

THE
SONG BOOK;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

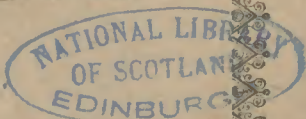
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No. V.  
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GLASGOW

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



SONGS

DUETS, CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED.

Words by R. B. Sheridan.

Air,—“ *Gramachree*.”

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you ;
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul should bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bless'd
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not their deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

O LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW :

A Ballad, from the Melodies of various Nations. Arranged by Sir J. Stevenson.

O leave me to my sorrow !
 For my heart is oppressed to-day ;
 O leave me ! and to-morrow
 Dark shadows may pass away.
 There's a time when all that grieves us
 Is felt with a deeper gloom ;
 There's a time when hope deceives us,
 And we dream of bright days to come.

In winter, from the mountain,
 The stream like a torrent flows ;
 In summer, the same fountain
 Is calm as a child's repose.
 Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,
 And tears of despair gush on ;
 Time brings forth new flowers around us,
 And the tide of our grief is gone.

Then heed not my pensive hours,
 Nor bid me be cheerful now ;
 Can sunshine raise the flowers
 That droop on a blighted bough ?
 The lake in the tempest wears not
 The brightness its slumber wore—
 The heart of the mourner eares not
 For joys that were dear before.

 THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME

Written and composed by Thomas Moore, Esq.

There's a song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we loved to hear.

And even, amidst the grand and gay,
 When Music tries her gentlest art,
 I never hear so sweet a lay,
 Or one that hangs so round my heart,
 As that song of the olden time,
 Falling sad o'er the ear,
 Like the dream of some village chime,
 Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone—
 Even the hope lingering now,
 Like the last of the leaves left on
 Autumn's sear and faded bough—
 'Twill seem as still those friends were near
 Who loved me in youth's early day,
 If in that parting hour I hear
 The same sweet notes—and die away
 To that song of the olden time
 Breathed like Hope's farewell strain,
 To say, in some brighter clime
 Life and youth will shine again.*

The subject of the following lines, exclusive of their intrinsic merit, will, it is hoped, form a sufficient apology for their insertion here.

*On hearing 'There's a song of the Olden Time' sung by its Author, Thomas Moore, Esq;
 By Miss A. D. Reynolds.*

Hush! move not, sigh not, let not breath be heard,
 Lest we should lose a tone, a look, a word.
 Hark! 'tis 'a master-spirit of its kind,'
 And all that's sweet in language is combined
 With all that's sweet in sound. 'Tis almost pain
 To lose, in listening, that delicious strain;—
 'There's a song of the olden time' he sings,
 And touches the soul's most sensitive strings!

The vision of my early days I see,
 The dream of youthful fancy visits me
 Matchless Enchanter! whence derived the power
 To bring back with thy spell the blissful hour,—
 To give again, as in my brightest years,
 Those who have left me long to earth and tears:
 Spirit of Melody! by every token—
 Alas! the strain has ceased—the enchantment broken!
Anniversary, 1829.

ALICE GRAY.

Ballad. Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Racon. Composed by
Mrs Phillip Millard.

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine ;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man never loved,
A love without decay ;—
Oh ! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
A brow of spotless white ;
Her soft blue eye now languishes—
Now flashes with delight ;—
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away ;—
Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast ;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May Pity haply say,
“ Oh ! his heart—his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray ! ”

PRETTY MOCKING BIRD.

Arranged by Bishop. Sung by Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, &c. in the popular
Opera of “ The Slave.”

Living Echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve ;
Feathered warbler, wake the grove
To songs of joy, to notes of love :
Pretty mocking bird, thy form I see
Swinging with the breeze on the mangrove tree.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Paton. Words by Macneill.

Air,—“ *My lodging is on the cold ground.*”

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me ;
 He's willing to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I'm willing to be :
 He has eoft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittins o' green ;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land and their lordlie degree ;
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me :
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet !
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa ;
 I listen— poor fool !—and I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

Author unknown. Arranged by Mazzinghi.

Hope told a flattering tale,
 That joy would soon return,
 Ah ! nought my sighs avail,
 For love is doom'd to mourn.

Oh ! where's the flatterer gone ?
 From me for ever flown ;
 The happy dream of love is o'er,
 And life, alas ! can charm no more.

THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Written by Richard Ryan. Arranged and Sung by Sinclair.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,—
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
 Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
 And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 As the dove that has wandered away from his sweet nest,
 Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

I HAVE FRUIT, I HAVE FLOWERS.

A Cavatina. Sung by Miss Love. Music by Wade.

