

SAE WILL WE YET,

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE,

My heart is a-breaking,

Lang and dreary, &c.

AND

P'VE SEEN THE SMILING.



No. 27.

PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD WHOLESALE BY,
J. FRASER, PRINTER, STIRLING.

AND SAE WILL WE YET.

SIT ye down here my cronies, and gie me ye
crack,

Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its ba
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will subn
For we've ay been provided for, and sae will
yet.

And sae will we yet, &c

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev
day,

As we journey thro' life, let us live by the wa
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale
We'll ay be provided for the longer we sit,
For we've drank thegither monie a time, a
sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his ploug
Rewarding his eiden toils a the year through

Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lippen'd ay to Providence, and sae
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea:
 His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,
 Britons ay have been victorious, and sae will we
 yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrilie
 roun',

For the sun has to rise, tho' the moon it goes
 down:

Till the house be rinnin round about, 'tis time
 enough to flit.

When we fell we ay up again, and sae will we
 yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,

I loo'd her meikle and lang;

She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,

And I may e'en gae hang.

A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,

And I hae tint my dearest dear,

But woman is but world's gear,
 'Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O woman lovely, woman fair!
 An' angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

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 fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

'There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
 "Gude-day to you," brute, he comes ben;
 He brags, and he blows o' his siller,
 But whan 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 good hundred marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun take 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 hallowe'en I was waukin',
My droukit sark-sleeve, as you ken,
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif you will advise me to marry
The lad I loo dearly, Tam Glen.

THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

TUNE—The Woodpecker.

How sweet to recline on the bosom we love,
And breathe all our cares in her innocent ear,
And when the soft passion her kind heart doth
move,
How precious now glistens the soft falling tear:

'Tis a pleasure from Heaven, a joy from above,
That raises our souls far from scenes that are here

When life's busy scene threatens clouds o'er our
head,

And frail fickle fortune now leaves us to mourn,
We lean on love's bosom when friendship is dead
And blest in our love; we forget we're forlorn:
Every care is at rest—all our sorrow is fled,
But the thought that love's bosom should from
us be torn.

And when in the calm vale of years we recline
On that breast which thro' life's stormy sea with
us strove. [cline,

How blest is the thought that whene'er we de-
We decline to the grave on the bosom we love:
Of all thy choice blessings, kind Heav'n be it
mine,

'Thro' life's varied scene, the soft bosom of love,

How long and dreary is the night.

TUNE—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

How long and drearie is the night,

When I am frae my dearie!

I restless lie frae e'en to morn,

Tho' I were ne'er sae wearie.

For, oh! her lanely nights are lang;

And oh! her dreams are eerie:
 And oh! her widow'd heart is sair
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie?
 For, oh! &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
 The joyless day, how drearie!
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For, oh! &c.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flow'rs of the fairest, most pleasant
 and gay,
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scents the
 air perfuming;
 But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorn-
 ning, [day;
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining in
 the sunny beams,
 Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on
 their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting,
 O why still perplex us poor sons of a day.
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae mair
 your frowns can fear me,
 For the flow'rs of the forest are wither'd away.

FINIS.