  
 And wadna manhood been to blame,  
 Had I unkindly us'd her.  
 He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,  
 And blae and bluidy bruis'd her ;  
 When sic a husband was frae hame,  
 What wife but wad excus'd her ?

I dighted ay her een sae blue,  
 And bann'd the cruel randy ;  
 And weel I wat her willin mou  
 Was e'en like sucarcandie.  
 At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,  
 I lighted on the Monday ;  
 But I cam thro' the 'Tiseday's dew,  
 To wanton Willie's brandy.



*Here's to thy Health, my bonny Lass.*

HERE's to thy health, my bonny lass,  
 Gudenight and joy be wi' thee :  
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,  
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.  
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,  
 But I can live without thee :  
 I vow and swear I dinna care  
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me,  
 Thou hast nae mind to marry,  
 I'll be as free informing thee,  
 Nae time hae I to tarry.  
 I ken thy friends try ilka means  
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,  
 Depending on some higher chance ;  
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
 But that does never grieve me ;  
 For I'm as free as any he,  
 Sma' siller will relieve me.  
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth,  
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it :  
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
 As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And ay until ye try them ;  
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,  
 They may prove as bad as I am.  
 But at twel at night, when the moon shines bright,  
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;  
 For the man that loves his mistress weel  
 Nae travel makes him weary.

---

### *Mary Queen of Scots Lament.*

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
 On ilka blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out o'er the grassy lea.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
 And glads the azure skies ;  
 But nought can glad the weary wight  
 That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing ;  
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
 Sings drowsy day to rest :  
 In love and freedom they rejoice,  
 Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
 The primrose down the brae ;  
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
 And milk-white is the slae.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland,  
 May rove their sweets amang ;  
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonny France,  
 Where happy I hae been ;  
 Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,  
 As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
 And mony a traitor there ;  
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword  
 That thro' thy soul shall gae.

The weeping blood in woman's breast  
 Was never known to thee :  
 Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe  
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars  
 Upon thy fortune shine ;  
 And may those pleasures gild they reign,  
 That ne'er wad blink on mine.

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
 Or turn their hearts to thee :  
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
 Remember him for me.

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns  
 Nae mair light up the morn !  
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn-winds,  
 Wave o'er the yellow corn.

And in the narrow house o' death,  
 Let winter round me rave ;  
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,  
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

*Sae far awa.*

O SAD and heavy should I part,  
But for her sake sae far awa ;  
Unknowing what my way may thwart,  
My native land sae far awa.  
Thou that of a' things Maker art,  
That form'd this fair sae far awa,  
Gin body strength, then I'll ne'er start  
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,  
So love to her, sae far awa :  
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
While, Oh, she is sae far awa.  
Nane other love, nane other dart,  
I feel, but her's sae far awa ;  
But fairer never touch'd a heart  
Then her's, the fair sae far awa.

*Wilt thou by my Dearie.*

Tune—Souter's Daughter.

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

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

*The Lass in yon Town.*

Tune—I'll ay, ca' in by yon town.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?  
 The dearest maid's in yon town,  
 His setting beams ere shone upon.  
 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 ee!  
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year!  
 But doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
 Amang the broomy braes sae green;  
 But my delight's in yon town,  
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean.  
 Without my fair, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.  
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
 The sinkin sun's gaun down upon ;  
 The dearest maid's in yon town,  
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.  
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,  
 I'd careless quit aught else below,  
 But spare, oh ! spare my Jeanie dear.  
 For while life's dearest blood runs warm,  
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart ;  
 For as most lovely is her form,  
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

◆

*Evan Banks.*

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

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast ;  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursu'd me with her eye ;

Does she with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?  
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

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

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

*She says she lo'es me best of a'.*

Tune—Oonagh.

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'erarching  
 Twa laughing een-o' bonny blue.

Her smiling sae wyling.

Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow.  
 Such was my Chloris bonny face,  
 When first her bonny face I saw ;  
 And ay my Chloris dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;

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

Let others love the city,

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

  
*She's fair and fause.*

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

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

◆

*Craigie-burn Wood.*

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,  
 And blythely awaukens the morrow ;  
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,  
 Can yield me nothing but sorrow.  
 Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
 And O ! to be lying beyond thee ;  
 O sweetly, soundly weel may he sleep,  
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
 I hear the wild birds singing ;  
 But pleasure they hae nane for me  
 While care my heart is wringing.  
 Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,  
 I darena for your anger :  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,  
 I see thee sweet and bonny,  
 But Oh, what will my torments be,  
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie !  
 Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,  
 In love to lie and languish,  
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,  
 My heart will burst wi' anguish.  
 Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,  
 Say, thou loes nane before me ;  
 And a' my days o' life to come  
 I'll gratefully adore thee.  
 Beyond thee, &c.



### *Bonny Bell.*

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

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,  
 And yellow Autumn presses near,  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,  
 Till smiling Spring again appear.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell ;  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I adore my Bonny Bell.

*The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie.*

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,  
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie O !  
 The fien ma care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,  
 He was but a paidlin body, O !  
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,  
 An he paidles late and early, O ;  
 This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,  
 An' he is but a fusionless carlic, O.