I have fruit, I have flowers,
 That were gathered in the bowers,
 Amid the blooming hills so high, so high.
 I have fruit, I have flowers,
 The daughters of the showers,
 Of the dews and the rills, will you buy?
 I've a young nightingale,
 That by moonlight in the vale,
 So fondly to a rose his love did sigh;
 I stole within their bower,
 Caught the silly bird and flower;
 Will you buy the pretty lovers, will you buy?
 I have fruit, &c.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

An admired Scottish Melody, Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Noel. Written by James Hogg. Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte by N. Gow, Jun.

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
 Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?
 Saw ye my lad wi' his bounet an' white cockade,
 Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
 Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
 Lang thou hast loved and trusted us fairly,
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
 King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald;
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
 Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
 Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely;
 Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

 FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME.

A Catch for Three Voices.

Follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow me.
 Whither shall I follow, whither shall I follow,
 Follow, follow, follow thee?
 To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
 To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Is the composition of Lady Anne Lindsay, now Barnard, daughter to the Earl of Balcarras; born 1772. This beautifully-pathetic Song was a juvenile production of her Ladyship's; she adopted for its hero, during the hallucination of the poetic moment, Robert Gray, the old herd of Balcarras. It made its first appearance in "Love and Madness," and ever since then it has been set down in the first class of our standard Scottish Songs. Her Ladyship remarks, that the old air had improper words attached to it—"The bridegroom greets;" and that a wish to retain the air, of which she was passionately fond, caused her write her Song, and give to the air's plaintive tones the following little history of virtuous distress in humble life.

We have carefully examined seven different copies of this Ballad, printed within the last thirty-eight years, and from the different readings collated a whole; which we hope will be found as correct as any one version of the Ballad ever yet published without the sanction of her Ladyship.—The concluding stanza is by Sir Walter Scott.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
 And a' the world to sleep are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 While 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 mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
 When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown awa,
 My mother she fell siek, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.
 My father couldna work, and my mither doughtna spin;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said Nay—I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack,
 The ship it was a wrack; why didna Jenny die?
 Oh! why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

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

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the 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'd I were dead; but I'm no like to die.
 Oh! why do I live to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.
 "Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content,
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
 And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail."

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Author unknown. Music by Webbe.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
 Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,
 Sent Polyhymnia-hither to shield us,
 While we ourselves such a structure might raise.
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here every generous sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy—
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humour our hours employ.
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
 Long may continue our unity and joy!

THE SWISS BOY.

A Ballad, one of the Tyrolese Melodies. Sung by Mrs Waylett. The Words by William Bali, Esq. The Music arranged by J. Moscheles.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!
 Take thy pail, and to labour away.
 Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!
 Take thy pail, and to labour away.
 'The sun is up, with ruddy beam,
 'The kine are thronging to the stream.
 Come, arouse thee, &c.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
 When I hie to the mountain away?
 Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
 When I hie to the mountain away?
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,
 Awaits my song with listening ear.
 Am not I, &c.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy
 I'm away to my comrades, away.
 Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy!
 I'm away to my comrades, away.
 The cup we fill, the wine is passed
 In friendship round, until at last,
 With " Good night," and " Good night," goes the happy
 Swiss boy
 To his home and his slumbers away.

MY ANNA'S URN.

Encompassed in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay,
 Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
 And eailed its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
 Must never more return;
 What now shall fill these widowed arms?
 Ah me! my Anna's urn.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

A Duet. Sung by Mrs Mountain and Mr Phillips, in "Up all Night, or The Smuggler's Cave." Composed by M. P. King.

- Juliana.* Let him who sighs in sadness here,
Rejoice and know a friend is near.
- Heartwell.* What heavenly sounds are those I hear?
What being comes the gloom to cheer?
- 1st.* When in the storm on Albion's coast,
The night-watch guards his wary post,
From thoughts of danger free,
He marks some vessel's dusky form,
And hears amid the howling storm
The minute gun at sea,
- 2nd.* The minute gun at sea.
- Both.* And hears amid the howling storm
The minute gun at sea.
- 2nd.* Swift on the shore a hardy few
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
And dare the dang'rous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save,
- 1st.* For they go the crew to save.
- Both.* Lost in the foam, nor know dismay—
For they go the crew to save.
- 1st.* But O what rapture fills each breast
- 2nd.* Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
- Both.* Then landed safe, what joys to tell
Of all the dangers that befell!—
- 1st.* Then is heard no more,
- 2nd.* By the watch on the shore,
- Both.* Then is heard no more, by the watch on the
The minute gun at sea. [shore,

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

'Tis hum drum, 'tis mum, num; what! nobody speak?
Here's one looks very wise, and another rubs his eyes, then
stretches, yawns, and cries,
Heigh, ho, hum!

ISABEL.

Sung by Mrs Ashe and Miss Stephens. Words by Thomas Bayly, Esq, Arranged, with symphonies and accompaniments, by H. R. Bishop.

