

THE
SEA SONGSTER :

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

Places of Public Amusement.



GLASGOW :

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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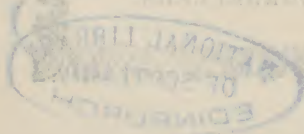
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SONGS

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

THE morn was fair, the skies were clear,
 No breath came o'er the sea,
 When Mary left her Highland cot,
 And wander'd forth with me.
 Tho' flowers deck'd the mountain side,
 And fragrance fill'd the vale;—
 By far the sweetest flower there,
 Was the Rose of Allandale.

Where'er I wander'd east or west;
 Though fate began to low'r—
 A solace still was she to me,
 In sorrow's lovely hour.
 When tempests lash'd our gallant bark,
 "And rent her shiv'ring sail—
 One maiden form withstood the storm,
 'Twas the Rose of Allandale.

And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
 On Afric's burning sand,
 She whisper'd hopes of happiness,
 And tales of distant land.

My life had been a wilderness,
 Unbliss'd by fortune's gale—
 Had fate not link'd my lot to hers,
 The Rose of Allandale.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd,
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the deep—NINE!"

But bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view—
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon, to the vessel true;
 While off the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,

"By the mark—SEVEN!"

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transports we behold the roof
 Where dwells a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,

"Quarterless—FIVE!"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,
 With slacken'd sail she feels the tide;
 Stand clear the cable! is the cry—

The anchor's gone, we safely ride,
 The watch is set, and thro' the night,
 We hear the seamen with delight,

—"Proclaim—ALL'S WELL."

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves.
 Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us but they wish us away ;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more ?
Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, our children, our beaus ;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them swear
In spite of the devil or Brussell's gazette ;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King.
Hearts of oak, &c.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmet's afternoon, it'll
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie wi' a hraw new gown,
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie,
The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning slowers,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers,
But Kitty was the fairest flower,
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang
And said, " My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie ?"
I'll take ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make you lady o' them a'
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whispered modestly, and said,
I'll gang wi' ye, my father,
If ye'll gang wi' ye, my father,

The auld folk soon gied their consent,
 And to Mess John we quickly went,
 Wha tied us to our heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

FAREWELL TO ABERFOYLE

My tortured bosom lang shall feel
 The pangs of this last sad farewell;
 Far, far to foreign lands I stray,
 To spend the hours in deepest wae.
 Farewell my dear and native soil,
 Farewell, the braes o' Aberfoyle.

And fare ye well my winsome love,
 Into whatever lands I rove,
 Thou'lt claim the deepest, dearest sigh,
 The warmest tear e'er wet my eye;
 And when I'm wand'ring many a mile,
 I'll think on Kate o' Aberfoyle.

When far upon the raging sea,
 While thunders roll and lightnings flee,
 When sweeping storms the ship assail,
 I'll bless the music of the gale!
 And when I'm listning a' the while,
 I'll think on Kate o' Aberfoyle.

Katy, my only love, farewell;
 What pangs my faithful heart shall feel,
 While straying through the Indian groves,
 Weeping our waes; our early loves:
 I'll ne'er mair see my native soil,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet Aberfoyle.

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Slythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
 Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O

Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
 An' vow't to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O,
 But ah, waes me! wi' their sodg' ring sae gaudy, O,
 The laird's wüst awa' my braw Highland laddie, O;
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks are now lonesome and drearie, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild-melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

Oh! love is like the morning, sae gladsome and bonnie, O,
 Till winds fa' a storming, and clouds lower sae rainy, O,
 As nature in winter droops, withering sae sadly, O,
 Sae lang may I mourn for my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry ripe frae the boggie fen,
 He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggie glen,
 He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

THE FLOWER O' DUMBLAIN.

THE sun had gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 An' left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray'd in a calm simmer gloamin,
 To muse on sweet Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft folding blossom,
 An' sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain.
 Is lovely, &c.

She's modest as ony, an' blyth as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
 Wad blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblain.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain.
 Is charming, &c.

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessy,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish an' vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie;
Till charm'd wi' young Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessy, the flower o' Dumblain
If wanting, &c.

