

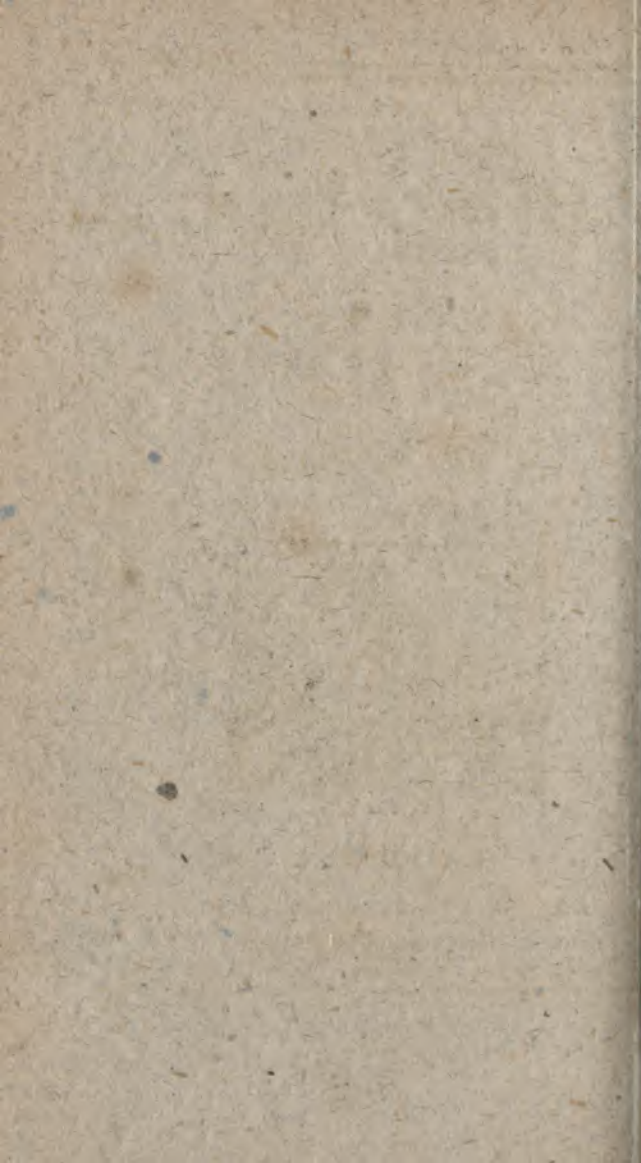
THE  
**Black-Bird,**  
 A  
 SELECTION  
 OF CELEBRATED  
 SONGS.



**Falkirk:**

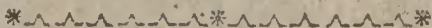
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1818.





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SONGS.



Sweet Anny frae the Sea-beach  
came.

SWEET Anny frae the sea-beach came,  
where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;  
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
when Joeky's tost aboon the tide!  
Far aff to distant realms he gaugs;  
yet I'll prove true, as he has been:  
And when ilk lass about him thrangs,  
he'll think on Anny, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
wi' goud in hand he tempted me;  
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,  
and made a brag of what he'd gife:

What tho' my Jocky's far away,  
 tost up and down the dinsome main,  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,  
 and fairly cast your pipe away;  
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,  
 to see his friend his love betray:  
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,  
 while Jocky's notes do faithful flow;  
 My heart to him shall true remain,  
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
 and gar your waves be calm and still;  
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,  
 and dinna a' my pleasure spill.  
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,  
 yet he will braw in siller shine:  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 since Jocky may again be mine

---

She rose, and let me in.

The night her silent sable wore,  
 and gloomy were the skies;  
 Of glit'ring stars appear'd no more,  
 than those in Nelly's eyes.

When to her father's door I came,  
 where I had often been,  
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
 to rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,  
 did my fond suit reprove;  
 And while she chid my rash design,  
 she but inflam'd my love!  
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
 while her bright eyes did roll;  
 But virtue only had the pow'r  
 to charm my very soul!

Then who would cruelly deceive,  
 or from such beauty part!  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 the charmer of my heart:  
 My eager fondness I obey'd,  
 resolv'd she should be mine,  
 Till Hymen to my arms convey'd  
 my treasure so divine!

Now happy in my Nelly's love,  
 transporting is my joy!  
 No greater blessing can I prove,  
 so bless'd a man am I:  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flut'ring heart,  
 But virtue only is the chain  
 holds, never to depart.

## Twine weel the Plaiden.

O I hae lost my silken snood,  
 that tied my hair so yellow !  
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I lo'ed,  
 he was a gallant fellow.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 and twine it weel, the plaiden ;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 in pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een, sae bonny blue ;  
 sae lilly-white my skin O ;  
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou' ;  
 and said it was nae sin O.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 and twine it weel the plaiden ;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 in pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,  
 his ain true love forsaken,  
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood,  
 I lost among the bracken.  
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 and twine it weel, the plaiden ;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 in pu'ing of the bracken.



