

Six Songs.

Free-Mason's Song.

Death of Sally Roy.

Wandering Willie.

Lass in yon Town.

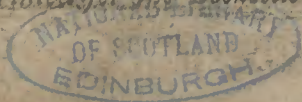
The Maid of Lodi.

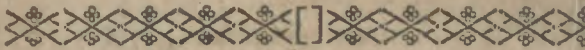
The Soldier's Dream.



KILMARNOCK:

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FREE-MASON'S SONG.

ASSEMBL'D and ty'd, let us social agree
 With the monarch that sits on the throne,
 For he charges a glass, and round lets it pass,
 To celebrate ancient St. John.

Tho' babblers may prattle in showing their spleen,
 Their spite we compare to the drone,
 For in love and sweet harmony still we'll agree
 To celebrate ancient John.

The world's in pain our secrets to gain,
 In ignorance let them think on,
 For in love and sweet harmony still well agree
 To celebrate ancient St. John.

With toast after toast let us drink to the king,
 Rememb'ring the great Solomon,
 For his actions were rare, by the compass & square,
 Thus celebrate ancient John.

Then join hand in hand, in a body firm stand,
 Our cares and our troubles begone,
 Let us love laugh and sing, love the ladies & king,
 Thus celebrate ancient St. John.

DEATH OF SALLY ROY.

AIR 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 power to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 At noon she saw the youth depart,
 At eve she lost her darling joy ;
 The 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,
 Stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally !
 While remembrance wakes the sigh,
 Which weens each feeling heart from joy,
 Mourning dirge, ascending high,
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud áwa hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the sam

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee ;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willi
 The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumber
 How your dread howling a lover alarms :
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie auce mair to my arm

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nanni
 Flow still between us this wide roaring main
 May I never see it, may I never true it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

 THE LASS IN YON TOWN.

O WAT ye wha's ia yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon ?
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 His setting beams e'er shone upon.
 How haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree ;

How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee,
 How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 But doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeannie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 Among the broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight's in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie mé Jeannie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky:
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rents the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon;
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit aught else below,
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart ;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles had sung, for the night cloud had
 lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set the watch in the sky
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowr'd
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, and guarded the
 slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young,

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly we
 swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never
 to part ;
 My little ones kiss'd me a hundred times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of
 heart.

Stay, stay with us! rest! thou art weary and
 worn,
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay ;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
 away.

THE MAID OF LODI.

SING the Maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee ;
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.
 And when her day's work's over,
 Around a cheerful fire
 She sings or rests contented,
 What more can man desire !

Let those who squander millions,
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavilions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 Some villains seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach,
 By which the Maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair ;
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 And sees me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
 She tied her poney's rein,
 I thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again !
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table,
 at which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find,
 But not the fam'd Corregio's
 Could ever paint her mind.
 Then sing the Maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me ;
 And when the maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.