O had your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,  
 O had your tongue now, Nansie, O :  
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,  
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O :  
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,  
 And cuddled me late and early, O ;  
 But downa do's come o'er me now,  
 And, Oh, I find it sairly, O !

—◆—

*What can a young Lassie do wi' an auld  
Man.*

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
 Bad luck on the penny, that tempted my minnie  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.  
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,  
 O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

◆

*Sweetest May.*

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee ;  
 Take a heart which he designs thee ;  
 As thy constant slave regard it ;  
 For its faith and truth reward it.  
 Proof o' shot to birth or money,  
 Not the wealthy, but the bonny ;  
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,  
 In love's silken band can bind it!

◆

*Cauld is the E'enin Blast.*

CAULD is the e'enin blast  
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,  
 And dawnin it is dreary,  
 When birks are bare at Yule.  
 O cauld blaws the e'enin blast  
 When bitter bites the frost,  
 And in the mirk and dreary drift  
 The hills and glens are lost.  
 Ne'er sae murky blew the night  
 That drifted o'er the hill ;  
 But bonny Peg a Ramsey  
 Gat grist to her mill.

◆

## *No Churchman am I.*

No churchman am I for to rail and to write ;  
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,  
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,  
 For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.  
 The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;  
 I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;  
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,  
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;  
 There, centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;  
 But see you the crown how it waves in the air,  
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.  
 The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;  
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;  
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,  
 That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,  
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;  
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,  
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.  
 'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down  
 By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the  
 black gown ;  
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;  
 For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

  
*Scroggam.*

**THERE** was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,  
Scroggam ;  
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen,  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,  
Scroggam ;  
The priest o' the parish fell in anither,  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,  
Scroggam ;  
That the heat o' the tane might cool the ither ;  
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.



*The lovely Lass of Inverness.*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !  
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.  
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me ;  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see,  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e !  
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
A bludy man I trow thou be ;  
For mony a heart thou has made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

*Kelly-burn-braes.*

THERE lived a carl in Kelly-burn-braes,  
 Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,  
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days  
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Ac day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do ye fen?  
 And the thyme, &c.

I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,  
 And the thyme, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,  
 And the thyme, &c.

O, welcome most kindly ! the blythe carl said,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 But if ye can match her—ye're waur than ye're ca'd,  
 And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,  
 And the thyme, &c.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 Syne bade her gae in for a b— and w—,  
 And the thyme, &c.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,  
 And the thyme, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her nae mair,  
 And the thyme, &c.

A reekit, wee d-v-l looks over the wa',  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 O help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'!  
 And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his knife,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,  
 And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the kirk and the bell,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in h—,  
 And the thyme, &c.

Then satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back,  
 And the thyme, &c.

I hae been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,  
 Hey and the rue, &c.  
 But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,  
 And the thyme, &c.

*Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw.*

Tune—Miss Admiral Gordon.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonny lassie lives,  
 The lass that I lo'e best ;  
 Tho' wild woods grow, an' rivers row,  
 Wi' monie a hill between,  
 Baith day an' night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,  
 Sae lovely, sweet, an' fair ;  
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
 Wi' music charm the air :  
 There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;  
 Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my-Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde  
 The lasses busk them braw,  
 But when their best they ha'e put on,  
 My Jeany dings them a' ;

In hamely weeds she far exceeds  
 The fairest o' the town ;  
 Baith grave an' gay confess it sae,  
 Tho' drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,  
 Muir harmless canna be ;  
 She has nae faut (if sic we ca't),  
 Except her love for me ;  
 The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,  
 Is like her shining een ;  
 In shape an' air, wha can compare,  
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
 Among the leafy trees ;  
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees,  
 An' bring the lassie back to me,  
 That's ay sae neat an' clean ;  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes,  
 Hae past atween us twa !  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part  
 That day she gaed awa' !  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken,  
 To whom the heart is seen,  
 That nane can be sae dear to me,  
 As my sweet lovely Jean.

*Auld Langsyne.*

Tune—Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' never brought to mind ;  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' days o' langsyne.  
 For auld langsyne, my dear ;  
 For auld langsyne ;  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about braes,  
 An' pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,  
 Sin' auld langsyne.  
 For auld langsyne, &c.

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

An' there's a hand my trusty feire,  
 An' gies a hand o' thine,

An' we'll toom the cup to friendship's growth  
 An' auld langsyne.  
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 As sure as I'll be mine,  
 An' we'll tak a right guidwillie waught  
 For auld langsyne,  
 For auld langsyne, my dear,  
 For auld langsyne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld langsyne.

◆

*Is there for honest Poverty.*

Tune—For a' that.

Is there for honest poverty,  
 Wha hangs his head an' a' that?  
 The coward slave we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Our toils obscure an' a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden grey, an' a' that?

Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, an' a' that,  
 Their tinsel shew, an' a' that ;  
 An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,  
 Is chief o' men, for a' that.

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

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

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

◆

*Auld Rob Morris.*

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

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among 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.

But oh, she's an heiress, and Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddy 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.

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

O had she but been of a lower degré,  
 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 !

*Highland Mary.*

Tune—Katharine Ogie.

