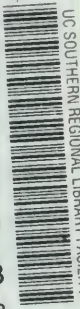


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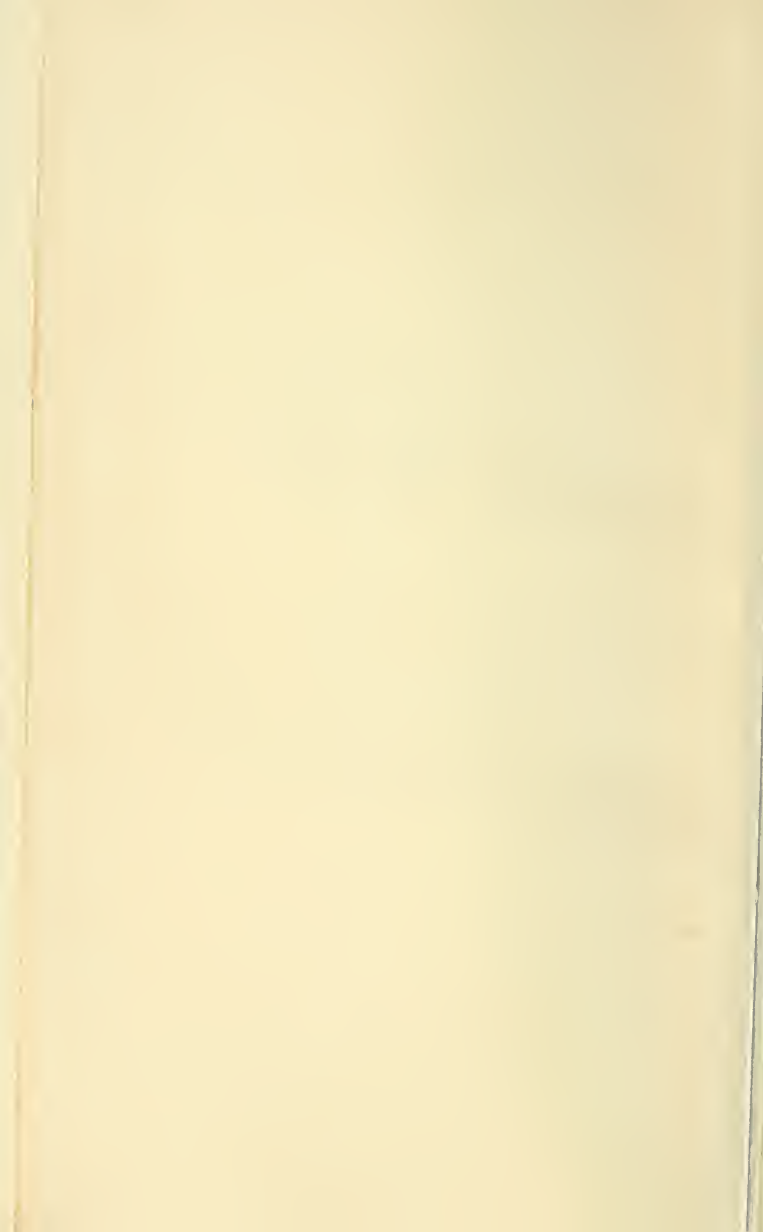
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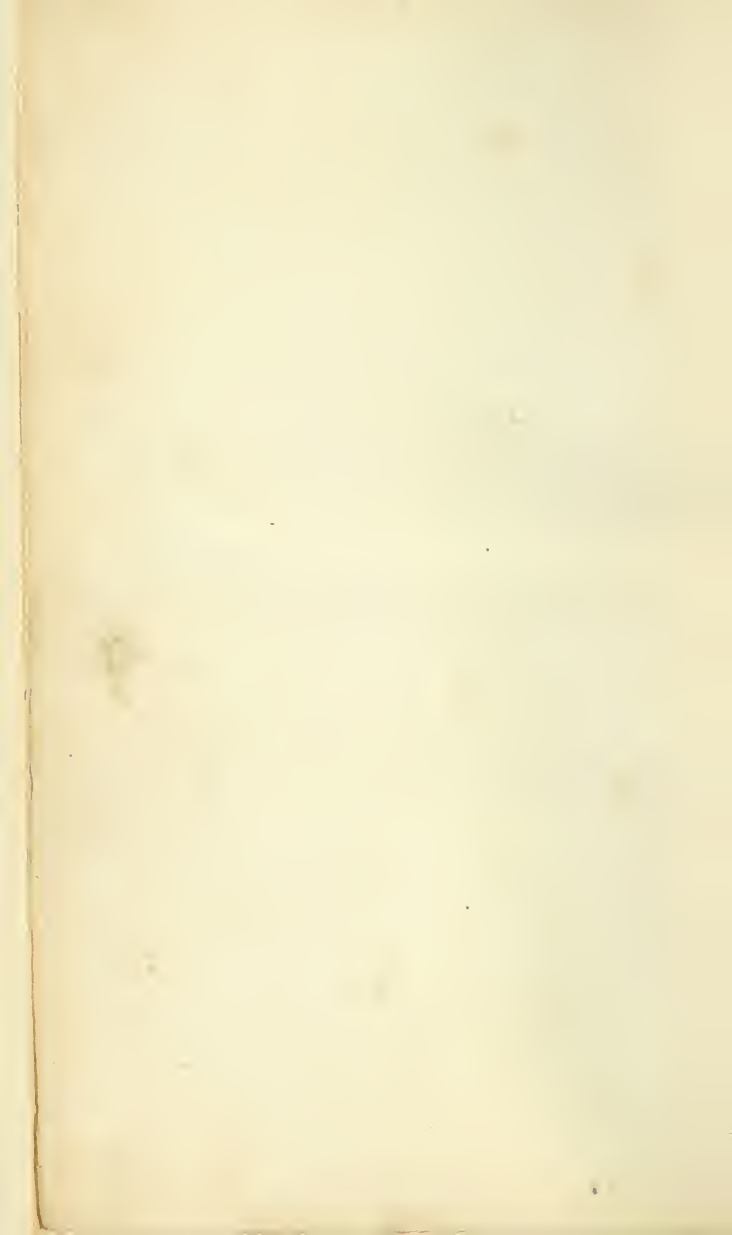
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To Miss Mary Wallace  
from her sincere friend  
the author



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**ORIGINAL SONGS.**

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# ORIGINAL SONGS.

BY

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

*50*

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EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN ANDERSON, JUN.

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1831.

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TO

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

AS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE

OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT FOR HIS WORTH AS A MAN,

AND HIS TALENTS AS A POET,

THIS VOLUME

IS, WITH HIS PERMISSION, INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

859893



## PREFACE.



THAT the obtrusion on the public of this little Volume of SONGS will be deemed an act of temerity, I am prepared to expect ; and I am also prepared, if I am not much mistaken, to bear, with all patience and humility, the animadversions to which that temerity may subject me ; perfectly satisfied as I am that, in general, every justice will be done me, and that if my humble efforts at Song possess any merit, that merit will be readily acknowledged. If, on the contrary, they are found wanting, I shall, I trust, derive a lesson from the issue, which will be useful to me hereafter : thus I conceive that, in either event, I shall not be altogether a loser.

It is customary, I believe, with aspirants in poetry to apologize for the intrusion of their lucubrations on the public,—

“Obliged by hunger, or request of friends.”

For myself, I have neither of these apologies to offer, nor any other, I fear, that would be considered satisfactory.—Some of my Songs met with the approbation of a

pretty numerous circle of acquaintance. Encouraged by this limited and partial success to hope that this gratification might be a little extended, I have ventured on the somewhat hazardous step which has rendered these introductory lines necessary ; and this is all I have to offer in extenuation of my hardihood.

It may be thought that the names of BURNS, of TANNAHILL, and of MACNEILL, as well as those of the living masters of Scottish Song, might have deterred me from this attempt ; but I beg it to be understood, as it most certainly is my own feeling on the subject, that I enter the lists with no pretensions to the character of a competitor, but merely as a humble follower—not as a belted knight, but as a “ lowly squire.”

Had my education been better than it is, this little Work would probably have presented fewer inelegancies of language, and fewer violations of grammar, than it now exhibits. As the former, however, is a circumstance over which I had no control, some small indulgence on the latter points may possibly be granted me.

R. G.

LEITH, SEPT. 1831.

## ORIGINAL SONGS.

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### MARY'S BOWER.

*(Set to an original melody, by PETER M'LEOD.)*

THE mavis sings on Mary's bower,  
The lav'rock in the sky ;  
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,  
An' a' aboon is joy !  
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,  
Though a' without be gay ;  
Nae music comes to greet the merr,  
Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,  
His ship has crossed the main ;  
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower,  
He ne'er returns again.

A breaking heart's in Mary's bower,  
A wasting form is there ;  
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,  
The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flees frae Mary's bower,  
The lav'rock quits the sky ;  
An' simmer sighs o'er Mary's bower,  
For coming winter's nigh.  
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,  
The tempests loudly rave ;  
The flowers that bloomed round Mary's bower  
Now wither on her grave !



THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

TUNE—" *My ain Countrie.*"

O! THE happy days o' youth,  
Are fast gaun by :  
An' age is coming on,  
Wi' it's bleak winter sky.  
An' whar shall we shelter  
Frae its storms when they blaw ?  
When the gladsome days o' youth  
Are flown awa' ?

They said that wisdom cam  
Wi' manhood's riper years,  
But naething did they tell  
O' its sorrows and tears.

O! I'd gie a' the wit,  
    Gif ony wit be mine,  
For ae sunny morning  
    O' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh,  
    I canna dow but mourn,  
For the blythe happy days  
    That never can return.  
When joy was in the heart,  
    An' love was on the tongue,  
An' mirth on ilka face,  
    For ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom,  
    Whar aften we did meet ;  
Wi' its yellow flowers, that fell  
    Like gowd 'mang our feet.  
The bird would stop its sang,  
    But only for a wee ;  
As we gaed by its nest,  
    Near its ain birk tree.

O ! the sunny days o' youth,  
They couldna aye remain ;  
There was ower muckle joy,  
An' ower little pain.  
Sae fareweel happy days,  
An' fareweel youthfu' glee ;  
The young may court your smiles,  
But ye're gane frae me.

---

### GLENYALVEN BRAES.

(WRITTEN IN ARGYLSHIRE IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.)

TUNE—" *Logan Water.*"

GLENYALVEN, wi' thy valleys green,  
An' joukin burnies scarcely seen,  
A-list'ning to the cuckoo's sang,  
I've tint my heart thy braes amang.

Thy mountain breezes softly blaw,  
An' sweet's the flower in Yalven shaw ;  
Thy woods are green, thy braes are fair,  
An' a bonnie Highland lassie's there.

Wand'ring doun Tayvalloch burn,—  
A bonnie stream wi' mony a turn,—  
I met the maiden blushing young,  
Wi' Highland heart and Highland tongue.  
Wi' looks an' sighs I her did woo,  
Though mute the tongue, the heart was fu' ;  
But vain my sighs an' silent vows,  
She wouldna leave her heathery knowes.

My Lawland pipe I sey'd to play,  
'To steal the lassie's heart away ;  
But sweetly she, in Highland sang  
Replied, She wouldna—couldna gang.  
She gave her hand, but kept her heart ;  
An' yet, when rising to depart,  
A tear upo' her cheek had fa'n,  
Like dew-drap on a rose new blawn.

Tayvalloch burn, an' Yalven braes,—  
 Though still unsung in bardie's lays,—  
 Ye're dear, O! dearer far to me,  
 Than "Braes o' Doon," or "Banks o' Dee."  
 Adieu! thou land of hill an' glen,  
 Of lovely maids and gallant men:  
 In gazing on the fairest she,  
 I've tint my peace—my heart in thee!

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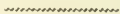
### WHY TARRIES MY TRUE LOVE?

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

WHY tarries my true love so long on sea?  
 Spirits of ocean! tell, why tarries he?  
     Dark is the midnight sky,  
     Loud raves the storm on high!  
 Where closeth he his eye?  
     To dream of me!

When once my love returns, we part no more :  
Spirits ! oh ! where is he, by sea or shore ?

“ Far in the ocean’s deeps,  
“ Where death his vigil keeps,  
“ There thy fond lover sleeps,  
“ ’Neath its loud roar !”



THE SAFT SIMMER E’ENIN’ IS GLIDING  
AWA’.

TUNE—“ *Hie, bonnie Lassie, blink over the burn.*”

THE saft simmer e’enin’ is gliding awa’,  
An’ a’ thing is still, baith in cot an’ in ha’ ;  
There’s peace for ilk bosom and sleep for ilk e’e,  
But Jeanie, young Jeanie, has stown them frae me !

An’ yet I might sleep, wi’ a heart free o’ care,  
For Jeanie’s as true as she’s bonnie and fair ;

But, for joy at the thocht, I'm whiles like to dee,  
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be !