Wake, dearest! wake! and again united,
 We'll rove by yonder sea,
 And where our first vows of love were plighted,
 Our last farewell shall be.
 There oft I've gazed on thy smiles delighted,
 And there I'll part from thee.
 There oft, &c.

Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!
 One look, though that look is in sorrow.
 Fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well!
 Far hence I shall wander to-morrow.
 Ah me! ah me!

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
 Whom I have loved alone;
 'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever
 With sorrows like my own.
 Go, smile on livelier friends, and never
 Lament me when I'm gone.
 Go, smile, &c.

Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!
 One look, though that look is in sorrow.
 Fare-thee-well! fare-thee well! fare-thee-well!
 Far hence I shall wander to-morrow.
 Ah me! ah me!

 CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

This extremely popular Jacobite Song remained for a long time a common staff Ballad, until drawn from its obscurity, and altered to suit the present state of the times. It now, and for some time past, has been a general favourite among the first theatrical singers of the day. Author unknown.

Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling,
 O! Charlie is my darling,
 The young Chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 The young Chevalier.
 As he came marching up the street
 The pipes play'd loud and clear ;
 And a' the folk came running out
 To meet the Chevalier.
 O ! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear ;
 They came to fight for Scotland's right,
 And the young Chevalier:
 They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear ;
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young Chevalier.
 O ! Charlie is my darling, &c.

BEGONE, DULL CARE !

Author unknown. Arranged as a Duet.

Begone, dull care ! I prithee begone from me ;
 Begone, dull care ! thou and I can never agree.
 Long time hast thou been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill ;
 But, i'faith ! dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey ;
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day ;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive dull care away.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

Words and Music by Bayly. Sung by Miss Stephens, Mrs Waylett, Miss Love,
and Miss Paton.

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
 Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet ;
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet ;
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
 Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
 Oh ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings :
 Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
 Power, alas ! nought but misery brings ;
 I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rocked in a rose when the nightingale sings.
 What though you tell me each gay little rover
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day ?
 Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.
 Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay ;
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

WHEN THY BOSOM.

A Duet. Arranged by Braham.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
 May sweet hope afford relief,
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,
 Dropping wet with morning tears,
 Till the sunbeam's genial ray
 Chase the heavy dew away.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

A Glee for three voices. Composed and Arranged by Moor.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time ;
 Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 'The rapids are near, and the day-light's past -
 Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue waves to curl ;
 But, when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 'The rapids are near, and the day-light's past !
 Utawas tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the day-light's past !

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

A Duet. Music composed by Mozart.

Away with melancholy,
 Nor doleful changes ring,
 On life and human folly,
 But merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal.

Come on, ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers
 And merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal.

For what's the use of sighing,
 While time is on the wing ?
 Can we prevent his flying ?
 Then merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal

ALLEN-A-DALE.

From the celebrated Poem of Rokeby, by Sir Walter Scott. Music by Mezzinghi.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning ;
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
 Come read me my riddle, come hearken my tale,
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
 The mere for his net, and the lamb for his game,
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allan-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Tho' his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
 Who at Rerecross on Stainmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
 The mother she asked of his household and home ;—
 " Tho' the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,
 They lifted the latch and bade him begone.
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry,—
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonnie black eye ;
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

 CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

Sing ye with glee ;— Come, follow me ;
 And then shall we— Good fellows be.

THE MINSTREL.

Donnocht-Head is not mine," said Burns to Thomson, who had made this inquiry of him—"I would give ten pounds it were." This beautifully-pathetic Ballad is from the pen of Thomas Pickering of Newcastle, written by him in 1794.

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donnocht-Head,
The snaw drives snellie through the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale.

"Cauld is the night—O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his winding-sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw!

"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped whare gor-cocks whirring flew;
And monie a day ye've danced, I ween,
To liltis which from my drone I blew."

My Eppie waked, and soon she cried,
"Get up, guidman, and let him in:
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
Even though she bans and scolds a wee;
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!

"Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,
I'll mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye shouldna stray sac far frae hame."

"Nae hame have I," the Minstrel said;
"Sad party-strife o'erturn'd my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve of life,
I wae'll through a wreath o' snaw."

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Sung by Miss Stephens. Arranged by James Dewar.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard ;
 Like wee bit white cockauds for our loyal Hieland lads
 And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa ?
 Oh ! were they a' true that were far awa ?
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld frien's when far awa.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've been ;
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green ;
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me ;
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee ;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.

Music arranged by Neil Gow, Jun. Words by Hogg.

Far over the hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
 The bonnie young Flora sat weeping her lane,
 The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
 She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung,
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;
 And aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
 " Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again ;
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.
 " The moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,
 Unawed and unhaunted his eiry can claim ;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his roek of the sea ;

But oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he;
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me.

