

Seven Excellent

**SONGS.**

The year that's awa.

Blue Bonnets over the Border.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

Jock o' Hazeldean.

Pity and protect the Slave.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to all good lasses—A Glee.



**NEWTON-STEWART**

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THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

Oh ! here's to the year that's awa,  
We'll drink it in strong and in sma ;  
And here's to the bonnie young lassie we  
loe'd,  
While swift flew the year that's awa.  
And here's to the, &c.

And here's to the soldier wha bled,  
To the sailor wha bravely did fa' ;  
Their fame is alive tho' their spirits are  
fled  
On the wings of the year that's awa.  
Their fame is alive, &c.

And here's to the friend we can trust.  
When the storms of adversity blaw ;  
May he join in our song, and lie nearest  
our heart,  
Nor depart like the year that's awa.  
May he join in, &c.

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BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER

March, march, Ettrick and Tivotdale :  
Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward  
in order ?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale ;  
All the blue bonnets are over the border.



Many a banner spread,  
 Flutters above your head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story ;  
 Mount and make ready then,  
 Sons of the mountain glen, [glory.  
 Fight for your Queen and your old Scottish  
 Come from the hills where your hirsels are  
 grazing ;  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the  
 roe ;  
 Come to the craig where the beacon is  
 blazing ;  
 Come with the buckler the lance and the  
 bow.

Trumpets are sounding,  
 War-steeds are bounding ;— [der,  
 Stand to your arms and march in good or-  
 England shall many a day  
 Tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue-bonnets came over the  
 border.

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### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's  
 great ;  
 His mind is taen up wi' things o' the state.



He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
But favour wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well  
M'Clish's ae dochter o' Claverseha Lee,  
A penniless lass, wi a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, as guid as  
when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was  
blue,  
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked hat,  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi a that?

He took the gray mare and rade cannily ;  
An' rapped at the yett o' Claverseha Lee.  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily  
ben ;  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o'  
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower  
wine—

"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like  
time?"

She pat aff her apron an' on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons an' gaed awa  
down.



An' when she came ben he boued fu' low ;  
 An' what was his errand he soon let her  
 know.

Amazed was the Laird, when the lady  
 said—"Na!"

An' wi a laigh court'sy she turned awa.

Dumfundered he was—but nae sigh did  
 he gie ;

He mounted his mare and rade cannily :

An' aften he thoct as he gaed through the  
 glen,

"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cock-  
 pen."

Near to the house amang the lang trees,  
 There did he meet sweet Jeanie Greenlees.  
 She sits at his table like a white tappet  
 hen. —

Thus ended the courtships o' the Laird o'  
 Cockpen.

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### — JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide lady ?

Why weep ye by the tide ?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride.



And ye sall be his bride, lady,  
 Sae comely to be seen :” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale ;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And Lord of Langley dale.  
 His step is first in peaceful ha’,  
 His sword in battle keen :” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair:  
 And you the foremost o’ them a’  
 Shali ride our forest queen :” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock o’ Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning tide —  
 The tapers glimmered fair —  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there.  
 They sought her both by bower and ha’ —  
 The lady was not seen : —  
 She’s o’er the border and awa’  
 Wi’ Jock o’ Hazeldean.



PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE

Sons of freedom ! hear my story,

Mercy well becomes the brave,

Humanity is Britain's glory —

Pity and protect the slave !

Free-born daughters ! who possessing

Eyes that conquer, hearts that save,

Greet me with a sister's blessing —

Oh ! pity and protect the slave !

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE.

Here's a health to them that's awa,

Here's a health to them that's awa,

And wha winna wish guid luck to our  
cause,

May never guid luck be their fa'.

It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true,

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue.

It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,

And bide by the bonnets of blue.



Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to them that's awa,  
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o'  
 the clan,  
 Although that his band be sae sma'.

Here's freedom to them that would read,  
 Here's freedom to them that would write,  
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth  
 should be heard,  
 But they whom the truth wad indite.  
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
 Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,  
 It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,  
 And bide by the bonnets of blue.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES!

A Glee

Heres' a health to all good lasses,  
 Pledge it merrily fill your glasses,  
 Let a bumper toast go round!  
 May they lead a life of pleasure,  
 Without mixture, without measure,  
 For with them true joys are found,