If I hae nae walth, I've as little to tine,  
It's maybe as weel that walth isna mine ;  
'Twould only divide the love her's a' suld be ;  
O ! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me !

It is nae aye simmer when I'm on the hill,  
An' winter is cauld, an' frosty winds chill ;  
But this cheers my heart, when the snaw's on the lea,  
That Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be !

I'll pit her sweet name in some simple bit sang,  
An' sing't to mysel' a' the simmer day lang ;  
My skill is but sma', but the burden sal be,—  
“ O ! Jeanie, young Jeanie's the treasure for me ! ”

I'll big a wee housie, far up in yon glen,  
No mony will see it, no mony sal ken ;  
But when the brown leaves fa' frae you birken tree,  
O ! Jeanie, young Jeanie, my ain bride sal be !

I LOOKED LONG AT THY WINDOW, LOVE.

TUNE—“ *The young May Moon.*”

I LOOKED long at thy window, love,  
Thy lovely sweet glance to see, my love ;  
    The ev'ning sun  
    On thy window shone,  
And I thought for a while it was thee, my love.

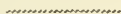
But when thou cam'st with a smile, my love,  
A smile that is just thine own, my love ;  
    The sun, at thy sight,  
    Withdrew his clear light,  
And left thee shining alone, my love !

Then, O ! give a smile to me, my love,  
Who often have sighed for thee, my love ;



And my days, though o'ercast  
With misfortune's keen blast,  
Will appear bright sunshine to me, my love.

The sun shines bright at parting, love,  
When he kisses the western sea, my love ;  
But the sun's bright ray,  
At departing of day,  
Was never so lovely as thee, my love.



O ! COULD I LOSE THE POWER OF  
THOUGHT.

TUNE—"Gramachree."

O ! COULD I lose the power of thought,  
I still might happy be ;  
At least this grief might leave my heart,  
Could busy memory flee !

And yet, though anguish wrings my soul,  
    Would I the task forego  
Of counting o'er each moment pass'd  
    With her who caus'd my woe?

I loved as none have ever loved,  
    Whate'er their love might be,  
Else would not parting with her wrung  
    Such bitter pangs from me.  
Yet, musing on what might have been,  
    I dream my time away ;  
'Tis idle as my early dreams,  
    But, ah ! 'tis not so gay.

If aught of pleasure yet is mine,—  
    A pleasure mixed with pain,—  
'Tis pond'ring on the days gone by,  
    Which ne'er can come again !  
When she, all lovely as she's still,  
    Blushed when I called her fair,  
And, if she never bade me hope,  
    She ne'er bade me despair.

For thee, dear maid, I fondly sighed,  
For thee I now repine,  
Since Fate has sworn, in solemn words,  
Thou never canst be mine !  
Yet fondly do I love thee still,  
Though hope ne'er mingles there ;  
A wilder passion sways me now—  
'Tis love joined to despair.

Farewell a world, whose gayest scenes  
No pleasure brings to me ;  
I'd hate it's smile, did I not think  
It may give joy to thee.  
But, if thou ever lov'dst like me,  
No joy will light thine eye,  
Save transient gleams, like wintry suns,  
Short glancing in the sky.

TENTING SHEEP BY MUIR AND GLEN.

TUNE—“*Ower the Muir among the Heather.*”

TENTING sheep by muir and glen,  
Is a' my airt,—I ken nae ither,—  
Save courting o' my bonnie Jean,  
Amang the fragrant blooming heather.

O! the bonnie blooming heather,  
O! the bonnie blooming heather;  
Content is mair than kings can buy,  
An' yet 'tis found amang the heather!

Her hair is like the glints o' gowd,  
The sun lets fa' in simmer weather;  
Her face would shame the sweetest flower,  
That blaws amang the blooming heather.

Her glancing een,—sic ne'er were seen,—  
They've clean bewitched me a' thegither ;  
An' aye say slee they blink on me,  
Whene'er we meet amang the heather.

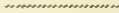
I sing o' her, frae rising sun,  
Till e'enin' draw the cluds thegither,  
An' then I dream the nicht awa',  
Till she, wi' morn, come ower the heather.

I've neither gowd nor warld's gear,  
Save owsen twa, left by my father ;  
An' yon wee cot, down by the burn,  
That flings its reek out ower the heather.

But Jeanie's love is mair than gowd,  
Her heart worth kingdoms tied thegither ;  
Gie me that heart,—sae void o' art,—  
The heart I fand amang the heather.

O! the bonnie blooming heather,  
O! the bonnie blooming heather ;

Content is mair than kings can buy,  
 An' yet 'tis found amang the heather!



WRITE, WRITE, TOURIST AND  
 TRAVELLER.

(*Published in Blackwood's Magazine, January 1828, Noctes  
 Ambrosianæ, No. XXXV.*)

WRITE, write, tourist and traveller,  
 Fill up your pages and write in good order;  
 Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,  
 Why leave such margins?—come nearer the border.

Many a laurel dead flutters around your head,  
 Many a *tome* is your *memento mori*!  
 Come from your garrets, then, sons of the quill and pen,  
 Write for snuff-shops, if you write not for glory.

Come from your rooms where the farthing wick's burning,  
Come with your tales full of gladness or woe ;  
Come from your small-beer to vinegar turning,  
Come where the Port and the Burgundy flow !

Fame's trump is sounding, topics abounding,  
Leave, then, each scribb'ler, your high attic story ;  
Critics shall many a day speak of your book, and say,  
" He wrote for the snuff-shop, he wrote not for glory !"

Write, write, tourist and traveller,  
Fill up your pages and write in good order ;  
Write, write, scribb'ler and driveller,  
Why leave such margins ?—come nearer the border.

THE HOUR IS COME, MY MARY DEAR.

*(Set to an original melody, by FINLAY DUN.)*

THE hour is come, my Mary dear,  
That bids us part, an' part in sorrow ;  
A waefu' fare thee well is near,  
Wi' nae blythe word to meet the morrow.  
Fare thee well !

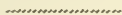
'There's love that time can ne'er subdue,  
An' hearts that absence ne'er can alter ;  
As mine still constant is, and true,  
Though fausely thus my tongue does faulter,—  
“ Fare thee well !”

The simmer winds around us blaw,  
The broom, wi' yellow flowers, is waving ;



But, ere its gowden blossoms fa',  
Thy love will angry seas be braving.  
Fare thee well !

I mourn not leaving glens an' braes,  
Where wild-woods wave o'er streams the clearest,  
But there's a voice within that says,—  
“ A lang adieu to thee, my dearest !”  
Fare thee well !



AGAIN LET US WELCOME THIS DAY  
MAIR THAN ONY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DUNFERMLINE BURNS' CLUB,  
25TH JANUARY, 1822.)

TUNE—“ *Wandering Willie.*”

AGAIN let us welcome this day mair than ony,  
This day that, wi' pleasure, aye welcome returns ;

For then was proclaimed o'er thy wilds, Caledoni,  
 The birth-day of genius—the birth-day of BURNS !  
 The deeds of our fame sunk in time's rapid river,  
 Auld Scotia sat wae, till his wild harp was strung ;  
 That harp, whose sweet tones, O ! they'll vibrate for ever  
 The strains that breathe freedom where'er they are  
 sung !

Nae doubt, there were ithers that shone bright before  
 him,—

The pastoral ALLAN, whose name is aye dear ;  
 And FERGUSON, O ! every heart will adore him,  
 And shed o'er his memory sympathy's tear :  
 And names that will shine in auld Scottish story,  
 Bright stars that give lustre to Fame's glitt'ring sky ;  
 But BURNS, he arose, like the sun in his glory,  
 With splendour unrivalled, that never will die !

But soon was the wild harp hung on the willow,  
 Soon closed was the hand that 'woke the sweet strain ;  
 And soon was he laid on his low earthy pillow,  
 To charm and awaken us never again !

But still is he sung 'mong our glens and our mountains,—  
For echo hath whispered his name to the air,—  
And still is he heard by our sweet gurg'ling fountains,  
And still, in our bosoms, he's permanent *there!*

He came 'mid the storm, O! 'twas a sad omen,  
Nae simmer smiled sweet when his birth-day was nigh;  
He came 'mid the roar of the angry waves foamin',  
He came 'mid the gloom of a bleak winter sky:  
And sad was his fate, as the wild breeze around him,  
And loud were his wails, as the stormy sea wave;  
At the dawning of life, misfortune it found him,  
And only departed when he reached the grave!

But yet, though his life showed a prospect sae dreary,  
He whiles bade defiance to sorrow and care;  
And aften the time slipped by unco cheery,  
When friendship, unfeigned, was mingling there.  
Then may the bright halo of friendship be ever  
Around us, when this day aye welcome returns;  
A day that, in Scotland, will pass away never,  
Without being hailed as the birth-day of BURNS!

THE KING'S VISIT.

AUGUST, 1822.

TUNE—“*Johnie Cope.*”

EDINA'S town, wi' meikle glee,  
Ye now may cock your crest fu' hie,  
Your King is coming ower the sea,  
To speer for you some morning.

Come down, ye clans, frae yout Braemar,  
Wi' Lawland lads that ne'er feared war;  
Your fame has risen like the star  
That shines bright in the morning.

It's no to use the dirk nor gun,  
For a' our vict'ries ye hae won,

An' mony thanks for what ye've done ;  
Mak haste and come that morning.

Come hame baith marquis, duke, an' peer,  
Ower seldom do we see you here ;  
Auld Reekie's in an unco steer—  
Ye'll surely come that morning.

Come ilka stalwart yeoman too,  
We ne'er but faund ye stanch an' true ;  
We canna weel do wanting you ;  
Ye'll mind an' come that morning.

Ye cotters, come frae glen an' brae,  
In bannets blue, an' hodden gray ;  
My faith ! ye maunna bide away  
On sic a joyous morning.

Come a', ye bonnie lassies rare,  
Wi' glancing een an' flowing hair ;  
There's *ane* that day will ca' ye fair,  
Ye dinna see ilk morning.

Waes me ! it's lang an' mony a day  
Sin' Halyrood wi' kings was gay ;  
O ! wad he only 'mang us stay,  
                    When he comes down that morning.

We couldna busk him just sae braw  
As they do in his Lon'on ha',  
But hearts an' hands, aye at his ca',  
                    Would ready be ilk morning.

Come down, ye clans, frae yont Braemar,  
Wi' Lawland lads that ne'er feared war ;  
Your fame has risen like the star  
                    That shines bright in the morning.

## THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

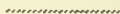
'Tis the first rose of summer that opes to my view,  
 With its bright crimson bosom all bathed in the dew ;  
 It bows to its green leaves, with pride from its throne,  
 'Tis the queen of the valley, and reigneth alone.

O! why, lovely stranger, thus early in bloom ?  
 Art thou here to assure us that summer is come ?  
 The primrose and harebell appear with the spring,  
 But tidings of summer the young roses bring.

Thou fair gift of nature, I welcome the boon ;  
 Was't the lark of the morning that 'woke thee so soon ?  
 Yet I weep, thou sweet flow'ret ; for soon from the sky  
 The lark shall repose, where thy leaves withered lie.

O! if beauty could save thee, thou ne'er would'st decay,  
 But, alas! soon thou'lt perish and wither away ;

And thy kindred may blossom, and blossom as fair,  
Yet I'll mourn, lonely rose-bud, when thou art not there.



### AWA', YE CAULD LOVERS!

TUNE—"Lumps o' Puddin'."

AWA', ye cauld lovers! what pleasure does't bring?  
Ye seek na to taste o' the charms that ye sing;  
Gie me the sweet lassie baith modest an' free,  
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me!

Would I hae a lassie, however sae fair,  
Wha, saving her beauty, could boast naething mair?  
I'll tell ye, the lass that mine ain lass would be,  
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me!

A sprinklin' o' modest wit, seasoned wi' sense,  
I'd quarrel nae meikle though she had the pence!



Nae doubt, had she nane, it were better, I say,  
But whan will folk get a' thing just as they'd hae?

A heart, at the sad tale of sorrow, would mourn,  
An' dance wi' wild gladness when joy did return:  
A cheek that is fair, an' a e'e that is blue,  
I'll speak na o' beauty—I've felt it ere noo.

Sie is the lassie I'd hae—wad ye ken?  
Gude keep me frae wranglings an' janglings o' men!  
The dear ties o' love, an' warm friendship be mine,  
Where manly hearts glow, an' where lovely eyes shine.

The sweetest wee flower that on earth ever grew,  
Wha'd prize sae its beauty gif nane durst it pu'?  
An' O! durst I pu' my ain flow'ret sae fair,  
I'd place't in my bosom an' bid it grow there!

