

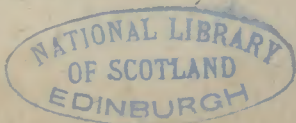
THE

Vocal Miscellany:

A

NEW SELECTION

OF

*Popular and Approved***Songs.****GLASGOW:**Printed and Sold, Wholesale & Retail, by T. Duncan,
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THE
Vocal Miscellany.

Paddy Carey's Fortune.

Tw^as at the town of *nate* Clogheen,
That Sergeant Snap met Paddy Carey;
A *claner* boy was never seen,
Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy:
His brawny shoulders, four feet square,
His cheeks like thumping red potatoes;
His legs would make a chairman stare!
And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies!
Old and young, grave or sad,
Deaf and dumb, dull or mad,
Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting,
Light, brisk, and airy,—
All the sweet faces at Limerick races,
From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
At Paddy's beautiful name would melt!
The *souls* would cry, and look so shy,
Och! *Cushlamachree*, did you never see

he jolly boy, the darling joy, the ladies' toy,
 limble-footed, black-ey'd, rosy-cheek'd,
 Curly-headed Paddy Carey!
 O, sweet Paddy, beautiful Paddy!
 Fate little, tight little Paddy Carey.
 His heart was made of Irish oak,
 Yet soft as streams from sweet Killarney,
 His tongue was tipt with a hit o' the brogue,
 But deuce a bit at all of the blarney.
 Now Sergeant Snap, so sly and keen,
 While Pat was coaxing duck-legg'd Mary,
 A shilling slipt, so *nate and clane*,
 By the powers! he listed Paddy Carey!
 Light and sound—strong and light,—
 Cheeks so round—eyes so bright,—
 Whistling, humming, drinking, drumming,
 Light, tight, and airy!
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races, &c.
 The *sowls* wept loud, the crowd was great,
 When waddling forth came widow Leary;
 Though she was crippled in her gait,
 Her brawny arms clasp'd Paddy Carey;
 Och, Pat! she cri'd—'go, huy the ring;
 Here's cash *galloire*, my darling honey;
 Says Pat, 'you *sowl!* I'll do that thing,'
 And clapt his thumb upon her money.

Gimblet eye—sausage nose,—
 Pat so sly—ogle throws,—
 Leering, tittering, jeering, frittering,
 Sweet widow Leary!
 All the sweet faces at Limerick races, &c.

When Pat had thus his fortune made,
 He press'd the lips of Mrs. Leary,
 And mounting straight a large cockade,
 In Captains' boots struts Paddy Carey!
 He grateful prais'd her *shape*, her *back*,
 To others, like a dromedary;
 Her eyes, that seem'd their strings to crack,
 Were Cupid's darts to Captain Carey.
Nate and sweet—no alloy—
 All complete—love and joy,
 Ranting, roaring, soft adoring,
 Dear widow Leary!

All the sweet faces at Lim'rick races,
 From Mullinavat to Magherafelt,
 At Paddy's promotion sigh and melt.
 The *sowls* all cry, as the groom struts by,
 Och! *cushlamachree*, thou art lost to me!
 The jolly boy! the darling boy!
 The ladies' toy! the widow's joy!
 Long sword girted, neat short-skirted,
 Head cropt, whiskers chopp'd,

Captain Carey!

O, sweet Paddy! beautiful Paddy!

White-feather'd, boot-leather'd Paddy Carey.



Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.

Farewell ye fields and meadows green,

The blest retreats of peace and love;

Soft have I silent stol'n from hence,

With my young swain a while to rove.

Sweet was our walk, mair sweet our talk,

Among the beauties of the spring;

And aft we'd lean us on a bank,

To hear the feather'd warblers sing.

The azure sky, the hills around,

Gave double beauty to the scene;

The lofty spires of Banff in view,

In every side the waving grain.

The tales of love my Jamie told

In such a soft an' moving strain,

That so engag'd my tender heart,

I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the fates will be so kind,

As favour my return once more,

I'll then enjoy the peace o' mind,

In those retreats I had before.

But farewell Banff! the nimble steed
 Doth bear me hence, I must away;
 Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

Auld Robin Gray.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hand,
 And a' the world to sleep are gane,
 The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs frae my e'e,
 When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me
 his bride,

But saving a crown he had naething beside;
 To mak' that crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stou
 awa';

My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a courting me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother cou'dna spin
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na win
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in h
 e'e,

Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck,
 The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jamie die?
 And why did I live to say waes me?

