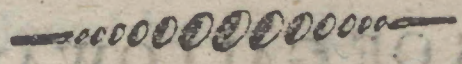


No. 6.



Six

SONGS.

Braes of Galloway.

Min' ain Dear Somebody.

Oh ! Send me Lewis Gordon hame.

Bonny Winsome Mary.

Why Unite to Banish Care.

Wat Ye Wha's in Yon Town.



NEWTON-STEWART.

Printed and Sold, Wholesale and
Retail, by J. M'NAIRN.

BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

O Lassie wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy friens i' south countrie—
Thy former friens and sweethearts a',
And gane wi' me to Gallowa' ?

O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather bells in bonny bloom ;
There's lordly seats and livins braw
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play ;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom &c.

The simmer shiel I'll build for thee
Alang the bonny banks o' Dee,
Half circlin roun my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

O Gallowa' braes, &c.

When Autumn waves her flowing horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine, in pearlins braw,

To join the dance in Gallowa':

O Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en whan darkness shrouds the sight,
 And lanely langsome is the night,
 Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
 Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."

O Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
 Nae lack o' gear our love should drown ;
 Content should shield our haldin sma',
 Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.

Come, while the blossom's on the broom,
 And heather bells sae bonnie bloom ;
 Come, let us be the happiest twa
 On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

MINE AIN DEAR SOMBODY.

When Gloaming treads the heels of Day,
 And birds sit couring on the spray,
 Lang the flowery hedge I stray
 To meet my ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
 The clover bloom, the dewy green,
 A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
 To meet my ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
 Let mad Ambition tow'r for fame,
 I'm happier in my lowly hame,
 Obscurely blest with somebody.

OH ! SEND ME LEWIS GORDON HAME.

Oh ! send me Lewis Gordon hame,
 And the lad I daurna name ;
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa'

Hech hey ! my Highlandman,
 My handsome charming Highlandman
 Weel wad I my true love ken
 Amang ten thousand Highland,

Oh ! to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue and high-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee !
 And that's the lad that I'll gae wi'

This lovely lad I now do sing,
 Is fitted for to be a king :
 For on his breast he wears a star,
 You'd take him for the god of war,

Oh ! to see this princely one
 Seated on a royal throne ;
 Our griefs wad then a' disappear,
 We'd celebrate the jub'lee-year.

BONNY WINSOME MARY.

Fortune, frowning most severe,
 Forc'd me from my native dwelling,
 Parting with my friends so dear,
 Cost me many a bitter tear :
 But like the clouds of early day,
 Soon my sorrows fled away,
 When blooming sweet, and smiling gay,
 I met my winsome Mary,

Wha can sit wi' gloomy brow,
 Blest with sic a charming lass?
 Native scenes I think on you.
 Yet the change I canna rue;
 Wand'ring many a weary mile,
 Fortune seem'd to low'r the while,
 But now she's gi'en me, for the toil,
 My bonny winsome Mary.

Tho' our riches are but few,
 Faithful love is ay a treasure—
 Ever cheery, kind and true,
 Nane but her I e'er can loe;
 Hear me, a' ye pow'rs above!
 Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
 While I live I'll constant prove
 To my dear winsome Mary.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE.

Why unite to banish care?
 Let him come eur joys to share;
 Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
 When it soothes a brother's woe,

’Twas for this the Pow’rs divine
Crown’d our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
Who’d claim enjoyment for himself ;
Come the hardy seaman lame,
The gallant soldier, robb’d of fame,
Welcome all who bear the woes
Of various kind that merit knows.

WAT YE WHA’S IN YON TOWN.

O wat ye wha’s in yon town’
Ye see the e’ening sun upon ?
The dearest maid’s in yon town
That e’ening sun is shining on
Now haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree
How blest ye flowers that round her blaw
Ye catch the glances o’ her ee

How blest ye birds that near her sing
And welcome in the blooming year
And doubly welcome be the spring

The season to my Jeanie dear.
 The sun blinks blythe on yon town;
 Amaag the broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' paradise could yeild me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky:
 My cave wad be a lovers bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there,

O sweet is she in yon town,
 The sinking sun's gaen down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

FINIS.