The soft showers o' love on its blossoms would fa,  
I'd tent it as suns do the roses that blaw:  
O! gie me my lassie baith modest an' free,  
The lassie that's kind is the lassie for me!

THE BOATIE'S ROWING OWER THE  
DEEP.

TUNE.—“ *The boatie rows.*”

THE boatie's rowing ower the deep,  
An' hast'ning to the shore ;  
O ! guard it frae ilk rocky steep,  
Or ocean's angry roar !  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows ashore ;  
Lightsome be the sailor's heart,  
When a' his toils are o'er.

The ship lies in the Roads o' Leith,  
Rich laden frae the sea,  
But Willie, coming in the boat,  
Is mair than gowd to me !

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows ashore ;  
Lightsome be the sailor's heart,  
When a' his toils are o'er.

When winds blew an' the tempest roared,  
Wi' sleety blasts and rain,  
I thought upon my Willie's ship,  
Far drifting ower the main :  
But the boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows ashore ;  
Lightsome be the sailor's heart,  
When a' his toils are o'er.

An' now, though winds an' waves combine  
To gar the tempest roar,  
I carena now, let them rave on,  
Sin' he is safe on shore.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows ashore ;  
Lightsome be the sailor's heart,  
When a' his toils are o'er.

AGAIN MY NATIVE COT APPEARS.

TUNE—“ *My only jo and dearie, O!* ”

AGAIN my native cot appears,  
My early haunts appear in view :  
How mony days, how mony years  
Hae fled, sin' last I gazed on you !  
The bonnie woods are waving green,  
An' flowers are blooming, just as fair  
As if the simmer aye had been,  
Sin' last I took my fareweel there !

There stands the loch, as fresh an' clear,  
There blossoms still the hawthorn tree,  
But, ah ! where are the voices fled  
That 'neath its shade aye welcomed me ?

The burnie rins as blythe alang  
As it was wont in days bygane,  
An', hark ! there's still the blackbird's sang,  
But, ah ! I'm list'ning till't my lane !

How aft, in yonder planting's glade,  
I've pondered mony an hour an' day ;  
An' aften, 'mang yon braes, I've strayed  
Wi' playmates, happy, young, an' gay.  
An', did I their glad faces see,  
By sunny knowe or lanely glen,  
(For ilka spot is dear to me !)  
I'd think my boyhood come again !

How teems this hour wi' thoughts o' things  
Lang past, though crowding into mind ;  
What sad emotions memory brings,  
When nought save memory's left behind !  
The birds, when simmer flees awa',  
A' sympathize in plaintive strain ;  
But wha' marks here these tears that fa'  
For days lang fled, an' friends lang gane !

THE TRUMP OF WAR HATH CEASED  
TO BLOW.

TUNE—“ *The White Cockade.*”

THE trump of war hath ceased to blow,  
And Britain hath no more a foe ;  
The sword is sheathed that Scotia drew,  
That gleamed so red on Waterloo.  
That morn, unclouded, rose the sun,  
Our army, too, in brightness shone ;  
But night displayed another view,  
When all was still on Waterloo.

At morn they rushed to meet the foe,  
But night beheld the warriors low ;  
At morn they marched o'er spangled dew,  
At night they bled on Waterloo.

The shout of vict'ry rose on high,  
But closed in death the victors lie ;  
Yet the sun shall take his last adieu,  
Ere the fame shall cease of Waterloo !

The trumpet sounds, but ne'er again  
Shall Scotia's warriors hear the strain ;  
They sleep, but not on their mountains blue,  
The heroes' bed is Waterloo !  
Britannia weeps for many a son,  
And a wail is heard in Caledon .  
For the gallant youths, so brave and true,  
Who, fighting, fell on Waterloo !

O ! THE SWEET SOUND IS FLED.

(WRITTEN ON MISS STEPHENS LEAVING EDINBURGH IN 1823,  
AND PUBLISHED IN THE DRAMATIC REVIEW FOR JULY OF  
THAT YEAR.)

TUNE—“ *Blue Bells of Scotland.*”

O ! the sweet sound is fled, the seraph song is o'er,  
And thou, the sweet melodist, art leaving our shore ;  
But the music of thy song in our memory will dwell,  
When thou art far away—lovely STEPHENS, fare thee  
well !

O ! I'll think I hear thee sing, when the loud storm's  
asleep,  
And nought, save the soft wind, murmurs o'er the deep ;  
Or, in some sequestered valley, where echo loves to  
dwell,



O ! I'll think I hear thee sing—lovely STEPHENS, fare  
thee well !

O ! 'tis sweet as the dawn when the infant sun is nigh,  
And soft as the breeze that flits across the sky,  
And pure as yonder streamlet that sparkles in the dell,  
But the silver tones have died—lovely STEPHENS, fare  
thee well !

O ! when the heart is sad, the mind oppressed with  
care,

Thy song can chase the gloom, and bid sweet peace be  
there !

For who, o'er Scotia's melodies, e'er wakened such a  
spell,

But the magic charm is o'er—lovely STEPHENS, fare  
thee well !

AGAIN THE DAY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE LEITH  
BURNS' CLUB, 25TH JANUARY, 1827.)

TUNE—" *Good night an' joy.*"

Again the day, the happy day,  
    To Scotia ever dear, returns,  
(O ! it demands your noblest lay),  
    That gave to Caledonia BURNS !  
A day that we shall ne'er forget,  
    As lang as we hae breath to draw ;  
For we will drink the memory yet  
    Of BURNS, the bard, that's now awa'.

His tales, how aften they've been tauld,  
    His sangs, how aften they'll be sung ;

His sterling sense aye charms the auld,  
His playfu' strains aye please the young.  
An', no confined to Scotia's tongue,  
But spread through ilka English ha',  
His fame, in Foreign lands, has rung—  
The fame o' him that's now awa'.

Oh! what a great an' glorious band  
Hae raised themsels to heights o' fame!  
The patriots, guardians o' our land,  
The poet an' the warrior's name!  
To these, ilk Scotsman proudly turns  
Wi' fondest pride, wi' deepest awe;  
But Nature only made one BURNS,  
The proudest name the world e'er saw.

An' aye, when this glad time returns,  
While years, insidious, steal away,  
To celebrate the birth of BURNS,  
Some social few shall meet this day.  
Then raise the cup, with heartfelt joy,  
Though haply in't a tear may fa',

An' drink it to the memory  
Of BURNS, the bard, that's now awa' !

\*\*\*\*\*

### FARE THEE WELL.\*

( *Written to the Air " Roy's Wife," afterwards set to an original  
melody, by R. A. SMITH.* )

FARE thee well, for I must leave thee,  
But, O ! let not our parting grieve thee ;  
Happier days may yet be mine,  
At least I wish them thine—believe me !

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\* In a work, entitled the " Spirit of British Song," these verses will be found, with the name of " Moreland" attached to them as the author. This mistake, however, the publishers readily acknowledged, in a very handsome letter of apology, which I have now in my possession.

We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,  
My love for thee will last forever ;  
I leave thee—but thy image dear,  
Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.  
Fare thee well, &c.

O ! dry those pearly tears that flow—  
One farewell smile before we sever ;  
The only balm for parting woe  
Is—fondly hope 'tis not forever.  
Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,  
Calm and serene may be the morrow ;  
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,  
Without some mingling drops of sorrow !

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
But, O ! let not our parting grieve thee ;  
Happier days may yet be mine,  
At least I wish them thine—believe me !

## IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

TUNE—"The Boys of Kilkenny."

IN the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,  
 An' nae Foreign fashions amang us had sprung ;  
 When we made our ain bannocks, an' brewed our ain  
     yill,  
 An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the  
     hill :  
 O ! the thocht o' the <sup>ae</sup> days gars my auld heart aye fill !  
     ^

In the days o' langsyne, we were happy and free,  
 Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea !  
 'To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,  
 An', where battle raged loudest, you ever did find  
 The banner of Scotland float high in the wind !

In the days o' langsyne, we aye ranted an' sang  
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang ;  
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,  
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine :  
O ! whar is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne !

In the days o' langsyne, ilka glen had its tale,  
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale ;  
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,  
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain :  
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again ?

In the days o' langsyne, there was feasting an' glee,  
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e ;  
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tine,  
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn 'twas mine :  
O ! the days o' langsyne—O ! the days o' langsyne !

O! BID THAT SUN NOT SHINE SO  
BRIGHT.

TUNE—“ *O! no, we never mention her.*”

O! bid that sun not shine so bright,  
In yonder summer sky ;  
His glancing beams, on woods and streams,  
Mind me of days gone by.

Give me the gloom of forest drear,  
Or rock, by stormy shore ;  
Why does he shine, since Madaline  
Now smiles on me no more ?

I thought that love was ever kind,  
That truth was ever true,



Nor thought I that a form so fair  
Or change or coldness knew :

But now the bright illusion's gone,  
My dream of joy is o'er,  
For Madaline, once true and kind,  
Now smiles on me no more.

Thou sun, that wak'st each blushing flower,  
Thy light I still could see,  
Did it bring forth a flower as fair,  
One half so fair as she :

But blushing flowers are changing, too,  
Like woman's love—soon o'er ;  
O ! do not shine, since Madaline  
Now smiles on me no more !

## YOUNG WILLIE, THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

YOUNG Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor siller,  
 An' yet the blythe callant's as crouse as a king ;  
 He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her,  
 Tak tent an' ye'se hear what the laddie does sing :—  
 " O ! Jenny, to tell that I loe you 'fore ony,  
 Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell ;  
 Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsome and bonnie,—  
 I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel' !

" I've courted you lang—do ye hear what I'm telling?—  
 I've courted you, thinkin' ye yet wad be mine ;  
 And, if we suld marry wi' only ae shilling,  
 At the warst, only *ae shilling*, Jenny, we'se tine.  
 But love doesna aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,  
 Nor happiness dwell whar the coffers are fu' ;

As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,  
That want ne'er sal meet us, nor mis'ry pursue.

“ The chiels that are christened to riches an' grandeur,  
Ken nought o' the pleasure that hard labour brings ;  
What in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,  
While the lab'ring man toils a' the lang day and sings !  
Then why suld we envy the great an' the noble,  
The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours what we hae !  
A boast that repays us for sair wark an' trouble,  
' I've earned it !' is mair than a monarch can say.

“ The green buds now peep through the auld runkled  
timmer,  
The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,  
An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,  
As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you !  
The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,  
An' beauty an' pleasure are woin' the plain ;  
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it,  
The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again !”

THE MARINER TO HIS BARK.

O! my bark, dost thou long to be free,  
That thou chaf'st thus thy keel on the sand?  
Then, away! for I love to career it with thee,  
Far away, far away, from the land.  
We shall traverse where nought meets the eye,  
Save the green wave, or high flashing spray;  
Where no sound, save the wild wheeling sea-bird's lone  
cry,  
Screaming welcome to us on our way.

Let us haste, for the light breeze is near  
That shall waft us o'er yon summer sea;  
By the sun, bright and clear, our wild course we shall  
steer,  
And the stars our night compass shall be.

Then, away ! my swift bark, o'er the deep,  
Bound along o'er the vast rolling main ;  
Like an eagle across the broad wave thou wilt sweep,  
And return to thine eyry again.

Many tempests have braved been by thee,  
Where no haven of shelter was nigh ;  
Thou hast plunged thy bold prow in each wave of the sea,  
Spread thy white flag beneath every sky.  
Is there bliss to be found in this world ?  
O ! that bliss I can tell where to find,—  
On thy deck, my tight bark, with thy sails all unfurled,  
And thou shooting away 'fore the wind !

O ! I dreamed, in my night-troubled sleep,  
That our loved ocean wand'rings were o'er ;  
Unheeded, I sunk in the dark stormy deep,  
And thou lay a frail wreck on the shore !  
But away with such visions as these,  
When thy true helm I thus grasp again ;  
Thou art leaving behind thee thy track on the seas,  
And our home is the far distant main !

OF BESSY BELL AN' MARY GRAY.

TUNE—“ *My love, she's but a lassie yet.*”

OF Bessy Bell an' Mary Gray

Wha hasna heard, wha hasna sung?

Twa bonnie—but it's mony a day

Sin' they were blooming, fair, an' young.

Ae lass, gude sooth, is plenty O,

For ony douce an' sober man;

Yet, though I'm baith, I've gatten twa,—

My Maggie an' my Mary Ann.

O! Maggie is a bonnie lass,

As e'er gaed barefit through a glen;

I'd toast her in anither glass,

Though I before had tiple'd ten :

E'en, after that, I'd aiblins brew,  
Did strength permit, anither can,  
An' drink to—Maggie?—no!—to you,  
My bonnie blue-e'ed Mary Ann.

I think on Maggie a' the day,  
I dream o' Mary a' the night :  
Maggie's the sun's bright shining ray,  
Mary the moon's pale modest light.  
How happy could I be wi' baith,  
Or either, as the auld sang sings ;  
But, as it is, I'll tak my aith,  
Nor day nor night me gladness brings.

