

Five Excellent

# SONGS.

Old Towler.

Pease-Strae.

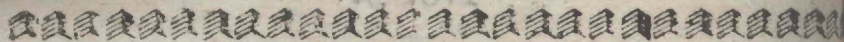
Blythe was She.

Fairest of the Fair.

We'll Meet Beside the Dusky Glen.



NEWTON-STEWART.  
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## OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chanticlear proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn,  
The lowling herds now quit the lawn,  
The lark springs from the corn ;  
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng  
Fleet Towler leads the cry ;  
Arise the burden of my song,  
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, chevy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy  
Hark, hark, tantivy,  
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale ;  
The upland winds they sweep along  
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,  
The game is roused, too true the song,  
This day a stag must die.

Poor stag ! the dogs thy haunches gore,  
 The tears run down thy face,  
 The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
 His joys were in the chace ;  
 Alike the generous sportsman burns  
 To win the blooming fair,  
 But yet he honours each by turns,  
 They each become his care.

### PEASE-STRAE.

When John and me were married,  
 Our hading was but sma',  
 For my minnie, cankert carlin,  
 Would gie us nocht ava ;  
 I wairt my fee wi canny care,  
 As far as it would gae,  
 But weel I wat our bridal bed  
 Was clean pea-strae.

Wi working late and early,  
 We're come to what you see,  
 For fortune thrave aneath our hands,  
 Sae eydent ay were we.

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 birchen shaw,  
 And love will lowe in cottage low,  
 As weel's in lofty ha'.  
 Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,  
 Whate'er your minnie say,  
 Tho' ye should make your bridal bed  
 Of clean pease-strae.

### BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she butt and ben ;  
 Blythe by the banks of Ein,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

Ly Ochtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;

ut Phemie was a bonnier lass  
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

er looks were like a flower in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;  
he tripped by the banks of Ern  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

er bonnie face it was as meek  
As ony lamb upon a lee ;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
That ever trod the dewy green.

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### FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;

Can silent glens hae charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot and russet gown?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,  
 Say canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 Nor shrink before the warping wind,  
 O can that saft and gentlest mein,  
 Severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 Thro' perils keen, wi' me to gae?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of wae.  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 Wilt thou asume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much loved clay  
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen,  
 On yon burn side,  
 Where the bushes form a cozy den,  
 On yon burn side,  
 Though the broomy knowes be green  
 Yet there we may be seen,  
 But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en,  
 Down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower,  
 On yon burn side,  
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower,  
 On yon burnside:

There the busy prying eye  
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,  
While in ither arms they lie,  
Down by yon burn side.

Awa ye rude unfeeling crew,  
Frae yon burn side,  
Those fairy scenes are no for you,  
By yon burn side,  
There fancy smooth's her theme,  
By the sweetly murmuring stream,  
And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim,  
Down by yon burn side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' goud  
On yon burn side,  
And gloaming draws her foggy shroud,  
O'er yon burn side,  
Far frae the noisy scene,  
I'll through the fields alane,  
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean !  
Down by yon burn side.

FINIS.