DONALD O' DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blithest lad
That e'er made love to me;
When'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free;
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
It cheers my heart at eve to meet
Young Donald o' Dundee.
When'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah! it canna be.
Tho' mither frets both air and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate;
There's none need hope to gain young Kate,
But Donald o' Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he show'd to me,
And bade me name the bridal day,
Then happy would he be.
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mees John to me shall quickly bind,
Young Donald o' Dundee.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads thinks they are fine
But O they're vain an' idle gaudy!

How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
An' manly looks o' my Highland laddie.

O my bonny, bonny Highland laddie,
My handsome charming Highland laddie,
May heaven still guard, an' love reward
Our Lawland lass an' her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trews,
Wi' bannet blue an' belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
An' leave my Lawland kin an' daddy;
rae winter's cauld an' summer's sun
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room an' silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird an' lady
But I can kiss, an' be as glad,
Behind a bush in 's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

New compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
An' he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true an' steady,
Like mine to him; which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SMILE GAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE

SMILE again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Prithee, do not frown, sweet lassie, for it gives me pain.
If to love thee too sincerely be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely is not kind in thee.
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Oh! smile again my bonnie lassie, prithee, smile again.

Fare-thee-well! my bonnie lassie, lassie, fare-thee-well!
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue can tell.
Tho' we're doom'd, by fate to sever (and 'tis hard to part,
Still believe me, thou shalt ever own my faithful heart.
Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, prithee, smile again

THE SEA.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea;
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round.
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a craddled creature lies,
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep
What matter, what matter, I shall ride and sleep

I love—O how I love to ride,
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide.
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tone,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blast doth blow!
I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more;
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest,
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea.

11
The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the Dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the Ocean child.
I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change:
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea.

SLEEPING MAGGIE

MIRK an' rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry,
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

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

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild an' dreary,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets make me eerie.
O are ye sleeping, &c.

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

She' opt the door, she' let him in,
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie,
Blaw your warst ye rain and win,
Since Maggy, now I'm in beside ye.

Now since I'm in beside you,
Now since I'm in beside you, Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boor-tree-bank or warlock craigie.

GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een:
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily white,
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charm'd my soul I watna how,
An' aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spite I'll speak, an' spare I'll speed
She'll ablinis listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my head
To her, twa een sae bonny blue.

THE MINUTE GUN.

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 some howling storm,
The minute gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The life-boat man with a gallant crew,
And dare the dangerous wave;
Through the wild surf they cleave there way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save.

But oh what rapture fills each breast
Of the hapless crew of the ship distress'd,
Then lauded safe what joy to tell,
Of all the dangers that besel,
Then heard is no more,
By the watch on the shore.

The minute gun at sea,

THE SWISS BOY.

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.

And not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountain away?

And 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 he slumbers away.

HEY THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

HEY the bonnie, ho the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breast-knots;

Blithe and merry were they a'

When they put on their breast-knots;

There was a bridal in this town,

And till't the lasses a' were boun',

Wi' mankie facings on their gown,

And some o' them had breast-knots.

Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o' clock the lads convene,

Some clad in blue, some clad in green,

Wi' shinin' buckles in their sheen,

And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Out came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
and wished the lassie happy days,
! And muckle thought they o' their class,
Especially the breast-knots.
! yod w Singing, hey the bonnie, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the win' frae north to south,
And drift is driving sairly ?
The sheep are couring i' the heugh,
O, sirs ! it's winter fairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early !
I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
Then rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast among the woods,
The branches tirlin' barely !
Among the chimley taps it thuds,
And frost is nippin' sairly.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early !
To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps our yon southlan hill,
Like ony timorous carlie ?
Just blinks awee then sinks again,
And that we find severely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When sna' blaws into the chimley cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things, they suffer sairly !
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early !
What fate can be war in the winter time,
Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and a cantie wife,
 Keeps aye a body cheery,
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and coort,
 It answers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning, na, na, na
 Up in the morning early;
 The gowans maun glint on bank an' brae,
 Ere I rise in the morning early.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the bottie row,
 And better may she speed;
 And liesome may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part:
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And muckle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
 Are up an gotten lair;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome be her heart that bears,
 The murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm
 As we did them before;

Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the bairns' bread;
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the boatie speed.

