

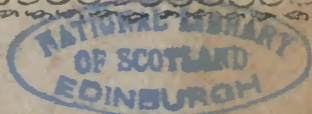
THE
Musical Charmer,
A
COLLECTION
OF FASHIONABLE
SONGS,
SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & IRISH.



Falkirk :

PRINTED & SOLD BY T. JOHNSTON,

1819.



Musical Manuscript

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THE
Musical Charmer,
&c.



NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

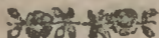
Last night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gate to see,
When ev'ry lass had a spark,
But nobody comes to me.

And it's oh! dear, what will become of me?
Oh! dear, what shall I do?
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
my mother does nothing but spin,
And I'm a pretty young girl,
but the money comes slowly in.
And it's oh! dear, &c.

They say I'm beauteous and fair,
they say I'm scornful and proud;
Alas! I must now despair,
for, ah! I am grown very old.
And it's oh! dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid!
 O dear! now shocking the thought!
 And all my beauty must fade.
 but I'm sure it is not my fault.
 And it's oh! dear. &c.



The BANKS of the DEVON.

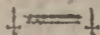
How pleasant the banks
 of the clear winding Devon,
 With green spreading bushes,
 and flowers blooming fair!
 But the bonniest flower
 on the banks of the Devon,
 Was once a sweet bude
 on the braes of the Air.

Mild be the Sun
 on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn
 as it bathes in the dew;
 And gentle the fall
 of the soft verdant shower,
 That steals on the evening,
 each leaf to renew.

○ spare the dear blossom,
 ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing,
 as ye usher the dawn;

And far be thou distant,
 thou reptile, that seizest
 The verdure and pride
 of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult
 in her gay gilded lillies;
 And England, triumphant,
 display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either
 adorns the green vallies;
 Where Devon, sweet Devon
 meandering flows.



BLYTHE WAS SHE.

By Doughtertyre grows the aik,
 on Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 blythe was she but and ben;
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 and blythe in Glenturit glen:

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn
 as light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

AULD LANGSYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 an' never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 an' days o' langsyne?

For auld langsyne, my dear;
 for auld langsyne;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 for auld langsyne.

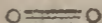
We twa hae run about the braes,
 an' pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
 fir' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
 whan simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 fir' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' there's a hand, my trusty feire,
 an' gies a hand o' thine.
 An' we'll toum the cup to friendship's growth,
 an' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-floup,
 as sure as I'll be mine;
 An' we'll tak a right gude willie waught,
 for auld langfyne.

For auld langfyne, my dear,
 for auld langfyne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 for auld langfyne.



HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks and braes, and streams around
 the Castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs;
 your waters never drumlie:
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 and there they langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch!
 How rich the hawthorn's-blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on eagle-wings,
 flew o'er me and my dearie:
 For dear to me as light and life
 was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 our parting was fu' tender !
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 we tore ourselves afunder.
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 that nipt my flow'r so early ;
 Now green s the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 that wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 that dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 that heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's care,
 shall live my Highland Mary.

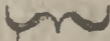
MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 her silver light on tow'r and tree,
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
 When soft and low a voice was heard
 say, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 her head to ask who there might be,
 She saw young Sandy shivering stand,
 with visage pale and hollow eye.
 O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 it lies beneath a stormy sea;
 Far, far from thee sleep in death:
 So, Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days
 we tofs'd upon the raging main;
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 but all our striving was in vain.
 Ev' then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 my heart was fill'd with love for thee:
 The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
 so, Mary, weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 we soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubts and care,
 and thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 no more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JOE.

