

THE
GOLDFINCH

A
COLLECTION

OF

FAVOURITE SCOTS AND ENGLISH

SONGS.

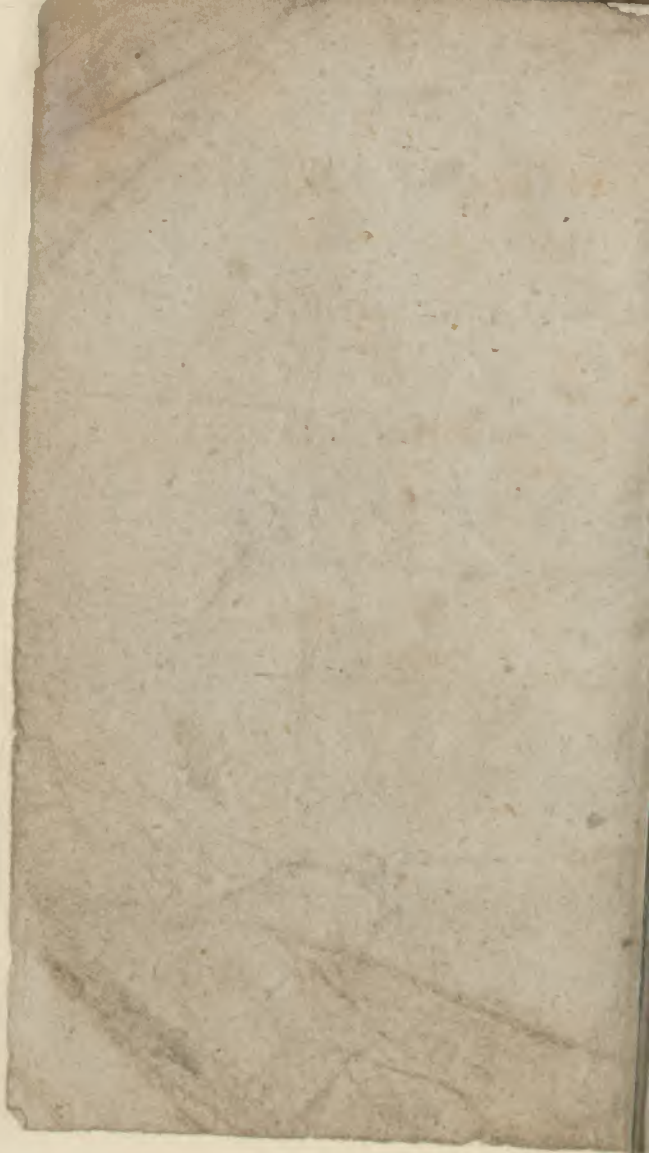


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13

THE GOLDFINCH.

Loudon's bonny Woods and Braes.

L OUDON'S bonny woods and braes,
I maun lea'e them a', lassie ;
Wha can thole, when Britain's faes
Would gi'e Britons law, lassie ?
Wha would 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
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,
When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings?
That gi'es joy to thee, laddie ;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie ;

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee, laddie,
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt maybe fa' frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fear, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' 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 pla
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

Sleeping Maggie.

O are ye sleeping, Maggie,
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie!
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Mirk an' rainy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carry,
 Lightnings gleam athwart the list,
 And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Fearfu' soughs the bour-tree bank,
 The risted wood roars wild and dreary,
 Loud the iron yate does clank,
 And cry o' howlets mak's me eerie.
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I darena speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek.
 O rise, rise, my bonny lady!
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

She op'd the door, she let-me in,
 He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie—
 "Blaw your warst, ye rain and win,
 "Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."
 Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
 Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For bour-tree bank, or warlock craigie!

The Braes of Balquhiddar.

LET us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquhiddar,
 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' Balquhiddar.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
 I'll range through the wilds,
 And the steep glens so dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

While the lads o' the south
 Toil for bare war'ly treasure,
 To the lads o' the north
 Ev'ry day brings its pleasure;
 Tho' simple are the joys
 The brave Highlander possesses,
 Yet he feels no annoys,
 For he fears no distresses.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round his dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn,
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 Then so merrily he'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er him,
 To the dear sheeling ring,
 Wi' the light-lilting jorum.

