The British Musical Miscellany;
being a collection of songs,
set to music,
for
the voice, violin, German-flute, and military fife.
Joseph Hawkins Esq.
Presented to him by his affectionate friend
Robert John Bell as a small token of respect
March 2nd 1879

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

28th January 1927.
THE BRITISH MUSICAL MICCELLANY:

BEING A COLLECTION OF SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & IRISH SONGS, SET TO MUSIC, WITH PROPER KEYS FOR THE VOICE, VIOLIN, GERMAN-FLUTE, AND MILITARY FIFE.

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1805.
## CONTENTS

### PART FIRST

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The Soldier's Return</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Whare ha'e ye been a' day</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Behind yon hills</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Ye Mortals, whom fancies</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Paddy's description of Pizarro</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. A' body's like to be married but me</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. To Anacreon in heav'n</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Life's like a Ship in constant motion</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. De'il tak the War</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Kiss me, Sal, and say, adieu</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Sweet is the ship, that under sail</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. How sweet in the woodlands</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>--------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Mary's charms subdued my breast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>The golden days of good Queen Bess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Ere around the huge oak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>I had a horse, and I had nae mair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>O poortith cauld, and restless love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>One day I heard Mary say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>The braes of Yarrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Gude forgie me for lyin'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Here awa, there awa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Oh no, my love, no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Jenny's bawbee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Ye sportsmen draw near</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Willie was a wanton wag</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>What beauties does Flora disclose</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>When Maggie and I were acquaint</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>To fair Fidele's grassy tomb</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>How stands the glass around</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>The Birks of Invermay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>A jolly Jack tar, but a little time since</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Down the burn, and through the mead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>O saw ye my father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>How sweet's the love that meets return</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Were I oblig'd to beg my bread</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>My laddie is gone far away o'er the plain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>The Highland Laddie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>The Highland Lassie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46.</td>
<td>The last time I came o'er the muir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47.</td>
<td>The yellow hair'd laddie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48.</td>
<td>Kath'rine Ogie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49.</td>
<td>Highland Mary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50.</td>
<td>Cease rude Boreas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51.</td>
<td>In storms, when clouds obscure the sky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52.</td>
<td>Tho' winter spreads her drear domain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53.</td>
<td>Blow high, blow low</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54.</td>
<td>When 'tis night, and the mid watch is come</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55.</td>
<td>Twine weel the plaiden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>The blathrie o't</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57.</td>
<td>Wherever I'm going, and all the day long</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>You know I'm your priest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>Busk ye, busk ye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.</td>
<td>Open the door to me, O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61.</td>
<td>Nothing like grog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>Ah, Cloris, could I now but sit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>Blythe young Bess to Jean did say</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SONG I.

The Soldier's Return.

For two Voices, or two Flutes.

When wild war's deadly blasts were blawn,

And gentle peace returning, And eyes
again wi' pleasure beam'd, That had been
blear'd wi' mourning. I left the lines
and tent-ed fields, Where lang I'd been a
lodger; A hum-ble knap-sack a' my
wealth, A poor but honest sodger.

A feel light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And to dear Scotia hame again
I cheerly on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coi,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon her witching smile
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but mine 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, quoth 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;
P'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 soldier ance I lo'ed,
   Forget him I shall 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 like any lily,
She sunk within mine arms, and cry'd,
   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,
   And mailin plenished fairly;
Come then, my faithfu' soldier lad,
   Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

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

I Lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but ane,

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me; He's willing to mak me his ain, And his ain I am willing to be. He has bought me a rockly o' blue, And a pair o' mit-tins o' green, The price was a kiss o' my mou, And I paid him the debt yes-treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree,
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilk fear far awa’;
I listen, poor fool! and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa’!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi’ a jeer,
"Ne’er heed what the auld anes will say;
"Tho’ we’ve little to brag o’, ne’er fear,
"What’s gowd to a heart that is wae?
"Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
"Yet see! how he’s dwining wi’ care;
"Now we, tho’ we’ve naething but health,
"Are cantie and leil evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,
"Has something mair costly than gear,
"Ilk e’en it has naething to rue,
"Ilk morn it has naething to fear,
"Ye wardlings! gae hoard up your store,
"And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
"Guard your treasures wi’ lock, bar, and door,
"While thus in my arms I lock mine."

He ends wi’ a kiss and a smile,
Wae’s me! can I tak it amiss,
When a lad, sae unpractis’d in guile,
Smiles saftly, and ends wi’ a kiss!
Ye lasses, who lo’e to torment
Your lemans wi’ fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks,—for I’ve gi’en my consent,
And this night I’ll take Jamie for life.
SONG III.

The Sailor's Epitaph.

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

darling of our crew; No more he'll hear

the tempest howling, For death has brought

him to. His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft; Faithful

below he did his duty, And now
he's gone a - loft. And now he's gone

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair;
And then he'd sing so blythe and jolly,
Ah many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

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

Tammy's Courtship.

O whare ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tam-

my? Whare ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tam-

my?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green,

and mountain grey, Courting a wi' young thing

just come frae her mam-my.

And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
And whare gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?

I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe, for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?
What said ye to that young thing, my boy Tammy?
I prais'd her een sae bonny blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou’;
I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow; she said she’d tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating breast; “My young, smiling Lammy,
I held her to my beating breast; “My young, smiling Lammy,
“I ha’e a house, it cost me dear;
“I’ve walth o’ plenishin’ and gear,
“Ye’se get it a’, war’t ten times mair, gin ye will
“leave your Mammy.”