JOHN ANDERSON, my joe, John,
 when we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 your bonny brow was brent;
 But now you're turned bald John,
 your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John,
 ye were my first conceit;
 And ay at kirk and market,
 I've kept you trim and neat;
 There's some folk says your sailing, John,
 but I scarce believe it's so,
 For you're ay the same kind man to me,
 John Anderson, my Joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John,
 we've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye in mine, John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
 Tho' the days are gane that we hae seen,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe, John,
 our filler ne'er was rise;

And yet we ne'er saw poverty
 sin' we were man and wife;
 We've av haen bit and brat, John;
 great blessings here below
 And that helps to keep peace at hame,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe. John,
 the world lo'es us baith;
 We ne'er spake ill o' neighbours; ohn;
 nor did them ony skaith:
 To live in peace and quietness
 was a' our care. ye know;
 And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe. John,
 frae year to year we've past.
 And soon that year maun come, John,
 will bring us to our last;
 But letna that affright us. John,
 our hearts were ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we liv'd,
 John Anderson, my joe.

John Anderson, my joe. John,
 we clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 we've had wi' ane-anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John;
 but hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither till we die,
 John Anderson, my joe.

Maggie and Wabster Jack.

PRESERVE US Johnny ! you've tranlooms mony;
I thought I saw them a' wi' my een;

But tho' ye skin them up fu' bonnie,
ye're no rich as ye wad seem:

The loom, for guid-fake, ride nae mair on her,
ye'll break her back, she's false at the bame:

Amang the traddles ye'll light wi' dishonour,
ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

Your needles are auld, your kavel's are rotten,
your shuttle's a lazy jade, I ween;

Your traddles but arnie, twa o' them broken:
Ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

I douna think on cawing your pirns,
you'll ay be givin', and ay at hame;

I doubt you've steun your teats o' yarn:
ye're no so rich as ye wad seem.

For a' your mug and stinking sowlan,
I rather wad hae a cogfu' o' ream:

Commend me to a lad that has a' growin';
ye're no so rich as ye wad seem.

I saw the pot ye got from Holland,
reaming wi' wash a-hint your loom,

To lay the touzie hair on the plaiden:
ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

A spurtle Johnny, is easy gotten,
ony ba' stick may do that's clean:

But what's the meal to mak the brose?
ye're no so rich as ye wad seem.

Your huggar an' sa't is black end reeket,
 wad poison a fow, it's far frae clean;
 An' wha wad marry a man for a jaeket?
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

Ye brag me wi' the ha'f o' your herrin,
 but I cou'd eat a hale one mysel:
 I doubt your livin' will be but sharin',
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 About your bussen I'll say but little;
 but what s'ie the kist o' faim wad ken:
 I doubt, I doubt it's as dry a whistle;
 ye're no sae rich as ye wad seem.

But tho' your purse be blank an' hallow,
 it's hard to say yet what may be done:
 But after a' ye're a canty scidow,
 tho' no sae rich as ye wad seem.
 Sac tak your plaid about you, Johnny,
 and come yourwa' up-by at e'en;
 I like a lad that's brisk and bonny,
 tho' no sae rich as he wad seem.

The Happy SOLDIER.

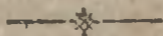
How happy's the Soldier who lives on his pay,
 And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day?
 Yet gets neither justice, warrants, nor bums,
 But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums,
 With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvady how the world goes,
 His King finds him quarters, & money & clothes;
 He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
 And rattles away with the roll of the drum.

With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight;
 It leads him to pleasure, as well as delight;
 No girl, when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
 But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.

With a row-de-dow, &c.



Neil Gow's Strathspey.

Of a' the springs that e'er were play'd,
 out-o'er at Habbie's Howe,
 Whar Allan sang, that canty blade,
 there's none like Neil Gow.

Let ilka firran meet an' strang,
 Tak up his lassie wi' a bang,
 An' fit the floor the hale day lang,
 For bonny Neil Gow.

Young Duncan in the highlan' glen,
 gangs whistlin' at the plow.
 Till i'ka strath, an' brae, an' fen,
 resounds wi' Neil Gow.

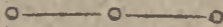
Let ilka firran, &c.

O happy sight! to see the plaid
 flung down upo' the know,
 While ilka supple Celtic blade
 cries, Up wi' Neil Gow.
 Let ilka stirrah, &c.

There's Jack out-o'er his kan o' grog,
 abaft the Vessel's prow,
 Wi' glee he tipples out his cog,
 an' sings out Neil Gow.
 Let ilka stirrah, &c.