## Allan-Water.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat,  
 what verse be found to praise my Annie?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait!  
 each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trode the happy plain,  
 she set each youthful heart on fire!  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 that Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,  
 this new delight, this charming Annie!  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 when Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
 All day the am'rous youths conven;  
 joyous they sport and play before her:  
 All night, when she no more is seen,  
 in blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the croud Amyntor came,  
 he look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
 His rising sighs express'd his flame,  
 his words were few, his wishes many.  
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?  
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
 this destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.



Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
 his wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
 He stole away my virgin heart;  
 cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing:  
 Some brighter beauty you may find,  
 on yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
 and leave to Damon his own Annie.

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### The Banks of Banna.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,  
 one evening in May,  
 The little birds, in blythest notes,  
 made vocal ev'ry spray;  
 They sung their little notes of love,  
 they sung them o'er and o'er;  
 Ah! gramachree, mo, challeenouge,  
 mo Molly astore.

The daisy pied, and all the sweets  
 the dawn of nature yields;  
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
 lay scatter'd o'er the fields:  
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
 of her whom I adore:  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,  
 bewailing my sad fate,  
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,  
 and cruel Molly's hate.  
 How can she break the honest heart,  
 that wears her in it's core?  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said, you lov'd me, Molly dear:  
 Ah! why did I believe?  
 Yes, who could think such tender words  
 were meant but to deceive?  
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,  
 no one could give me more:  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze  
 on yonder yellow hill,  
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,  
 that yon green pastures fill,  
 With her I love I'd gladly share  
 my kine and fleecy store:  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head,  
 sat courting on a bough;  
 I envy'd them their happiness,  
 to see them bill and coo;  
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd,  
 but now, alas! 'tis o'er:  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

hen fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
 thy loss I still shall moan;  
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,  
 'twill beat for thee alone:  
 Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee  
 its choicest blessings pour:  
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

### The Maid in Bedlam.

ONE morning very early,  
 one morning in the spring,  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam,  
 who mournfully did sing:  
 Her chains she rattl'd on her hands,  
 while sweetly thus sung she,  
 I love my love, because I know  
 my love loves me.  
 Oh! cruel were his parents,  
 who sent my love to sea;  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship  
 that bore my love from me:  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his,  
 altho' they've ruin'd me.  
 For I love my love, &c.

should it please the pitying pow'rs  
 to call me to the sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge  
 around my love to fly,  
 For to guard him from all dangers:  
 How happy should I be!  
 For I love my love, &c.

I'll make a strawy garland,  
 I'll make it wondrous fine;  
 With roses, lillies, daisies,  
 I'll mix the eglantine;  
 And I'll present it to my love,  
 when he returns from sea,  
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were a little bird,  
 to build upon his breast!  
 Or if I were a nightingale,  
 to sing my love to rest;  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes,  
 all my reward should be,  
 For I love my love, &c.

O if I were an eagle,  
 to soar into the sky!  
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes,  
 where I my love might spy:  
 But ah! unhappy maiden,  
 that love you ne'er shall see!  
 Yet I love my love, &c.

Whilst thus she sung, lamenting,  
 her love was come on shore:  
 He heard she was in Bedlam,  
 then did he ask no more,  
 But straight he flew to find her,  
 while thus replied he,  
 I love my love, &c.

O Sir, do not affright me  
 are you my love, or not?  
 Yes, yes, my dearest Molly!  
 I fear'd I was forgot;  
 But now I'm to make amends  
 for all your injury:  
 And I love my love, because I've found  
 my love loves me.



### Highland Harry.

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!  
 O for him back again!

I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie up the glen;  
 I sit me down, and greet my fill,  
 And ay I wish him back again,

O for him, &c.

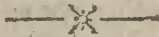
— ❖ —  
 The Sky-Lark.

HARK, hark the Sky-Lark singing,  
 As the early clouds are bringing  
 Fragrance on their wings!  
 Still, still on high he's soaring,  
 Thro' the liquid haze exploring,  
 Fainter now he sings;  
 Where the purple dawn is breaking,  
 Fast approaching morning's ray;  
 From his wings the dew he's shaking,  
 As he joyful hails the day!  
 While echo from his slumbers waking,  
 Imitates his lay.