The smile gade aff her bonny face; “I manna leave
my Mammy;
The smile gade aff her bonny face; “I manna leave
my Mammy;
“She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise;
“She’s been my comfort a’ my days,
“My daddy’s death brought mony waes; I canna
“leave my Mammy.”

“We’ll tak’ her hame, and mak’ her fain, my ain
kind hearted Lammy;
“We’ll tak’ her hame, and mak’ her fain, my ain
kind hearted Lammy:
“We’ll gi’e her meat; we’ll gi’e her claise;
“We’ll be her comfort a’ her days;”
The wee thing gi’es her hand, and says, “There!
“gang and ask my Mammy.
SONG V.

My Nannie, O.

Behind yon hills where riv’lets row, Are
moors an’ moss’es many, O, The wint’ry
sun the day has clos’d, and I’ll a-way to
Nannie, O. The wastlin’ winds blaws loud and
shill, Thenight’s baith mirk and rai-ny, O;
I’ll get my plaid, and out I’ll steal, And
o’er the hills to Nan-nie, O. To Nan-nie, O,
to Nannie, O. I'll get my plaid, and out

I'll steal, And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

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

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

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

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

Our auld Guidman delights to view,
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nac care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I,
But to live, and love my Nannie, O.
SONG VI.

Black ey'd Susan.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers waving in the wind, When black-
ey'd Susan came on board, Oh! where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, Does my sweet William, Does my sweet William sail a-

mong your crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock’d with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh’d, and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly thro’ his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois’d in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate’s shrill cry he hear,
And drops into her welcome nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William’s lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

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

If to fair India’s coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright:
Thy breath in Afric’s spicy gale;
Thy skin in ivory so white:
Thus, ev’ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.
Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

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

Ye Mortals whom Fancies.

Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex, Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex, Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest, Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest; O-bey the glad summons, to Le-the re-pair, Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care. Drink deep of the
streams; and forget all your care. Drink deep of

the streams, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;  
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,  
And Chloe again be with rapture enjoy'd:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
And drink an Oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,  
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;  
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,  
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,  
Drink deep of the streams and forget all your care.
SONG VIII.

Paddy’s Description of Pizarro.

From the country of Monaghan lately I came! The harvest to reap; Master Doo-dy’s my name; My cousin Shaugh-nos-sy I met t’other day! Says he, Won’t you go to the Drury-lane play? Tol de rol la, Tol de rol la ra la, tol de rol la ra la, la ra la, la.

I’st the play that you mean?—Arrah, Doody you’re right,
Where they treat the whole Town with Pizarro to-night.
Och! says I, if they treat me, the thing's nate and clean. But the treat, as he call'd it, cost me a Thirteen.

The great green thing drew up, and a lady I spy'd; A man came to kiss her, she scornfully cry'd— Get out you blackguard, or I'll bodder your gig: Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.

In the days of Old Goree, a long time ago, The Spaniards all march'd to Peru, you must know; Saying, Give us your jewels, your cash, and your keys; But a man they call'd Rolla, said, No, if you please.

This Rolla a star in the day-time appear'd, And in a long speech he the soldiers thus cheer'd; Saying—Lather the Dons, you must do the nate thing, For who wou'd not die for their country and king?

Then Och! what a hubbub, confusion and strife! And Rolla, God bless him! he sav'd the King's life: Then went to Alonzo, coop'd up in a jail, And sending him off, staid himself in for bail,

Then Pizarro came forward, and with a gossoon, Which was handled by Rolla as I would a spoon— But as he was scaling a bridge o'er the greens, He was shot by a rogue from behind all the screens.

Then Rolla came running, and with him the child, And he look'd all the world just as if he was wild; Saying—Take the dear creature, it's my blood that's spilt, In defence of your child, blood and ouns, how I'm kilt!

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow, Which laid him as dead as Old Bryan Barrow;
And poor Rolla's body was laid out in state,
And twenty fair virgins all join'd at his wake.

Then Alouzo came forward, and handsomely bow'd,
Saying, Ladies and Gentlemen, (meaning the crowd),
All with your permission to-morrow night then,
We'll murder Pizarro all over again.
SONG X.

A' body's like to be Married but me.

As Jenny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire, And thought of the time that was fast fleein'

by, She said to her-sel' wi' a hea-vy heigh hee, O, a' bo-dy's like to be mar-ried but

me! She said to her-sel' wi' a hea-vy heigh hee, O, a' bo-dy's like to be mar-ried but me!

My youthfu' companions are a' worn awa', And tho' I've had wooers mysel', ane or twa, Yet a lad to my mind I ne'er yet could see: O, a' body's like to be married but me!
There's Lowrie the Lawyer would ha'e me fu' fain,  
Who has baith a house and a yard o' his ain;  
But before I'd gang to it, I rather would die;  
A wi' stumpin' body! he'll never get me!

There's Dickie, my cousin, frae Lun' on come down,  
Wi' fine yellow buckskins that dazzled the town;  
But poor deevil, he got ne'er a blink o' my e'e:  
O, a' body's like to be married but me!

But I saw a lad by yon saughy burn side,  
Wha weel wad deserve ony Queen for his bride;  
Gin I had my will soon his ain I would be:  
O, a' body's like to be married but me!

I gied him a look, as a kind lassie shou'd,  
My friends if they kend it would surely rin wud,  
For tho' bonny and good, he's no worth a babee:  
O, a' body's like to be married but me!

'Tis hard to tak shelter behint a leigh dike,  
'Tis hard for to tak ane we never can like,  
'Tis hard for to leave ane we fain would be wi';  
Yet its harder that a' shou'd be married but me!
SONG XI.
To Anacreon in Heaven.