YE banks and braes, and streams around  
 The Castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs,  
 Your waters never drumlie :  
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
 And there they langest tarry ;  
 For there I took the last fareweel,  
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom :  
 As underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
 For dear to me, as light and life,  
 Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' mony vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;  
 And pledging aft to meet again  
 We tore ourselves asunder.

But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flow'r so early ;  
 Now gteen's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

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

*Blythe ha'e I been.*

Tune—Quaker's Wife.

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

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring ;

Trembling I dow nought but glowf,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!  
 If she winna ease the throbs  
 In my bosom swelling.  
 Underneath the grass green sod,  
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

*Contented wi' Little.*

Tune—Lumps o' Puddings.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorry and care,  
 I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,  
 Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.  
 I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,  
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;  
 My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,  
 nd my freedom's my lairdship, nae monarch dare  
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' gude fellowship southers it a';  
 When at the blyth end o' 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 worst word is "Welcome, and welcome again."

◆

*Fairest Maid on Devon Banks.*

Tune—Rothiemurche's Rant.

**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 know'st I love thee dear;  
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?  
 O did not love exclaim, "Forbear!  
 "Nor use a faithful lover so?"

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

*O let me in this ae Night.*

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

O let me in this ae night,  
This ae ae ae night,  
For pity's sake, this ae night;  
O wad ye let me in, jo

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir  
I came, this dark and dreary hour,  
And here I stand without the door,  
Amid the pouring storm, jo.

O let me, &c.

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

O let me, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
The cauldness o' my feet's the cause

O' a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me, &c.

## HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me of wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
 Gae back the gate you cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae ae ae night;  
 And ance for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nought to what poor she endures,  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:  
 Let simple maids the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

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

*Yarrow Braes.*

Tune—Galla-Water.

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.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
 Abodn them a' I lo'e him better;  
 An' I'll be his, an' he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Galla-water.

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

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

*Duncan Gray.*

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

Duncan flecth'd, an' 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 an' in,  
 Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',  
 Spak o' louping o'er a lin,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time an' 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 hussy die ;  
 She may gae to France for me,  
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let dortons tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg grew sick, as he grew well,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief, a sigh she brings,

An' oh! her een they spak sic things

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Maggy's was a ticklish case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan could not be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:

Now they're crouse an' canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

---

### *A red red Rose.*

O my luve's like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June:

O my luve's like the melodic

That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,

So deep in luve am I;

And I will love thee still, my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
 I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run:

And fare thee weel, my only love!  
 And fare thee weel, a-while!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Tho' it ware ten thousand mile!

*O Poortith cauld.*

Tune—I had a Horse.

⊙ 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,  
 Love's dearest bands untwining?  
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,  
 Depend on Fortune's smiling?

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

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

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

How blest the humble cottar's fate ?  
 He wooes his simple dearie :  
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
 Can never mak' him carie.  
 O why, &c.

---

### *The Rosy Brier.*

Tune—I wish my Love were in a Mire.

O BONNY was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man ;  
 And bonny she, and ah ! so dear,  
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.  
 Yon rose-buds 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.

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.

*Behold the Hour, the Boat arrive.*

Tune—Oran gaoil.

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."

Along the solitary shore,  
 While fitting sea-fowl 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 through thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 O tell me, does she muse on me!

*Here is the Glen, and here the Bower.*

Tune—Banks of Cree.

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

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

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

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

*Orananaoig, or The Song of death.*

**A Gaelic Air.**

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and  
 ye skies,  
 Now gay with the broad setting sun.  
 Farewel, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!  
 Our race of existence is run.  
 Thou grim king of terrors! thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go frighten the coward and slave;  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,  
 No terrors hast thou to the Brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:  
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.  
 In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands,  
 Our King and our Country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O, who would not die with the Brave!

◆

*The Posie.*

O LOVE will venture in where it darena weel be seen,  
 O love will venture in whare wisdom ance has been,  
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae  
 green,

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

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year;  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-  
 out a peer;

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

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

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

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' it's locks o' siller grey,  
 Where like an aged man it stands at break o' day,  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak  
 away;

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

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

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'  
 above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er  
 remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

---

### *Sic a Wife as Willie had.*

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

She has an ee, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa the very colour ;  
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller.

A whiskin beard about her mou,  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's beam-shin'd,  
 Ae limp in leg a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shoulder;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hussion.  
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water:  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wadna gie a button for her.

---

### *The Gallant Weaver.*

WHERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,  
 By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,  
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
 He is a gallant Weaver.

Oh ! I had wooers aught or nine,  
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;  
 And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,  
 And I gied it to the Weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band  
 To gie the lad that has the land,  
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
 And give it to the Weaver.  
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;  
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;  
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,  
 I'll love my gallant Weaver.



### *Logan Braes.*

*Tune—Logan Water.*

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

Again the merry month o' May,  
 Has made our hills and vallies gay ;  
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :

Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
 And e'ening's tears are tears of joy :  
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

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

O wae upon you, men o' state,  
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate ;  
 As ye mak 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 come to Logan braes.



### *Banks of Doun.*

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doun,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair ?  
 How can ye chant ye little birds  
 While I'm so wae and fu' o' care ?

Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,  
 That wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn,  
 Ye mind me of departed joys,  
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doun,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,  
 And cheerfully I join'd wi' mine.  
 Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,  
 A rose out o' yon thorny tree;  
 But my fause love has stown the rose,  
 And left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonny blooms,  
 And draw the wild birds by the burn;  
 For Luman promis'd me a ring,  
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.  
 Ah! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,  
 My een are dim and drowsy worn;  
 Ye bonny birds ye needna sing,  
 For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,  
 At dawn of day by Doun ye'se hear,  
 And mid-day, by the willow green,  
 For him I'll shed a silent tear.  
 Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,  
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,  
 While echo wakes, and joins the mane  
 I mak for him I loc'd sae lang.

◆

*Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes.*

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
 Ca' them whare the burnie rows,  
 My bonnie dearie.

Hark, the mavis e'ening sang  
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;  
 Then a-faulding let us gang,  
 My bonnie dearie.  
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

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

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

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



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.

*Although thou maun never be mine.*

Tune—Here's a Health to them that's awa.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
 I guess by the love rolling ee ;  
 But why urge the tender confession  
 Gainst Fortune's fell decree—Jessy !  
 Here's a health, &c.



*Open the Door to me, Oh !*

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

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

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

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


  
*Song.*

Tune—Hughie Graham.

“ O gin my love were yon red rose,  
 “ That grows upon the castle wa’,  
 “ And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew,  
 “ Into her bonnie breast to fa’!

“ O! 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 Phoebus’s light.”

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 youthfu’ May its bloom renew’d.

◆◆◆

*Phillis to the Fair.*

Tune—Robin Adair.

WHILE larks with little wing,  
 Fann'd the pure air,  
 Tasting the breathing spring,  
 Forth I did fare :  
 Gay the sun's golden eye,  
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;  
 Such thy morn ! did I cry,  
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,  
 Glad, I did share ;  
 While yon wild flowers among,  
 Chance led me there :  
 Sweet to the opening day,  
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;  
 Such thy bosom ! did I stay,  
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,  
 Doves cooing were,  
 I mark'd the cruel hawk  
 Caught in a snare :  
 So kind may Fortune be  
 Such make his destiny !  
 He who wad injure thee,  
 Phillis the fair.

*My Wife's a winsome wee Thing.*

Tune—*My Wife's a wanton wee Thing.*

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer,  
 And neist my heart I'll wear her  
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't;  
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.

◆

*Where are the Joys.*

Tune—*Saw ye my Father.*

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 ev'ning the wild-woods among?

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

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

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

Time cannot aid me, 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.

## *Hey for a Lass wi' a Tocher.*

Tune—Ballinamona Ora.

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

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; then hey for a  
lass wi' a tocher;

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

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

Then hey, &c.

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, &c.

*Mary.*

Tune---Ewe-bughts Marion.

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
 Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,  
 And the apple upon the pine,  
 But a' the charms o' the Indies  
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,  
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;  
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,  
 When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 And plight me your lily-white hand;  
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,  
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,  
 In mutual affection to join,  
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!  
 'The hour and the moment o' time!

*Again rejoicing Nature sees.*

Tune—Johany's grey Brecka

**AGAIN** rejoicing Nature sees

Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy rocks wave in the breeze  
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;  
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
Wi' joy the tentie seedman stauks,  
But life to me's a weary dream,  
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,  
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,  
The stately swan majestic swims,  
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,  
And o'er the moorland whistles shill,  
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on flittering wings,  
 A woe-worn gaist I hameward glide.

Come winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging 'bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me !

---

*Address to the Wood-lark.*

Tune--Loch-Eroch Side.

O STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark stay,  
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;  
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

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

Sav, was thy little mate unkind,  
 And heard thee as the careless wind ?  
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
 Sic notes o' woe cou'd 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 !



*Wandering Willie.*

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

Winter winds blaw loud and cauld at our parting,  
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee :  
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
 The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

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

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae his Name,  
 Flow still between us thou wide roaring main ;  
 May I never see it, may I never true it,  
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

*Sweet fa's the Eve on Craigie-burn.*

Tune---Craigie-burn Wood.

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

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

**Fain**, fain wad I my griefs impart,  
 Yet darena 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** you green leaves fade frae the tree,  
 Around my grave they'll wither.

*How lang and dreary is the Night.*

Type—Campbell, Keil, in Aberdeen.

How lang and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie;  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.  
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang;  
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;  
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,  
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;  
 And now what seas between us roar,  
 How can I be but eerie.  
 For oh, her lanely nights, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;  
 The joyless day how dreary:  
 It was nae sae, ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.  
 For oh, her lanely nights, &c.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white Locks.*

**Tune--Rothiemurche's Rant.**

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,  
 Bonny lassie, artless lassie,  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?  
 Now nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
 O wilt thou share its joy wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O?  
 Lassie wi' the lint white locks, &c.

And when the welcome simmer show'r  
 Has chear'd ilk drooping little flow'r,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi' the lint-white tap, &c.

