

23
ROBIN ADAIR ;

To which are added ;

John Barleycorn,

When the kye come's hame,

The Boatie Rows,

AND

The wealth of the cottage is love.



GLASGOW.

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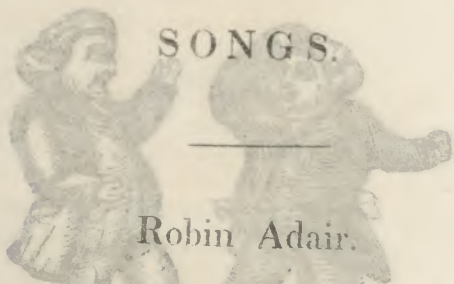
When the eye comes's name,

The Bostie Rows,

AND

The wealth of the cottage is love.

SONGS.



Robin Adair.

What's this dull town to me,
Robin's not near?

What was't I wish'd to see,
what wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made this town a heav'n on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee.

Robin Adair.

What makes th' assembly shine

Robin Adair

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore,

Oh it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair,

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair.

Yet him I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell;

Oh I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

John Barleycorn.

There were three kings into the east

three kings both great and high,

And they ha'e sworn a solemn oath

John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
 put clods upon his head ;
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn is dead.

But the cheerful spring cam kindly on,
 and showers began to fall ;
 John Barleycorn go up again,
 and sore surpris'd them all

The sultry suns of Summer came,
 and he grew thick and strong,
 His head well armed with pointed spears,
 that no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn entered mild,
 ween he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head,
 shewed he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 he faded into age ;
 And then his enemies began
 to show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon long and sharp,
 and cut him by the knee ;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back
 and cudgell'd him full sore ;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 and turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
 with water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 there let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 to work him farther woe,
 And still as signs of life appear'd,
 they toss'd him to and fro

They wasted o'er a scorching flame,
 the marrow of his bones ;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all,
 for he crush'd him between two stanes.

And they hae ta'en his very hearts blood,
 and drunk it round and round ;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 of noble enterprise.
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'twill make your courage rise

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
 'Twill heighten all his joy :

'Twill meke the widows heart to sing,
tho' the tear was in her eye.

Then let us taste John Barleycorn, and
each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
ne'er fail in all Scotland.

When The Kye Come Home.

Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

CHORUS.

When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come hame

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet in bed of down—
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines so bright the hale soul to beguile,
There's o'ne in every whisper and joy in eve-y smile;
O, wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still
 Yet he downa gang to bed for his heart is in a flame,
 'To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e?—
 And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty
 Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,—
 My bonnie bonnie lassie when the kye come hame!

The Boatie Rows.

O weel may the boatie row,
 and better may she speed,
 And liesome may the boatie row,
 that wins the bairns bread:
 The boatie rows the boatie rows,
 the boatie rows fu' weel;
 Muckle luck attends the boat,
 the murlain and the creel.

O weel may the boatie row,
 that fills a heavy ereel,
 And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
 and buys our parritch meal,
 The boatie rows the boatie rows,
 the boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 that wish the boatie speed.

And when we're aged and sair bow'd
 and hirpling at the door,
 Our bairns will row to keep us warm,
 as we did them before.

Then weel may the boatie row ;
 she wins the bairns' bread ;

And happy be the lot of a'
 that wish the boatie speed.

The wealth of the cottage is love.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
 that fortune can never aba'e
 To wealth and to splendor, though often denied
 yet on poverty deigns to await,
 That blessing ye pow'rs Oh be it my lot,
 the choicest best gift from above,
 Deep fix'd in my heart be it never forgot,
 that the wealth of the cottage is love.

The wealth. &c.

Thate'er my condition why should I repine
 by poverty never depress'd,
 Exulting I own what a treasure is mine,
 a treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
 That blessing ye pow'rs Oh be it my lot,
 the choicest best gift from above,
 Deep fix'd in my heart be it never forgot,
 that the wealth of the cottage is love.

The wealth &c.