To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full
glee, A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be;
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly
old Grecian: "Voice, fiddle, and flute, No
longer be mute, I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot: And, besides, I'll instruct you
like me, to entwine The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—
"If these mortals are suffer'd their plans to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
Hark! already they cry,
(In transports of joy)
Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;
And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

"The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fusty maids,
From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the bi-forked hill, a mere desert will be:
My thunder, no fear on't,
Will soon do its errand,
And d—me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
Apollo rose up, and said, "Pry’thee, ne’er quarrel, Good king of the gods, with my vot’ries below; Your thunder is useless." Then shewing his laurel, Cried, "Sic evitable fulmen, you know!
Then over each head, My laurel I’ll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
Whilst, sung in their club-room, they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz, And swore with Apollo he’d cheerfully join— "The full tide of harmony still shall be his, But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.
Then Jove be not jealous, Of these honest fellows.”
Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now tell us; And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand, Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love; 'Tis your’s to support what’s so happily plann’d:
You’ve the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove. While thus we agree,
Our toast let it be,
May our club flourish happy, united, and free!
And long may the sons of Anacreon twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.
SONG XII.

The Sailor's Allegory.

Life's like a ship in constant motion,

Sometimes high and sometimes low; Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean, What-so-ever winds may blow. If unassail'd by squall or shower, Waft-ed by the gentle gales,

Let's not lose the fav'ring hour, Whilst suc-cess at-tends our sails.
But if the wayward winds should bluster,
   Let us not give way to fear;
But let us all our patience muster,
   And learn from reason how to steer:
Let judgment keep you ever steady,
   That's a ballast seldom fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
   To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
   Whilst your vessel's under way;
Let good example bear dominion,
   That's a compass will not stray,
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
   Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good direction guide the rudder,
   And Providence unbend the sails.

Then when you're safe from danger riding,
   In some welcome port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
   And care awhile in slumbers lay;
Then when each can's with liquor flowing,
   And good fellowship prevails,
Let each heart with rapture glowing,
   Drink success unto our sails.
SONG XIII.

De'il tak' the War.

De'il tak' the war that hur-ry'd Wil-lie frae me, Who to love me just had sworn; They made him cap-tain, sure to un-do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re-turn.

A thou-sand loons abroad will fight him, He from thousands ne'er will run; Day and night I did in-vite him To stay at hame frae
sword and gun. I us’d alluring graces, Wi’
mo-ny kind em-bra-ces, Now sighing, Now crying,
Then tears dropping fall; And had he my soft arms
Preferr’d to war’s a-arms, My love grown mad,
With-out the man of Gad, I fear in my fit
I had grant-ed all.

I wash’d and patch’d to make me look provoking;
Snares that they told me would catch the men;
And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again:
For a new gown, too, I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow’rs did shine;
My love well might think me braw and bonny,
Nae Scots lass was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe, too, with thread I knotted,
Lac'd shoes, and silken hose garter'd o'er the knee;
But oh! the fatal thought!
To Willie these were nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled wi' dragoons,
When he, silly loon, might ha'e plunder'd me.
SONG XIV.

Kiss me Sal, and say, Adieu.

See, sweet Sal, the boat is ready, War demands that we should part, But thy William,
ev'er steady, Seeks his treasure in thy heart. Honour calls, while I am stay-ing, Griev'd my love, to part with you. Hark! they chide me for delay-ing;—Kiss me Sal, and

say a-dieu.
Tho' proud France and Spain combining,
Claim the sea where Britons reign;
British hearts and valour joining,
Soon will drive them from the main:

Then, when peace her branch is waving,
Wing'd with love I'll fly to you,
Share with Sal my honest savings,
Kiss—but never say adieu.
SONG XV.

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the Sea.

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea, Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we, He'd have thought better on't, and instead of the brine, Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine,
What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain;
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would drive on with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phæbus would shine,
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill 'em again;
Nay, even the beggar, that wanted a dish,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's brow!
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough;
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, (who, I think, don't to drinking incline),
Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And merrily twinkling would soon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoyed!
Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.
SONG XVI.

Sweet is the Ship that under Sail.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail, Spreads
her white bosom to the gale; Sweet,
O, sweet's the flowing can; Sweet, O, sweet's
the flowing can; Sweet to poise the laboring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore, When the
boatswain pipes the barge to man. When the boatswain pipes the barge to man. Sweet sailing with
a fav'ring breeze, But, Oh! much sweeter
than all these, But, Oh! much sweeter than all
these, Is Jack's delight, his love-ly Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust; a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let Seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise,—
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to my lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I had all the world in lovely Nan.
I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
    To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
    By manners love to shew the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze:
'Twas all along of loving these
    First made me doat on lovely Nan.
SONG XVII.

How sweet in the Woodlands.

For two Voices or two Flutes.

How sweet in the woodlands, With fleet hound and horn, To awak-en shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn. But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue, For Daphne, fair Daph-
ne is lost to my view. Is lost, Fair Daph-

ne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain:
In pity o'ertake her, who kills as she flies;
Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtilla that dies.
SONG XVIII.

Braw braw Lads o’ Galla Water:

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye wander thro’ the blooming heather; But Yarrow braes nor Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads on Gal-la wa-ter.

But there is ane, a sacred ane,
Aboon them a’ I lo’e him better,
And I’ll be his, and he’ll be mine,
The bonny lad o’ Galla water.

Altho’ his daddie is nae laird,
And tho’ I ha’e nae muckle tocher,
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We’ll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne’er was gold, it ne’er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o’ mutual love,
O! that’s the choicest world’s treasure.
SONG XIX.

Mary's Charms subdued my Breast.

To the foregoing Tune.

