

THE SEVEN FAVOURITE

# SONGS.

Blink bonniely, thou E'ening Star,  
 The Despairing Goatherd.  
 See the Moon o'er cloudless Jura.  
 I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.  
 The Maid of Arundel.  
 Sweet Evening Bells.  
 Life let us cherish.



## NEWTON-STEWART,

Printed for the Booksellers, by

J. M'NAIRN.







## THE MAID OF ARUNDEL.

Thou fairest of the fairest maids,  
 In Arundel's embowering shades,  
 When beauty smiles in all her charms,  
 And love's delighted bosom warms,  
 With her I woo each sylvan scene,  
 Of fragrant bower and arbour green,  
 While smiling hopes our cares dispel,  
 We bless the shades of Arundel.

When twilight steals along the wold,  
 And wandering shepherds leave the fold,  
 To woo the bower the scented grove,  
 Again my lovely Rosalie,  
 With bounding heart I fly to thee,  
 Love's dear and fond delights to tell,  
 Amid the shades of Arundel.

As wandering in the castle mound,  
 Or moving in the festive round,  
 I feel the power of love divine,  
 Bright beaming in those eyes of thine,  
 And sweeter is thine artless tale,  
 Than midnight song of Nightingale,



Soft dying on the breezy swell,  
That fans the shades of Arundel.

The fleeting joys of love &c.



SEE THE MOON O'ER CLOUDLESS JURA.

See the moon o'er cloudless Jura

Shining in the lake below;

See the distant mountain towering

Like a pyramid of snow.

Scenes of grandeur—scenes of childhood—

Scenes so dear to love and me!

Let us rove by bower and wildwood;

All is lovelier when with thee.

On Leman's breast the winds are sighing,

All is silent in the grove,

And the flowers with dew drops glistening,

Sparkle like the eye of love.

Night so calm, so clear and cloudless;

Blessed night to love and me!

Let us rove by bower and fountain,

All is lovelier when with thee.



## THE DESPAIRING GOATHERD.

The fleeting joys of love

But one short moment last ;

In pains do constant prove,

Till life's last moment's past.

For Sylvia, cruel fair !

The pride of all the vale,

I've left my goats and kids,

To stray o'er hill and dale :

But she, ungrateful maid !

Heeds not thy tender sighs ;

My proffer'd love she scorns,

And to another flies.

The fleeting joys of love, &c.

The maiden oft' would vow

Her flame should ardent burn,

While this pure stream should flow,

My fondness she'd return :

My passion's still the same,

The water still does flow ;



The fickle maid is chang'd,  
 Regardless of her vow.  
 The fleeting joys of love, &c.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish while yet the taper glows,  
 And the fresh flow'ret pluck 'ere it close,  
 Why are we fond of toil and care?  
 Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?  
 And heedless by the lily stray,  
 Which blossoms in our way.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
 And forked lightnings rend the air,  
 The sun resumes his silver crest,  
 And smiles adown the west.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,  
 The let us, e'er we quit this shore,  
 Contentment seek, it is our zest,  
 The sunshine of the breast.



Away with every toil and care,  
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear,  
 With manful hearts life's conflict meet,  
 Till death sounds the retreat.

SWEET EVENING BELLS.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen,

A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;

I gat my death frae twa sweet een,

Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,

Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,

Her heaving bosom lily white,

It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talked she smiled, my heart she wiled,

She charmed my soul, I wistna how;

And aye the stound, the deadly wound,

Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,

She'll aiblins listen to my vow;



Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

SWEET EVENING BELLS.

Sweet evening bells, sweet evening bells;  
How many a tale your music tells,  
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard your soothing chime!  
These joyous hours are past away,  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more these evening bells,  
And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
Your evening chime will still ring on,  
And other bards shall wake these delis,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.