My Maggie is the blushing rose,  
That in the valley blooms sae fair ;  
Mary the primrose wild, that grows  
'Mang sweetest flowers, the sweetest there.  
My Maggie fair, for you I'd dee,  
My face, you see, is pale an' wan ;  
But I maun live, to gaze a wee  
On bonnie blue-e'ed Mary Ann !

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, WE'LL A' BE MERRY.

TUNE—“*Andro and his cutty gun.*”

Blythe, blythe, we'll a' be merry,  
Let social harmony prevail ;  
Wha wad care for port or sherry,  
Whan they've Scotia's nappy ale ?

It cheers the heart frae gloomy care,  
It gies new vigour to the mind ;  
It stilleth strife to rise nae mair,  
An' friendship's social link does bind.  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

In days o' yore, how aft we've seen  
A bicker rouse a sang or tale ;



Sae let us be as we hae been,  
For here's the nappy—here's the ale !  
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Here's to the land o' rock and stream,  
The land o' mountain, muir, and dale ;  
The land where freedom's star does gleam,  
The land o' cakes and nappy ale !

Blythe, blythe, we'll a' be merry,  
Let social harmony prevail ;  
Wha wad care for port or sherry,  
Whan they've Scotia's nappy ale ?

DUMFERLINE TOUN.

TUNE—“ *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*”

O, DUMFERLINE toun is a bonnie bonnie toun,  
 An' wha says that it isna bonnie?  
 For gin we had again braw kings o' our ain,  
 It would lift up its head yet wi' ony.

O, Dumferline toun is a bonnie bonnie toun,  
 An' it tells o' auld Scotland's grandeur;  
 For within it, langsyne, kings “drank the bluid red  
 wine,”  
 While their queens 'mang its bonnie braes did wan-  
 der.

O, Dumferline toun, an' my ain native toun,  
 Will ony ane daur to deride thee?

Thou place of ancient name, which kings aye made their  
hame,

And now they're a' sleeping beside thee!

Brave MALCOLM the sceptre, wi' MARG'RET, did sway  
In yonder palace, auld now and hoary;

An' there BRUCE did ponder ower his country's wae,  
How he'd achieve her freedom, fame, and glory!

O, Dumferline town, thou bonnie bonnie town,

Wi' thy green woods thy valleys lining;

An' the sun shines sac gay on ilka turret gray,  
As if for thee alane he was shining.

O, Dumferline town, thou art still a bonnie town,

An' thy braes are as bonnie as ever;

But the gowan's pu'd nae mair by the princely bairnies  
fair,

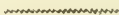
And our gallant chiefs hae left thee a' thegither.

O, Dumferline town, thou hast tint thy king an' croun,

An' thy queens nae langer would tarry;

But there's still a lovely queen, near thy palace to be seen,  
An' I ca' her my bonnie "queen Mary!"

O, Dumferline toun, an' my Mary's toun,  
 Though the fates hae caused us to sever,  
 Let days be as I've seen, an' let Mary aye be queen,  
 An' I'll be her subject forever !



### O GIN I HAD A KEEKIN' GLASS.

TUNE—" *Loch Erroch side.*"

O GIN I had a keekin' glass,  
 I then might see my bonnie lass ;  
 O gin I had a keekin' glass  
     To keek at my love's window.

Her bonnie face I daurna spy,  
 For cowart love has made me shy ;  
 I canna look as I gae by,  
     Nor blink up to her window.

Had she been only half sae fair,  
Ane might hae gazed wi' heedless air,  
But ae glance—I could thole nae mair—  
Clean killed me at her window.

But yet the sicht I wadna shun  
For a' that e'er was looked upon ;  
Nae Indian worshipeth the sun  
As I'd do at her window.

Her neck, sae fair, the lily dings,  
An' round it mony a jet lock lings ;  
Her face wad draw a sigh frae kings,  
Gif they gaed by her window.

O gin I had a keekin' glass  
To see my bonnie charming lass ;  
O gin I had a keekin' glass  
To keek at my love's window.

LET GALLED GREECE.

(WRITTEN FOR BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 25<sup>TH</sup> JANUARY, 1828.)

TUNE—“*Whistle ower the lave o't.*”

LET galled Greece an' fettered Spain,  
An' ither lands enslaved, complain ;  
Gie us that spat—for it's our ain—  
They ca' it Caledonia.

Our fathers' bluid bought us that land  
Whilk nane shall e'er wrench from our hand,  
For BURNS bade ilka Scotsman stand  
Or fa' wi' Caledonia.

Hail to the day that gave him birth !  
Be it aye marked for social mirth ;

Let latest ages o' the earth  
Aye hail't in Caledonia !

Hail to the land from whence he sprung !  
The land that's named in ilka tongue ;  
Where BRUCE has fought an' BURNS has sung,  
The land o' Caledonia.

Waes me ! puir Scotia, mony a day  
Thy face was dowie, douf, an' wae ;  
Few o' thy bardies tuned a lay  
In praise o' Caledonia.

'Thy warriors fought—but wha could tell  
How beauty wept when lovers fell ?  
'Till BURNS awoke the harp's wild swell,  
An' sang o' Caledonia !

His sangs an' tales breathed Nature's lair,  
'Bout blythsome lads an' lasses fair ;  
An' nappy, famed for killin' care,  
When brewed in Caledonia.

He sang—for weel the minstrel knew  
Ilk valley green an' mountain blue,  
Whar flowers before unheeded grew,  
A' dear to Caledonia.

But, ah ! how quickly ceased the strain,  
Begun in care and closed in pain ;  
It paused—then faintly thrilled again,  
An' whispered—“ Caledonia !”

'Twas he that raised our country's name,  
We owe to him our highest fame ;  
For, when we're mentioned wi' acclaim,  
'Tis—“ BURNS an' Caledonia !”



MY LOVE IS NO FOR GOWD.

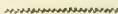
TUNE—“*Lucy Campbell's delight*,”

MY love is no for gowd nor gear,  
 An' neither is't for house nor lan' ;  
 It's a' for her, my charming fair,  
 My bonnie blue-e'd Mary Ann.

The snaw is white on Arthur's hill,  
 On the loch below white swims the swan,  
 But Mary's hand is fairer still,  
 The lily hand o' Mary Ann !

In flowery June, the roses blaw  
 Their crimson leaves—the soft winds fan ;  
 But Mary's cheek would shame them a',  
 The bloomin' cheek o' Mary Ann !

I've speered at trav'lers, wha hae been  
 Frae John o' Groat's House to Japan,  
 But fairer maid they ne'er hae seen  
 Than bonnie blue-e'ed Mary Ann !



### BY ROSLIN'S ANCIENT TOWERS.

TUNE—" *Sae flaxen werc her ringlets.*"

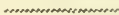
By Roslin's ancient towers,  
 Where Esk steals slowly to the sea,  
 'Twas there, ae morn in simmer,  
 My bonnie lassie fled frae me.  
 Nae smile then—beguiled then  
 A heart ower aften filled wi' care,  
 But, eerie an' weary,  
 I sighed for her I saw nae mair :

An' sought her 'maug the woods an' glens,  
Where bonnie wild flowers blooming sprang,  
An' wandered by the tinklin' burns  
That echoed ilka birdie's sang.

I speered for aye whase beauty  
Nane could forget that ever saw,  
A form that had nae equal  
In lowly cot or lordly ha'.  
A pleasure—past measure  
Within her presence aye was found,  
Sae cheering—endearing  
Was ilka smile she coost around.  
I said her een were saftly blue,  
Than jewels rare they brighter shone,  
But nane had seen a face sae fair,  
Though it seemed made for gazing on.

At length, in yonder valley,  
To find her out I gat a sign,  
For, round her ivy'd window,  
Birds sang mair sweet, flowers bloomed mair fine.

There, peering—careering,  
 The lav'rock waked the blushing day,  
 Inviting—delighting,  
 The blackbird sang his e'enin' lay.  
 'Twas there, in beauty's guise, I found  
 The lass for whom a' else I'd tine;  
 An' now, on earth, what seek I mair?  
 I've found this bonnie lass o' mine!



### JANET AN' ME.

TUNE—“*I'd rather hae a piece than a kiss o' my jo.*”

O, WHA are sae happy as me an' my Janet?  
 O, wha are sae happy as Janet an' me?  
 We're baith turning auld, an' our walth is sune tauld,  
 But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.  
 She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,  
 She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;

And aye her blythe smile walcomes me frae my toil,  
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at the Beuk she is mending the cleadiu',  
She's darnin' the stockings when I sole the shoon;  
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're weary,  
An' syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.  
She's bakin' a scon while I'm smokin' my cutty,  
When I'm i' the stable she's milkin' the kye;  
I envy not kings, when the gloamin' time brings  
The canty fireside to my Janet an' I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay biggin',  
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa;  
We've twa wabs o' linen o' Janet's ain spinnin',  
As thick as dog-lugs, an' as white as the snaw!  
We've a kebbuck or twa, an' some meal i' the girdel,  
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door;  
An' *something*, I've guessed, 's in yon auld painted  
kist,  
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doubt, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,  
Aften times pouches toom, an' hearts fu' o' care ;  
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows an' losses,  
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share !  
I've an auld roosty sword, that was left by my father,  
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae ;  
We hae friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',  
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may hae gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,  
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e ;  
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',  
But are they mair happy than Janet an' me ?  
A' ye, wha ne'er ken't the straught road to be happy,  
Wha are na content wi' the lot that ye dree,  
Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been tellin',  
Ye'se learn't, by lookin' at Janet an' me !

## THE SUN BEHIND YON MOUNTAIN.

TUNE—" *The rose tree.*"

THE sun, behind yon mountain,  
 Is setting lovely, bright, and fair,  
 While I, the moments counting,  
 Am filled wi' anguish, grief, and care :  
 For, ere he beams to-morrow,  
 An' streaks wi' gowd yon sky sae blue,  
 I'll hear that word of sorrow,  
 That fareweel parting word—adieu !

Had Willie wooed less kindly,  
 Wi' nae sic truth an' witchin' power ;  
 Had I but lo'ed less fondly,  
 I might have horne the parting hour !

On bygone joys I ponder,  
While future woes appear in view :  
'Twill break my heart asunder  
To hear that parting word—adieu !

The ship is now in motion  
That wafts my lover over the sea ;  
And soon the swelling ocean  
Shall roll between my love an' me !  
No that the waves can sever  
His love an' mine, sae tender, true !  
But what if 'tis forever  
I hear that parting word—adieu !



THE POETS, WHAT FOOLS THEY'RE TO  
DEAVE US.

TUNE—“ *Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*”

THE poets, what fools they're to deave us,  
How ilka ane's lassie's sac fine ;  
The tane is an angel, and, save us !  
The niest ane you meet wi's divine !  
An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,  
Be't Katty, or Janet, or Jean ;  
An' the moon or some far awa' planet's  
Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit  
For sim'lies to set aff their charms,  
An' no a wee flower but's attackit  
By poets, like bumbees in swarms.

Now, what signifies a' this clatter  
 By chiels that the truth winna tell?  
 Wad it no be settlin' the matter  
 To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel?

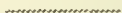
An' then there's nae end to the evil,  
 For they are no deaf to the din,  
 That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil  
 Daur scarce look the gate they are in!  
 But, e'en let them be wi' their scornin',  
 There's a lassie whase name I could tell,  
 Her smile is as sweet as the mornin',  
 But, whisht! I am ravin' mysel.

But he that o' ravin' 's convickit,  
 When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,  
 May he ne'er get anither strait jacket  
 Than that buckled to by Mess John!  
 An' he wha, though cautious an' canny,  
 The charms o' the fair never saw,  
 Though wise as king SOLOMON'S grannie,  
 I swear is the daftest of a'.

## O, MY LOVE, NIGHT IS COME.

O, MY love, night is come, the soft night is come,  
 And fled is the glory and splendour of day ;  
 The bright flaming sun, with the daylight, hath gone  
 To his palace of ocean, love, far far away.  
 O, night, my love, night ! to a lover is dear,  
 When the wind is all hushed and the moon in the  
 sky ;  
 Then, haste to thy lattice, love, quickly appear  
 With the smile on thy cheek and the glance in thine  
 eye.  
 O, my love, ever gay is the clear noon of day,  
 With the bird's happy song and the bloom of the rose ;  
 But, at night, roses weep, and the little birds sleep  
 All still as the green leaves on which they repose.

Yet night, my love, night ! O ! 'tis dearer to me,  
    Though the flowers are in tears, that the sun does not  
    shine ;  
For thou art the flow'ret I ever would see,  
    And the music I'd hear is that sweet voice of thine !