Mary's charms subdued my breast,
Her glowing youth, her manner winning;
My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

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

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

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

The Golden Days of good Queen Bess.

To my muse give attention and deem it not a mystery. If we jumble together music, poetry, and history; The times to display in the days of Queen Bess; Sir, Whose name and whose mem'ry pos-te-ri-ty may bless,

Sir: O the golden days of good Queen Bess! Merry be the mem-ory of good Queen Bess.
Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gun-powder puffs, and their blust'ring bra-
vados;
For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
bow, Sir,
And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
crow, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, Sir,
Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd;
Sir;
Yet so few were the folk that would plunder or rob,
Sir,
That the hangman was starving for want of a job, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.

Then our Ladies with large ruffs, ty'd round about
the Neck fast,
Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
breakfast,
While a close quill'd up coif, their nodgles just did fit,
Sir,
And they truss'd up as tight, as a rabbit for the spit,
Sir.

O, the golden days &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
Sir,
With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
beaus, Sir,
Strong beer, they prefer'd too, to claret or to hock, Sir,
And no poultry they priz'd, like the wing of an ox, Sir.

O, the golden days, &c.
Good neighbourhood then, was as plenty too as beef,
   Sir,
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, Sir;
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and the
   plough, Sir,
And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
   Sir.

    O, the golden days, &c.

Then foot-ball, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar,
   Sir,
Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, Sir;
And for jaunting, or junketting, the favourite regale,
   Sir,
Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and
   ale, Sir.

    O, the golden days, &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice at least to
   church, Sir,
And never left the parson nor the sermon in the lurch,
   Sir;
For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
   good in, Sir,
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
   without a pudding, Sir.

    O, the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
   were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
   State, Sir;
For the sovereign and subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
   courted.

    O, the golden days, &c.
SONG XXI.

Ere around the huge Oak.

Ere around the huge oak, that o'er-shadows
yon mill, The fond ivy had dar'd to en-twine;
Ere the church was a ru-in that nods on
the hill, Or the rook built his nest on the
pine; Or the rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my fore-fathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.
SONG XXII.

I had a Horse, and I had nae mair.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair, I gat him frae my daddie; My purse was light and my heart was sair, But my wit it was fu' ready. So I bethought me on a time, Outwit-tens o' my daddie, To fee my-sel' to a la'land laird, Who had a bon-ny la-dy.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
"Madam, be not offended,
"I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
"And I care na' tho' ye kind it:
"For I get little frae the laird,
  "And far less frae my daddy,
"And I would blythly be the man,
  "Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh;
  "Ye needna been sae blate, man,
"Ye might hae come to me yoursel',
  "And tald me a' your state, man:
"Ye might hae come to me yoursel',
  "Outwittens o' ony body;
"And made John Goukston o' the laird,
  "And kiss'd his bonny lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse;
  We drank wine in a coggie,
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
  And wow, but I was vogie!
But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg
  Since I cam frae my daddie,
The laird cam', rap! rap! to the yett
  When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me in behint a chair,
  And co'er'd me wi' a plaidie:
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
  An' wish'd me wi' my daddie!
The laird gied out, he saw na me,
  I gade when I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
  To see his bonny lady.
SONG XXIII.

O Poortith cauld, and restless Love.

To the foregoing Tune.

O, poortith cauld, and restless love;
Ye break my peace between ye!
Yet poortith a’ I could forgive,
If ’t were na for my Jeannie.

Chorus:

O, why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love’s dearest band untwining!
Or why sae sweet a flow’r as love
Depend on fortune’s shining.

This world’s wealth when I think on;
Its pride, and a’ the lave o’t,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o’t.

O, why should fate, &c.

Her e’en, sae bonny blue, betray,
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o’erword ay,
She talks o’ rank and fashion.

O, why should fate, &c.

O, wha can prudence think upon
Wi’ sic a lassie by him;
O, wha can prudence think upon
And sae in love as I am.

O, why should fate, &c.
How blest the humble cotter's fate,
    He woo's his simple dearie,
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
    Can never make him eerie.
Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
    Love's dearest band untwining!
Or sic a tender flow'r as love
    Depend on fortune's shining?
SONG XXIV.

I'll never leave thee.

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I
leave thee? Stay, dear-est Adonis, stay, Why
wilt thou grieve me? Alas! my fond heart will break, If thou should leave me;
I'll live and die for thy sake, Yet ne-
ver leave thee.

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

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

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

The Braes of Yarrow.

The sun just glancin' through the trees, Gave
light and joy to ilk-a grove, And plea-
sure in each south-ern breeze, Awaken'd hope
and slum-b'ring love. When Jenny sung with
hearty glee, To charm her winsome marrow, My
bon-ny lad-die, gang wi' me, My bonny lad-die,
gang wi' me, We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow:
My bonny lad-die, gang wi' me, We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow; We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow: My bonny laddie, gang wi' me, We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blythest swain
That ever pip'd on bonny brae;
Nae lass could ken him free frae pain,
Sae graceful, kind, sae fair and gay.

And Jenny sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her sparkling een had won his heart,
No lass the youth had e'er betray'd;
No fear had she, the lad no art.

And Jenny sung, &c.
SONG XXVI.

Gude forgi'e me for lyin'.

Ae day a' braw woo-er cam down the lang glen, An' sair wi' his love he did deave me; But I said there was naething I hated like men! The deuce tak him to believe me, be-lieve me; The deuce tak him to be-lieve me.

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

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een, And how for my love he was dyin': I said he might die when he liket for Jean; The gude forgi'e me for lyin'!
But what do you think! in a fortnight, or less,
(The de'il's in his taes to gâng near her!)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how the jade I could bear her.

