

Five Song.

The Traquire Shepherd.

(Barlaid)

My Native Caledonia.

My Trusty Friend.

A Dandy described, or,
a peep at High Life.

The bewildred Maid,

The Traquire Shepherds,

O Shepherd the weather looks misty and changing

Will you show me over the hills of Traquire?

O yes, gentle stranger, where have you been ranging
for such a gentleman walking is rare.

I've been in the forest among the draw lasses,
I've sung with each shepherd on ilka green hill.

And I have a mind to give over my rambling,
since in every thing in it I have had my will.
am fear'd you have some bonny lassie beguiled,
you're the finest young gentleman I ever saw,

Your heels like the roses, your hair's like the gowd

& I'm afraid you & them have been breaking the law

O gentle shepherd have you got a wife yet?

or do you live single, pray tell me the truth,

For if you live single, you're sure to live happy,

for the blooming young lasses are of such a rut!

O I'm single, for all the maids in the forest,

I mind them no more than the leaf of the tree,

Save one pretty girl to whom I have promis'd
to marry, as soon as my stock it is free.

She's handsome and witty, she's charming and prett

she's just like a swan in a new fallen pool.

She's modest and witty she'll soon make me happy

I liked her ay since I was at the school.

O shepherd, you're foolish to bind to a woman,

indeed you will rue it and that very soon,

For if she proves constant, you'll scarce find

another one under the moon.

As for me, I'm no ways amind for to marry,

but kiss all the fair maids that come in my way,

or the very last winter between Etrick and Salween,
 I kiss'd more than twenty that never said me nay
 here was ae bonny lass I chanc'd for to meet,
 she liv'd with her mammy, she had nae mair ava,
 An that very night I went for to see her,
 O it was lucky, the old wife was awa,
 she made me a bed and she bade me go to it,
 she gave all I asked without ever a frown,
 she kiss'd me and blest me before that we parted,
 and promis'd to see me next winter in town.
 what is the name of that bonny young lassie, HAW
 O what is her name, and what age might she be?
 her name it is Jeanny, she lives in Plantane,
 a tall pretty girl about seventeen,
 ye curse light upon you and he that begat you,
 and all your ancessors, ye limb of the de'il, in your
 or if ye've destroy'd her ye villain, here's at ye,
 for that's just the lassie that I like so weel,
 the shepherd your three's nings are very painingly
 she'll pass for a maiden wi' ony but yours,
 ye're welcome to wed her and free to enjoy her
 for unto such as her I know bid adieu,
 with do you think that I am so simple,
 before I wad wed her I'd put out her breath,
 had it I could see her when this fury is on me,
 with this hazel tang I would finish you baith,
 Jamie, O Jamie, with patience look round ye,
 ye kenna the looks nor the voice of your Jean,
 Jamie, I thought that your mind had been changed,
 its thirty tang weeks since I saw you and twa,
 orrowed this cleaving frae one of the neighbours,
 never had a wish you would ken me ava,
 eadie, O Jennie, why did you sae tease me,
 "I no be mysel" these eight days and mair,

Come into my arms before I forgie you
 and gie's all the kisses you hae for to spare,
 And now he is wed on his own lovely Jeanie,
 and now they do live on the hills of Araquire.
 Now he is wed on his own lovely Jeanie,
 the langer he kens her likes her the mair.

My Native, Caledonia.

WAE was my heart when I parted wi' my Jean,
 And fair, fair I sigh'd, while the tears flood in my
 eyes;
 But my daddy being poor, and my portion it was
 sma',
 Which made me leave my Jean and Caledonia.

When I think on thee, & the happy days I've been,
 While wandering with my deary, where the primrose
 blaws unseen,
 I'm wae to leave my Jeany and my daddy's cot & a'
 Or to leave the healthsome braes o' Caledonia.

But where-ever I wander, still happy be my Jean,
 Nae cares disturb her bosom, where peace has ever
 been;
 Then though ills and ills befa' me, for her I'll bear
 them a',
 And I'll often heave a sigh for her and Caledonia.

But if fortune should be mine, and my Jeany still
 prove true,
 I'll be true to her till I die,
 And I'll be true to her till I die.

O blow ye favourite breezes till my last land I

When we'll meet on Scotia's shore, where grateful
tears shall fall,

Then I'll never leave my Jean and Caledonia.