" The target is torn from the arms of the just,
 The helmet is eleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust ;
 But red is the sword of the stranger an' slave :
 The hoof of the horse, an' the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet o' blue ;—
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
 When tyranny revelled in the blood of the true ?
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good !
 The crown of thy father is torn from thy brow !"

THE MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

For One, Two, or Three Voices. Music by L. Deveraux.

See, brothers, see how the night comes on,
 Slowly sinks the setting sun,
 Hark ! how the solemn vesper's sound
 Sweetly falls upon the ear ;

Then haste, let us work till the daylight's o'er,
 Then fold our nets as we row to the shore,
 Our toil and danger being o'er—
 How sweet the boatman's welcome home !
 Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home
 Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home !
 Then haste, let us work, &c.

See how the tints of daylight die ;
 How sweet to hear the tender sigh !
 O when the toil of labour's o'er,
 Row, swiftly row to the shore !

'Then haste, let us work till the daylight's o'er,
 'Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.
 For fame or gold, where'er we roam,
 No sound so sweet as welcome home,
 Home, home, home, the boatman's welcome home !
 Sweet, O sweet, the boatman's welcome home !
 Then haste, let us work, &c.

FAIR MARY-ANNE.

Words by Mr Thomas Lyle.

Alr.—“ Oh! had we some bright little isle.”

When ruby-faced twilight danced over the hill,
 To wake up the fairies, and weary birds still,
 On the gay banks of Kelvin;—to meet Mary-Anne,
 I wandered one evening ere winter began.

When the breeze rustled o'er
 The wan leaves on the tree,
 And strewed all the shore,
 And the sheaf-covered lea :

While the stars twinkled bright in the firmament blue,
 Reflecting their glare on the rose-dropping dew.

My bosom throb'd quick, o'er the banks as I trod,
 For I deem'd not the winds on the hill were abroad;
 Till storm-chafed clouds the pale moon overcast,
 And her face was obscured in the wings of the blast.

And the stars they were gone,
 As the storm gathered round,
 Yet I still wandered on

Through the darkness profound;
 For love was my guide to the jessamine bower,
 Where she promised to meet me at twilight's soft hour

The winds died away, and the lovely moon shone
 Through the bower, where I plighted to make her my own,
 And the fond maiden wept, ere I won her consent,
 The tears of affection, they flow'd, and they went;

Like flowers, when the dews
 Of the night trickle there,
 Till sunbeams diffuse

Them, to perfume the air;
 Now the pride of my cabin, ere summer began,
 Could this heart tell its raptures, was “ Fair Mary-Anne !”

HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

his good old Scottish Song has lately been revived and introduced upon the stage, with considerable success, by our friend Mr Charles Mackay. The author of this, as well as of "The Laird of Cockpen," is unknown, although considerable pains and research have been made to discover and trace out their previous history, but without effect.

Jockie he came here to woo,
 Wi' tartan plaid, and bonnet blue
 And Jenny pat on her best array,
 When she heard that Jockie was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair;
 For Jenny was blate afore unco folk;
 And aye sac loud as her mither did rair,
 "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock."

Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin' and beckin' ben;
 Her stays they were laced, and her waist it was jimp,
 And a braw new-made manco gown.

Joekie took her by the hand;
 "O, Jenny! can you fancy me?
 My father is dead, and has left me some land,
 And braw houses twa or three—

And I will gi'e them a' to thee."
 "A haith!" quo' Jenny, "I fear you mock."
 "Then, foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock."

Jenny she gaed up the gate,
 Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
 And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,
 "Vow, sirs! hasna Jenny got Jock!"

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

A heart to glow for others' good.
All that gives us pleasure.
Beauty without affectation, and virtue without parade.
Comfort to the afflicted mind.
Goodness to our thoughts, gentleness to our words, and
generosity to our actions.
Health, wealth, and wit to guide it.
Honest men and bonnie lasses.
In friendship and love may we never know vexation.
Laughing lovers to merry maids.
Love in a cottage, and envy to none.
Love to one, friendship to a few, and good will to all.
May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.
May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the mind.
May our wants never proceed from our own negligence.
May we be more ready to correct our own faults, than to
publish the faults of others.
May we never know want till relief is at hand.
May the rich be charitable, and the poor grateful.
May harmony arise from the ashes of discord.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
May we never feel want nor want feeling.
May the benevolent never know poverty.
May fortune fill the lap, while charity guides the hand.
May we always have a friend, and know his value.
May all our pleasures bear reflection.
More friends, and less need of them.
May the pleasure of pleasing others never lead us to forget
ourselves.
Our wooden walls, and their supporters.
Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
The rose of pleasure without a thorn.
The land of Cakes; and may the enemies of Scotland
never break a farle of them.
What we cannot obtain may we never desire.