The Sodger, new come frae the war,
 will huple as he dow,
 An' wag his fit, for a' his scars,
 to canty Neil Gow.
 Let ilka stirrah, &c.

The Cottér, at his ingle-cheek,
 sits no'ddin' o'er the lew,
 But waken him, an' gar him speak,
 he'll cry for Neil Gow.
 Let ilka stirrah, &c.



Down the Burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 and broom bloom'd fair to see,
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 and love langh'd in her e'e;

Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move,
 to speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 and I shall follow thee.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 that dwelt on the burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 her een were bonny blue :
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 her lips like dropping dew.

Her cheeks, &c.

As down the burn, they took their way,
 what tender tales they said !
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
 and on his flute he play'd :
 They walk'd and talk'd till weary grown,
 no pair wae e'er mair blest :
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down,
 and loving tales rehearst.

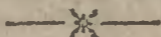
They walk'd, &c.

Thus cheerfully these lovers lay,
 there nothing was unmeet :
 And, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 they lik'd a wark sae sweet :

And that they often would return,
 such pleasure to renew :

Quoth Mary, love, I like the burn,
 and ay shall follow you.

And that they often, &c.



I'll prie your bonny Mou', Lassie.

Come gie's a kifs, my bonny lass,
 and lean upon my bosom O,
 Or wi' yere sweet lips prie the glafs,
 'twill taste like roses' blesom O :

Tho' seated 'mang an unco hive
 o' blythsome chieils for drinkin' O;

Wha wi' the cap and nozzie strive
 to drown their cares and thinkin' O;

CHORUS.

I'll prie yere bonny mou, lassie,
 weel ye wi' a warmin' kifs,

For nane but you, my true lassie,
 can bestow sic charmin' blifs :

This a' my dower a heart fou' leal,
 a random gift at rhymin' O;

A mind that's made to think an' feel,
 nor at my lot repinin' O.

A loving wish to mak' you mine,
 a saul which loves you dearly O :

Sae ye may mak' my lairdship thine,

I've tauld them a' sincerely O.

I'll prie yere bonnie meu' lassie.

Sae sang I to my bonnie maid,
 and pried her lovely sippie O;
 Her rosy cheek to mine I laid,
 and took the tittie sippie,
 While wobbler Joe, wi' gloomie glow,
 bang't up the mitchkin pinkie O;
 And when I kiss'd her trysted flow'r,
 he daunt it in the ingle O.
 I'll prie yere bonnie mou', lassie.

His bardship at the ingle sat,
 wi' musin' potions dizzy O,
 Gae thro' Pegasus' wings a keek,
 my stars! a bonnie hezzie O.
 He swore by Heliconian spring,
 nae mair to mount Pegasus O;
 His fancy soar'd on higher wing,
 among the bonnie lasses O.
 I'll ptie yere bonnie mou' lassie.

A hame-spun loon, wi' bonnet blue,
 the gill-stoup was caressin' O,
 Cries, Wow the world's turn'd, I trow,
 for sin is grace embracin' O!
 A tough-tried saunt, o' Cameron-race,
 gaz'd wi' true gospel-rapture O,
 And cries, My bairn o' gifts o' grace,
 ye con a bonnie chapter O.
 I'll prie yere bonnie mou' lassie.

My thrillin' heart wi' lovin' beat,
 against my breast gade thumpin' O!

My bluid arou'd wi' genial heat,
 in flowin' tides ran jumpin' O:
 Her een like starnes set in blue,
 her face fae mildly blosomin' O,
 Her tender smile sic witecraft threws,
 wad nature's self illumine O.
 I'll prie yere bonnie mou' lassie.

Tho' tough frae nature's quarry torn,
 nor polish'd by instruction O,
 Maun bide the touts o' leamin's horn,
 and College-taught correction O.
 I hae a saul and dauntin' heart,
 whae'er was the creator O,
 That soars aboon the fetter'd art,
 to gifts ne'er gien by nature O.
 I'll prie yere bonnie mou' lassie.