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

And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.  
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

—◆—

## *Bonny Lesley.*

Tune---The Collier's bonny Lassie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

◆

*Mary Morison.*

Tune—Bide ye yet.

O MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's treasure poor :  
 How blythely wad I bide the stour,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun ;  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard or saw :  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And you the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
 " Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?

If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown ;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

---

*Jessie.*

Tune--Bonny Dundee.

**T**RUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr,  
**B**y the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,  
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.  
**T**o equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;  
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;  
**G**race, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

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

*Ballad.*

Tune--Duncan Davidson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,  
 And didna joy blink in her ee,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love  
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in hka grove;  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I loe 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?

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

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

*The Nightingale.*

**Thou** sweetest minstrel of the grove,  
That ever tried the plaintive strain,  
**Awake** thy tender tale of love,  
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

**For** tho' the muses deign to aid,  
And teach him smoothly to complain;  
**Yet** Delia, charming, cruel maid,  
Is deaf to her forsaken swain.

**All** day, with fashion's gaudy sons,  
In sport she wanders o'er the plain;  
**Their** tales approves, and still she shuns  
The notes of her forsaken swain.

**When** evening shades obscure the sky,  
And bring the solemn hours again,  
**Begin**, sweet bird, thy melody,  
And soothe a poor forsaken swain.

*Jamie.*

Tune—Fee him, Father!

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

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

◆

*Farewel thou Stream.*

Tune—Nancy's to the Green-wood gane.

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

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover :  
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
 Betray the hapless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;  
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,  
 For pity's sake forgive me !

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

*Thine am I, my faithful fair.*

Tune---Quaker's Wife.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
 Thine, my lovely Nancy,  
 Every pulse along my veins,  
 Every roving fancy:  
 To thy bosom lay my heart,  
 There to throb and languish;  
 Though despair had wrung its core,  
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,  
 Rich with balmy treasure;  
 Turn away thine eyes of love,  
 Lest I die with pleasure.  
 What is life when wanting love?  
 Night without a morning;  
 Love's the cloudless summer's sun,  
 Nature gay adorning.

*O wha is she that loes me.*

Tune—Morag.

O WHA is she that loes me,  
 And has my heart a-keeping?  
 O sweet is she that loes me,  
 As dews o' snmmer weeping,  
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

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

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 pow'rs alarming.  
O that's the lassie, &c.

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

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.

◆◆◆

*This is no my ain Lassie.*

Tune—This is no mine ain House.

- THIS is no my ain lassie,  
Fair though the lassie be ;
- weel ken I my ain lassie,  
Kind love is in her ee.

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 ee.  
 O this is no, &c.

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

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

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

◆

### *Lord Gregory.*

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

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

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

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

---

### *Had I a Cave.*

Tune—Robin Adair.

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

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

*Come let me take thee to my Breast.*

Tune—Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

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

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

*Mark yonder Pomp of costly Fashion.*

'Tune—Deil tak the Wars.

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.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,  
 In simplicity's array,  
 Lovely as yonder sweet op'ning flow'r 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 Avarice would deny  
 His worshipp'd deity,  
 And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll,

—◆—

*My Nannie's awa.*

**Tune—**There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame

**Now** in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,  
**And** listens the lambkins that bleat on the braes.  
**While** birds warble welcome in ilk a green shaw ;  
**But** to me its delightless—my Nannie's awa.  
**The** snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
**And** violets bathe in the weet o' the morn  
**They** pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
**They** mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

**Thou** lav'rock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,  
**The** shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,  
**And** thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',  
**Give** over for pity—my Nannie's awa.  
**Come** Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,  
**And** soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay :  
**The** dark dreary Winter, and wild-driving snaw,  
**Alone** can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy.*

Tune—*Roy's Wife of Aldvalloch.*

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

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

Farewel! and ne'er such sorrow bear  
 That sickle heart of thine, my Katy!  
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,  
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.  
 Canst thou, &c.

*'Twas na her bonny blue e'e.*

Tune—*Laddie lie near me.*

'Twas na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin,  
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;  
 'I was the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kind-  
 ness.

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

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



### *Charming Chloe.*

Tune—Dainty Davie.

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.

The feather'd people you might see,  
 Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree,  
 In notes of sweetest melody  
 They hail the charming Chloe :

Till painting gay the eastern skies,  
 The glorious sun began to rise ;  
 Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes  
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.  
 Lovely was she, &c.

*Now rosy May comes in.*

Tune---Dainty Davie.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs,  
 To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs,  
 And now come in my happy hours,  
 To wander wi' my Davie.  
 The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blow,  
 A-wand'ring wi' my Davie.  
 Meet me at the warlock knowe,  
 Bonny Davie, dainty Davie ;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my faithful Davie.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 I'll flee to's arms I loe the best,  
 And that's my ain dear Davie.  
 Meet us at, &c.

---

*Caledonia.*

## Tune---Humours of Glen.

**THEIR** groves o' sweet myrtles, let foreign lands  
reckon,

Where bright beaming summers exhale their per-  
fume ;

**Far** dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brecken,  
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow  
broom.

**Far** dearer to me, yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;  
**For** there lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
A list'ning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

**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 o' 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 wind on his mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

◆

## *The Lass of Ballochmyle.*

Tune---The Blackbird.

