

THE 5
MUSICAL
GARLAND:

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

*Love, Patriotic, Comic, Naval, and
Sentimental*

SONGS.

MUSIC, 'TIS THINE TO CHARM THE SOUL,
AND ALL ITS HARSHER POWERS CONTROLL.



FALKIRK:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. JOHNSTON.

THE

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GARLAND:

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A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

THE MOST FAVORITE TUNES, WITH
ACCOMPANIMENT

SONGS

AND THE LATEST OF THE DAY
AS WELL AS THE FAVORITE TUNES OF THE
PAST



NEW YORK

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THE
MUSICAL GARLAND.

The Trumpet of Glory.

OH! think, when the hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor will take it;
No bosom can slumber so soon.
But the trumpet of glory will wake it!

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him!
For, ah! neither smiling nor weeping
Have pow'r, at these moments, to rouse him!
But tho' he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake
Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory, would wake him!

Jessy and the Rose.

THE Rose that blooms upon the bush,
 And sheds it's fragrance round,
 Must yield to Jessie's charms at once,
 If she but trip the ground.

The dimple on her modest cheek,
 Amidst the Rose's hue,
 And the fond heart beats in her breast,
 Declares that she is true.

How bright the ev'ning Star doth rise,
 How mild the fanning gale,
 When Jessie's link'd into my arm,
 In pleasure's bark I sail.

The snow in whiteness falleth short,
 To that of Jessie's skin,
 Yet, still her better part's unseen,
 And hid her breast within.

Her eye the fire of love displays,
 And when she speaks, I hear,
 Pure sentiments of sense sublime,
 Which ravishes my ear.

And when she walks how straight she goes.
 Her feet how neat, and small,
 Proportion fine her ankles show,
 She's neither low nor tall.

Except herself there's none on earth,
 Perfection can display,
 Her Soul is from the purest source,
 Her body best of clay.

Ye Grecian daughters fam'd of old,
 If ye my Jessie saw,
 You'd hide yourselves, and be asham'd,
 My Jessie dings you a'.

I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.

Frae Clyde to the banks o' sweet Earn,
 I've travel'd fu' mony lang mile,
 But thoughts o' my dearest sweet Annie,
 the wearisome hours did beguile:
 The happy wae night that we parted,
 she vow'd she wou'd constant remain;
 Thy heart strings a' dir'd wi' fondness!
 I kiss'd, and I kiss'd her again.

Tis no cause her cheeks are like roses,
 nor yet for her dark rollin' e'e,
 Tis no for her sweet comely features,
 these charms are naething to me.
 The storms o' life may soon blast them,
 or sickness make them fade away;
 But virtue when fix'd in the bosom,
 will flourish, and never decay.

Nae langer I'll spend a' my siller,
 nae langer I'll row by my lane;
 Nae langer I'll hunt after hizzies,
 I'll soon ha'e a wife o' my ain.
 For mony wild foot I ha'e wander'd,
 and mony lang night spent in vain,
 Vi' drinkin' and dancin', and courtin',
 but I'll soon hae a wife o' my ain.

Her mither's ay flytin' and roarin',
 I rede you tak' tent o' that chiel;
 He'll no be that canny to live wi',
 he'll ne'er be like douse, Geordy Steel,
 He's courted wi' o'er mony lasses,
 to slight them he thinks it gude fun;
 He'll mak' but a sober ha'f-marrow,
 ye'll best rue before ye be bound.

Tho' Geordy ba laird of a house,
 and brags o' his kye and his pelf,
 Tho' warld's gear I be right seant o',
 a fig for't, as lang's I've my health:
 If unee I were kippel'd wi' Annie,
 she'll seldom ha'e cause to complain;
 We'll jog on through life ay right eanny,
 when I get a wife o' my ain.

But if that my Annie prove faithless,
 And marry before I return;
 I'll no, like a cuiff, greet about her,
 nor yet for ae minute will mourn;
 Awa' straight to some ither beauty,
 without loss o' time I will hie;
 And show to the lasses I'm careless,
 unless they're as willin' as I.

Charlie is my Darling.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling
 Oh, Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c,

As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear,
 And a' the folk came running out,
 To meet the Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymore's bright and clear,
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonny Highland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young Chevalier.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Fairest Maid on Devon Banks.

FAIREST maid on Devon Banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full 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 wantn' smiles, O let me share!
 And, by thy bounteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

Maggy Lauther.

Wha wou'dna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauther,
 A piper met her gaun through Fife,
 He spier'd what was't they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answered him,
 Begone you hallan shaker,
 Jog on your gate you blather-skate.
 My name is Maggy Lauther.