See, see the ruddy morning,  
 With his blushing locks adorning  
 Mountain, wood and vale;  
 Clear, clear the dew-drops glancing,  
 As the rising Sun's advancing  
 O'er the eastern hill.  
 Now the distant summit's clearing,  
 As the vapours steal their way;

And its heath-clad breast's appearing,  
 Ting'd with Phœbus' golden ray :  
 Far down the glen the blackbird's chearing  
 Morning with his lay.

Come, come let us be straying,  
 Where the hazel boughs are playing,  
 O'er yon summit grey :  
 Mild, mild the breeze is blowing,  
 And the crystal streamlet's flowing  
 Gently on its way.  
 On its banks the wild rose springing,  
 Blushing in the sunny ray ;  
 Wet with dew its head is hanging,  
 Bending low the prickly spray :  
 Then haste, my love, while birds are singing  
 To the new-born day.



### Wandering Mary.

BLEAK blows the storm upon that breast,  
 Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow ;  
 Oh ! take me to some place of rest,  
 Where I may slumber 'till to-morrow.  
 You view my face, it once was fair,  
 At least so, said my charming Harry ;  
 But he is gone, and black despair  
 Is all that's left to Wand'ring Mary.  
 Is all that's left, &c.

No thief am I, as some alledge,  
 Tho' sore hath cold and hunger try'd me;  
 I pluck the haw-berry from the hedge,  
 When human aid is oft deny'd me.  
 But hush, my babe! tho' large the load  
 Of woes that we are doom'd to carry,  
 Within some cold grave's bleak abode  
 You'll sweetly sleep with Wand'ring Mary.  
 You'll sweetly sleep, &c.

I lo'ed ne'er a Laddie but-ane.

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but-ane,  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to mak me his ain,  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has cost me a rocklay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Dear Lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,  
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
 Tho' we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear,  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our Laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care:  
 Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
 And cantie and loil evermair;



He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—

Waes me! can I tak it amiss?

My laddie's unpractis'd in guile.

He's free ay to daut and to kiss!

Ye lasses wha' lo'e to lament

Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,

Play your pranks—I ha'e gien my consent,

And this night I am Jamie's for life

### The Village-Maid.

I would not change for cups of gold,

This little cup that you behold;

'Tis from the beach that gave a shade,

At noon-day, to my Village-Maid.

I would not change for Prussian loom,

This humble matting of my room;

'Tis of those very rushes twin'd,

Oit press'd by charming Rosalind.

I would not change my lovely wicket,

That opens in her fav'rite thicket,

For portals proud, or tow'rs that frown,

The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,

That learns from her to joy or smart,

For his that burns with love of glory,

And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cote,  
 My mote, my bowl, I value not,  
 But only as they, one and all,  
 My lovely Rosalind recal.

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### When the Sun gaes down.

WHEN the Sun gaes down owre yon Castle-wa',  
 And 'gins to close his e'e,  
 An' dew-drops saft on the wild flow'rs fe',  
 That wave on the turrets hie :  
 When Lovers meet on the grassy sod,  
 Wi' merry hearts and gay,  
 And Shepherds pipe, in the hollow wood,  
 Their e'ening rounde-lay.

When the mountain heath-bells sweetly blow,  
 Bedeck'd with pearly weez,  
 And blythe birds sing in the birken shaw,  
 Their e'ening song sae sweet ;  
 I ween'tis the Lover's tell-tale hour,  
 An' dear it is to me,  
 By yon Castle-wa' and birken bow'r,  
 To meet my Rosalie.

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### The Maid of Lorn.

WAKE, Maid of Lorn, the moments fly,  
 Which yet that maiden-naune allow :  
 Wake, Maiden, wake, the hour is nigh,  
 When love shall wake a plighted vow :

By fear, thy bosom's flut'ring guest,  
 By hope, that soon shall fears remove,  
 We bid thee break the bonds of rest,  
 And wake thee at the call of love.  
 Wake, Maid, &c.

Wake, Edith, wake, in yonder bay  
 Lies many a galley, gaily mann'd :  
 We hear the merry Pibroch play,  
 We see the streamer's silken band :  
 What Chieftain's praise these Pibroch swell,  
 What Crest is on thy banners wore,  
 The Harp, the Minstrel dare not tell,  
 The riddle must be read in love.  
 Wake, Maid, &c.



## WALLACE'S LAMENT,

After the Battle of Falkirk.

(TUNE—*Maids of Arrochar.*)

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing  
 to see,  
 To me thou can't never give pleasure again,  
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lee,  
 And thy streams are deep ting'd with the  
 blood of the slain!  
 'Twas base-hearted treachery that doom'd  
 our undoing;  
 My poor bleeding country, what more  
 can I do?

Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin!  
 And Freedom beholds her best warriors  
 laid low!