'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields were green ;  
 On ev'ry 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.

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 ;  
 The lily's hue and rose's dye  
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

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

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honour lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward sink the Indian mine.  
 Gie me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,  
 And ey'ry day has joys divine  
 Wi' the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.



### *The Chevalier's Lament.*

Tune—Captain O'Kaine.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves return-  
 ing,  
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the  
 vale;  
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green  
 dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingering moments are number'd by care?  
 No birds sweetly singing, or flow'rs gaily springing,  
 Can soothe the said bosom of joyless despair.

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

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



### *The Lea Rig.*

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.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,  
 'f 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.

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



### *Fragment.*

**Tune—The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.**

WHY, why tell the lover,  
 Bliss he never must enjoy;  
 Why, why undeceive him,  
 And give all his hopes the lie!

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,  
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme;  
 Why, why wouldst thou cruel  
 Wake thy lover from his dream?



*Allan Water.*

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

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

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,  
 The simmer joy's 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?

*On Chloris being ill.*

Tune—Ay wakin O.

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?  
Long, &c.

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

Hear me, pow'rs divine!  
Oh, in pity hear me!  
Take aught else of mine,  
But, my Chloris, spare me  
Long, &c.

---

  
*Song.*

**Tune—The Collier's Daughter.**

**DELUDED swain, the pleasure  
The fickle Fair can give thee,  
Is but a fairy treasure,  
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.**

**The billows on the ocean,  
The breezes idly roaming,  
The clouds uncertain motion,  
They are but types of woman.**

**O! art thou not ashamed  
To doat upon a feature?  
If man thou wouldst be named,  
Despise the silly creature.**

**Go, find an honest fellow;  
Good claret set before thee;  
Hold on till thou art mellow,  
And then to bed in glory.**


  
*Song.*

Tune—Auld Sir Symon.

**SIR** Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,  
 Sir **K**nave is a fool in a session;  
**H**e's there but a prentice I trow,  
 But I am a fool by profession.

**M**y Grannie she bought me a beuk,  
 An' I held awa to the school;  
**I** fear I my talent misteuk,  
 But what will ye hae of a fool?

**F**or drink I would venture my neck,  
 A hizzie's the half of my craft;  
**B**ut what could ye other expect,  
 Of ane that's avowedly daft?

**I** ance was tied up like a stirk,  
 For civilly swearing an' quaffing;  
**I** ance was abus'd i' the kirk,  
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

**P**oor Andrew that tumbles for sport,  
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;  
**T**here's ev'n, I'm tauld i' the court,  
 A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon *reverend* lad,  
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ;  
 He rails at our mountebank squad,  
 It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry,  
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,  
 Guid L—d, he's far dafter than L.



### Song.

Tune—Duncan Grey.

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 ?

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 :

Wby 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.

*Song.*

Tune---O ah' ye were dead Gudeman.

A HIGHLAND Lad my love was born,  
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;  
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!  
 There's not a lad in a' the lan',  
 Was match for my John Highlandman.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,  
 An' gude claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies hearts he did trepan,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
 For a Lalland face he feared nane,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they caught him at last,  
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
 My curse upon them every one,  
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn  
 The pleasures that shall ne'er return;  
 No comfort but a hearty can,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.  
 Sing, hey, &c.

---

*Song.*

Tune---Whistle o'er the lave o't.

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,  
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,  
 An' then your ev'ry care an' fear,  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am a fiddler to my trade,  
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,  
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
 Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,  
 An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;  
 We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care  
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't.  
 I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,  
 An' sun oursells about the dyke,  
 An' at our leisure, when we like,  
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.  
 I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,  
 An' while I kittle hair on thairms,  
*Hunger, cauld,* an' a' sic harms,  
 May whistle owre the lave o't.  
 I am, &c.

---

### Song.

Tune---Clout the Caudron.

My bonny lass, I work in brass,  
 A tinker is my station;  
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground,  
 In this my occupation.  
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd  
 In many a noble squadron;  
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
 To go and clout the caudron.  
 I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise an' caprin',  
 An' tak a share wi' those that bear  
 The *budget* an' the *apron*.  
 An' by that stowp! my faith an' houpe,  
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.  
 An' by that stowp, &c.

◆

*Song.*

Tune — For a' that, and a that.

I AM a bard of no regard,  
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;  
 But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
 I've *wife enugh* for a' that.

I never drank the Muses stank,  
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;  
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,  
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.  
 For a' that, &c!

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that ;  
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,  
 Let *inclination* law that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks an' craft has put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;  
 But clear your decks, an' here's "The *sew!*"  
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that ;  
 My *dearest bluid*, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't, for a' that.

---

### Song.

Tune—Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.

SEE the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the chorus,  
 And in raptures let us sing.