THE HARPER OF MULL.

WHEN Rosie was faithfu', how happy was I,
 Still gladsome as summer the time glided by,
 I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
 Of the charms o' my Rosie the winter nights lang.
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
 Come summer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane,
 My harp's mournfu' melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
 Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's nae the less fair,
 The thought of her beauty but feeds my despair;
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
 I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
 As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.
 Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
 Thou waked'st me to tortures unequalled before;
 But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
 And the green grass waye over the Harper of Mull.

MARRY FOR LOVE AND WORK FOR SILLER.

WHEN I and my Jenny thegither were tied,
 We had but sina' share o' the world between us;
 Yet lo'ed ither weel, and had youth on our side,
 And strength and guid health were abundantly gi'en us
 I warsled and toiled through the fair and the foul,
 And she was right carfu' o' what I brought till her,
 For aye we had mind o' the canny auld rule,
 Just "marry for love, and work for siller."

Our bairns they cam' thick--we were thankfu' for that,
For the *bit* and the *brattie* cam' aye alang wi' them;

Our *pan* we exchanged for a guid *muckle pat*,
And somehow or ither, we aye had to gi'e them.

Our laddies grew up, and they wrought wi' *mysel'*,
Ilk ane gat as buirdly and stout as a miller,

Our lasses they keepet us trig aye, and hale,
And now we can count a bit *trifle o' siller*.

But I and my Jenny are baith wearin' down,
And our lads and our lassies hae a' gotten married.

Yet see, we can rank wi' the best i' the town,
Though our noddles we never to paughtly carried.

And mark me--I've now got a braw *cockit hat*,
And in our *civic building* am reckon'd a pillar;

Is na THAT a bit honour for aye to get at,
Wha married for love, and wha wrought for siller?

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE:

FORLORN among the Highland hills,

'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,

By rocky dens, an' woody glens,

With weary steps I wander.

The langsome way, the darksome day,

The mountain mist sae rainy,

Are nought to me when gaun to thee,

Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud down the howe,

Just openin' fresh and honny,

It blinks beneath the hazle bough,

An' scarcely seen by ony;

Sae sweet amidst her native hills,

Obscurely blooms my Jeany,

Mair fair an' gay than rossy May,

The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,

I view the distant ocean,

There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,

Ambition courts promotion.

Our fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,

Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

HUNTING CHORUS.

What equals on earth the delight of the huntsman
For whom does life's cup more enchantingly flow?
To follow the stag thro' the forest and meadows,
When brightly the beams of the morning first glow.
*Oh! this is a pleasure that's worthy of princes,
And health in its wanderings can ever be found.
When echoing caverns and forests surround us,
More bythely the pledge of the goblet will sound.
Hark, follow, &c.*

The light of Diana illumines our forests,
The shades where in summer we often retreat,
Nor is then the fell wolf in his covert secure,
The boar from his lair is laid at our feet.
O! this is a pleasure, &c.

ROSE OF LUCERNE, OR, THE SWISS TOY GIRL

I've come across the sea,
I've braved every danger,
For a brother dear to me,
From Swiss-land a stranger;
Then pity, assist, and protect a poor stranger,
And buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
A little toy, a little toy;
Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
Come round me, ladies - air
I've ribbands and laces,
I've trinkets rich and rare,
To add to the graces
Of waist, neck, or arm, or your sweet pretty faces
Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
A little toy, a little toy;
Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've paint and I've perfume,
 For those who may use them;
 Young ladies, I presume,
 You all will refuse them;
 The bloom on your cheek shows that you never use them,
 Yet buy a little toy of Poor Rose of Lucerne.
 A little toy, a little toy:
 Yet buy a little toy of Poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've a cross to make you smart,
 On your breast you may bear it,
 Just o'er your little heart,
 I advise you to wear it;
 And I hope that no other cross e'er will come near it;
 Yes I do;—so buy a toy of Poor Rose of Lucerne
 Yes, I do; Yes, I do:
 So buy a toy, buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

With an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine
 I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate:
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away:
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

BANNERS OF BLUE.