Tho' now my youthsuf' bluid be warm,
 O revent's wing my ues'es O,
 And fancy still has power to charm
 a sigh frae 'mang the lasses O,
 I'll store up a' my love for thee,
 and press ye to my besom O;
 Your wisdom's blossom will pleasure me,
 when eils has cropt yere blossom O.
 I'll prie yere bonnie mou' lassie.

THE UNCO BIT WANT.

I AM a young Lass in my prime,
 my age it is just twenty-one ;
 I think it a very fit time
 to buekle myself to a man :
 I've baith bread and kitchen nae scant,
 I gang i' the fashion fu' braw ;
 Yet still I've an unco bit want,
 that fashes me mair than them a'.

CHORUS.

For I'm ripe, an' ready, an' a',
 ready, an' ripe, an' a' ;
 I wish I may get a bit man,
 before that my beauty gae wa'.
 A' day as I spin wi' my mitber,
 and lilt over myself a bit sang,
 How Lasses an' Lads gang theither,
 O fits but it gars me think lang !
 In bed I am like to gang crazy,
 I dream, I row, an' I gawnt,
 Where I might be lying fu' easy,
 were't no fer this unco bit want.

For I'm ripe, &c.

Young Andrew comes whiles in the glomin',
 an' draw in a stool by my side,
 But he's ay sae flead for a woman,
 that aften his face he maun hide :

I steer up my temper-string gayly,
 an' whule a bit verse will rant ;
 Young women you ken maun be wyllie,
 that mak up that unco bit want.

For I'm ripe &c.

Am thinkin' sometimes, when he's risin',
 to mak a bit step to the door,
 An' raise a wee crack that's enticin',
 perhaps that he ken na afore.
 An' O if the laddie wad tak me,
 an' raise a bit canty wee rant ;
 There's naething maif pleasure wad gie me,
 for that's just my unco bit want.

For I'm ripe &c.

YOUNG ANDREW'S REPLY.

SWEET Lass, I approve o' your plan,
 I think that you're wise for to knit,
 An' buckle yourself to a man ;
 for kissing it's now you are fit.
 What tho' you've silks for to dress you,
 an' plenty o' baith roast an' raw,
 Yet you want a bit man for to kiss you,
 an' keep your cauld back frae the wall.

We'll kiss, an' cuddle, an' a',
 cuddle, an' kiss, an' a';
 An' ance we were buckl'd the gither,
 our joys they sha'nae be sma'!

To hear how that ithers get marry'd,
 an' ye sit an' rive at your tow,
 I'm sure it's of life you are weary'd,
 with wheel aa' it a' in a low!

The pain you endure thro' the night,
 it makes you to tumble an' gaunt;
 But young Andrew he's baith blyth an' tight,
 an' weel can supply your bit want.
 We'll kiss, &c.

At e'en when ye came wi' your stockings,
 you thought I was word rous slack,
 Tho' aften ay jeering an' jocking,
 an' whiles your bit ma' I did smack.
 As on the green grass we did tumble,
 O how thy bit heart it did pant!
 Thou ne'er gied a peep nor a grumle,
 while I did supply your bit want.
 We'll kiss, &c.

At e'en when I rise to gae hame,
 were ye to gife me a convoy,
 As sure as young Andrew's my name,
 in love we'll each other enjoy.
 Then lassie I'll ay be thine ain,
 of me ye may loftily vaunt;

I'll ease thee o' thy grief an' pain,
 an' always supply thy bit want.
 We'll kiss, &c.

Wir joy it's she bang'd out her han';
 your offer, dear love, I accept;
 I vow that young Andrew's the man
 I always will daut like a pet.
 Thou joys of joys I'll taste!
 for which I've g'ien mony a gaent;
 By young Andrew it's now I'm embrac'd,
 an' weel he supplies my bit want.
 We'll kiss, an' cuddle, an' a',
 cuddle, an' kiss, an' a';
 It's now we're firm buckl'd thegither,
 share joys the largest o' a'.

THE
 BRITISH GAME-COCK.
 At WATERLOO.

CONTEMPLATING the feather'd flock,
 From the Ostrich to the Crow,
 There's nane o' them can sing a Sang
 Like Cocky-leary-law.

