

SIX

POPULAR
SCOTCH

SONGS.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Neil Gow's Fareweel to Whiskey, O.

THE BURNSIDE.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

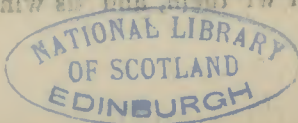
Auld Robin Gray.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.



KIRKCUDBRIGHT:

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JOHN NICHOLSON,



POPULAR
SONGS.
SCOTCH

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes-o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw—
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my
lover,

Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green
shaw!

The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae
bonnie,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken
tree;

But far to the camp they ha'e marched my dear
Johnnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and
cheerie—

Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
dreary,

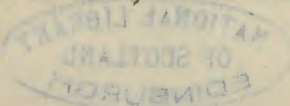
And naething is seen but the wide spreading
snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and
dowie,

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee,

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
Johnnie—

'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.



Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded
fountain,

That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swelling,
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my
e'e—

For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWEEL.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that play'd the fiddle weel,
I wat he was a canty chiel,

And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.

And ay since he wore tartan hose,

He dearly lo'ed the Athol brose;

And wae was he, you may suppose,

To play fareweel to whisky, O.

Alake, quoth Neil, I'm frail and auld,

And find my bluid grows unco cauld;

I think 'twad mak me blythe and bauld,

A wee drap Highland whisky, O.

And yet the doctors a' agree

That whisky's no the drink for me;

Saul! quoth Neil twill spoil my glee,

Should they part me and whisky, O.

Tho' I can get baith wine and ale,

And find my head and fingers hale,

I'll be content, tho' legs should fail,
 To play fareweel to whisky, O,
 But still I think on auld langsyne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their min',
 Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

Come a' ye powers o' Music, come!
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle-strings will not play bum,
 To say fareweel to whisky, O.
 I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while the'll stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand.
 On good auld Highland whisky, O.

THE BURN SIDE.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn
 side,
 Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn
 side;
 Though the broomy knowes be green,
 Yet there we may be seen;
 But we'll meet—we'll meet, at e'en, down by yon
 burn side.
 I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn
 side,
 Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon
 burn side—
 There the busy prying eye
 Ne'er disturbs the lover's joy,

While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn
side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn sic le—
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn
side—

There fancy smooths her theme,

By the sweetly murr'ring stream,

And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon
burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon
burn side,

And gloaming draws her foggy shroud on yon
burn side,

Far frae the noisy scene,

I'll through the fields alane—

There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by
yon burn side.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Air,—“Bruce's Address.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,

Like snaw when its thaw, Jean:

I'm wearing awa

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,

There' nae cauld nor care, Jean,

The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true Jean,

Your task's ended now, Jean,

And I'll welcome you, Jean,

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And we grudg'd her right-sait,
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh ! dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul longs to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me,
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a'
 at hame,
 And a' the world to sleep are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.
 Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me
 for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside;
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gae'd to
 sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had nae been gone a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
 stown awa';
 My father brake his arm, and my Jamie at the
 sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father couldna' work, and my mither couldna'
 spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna'
 win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
 his ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie;
 But the wind it blew high, and the sea was a
 wreck,

The ship-it was a wreck, why didna, Jenny, die?
 And why do I live to say Wae is me

My father urged me sair; though my mither didna
 speak;
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
 break;
 So I gied him my hand, though my heart was in
 the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week, but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
 And why do I live to sae Wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

ROB ROY M'GREGOR.

Pardon, now, the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O :

Grant him mercy, gentles a',—
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O ;

Let your hearts and hands agree,
 Set the Highland laddie free,
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O.

Lang the state had doom'd his fa',
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O ;

Still he spurn'd the scornfu' law,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O ;

Scots can for their country dee,
 Ne'er frae Britain's foe they flee,
 A' that's past forget, forgi'e,

Rob Roy M'Gregor, O.

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O :

Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O ;

Lang your favours ha'e been mine,
 Favours I will neer resign,—

Welcome then for auld langsyne,
 Rob Roy M'Gregor, O.

For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me,
 But I'll do my best a guidwife to be,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin ;
 I gang like a guidwife and carena to spin.