

THE VOCALIST'S
SONG BOOK;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

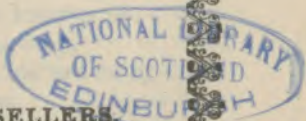
SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

Places of Public Amusement.

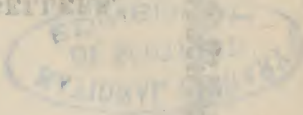


GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS,



LIBRARY FOR THE BOOKSellers
OF THE
CITY OF



OF THE

OF THE

SONGS' DANCE' AND GAMES'

OR

A CHOICE SELECTION

SONG BOOK:

THE

TELL ME WHY MEN WILL DECEIVE US.

Come tell me, says Julia, and tell me sincerely,
Why men are so prone to deceive us ;
O, cruel to make us believe they love dearly,
And then can perfidiously leave us.

Fair censor, I answered, though such there may be,
Yet judge not all so unkindly ;
The heart that beats loyal, as mine does to thee,
Can never turn rebel so blindly.

I grant so, she answered, and yield to it fairly,
Some few may be free from the treason,
But then to our sorrow, we find it so rarely,
To doubt and mistrust ye, we've reason.

Not quite so, I told her, the love that is sincere
Can but with existence be parted,
Like the fond turtle-dove, 'twill be true to its dear,
And never, no, never false-hearted.

She smil'd, and yet blush'd like a rose in full bearing,
And seem'd from her doubts to awaken ;
Then own'd, freely own'd, like an angel declaring,
She might, to be sure, be mistaken.

Yes, and so sweetly her eyes made it known,
Not a glance but a god might set store by,
And fate from that moment enchain'd me ere now,
And her lip was the altar I swore by.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FAR lone among the Highland hills,
 Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens
 With weary steps I wander:
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

You mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And scarcely seen by ony.
 Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean;
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow
 Ambition courts promotion—
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laur'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my heart's first wish,
 The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 Now chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes o' Stanely green shaw;
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnnie,
 And now it is winter wi' Nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny 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 with 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 murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no its loud roar in the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 Tho dark days o' winter were summer to me.

THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER.

LET us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquithier
 Where the blae-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the roe,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquithier.

I will twine thee a bower,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain.
 I will range thro' the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils,
 To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 'Till the dear sheeling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha e been,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's yo should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought yo wad hae been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my e'en,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
Then I was waiting by the thorn,
I thought it was the place we set,
And waited maist till dawning morn.
Sae be nae vex'd my bonnie lassie,
Let my waiting stand for thine,
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

WHEN John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But well I wat our bridal bed,
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what you see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eydent aye were we.
The lowe of love made labour light
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en,
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairney brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie take the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' you should make your bridal bed
Of clean pease-strae.

LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun lea' them a' Lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gi'e Briton's laws, Lassie?
 Wha wad shun the field of danger?
 Wha frae Fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', Lassie?
 Loudon's bonny woods and braes
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle Hope shall sooth thy waes
 When I am far awa', Lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yielding joy to thee, Laddie,
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Waefu' thoughts to me, Laddie.
 Lonely I may climb the mountain,
 Lonely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments countin',
 Far frae Love and thee, Laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 When vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me afar
 And rane to close thy e'e, Laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears, Lassie,
 Glorious Honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, Lassie
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
 'Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 'Till the day we die, Lassie;
 'Midst our bonny woods and braes
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, Lassie.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
 Saft the westling breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks o' Stanely shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheery O;
 Sweet the crawflower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnio sell'

My young, my artless deary O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, with downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery O,
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they cauna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

DESPAIRING MARY.

MARY, why thus waste thy youth time in sorrow?
 See a' around you the flow'rs sweetly blaw,
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
 Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw,
 How can this heart evermair think of pleasuro,
 Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure.
 Nature seems doad since my Jamie is gane.

This kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken
 Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.

Sighing for him I lie down in the e'ning,
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return:
 Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
 Cruel remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!

O ARE YE SLEEPING MAGGIE.

CHORUS.

O ARE you sleeping, Maggie,
 O are you sleeping, Maggie,
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie

Mirk and rainy is the night
 No a starn in a' the carry,
 Lightrings gleam athwart the lift,
 And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are you sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
 The rifted woods roar wild and dreary,
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 And cry of howlets make me eerie.
 O are you sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak',
 For fear I rouse your wakerife daddie,
 Cauld's tho blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!
 O are you sleeping, Maggie, &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
 He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;
 "Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye.

CHORUS.