DAYS OF SORROW, NIGHTS OF  
MOURNING.

TUNE—" *Roy's Wife.*"

Days of sorrow, nights of mourning,  
    Dreams of joy that's ne'er returning ;  
I try to weep, but canna weep,  
    Can tears flow when the heart is burning ?

My Willie's love was kind an' true,  
    Nor did he lo'e a faithless Mary ;

But, waes my heart ! the loved hours flew,  
Sic hours o' love, they couldna tarry !  
Days of sorrow, &c.

He said he'd bring a gowden ring,  
An' silks frae India to his deary ;  
An' he'd be blest aboon a king,  
When ance I was his ain dear Mary.  
Days of sorrow, &c.

I waited lang for Willie's ring,  
I waited langer for my lover ;  
What would I now wi' silks or ring ?  
Nae silks a breaking heart should cover !  
Days of sorrow, &c.

In vain I seek Edina's shore,  
And fondly gaze the braid sea over ;  
Ye waves ! when will ye cease to roar,  
An' gie me back my ain true lover ?  
Days of sorrow, &c.

## O, JENNY, LET THIS STRIFE BE OWER.

TUNE—“ *Willie was a wanton wag.*”

O, JENNY, let this strife be ower,  
 Au' let this weary wark be done ;  
 Ye ken I'm subject to your power  
 As ocean is to yonder moon !  
 I've ca'd ye aften fair and braw,  
 The sweetest lass by hill or plain ;  
 Now, I've a reason—maybe twa—  
 To tell it ower an' ower again.

Ye say ye hae nae heart to gie,  
 Ye say ye hae nae love to spare ;  
 O, then, accept o' some frae me,  
 I'm sure I've gat an unco share !

'Twill maybe free my mind o' care,  
'Twill maybe ease my heart o' pain ;  
An' if, like me, it wound ye *there*,  
Ye just can gie me't back again.

I'll woo ye wi' a lovers flame,  
I'll roose ye in a bardie's sang ;  
Ye'll be my muse, an', at your name,  
The todlin' words will jump alang.  
I'll sing ye bloomin', young, an' kind,  
Wi' laughin' een o' clearest blue,  
But naething o' your heart an' mind,  
Else a' the warld were courtin' you !

I winna mind your words ava,  
Frae your sweet mouth although they come ;  
The tongue's aye ready saying—Na,  
Though a' the time the heart be dumb !  
But I will mark your redd'ning cheek,  
An' I will watch your glancin' e'e,  
For love's true language these aye speak ;  
O ! Jenny, let them speak for me !

DRINK IT YET.

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.*"

Drink it yet, drink it yet,  
We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet ;  
To the name that is dear, though we winna *tell* here,  
We'll tout aff a bumper, and *think* it yet.

It's never ower late when sittin' wi' you,  
The warst that can happen is only get fou ;  
But, though we get fou, we'll never forget  
Our friend and our lassie—sae drink it yet.

Drink it yet, &c.

They say, when drink's *in* that wit it is *out*,  
But he that says sae is a knave and a lout ;



For what gieth life to friendship and wit  
Like a fu' sparklin' glass?—sae drink it yet.

Drink it yet, &c.

It isna sae aften I meet wi' ye a',  
Time enough to be sad when gangin' awa' ;  
A *charm's* in the bowl round which gude friends sit,  
An' the *spell* to awaken't is—" Drink it yet !"

Drink it yet, &c.

When Fate, fickle jade, throws friends in our way,  
'Tis a moment of sunshine in life's winter day ;  
Then, ere the clouds gather, and joy's sun set,  
Let the pass-word to pleasure be—" Drink it yet !"

Drink it yet, drink it yet,  
We're no just sae fou but we'll drink it yet ;  
To the name that is dear, though we winna *tell* here,  
In a fu' flowing bumper we'll *think* it yet !

AGAIN LET'S HAIL THE CHEERING  
SPRING. \*

AGAIN let's hail the cheering spring

That now returns, an' a' that ;

The little birds now gladly sing

Their artless notes for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,

Bleak winter's fled an' a' that ;

Nae mair we see the leafless tree,

For verdure blooms ower a' that.

The snawy glen an' gloomy fen

That dreary seemed, an' a' that,

---

\* Written in Spring 1816—my first attempt at rhyme.

Hae now become the shepherd's home,

Wha envies nane for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,

Real grandeur we may ea' that ;

Content does smile, an' fraud an' guile

Ne'er enters there for a' that.

The primrose, frae its grassy bed

Adorns the banks an' a' that ;

The daisy lifts its crimson head

Amang the braes for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,

For Nature's hand maks braw that ;

Art still may try, but when will't vie

Wi' Nature's sel in a' that ?

The farmer now gars " speed the plew,"

An' seed fu' thrang does saw that ;

He dreads nae harms nor wár's alarms,

For peace smiles sweet ower a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,

Lang may't abide for a' that :

The sword an' spear now grund uptear,  
As men of old foresaw that !

Lang may auld Scotland aye retain

Her ancient worth an' a' that ;

Ilk knavish plot may she disdain,

An' slavery keep awa' that.

For a' that an' a' that,

Her *rights* there's nane shall thraw that ;

May peace an' wealth, an' joy an' health,

Reign ower her plains for a' that !

I COURTED MAGGIE MONY A DAY.

TUNE—“*Johnie's gray brecks.*”

I COURTED Maggie mony a day,  
To tell how lang, I'd weary, O ;  
But ne'er a word wad Maggie say—  
She wadna be my dearie, O.

But, O ! her smile, her bonnie smile,  
Though she'd nae speak, it spak again ;  
Though she wad say—Gae, bide away ;  
It bade me aye come back again !

I pat a saxpence in my pouch  
To mak me crouse an' cheery, O,

But Maggie's heart nae words could touch—

She wadna be my deary, O.

But, O! her smile, &c.

I pat the yill-cap to my head,

An' took anither smack again;

Quo' I—"O! Mag, ye'se be my dead!"

"Yes," quo' she, "an' ye come back again!"

But, O! her smile, &c.

She laid a kebbuck on the board,

But fient a knife my Maggie brang;

She then, wi' jeering scornfu' word,

Bade me sit in an' cut a whang!

But, O! her smile, &c.

She tried to gloom, but couldna gloom,

I syne grew bauld an' spak again;

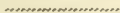
Quo' she—Gae whistle on your thoum,

But, gudesake! comena back again!

But, O! her smile, &c.

But tauntin' word and woman's wile  
Suld never mak a lover shy ;  
I've gained my Maggie's bonnie smile,  
I've gained my Maggie's heart forbye !

For, O ! her smile, her bonnie smile,  
Though she'd nae speak, it spak again ;  
Though she wad say—Gae, bide away ;  
It bade me aye come back again !



## COME A', YE JOVIAL TOPERS.

TUNE—“ *The blatherie o't.* ”

COME a', ye jovial topers,  
That drink the rosy wine ;  
An' ye, wha quaff Glenlivet,  
Attend this sang o' mine.

I'll tell ye o' a pleasure  
 That some folk daurna name,  
 'Tis to meet wi' twa three social friends  
 At our ain house at hame.

O, our ain house at hame—O, our ain house at hame,  
 A charm's round the ingle o' our ain house at hame.

When the toddy-bowl is filling,  
 O, a pleasant sight to see !  
 An' the bonnie wee bit bairnies  
 Hae faulded up their e'e :  
 O! there's a joy sae dear,  
 To which a' joys are tame,  
 The sweetest blinks are those that shine  
 On our ain house at hame.  
 O, our ain house, &c.

It's no the ale o' Edinbro',  
 Nor yet the Lon'on *brown*,  
 Nor is't beside the brandy punch,  
 In taverns o' the town :



'Tis beside the *mountain dew*,  
 Frae the stell without the name,  
 When we toast our friend and lassie  
 At our ain house at hame.

O, our ain house, &c.

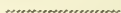
See, yonder pawkie landlord  
 The bowl he's gaun to fill ;  
 Though the night is stealin' hame,  
 His friends are sittin' still :  
 For they downa gang to rest  
 Till their noddle's in a flame.  
 An' they mind nae mair on a' the earth  
 But our ain house at hame.

O, our ain house, &c.

Awa', ye hen-pecked husbands,  
 What happiness hae ye ?  
 Instead o' friends an' whisky-punch,  
 Ye've cookies, care, an' tea !  
 Gie me the honest-hearted chiel  
 That owns nae frowning dame,

But can sport his jug o' toddy  
At his ain house at hame.

His ain house at hame—O, his ain house at hame,  
Has a friend for ilka tumbler at his ain house at hame.



### ONE STAR OF THE MORNING.

ONE star of the morning still lingers  
Amid the deep blue of the sky,  
O! it waits for the sun and my Julia,  
To light up the green earth with joy.  
Then haste, love, the fair lilly's weeping,  
The young rose is drooping in dew ;  
The lark, in its sweet dream, is sleeping,  
Till wakened by Nature and you !

There's joy when the soft morning blushes,  
And sunbeams on bright streamlets play,

When the deep glen and dark misty mountain  
    Rejoice at the coming of day :  
But not the gay gladness of nature,  
    When summer and morning are young,  
Can equal that rapture of bosom,  
    When you are the theme of my song.

You bright star of morn is departing  
    To skies of a lovelier hue,  
To sparkle on lands that are fairer,  
    But on maid never fairer than you !  
The golden sun now walks in glory,  
    And gladdens with smiles flower and tree ;  
Like you who, in joy or in sorrow,  
    Still gladdens this bleak world to me !

A CANTY SANG.

TUNE—“ *The Laird o' Cockpen.*”

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,  
Will naebody gie us a canty sang?  
There's naething keeps nights frae turning ower lang  
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

If folk wad but sing when they're gaun to flyte,  
Less envy ye'd see, less anger an' spite ;  
What saftens doun strife and maks love mair strang  
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang?

A canty sang, &c.

If lads wad but sing when they gang to woo,  
They'd come na aye hame wi' thom i' their mou' :

The chiel that, wi' lasses, wad be fu' thrang,  
Suld learn to lilt to them a canty sang.

A canty sang, &c.

When fools become quarrelsome ower their ale,  
I'se gie ye a cure whilk never will fail,—  
When their tongues get short an' their arms get lang,  
Aye drown the din wi' a canty sang !

A canty sang, &c.

I downa bide strife, though fond o' a spree,  
Your sair wordy bodies are no for me :  
A wee dribble punch, gif it just be strang,  
Is a' my delight, an' a canty sang !

A canty sang, O, a canty sang,  
Will naebody gie us a canty sang ?  
There's naething keeps nights frae turning ower lang  
Like a canty sang, like a canty sang.

AWAKE, MY HARP, THY SAFTEST LAY.

TUNE—“ *Fy, gae rub her ower wi' strae.* ”

AWAKE, my harp, thy safest lay,  
And, O ! let love be a' the strain,  
While ower thy strings I deftly play  
Till echo bring the notes again !  
An' sing how Peggie's blooming, fair,  
An' tell how Peggie's loving, kind ;  
The sweetest form an' simplest air,  
The warmest heart an' noblest mind.

Her een wad strike a bodie blin',  
But, 'neath their darts, young love-beams play  
Like streaks of morn, that usher in  
The splendours o' the coming day.

Her waving ringlets glossy hing,  
Her neck is pure as snaw new driven ;  
Her eyebrows nane daur ever sing,  
They seem the pencil-wark o' heaven !

When Peggie walks at morning ray,  
The wee birds round her beauty thrang ;  
And, when she smiles, the infant day  
Awakes a' Nature into sang.  
Where'er she strays there I'll be found,  
For I will follow in her train,  
Until the happy time come round  
That lovely Peggie's a' my ain !

PITY THE LADS THAT ARE FREE.

TUNE—" *I hae a wife o' my ain.*"

PITY the lads that are free,  
Pity the chiels that are single ;  
For gude sake ! tak pity on me,  
I'm teased night an' day wi' Jean Pringle.  
For lasses I carena a preen,  
My heart's my ain an' I'm cheery,  
An', were't nae for that cutty Jean,  
I'd sleep as soun' as a peerie !

What's beauty ?—it a' lies in taste !  
For nane o't wad I gie a bodle ;  
But hers, hauntin' me like a ghaist,  
Is whiles like to turn my noddle !



She's wooers—but what's that to me ?

They're walcome to dance a' about her ;

Yet I like na her smilin' sae slee

To lang Sandy Lingles the souter !

Yestreen I cam in frae the plew,

The lasses were a' busy spinnin' ;

I stoitered as if I'd been fou,

For Jeanie a sang was beginnin'.

I hae heard fifty maids sing,

Whiles ane, an' whiles a' thegither ;

But nane did the starting tears bring

'Till she sung the “ Braes o' Balquhither.”