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

Out o'er my left shouther I gade him a blink,
Lest nei'bour's should think I was saucy:
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' vow'd that I was his dear lassie,
I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearing,
An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet?
Gude saff us! how he fell a swearin'.

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

Here awa, there awa.

Plainive.

Here a-wa, there a-wa; here a-wa, Wil-lie,

Here a-wa, there a-wa, here a-wa hame,

Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,

Now I have gotten my Wil-lie a-again.

Through the lang muir I follow’d my Willie,
Through the lang muir I follow’d him hame,
Whate’er betide us, nought shall divide us;
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame:
Come, love, believe me, naithing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases when Willie’s at hame.
SONG XXVIII.

Oh, no, my Love, no.

Expressivo.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted
to lose you, High swells my sad heart, and
fast my tears flow; Yet think not of coldness
you? Oh, no, my love, no. I own it would please
me at home could you tarry, Nor e'er feel a
wish from Maria to go; But if it gives pleasure
Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying.
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,
Do you think I suspect you! Oh no, my love, no!
I believe you too kind, for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe;
Yet, should you dishonour my truth and deceive me,
Shou’d I e’er cease to love you! Oh no, my love no!
SONG XXIX.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi' hang-
in' lugs an' faces lang; I spier'd at neibour

Bauldy Strang, What are they, these we see? Quoth

he, Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel? Thinks himsel'
cunnin' as the de'il, An' here they cam a-wa'
to steal Jenny's bawbee.

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

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

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

Quite spruce, just frae the washin' tubs,
A fool cam niest; but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
  And sair besmear'd was he:
He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,
And grinned, "I' faith a bonny lass."
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
  Jenny's bawbee.

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

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

Ye Sportsmen draw near, and ye Sportswomen too,

Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too, Who delight in the joys of the field:

Who delight in the joys of the field: Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you, And no one the contest will yield, And no one the contest will yield. His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace, A-hunting continual-ly
go; All ranks and degrees are engaged in
the chase, With hark forward, huzza, tally
ho—, All ranks and degrees are en-
gaged in the chase, hark forward, huzza,
tally ho—, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally
ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho—, Hark for-
ward, huzza, tally ho—,

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full speed;
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game;
The poet too often lies low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,
And the fences of Virtue break down?
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place;
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace;
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.
SONG XXXI.

Willie was a Wanton Wag.

Willy was a wanton wag, the blythest lad that e'er I saw; At bridals still he bore the brag, And carried ay the gree a-wa.

His doublet was of Zetland shag; And vow! but Wil-ly he was braw; And at his shouther hang a tag that pleas'd the lass-es best of a'.

He was a man
He was a man without a clag,
   His heart was frank without a flaw:
And ay whatever Willy said,
   It was still hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
   When he went to the weapon-shaw;
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
   The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
   He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
   He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
   When by the hand he led them a';
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
   By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,
   As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he danc'd with the lasses round,
   The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
   With bobbing, faith, my shanks, are sair.
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
   For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
   And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout,
   He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
   Says, well's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's shanks are sair,
   And I'm come out to fill his place.
Bridegroom, she says you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willy, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton wag!)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae sick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.
SONG XXXII.

What Beauties does Flora disclose.

What beauties does Flora disclose, How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed! But Mary,

still sweet-er than those, Both na-ture and fan-cy ex-ceed. No dais-y nor sweet blush-ing rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Nor Tweed glid-ing gen-tly thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
The warblers are heard in the grove,
   The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
   With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
   And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest.
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
   No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
   She's fairest where thousands are fair;
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
   Oh tell me at noon where they feed?
Is it on the sweet-winding Tay,
   Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed?
SONG XXXIII.

The Original Set.

To the foregoing Tune.

When Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noodle fu' hee;
Nae lintwhite on a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonny as she.
I whistl'd, I pip'd, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her owre weel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her price had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.
SONG XXXIV.
To fair Fidele's Grassy Tomb.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb, soft
maids and village hind shall bring Each op-
ing sweet of earliest bloom, and rifle
all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female feys shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.
The red-breast oft, at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend it's little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempest shake the Sylvian cell,
Or 'midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be daily shed.
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self is dead.
SONG XXXV.

How stands the Glass around.

How stands the glass around? for shame! ye take no care, my boys! How stands the glass around? Let mirth and wine abound! The trumpets sound, the colours they are flying, boys, to fight, kill, or wound; May we still be found content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground!

K.
Why, soldiers! why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers? why!
Whose business 'tis to die.
What! sighing? fie;
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly boys?
'Tis he, you, or I,—
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly!
'Tis but in vain,
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys;)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.
SONG XXXVI.

The Birks of Invermay.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, invite the tune-ful birds to sing, And

while they war-ble from each spray, love melts the uni-ver-sal lay. Let us, A-

man-da, time-ly wise, like them im-prove the hour that flies, And in soft raptures waste the
day, a-mong the birks of In-ver-may.
For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life’s winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o’er,
The feather’d songsters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them, then sing and play
Among the birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.
SONG XXXVII.

A jolly Jack Tar.

A jolly Jack Tar, but a little time since, As poor as a beggar, as drunk as a prince, Ran foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin To pass by without calling, reel'd joyfully in. Derry down, down, down derry down.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by, With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye; By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then he leap'd from his place, And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace. Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were met, Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the old English taste.
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,
And makes the room echo with three British cheers;
Then he sets himself down without further debate,
And claps a chew'd quid in his next neighbour's plate.
Derry down &c,

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprize,
Who shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up their eyes;
From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them,
Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,
Cry'd, Down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep the deck.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar;
I have him, says he; but he cou'd say no more,
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood before.
Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,
Each takes up his knife, and prepares for the fight;
Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you think,
Strike, strike, ye frog-eaters, strike, strike, or ye sink.
Derry down, &c.
So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,
And pour'd in his broad-side so stout and so thick;
He so well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate;
Acknowleg'd him victor, and lord of the main;
Then humbly intreated to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they
For the beef, for the pudding, and porter should pay:
They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off with his wench,
And roar'd as he reel'd, Down, down with the French.

