

BLUE E'ED MARY;

To which are added,

TAM GLEN,

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE,

The Wounded Hussar,

YOUNG JOCKEY,


AND

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.



GLASGOW:

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Blue e'd Mary.

My early love I canna rue,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!
I ne'er will break the bosom vow,
Is plighted to my dearie, O!
A fairer form I canna see,
A fairer face there canna be,
Nane bears a heart sae leal as thee,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!

Thy form's the pine in brushwood bower,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!
Thy mein the modest daisy flower,
Among the braes sae briery, O!
Thy hair, the glossy fallin' stream,
Thy brow, the milky river feam,
Thy cheek, the rosy morning beam,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!

I ne'er made love to ane but thee,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!
Thou ne'er own'd love to ane but me,
My ain, my only dearie, O!
My morn o' love—the morn o' thine,
And a' our happy days sinsyne,
The roll o' memory canna tine,
My bonnie blue e'd Mary, O!

While morning lifts his gowden eye,
 An' glints o'er a' sae cheery, O!
 While e'enin' veils the face o' day,
 And starnies gild the carry, O!
 My early love—my bosom vow,
 My plighted faith, I'll never rue,
 But live in love and bliss wi' you,
 My bonnie blue e'ed Mary, O.

TAM GLEN.

My heart 'is a breaking, dear Tam,
 Some counsel unto me come len':
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might make a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird of Drumeller,
 "Guid day to you," brude, he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny 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?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

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

The last Halloween I was waukin
My drouket sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness came up the house stauking,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Titty, 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.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

This is no my ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.

For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fireside,
 My ain house I like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me,
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him wère a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

lone to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
 whither, she cried, hast thou wandered, my true
 love,
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?

What voice have I heard? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd:
 All mournful she hastea'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding and low, on the heath, she descri'd,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
 streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,

That melted in love, and that kindled in war.

How smit was poor Adelaïde's heart at the sight!

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful
 night,

To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded Hussar?

Thou shalt live, she replied: Heaven's mercy reliev-
 ing

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn

Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving;

No light of the morn shall to Henry return:

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,

Ye babes of my love, that await me afar.—

His fault'ring tongue scarcely could murmur, adieu

When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded

Hussar.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Young Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!
 He roos'd my e'en sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma;
 An' ay my heart comes to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

O KENMURE's on and awa'; Willie,
 O Kennmure's on and awa':
 An' Kennmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Gallaway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band !
 There's no a heart that fears a whig,
 That rides by Kenmure's band.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward of Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet of Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men ;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon wi' sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's Him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's Him that's far awa ;
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

FINIS.