Farewel, ye dear partners of peril, farewel!  
 Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,  
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where  
 you fell,  
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons  
 of the brave:

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;  
 Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!  
 On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant  
 I ponder—  
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy WALLACE  
 must fly.

.....

I could not answer No.

ONCE, twice, thrice, I met young Lubin  
 on the green,  
 ONCE, twice, thrice, young Lubin he met me:  
 The first time I beheld the lad,  
 He made an humble bow;  
 I blush'd and hung my silly head,  
 And felt, I don't know how!  
 He ask'd my hand with such a grace,  
 To dance upon the green,

I thought he was the blithest lad  
 These eyes had ever seen!

Now, could I answer No?

No, no, oh! no,

I could not answer No.

Once, twice, thrice, I met young Lubin  
 on the green,

Once, twice, thrice, young Lubin he met me;

And when we met again, he shew'd

His Cot with woodbine bound:

He pointed out his flocks and fields,

Where plenty smil'd around!

He told me all the joys of life

Awaited me within!

I took a peep, and surely thought

It could not be a sin:

Now could I answer, &c.

Once, twice, thrice, I met young Lubin  
 on the green,

Once, twice, thrice, young Lubin he met me;

The third time, when we met again,

He strove consent to gain,

To make him happy, was his theme,

And ease his heart of pain;

He vow'd his wealth should all be mine,

If I to Church would go;

He press'd my hand, and nam'd the day:

Now, could I answer No?

I could not answer No.

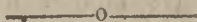
## The Mountain-Flower.

My Love can boast a sweeter flow'r  
 Than can be seen in cultur'd bow'r,  
 Where gently falls the summer show'r  
 Upon the opening blossom.

This early flow'r on mountain's side,  
 Bedecks the slope where streamlets glide,  
 In haste to meet the ocean's tide,  
 Which guards its native shore.

I love to seek the Primrose pale,  
 That bends before the vernal gale,  
 Which softly breathes along the vale,  
 When winter's storm is o'er.

In Primrose pale I sometimes trace  
 The sweetness of my LUCY's face,  
 The tender heart, that stamps the grace  
 That blooms when roses wither.



## The Flowers of the Forest.

I've heard them liltin' at the ewe-milkin',  
 Lassies a' liltin' before dawn of day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green  
 loaning,

The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.  
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads  
 are scorning,  
 Lassies are lanely, and dowie, and wae!

Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing & sabbing;  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now  
 are jeering :

Bandsters are wrunkled, and lyart, or grey:  
 At fairs, or at preachings, nae wooing, nae  
 fleeching,

The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.  
 At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkens are  
 roaming

'bout stacks, with the lasses, at bogle or play;  
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary,  
 The flowers of the forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to  
 the border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day:  
 The flowers of the forest, that fought ay  
 the foremost,

The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.  
 We'll hear nae mair liting at the ewe-milking,  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae!  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

—x—

### The Banks of Inverury.

ONE day as I was walking,  
 And as I did pass,  
 On the banks of Inverury,  
 I spied a bonny lass;

Her hair hung o'er her shoulders broad,  
 And her eyes like stars did shine  
 On the banks of Inverury :  
 O that she were mine !

I then embrac'd this fair maid  
 As fast as e'er I could ;  
 Her hair hang o'er her shoulders broad,  
 Just like the threads of gold !  
 Her hair hung o'er her shoulders,  
 Her eyes like stars did shine  
 On the banks of Inverury ;  
 O that she were mine !

She said, Young man give over,  
 And do not use me so ;  
 For after kissing cometh wooing,  
 And after wooing woe :  
 My tender heart you will ensnare,  
 And I'll beguiled be ;  
 On the banks of Inverury  
 Alone I'll walk, said she.

She said, Young man give over,  
 My company refrain ;  
 I know you are of a gentle blood,  
 Yet of a graceless clan ;  
 I know your occupation, lad,  
 That good it must not be :  
 On the banks of Inverury  
 Alone I walk, said she.

He said, My pretty fair maid,  
 The truth I'll not deny,  
 On the banks of Inverury  
 Twelve maids beguil'd have I !



I have often us'd to flatter maids,  
 But thus it must not be,  
 On the banks of Inverury  
 My wedded wife you'll be.

He's put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew it loud and shrill,  
 And thirty-six well armed men  
 Were at their master's will:

I have often us'd to flatter maids,  
 But thus it shall not be,  
 On the banks of Inverury  
 My wedded wife you'll be.

You'll take this pretty fair maid  
 And set her on horse-back high,  
 And with her to some Parson ride,  
 And that immediately;  
 And I will sing these lines, said he,  
 Until the day I die,  
 To the praise of Inverury banks,  
 Where first I did her see.