Derry down, &c.
SONG XXXVIII.

Down the Burn and through the Mead.

Down the burn, and thro' the mead, his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow, Johnny lilt-ing tun'd his reed, And Mary wip'd her bon-ny mou.

Dear she lo'ed the weel known sang, While her Johnny, Blythe and bon-ny, Sung her praise the hale day lang. Down the burn, and thro' the mead, His gold-en locks wav'd o'er his brow.
Johnny lilt-ing tun'd his reed, And Mary

风吹了一阵，玛丽

Costly claes she had but few; Of rings and jewels nae great store; Her face was fair, her love was true; And Johnny wisely wish'd no more:

Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize; O'er the mountain, Near the fountain, Love delights the shepherd's eyes, Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health, And Johnny cou'd nae these impart; Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart:

Sweet's the joy the lovers find, Great the treasure, Sweet the pleasure, Where the heart is always kind. Down the burn, &c.
SONG XXXIX.

O saw ye my Father, or saw ye my Mother.

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother, Or saw ye my true love John? I

saw nae your father, I saw nae your mother, But I saw your true love John.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin.
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck shall be of the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon.
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.
SONG XL.

How sweet's the Love that meets Return.

When first I kind young Sandy's face; He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace; He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace; He stole my heart, but did not care: The lad he lo'ed a lass mair fair; And oft I sung o'er brae and burn, How sweet's the love that meets return!

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind, Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind; Which made the love-sick laddie rue; For she was cauld when he was true: He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and burn, How sweet's the love that meets return!
One day a pretty wreath he twin’d,
Where liliacks with sweet cowslips join’d,
To make a garland for her hair;
But she refus’d a gift so fair.
This scorn, he cry’d, can ne’er be borne;
But sweet’s the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
And love so true is soonest seen:
Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine;
For thy soft wishes are like mine:
Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
How sweet’s the love that meets return!

My answer was both frank and kind;
I lo’ed the lad, and tell’d my mind:
To kirk we went wi’ hearty glee;
And wha sae blest as he and me!
Now blithe we sing, o’er brae and burn,
How sweet’s the love that meets return!
SONG XLI.

'Twas near a Thicket's calm retreat.

'Twas near a thick- et's calm re-treat, Un-
der a pop-lar tree, Ma-ri-a chose her lone-
ly seat To mourn her sor-rows free. Her love-
ly form was sweet to view, As dawn at
op'ning day; But ah! she mourn'd her love
not true, And wept her cares a-way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet
In murmurs smooth along;
Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
Had now forgot its song.
No more to charm the vale she tries,
For grief has fill'd her breast:
Those joys which once she us'd to prize—
But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor, hapless maid! who can behold
Thy sorrows so severe,
And hear thy lovelorn story told
Without a falling tear?

Maria, luckless maid! adieu!—
Thy sorrows soon must cease;
For heaven will take a maid so true
To everlasting peace.
SONG XLII.

Somebody.

Were I obli’d to beg my bread, And
had no where to lay my head, I’d creep where
yon-der flocks are fed, And steal a look at
some-bo-dy. My own dear some-bo-dy, My
con-stant some-bo-dy, I’d creep where yonder
flocks are fed, and steal a look at some-
bo-dy.
When I'm laid low and am at rest,
And, may be number'd with the blest;
Oh, may thy artless, feeling breast,
Throb with regard for somebody:
   My own dear, &c.
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
   And sigh for the lost somebody:
But should I ever live to see
That form so much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
   And I'll be blest with somebody;
   My own dear, &c.
Then shall my tears be dry'd by thee,
   And I'll be blest with somebody.
SONG XLIII.

My Laddie is gone far away o'er the Plain.

My lad-die is gone far a-way o'er the plain, While in sorrow, behind I'm forc'd to remain,

Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn, Tho' trees are in blossom,

and sweet blows the thorn, No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay; there's no-

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

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

The Highland Laddie.

The law-land lads think they are fine, But oh, they're vain and id-ly gaw-dy; How much un-like the grace-fu' mein, and man-ly looks of my Highland lad-die. O my bon-ny Highland laddie, My handsome smil-ing Highland laddie, May heav'n still guard, and love re-ward, The law-land lass and her High-land lad-die.
If I were free at will to choose,
   To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
   With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
  O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Burrow's town,
   In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
   He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
  O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
   And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
   He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.
  O my bonny, &c.

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

Few compliments between us pass,
   I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
   Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
  O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
   Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
   While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
  O my bonny, &c.
SONG XLV.

The Highland Lassie.

To the foregoing Tune.

The lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.

O my bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloomi of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My lighterin' heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll sten,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty;
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
   Or frae my side whisk out a whinger,
         O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
   And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure,
         O my bonny, &c.
SONG XLVI.

The last time I came o'er the Muir.

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

left my love behind me; Ye pow'rs, what pain

do I endure, When soft ideas mind me. Soon as the ruddy morn display'd The

beam-ing day ensuing, I met betimes my

love-ly maid, In fit re-treats for woo-ing.

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

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

In all my soul there's not one place
   To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
   In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
   Their waves the Alps shall cover;
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
   Before I cease to love her.

