

THE  
GOLDFINCH:

CONTAINING

TWENTY-FOUR

*of the most Popular and Fashionable*

**LOVE SONGS.**

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FALKIRK:

PRINTED BY T. JOHNSTON.

THE

GOLDEN CH

REVISED

WENTY-FOUR

of the ... ..

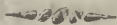
LOVE BONES



LARRY

PRINTED BY ... ..

THE  
GOLDFINCH.



*Fly from the World.*

FLY from the world, oh, Bessy! to me,  
Thou'lt never find any sincerer,  
I'll give up the world, oh, Bessy! to thee,  
I can never meet any that's dearer!  
Then tell me no more with a tear and a sigh,  
That our loves shall be censured by many;  
All have their follies, and who will deny  
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine in abandonment sweet  
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?  
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet  
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it!  
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,  
So little of guilt is there in it,  
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,  
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,  
 From a world which I know thou despisest,  
 And slumber will hover as light on our bed,  
 As e'er on the couch of the wisest;  
 And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,  
 And thou pretty innocent fearest,  
 I'll tell thee it is not the chiding of heaven,  
 'Tis only our lulliby dearest!

And oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,  
 Looking back to the scene of our errors,  
 A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above  
 And death be disarm'd of his terrors!  
 And each to the other embracing will say,  
 Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven,  
 Thy last fading glance will illumin' the way,  
 And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

*Fancy dipp'd her Pen in Dew.*

FANCY dipp'd her pen in dew,  
 Distill'd from leaves of gayest flowers;  
 Her paper from soft fibres grew,  
 Purloin'd from buds, in rosy bowers.  
 Then she wrote a lay to prove,  
 Hearts might safely toy with Love.  
 Archly smiling, love was there,  
 And cried, Of Fancy, maids, beware.  
 Roguish Love took May-day then,  
 And from his wing a feather taken,  
 He dipp'd it in, and changed her pen,  
 And all the lay seem'd Love's own making.

She wrote of love with such sweet art,  
 She read, and sigh'd, and lost her heart.  
 Archly jeering, Love was there,  
 And cried, Of Fancy, maids, beware.

*The Forester's Daughter.*

JENNY has been to the village,  
 And brought home a present from Harry;  
 But though her affection he'd pillage,  
 Blithe Jenny he never shall marry;  
 For though she has taken, to vex me,  
 The ribbon he artfully bought her,  
 She did it in joke to perplex me,  
 Sweet Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has been to the gipsy,  
 Who told her we're off, and for ever;  
 But sure the imposter was tipsy,  
 As nothing two fond hearts can sever.  
 For though we have tiff'd, when I meet her,  
 I'll prove like a lover I've caught her;  
 And the making-up kiss will be sweeter,  
 With Jenny, the forester's daughter.

Jenny has cows half-a-dozen,  
 And mine are the sheep in the valley;  
 And though not so rich as her cousin,  
 She's sweeter in temper than Sally:  
 And soon, very soon, we shall marry,  
 Though many more wealthy have sought her;  
 And then he may whistle, poor Harry!  
 For Jenny the foresters daughter.

*The Miller's Daughter.*

ON the banks of Allan Water,  
 When the sweet spring-time did fall,  
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
 Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,  
 And a winning tongue had he ;  
 On the banks of Allan Water  
 None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
 When brown Autumn spread its store,  
 There I saw the miller's daughter,  
 But she smiled no more.  
 For the summer grief had torn her,  
 And the soldier false was he :  
 On the banks of Allan Water  
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
 When the winter snow fell fast,  
 Still was seen the miller's daughter :  
 Chilling blew the blast ;  
 But the miller's lovely daughter,  
 Both from cold and care was free ;  
 On the banks of Allan Water,  
 There a corse lay she.



*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

“ WHY weep ye by the tide lady ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye shall be his bride ;

And ye shall be his bride, lady,

Sae comely to be seen ;” —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,

And dry that cheek sae pale :

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley-dale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen :” —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ A chain of gold ye sall not laek,

Nor braid to bind your hair,

Nor mettled hounds, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;

And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our bridal queen :—

But aye she loot the tears down fa',

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deek'd at morning tide,

The tapers glimmer fair ;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight were there.

They sought her both by bower and ha',  
 The lady was not seen :  
 She's o'er the Border and awa  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazledean.

*Oh ! 'tis sweet to think.*

OH ! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,  
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear  
 And that, when we're far from the lips that we love  
 We have to make love to the lips we are near  
 The heart, like a tendril, accusom'd to cling,  
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone  
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,  
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its  
 own.