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THE

## Bonny Lass of Calder-Braes.

(TUNE—*Logan-Water.*)

WHEN cares were few, and life was young,  
 Calder-braes I danc'd and sung,  
 Pain'd by keen remorse's dart,  
 It flow'd spontaneous from my heart;

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To crown the happy mundane scene,  
 I lov'd—nor did I love in vain;  
 The theme of all my artless lays,  
 Was my dear Lass of Calder-braes.

Thrice happy days your loss I mourn,  
 You're gone—ah! never to return:  
 Ambition's *ignis fatu's* glare  
 Transform'd my bliss to black despair!  
 The pomp of war, and pride of arms,  
 Appear'd with such resistless charms,  
 I left, to face my country's faes,  
 My weeping maid on Calder-braes.

In martial conflict first I shone,  
 In climes below the burning zone;  
 Beneath Seringapatam's wall  
 I saw the tyrant Sultan's fall.  
 Amidst the carnage of that day,  
 Where dead and dying round me lay,  
 'Midst cannon's roar, and lightning's blaze,  
 I thought on peaceful Calder-braes.

With laurels crown'd, with wealth array'd,  
 Again I sought my native shade,  
 In hopes my long-lost love to meet,  
 To lay my laurels at her feet;  
 Alas! I never saw her more,  
 My sanguine dreams of bliss are o'er!  
 My only pleasure's now to gaze  
 On her lov'd grave on Calder-bracs.

## THE

## LASS OF TORRANCE-GLEN.

(TUNE—*Blythe was she, &c.*)

AE sweetly-smiling simmer morn,  
 When nature bloom'd in a' hër pride,  
 I wander'd thoughtless thro' the groves  
 That deck the braes on Calder-side.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was I,  
 Blyther than the maist of men;  
 Now, alas! I've lost my heart  
 Among the groves of Torrance-glen.

To watch the feather'd warblers' song,  
 I lean'd me down beneath a thorn,  
 When soon a bonny lass I spy'd,  
 Was sweeter than the vernal morn.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

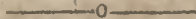
Her een was like the glomin' star,  
 And glitterin' was her gowden hair;  
 There's no a lass round Britain's Isle  
 With my sweet Mary-can compare.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

\* The GLEN of TORRANCE is a beautiful romantic valley, on the banks of CALDER, on the Estate of the late ALEX. STUART, Esq. of TORRANCE, Parish of East Kilbride, about eight miles from GLASGOW.

Her skin was white as virgin snaw,  
 Her cheeks excell'd the roses red;  
 But O! her mouth's beyond compare,  
 Sae muckle sweetness there lies hid.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Let bards describe bright Juno's charms,  
 Or Venus rising from the sea;  
 But my delight's to sing the praise  
 Of Mary with the sparkling c'e.

Blythe, blythe and merry was I,  
 Blyther than the maist of men;  
 Now, alas! I've lost my heart  
 Among the groves of Torrance-glen.



## SCOTCH WHISKIE.

(TUNE—*Push about the Jorum.*)

YE social sons of Scotland's isle,  
 Who love to rant and roar, Sir,  
 To drink, to dance, to laugh and sing,  
 And hickup out *encore*, Sir,  
 Attend and listen to my lay,  
 'twill make you blythe and frisky,  
 I'll sing (who dare my theme despise?)  
 The praise of good Scotch Whiskie.

And O my chearing, care-dispelling,  
 Heart-reviving Whiskie!

Curse all your foreign trash, say I,  
Give me but good Scotch Whiskie.

Let Monsieurs of their Brandy brag,  
Distill'd from Gallic vine, Sir,  
Let Dons and Portuguese rehearse,  
The praises of their Wine, Sir;  
Jamaica Rum is but a hum,  
So is the best Antigua;  
And Holland's Gin's not worth a pin,  
Compar'd to dear Kilbegie.  
And O, &c.

Let squeamish beaux, and powder'd fops,  
Quaff Sherry or Champaign, Sir,  
Such Frenchify'd refin'd milk-fops  
are but their country's stain, Sir;  
But Scotia's real heroic sons,  
Such cold libations scorn, Sir,  
They love the sparkling warm heart's blood  
Of Sir John Barleycorn, Sir.  
And O, &c.

Then fill us up a glass, my lads,  
And let us have our fill, Sir;  
That cutty-stoup will never do,  
Bring in the Hawick-gill, Sir.  
Tis true, our cash is growing scant,  
(and so much more's the pity,)  
But while we have a penny left,  
We'll spen't on Aquavitæ.  
And O, &c.