Strike up, strike up, strike up, Scottish minstrels so gay
 Tell of Wallace, that brave warlike man:
 Sing also of Bruce—your banners display,
 While each chief leads on his bold clan,
 Here's success, Caledonia, to thee!
 To the sons of the thistle so true!
 Then march, gaily march, so canty and free—
 There's none like the banners o' blue.

War on, war on to the brazen trumpet's sound!
 How quickly in battle array
 Each brave Highland chief assembles his men,
 And they march to the bagpipe so gay.
 Here's success, &c.

MY OWN BLUE BELL.

My own blue bell, my pretty blue bell,
 I never will rove where roses dwell;
 My wings you view of your own bright hue,
 And, oh! never doubt that my heart's true blue.
 Though oft, I own, I've foolishly flown,
 To peep at each bud that was newly blown,
 I now have done with folly and fun,
 For there's nothing like constancy under the sun.
 My own blue bell, &c.

Some Belles are Blues, invoking the Muse
 And talking of vast intellectual views:
 Their crow-quills' tip in the ink they dip,
 And they prate with the lore of a learned lip.
 Blue Belles like these, may be wise as they please,
 But I love my blue bell that bends in the breeze;
 Pride passes her by, but she charms my eye,
 With a tint that resembles the cloudless sky.
 My own bell, &c.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

Loud rear'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers!
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers!
 The night both drear and dark
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!
 Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak;
 Each fears a watery pillow,

None stops the dreadful leak;
 To cling to slippery shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wish'd for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh;
 The dismal wreck to view
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent:
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers!
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

A FAMOUS MAN IS ROBIN HOOD.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
 The English ballad-singers' joy;
 But Scotland has a thief as good,
 She has her bold Rob Roy
 A dauntless heart M'Gregor shows
 And wond'rous length and strength of arm
 He long was quell'd his highland foes,
 And kept his friends from harm.
 A famous man, &c.
 His darling mood protects him still;
 For 'tis the robber's simple plan;
 That they should take—who have the will,
 And they should keep—who can.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
 In summer's heat, and winter's snow,
 The eagle he is lord above,
 And Rob is lord below.

I O, ye soul to A famous man, &c.

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June,
 Alang the banks o' Clyde,
 Beneath a bright and bonny moon,
 Wi' Mary at my side.
 A simmer was she to mine e'e,
 An' to my heart a joy;
 An' weel she loo'd to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.

I ha'e wander'd, &c.

Oh, her presence could on ev'ry star
 New brilliancy confer;
 And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
 When they were seen with her.
 Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
 Her glance was full o' joy;
 And, oh, her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.

Oh her presence, &c.

I ha'e play'd to ladies, fair and gay,
 In many a southron hall;
 But there was one far-far-away,
 A world above them all.
 And now, tho' weary years have fled,
 I think wi' mournin' joy
 Upon the time when Mary weel
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.

I ha'e play'd to ladies, &c.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time
 Soon as the woods on 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 sail unfurl,
 There is not a breath the blue wave 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 daylight's past
 Atawa's tide; the 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 daylight's past!

THE GRECLAN'S SONG.

Ah! say not ye rulers, ye tyrants of Greece,
 Ah! say not that freedom defend our green shore,
 O tell not our sons that fair plenty was smiling,
 Ah! freedom and plenty, alas! are no more.
 We ask not for mercy from tyrants so cruel,
 Our rights we demand, and our rights we shall have
 We still shall inherit the blood of our fathers,
 Who fell at famed Marathon,—their country to save
 O hush'd be the trumpet that wakes the war-lion,
 Fair Peace we adore thee with olive so green,
 But say, shall brave millions ay bow to oppression,
 And weep out existence in sorrow and pain.

No—mark the brave sons of the land of Columbia,
 Their broad spreading eagle fair freedom unfolds,
 Their rich glowing vallies are sounding with gladness;
 And each toiling peasant sweet plenty beholds.
 O come, ye Spartans! tho' dreary the prospect,
 Come, for our children demand no delay;
 Arouse! or our country will fall into ruins,
 And grim-eyed oppression will hail the dark day.
 Then rally, ye Grecians—thy chiefs, O famed Locris!
 Still gaze on our sons, though enwrapt with a chain;
 Arouse! from thy fetters, fair land of the sages,
 And boast not of famous Lucargus in vain.

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