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

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.

For two Voices, two Violins, or two Flutes.

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain, And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain, rejoiceth the swain, the
There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom, he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn:
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That Sylvans and Fairies, unseen, danc'd around.
The shepherd thus sung: Tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful, proud air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing:
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.
That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.
That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.
SONG XLVIII.

Katharine Ogie.

As walking forth to view the plain, Up-on

a morning early, While May's sweet scent

did cheer my brain, from flow'rs which grew so

rare-ly; I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty maid,

She shin'd, tho' it was fog-gie: I ask'd

her name; Sweet Sir, she said, My name is

Kath'rine O-gie.
I stood a while, and did admire,
   To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear,
   In a country maid so neatly:
Such nat’ral sweetness she display’d,
   Like lilies in a bogie;
Diana’s self was ne’er array’d
   Like this same Kath’rine Ogie.

Thou flow’r of females, beauty’s queen,
   Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Tho’ thou art drest in robes but mean,
   Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
   Exceals each clownish rogie;
Thou’rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
   My charming Kath’rine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd-swain,
   To feed my flock beside thee;
At bughting-time to leave the plain,
   In milking to abide thee;
P’d think myself a happier man,
   With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
   Had I but Kath’rine Ogie.

Then I’d despise th’ imperial throne,
   And statesmen’s dang’rous stations;
I’d be no king, I’d wear no crown,
   I’d smile at conqu’ring nations;
Might I caress, and still possess
   This lass of whom I’m vogie;
For they are toys, and still look less,
   Compar’d with Kath’rine Ogie.
But I fear the gods have not decreed
   For me so fine a creature;
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
   All other works in Nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
   That are both dark and fogie.
Pity my care, ye Powers above,
   Else I die for Kath’rine Ogie!
SONG XLIX.

Highland Mary.

To the foregoing Tune.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams, around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie.
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there does langest tarry;
'Twas 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 sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a 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,
Has nipt my flow'rs so early;
Now green'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 dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust;
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.
SONG L.

The Sea Storm:

Cease rude Bo-reas, blust'ring rail-er, List

ye landsmen all to me, Messmates, hear a

bro-ther sai-lor Sing the dan-gers of the

sea, From bounding bil-lows first in mo-tion,

When the dis-tant whirlwinds rise; To the tem-

pest trou-bled o-cean, where the seas contend

with skies.
Lively.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
Down your stay-sails! hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces;
Quick the topsail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your topsails nimbly clew!

Slow.

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

Quick.

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

Slow.

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

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

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

Quick.
O'er the lee-beam is the land boys;
    Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
To the pump, come, every hand, boys;
    See our mizen-mast is gone,
The leak we've found; it cannot pour fast:
   We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast;
   She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Moderate.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
   Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
   To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
   Close to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
   None! our danger's drown'd in wine!
SONG LI.

Lash'd to the Helm.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky, And

thunders roll, and lightnings fly; In midst

of all these dire alarms, I think, my Sal-

ly, on thy charms: The troubled main, The

wind and rain, My ardent passion prove;

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

think on thee, my love; I'd think on thee, my
When rocks appear on ev'ry side
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:
   The troubled main,
   The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
   Lash'd to the helm,
   Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee my love.

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

To the foregoing Tune.

Tho' winter spreads her drear domain,
And whirlwinds howl on ev'ry plain;
Tho' snows descend in northern storms,
The thought of Bet my bosom warms;
Let tempests roll
From pole to pole,
And wild tornadoes threat;
Bless'd with thy love,
I'll cheerily rove,
And think on thee, my Bet!

Then haste, Eliza, to my cot,
Where winter's frowns shall be forgot;
Thy presence makes each season gay,
And stern December sweet as May.

Come, then, my dear,
Disperse thy fear,
No danger here beset;
As swift as thought,
The hours will sport,
While bless'd with thee, my Bet.

At length when Spring new paints the mead,
To thee I'll tune my oaten reed;
Or lead thee to yon silent grove,
Sweet harbour of content and love!

There, blythe and gay,
I'll bless the day,
When first my love I met;
I'll laugh at pain,
Nor e'er again
Will part with thee, my Bet.
SONG LIII.

Blow high, blow low.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear the mainmast by the board; My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear, And love well stor'd, Shall brave all danger, Scorn all fear, The roaring winds, the raging sea, In hopes on shore To be once more, Safe moor'd with thee. A-loft while mountains high we go, The whistling
winds that scud along, And the surge roaring from below, Shall my signal be To think on thee; Shall my signal be To think on thee; And this shall be my song:—And on that night, when all the crew, The mem'ry of their former lives O'er flowing cans of flip re-new, And drink their sweethearts and their wives; I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh and think
on thee: And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,

The burden of my song shall be:
SONG LIV.

When 'tis Night, and the Mid-watch.

When 'tis night, and the Mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailors think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they never may see again:
But when the fight's begun, Each serving at
his gun, Should any thought of them come o'er
our mind, We think but should the day be
won, How 'twill cheer Their hearts, to hear That
their old com-pa-nion he was one. How 'twill
cheer Their hearts to hear, That their old com-

nion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
Have left on shore; some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs, to think how it may fare with you:
Oh! when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her heart, to hear
That her own true Sailor he was one.
SONG LV.

Twine weel the Plaiden.

O, I ha'e lost my silk-en snood That tied

my hair sae yel-low; I gied my heart to

a lad I lo'ed, He was a gal-lant fel-low.