The Rook she builds upon the Pine,
 The Swallow to the wa',

But the proud Game-Cock on midden-top,
Sings Cocky-leary-law.

Cocky-leary-law,

Cocky-leary-law:

He claps his wings, in proud disdain,
Sings Cocky-leary-law.

How lovingly he tents his flock,
And courts them ane and a'!

Then chears them up with his proud sang,
Sings Cocky-leary-law.

Cocky-leary-law,

Cocky-leary-law:

Then chears them up with his proud sang,
Sings Cocky-leary-law.

The Sparrow chirps on the house-top,

The Ravin and Jackdaw,

But the noble bird, in spite of a',

Sings Cocky-leary-law.

Cocky-leary-law,

Cocky leary-law:

But the noble bird, in spite of a',

Sings Cocky-leary-law.

The Magpye is a cunning bird,

The Dow's without a gaw,

But there's nane has courage to dispute

With Cocky-leary-law.

Cocky-leary-law,

Cocky-leary-law:

But there's nane has courage to dispute

With Cocky-leary-law.

There were Eagles bright, and Eagles brown,
 And some as black's a Crow;
 But it's now well kent they've a' gen up
 To Cocky-leary-law.

Cocky-leary-law,
 Cocky-leary-law:
 But it's now well kent they've a' gen up
 To Cocky-leary-law.

In the morning about three o'clock,
 He cheers them with his crow,
 Invites all hands, baith high and low,
 To do their duties a'.

Cocky-leary-law,
 Cocky-leary-law:
 Invites all hands, baith high and low,
 To do their duties a':
 Cocky-leary-law.

With sword in hand he will contend
 With foes baith great and sma';
 Nor e'er give up, but with last breath
 Sings Cocky-leary-law:

Cocky-leary-law,
 Cocky-leary-law:
 Nor e'er give up, but with last breath
 Sings Cocky-leary-law.

THE BARKING BARBER.

Ye gents give ear to me, I pray,
 I am a barking Barber,
 The best accommodation have;
 keen razors and hot lather:
 Pray walk into my noted shop,
 I shave as clean as any,
 And when I've done it to your mind,
 will charge you but one penny.

Bow, wow, wow,
 I am a barking Barber.

Ye ragged pates, your hair I'll crop,
 and dress it vastly pretty
 Or if your block are bare, walk in,
 I warrant I can fit ye
 With bag or que or long pig-tail,
 or bushy wig, or grizzl'd;
 So well be powder'd, clean and white,
 and eke so nicely frizzl'd.

Bow, wow, wow,
 I am a barking Barber.

My shop, well furnish'd out with Dicks,
 becomes an exhibition
 Of heads of ev'ry age and kind,
 and every condition:

A Lawyer's head without a quirk,
without chicane a Proctor's.

A Lady's head without a tongue,
without a nostrum Doctor's.

Bow, wow, &c.

A Poet's head without a rhyme,
a Wit's too without punning,
Without a crotchet Fidler's head,
a Jockey's without cunning:

A Cuckold's head devoid of horns,
his Wife's without invention:

A Barbar's head without his brains;
and others I could mention.

Bow, wow, &c.

And let none of the wicked wits
despise my occupation.

The greater always shaves the less,
in every rank and station.

The rich will ever shave the poor,
the Minister can't please you,

Will rather you with promises,
and shave you mighty easy.

Bow, wow, &c.

And Shavers keen I trow there are,
of every profession;

But pardon now, my customers;
this whimsical digression,

And walk into my noted shop,
 I shave as clean as any,
 And when I've done it to your mind,
 will charge you but a penny.

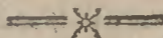
Bow, wow, wow,
 I am a barking Barber.

The Little Cottage Maiden.

From place to place I travers'd long,
 devoid of care or sorrow;
 With lightsome heart, and merry song,
 I thought not of to-morrow:
 But when Puffball caught my eye,
 with every charm array'd in,
 I sigh'd and sung, I knew not why,
 dear little Cottage-Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,
 sweet nymph, I so revere thee,
 I'd gladly share my fate with thine,
 and evermore be near thee.
 Tho' gold may please the proud and great,
 my heart with love is laden;
 Then let us join in wedlock state,
 dear little Cottage-Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come mistress prove;
 and then what ill can harm us?
 Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
 and spread each sweet to charm us;
 Together we will live content,
 and nought but love will trade in;
 So sweetly shall our lives be spent,
 dear little Cottage-Maiden.



KATHERINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain;
 from flow'rs which grew so rarely;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 she shin'd, tho' it was foggie,
 I ask'd her name, Sweet Sir, she said,
 my name is Katherine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire
 to see a nymph so stately!
 So brisk an air there did appear
 in a country-maid so neatly!
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 like a lily in a bogie,
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 like this same Katherine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 yet these can not disguise thee:
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 far excells thy clownish rogie;
 Thou'lt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 my charming Katherine Ogie.

O were but I a shepherd swain,
 to feed my flock beside thee;
 At bughting time to leave the plain,
 in milking to abide thee;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 with Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 had I but Katherine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 and Statesmen's dangerous stations;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at enquiring nations,
 Might I caress, and still possess
 this lair, of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are toys, and still look less;
 compar'd with Katherine Ogie.

But I fear it has not been decreed
 for me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 all other works in nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,
 that are both dark and foggie:
 Pity my life, my lovely dove,
 or I'll die for you, Katherine Ogie.



• Charming Young Nancy.

SOME sings of sweet Molly,
 some sings of sweet Nelly;
 And some calls young Susan
 the cause of their pain;
 Some love to be jolly,
 and some melancholy,
 And some love to sing
 of the Humours of Glen:
 But my chiefest fancy
 is my dearest Nancy,
 In venting my passion
 I'll strive to be plain:
 For I ask no more treasure,
 I'll seek no more pleasure,
 But thou, my dear Nancy,
 if ye were my ain.

For her beauty delights me,
 her kindness invites me!
 Her matchless behaviour
 is free from all stain!

Her carriage is comely,
 her language is homely;
 Her dress is all dainty,
 take it in the main:
 Therefore, my dear jewel,
 do not prove so cruel;
 Consent, my dear Nancy,
 and come be my ain.

The whole of her face,
 is, with blooming grace;
 Array'd like the gowans
 that grows in the glen:
 For her yellow locks shining,
 and beauty combining;
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain!
 She's well shaped and slender,
 true hearted and tender:
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain!

For I'll daut her with kisses,
 and lovely embraces;
 I'll sing her sweet songs
 with the strength of my brain;
 Believe me, my deary,
 I'll still hold thee cheary,
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain.

For I'll search all the nation
for a habitation.

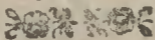
To guard thee, my deary,
from cold snow, and rain;
Then you shall not sit single,
but by a good ingle.
My charming young Nancy;
if ye were my ain!

For I'll work at my calling,
to furnish a dwelling
With every thing needful,
thy life to sustain:
Therefore, my dear jewel,
do not prove cruel;
Consent, my dear Nancy,
and come be my ain.

I will have a garden;
my charming young maiden,
For fresh recreation,
to fright away pain;
To walk in when weary,
to comfort my deary,
My charming young Nancy,
if ye were my ain.

I would make true affection
the only direction
For loving my Nancy,
while life doth remain.

Altho' youth be wasting,
 affection is lasting.
 My charming young Nancy
 if ye were my ain.
 But what if my Nancy
 should alter her fancy,
 And favour another,
 for honour and gain?
 I would not compel her,
 but plainly would tell her,
 Begone you false Nancy,
 ye's ne'er be my ain.



MY SAILOR DEAR.

You maidens pratty, in town and city,
 pray hear with pity my mournful strain;
 A maid confounded, in sorrow drowned,
 and deeply wounded with grief and pain:

All for the sake of a lovely Sailor,
 I am still bewailing in mashing tears;
 Whilst other maidens are fondly playing,
 I am grieving for my Sailor dear.

Thro' dales and vallies thro' shades and vallies;
 and all around each lovely grove,
 Roll'd in sweet flowers, in shadow bowers,
 we spent soft hours in mutual love:

Now he has left me, I do not blame him,
 because my darling was prest away;
 It was for my fortune my greedy parents
 contriv'd to have him sent to sea.

