

SIX

MOST EXCELLENT

SONGS.

Allen-a-Dale.

Mary, Weep Nae Mair for Me.

Sir John the Grame.

Farewell! Ye Dungeons.

The Trumpet Sounds.

The Youthful Squire.



GLASGOW,

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-dale has no faggot for burning,
 Allen a-dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-dale has no fleece for the spinning;
 Yet Allen-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domzain upon Arkindale side,
 The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre as Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
 Allen-a-dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
 Who at Rerecross or Stanmore meets Allen-a-dale.

Allen-a-dale to his wooing is come;
 The mother she asked of his household and home;

'Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the
 hill,
 My hall, ' quoth bold Allen, ' shows gallanter still;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so
 pale,
 And with all its bright spangles!' said Allan-a-dale

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch and bade him begone.
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry;
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonnie black
 eye;
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale.
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-dale.

MARY WEEP NAE MAIR FOR ME.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill,
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,
 Brought joy to every body's ee;
 ' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
 A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
 Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me ,

She lifted up her waukening een,
 To see from whence the voice might be,
 And there she saw her Sandy stand,
 Pale, bending on her hallow knee;

O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
 I'm in death's thraws below the sea
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

The wind slept when we left the bay,
 But soon it waked and raised the main,
 And God he bore us down the deep,
 Who wi' him but strave in vain!
 He stretched his arm, and took me up,
 Though laith I was to gang but thee
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me.

Take off these bride sheets frae thy bed,
 Which thou hast faulded down for me;
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly store,
 I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie.
 Three times the gray cock clapt his wing,
 To mark the morning lift her ee,
 And then the parting spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me.

SIR JOHN THE GRAME.

It was in and about the Martinmas time
 When the green leaves were a-falling,
 That Sir John Grame o' the west country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.
 He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where he was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly rose she up and came,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And drew the curtain by, and said,
 Young man, I think you're dying.
 O its I'm sick, I'm very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Though your heart's blood were a-spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man she said,
 When the red wine ye were filling,
 That ye made their healths go round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan?
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

O slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him.
 Cnd sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had 'rest him.
 She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the death-bell knelling,
 And every jow that the dead bell gied
 It cry'd, wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow,
 Since my love died for me to day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

FAREWELL! YE DUNGEONS.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destiny;
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,
 On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He played a spring, and danced it round
 Below the gallows tree.

Oh what is death but parting breath,
 On many a bloody plain?
 I have dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no a man in a' Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie:
 It burns my heart I must depart
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky;
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring and danced it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS:

How stands the glass around,

For shame you 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,

Why, soldiers, why,

Whose business 'tis to die!

What sighing, fie,

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,

'Tis he, you, or I,

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

Are always bound to follow, boys,

And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,

I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,

'Tis but in vain,

Were soldiers to complain

Should next campaign

Send us to him who made us boys

Were free from pain;

But if we remain

A bottle and kind landlady

Cure all again.

THE YOUTHFUL SQUIRE.

My father had no child but me,
 And all his care continually,
 Was for to have me married well,
 But under fortune's frown I fell.
 For to an old miser he wedded me,
 His age it was three score and three,
 And I myself about seventeen ;
 I wish his face, I ne'er had seen.
 For when that I abroad do go
 To meet a friend to chat, or so ;
 If any man should salute me,
 It more increases his jealousy.
 A youthful 'squire did drink to me,
 I pledg'd with him my modesty
 Thought it no harm, yet ne'ertheless,
 My husband did my shoulders dress.
 And when that we dago to bed,
 To reap the joys for which we wed ;
 He does so kick and pinch me too,
 That he my limbs leaves black and blue.
 Next morning when that I arose,
 I straight in haste put on my clothes,
 And as he lay asleep in bed,
 I with a laddle broke his head.
 He took a stick and at me run,
 I took another——so begun.
 And round the room did beat him well,
 Until upon his knees he fell.
 For every blow I gave him ten,
 And ask'd would he jealous be again
 No, no, no, no, my loving wife,
 If you will now but spare my life.