Maggy quo' he now by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee,
 Sit down by me my bonny bird,
 Indeed I winna steer thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper quo' Meg hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone's in order,
 Gif ye be Rob we've heard of you,
 Live ye upo' the border.
 The kintra a' baith far and near,
 Has heard of Rob the Ranter,
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gin ye blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed'
 And round his drone he twisted,
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Well done quo' he,—play up quo' she,
 We'il bob'd quo' Rob the Ranter,
 'Tis worth my while to play quo' he,
 When I get sic a dancer.

Well hae you play'd your part quo' Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson,
 There's nanè in Scotland play like you,
 Since we lost Habbie Simson,
 I've lived in Fife baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter,
 When ye came there to Amst'er fair,
 Speer ye for Maggy Lauther.

Then Rob he rous'd and took the road,
 And round all Fife he ranted,
 And play'd a spring thro' Siler-dykes,
 As merry Meg he wanted:
 And as he enter'd Amst'er town,
 His drone it sounded louder,
 His bags he blew till the chanter flew,
 Nò pips were ever prouder.

When Meg came gigling to the door,
 And saw her barnie's father,
 mind ye not, ye danced wi' me,
 My bonnie Maggy Lauther.
 Which makes me rue that day sinsyne,
 That ere I heard your chanter,
 At now I hope you'll marry me,
 My bonny Rob the Ranter.

For when I danc'd, then ye advanc'd
 And ye promised not to steer me,
 Wae to the day I heard you play,
 It makes the country jeer me.
 But since that ye will comfort gi'e,
 I'm glad ye've come to see me,
 And from the scandal of the jig,
 In reality you will free me.

Fiddlers' wives and gamesters' drink
 Is free to all who choose them,
 But if you'll be a piper's wife,
 I'll gaurd you in my bosom.
 And while I live to blaw a blast,
 You'se never be a wanter ;
 Since you're sae free to marry me,
 You're bonny Rob the Ranter.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Ken ye how she echeated me,
 As I cam by the braes o' Balloch.

She vow'd, she swore she would be mine,
 And swore she lo'd me best of ony,
 But Oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the earle and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.
 But Oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.

Aye she was a canty quacn,
 And weel could dance a highland walloch,
 Happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch; &c
 Happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

He face sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' was aye sae bonny,
 To me she ever shall prove dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, &c.
 To me she ever shall prove dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnny.

Roslin Castle.

'Twas in the season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear;
 That Collin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay;
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake sweet muse the breathing spring,
 With raptures warm, awake and sing,
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song;
 O Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 Bid her haste and come away;
 Sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray ;
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song,
 Then let my ravished notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With raptures call, O come away ;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O hither haste and with thee bring,
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravished heart of mine.

Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again ;
 Donald Caird's come again ;
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can lilt and sing,
 Blythely dance the highland fling :
 Drink till the gudeman be blind
 Fleech till the gudewife be kind,
 Hoop a leglin, elout a pan,
 Crack a pow wi' ony man.
 Tell the news in burgh and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
 Kens the wiles o' dun deer staukin,
 Leisters kipper, mak's a shift,
 To shoot a moorfowl in the drift.
 Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,
 He can wauk when ye are sleepers;
 Not for bounty or reward,
 Dare ye mill wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,
 Fast as hostler wife can fill;
 Ilka ane that sells good liquer,
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker:
 When he's fou he's proud and saucy,
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey;
 Highland chief and lowland laird,
 Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,
 Else some gear may weel be mist;
 Donald Caird finds orra things,
 Whare Allan Gregor fand the tings;
 Daunts o' kebbucks, taitis o' woo,
 Whiles a hen and whiles a sow:
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard.—
 Ware the woody, Donald Caird.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,
 Craig to tether—legs to airn:
 But Donald Caird wi' muckle study,
 Caught the gift to cheat the woody.
 Sings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel;
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,
 Donald Caird's come again, &c.

Wandering Willie.

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

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears frae my e'e;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers.
 How your dread howling a lover alarms;
 Wanken, ye breezes, blow gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

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

The Woodpecker.

I knew by the smoke to so gracefully curl'd,
 Over yonder green elms that a cottage was near:
 And I said, if there's peace to be found in the
 world,

The heart that is humble might hope for it here.
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound.
 But the Woodpecker taping the hollow beach
 tree.

And here, in this lone little wood, I exclaim'd,
 With a maid that's delightful to soul and to
 eye ;
 Who would blush'd when I prais'd her, would weep
 if I blam'd,
 How contented I'd live, and how calm could I die.
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berries dip,
 In the gush of the fountain how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 Which never were sigh'd on by any but mine.

My Anna's worth my Anna's charms.

ENCOMPASS'd in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay ;
 Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
 And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Must never more return !
 What now shall fill these widow arms ?
 Ah ! me, my Anna's urn !

Can I forget that bliss resign'd,
 Which blest with her I knew !
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,
 Were bound in love so true.

The rural train, which once were us'd,
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleased when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast ;
 "Topart with thee is all my pain" !
 She cried then sunk to rest.