Five thousand pounds left by my uncle,
 beside four hundred pounds a-year.
 It is for that reason they do disdain him,
 as he is below them, my Sailor dear.

May every vengeance be their attendance,
 that caus'd my darling to cross the main;
 For worldly treasure, and my displeasure,
 they parted us for the sake of gain.

Could I command all the wealth in India,
 and the gold and silver far and near,
 I would soon resign even golden mines,
 and in marriage join with my Sailor dear.

My hardened parents gave special orders,
 that I should close confin'd be
 Within my chamber, free from all danger,
 or lest I should my darling see.

Thirteen long weeks upon bread and water
 I liv'd, and had no other cheer!
 Oh! cruel usage to give a daughter,
 for loving of a Sailor dear.

Fortune befriend him, always attend him,
 and still defend him where'er he goes;
 By land and water may angels guard him,
 while he's at war with his country's foes.

O that I were a nimble Sailor,
 no fears nor dangers would I fear,
 But freely enter, and boldly venture,
 to range the seas with my Sailor dear.

Since now my dear has cross'd the ocean,
 I grieve alone with a bleeding heart!
 And fickle fortune, which is uncertain,
 has caus'd my darling and me to part:

No man shall ever obtain my favour,
 my heart is loyal in love sincere;
 Till death destroy me, none shall enjoy me,
 except my charming Sailor dear.



The Poor Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight
 repairing

TO wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean.
 Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

Oh! sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken
stranger)

The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger!

A home and a country remain not to me!
Ah! never again in the green sunny bow'rs,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the
sweet hours!

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flow'rs!
And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh!

Erin! my country, tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friend that can meet me
no more!

Ah! cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They dy'd to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and fire, do ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Ah! my sad soul! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollection surpassing,
 One dying with my fond bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers. Erin Go Bragh.

Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweet Isle of the Ocean!
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with
 devotion.

Erin ma Vourneen. Erin Go Bragh.

Gude Forgi'e me for Liein'.

AE day a braw wooer came down the lang gles,
 And fair wi' his love he did deave me:
 But I said there was naething I hated like men:
 The duce tak' the lad to believe me.

A weel-stockt mailen, himsel' o't the laird,
 An' bural aff' haa', was the offer;
 I never loot on that I kend or car'd.
 But I thought I might get a waur offer.

He spoke o' the darts o' my bonny black een;
 An' O! for my love he was diein';
 I said he might die w an' he liket for Jean:
 The gude forgi'e me for liein'.

But what do ye think? in a fortnight or less,
 (He has a poor taste to gae near her)
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess;
 O! think how I could endure her!

An' a' the niest ook as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Duigarlock;
 An' wha but my au'd fickle wooer was there!
 Wna star'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out-owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neighbours shou'd say I was saucy,
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin, su' couthy and sweet,
 An' if she'd recover'd her hearin'?
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet?
 Gude-faf' us now he fell a-swearin'!

He begg'd me, for gudefake, that I d be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 An' just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I will wed him to-morrow.



THE BONNY HAWTHORN.

LAST midsummer morning,
 as going to the fair,
 I met with young Jamie;
 was taking the air;
 He ask'd me to stay,
 and indeed he did prevail,
 Beneath the bonny hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms in the valley,
 that blooms in the vale,
 Beneath the bonny hawthorn,
 that blooms in the vale.

He said, he had lov'd me
 both long and sincere;
 That none on the green
 was so gentle and fair;
 I listen'd with pleasure
 to Jamie's tender tale,
 Beneath the bonny hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 . That blooms, &c.

O hark, says he. Nan;
 to the birds in the grove,
 How charming their song!
 and inciting to love!