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' Balquhidder.

The Thistle.

LET them boast of their country, give Pa-
 trick his fame,
 Of the land in the ocean, and Anglian name,
 With their red blushing roses, and sham-
 rock sae green ;

Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
 The land of blue mountains, the birth place
 of worth,
 Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd
 her abode,
 Those wide-spreading glens, where no slave
 ever trode,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle
 sae green.
 Tho' rich be the soil, where blossoms the rose;
 And bleak the high mountains, and cover'd
 with snows,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle
 sae green;
 Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty
 true,
 And for courage so bold, which no foe could
 subdue,
 Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our
 swains,
 And lovely and true are the nymphs on our
 plains;
 Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae
 green.
 Far fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,
 And many the carnies that rise on our shore,
 O'er the fors that invaded the thistle sae
 green;

And many a carnie shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our
land;

Let foe come on foe, like-wave upon wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them
a grave,

Beneath the red heather and thistle sae
green!

Oh! dear to our souls are the blessings of
Heav'n,

The freedom we boast óf, the land which
we live in,

For that land and that freedom our fa-
thers have bled,

And we swear by the blood which our fa-
thers have shed,

That no foot of a foe shall e'er tread on
their grave:

But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the
brave—

The thistle of Scotia!— the thistle sae
green!

The Wood-Pecker.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
swell'd

Above the green elms that a cottage was
near,

And I said if there's peace to be found in
the wood,
A heart that is humble might hope for it
here.

Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a
sound,
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow
beech tree.
And here in this lone little wood, I ex-
claim'd,
With a maid who was lovely to soul, and
to eye,
Who would blush when I prais'd her, and
weep if I blam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm
could I die.
Every leaf, &c.

By the shade of yon sumach whose red-berry
dips,
By the side of yon fountain how sweet to
recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent
lips,
That ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but
mine.
Every leaf, &c.

The Glasses Sparkle.

THE glasses sparkle on the board,
 the wine is ruby bright ;
 The reign of pleasure is restor'd,
 of ease and gay delight.
 The day is gone, the night's our own,
 then let us feast the soul ;
 If any care or pain remain,
 why, drown it in the bowl.

This world, they say, is a world of woe,
 but that I do deny,
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
 or pain from beauty's eye ?
 The wise are fools with all their rules,
 when they would joy controul ;
 If life's a pain, I say again,
 let's drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast the poet sings,
 then surely it is wise,
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 and seize him as he flies.
 This night is ours, then strew with flowers,
 the moments as they roll ;
 If any care or pain remain,
 why, drown it in the bowl.

Love and Glory.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
 As ever grac'd a martial story ;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
 She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story ;
 Till war, their honest joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
 Jane follow'd—fought—ah, hapless story!
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

The Parting Tear.

My Mary dear, that parting tear,
 Which softly dims thy tell-tale e'e,
 Betrays a heart that feels the smart,
 Of love's enchanting misery.
 But dinna fear, that parting tear,
 A gem of purest ray shall prove,
 That gem I'll wear, I'll keep it here,
 To mind me o' thy faithfu' love.

Fain would I dry my tearful eye,
 And still the sigh that heaves my breast,
 But ah! I fear, some danger near,
 To rob my bosom of its rest.

But wherefore fear some danger near,
 Thy truth is all that love can give,
 Then welcome all that can befall,
 For thee I'd die, for thee I'll live.

The Welsh Harper.

OVER the sunny hills I stray,
 Tuning many a rustic lay,
 And sometimes in the shadowy vales,
 I sing of love and battle tales;
 Merrily thus I spend my life,
 Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife;
 The blythe old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.
 In the Welch vales 'mid mountains high.

Sometimes before a castle gate,
 In song a battle I relate;
 Or how a lord, in shepherd's guise,
 Sought favour in a virgin's eyes.

With rich and poor a welcome guest,
 No cares intrude upon my breast ;
 The blythe old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.
 In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

Now sol illumes the western sky,
 And evening zephyrs softly sigh,
 Oft times on village green I play,
 While round me dance the rustic gay :
 And oft, when veil'd by sable night,
 'The wond'ring shepherds I delight ;
 The blythe old Harper call'd am I,
 In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high,
 In the Welch vales, 'mid mountains high.