Last Sunday, when gaun to the kirk,

I met wi' my auld aunty Beenie,

I looked as stupid's a stirk

When simply she said—“ How is Jeanie ?”

An' at e'en, when I, wi' the rest,

Was carritched baith Larger an' Single,

When speered—Wham we suld like best ?

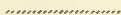
I stammered out—“ Young Jeanie Pringle !”

Last ook I gaed in to the fair,  
To wair out my Hallowmas guinea,  
When, wha suld I fa' in wi' there,  
A' dinkit out finely—but Jeanie !  
I couldna gang by her for shame,  
I couldna but speak, else be saucy,  
Sae I had to oxtter her hame,  
An' buy a silk snood to the lassie.

It's no but she's baith gude an' fair,  
It's no but she's winsome an' bonnie ;  
Her een, glancing 'neath gowden hair,  
Are brighter, I daursay, than ony.  
But pawkie een's naething to me,  
Of gowd locks I want nae the straiuin' ;  
Folk speak about love—but they'll see  
For ance, by my faith ! they're mistaken.

I promised the lasses a spree,  
I promised the lads a paradin',  
I canna weel hae't—let me see—  
Unless I get up a bit waddin'.

I think I'se send ower for the clark,  
He might cry us out the niest Sunday ;  
It's winter—we're nae thrang at wark,  
Sae I think I'll just marry 'gin Monday !



### EMIGRANT'S SONG.

TUNE—“ *Gilderoy.*”

THE gallant bark now quits the strand,  
That bears me far away  
From kindred, and the friends I love—  
Alas ! and lose for aye !  
And soon my native hills and glens,  
Now robed in summer's hue,  
Shall vanish like a passing thought  
That memory never knew !

The swelling sails are flapping wide,  
As struggling to be free ;  
And ocean, with its thousand waves,  
Will soon my dwelling be :  
For every sound that greets mine ear,  
Of parting seems to tell ;  
And wavelets, rippling to the shore,  
Half-whisper—" Fare thee well !"

Edina, with her rocks and towers,  
Now dazzles in my sight,  
And ne'er, until this hour, appeared  
So lovely and so bright !  
And yet a sadd'ning thought awakes  
My bosom's every pain,  
For ne'er, in gladness nor in gloom,  
Shall I see her again !

Adieu ! thou seat of palaces,  
Thou native spot of mine !  
Where maiden charms and manly worth  
In happy blendings shine.

Ye bright blue skies, that circle in  
Romantic Scotia's shore,  
I leave you for the murky cloud  
And gath'ring tempest's roar.

Farewell my harp ! that oft hath woke  
The wildest, sweetest strain ;  
I may not, will not, cannot touch  
Thy thrilling chords again,—  
Since her I leave, whose heav'nly name  
Thy silver tones well know :  
In joy I might of Mary sing,  
But not in madd'ning woe !

## THE BRIGHT SUN O' SIMMER.

TUNE—“ *The cold frosty morning.*”

THE bright sun o' simmer but lately was shining,  
 The birds sang in joy and the earth blossomed green ;  
 An' hope spoke of days without care or repining,  
 Like those that in dreams o' my childhood I've seen.  
 But now the brown leaves o' the forest are fa'ing,  
 An' quickly the sun hastens down through the sky ;  
 The winds, frae the caverns of winter, are blawing,  
 They tell me that simmer, like youth, has gone by.

O ! where are the fond hearts o' life's sunny morning ?  
 Nae mair by the greenwood or valley they're seen :  
 They've perished, like flow'rets the fair earth adorning,  
 As if childhood and young simmer never had been.

And where is the music, the joy, and the gladness,  
That swelled through the grove a' the lang simmer day?  
Alas! a' is fled, and my heart's filled wi' sadness,  
For the music of youth, too, hath melted away!

O! farewell, ye flow'rets, the fairest an' brightest  
That sprung on the mountain, or bloomed on the lea;  
And farewell, ye fond hearts, the warmest and lightest,  
Nae mair ye return to charm Nature an' me.  
And welcome bleak winter, wi' days wild and dreary,  
For the blasts of misfortune have left me forlorn;  
And my soul it is sad, an' my spirit is weary,  
Wi' pond'ring on joys fled that ne'er can return!

A BUMPER TO THEE!

*(Set to a spirited Air, from a forthcoming volume of Original  
Melodies, by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.)*

A bumper to thee! a bumper to thee!  
A cup to the fair, and a health to the free;  
O! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,  
A bumper to thee! a bumper to thee!

LET the wine mantle high in a goblet of joy,  
Be it Alicant bright or Burgundy famed,  
O! my soul, like the cup, to my lip shall spring up,  
When friendship and thou in a bumper art named!  
A bumper to thee, &c.

O! the Arno rolls deep through Italia's gay land,  
And fair on its banks grows the wide-spreading vine;



In the juice of that vine I shall pledge heart and hand  
To bright eyes that sparkle, as sparkles the wine !  
A bumper to thee, &c.

As the Arab, while wand'ring the desert along,  
Forgets half his toil if a streamlet he find,  
So, in life's dreary waste, fill a cup deep and strong,  
And sorrow and care we shall throw to the wind  
In a bumper to thee, &c.

Since the past is away, let this night be our day,  
Nor brood on to-morrow to waken a sigh ;  
For to souls, if there's bliss, 'tis a moment like this,  
When cups flow with wine, and bosoms with joy !

A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !  
A cup to the fair, and a health to the free ;  
O ! this toast hath a spell, we shall quaff it with glee,  
A bumper to thee ! a bumper to thee !

THOU WEARY MORN.

TUNE—" *Gude nicht an' joy.*"—(Old Set.)

THOU weary morn, when wilt thou dawn?  
And yet nae gladness comes wi' day ;  
But day an' night I mourning sigh  
For loved hours fled an' joys away.  
My laddie was the kindest swain,  
An' sought my heart wi' a' his skill,  
An' yet I've tint that lad sae true  
Wi' woman's pride an' woman's will.

It wasna but I lo'ed him weel,  
It wasna but I thought him kind,  
But just that silly pride o' heart  
That lovers shouldna ever mind.

He tauld me that my heart was proud,  
An' what he said was maybe true,  
But little does my laddie ken  
How humbled low that heart is now !

At kirk, I keekit aff my beuk  
To see if he would look at me,  
But ne'er a blink gat I frae him,  
Although the tear stood in my e'e.  
An' when the preachin'-time was done,  
Ilk lassie had her lover gay,  
While I gaed dowie hame alane,  
An', O ! it was a weary way !

But the lav'rock sings high i' the lift,  
Although his nest's deep i' the glen ;  
Sae, though my withered hopes are low,  
They maybe yet will rise again !  
The sun behind the cloud does shine,  
Although his face we dinna see ;  
Sae my dear lad may yet prove kind,  
Although it a' seems dark to me !

THERE'S PLEASURE WHEN THE  
MORNING SUN.

*(Written to an ancient Border melody.)*

THERE'S pleasure when the morning sun looks ower  
the mountain gray,

And shines on the flow'rets a' blushing in the dew ;

When the starnies in the blue lift in dimness fade away,

And the little singing birdies their sangs a' renew.

But no the sun o' morn, though in brightness he ap-  
pear,

And simmer in gladness comes ower the flowery lea,

Can gie me sic delight as a smile frae my dear,

The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me !

Her face it is the rose newly washed wi' a shower,

Her ringlets the slae-berries o' the jetty dye ;

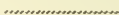
Her neck, sae round and sma', is the bonnie lily flower,  
 Her een the dewy pearls in its bosom that lie.  
 The mavis' sang is sweet when at e'enin' hour he sings,  
 And sweet is the blackbird singin' on the tree,  
 But the voice o' my lassie a sweeter music brings,  
 The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me !

The shepherd loves the shade at the sunny hour o'  
 noon,  
 When his flocks on the green braes are a' feeding by ;  
 The bard loves to wander beneath the smiling moon,  
 When the wind scarcely breathes through the blue  
 e'ening sky.

The bee loves the wild flowers adown the glen that blaw,  
 The lammie the gowan that blossoms on the lea ;  
 Sae I lo'e my bonnie lassie, the fairest of a',  
 The lassie o' my heart that is dearest to me !

I carena for grandeur nor fortune's fickle smile,  
 I sigh nae for walth, sin it never can be mine :  
 Could riches bring me joy, or my sorrows beguile,  
 Like the jewel that I prize an' never sal tine ?

Her beauty's but the image o' her pure heart within,  
    The language o' her soul it is tauld in her e'e ;  
And her love, mair than gowd, I will ever seek to win,  
    The love o' my lassie that's dearest to me !



O ! THOU BROOM, THOU BONNIE BUSH  
    O' BROOM.

TUNE—" *Cowdenknowes.*"

O ! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,  
    I leave that land and thee,  
Where freedom and thou hae flourished lang,  
    Where freemen still are free !

THE Indian vales are rich and fair,  
    And bright is the flow'ret's bloom,  
But what are the flowers and the myrtle bowers,  
    If I miss my native broom ?

Then wilt thou come, thou bonnie bush o' broom,  
And grow on a Foreign strand?  
That I may think, when I look on thee,  
I'm still in fair Scotland!

But, ah! that thought could ne'er be mine,  
Though thou beside me sprang;  
Nor though yon bird, to Scotia dear,  
Did follow wi' its sang.

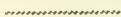
Thy branches green might wave at e'en,  
At morn thy flowers might blaw,  
But it wadna be on Cowdenknowes,  
Nor yet by Ettrick shaw.

O! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,  
Thou bonnie bonnie broom,  
I maist could weep for days that are gane,  
When I think on days to come.

My native land ca's forth a sigh,  
And thou, sweet broom, a tear,

For I canna tak thee frae the braes  
To which thou's lang been dear.

O ! thou broom, thou bonnie bush o' broom,  
I leave that land and thee,  
Where freedom and thou hae flourished lang,  
Where freemen still are free !



WHAT MEANS A' THIS SCORNING, MY  
LASSIE ?

TUNE—" *Tam Glen.*"

WHAT means a' this scorning, my lassie ?  
An' what mean thae looks o' disdain ?  
It wasna your wont to be saucy,  
It isna your nature, I ken.  
Langsyne, when we met 'mang the breckan,  
You laughed the young simmer day by ;



But now, sin' this turn ye hâe taken,  
Ye've grown unco scornfu' and shy !

If love be the cause, though I doubt it,  
Be frank just at ance, now, an' tell ;  
I'll deave ye nae mair, lass, about it,  
Gin I be the loved ane mysel.

But I'll steal to the fair agin Monday,  
An' buy you a braw prentit gown ;  
An', faith ! ye'se appear the niest Sunday  
The fairest young bride in the town.

Then cease wi' your scorning, my lassie,  
An' gie me a kind look the while ;  
Leave them to be frowning and saucy  
Whase faces were ne'er made to smile.  
I'm but a puir hand at beseeching,  
And words hae nae mony to spare,  
Sae I'll mak a short end o' the preaching,  
Gin ye will but listen the prayer !

THE BONNIE SHIP COMES HAME  
AGAIN.

TUNE—" *Highland Laddie.*"

THE bonnie ship comes hame again,  
Wi' white sails skimming over the main ;  
I've gatten word frae Germanie  
That my love's ship comes over the sea.  
Its over the sea and over the wave,  
O, ilka tempest she will brave,  
Though tempest rude should never be  
When my love's coming over the sea.

Wi' my dear lad wha can compare ?  
His eye is bright, his face is fair ;  
His heart is kind, his step is free,  
O ! my love's coming over the sea.

The sun at morn will guide him hame,  
The moon at e'en will light the faem,  
An' starnies they'll blink bonnilie,  
For my love's coming over the sea.

O, simmer's blythsome days are near,  
The blackbird's e'enin' sang I hear ;  
In gladsome notes he sings to me,  
For my love's coming over the sea.  
Welcome, ye woods, a' waving green,  
An' welcome days, sic as I've seen  
When my kind lad did gang wi' me,  
Far frae the din o' stormy sea !

## AWAKE, DEAREST MADALINE.

*(Written to the Air "My lodging is on the cold ground," and set  
to an original melody, by FINLAY DUN.)*

AWAKE, dearest Madaline ; sweet love, arise  
 This fair summer morning to view ;  
 The sun's left his bed where the seas kiss the skies,  
 The lark his green couch 'mong the dew.  
 But the sun, brightly rising o'er Nature all gay,  
 On one fair as thee does not shine ;  
 Nor voice of the morning lark, wak'ning the day,  
 Can equal the music of thine !

From the long night of winter the flow'rets come forth,  
 And modestly blush into day ;  
 A joy and a gladness are over the earth,—  
 Arise, my sweet love, come away !

The summer appears, half in smiles half in tears,  
Thy beauty will heighten't the while :  
The sweet little flower will outlive its short hour,  
If thou on its fair blossoms smile !