The briars, clad with roses,
 perfume the passing gale;
 And sweet's the bonny hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

His words were so moving,
 and looks soft and kind,
 Convinc'd me the youth
 had no guile in his mind;
 My heart too, confess'd him
 the flower of the dale,
 Beneath the bonny hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

Yet I oft bade him go,
 for I could no longer stay;
 But leave me he would not,
 ner let me away;
 Still pressing his suit,
 and at last he did prevail,
 Beneath the bonny hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

Now tell me, ye maids,
 How could I refuse?
 His lips they were sweet;
 and so binding his vows;

We went and were marry'd,
 and Jamie loves me still;
 And we live beside the hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms in the valley,
 that blooms in the vale;
 We live beside the hawthorn
 that blooms in the vale.



The Mariners of Britain.

YE Mariners of Britain,
 that guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
 the battle and the breeze,
 Your glorious Standard launch again;
 to match another foe,
 And sweep thro' the deep,
 while the stormy tempests blow.
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 and the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
 shall start from ev'ry wave;
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 the ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake, the boast of Freedom, fought;
 your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep o'er the deep,
while the stormy tempests blow.

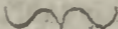
While the battle, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
no tow'r along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
her home is on the deep:
With thunder from her native oak,
she quells the floods below,
Like the roar on the shore,
when the stormy tempests blow.

While the battle, &c.

The meteor-flag of Britain,
shall yet terrific burn!
Till danger's troubled night depart,
and the star of peace return;
Then, then ye ocean-warriors,
our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
when the tempests cease to blow.

When the fiery fight is heard no more,
and the tempests cease to blow.



This is no mine ain House.

O this is ~~no~~ mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since wi' my love I've chang'd vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't:
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then fareweel to my father's house,
 I gang where love invite me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 when love with honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my skin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 true love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 and let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane weary of his wife,
 Breaks the kindly band ay.

SONG OF WONDERS.

WHAT a wonderful age 'tis my lads!
and what wonderful people live in it!

We've wonderful mummies and dads!
fresh wonders arise every minute!

We've wonderful ships in our Navy!
and wonderful Soldiers and Sailors!

We've wonderful beef full of gravy,
and wonderful cabbage for tailors!

Tol, lol.

We've wonderful Doctors, call'd quacks,
and wonderful puffs in the Papers,

Will tell you most wonderful facts,
and cut you most wonderful capers!

With one little wonderful Pill,

they ev'ry disorder keep under!

And if they can't cure, they can kill;

and, pray, where's the difference, I wonder?

Tol, lol.

Take a peep at our wonderful Ladies,
they look all so wonderful pretty;

Each wig now so wonderful made is,
'twill suit grey, auburn, or jetty.

We've wonderful fine puppet-shows,
with wonderful sights to beholders!

We've wonderful boots for the beaux,
and coats made with wonderful shoulders!

Tol, lol.

We had wonderful foes on the seas!
 who kick'd up a wonderful riot;
 But we beat them with wonderful ease,
 and, bang them, they wont remain quiet:
 In Egypt (what wonderful works!)
 the French, with their great undertaker,
 Went to take the whole land from the Turks,
 But they could not take one single ACRE.

Tol, lol.

Now Poney, so wonderful clever,
 will invade us as sure as a gun;
 So let him, he'll find that he never
 experienc'd such wonderful fun:
 His scare-crows, he threatens are ready,
 at Boulogne, at Calais and Brest,
 While our Soldiers and Sailors so steady,
 Cry, Lads how we'll feather his nest!

Tol, lol.

But the wonderful wonder of all,
 and wonderful true they have found it,
 Is that Britain, so wonderful small,
 should awe the great nations around it!
 Huzza! for each Soldier and Tar,
 at fighting so wonderful clever;
 When we've finish'd this wonderful war,
 we may shout Wonderful Britons
 for ever!

Tol, lol, &c.

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet sound !
 Tell all the world around
 Great GEORGE is King!
 Tell Rome and France, and Spain;
 BRITANNIA scorns their chain;
 All their vile arts are vain,
 Great GEORGE is King!

We will his life defend,
 And make his power extend
 Wide as his fame!
 May choicest blessings shed
 On his exalted head,
 And make his foes to dread
 Great GEORGE, our King!

He Peace and Plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded Kings
 Waste and destroy.
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live great GEORGE our King
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and joy.

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