## SAILOR JACK.

LAST Monday-morning there sailed from Cork

A Ship call'd the Montague,  
There's one on board I dearly love;

And I hope that he'll prove true:  
Kind Heaven send him safely back,  
My life, my joy, my Sailor Jack.

Fal-lal, lal-lal, lal.

The first time he came to see me,

He was drest in rich array!

He was drest all in hit rich brocades,

With other garments, gay:

Deceive me not because I'm young,

You've got a false and flatt'ring tongue.

Fal-lal, &c.

The second time he came to court me,

He was drest in Sailor's array;

He was drest all in his speckled shirt,

With other garments gay;

So sweet he sat and sung by me,

With his good humour, frank and free.

Fal-lal, &c.

If I on board with you should go;

Dón't be angry with me, my dear;

Your cabin I will closely keep,

No man will I come near:

And when your mess is almost out,  
I'll help to steer your ship about.

Fal-lal, &c.

And when you're on the raging main,  
Think on your Molly dear;  
Constant I'll be as the turtle-dove,  
No reason you'll have to fear.  
Hoist up your sails, push back your oars,  
And turn to your Molly's arms once more.  
Fal-lal, lal-lal, lal.

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### THE ANSWER.

LAST Monday-morning we went to sea  
With a sweet and pleasant gale;  
My lovely Molly's white and red  
Was turn'd to deadly pale!  
But if Fortune send me safe on shore,  
I'll cherish Molly's heart once more.  
Fal-lal, lal-lal, lal.

She has a long and slender waist,  
Her breast as white as snow;  
She has a kind and am'rous look,  
And her mind with wit doth flow:  
She's in her humour frank and free,  
And sings with a sweet melody.  
Fal-lal, &c.

When we were on the raging main,  
 Drinking good wine and beer,  
 At other times with a bowl of punch  
 our sailor's hearts to cheer ;  
 Yet none of these so pleaseth me,  
 As when in Molly's company.  
 Fal-lal, &c.

When I go to the top-mast head,  
 For some strange sail to spy,  
 I set my face towards the shore,  
 And cast a watchful eye;  
 Hoping my dearest for to see,  
 Come rowing in a boat to me,  
 Fal-lal, &c.

May Neptune smooth the foaming seas,  
 Boreas a gale bestow,  
 That our hollow'd sails belly'd from the masts,  
 By a gentle breeze may blow,  
 To send us to our wish'd-for shore,  
 I'll fly to her arms whom I adore.  
 Fal-lal, fal-lal, fal-lal.

### SWEET JEAN OF TYRONE:

My father often told me  
 He ne'er would controul me,  
 But make a Draper, if I staid at home ;  
 But I took a notion  
 Of a higher promotion,  
 To try other parts than the County Tyrone.



It was not in variance  
 That I left my parents,  
 As little they knew the road I had gone;  
 But I thank my instructor,  
 And kindly conductor,  
 Who landed me safe from the County Tyrone.

I travel'd to Newry,  
 Where I fell a-courting,  
 A-courting a girl for a wife of my own;  
 But when I came to her,  
 She would not endure me,  
 She told me I was married in the County  
 Tyrone.

Then I staid a whole season  
 At the Cotton-weaving,  
 Still thinking my true-love would alter  
 her tone;  
 But with quick apprehension  
 She quickly made mention,  
 Where's your character from the County  
 Tyrone?

For my character  
 You need never mind it;  
 I never was marry'd, nor promis'd to none.  
 Then she swore by her conscience  
 She would run all chances,  
 And travel with me to the County Tyrone.  
 Then early next morning,  
 While the sun was adorning,  
 We travel'd from Killwight by the three  
 mile stone;

The guard they pursu'd us,  
 But never could view us,  
 I wish'd from my heart I had my love in Tyrone.

As we were a-walking,  
 And lovingly talking,  
 We met an old man, was walking alone;  
 He told them he met us,  
 And where they would get us,  
 And that we were talking of the County Tyrone.

This eased their trouble,  
 Their steps they did double,  
 And said, if they'd get me, they'd break all  
 my bones;  
 They said, if they'd get me,  
 A prisoner they'd make me,  
 Transmit me to Onag, and hang me in Tyrone.

There was a water nigh us,  
 Where vessels were lying,  
 And all the whole story to them we made  
 known;  
 They threw a plank to us,  
 And on board they drew us,  
 And told us their vessel was bound to Tyrone.

Then my love lay a-dying,  
 Lamenting, and crying! (home,  
 I offer'd her a cordial which I brought from  
 But with quick apprehension  
 She my present rejected,  
 I'll be doing without it, till I come to Tyrone.

When we arrived in our native country,  
 All the whole case to my father made known;  
 Five hundred pounds he gave us,  
 If that would not serve us,  
 He'd give us still more in the County Tyrone.