Then, oh ! what pleasure, where'er we rove,  
 To be doom'd to find something still that is  
 dear,  
 And to know, when from the lips we love,  
 We have but to make love to the lips we are  
 near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,  
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not  
 there ;  
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,  
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.  
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly  
 alike,  
 They are both of them bright, but they're  
 changeable too ;



And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,  
 It will tincture love's plume with a different hue.  
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,  
 To be doom'd to find something still that is  
 dear,  
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,  
 We have to make love to the lips we are near,

---

*Sweet Kitty Clover.*

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Her cheeks are round, and red, and fat,  
 Like a pulpit cushion, and redder than that.

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

She's three feet high, and that I prize;  
 She's just a fit wife for a man of my size.

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Where Kitty resides I'm sure to go,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Where Kitty resides I'm sure to go,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

One moonlight night, when—oh, what bliss!  
 Through a hole in the window she gave me a kiss,  
 Oh, sweet Kitty Clover she bothers me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

If Kitty to church with me would go,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

If Kitty to church with me would go,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

I think I would never be bothered again,  
 If after the parson she'd say, Amen.  
 Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so,  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh!

---

*Fareweel to Glen-Shalloch.*

FAREWHEEL to Glen-Salloch,  
 A fareweel for ever!  
 Fareweel to my wee cot,  
 That stands by the river  
 The fall is loud sounding  
 In voices that vary,  
 And the echoes surrounding  
 Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,  
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,  
 With a babe at her knee,  
 And a babe at her bosom:  
 I heard her sweet voice  
 In the depth of my slumber,  
 And the song that she sung,  
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

" Sleep sound my sweet babe,  
 There's nought to alarm thee,  
 The sons of the valley  
 No power have to harm thee.  
 I'll sing thee to rest  
 In the balloch untrodden,  
 With a coronach sad  
 For the slain of Culloden.

" The brave were betray'd,  
 And the tyrant is daring  
 To trample and waste us,  
 Unpitying, unsparing,  
 Thy mother no voice has,  
 No feeling that changes,  
 No word, sign, or song,  
 But the lesson of vangeanee.

" I'll tell thee, my son,  
 How your laurels are withering ;  
 I'll gird on my sword  
 When our clansmen are gathering ;  
 I'll bid thee go forth  
 In the cause of true honour,  
 And never return  
 Till thy eountry hath won her.

" Our tower of devotion  
 Is the home of the reaver ;  
 The pride of the ocean  
 Is fallen for ever ;  
 The pine of the forest,  
 That time could not weaken,  
 Is trode in the dust,  
 And its honours are shaken.

" Rise, spirits of yore,  
 Ever dauntless in danger!  
 For the land that was yours  
 Is the land of the stranger.  
 O come from your caverns  
 All bloodless and hoary,  
 And these fiends of the valley  
 Shall tremble before ye!"

---

*Kathleen O'More.*

My love, I think that I see her once more,  
 But, alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,  
 My own little Kathleen, my poor last Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,  
 Her colour still changing, her smiles were ever  
 new,

So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

She milk'd the dun cow, that ne'er offer'd to stir;  
 Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her,  
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,  
 So hear the wind blow and to look at the moon,  
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her  
 bower;  
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she droop'd from  
 that hour,  
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little  
 Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

The bird of all birds that I love the best,  
 Is the Robin that in the churchyard builds her  
 nest,  
 For she seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly on  
 Kathleen,  
 My Kathleen, O.

---

*Come buy my Cherries.*

Come buy my cherries, beauteous lasses,  
 Fresh from the garden pluck'd by me,  
 All on a summers day so gay,  
 Sweet fruit and flowers I cry.  
 Come then, fair lassies, pray,  
 And of poor Sally buy

Come buy my roses, youthful lovers,  
 And wave a garland for each maiden's hair.  
 All on a summer's day so gay,  
 Oh! let not pleasure fly.  
 Come then, fond lovers, pray,  
 And of poor Sally buy,

Sigh not that blossoms are so fleeting,  
 But seize the treasure, though soon 'twill fade  
 Thus like a summer's day so gay,  
 Life's bloom will gently fly,  
 Come then, young lovers, pray,  
 And of poor Sally buy.