The earth is all green and all bright is the sky,  
With songs grove and glen loudly ring ;  
'Tis surely the season of love and of joy,  
When summer is wooed by the spring !  
There's nothing wanting from pleasure like this,  
Which Nature gives fondly and free,  
Save one to partake in the banquet of bliss,  
And that one, fair Madaline, thee !

MY BONNIE BELL.

TUNE—" *The mill, mill, O.*"

My bonnie Bell, my bonnie Bell,  
Ye've left me filled wi' sorrow ;  
A waefu' day is ilka day,  
A grieving day ilk morrow.  
Ye've left the bonnie Lawland braes,  
Where the heather-bell is blooming,  
For the craggy steep and the valley deep,  
Where the Highland deer is roaming.

The Highland hills are high an' wide,  
And no for your feet clim'ing ;  
Far better by your ain burn side,  
Where the siller trouts are swimming.

'There's mony a heart will beat, as ye  
Cross mountain, muir, or river ;  
But there is ane, in a Lawland glen,  
His heart is thine forever !

A dowie face wears burn an' brae,  
They've tint wi' you their grandeur ;  
While proud will seem ilk mountain stream,  
As by its banks ye wander !  
O, haste ye hame, for nae bird sings  
Save waesome notes o' mourning ;  
They keep their sangs an' canty springs  
To welcome your returning !

## THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLAWING.

FRAGMENT.

TUNE—“ *Flowers o' the forest.*”

THE autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,  
 An' Nature is mourning the simmer's decay ;  
 The wee birdies singing, the wee flow'rets springing,  
 Hae tint a' their sangs an' withered away !  
 I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning ;  
 Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay ?  
 Why should they perish, the blossoms we cherish ?  
 The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay !  
  
 Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,  
 The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day,



Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving

Ower the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay.

Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—

Should gowden locks fade before the auld an' gray ?

But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,

The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay !

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling

In joy and in gladness, time murmured by :

What now were pleasure, wi' a' the world's treasure ?

My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie !

The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,

Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way ;

A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—

“ Happy is that land that knows no decay !”

## O, COULD I BUT PICTURE MY LASSIE.

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

O, COULD I but picture my lassie sae charming,  
 As weel as the charms o' my lassie I see!  
 But whar hae I phrases or language sae warming,  
 As tell o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e?  
 Her lips are as red as the saft rose o' simmer,  
 Or berries that grow on the tall rowan tree;  
 The moon-beam that sleeps on the white snaw is dimmer  
 Than the glance that fa's down frae her bonnie black  
 e'e.

I've seen maidens decked out wi' art's richest gran-  
 deur,  
 A' sparkling in diamonds that come over the sea;

I'm thinkin' they need them to gie them some splendour,

But Mary needs nane, save her bonnie black e'e !  
O, dear to the lammie's the green grassy mountain,  
And dear is the flower to the young hiney bee,  
And dear to the trav'ler the desert's lone fountain,  
But dearer to me is her bonnie black e'e !

She whiles tries to jeer me, she whiles winna hear me,

She whiles is, or seems to be, saucy to me ;  
But there is nae hiding, for a' her coy chiding,  
The tell-tale that lies in her bonnie black e'e.  
I speered gif she wanted to part wi' her lover ?  
I speered gif she wanted her lover to dee ?  
An' keekit to see if my words they did move her,  
An' saw a tear blindin' her bonnie black e'e !

“ O ! come to me, Mary, an' ye'se be my dearie ! ”  
She turned round her head, an' she lookit ajee ;  
I took her an' kissed her, an' to me I pressed her,  
An' dighted the tear frae her bonnie black e'e.

Her sweet smile returning, she blushed like the morn-  
ing,

An' said, " I am yours till the day that I dee !"

O, love ! ever tarry wi' me an' my Mary,

I'm blest 'neath the smile o' her bonnie black e'e !

YESTREEN I SLEPT.

TUNE—"*Embro' Katie.*"

YESTREEN I slept an' dreamed of her  
Wha aften keeps the sleep frae me,  
I thought we met in some bright land,  
Some holy land where angels be !  
For every face we there did see  
Was dimmed by neither woe nor care,  
And harps woke heaven's high minstrelsey,  
Because my love was list'ning there !

She seemed as lovely as she is,  
And as bewitching she did seem :  
I thought her mine, ah ! cruel bliss,  
This might have shown me 'twas a dream !  
But could such visions me, forloin,  
Revisit aft, or aye remain ;  
I'd wake nae mair, nor e'er return  
Back to this weary warld again !

For what is life withouten love ?  
And what is love wi' nae return ?  
Oh ! is there aught her heart could move,  
Or cause mine, mourning, cease to mourn ?  
If life give nought but dark despair,  
If hopes an' joys but visions seem,  
I'd rather wish my days nae mair,  
Or passed in an eternal dream !

BONNIE PEGGIE GORDON.

TUNE—“ *Highland Harry back again.*”

Now simmer walks in robes o' green,  
On ilka flowery bank she's seen,  
Then come, my love, thou'rt simmer's queen,  
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

We'll wander where the primrose springs,  
Where the rose-bud dewy hings,  
Where the burnie murm'ring sings,  
“ Bonnie Peggie Gordon !”

I'll lead thee down yon sunny lea,  
Where the scented hawthorn tree

Sheds its fragrant sweets for thee,  
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

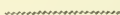
The bee has left its foggy den,  
An' comes—O! weel its notes I ken—  
Saft humming frae the moorland glen,  
“ Bonnie Peggie Gordon !”

O, saft's the burnie's rocky fa',  
An' saft's the winds that ower it blaw,  
But love has tales mair saft than a',  
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

The flowery earth, the sunny sky,  
May please the sense, may charm the eye,  
But, to my heart, nought gies sic joy  
As bonnie Peggie Gordon.

Down yon birken shaws amang,  
Where the blackbird wakes his sang,  
There, my fairest, wilt thou gang?  
Bonnie Peggie Gordon.

There I'll woo thee, seen by nane,  
 Gaze on thy fair charms alane,  
 Forgetting a' this warld o' pain  
                   In bonnie Peggie Gordon.



### GATHER IN, GATHER IN.

*(Ode, written for the Anniversary of Burns' birthday, to the Air  
 "Wha's at my window, wha?" set to an original melody, by  
 PETER M'LEOD, Esq.)*

GATHER in, gather in, ane an' a', an' a',  
 Gather in, gather in, ane an' a' ;  
       This night, ever dear,  
       Claims a cup an' a tear  
 To the memory of BURNS that's awa', awa',  
 To the memory of BURNS that's awa' !

Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa, or twa,  
 Auld Scotland's had bards ane or twa,



But the minstrel that sang  
Coila's wild braes amang,  
O! he was the sweetest of a', of a',  
O! he was the sweetest of a'!

He came like the flow'rets that blaw, that blaw,  
He came like the flow'rets that blaw,  
But his bright op'ning spring  
Nae simmer did bring,  
For soon soon he faded awa', awa',  
For soon soon he faded awa'!

But short though he sang 'mang us a', us a',  
But short though he sang 'mang us a',  
His name from our heart  
Will never depart,  
And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa', awa',  
And his fame it shall ne'er fade awa'!

O ! TAKE ME TO YON SUNNY ISLE.

TUNE—" *Gramachree.*"

O ! TAKE me to yon sunny isle that stands in Fortha's  
sea,  
For there, all lonely, I may weep, since tears my lot  
must be !  
The caverned rocks alone shall hear my anguish and  
my woe,  
But can their echoes Mary bring ? Ah ! no, no, no !

I'll wander by the silent shore, or climb the rocky steep,  
And list to ocean murmuring the music of the deep ;  
But, when the soft moon lights the waves in ev'ning's  
silver glow,  
Shall Mary meet me 'neath its light ? Ah ! no, no, no !

I'll speak of her to every flower, and lovely flowers are  
there,

They'll maybe bow their heads and weep, for she, like  
them, was fair ; °

And every bird I'll teach a song, a plaintive song of woe,  
But Mary cannot hear their strains ? Ah ! no, no, no !

Slow steals the sun adown the sky, as loath to part with  
day,

But airy morn, with carolling voice, shall wake him  
forth as gay ;

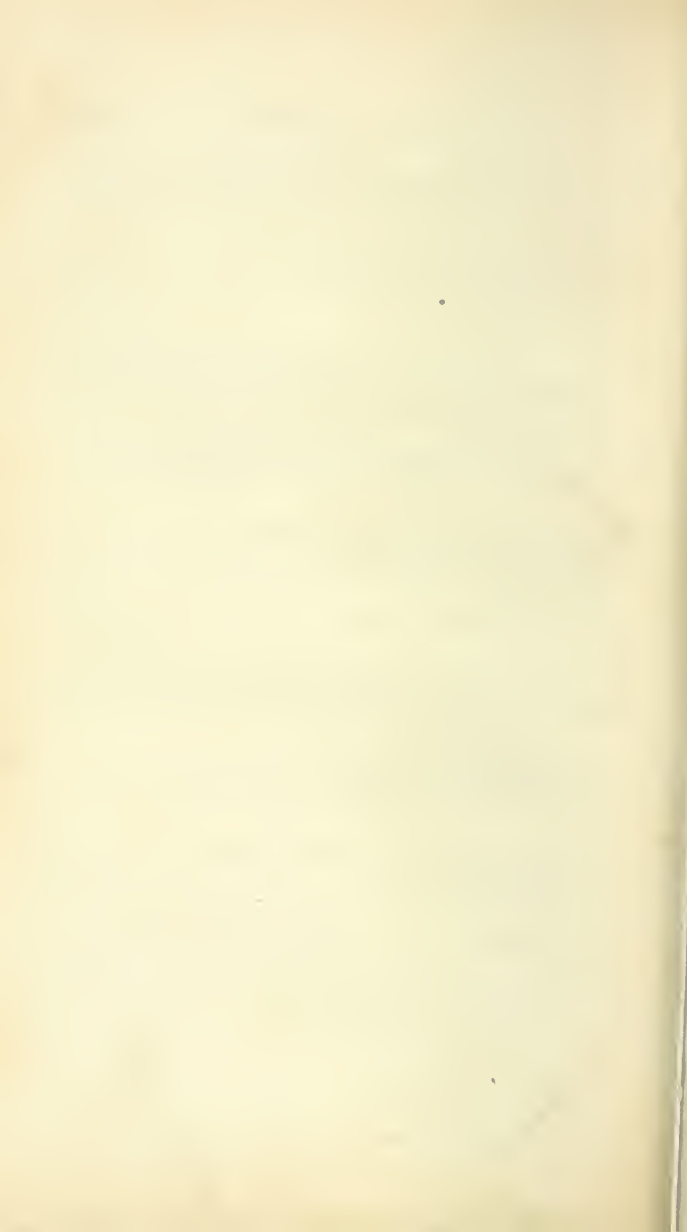
Yet Mary's sun rose bright and fair, and now that sun  
is low,

Shall its fair beam e'er grace the morn ? Ah ! no, no, no !

But I must shed the hidden tear, lest Mary mark my  
care,

The stifling groan may break my heart, but it shall  
rankle there !

I'll even feign the outward smile to hide my inward woe,  
I would not have her weep in heaven ? Ah ! no, no, no !



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MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS,

&c. &c.

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## BALLADS, &c.

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### BALLAD.

IT was 'bout the auld hansel Monanday time,  
When dancin', an' drinkin', an' singin' 's nae crime,  
That a canty auld carle cam down by the burn,  
An' towards our dwallin' his feet he did turn.

The gudeman cried, " Eppie ! gae rise, let him in."—  
" Ye're welcome, auld man, to our feastin' an' din ;  
What news do ye bring frae the kintra or town ?"  
Sae we dighted a chyre, an' he sat himsel down.

Across his braid shouthers a Scotch plaid was flung,  
At his feet was a dog, and his hand held a rung ;  
An' his auld-fashant coat, o' patches no few,  
Might, thretty year syne, hae aiblins been new !

A braw demas' wais'coat, the best o' his claes,  
Sair worn—like its owner, bespak better days ;  
But his white sark, sae hale, as if just frae the loom,  
Shawed a pride in the heart though the pouch might  
be toom !

Strange ferlies he tauld us, an' braw sangs he sung,  
Wi' the sense o' the auld an' the wit o' the young,  
An' sae weel they cam in, an' sae fine they did chime,  
That they seemed as they'd a' just been made for the  
time.

He toomed out the bicker an' whanged down the cheese,  
Than the gudeman himsel he seemed mair at his ease ;  
But yet, naething forward, nor saucy, nor high,  
'Twas the ease o' a king when his crown is laid by !



He touzled the lasses an' joked wi' the men,  
He drank aff his cappie an' crackit again :  
His noddle wi' lair was fu' to the brim,  
E'en auld Rabbie Gordon had nae chance wi' him !