Now since ye're waking. Maggie,
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
 What care I for the howlet's cry,
 For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

YE'LL a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade,
 And at kirk or at market, or bridals I ween,
 A braw gaucier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
 It was slouched just a kening on either hand side,
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was
 blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava,
 Tho the hail parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas a' for t' marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the world beside it were fools,
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that wi'
 miss't.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

'Tis hinna ye heard, man o' Barrochan Jean?
 And hinna ye heard man o' Barrochan Jean!
 How death and starvation came o'er the hail nation,
 She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky e'en;
 The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
 The taen kill'd wi' love and the tither wi' spleen,
 The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,
 A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the
 Forth,
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
 Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
 The carlins at hame were a' girning and granning,
 The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
 They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boiled to
 sowdy,
 For naethink gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their describing,
 The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
 But they looked sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
 I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking.
 Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth o' their skin;
 A' round the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke-backs,
 winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan

The tinner ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clear,
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-Brodie,
The grass owre their groffs is now bonnie and green
He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young iady,
And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa Pawky een.

THE SUMMER GLOAMIN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dew begins to fa',
The pairtricks, down the rushy howm,
Set up their e'ening ca';
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While, fleeting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'

Beneath the gowden gloaming sky
The mavis mends his lay,
The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,
To charm the lingering day ;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honey-suckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer

ROSIE WAS FAITHFU'.

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by,
I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang:
But now I'm as wae fu' as wae fu' can be,
Come summer, come winter, 'tis a' aye to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane,
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane:
Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair,
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumbering I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
I thought her still kind and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast:
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon wert thou o'er,
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequalled before;
But death's silent slumbers my grief soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

O ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad with snow,
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
 Will gar a' our plantings ring;
 Soon our bonny heather braes
 Will put on their summer claes;
 On the mountain's sunny side,
 We'll lean on us my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
 Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
 Then we'll seek the calor shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed;
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch in canty glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;
 Lowland lads ha'e mair of art,
 A' my boast's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride;
 O row thee in my Highland plaid!

Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
 My heart would break at our fareweel.
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Take me—take me for your ain!
 Cross the Firth, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

E Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
 all as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
 et as the light bounding tenants of Fillin-glen,
 Dearer than life to his lovely *neen* *voiucl*

Lone was his bidding, the cave of his hiding,
When forced to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie,
Though manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless
Away from the lady he eye lov'd so dearly.

But woe on the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland!
Woe on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfill'd them!
Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plundered land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield
them?

Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey,—the devoted adherents of Charlie.
Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hacked and slain—
Ah! his *neen voiuch* will mourn for him sairly.

WALLACE'S LAMENT.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of
the slain.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doomed our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril!—farewell!
Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the
brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder,—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

CHORUS.

Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
 Frae nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously,
 The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou benny wood, &c.

Awa,' ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O in pity let them be.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
 Frae aff the Norland hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND
BURN.

LANGSYNE beside the woodland burn,
Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milkwhite thorn,
On natures mossy pillow ;
Around my seat the flow'rs were strow'd,
That frae the wildwood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a simmer snood,
To pleasure my dear fellow

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
Its richer hues to mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose
To busk the sedge sae yellow.
The craw-flow'r blue, and meadow pink,
I wove in primrose braided link,
But little, little did I think,
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forced afar,
Toss'd on the raging billow,
Perhaps he's fa'n in bludy war,
Or wrecked on rocky shallow ;
Yet, aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And aften by the woodland burn,
I pu' the weeping willow.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

THE harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
Their hearts lined with love and their pockets with
money ;
From morning till night, 'tis " My jewel, my honey,
" Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear !"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,
 And swears their is only one flower in the nation,
 "Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,
 "Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear!"

"The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,
 The moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion,
 And I my poor self, och! so rich is my notion,
 Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my
 dear."

"Though Thady can match all the lads with his
 blarney,
 And sing me love songs of the Lakes of Killarney,
 In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles journey,
 My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear."

ELLEN MORE.