These two live together,  
 In joy and great pleasure,  
 If you want to see them you must go to Tyrone.  
 My love's name to finish,  
 Is Miss Jeany Innes;  
 Myself bold M'Ginnes, from the County Tyrone.

... — — — ... — — — ...

## CAPTAIN MULLIGAN.

O Love is a plague by night and by day,  
 Once that post you run your skull again;  
 Love it was for Kitty O'Shea,  
 That bother'd the heart of Captain Mulligan.

Light and merrily, light and gay,  
 Stout and merrily, smart and readily,  
 Soft and funnily, blyth and bonnily,  
 Quite an Adonis was Captain Mulligan.

He was willing, she was killing,  
 Soft she cried to brave O Mulligan,  
 O you jewel! — cruel jewel!  
 Willing, killing Captain Mulligan!

Shoulders rising over his ears!

Face just like moon in full again!

Legs in shape of a tailor's sheers!

You ne'er saw the fellow of Captain Mulligan!

Limping, waddling Miss O'Shea,

Glances twitching him, quite bewitching him!

Ogling bonnily—squinting funnily,

She was a Venus to Captain Mulligan.

O sweet Kitty, you're so witty,

softly cried brave Captain Mulligan;

O sweet Kitty, pretty witty Kitty,

Pity poor Captain Mulligan!

When married, how they alter'd their tune!

Love, once so fierce, faith, soon grows  
cool again;

When that they had pass'd the sweet honey-  
moon,

She blacken'd the eyes of Captain Mulligan.

Whisky tippling night and day;

Scolding, fighting him, horns affrighting him!

Oh! be easy now—troth you're crazy now!

The jeuce be with you, then, Mrs. Mulligan.

Faith I knew it, I would rue it

Sadly, cried brave Captain Mulligan:

You're my cruel—cruel jewel!

Killing, milling Mrs. Mulligan.

## JENNY OF ABERDEEN.

WHEN the Sun veil'd his face  
 with the tops of the Grampians,  
 And Nature was clad  
 in her mantle of grey,  
 By the side of my Jenny  
 to breathe the fresh fragrance;  
 On the Dee's lovely banks  
 I one evening did stray.  
 In calmness its streams  
 glided on to the Ocean,  
 On its surface the Fishes gay  
 sporting were seen;  
 There wand'ring retir'd,  
 is my highest emotion,  
 With Jenny, the flower  
 of sweet Aberdeen:

With lovely young Jenny,  
 With charming young Jenny,  
 With Jenny, the Flower  
 of sweet Aberdeen.

The scene was delightful,  
 inviting reflection,  
 And the Blackbird's shrill notes,  
 as she sung thro' the grove,

To the water's still murmurs,  
 join'd all in connection  
 To raise in my heart  
 the soft feelings of love.  
 The Miser's cold heart  
 is still bent on its treasure;  
 And honour is all  
 the ambitious esteem;  
 But I feel the highest  
 of all earthly pleasure  
 In the arms of young Jenny  
 of sweet Aberdeen.

With lovely, &c.

In spots thus retir'd,  
 where Creation is breathing  
 The praise of its Maker  
 in sonnets of love,  
 The joys that I felt  
 in my bosom then heaving,  
 Were next to the joys  
 that the Saints feel above!  
 The hue of her cheek  
 is the rose in its blossom;  
 She's swift as the roe,  
 as she skips o'er the green;  
 Dull care flees away,  
 when reclin'd on the bosom  
 Of Jenny, the flower  
 of sweet Aberdeen.

Of lovely, &c.

Her mein is compleat,  
 like the form of her person;  
 She's kind, and she's tender,  
 and dearest to me;  
 The fairest of women,  
 without all exception,  
 That e'er grac'd the high  
 and sweet banks of the Dee:  
 For had I been born  
 in the highest condition,  
 And heir to a sceptre  
 and crown of a king,  
 All riches to me  
 would be empty ambition,  
 If wanting young Jenny  
 of sweet Aberdeen.

That lovely young, &c.

— x —

### Black Eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 Then black eye'd Susan came on board,  
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, then high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,

Soen as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :  
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hand  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions on his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest ;  
 The noblest Captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain ;  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
 We only part to meet again :  
 Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;  
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find :  
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright :  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale !  
 Thy skin is ivory so white !  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.



Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harm,  
 William shall to his dear return :  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's  
 eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;  
 No longer must she stay on board,  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,  
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.