A fig for those by law protected !  
*Liberty's* a glorious feast !  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?  
 What is reputation's care ?  
 If we live a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.  
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,  
 Round we wander all the day ;  
 And at night, in barn or stable,  
 Hug our doxies on the hay.  
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended *carriage*,  
 Through the country lighter rove ?  
 Does the sober bed of marriage,  
 Witness brighter scenes of love !  
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a *variorum*,  
 We regard not how it goes ;  
 Let them cant about *decorum*,  
 Who have characters to lose.  
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets :  
 Here's to all the wand'ring train :  
 Here's our ragged *brats and callets* !  
 One and all cry out, Amen !  
 A fig, &c.

◆

*A Mother's Lament for the Death of  
her Son.*

Tune—Finlston House.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,  
And pierc'd my darling's heart:  
And with him all the joys are fled  
Life can to me impart.  
By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
In dust dishonour'd laid:  
So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake  
Bewails her ravish'd young;  
So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
Lament the live-day long.  
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
Now, fond I bare my breast;  
O, do thou kindly lay me low  
With him I love at rest!

◆

### *Meg o' the Mill.*

Tune---O Bonny Lass, will you lie in a Barrack.

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

The Miller was strapping, the Miller was ruddy;  
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
 She's left the gude fellow and taen the churl.

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

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


  
*Song.*

Tune—Jo Janet.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am your slave, sir.

“ On of two must still obey,  
 “ Nancy, Nancy,  
 “ Is it man or woman, say,  
 “ My spouse, Nancy ?”

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

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

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

" I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
 " Nancy, Nancy ;  
 " Strength to bear it will be given,  
 " My spouse, Nancy."

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

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

*On the Seas and far away.*

Tune—O'er the Hills, &c.

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 ay with him that's far away.

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

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

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

*Duett.*

Tune—The sow's tail.

HE.

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

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 Philly.

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' Philly.

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' Philly.

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 fool's may tyne, and knaves may win;  
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,  
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joy 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 cruel are the Parents.*

Tune---John Anderson my jo.

How cruel are the parents  
Who riches only prize,  
And to the wealthy booby,  
Poor women sacrifice.  
Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
Has but a choice of strife ;  
To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,  
The trembling dove thus flies,  
To shun impelling ruin  
Awhile her pinions tries ;  
'Till of escape despairing,  
No shelter or retreat,  
She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
And drops beneath his feet.

*Castle Gordon.*

Tune—Morag.

**STREAMS** that glide in orient plains,  
**Never** bound by winter's chains ;  
**Glowing** here on golden sands,  
**There** commix'd with foulest stains  
**From** tyranny's empurpled bands :  
**These**, their richly gleaming waves,  
**I** leave to tyrants and their slaves ;  
**Give** me the stream that sweetly laves  
     **The banks** by Castle Gordon.

**Spicy** forests, ever gay,  
**Shading** from the burning ray  
**Hapless** wretches sold to toil,  
**Or** the ruthless native's way,  
**Bent** on slaughter, blood, and spoil ;  
**Woods** that ever verdant wave ;  
**I** leave the tyrant and the slave,  
**Give** me the groves that lofty brave  
     **The storms** by Castle Gordon.

**Wildly** here, without controul,  
**Nature** reigns and rules the whole ;  
**In** that sober pensive mood,  
**Dearest** on the feeling soul,

R

She plants the forest, pours the flood ;  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
 By bonny Castle Gordon.



*Never be Peace 'till Jamie come hame.*

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,  
 I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey ;  
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—  
 There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
 Delusion, oppressions, and murderous wars :  
 We dare na' weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—  
 There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame,

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 And how I greet round their green beds in the yerd:  
 It braks the sweet heart o' my faithfu' suld dame—  
 There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;  
 But 'till my last moment my words are the same—  
 There'll never be peace 'till Jamie come hame.

*Phillis.*

Tune—The muckin o' Geordie's byre.

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

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

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

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

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:

Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,  
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.  
 Awa, &c.

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

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



*Song.*

Tune--My lodging is on the cold ground.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks how fair :  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

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

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string  
 In lordly lighted ha' :

The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

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

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

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

—◆—

Song.

Tune—Gillierankie.

WHEN *Guilford* good our pilot stood,  
And did our hellim thraw, man,  
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,  
Within *America*, man:  
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,  
And in the sea did jaw, man;  
An' did nae less, in full congress,  
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,  
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;  
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,  
 And *Carleton* did ca', man :  
 But yet, what reck, he, at *Quebec*,  
*Montgomery*-like did fa', man,  
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage  
 Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;  
 'Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe  
 For *Philadelphia* man :  
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
 Guid Christian blood to draw, man ;  
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,  
 Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

*Burgoyne* gaed up, like spur an' whip,  
 'Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man ;  
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man,  
*Cornwallis* fought as lang's he dought,  
 An' did the buckshins claw, man ;  
 But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save  
 He bung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,  
 Began to fear a fa, man ;  
 And *Sackville* doure, wha stood the stoure,  
 The German chief to thraw, man :  
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,  
 Nae mercy had at a', man ;  
 An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,  
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game ;  
 Till death did on him ca', man ;  
 When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,  
 Conform to gospel law, man ;  
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
 They did his measures thraw, man,  
 For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,  
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,  
 He swept the stakes awa', man,  
 Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race  
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man.  
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
 On *Chatham's* boy did ca', man ;  
 An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,  
 ' Up, Willie, waur them a', man ! '

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,  
 A secret word or twa, man ;  
 While slee *Dundas* arous'd the class  
 Be-north the Roman wa', man :  
 An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,  
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)  
 Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !  
 ' Wad I hae fear'd them a', man ! '

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*,  
 Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,  
 Till *Sutbron* raise, and coost their claise  
 Behind him in a raw, man,  
 An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,  
 An' did her whittle draw, man :  
 An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood  
 To make it guid in law, man.

