

# Seven POPULAR SONGS.

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THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE STEAM ARM.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

KATE KEARNEY.



GLASGOW:

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POPULAR SONGS.  
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THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

The morn was fair, the skies were clear,  
No breath came o'er the sea,  
When Mary left her highland cot,  
And wander'd forth with me ;  
Though flowers deck the mountain's side,  
And fragrance fill the vale,  
By far the sweetest flower there,  
Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd, east or west,  
Though fate began to low'r,  
A solace still was she to me,  
In sorrow's lonely hour ;  
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,  
And rent her shiv'ring sail,  
One maiden form withstood the storm,  
'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,  
On Afric's burning sand,  
She whisper'd hopes of happiness,  
And tales of distant land.

My life had been a wilderness,  
 Unbless'd by fortune's gale,  
 Had fate not link'd my lot with hers,  
 The Rose of Allandale.

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### KATE KEARNEY.

O did you not hear of Kate Kearney?  
 She lives on the banks of Killarney;  
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,  
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.  
 For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,  
 Yet, oh! I can't tell how fatal's the spell  
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
 Lies hid in the bosom of Kate Kearney.  
 Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
 There's mischief in every dimple;  
 And who dare inhale her mouth's spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

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### THE STEAM ARM.

O! wonders sure, will never cease,  
 While works of art do so increase;

No matter whether in war or peace,  
 Men can do whatever they please.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

A curious tale I will unfold,  
 To all of you as I was told,  
 About a soldier stout and bold,  
 Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,  
 Which gave him pain and great alarm;  
 But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,  
 For a shilling a-day was a sort of balm.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

The story goes, on every night,  
 His wife would bang him left and right :  
 So he determin'd out of spite,  
 To have an arm, cost what it might.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,  
 To have one made to work by steam;  
 For a ray of hope began to gleam,  
 That force of arms would win her esteem.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

The limb was finish'd, and fix'd unto  
 His stump of a shoulder neat and true,  
 You'd have thought it there by nature grew,  
 For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,  
 His wife her abuse began to make ;  
 He turn'd a small peg, and before  
 He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.

Ri too ral, &c.

With policemen soon his room was fill'd,  
 For every one he nearly kill'd ;  
 For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,  
 That once in action, it couldn't be still'd.

Ri too ral, &c.

They took him at length before the mayor,  
 His arm kept moving all the while there ;  
 The mayor cried, " shake your fist if you dare,"  
 When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.

Ri too ral, &c.

This raised in court a bit of clamour,  
 The arm going like on auctioneer's hammer ;  
 It fell in weight like a paviour's rammer,  
 And many with fear began to stammer.

Ri too ral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell from doing harm,  
 To satisfy those who had still a qualm,  
 When all at once they heard an' alarm,  
 Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.

Ri too ral, &c.

He soon escap'd and reach'd his door,  
 And knock'd by steam raps half a score ;

But as the arm in power grew more and more,  
 Bricks, mortar and wood, soon strew'd the floor.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd each stair,  
 Popp'd into the room—his wife was there ;  
 O, come to my arms, he said my dear,  
 When his steamer smash'd the crockery ware.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

He left his house, at length outright,  
 And wanders now just like a sprite ;  
 For he can't get sleep either day or night,  
 For his arms keep moving with two horse might.  
 Ri too ral, &c.

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### BEGONE DULL CARE.

Begone, dull care! I pray thee begone from me  
 Begone, dull care! thou and I can never agree,  
 Long time hast thou been tarrying here,  
 And fain thou wouldst me kill ;  
 But, in sooth! dull care,  
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey ;  
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.  
 My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,  
 So merrily pass the day ;  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,  
 To drive dull care away.

## THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,  
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,  
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their  
 money free,

Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

And of all towns, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,  
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,  
 Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same.  
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream.

Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,  
 Which in my poor bosom have burnt a large hole;  
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,  
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,  
 The more I think on it, the more my heart warms,  
 For if I was at Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home.  
 For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.

Fal de ral, &c.

## A WORD TO THE WISE.

I love you by Heaven, what ean I say more?

Then set not my passion a-cooling;

If you yield not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,

For I am but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, I will make up in deeds  
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?  
 A performance, you know well, a promise exceeds,  
 And a word to the wise is enough, child.

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### WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

When John and me were married,  
 Our haddin' was but sma',  
 For my minnie, cankert carlin,  
 Wad gie us nocht ava.  
 I wairt my feo wi' cannie eare,  
 As far as it would gae,  
 But weel I wat our bridal bed  
 Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,  
 We've come to what you see;  
 For fortune thrive aneath our hands,  
 Sae eident aye wero wo.  
 The lowe of love made labour light,  
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,  
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en,  
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,  
 As weel's in birken shaw,  
 And love will lowe in eottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha';  
 Sae, lassio, tak the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnio say,  
 Tho' you should mak' your bridal bed  
 Of clean pease strae.