THE sun had kissed green Erin's waves,
 The dark blue mountains towered between,
 Mild evening's dews refreshed the leaves,
 The moon, unclouded, rose serene:
 When Ellen wandered forth unseen,
 All lone her sorrows to deplore;
 False was her lover, false her friend,
 And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
 Young Emma to her heart was dear,
 Nor weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
 But Emma ever seemed to share:
 Yet envious still, she spread the wile
 That sullied Ellen's virtues o'er;
 Her faithless Henry spurned the while,
 His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wandered down Loch-Mary side,
 Where oft at evening hour she stole
 To meet her love with secret pride;
 Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.
 O'ercome with grief she sought the steep,
 Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar;
 Oh! Pity, veil thy eyes and weep,
 A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,
 And woo the mountain flowers to bloom.
 But never can his golden rays
 Awake the flower in yonder tomb.
 There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
 When moonlight gilds the abbey tower;
 There oft from eve till breezy morn,
 He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

DOROTHY sits i' the cauld ingle neuk,
 Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae;
 Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
 Wi' smokin', her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
 And aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
 Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
 Aye my best friond, when there's ony thing ails me,
 Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
 Had charms like her nei'bour's, an' lovers anew,
 But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,
 They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.
 Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me,
 O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,
 Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
 De'il take the woers—O what shall I do.

brothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
He thought on the braw merry days that were gane,
And cast a wee coggie for company.
How aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie thou heals me, coggie thou heals me,
Ye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me,
N'er shall we part, till the day that I die.

MY MARY.

My Mary is a bonnie lassie,
Sweet as dewy morn,
When fancy tunes her rural reed,
Beside the upland thorn.
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Where flowers in wild profusion grow,
Whore spreading birks and hazels throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wait in solitude
Among the wild sprung flow'rs;
But aft I cast a langing e'e,
Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
There haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonny lassie
Coming frae the town,
We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms
And prest the breckans down;
The pairtick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
While there the heav'nly vow I got,
That erl'd her my own.

KITTY TYRELL.

THE breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's
 breast,
 And the light bounding deer have all sunk to their
 rest ;
 The big sullen waves lash the loch's rocky shore,
 And the lone drowsy fisherman nods o'er his ear ;
 Tho' pathless the moor, and tho' starless the skies,
 The star of my heart is my Kitty's bright eyes ;
 And joyful I hie over glen, brake, and fell,
 In secret to meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah ! long we have loved in her father's despite,
 And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
 When hard-hearted Vigilance, sunk in repose,
 Gave Love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose.
 These moments of transport, to me, oh ! how dear !
 And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe !
 Altho' the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
 This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

' Ah ! turn, hapless youth, see the dark cloud of
 death,
 Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted heath ;
 Deep groans the scathed oak on the glen's cliffy brow,
 And the sound of the torrent seems heavy with woe.'"
 Away, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
 Go tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child,
 Love guides my light steps thro' the lone dreary dell-
 And I fly to the arms of my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

 MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.

WHEN gloaming treads the heels of day,
 And birds sit couring on the spray,
 Along the flowery hedge I stray
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
 The clover bloom, the dewy green,
 A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
 To meet mine ain dear somebody

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
 Let mad ambition tower for fame,
 I'm happier in my lowly hame,
 Obscurely blest with somebody

HEART IS SAIR WI' HEAVY CARE

My heart is sair with heavy care,
 To think on Friendship's fickle smile,
 It blinks a wee, with kindly e'e,
 When world's thrift runs weel the while;
 But, let Misfortune's tempests low'r,
 It soon turns cold, it soon turns sour,
 It looks sae high and scornfully
 It winna ken a poor man's door.

I ance had siller in my purse,
 I dealt it out right frank and free,
 And hop'd, should Fortune change her course,
 That they would do the same for me.
 But, weak in wit, I little thought
 That Friendship's smiles were sold and bought.
 Till ance I saw, like April snaw,
 They wan'd awa' when I had nought.

It's no to see my thread-bare coat,
 It's no to see my coggie toom,
 It's no to wair my hindmost goat,
 That gars me fret, and gars me gloom.
 But 'tis to see the scornful pride
 That honest Poortith aft maun bide
 Frae selfish slaves, and sordid knaves,
 Wha strut with Fortune on their side.

But let it gang, what de'il care I,
With eident thrift I'll toil for mair,
I'll half my mite with Misery,
But fient a ane of them shall share.
With soul unbent, I'll stand the stour,
And while they're flutt'ring past my door,
I'll sing with glee, and let them see
An honest heart can ne'er be poor.

THE LASSIE O' MERRY EIGHTEEN.

My father wad ha'e me to marry the miller,
My mither wad ha'e me to marry the laird,
But brawly I ken it's the love o' the siller,
That brightens their fancy to ony regard;
The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
The laird, tho' he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean,
He's auld, an' he's cauld, an' he's blin', an' he's bald
An' he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen.

But O there's a laddie wno tolls me he lo'es me,
An' him I lo'e dearly, ayo, dearly as life,
Tho' father an' mither should scold an' abuse me,
Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife;
Although he can boast na o' land nor yet siller,
He's worth to match w' a duchess or queen,
For his heart is sae warm, an' sae statoly his form,
An' then, like mysel' he's just merry eighteen.