My Trusty Friend,

Tune.—John Anderson my jo,

JOHN MERCER, my dear friend, John,

Your heart is ever kind,

Fu' oft a trusty friend, John,

You've proved to me and mine,

When fortune threatened me, John,

You did avert the blow,

Heaven reward your generous mind,

John Mercer, friend and jo.

John Mercer, my dear friend, John,

Thro' nature's greatest plan,

In all her blessings here, John,

And comforts unto man,

The noblest of them all, John,

I'm sure you'll own it so,

Concentr'd in a trusty friend,

John Mercer, friend and jo.

John Mercer, my dear friend, John,

Then let me sing thy fame,

Its gratitude alone, John,

That makes so bold a claim,

And what she requires of me, John,
 Is justly what is due,
 Rewards of true fidelity,
 John Mercer friend and jo.
 John Mercer, my dear friend,
 When carcered care and st. fe,
 And each corróding ill, John,
 That threatened human life,
 When foul disease and death, John,
 Brings fast her dreadful blow,
 It's then we need a trusty friend,
 John Mercer, friend and jo.
 John Mercer, my dear friend, John,
 Our eyes will close in death,
 Then our souls will take their flight, John,
 To that HIM who gave us breath,
 And there near Sarah's bosom,
 We'll hallelujahs sing,
 And rejoice throughout eternity,
 With our sin-forgiving KING.

*A Dandy Describ'd; or, a Peep at Fa-
 shionable Life.*

I'ss a poor simple clown, and just come to town,
 Where I've seen all the fashions that can be O
 And with me to bring back of fashions I've a trick,
 For all I've heard or seen, 's quite the Dandy O
 The great folks got such tricks, they never dine till six
 Then down goes the rum wine, and brandy O,

To be stylish to outright you must sup at twelve at
 night,

And to go to bed at daylight is all the dandy O,

You mun talk of plays and balls, and Madam Cata-
 lina's squils,

Who with a voice as sweet as sugar candy O,
 Three hundred pound by year for singing is her sum,

And for prying! Jacky Balf is all the dandy O,

Then the ladies make such jockets, in their little
 jockey jockets,

The black, brown, the fair and the fandy, O,
 With their trinkets and their locketz but the devil
 of any pockets,

But a little basket to carry is all the dandy O.

Then the beaux do strut and stare with high frizzled
 hair,

Some short, some tall and some bandy O,
 With a towel round their neck, that at least would

hold a peck,

And so neatly stop, their wizen is the dandy O,

Once fashion decreed that our heads should be found
 In blue and buff uniform and handy O

Now the chatter is to keep up,

Our ladies dress in buff, and invisible petticoats
 are the dandy O.

Now the ladies never fear when they go to take the
 air,

At driving all the gentlemen are bandy O,

My lord he mounts the box, in a coat with twenty
 caps,

And to be the prime whip which is all the dandy O

A duel then to fight makes a great man outright;
For nothing more stylish there can be O, (head,
Than with an ounce of lead to be shot through the
Then a snug patent coffin is all the dandy O.

If France again should boast they'd soon invade our
They'd find British sailors quite handy O, (coast,
For all the world knows in conquering of our foes,
The tars of Old England are the dandy O;
If France again should boast they'll soon invade our
They'll find British soldiers quite handy O, (coast;
For all the world knows in conquering of our foes,
His Grace the Duke of Wellington's the dandy O.

The bewildered Maid.

SLOW broke the light and sweet breathed the morn,
When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn,
Her dark hair hung loose on her bare neck of snow,
Her eyes look bewildered, her cheeks pale with woe.
O whence is thy sorrow, fair maiden? said I,
The green grave will answer she said with a sigh,
The merry lark sweetly did sing o'er her head,
But she thought on her grief and the battle she said.

The breeze murmured by, when she looked up forlorn
Hark! hark! didst thou hear? 'twas the sigh of the morn
They say that in battle my love lost his breath,
But ah! 'twas the hawthorn that robbed his sweet
breath;

Come here, gentle Robin live safe from the storm
In my bosom now sing, there my true love lies warm,
Ah Robin, 'd constant my true love was brave
Sweet Robin shall sit and sing o'er my grave.

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