While mem'ry shall her seat retain,
 From beautiful Anna torn,
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless
 strain
 Of sorrow, o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.

With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.

Black eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind;
 When Black eyed Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me ye jovial sailors tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among 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 glides 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 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 fallen tear,
 We only part to meet again:
 Change as you list, ye winds my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

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

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath in Africa's spicy gale;
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harm,
 William shall to his dear return,
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should fall from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 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.

Jenny's Bawbee.

And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
 My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
 A' that e'er my Jenny had,
 Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack, and my plack,
 And my plack, and your plack,

And your plack, and my plack,
 And Jenny's bawbee.
 And a that, &c.

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
 The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
 We'll put it in the pint stoup,
 And birle't a' three.
 And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
 My Jenny had, &c.

The Cobler's Marriage.

LAST week I got a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vow'd to stick through life
 Like cobbler's wax unto her :
 But soon we went by some mishap,
 To loggerheads together,
 And when my wife began to strap,
 Why I began to leather.

My wife without her shoes,
 Is hardly three feet seven,
 And I, to all men's views,
 Am full, five feet eleven ;
 So when to take her down some pegs.
 I drabb'd her neat and clever ;
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away for ever.

When she was gnoe good lack!
 My hair like hogs hair bristled,
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,
 So went to work and whistled;
 Then let her go, I've got my stall,
 Which my no robber rifle;
 'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,
 To lose my wife's a trifle.

A Soldiers gratitude.

WHATE'ER my fate, wheree'er I roam,
 By sorrow still opprest,
 I'll ne'er forget the peaceful hmoe,
 That gave a wand'rer rest:
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldiers gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
 That meek eyed Pity gave,
 My last expiring hour shall cheer,
 And bless the wand'rer's grave.
 Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
 By sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
 Still may you claim a soldier's thanks,
 A soldier's gratitude.

How joyous is a Country life

How joyous is a country life,
 When fields are green and gay!
 How happily a farmer's wife
 May pass her time away!
 When hay is in, and harvest done,
 What heartfelt joy to see
 The nymphs and swains together run,
 And foot it merrily.

And here skipping,
 There tripping,
 Lads and lasses come,
 With here's a hand,
 And there's a hand,
 To keep up Harvest-home.

And when from storms of chilling snow,
 The trembling leaves retire,
 How cheerly 'tis to feel the glow,
 Where burns the cottage fire.
 When rustic sunb'rs archly tell,
 In listening beauty's ear,
 Some village tale of what befell,
 When lately bloom'd the year.

And here skipping,
 There tripping,
 Lads and lasses free,
 On moonlight green,
 Were often seen
 To dance in frolic glee.

My Ellen, alas! is no more.

BLOW, blow, ye bleak winds o'er the hill—
 Rush, ye rains of the night, down the vale,—
 May a torrent inundate each rill.
 And a hurricane roar in each gale :
 Flash, lightnings, and pierce my poor brain !
 Roll, thunders, in terrible roar !
 For my Ellen, the pride of the plain,
 My Ellen, alas ! is no more.

Be barren each blossom of spring—
 Be blighted each fruit of the earth—
 Let sorrow strike every string,
 And drown the wild music of mirth !
 Be each mariner wreck'd on the main—
 Be his cries the long song on the shore—
 For my Ellen, the pride of the plain,
 My Ellen, alas ! is no more.

All night let me wander alone,
 Be the bat in yon cloister my friend,
 Let the night-bird instruct me to moan,
 And all nature in silence attend.
 To me consolation is vain,
 The wide world is a desolate shore,
 For my Ellen, the pride of the plain,
 My Ellen, alas ! is no more.

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet,
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her O,
 I rue the day I sought her O;
 Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
 But here I never mist it yet.

We'er a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We'er a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 He couldna preach for thinkin o't.

Robin Adair.

WELCOME on shore again,
 Robin Adair.

Welcome once more again,
 Robin Adair.

I feel thy trembling hand,
 Tears in thy eye-lids stand,
 To greet thy native land,
 Robin Adair.

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
 Robin Adair.

Still I pray for thee, love,
 Robin Adair.

When thou wert far at sea,
 Many made love to me,
 But still I thought on thee,
 Robin Adair.

Come to my heart again,

Robin Adair;

Never to part again,

Robin Adair.

And if thou still are true,

I will be constant too,

And will wed none but you,

Robin Adair.

O Life is like a summer flower.

Oh! life is like a summer flower,

Blooming but to wither;

Oh! love is like an April shower,

Tears and smiles together;

And hope is but a vapour light,

The lovers worst deceiver;

Before him now it dances bright,

And now is gone for ever.

Oh! joy is but a passing ray,

Lovers hearts beguiling;

A gleam that cheers a winter's day,

Just a moment smiling;

But though in hopeless, dark despair,

The thread of life may sever;

Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,

My heart is thine for ever.

FINIS.