---

*The Lass of Richmond Hill.*

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
 More bright than May-day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 A rose without a thorn.  
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good will :  
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
 And wanton through the grove,  
 O, wisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her I love.  
 This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
 Who calls this nymph his own !  
 O, may her choice be fixed on me.  
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
 This lass so neat, &c,

---



*Bone of my Bone.*

Oh, Biddy, dear Biddy, I'm waiting for you :  
 There's your father, he's feeding the hogs ;  
 Oh, your mo'her has gone the old cow to pursue,  
 And is sticking quite fast in the bogs.  
 Then jump from the window right into my arms,  
 And we'll run off to Father Malone,  
 Where, my darling, my jewel, I'll gaze on your  
 charms,  
 And we'll then become bone of one bone.

Oh, don't be afraid of the leap my delight,  
 For below there's a large heap of hay,  
 And no one can see you, because it is night ;  
 So jump down to me, Biddy, I pray :  
 For I'm sure, if you don't, I shall die with the  
 pain,  
 I shall sigh, I shall grunt, I shall groan.  
 Since you never can get such a sweatheart again,  
 Arrah, come and be bone of my bone.

---

*In the midst, &c.*

IN the midst of our happiness, love,  
 Why thus turn away with a sigh ?  
 Is't the fear lest inconstant I prove,  
 That bids the tear gush in that eye ?  
 Believe me, that fear is all vain,  
 For o'er the whole world should I wander,  
 I never could love so again,  
 I should ne'er find a maid that was fonder.

In vain eyes may flash and lips smile;  
 To me they shall prove no deluders;  
 My love they can never beguile,  
 To my heart they can be but intruders.  
 From suspicion let thine be at rest,  
 For mine is so brimful of thee,  
 That, while its throbs rise in my breast,  
 No room for another there'll be.

The tear-drops that stands in those eyes,  
 Serve to make their soft ray double bright,  
 As tears wept by soft summer skies  
 In the sun form a rainbow of light.  
 Like that rainbow, then, let it portend,  
 (While vanish'd each dark cloud of sorrow)  
 That jealousy's storm's at an end,  
 And promise bright looks for to-morrow.

---

*I'll never leave Thee.*

ONE day I heard my Mary say,  
 How shall I leave thee?

Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,  
 Why wilt thou grieve me?

Alas! my fond heart will break,  
 If thou shouldst leave me:

I'll live and die for thy sake,  
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,

Has Mary deceived thee?

Did e're her young heart betray  
 New love, that's grieved thee?

My constant, heart ne'er shall stray,  
 Thou mayst believe me;  
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,  
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,  
 What can relieve thee?  
 Can Mary thy anguish sooth?  
 This breast shall receive thee.

My passion shall ne'er decay,  
 Never deceive thee;  
 Delight shall drive pain away,  
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,  
 How shall I leave thee?  
 O, that thought makes me sad!  
 I'll never leave thee,  
 Where would my Adonis fly?  
 Why does he grieve me?  
 Alas! my poor heart will die,  
 If I should leave thee!

---

*Tell me, Mary.*

OH, tell me, tell me, Mary dear,  
 Whence is that pensive sigh?  
 Oh, tell me whence the pearly tear  
 That trembles in thine eye?  
 I cannot, dare not hope for love;  
 Yet on that cheek I see  
 What would the softest wishes move,  
 If they were shed for me.

And yet in Mary's gentle soul,  
 Some pitying thoughts may dwell,  
 And those bright drops that silent roll  
 The tender secret tell.  
 Oh, Mary! calm thy lover's fears,  
 Who lives for none but thee,  
 And say that all the sighs and tears,  
 Are only given to thee.

---

*Tho' love is warm awhile.*

THOUGH love is warm awhile,  
 Soon it grows cold;  
 Absence soon blights the smile,  
 When he grows old.  
 Dearest, thy love was mine,  
 My every thought was thine:  
 Thus did our hearts entwine,  
 Ere love was cold.

But could thy bosom prove  
 Faithful, my fair;  
 Could'st thou still fondly love,  
 Still absence bear?  
 Oh! it was sweet to be  
 Loved, as I was, by thee:  
 But if thou'rt lost to me,  
 Welcome despair!

---

*The Rosebud of Summer.*

IN the rosebud of summer, its beauties bestowing,

when winter's rude banks all its sweetness shall pour,

the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing,

then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which thy smile  
 taught me to cherish

my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,  
 the pulse of this heart which adores you shall

perish,

then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

*Thou hast left me ever.*

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,

Thou hast left me ever ;

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,

Thou hast left me ever.

When hast thou vow'd that death

only should us sever :

When thou'st left thy lass for aye,

ne'er shall I see thee never, Jamie,

I shall see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken ;  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken.  
 Thou canst love anither jo,  
 While my heart is breaking.  
 Soon my weary een I'll close,  
 Never mair to wauken, Jamie,  
 Never mair to wauken.