### Death of General Wolfe.

In a mouldring cave, a wretched retreat,  
 Britannia sat wasted with care :  
 She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd  
 Against Fate,  
 And gave herself up to despair.  
 The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around  
 With th' exploits of her favourite son ;  
 Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,  
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.  
 The sire of the gods, from his chrystaline  
 Beheld the diseonsolate dame, (throne,  
 And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,  
 And these were the tidings that came :

Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear  
 For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd ;  
 Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,  
 For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,  
 Have fled from their darksome abodes ;  
 And such is the news, that in heaven is told,  
 They are marching to war with the gods !  
 A council was held in the chamber of Jove,  
 And this was their final decree,  
 That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,  
 And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,  
 Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay :  
 He cry'd, Oh forbear ! let me victory hear,  
 And then the command I'll obey.  
 With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,  
 And bore him away in an urn,  
 Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore  
 Might tempt him again to return.

### Lament for General WOLFE.

BRITONS, loyal, stout and bold,  
 Who could never be controll'd  
 By the French—See the bravest of his sex,  
 British Wolfe, stout and good,  
 Made the rivers run with blood,  
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolfe was our commander,  
 Montcalm was their defender,  
 Their numbers did us sorely dismay  
 But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,  
 He would never be controll'd,  
 And his last dying words was—Huzza!

Contented now I die,  
 Since we've gain'd the victory,  
 As you tell me the battle is our own;  
 Let my soul depart in peace,  
 And the wars for ever cease,  
 Since my life for fair Britain is gone

The Highlanders, in hot blood,  
 And Sailors, stout and rude,  
 Like madmen did clash them away!  
 When the French began to run,  
 We advanced on their ground,  
 But our grief was for Wolfe—Oh that day!

Then the City it surrender'd,  
 The gates straight we enter'd,  
 Our Ships in the harbour lay thick.  
 We thanked the Most High  
 For this signal victory  
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

### How stands the Glass around.

How stands the glass around?  
 For shame you take no care, my boys,  
 How stands the glass around,  
 Let mirth and wine abound!

The trumpets sound,  
 The colours they are flying, boys,  
 To fight, kill, or wound.  
 May we still be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 ' On the cold ground.

Why, Soldiers, why,  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?

Why, Soldiers, why,  
 Whose business 'tis to die?

What, sighing! fie!

Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,  
 'Tis he, you, or I:

Cold, hot, wet, or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,

I mean not to upbraid you, boys,

'Tis but in vain

For Soldiers to complain:

Should next campaign

Send us to him who made us, boys,

We're free from pain:!

But if we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cure all again..

## De'il tak the Wars.

DE'IL tak the wars that hurry'd Billy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn ;  
 They made him Captain sure to undo me:  
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run ;

Day and night I did invite him  
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,  
 With muckle kind embraces,

Now sighing, then crying, my tears did fall ;  
 And had he my soft arms

Preferr'd to war's alarms,

By love grown mad, my heart being glad,  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me provoking,  
 Snares, they told me, would catch the men ;

And on my head a huge comode sat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again ;

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,  
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine !

My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,

Lace-shoes, silken hose, garters over knee ;  
 But, oh! the fatal thought,

To Billy these are nought,

Who rode to towns, and rifled with Dragoons,  
 When he, silly loon, might plunder'd me.

## The Simmer Gloamin'.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

*By Robert Tannahill.*

TUNE—"Alex. Donn's Strathspey."

THE midges dance aboon the burn,  
 The dew begins to fa',  
 The pair ticks down the rushy howm,  
 Set up their e'ening ca';  
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
 Rings through the briery shaw,  
 While fleeting gay, the swallows play  
 Around the castle-wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloamin sky  
 The mavis mends his lay,  
 The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,  
 To charm the lingering day:  
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
 Their little nestlings torn,  
 The merry wren, frae den to den,  
 Gaes jinkin' through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
 The foxglove shuts its bell,  
 The honey-suckle and the birk  
 Spread fragrance through the dell:  
 Let others crowd the giddy court  
 Of mirth and revelry,  
 The simple joys that nature yield,  
 Are dearer far to me.

## Whistle an' I'll come t'ye.

( By BURNS. )

O whistle, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad,  
 Tho' father an' mother, an' a' shou'd gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come t'ye, my lad.

Ay wylily tent, when ye come to court me,  
 An' comna unless the back-yate be agee;  
 Syne up the back-style, an' lat nae body see,  
 An' come as ye werena comin' to me.

O whistle, &amp;c.

At kirk, or at market, where'er ye meet me,  
 Ay pass me by, as ye car'dua a flee;  
 Yet gi'e me the blink o' yer bonny black e'e,  
 An' look as ye werena lookin' at me.

O whistle, &amp;c.

Ay vow an' protest that ye carena for me;  
 An' whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;  
 Yet courtna anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O whistle, &amp;c.

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