

Twine weel the Plaiden.

Beadle of the Parish.

*O Jeanie there's naething to fear ye.*

The Irish Fisherman.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

The Deer Hunter.

NATIVE LAND.



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TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

O-I hae lost my silken snood,  
That tied my hair so yellow,  
I've gie'n my heart' io the lad I loed,  
He was a gallant fellow,  
And twine it weel my bonny dow,  
And twine it weel the plaiden,  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
In pu'ing o' the bracken.

He prais'd my e'en sae bonny blue,  
Sae lily white my skin, O,  
And syne he pri'e'd my bennie mou',  
And swore it was nae sin, O,  
And twine it weel, my bonnie dow,  
And twine it weel the plaiden;  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
In pu'ing o' the bracken,

But he has left the lass he loo'd,  
His ain true love forsaken,  
Which gars me sair to greet the snood,  
I lost among the bracken.

And twine it weel my bonnie dow,  
 And twine it weel the plaiden;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 In pn'ing o' the bracken.

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BEADLE OF THE PARISH.

I'm a very knowing prig,  
 With my laced coat and wig,  
 Though they say I am surly and bearish  
 Sure I look a mighty man,  
 When I flourish my rattan,  
 To fright the little boys,  
 Who in church-time make a noise,  
 Because I'm beadle of the Parish.  
 Here and there,—every where?  
 Hollo now,—What's the row?  
 Fine to do,—Who are you?  
 Why, zounds, I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

Whenever I come nigh,  
 How I make the beggars fly,  
 My looks are so angry and scarish,  
 Like other city folks,  
 I do business in the stocks.  
 And whate'er is lost I tell,  
 For you know I bear the bell,  
 Because I'm the Beadle of the Parish,

Noise and clatter,—What's the matter?  
 Holla, fellow—You are mellow,  
 Fine to do,—don't be, see,  
 Why, zounds—I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

I'm an officer, don't laugh,  
 But indeed I'm on the staff,  
 - And all sax I do pretty fairish;  
 On a Sunday strut about,  
 And I keep the rabble out,—  
 The Church-wardens march before,  
 Just to open the pew door,  
 Because I am Beadle of the Parish,  
 Puff away,—merry day,  
 Drink about,—See it out,  
 There will be—snacks for me,  
 Because I'm the Beadle of the Parish.

O JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE:

O! My lassie, our joy to complete again,  
 Meet me again in the gloamin, my dearie:  
 Low down i' the dell let us meet again,  
 O! Jeanie there's naething to fear ye:  
 Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie:  
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary  
 Love be thy sure defence,  
 Beauty and innocence—  
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear:

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan-tree,  
 Wild roses speck our thicket so breerie;  
 Still will our bed in the greenwood be—  
 O, Jeanie there's naething to fear ye,  
 Note when the blackbird o' singin' is weary,  
 List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye,  
 Then come with fairy haste,  
 Light foot and beating breast—  
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far, will the bogle and brownie be;  
 Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it,  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity,  
 A' maun love it, an' a' maun revere it  
 Love maks the sang o' the woodland so cheerte  
 Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye,  
 Love maks the rose sae sweet,  
 Cowslip an' violet—  
 O, Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

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THE IRISH FISHERMAN.

An Irishman angling one day in the Liffy,  
 Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city so  
 fine;  
 A smart shower of rain falling, Pat in a-giffy,  
 Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.



“Why that’s not the way to accomplish your wishes,”

Cries Dermot, “the devil a bite you will get;”

“Och, bother,” says Pat, “don’t you know that the fishes,

Will flock under here to keep out of the wet.”

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### MERTING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,

Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o’er the scene,

Her purest of chrystal and brightest of green:

’Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;

Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still?

’Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;

And who felt how the best charms of nature  
 improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that  
 we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how could I rest,  
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love  
 best,  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold  
 world shall cease,  
 And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled  
 in peace.

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THE DEER HUNTER.

Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd horn,  
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn,  
 To the hills and the woodlands we steer,  
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.  
 And all the day long this is our song,  
 This is our song,  
 Still hollowing & following so frolic and free  
 Our joys know no bounds,  
 While we're after the hounds,  
 No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow  
 While the hills they all echo Hollow !  
 With a bounce from his cover the stag flies,  
 Then our shouts long resound through the skies  
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys or climb  
 Up the health breaking mountain sublime,  
 What a joy from our labours we feel,  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal,  
 And all the day long, &c.

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### NATIVE LAND !

Native land ! I'll love thee ever,  
 Let me raise the welcome strain ;  
 Mine were banish'd feet, that never  
 Hop'd to press thy turf again,  
 Now these eyes illum'd with gladness,  
 As they scan'd thy beauties o'er,  
 Never again shall melt in sadness,  
 Parting to return no more,  
 Caledonia, native land,  
 Native land, I'll love thee ever.

Native land, tho' fate may banish,  
 And command me far to part,  
 Never can thy mem'ry vanish,  
 From this glowing, grateful heart,  
 Let an Indian solstice burn me,  
 Or the snows of Norway chill,  
 Higher still, my heart, I turn thee,  
 Here, my country, thou art still,  
 Caledonia, native land,  
 Native land, I'll love thee ever.