---

*Wilt thou say, Fareweel.*

WILT thou say, Fareweel love,  
 And from Rosa part,  
 Rosa's tears will tell love,  
 The anguish of her heart.  
 I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,  
 I'll love thee, though we sever.  
 Oh, say, can I e'er cease to sigh,  
 Or cease to love ? No never.

Wilt thou think of me, love,  
 When thou'rt far away ?  
 Oh ! I'll think of thee, love,  
 Never, never stray.  
 I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine ;  
 I'll love thee, though we sever.  
 Oh, say, can I ere cease to sigh,  
 Or cease to love ? No, never.

Let not other's wiles, love,  
 Thy ardent heart betray :  
 Remember Rosa's smiles, love,  
 Rosa far away.



I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine ;  
 I'll love thee, though we sever.  
 Oh, say, can I ere cease to sigh,  
 Or cease to love? No, never.

*The fair young Knight.*

At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen,  
 A page with a courser black,  
 Here came out a knight of noble mien.  
 And he leapt on the courser's back.  
 His arms was bright, and his heart was light,  
 And he sung this merry lay,  
 How jollily lives this fair young knight,  
 He loves and he rides away."

A lady look'd over the castle wall,  
 And she heard the knight thus sing,  
 The lady's tears began to fall,  
 And her hands she began to wring.  
 And didst thou then thy true love plight,  
 And was it but to betray?  
 Oh! tarry a while, my own dear knight,  
 In pity don't ride away."

The knight of her tears he took no heed,  
 While scornful laugh'd his eye ;  
 He gave the spur to his prancing steed,  
 " Good b'ye, sweetheart, good b'ye."  
 And soon he vanish'd from her sight,  
 While she was heard to say,  
 Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight ;  
 He'll love, and he'll ride away."

*Fair Eliza.*

TURN again thou fair Eliza,  
 Ae kind blink before we part :  
 Look on thy despairing lover ;  
 Canst thou break his faithful heart ?  
 Turn again thou fair Eliza ;  
 If to love thy heart denies,  
 For pity, hide the cruel sentence  
 Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended ?  
 The offence is loving thee :  
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever  
 Wha for thine would gladly die ?  
 While the life beats in my bosom,  
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throb :  
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,  
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,  
 In the pride o' sunny noon ;  
 Not the little sporting fairy,  
 All beneath the summer moon ;  
 Not the poet, in the moment  
 Fancy lightens on his ee,  
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,  
 That thy presence gies to me.

*Love's Silent Language.*

WHEN the heart in the bosom is beating,  
 in vain we suppress the warm sigh :  
 though the lips no fond truth be repeating,  
 a tell-tale is found in the eye.  
 there the heart-language is spoken,  
 or words may by falsehood sub-join :  
 vows of the lips are oft broken,  
 the eye, though 'tis silent, is true.

do give me the glance that expresses,  
 the bright beam of joy when we meet,  
 the bosom that throbs to caresses,  
 the heart that in silence can beat :  
 while I can boast such a treasure,  
 ask no conviction but this,—  
 the eye that beams welcome and pleasure,  
 and nought of the lips but a kiss.

*Have you not seen.*

Have you not seen the timid tear,  
 the deal trembling from mine eye ?  
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,  
 or caught the murmur'd sigh ?  
 Can you think my love is chill,  
 or fix'd on you alone ?  
 Can you rend, by doubting still,  
 my heart so much your own ?

To you you my soul's affection move,  
 Devently, warmly, true ;  
 My life has been a task of love,  
 One long, long thought of you.  
 If all your tender faith is o'er,  
 If still my truth you'll try,  
 Alas ! I know but one proof more—  
 I'll bliss your name and die.

---

*Beauty in tears.*

O weep not, sweet maid, nor let sorrow oppress  
 thee ;  
 Thy innocent bosom should banish all fears :  
 Kind Heav'n will protect thee, fair virtue cares  
 thee,  
 And angels will pity such beauty in tears.  
 But some cruel tyrants compassion ne'er cherish  
 In all their dark actions ambition appears ;  
 They suffer the wretched to languish and perish  
 And look without pity on beauty in tears.

How blest is the heart which with charity floweth  
 And tranquil the bosom that virtue reverse !  
 How sweet is the balm which kind pity bestoweth  
 To soften the sorrow of beauty in tears !  
 But some cruel tyrants, &c.

FINIS.