

SEVEN EXCELLENT

SONGS.

FAIR ELIZA.

HELEN'S TOMB.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

BONNIE DOON



NEWTON-STEWART:

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THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean.
 There's 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,
 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 sair
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul-langs 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.

BONNIE DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant ye little birds.
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'll break my heart thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 That minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.
 Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luv,
 And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command :
 When shall I see that honoured land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here.
 How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vale,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my late t hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again thou fair Eliza,

Ae kind blink before we part,

Rew on thy despairing lover !

Canst thou break his faithfu' heart !

Turn again the fair Ellza ;

If to love thy heart denies,

For pity hide the cruel sentence,

Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee dear maid, hae I offended ?

The offence is loving the :

Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,

Wha for thine would gladly die !

While the life beats in my bosom,

Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :

Turn again thou lovely maiden,

Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride o' sinny noon ;

Not the little sporting fairy,

All beneath the simmer moon ;

Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens on his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture
 That thy presence gies to me.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without friend.

FIVE SONGS.

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TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star, that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labour free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.
Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.
Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
 All lovely on its native stalk,
 Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
 That strew'd it on my evening walk,

So, when the morn of life awoke,
 My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
 Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke,
 That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
 Nor more with sweet-lipp'd Fancy rave,
 But with the long grass-sigh, and weep
 At dewy eve by Helen's grave.