The lads were dumfoun'ered, the lasses amazed,  
An' Saunders Kilpatrick sat gaping, an' gazed ;  
An' Willie Carmichael, in wham gude sense lies,  
Said something 'bout folk being lords in disguise !

Sae kindly he spak to the lasses sae braw,  
'That you'd thocht the auld carle was courtin' them a' ;  
But there aye was a dignity mixed wi' his fun,  
An' his e'e claimed that rev'rence his arm could hae won.

Fell stories he tauld us of battles an' scars,  
He spak o' the 'Turks an' the Wallington wars—  
But his picture of Waterloo made our hearts sair,  
An' the round siller medal shawed he had been there !

Sic a blythe happy group was ne'er seen afore,  
An' the dogie an' bairns were as thick on the floor ;

For the curly wee *corp'ral*, sae pawkie an' slee,  
Seemed to share, wi' his master, the daffin' an' glee !

But the blythest that meet, be't in cot or in ha',  
Maun aye dree the fell thocht o' gangin' awa' ;  
If the meeting gie pleasure, the parting gies pain—  
Shall we e'er see the canty auld carle again ?

When the wee starnies peeped ower the auld castle wa',  
Our canty auld carle said—" Fare ye weel a' !"  
We pressed him to bide, but he wadna sit still,  
But said he'd be back when the snaw left the hill.

The auld folk were grieved, an' the wee bairnies grat,  
An' looked to the place where the auld man had sat :  
We sought him in hamlet, we sought him in glen,  
But the canty auld carle cam ne'er back again !

BALLAD.

O TELL me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would  
be thine ?

Wouldst thou for pearls explore the deep, for diamonds  
search the mine ?

To sparkle on thy silken robes, or glitter on thy crown,  
With lords and ladies worshipping thy glory and renown !

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would  
be thine ?

Would sumptuous banquets be thy fare, thy drink the  
ruby wine ?

With ladies fair to sing to thee the minstrel's sweetest  
lay,

And lords to laugh at ilka word that thou wert pleased  
to say.

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would  
be thine ?

Wouldst thou for feats of chivalry or deeds of valour  
shine ?

Or follow at the gallant chase, or lead the glorious  
war,

Returning with the laureled brow, and breast with ho-  
nour's star ?

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would  
be thine ?

Wouldst thou pursue the road to fame, and woo the  
fickle Nine ?

Have earth to laud thy heaven-born strains, and praise  
thy 'witching theme ?

Enjoy the dream of poesy ?—it is a pleasing dream !

O tell me, gin thou wert a king, what pleasure would  
be thine ?

Wouldst thou cause genius cease to mourn, an' poortith  
cease to pine ?

Bring halcyon days to all thy land, such as the poets  
sing ?

*What* pleasure would be thine, O ! tell, gin thou wert  
made a king ?

O gin I were a king, I'll tell the pleasure mine should  
be :

I'd have nor wealth, nor fame, nor power, nor cruel ty-  
rannie ;

Nor lords nor <sup>r</sup>ladies gay should wait upon me or my  
crown,

Save ane, whase bonnie smiling face would gar them a'  
look down !

Without a crown, this bonnie lass would mak a king o'  
me ;

And, had I ane, this bonnie lass my lovely queen should  
be :

The pearl might sleep in ocean's bed, the diamond in  
the mine,

A fairer jewel I would hae in bonnie Madaline !

BALLAD.

THERE cam to our village a stranger,  
 A braw chiel frae braw Lon'on town,  
 An' aff a braw naig at the alehouse  
 Fu' bravly he lighted him down.  
 The landlord, auld Rabbie M'Vicar,  
 Wi' booing I wat didna spare,  
 Said, " Walcome to this our plain dwallin',  
 Yet bravely I vow ye sal fare !

" I'll thraw round the neck o' a chuckie,  
 The fattest e'er ran on twa legs ;  
 I'll slit up the craig o' a grumphie,  
 They mak famous eatin'—young pigs !  
 There's a clag o' cowheel on a trencher,  
 A gude haggis sooms i' the pat,

An' Girzy, ye see, 's makin' puddin's,  
 What else could we do wi' the fat?

“ The pairicks play whirr! 'mang the claver,  
 The trouties dance by in the burn;  
 It's fine to kill birds an' catch fishes,  
 An' eat them when ance we return.  
 An', after a's done, we've a drappie,—  
 The gauger ye'll surely no tell,—  
 I say we sal hae a gude cappie,  
*We whiles brew the whisky oursel!*

“ For beuks we've a gay when amang us,  
 We've *somebody's something* on law;  
 We've BURNS 'complete in ae volume,'  
 But then the best half o't 's awa'!  
 We yince had a Patie and Roger,  
 I think we've still gatten a part,  
 But auld Tibby Gowans, the howdie,  
 Can rhyme over the maist o't by heart

“ For sangs, ye may hae half a hun'er,  
 Our Jenny hersel can sing ten;

The ' Braw lads o' ' famed ' Galla water,'  
An' the lass that made love to Tam Glen.  
There's Sandy Macgregor, the piper,  
His music micht charm down a saunt ;  
I, mysel, am a bit o' a scraper,  
Sae what the deil else wad ye want ?

“ There's twa three droll folk in the village,  
For sample I'se name ye a few :—  
There's Jamie Macfarlane, the skipper,  
He's been whar the oranges grew !  
An' there's Eppie Blake, decent bodie,  
Brings cookies frae Auld Reekie's town ;  
Na, mair—she sells tea, tripe, an' soda,  
An' sugar baith candied and brown.

“ Tammie Scott an' his wife, Nelly Grundy,  
Are great friends o' auld wives an' brats,  
For the taen's near as famed sellin' gundy  
As the tither's at killin' the rats !  
There's the black-horn spectacted dominie—  
He's a deep-learned bodie the clark :



We've a priest reads us sermons ilk Sunday,  
I own he's weel paid for the wark!

“ I've a sword that shed bluid at Culloden ;  
O' Charlie's gowd locks I've a hair ;  
A shoe that has Africa trodden—  
It belanged to puir Mungo Park's mare !  
Then sic is a spice o' our village,  
O' what you may baith eat an' see,  
An' now, by the ghaist o' my gutcher !  
We'll hae ben a bottle an' pree !”

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PARODY.

TUNE—“ *Blue Bonnets over the Border.*”

READ, read, Woodstock and Waverley,  
Turn every page and read forward in order ;

Read, read, every tale cleverly,  
All the old novels are over the border !

Many a book lies dead, dusty, and never read,  
Many a chiel wants a thread to his story ;  
While WALTER, that king o' men, just with his single  
pen,  
Like a giant, well *grogged*, marches on in his glory !

Come from your tales full of murders amazing,  
Come from romaunts gone to bed long ago ;  
Come from the scribb'lers whom pye-men are praising,  
Come to Redgauntlet and brave Ivanhoe !

Scor's fame is sounding, readers abounding,  
May laurels long circle his locks thin and hoary !  
Scotland shall many a day speak of her bard, and say,  
“ He lived for his country, and wrote for her glory !”

THE HALF-DROWNED TAR.

PARODY.

ALONG by the banks of Leith's ancient harbour,  
Jack Oakum reeled drunk from a *dive* on the shore,  
O! whither, they cried, dost thou steer so to larboard?  
When, plump, from the quay-side, he quickly fell  
o'er!

What voice did I hear? Was't a pilot that bawled?  
Full loudly he bawled, though he ventured not  
far;

But Jack, by the moonlight, a rope's end espied,  
And, swearing, he landed a *half-drowned* tar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the salt water was stream-  
ing,  
And wet was his jacket, deep marked o'er with tar;

And empty that purse, once with sovereigns full swimming,

For he'd melted in love what he earned in war !

So they hied him away to a tavern that night,

Where the rendezvous stood in the time of the war,

But the landlord looked blue at his pitiful plight,

And offered no grog to the half-drowned tar !

Thou shalt drink, they all cried, the landlord will trust thee,

We shall ring for some rum and a lighted cigar !

Ah ! no, Jack replied, he looks devilish crusty,

No grog will he draw for a half-drowned tar.

Split my timbers ! cried Jack, while his jacket he threw,

And the landlord he floored with a terrible scar ;

The pilots ne'er waited to bid him adieu,

But ran, like the devil, from the half-drowned tar !

PARODY.

*(Written when part of the Duty was taken off Whisky,  
in October, 1823.)*

Scots<sup>7</sup>wha hae the duties paid ;  
Scots wham whisky's aft made glad ;  
Welcome, for the duty's fled,  
    And it shall be free !  
Now's the time and now's the hour ;  
See the shades of evening lour ;  
See the streams of toddy pour—  
    Pledge it three-times-three !

Wha wad be a brandy slave ?  
Wha wad shilpit claret lave ?  
Wha of rum wad ever rave ?  
    When the whisky's free !

Wha for Scotia's ancient drink,  
Will fill a bicker to the brink !  
Scotsmen wake or Scotsmen wink,  
    Aquavitæ aye for me !

By taxation's woes and pains !  
By the smuggler's ill-got gains !  
We shall raise our wildest strains,  
    For it shall be free !  
Lay the big gin bottle low !  
In the fire the port wine throw !  
Let the tide of whisky flow !  
    Like liberty, aye free !

## SONG.

THE grave it holds my fairest now,  
 The loved one of my heart ;  
 Ah ! little thought I we so soon,  
 So sadly soon should part !  
 She perished in her loveliness,  
 In beauty pined away  
 Like flower that falls beneath the storm,  
 Before its leaves decay !

Hope drew a picture lovely, bright,  
 Nor cloud nor storm was there ;  
 But sunny tints, in golden hues,  
 Tinged all the landscape fair.  
 But, ah ! the low'ring tempest fell,  
 And hope's gay vision fled ;  
 And life has now no charm for me,  
 Since all my life is dead !

## SONG.

YE rax me a bicker an' dunch me to sing !  
 Waes me ! ye ken naething o' love's dreadfu' sting ;  
 Or, after sic trifles, ye never wad speer,  
 Nae sang could ye sing, nae sang could ye hear !  
 I yince had a lassie, baith sonsy an' fair,  
 Wha jilted me fairly—sae 'bout her nae mair ;  
 Yet thinkin' o' her wham I courted sae lang,  
 I'd as sune mak a preachin' as sing ye a sang !

To sing ! by my faith, ither thochts I hae taen,  
 What new way I might leave this warld o' pain ;  
 For hangin's threadbare, an' the knife's no for me,  
 An' arsnic might no wi' my weak stamack gree !  
 I whiles think my heart's gaun to break, but I find  
 It's only my wais'coat grown straiter behind !  
 Sae I maun just thole what is no like to kill,  
 I'se no sing a sang but I'se preeve o' your yill.



Gude wife, ye brew weel, will ye try it yoursel?  
Ken ye aught o' Tam Spears, or his fair dochter, Bell?  
She's his ae only bairn, but she's worth half a score,  
I'm daft no to think o' that lassie before!  
Come, lads! diinna tarry, the nicht's glidin' by,  
I doubt na but thun'ers in yon troubled sky!  
Let's chap for the lawin, an' settle the soon,  
I'll down to Tam Spears' when the bicker is toom!

---

BALLAD.

O! THE merry hunting days are gone,  
When gallant hearts led beauty on  
O'er moorland wild, or winding hill,  
When hounds were fleet and horns were shrill!  
But summer's fled and winter's come,  
No more my dog and I can roam;  
Yet, when flowers are fair and fields are dry,  
To the hunting goes my dog and I.

The day is short, the night is cold,  
And darkness falls o'er glen and wold,  
Save when the sun shows feebly bright  
One snowy waste of endless white !  
How changed from days when hunter's horn  
Awoke the lark at early morn !  
O ! for days like these I fondly sigh,  
When a-hunting goes my dog and I.

In slumbers deep my dog does lie,  
Save when he dreams of fields gone by,  
And, starting, thinks he still does trace  
The by-gone glories of the chase !  
Sleep on, my dog ! for fierce winds blow,  
And streams run hoarse 'neath ice and snow,  
But when summer comes and fields are dry,  
To the hunting goes my dog and I.

The wand'ring minstrel's at my door,  
A homeless pilgrim old and poor :  
Come in, lone man, and wake a chime  
Of song and tale of olden time !

Recall those scenes still in my mind,  
Of stag before and steed behind !  
The storm is loud, but the time draws nigh  
When a-hunting goes my dog and I.

Strike loud the harp, fill high the wine,  
Fair hands will spread that couch of thine ;  
One night in dreams forget thy woes,  
Though minstrel's sleep is short repose !  
The wand'rer sleeps ; ah ! soon, forlorn,  
He'll sleep that sleep which knows no morn !  
Yet, o'er his grave, oft will I sigh,  
When a-hunting goes my dog and I.

THE END.

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