*Saw ye my Phely.*

Tune--When she cam ben she bobbit.

O saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?  
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,  
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?  
 What says sho, my dearest, my Phely?  
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,  
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!  
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's far,  
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

*Song.*

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 !

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
 Glides swift, 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.

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.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye ;  
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,  
 Until the flowery snare  
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thrall o' care.

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 whose doom is, "hope nae mair,"  
 What tongue his woes can tell!  
 Within whose bosom, save despair,  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.



*Song.*

Tune---Let me in this ae night,

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.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
 No shelter, shade, nor home have I,  
 Save in these arms of thine, love.  
 O wert, &c.

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,  
 O wert, &c.

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

*The Day returns my Bosom burns.*

Tunc---Seventh of November.

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

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

—◆—

*The Banks of Nith.*

Tune—Robic donna gorach.

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

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

*John Anderson my Jo.*

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonny brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is bald, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw :  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither ;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.

—◆—

## Caledonia.

Tune—Caledonian Hunt's delight.

THERE 'was once a day, but old Time then was  
 young,  
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,  
 From some of your northern deities sprung,  
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)  
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,  
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:  
 The heavenly relations there fixed her reign,  
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it  
 good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,  
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:  
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—  
 "Who'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall  
 rue!"

• With tillage or pasture at times she would sports  
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;  
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,  
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers  
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:  
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,  
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the  
 land:

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,  
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;  
 She look to her hills, and her arrows let fly,  
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,  
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;  
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth  
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :  
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,  
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;  
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,  
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncarty tell.

The Camelon-savage disturb'd her repose,  
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;  
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,  
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :  
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,  
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver  
 flood ;  
 But taught by the bright Caledonian lance,  
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,  
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run ;  
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be ;  
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :  
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll chuse,  
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base ;  
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;  
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them  
 always.

—◆—

## *Highland Lassie, O.*

NÆ gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care ;  
 Their titles a' are empty show ;  
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,  
 Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,  
 I set me down wi' right good will,  
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine !  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.  
     Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea ;  
 But while my crimson currents flow  
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.  
     Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.  
     Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By sacred truth and honour's band !  
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewel the glen sae bushy, O !  
 Farewel the plain sae rushy, O !  
 To other lands I now must go  
 To sing my Highland lassie O !

### *Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose.*

Tune---Sir John Malcolm.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?

Igo, & ago.

If he's amang his friends or foes ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?

Igo, & ago.

Or drowned in the river Forth ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?

Igo, & ago

And eaten like a wether-haggis ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ;  
     Igo, & ago.  
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him ?  
     Igo, & ago.  
 As for the deil, he daur na steer him,  
     Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' inclosed letter,  
     Igo, & ago.  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,  
     Igo, & ago.  
 The very stanes that Adam bore,  
     Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession ;  
     Igo, & ago.  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation !  
     Iram, coram, dago.



*Sensibility, how charming.*

**SENSIBILITY, how charming,  
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell  
But distress with horrors arming,  
Thou hast also known too well !**

**Fairest flower, behold the lily,  
Blooming in the sunny ray :  
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,  
See it prostrate on the clay.**

**Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,  
Telling o'er his little joys :  
Hapless bird ! a prey the surest  
To each pirate of the skies.**

**Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow ;  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.**

◆

*The Whistle.*

I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth,  
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,  
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal,  
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
 “ This whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland get  
 o’er,  
 “ And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne’er see me  
 more.”  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
 What champions ventur’d, what champions fell :  
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,  
 And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
 Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,  
 He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,  
 No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,  
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd,  
Till three noble Chieftains, and all of his blood,  
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Fal de dal, &c.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw,  
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth and law ;  
And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins ;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Fal de dal, &c.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil,  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more in claret try which was the man.

Fal de dal, &c.

By the gods of the ancients ! Glenriddel replies,  
Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Roric More,  
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er

Fal de dal, &c.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,  
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe or his friend,  
Said, toss down the whistle the prize of the field,  
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield.

Fal de dal, &c.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;  
But for wine and for welcome not more known to  
fame,  
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely  
dame.

Fal de dal, &c.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,  
 And tell future ages the feats of the day :  
 A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy,  
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were  
 wet.

Fal de dal, &c.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,  
 Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a corps,  
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd find them next morn.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,  
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage :  
 A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine !  
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,  
 But who can with Fate and quart-bumpers contend?  
 Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,  
 So arose bright Phoebus and down fell the Knight.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Next up rose our Bard, like a prophet in drink,  
 " Craigdarroch, thou'lt sear when creation shall  
 sink !

" But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,  
 " Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime :  
 Fal de dal, &c.

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with  
 Bruce,  
 " Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :  
 " So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;  
 " The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of  
 day !"