And twine it weel, my bon-ny dow, And

twine it weel the plaiden; The las-sie lost

her silk-en snood In pu'-ing o' the

bracken.
He prais’d my een sae bonny blue,
    Sae lily white my skin, O;
And syne he preed my bonny mou’,
    And swore it was nae sin, O.
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
    And twine it weel the plaiden;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu’ing o’ the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo’d,
    His ain true love forsaken;
Which gars me sair to greet the snood
    I lost among the bracken.
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
    And twine it weel the plaiden;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu’ing o’ the bracken.
SONG LVI.

The blathrie o’ t.

When I think on this world’s pelf,

And the little wee share I ha’ e o’ t to my-self, And how the lass that wants it is by the lads for-got: May the shame tak the gear and the blath-rie o’ t.

Jockie was the laddie that held the plough,
But now he’s got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair o’ me that wears the plaiden coat:
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o’ t.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is dress’d in her silken attire;
And Jockie says he loo's her, and me he has forgot:
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o't.

But a' this shall never daunton me,
As lang as I keep my fancy free;
For a lad that's sae inconstant he is not worth a groat:
May the shame tak the gear, and the blathrie o't.
Wherever I'm going, and all the day long:

At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,

I find that my passion's so lively and strong,

That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my

song. Sing a Bal-li-na-mo-na o-ro, Bal-li-na-mo-

na o-ro, Bal-li-na-mo-na o-ro, A kiss of your

sweet lips for me.
Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,
By St Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply and poor Phelin do save.
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut, and I'll stride!
In a coach and six horses, with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your lily white fist for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut, and I'll stride!
In a coach and six horses, with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.
SONG LVI.

You know I'm your Priest.

To the foregoing Tune.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine;
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign:
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear boy, you are settled for life.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bride's maidens in robes white as snow;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away—
She blushes at love, and you whisper obey;
You take her dear hand for to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride;
The pipers before us, you march side by side;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A nice wedding dinner for me.
The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown;  
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone:  
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home;  
And hey for a christ'ning in nine months to come!  

Sing Ballinamona, &c.  

A good merry christ'ning for me.
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride; Busk ye,
busk ye, my win-some mar-row; Busk ye,
busk ye, my bon-ny bride, And let us
to the braes of Yar-row. There will we
sport and ga-ther dew, Danc-ing while lav’rocks
sing in the morn-ing, There learn free tur-
tles to prove true: O, Bell, ne’er vex me
with thy scorn-ing!
To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns, that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting;
O! queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.
SONG. LX.

Open the Door to me, O.

O open the door, some pity to shew;

O open the door to me, O. Though you have been false, I'll always prove true, So o - pen the door to - me, O.

Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But colder your love to me, O!
Tho' you have been false, I'll always prove true,
So open the door to me, O!

She's open'd the door, and she's open'd it wide,
And saw his cold corse on the ground, O!
Tho' she had seem'd cold, her heart still was true,
And firm by love's cords had been bound, O!

"My true love," she cried, then fell down by his side,
While life from her bosom did flee, O!
"Tho' in life I was false, yet at last I'll prove true,
"And your partner in death I will be, O!

"
SONG LXI.

Nothing like Grog.

A plague of those musty old lubbers, Who tell us to fast and to think, And patient fall in with life's rubbers, With nothing but water to drink: A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it, Would have set them for pleasure a-gog, And spite of the rules, And spite of the rules Of the schools, the old fools Would have all of 'em R
My father, when last I from Guinea
Return’d with abundance of wealth,
Cried, "Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink:" says I, "Father, your health."
So I pass’d round the stuff—soon he twigg’d it,
And it set the old codger agog;
And he swigg’d, and mother,
And sister and brother,
And I swigg’d, and all of us swigg’d it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg’d it,
Which soon set his rev’rence agog;
And he swigg’d, and Nick swigg’d,
And Ben swigg’d, and Dick swigg’d,
And I swigg’d, and all of us swigg’d it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there’s nothing as drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e’en more valiant the brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
'Tis all one—for I've constantly swigg'd it,
And d——me, there's nothing like grog.
SONG LXII.

Ah! Cloris, could I now but sit.

For two Voices, two Violins, or two Flutes.

Ah! Cloris, could I now but sit, As unconcern'd as when Your infant beauty could beget No happiness nor pain. When I this dawning did admire, And prais'd the coming
day, I little thought that rising fire Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection press'd,
So love, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
And center'd in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.
SONG LXIII.

Blythe young Bess.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say, Will ye gang to yon sunny brae, Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray, And sport a while wi' Jamie? Ah, na, lass, I'll no gang there, Nor about Jamie tak a care, Nor a-bout Jamie tak a care, For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.
For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see young Jamie pass,
Wi' mickle blytheness in his face,
Out o' the muir to Maggie:
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them nane amiss;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
"That Bess was but a gawkie."

"For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
"She turns head, and thraws her cheek,
"And for an hour she'll hardly speak:
"Wha'd no' ca' her a gawkie?"
"But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
"She'll gie a score without offence;
"Now gie me ane into the mense,
"And ye shall be my dawtie."

"O Jamie ye hae monie ta'en,
"But I will never stand for ane,
"Or twa, when we do meet again,
"So ne'er think me a gawkie."
"Ah, na, lass, that cannot be;
"Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
"Or ony thy sweet face that see,
"E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But whisht, nac mair o' this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
"O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
"When I came by, your gown sae new;
"I think you've got it wat wi' dew."
Quoth she, "That's like a gawkie:}
"It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
"And I'll get gowns when it is gane;
"Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
"And tell it to your dawtie."

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, "O cruel maid, but sweet,
"If I should gang anither gate,
"I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gaed o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
The hills and dales with echo rang,
"Gang o'er the muir to Maggy."

END OF PART FIRST.