Far, far at Sea.

'Twas night when the bell had toll'd twelve,
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
 In her ear whisper'd some fleeting elve,
 Your love now lies tost on a billow,
 Far, far at sea.

All was dark, when she woke out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover ;
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy, which painted her lover,
 Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a pray'r—clos'd her eyes,
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow ;
 While in terrors she echo'd his cries,
 As struggling he sunk in a billow,
 Far, far at sea.

—
Winter wi' his cloudy brow.

Now winter wi' his cloudy brow,
 Is far ayont yon mountains,
 And spring beholds her azure sky
 Reflected in the fountains.

Now on the budding slae-thorn bank
 She spreads her early blossom,
 And woos the nirly-breasted birds
 To nestle in her bosom.

But lately a was clad wi' snaw,
 Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
 Now lavrocks sing to hail the spring,
 An' nature all is cheery.

Then let us leave the town, my love,
 An' seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs
 On ev'ry side are smiling.

We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty mov'd me ;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me.

We soon will view the roses blaw
 In a' the charms o' fancy,
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shar'd with you my Nancy.

Sally Roy.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
 lies cold and wan in yonder valley ;
 She lost her lover, and she died ;
 grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.

Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 for early valour fir'd the boy ;
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 and kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 as rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd, his martial pow'r to prove,
 while faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.

At noon she saw the youth depart,
 at eve she lost her darling joy,
 Ere night the last throb of her heart,
 declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
 when yellow midnight fills the valley,
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 towards the grave of gentle Sally.

And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
 which weans each feeling heart from joy,
 The mournful dirge ascending high,
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.



The Meeting of the Waters.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
 sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright wa-
 ters meet,
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must
 depart
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
 my heart!

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I
rest

In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best,

Where the storms which we feel in this cold
world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace!

—
The Wandering Bard.

CHILL the win'try winds were blowing,
Foul the murky night was scowling,
Through the storm the minstrel bowing,

Sought the inn on yonder moor.

All within was warm and cheery,

All without was cold and dreary,

There the wand'rer, old and weary,

Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,

Suiting to his tale of pity,

But the master, scoffing witty,

Check'd his strain with scornful jeer.

Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,

Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?—

No, thou old intruding thrummer,

Thou canst have no lodging here.

13.

Slow the bard departed sighing,
Wounded worth forbade replying,
One last feeble effort trying,
Faint he sunk—no more to rise.
Through his harp the breeze sharp ringing,
Wild his dying dirge was singing,
While his soul, from insult springing,
Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, though the wintry winds be blowing,
Night be foul, with raining, snowing,
Still the traveller, that way going,
Shuns the inn upon the moor.
Though within 'tis warm and cheery,
Though without 'tis cold and dreary,
Still he minds the minstrel, weary,
Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

Tam Glen.

My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen!

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith, I might mak' a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I dinna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 'Gude day to you,' brute, he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller;
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hundred marks ten:
 But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wauken
 My drowkit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
 His likeness cam' up the house stauken,
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarr y
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

—
Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa'
 Saft the westling breezes blaw,
 'Mong the birks o' Stanley shaw,
 The mavis sings fu' cheery, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell,
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonny sell,
 My young, my artless dearie, O.

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

Flow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery, O.
 Trees may bud and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

Auld Langsyne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' never brought to mind;
 SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 An' days o' langsyne,
 For auld langsyne, my dearie;
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 An' pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidlet in the burn,
 When simmer days did shine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
 An' gie's a claught o' thine,
 An' we'll toom the cup to friendship's
 growth,
 An' auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 As sure as I'll be mine;
 An' we'll tak a right gudewillie waught
 For auld langsyne.
 For auld langsyne, my dear,
 For auld langsyne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld langsyne,

Killoch Burn

All hail, ye delectable scenes,
 Where oft as eye hole pierce the sky
 You've found me by the mountain's side
 Where blooming wild flowers

Mild are the bears on hill and plain
 No sound is heard, save Killoch Burn
 Wild murmuring down its woody glen.

Green be thy banks, thou silver stream,
 That winds the Farnese boats among
 Where oft I've woo'd the Scottish muse
 And raptur'd wove the rustic song.

F I N I S.

J. Crawford, Printer