Auld Robin argued sair; tho' my mither didna speak,
 He look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 So they gie'd him my hand, though my heart was in
 the sea,

Now auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.

Hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully æ day at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wrath, for I cou'dna think it fie,
 Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

So sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but æ kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
 I wish I were dead; but I'm no like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
 I carena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be.
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

~~~~~

*For lack of Gold she's left me, oh!*

For lack of gold she's left me, Oh!  
 And of a' that's dear bereft me Oh!

She me forsook for a great Duke,  
 And to endless care has left me, Oh!  
 A star and garter have more art  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty titles we must part,  
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me, Oh!  
 No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeanie she has left me, Oh!  
 Ye pow'rs above! I to your care  
 Commit my lovely charming fair;  
 Your choicest blessings on her share,  
 Though she's for ever left me, Oh!



### *The Heaving of 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 cheer'ly sung,  
 "By the deep NINE!"  
 And, bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view;



In abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,  
Or beacon, to the vessel true;

While oft the lead the seaman flung,

And to the Pilot cheer'ly sung,

“ By the mark SEVEN!”

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,

With transport we behold the roof,

Where dwelt 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,

“ Quarter less FIVE!”

Now to her birth 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 through the night,

We hear the seamen with delight,

Proclaim—“ ALL's WELL!”

*Black-ey'd Susan.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When Black-ey'd Susan came on board,

“ Oh! where shall I my true love find?”

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet William sails among your crew?"

William, who, high upon the yard,  
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
The chord slides swiftly through his glowing hand  
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,  
And drops into her welcome nest.  
The noblest Captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again;  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.  
Believe not what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find:  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath's in Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white;  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,  
 Vakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
 No longer must she stay on board;  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:  
 Adieu! sbe cries, and wav'd her lily band.



*A Rose-bud by my early walk.*

A rose-bud by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,  
 Gae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
 All on a dewy morning:

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
     It scents the early morning:

Within the bush her covert nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest,  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast  
     Sae early in the morning:

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
     Awauk the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,  
 On trembling string, or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
     That tents thy early morning:

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shall beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray,  
     That watch'd thy early morning.

*The Waterloo Brose.*

Tune—*Mauchline Lassos.*

Ye bucks in the fashion, and belles of the nation,  
 Attend to a tale that is certainly true,

How finely you swagger, to mimic Lochaber,  
 When dress'd in your ribbons of orange and blue.  
 The Pope's superstition, and Spain's Inquisition,  
 Are deeds that will ever make thousands bewail,  
 Your Waterloo bonnet, with top-knot upon it,  
 Proclaims to the nation this sorrowful tale.

We've Waterloo feeding, and Waterloo cleading,  
 That's greatly in fashion wi' helles and with heaux,  
 We've poets with sonnets & blockheads with bonnets,  
 To wear in remembrance of Waterloo brose.  
 We've Waterloo taxes, so firm on their axis,  
 In their annual circuit are just as the sun.  
 And some folk I ken, that's forced into the fashion,  
 Are gaun about wetshod wi' Waterloo shoon.

Since our commerce and trade from the nation has fled,  
 And left pauperism the country to feed,  
 Our descendants unborn, at our conduct will scorn,  
 Posterity never can sanction the deed.  
 Britannia no longer can yield to be trode on,  
 These Waterloo fashions she never can bide,  
 But give her the food that her forefathers fed on,  
 A clumsy beefsteak was their glory and pride.  
 Indeed I am sorry our national glory  
 Such laurels should bind round the brow of the  
 brave,

Who fac'd every danger, to fear was a stranger,  
 Must pine now in poverty down to the grave.  
 The fine sinecurist can now make a tourist  
 To Paris, and sport your hard earnings *gallor*  
 For since the creation such heavy taxation  
 Was never impos'd upon mankind before.

That heavy taxation has ruined this nation,  
 And left us the scoff of our once daring foes,  
 Whose pride and ambition hold us in derision,  
 Since ever we tasted the Waterloo brose.  
 Since it came in fashion, to foster the nation,  
 The red rosy cheek has become pale and wan,  
 And left the industrious mechanic to perish.  
 Who' once was the glory and pride of the land

~~~~~

Sodger Laddie.

My sodger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gowd and siller to me;
 And when he comes hame he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with my sodger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a sodger and lover behave;
 True to his country, to love he is steady,
 There's few to compare with my sodger laddie

field him, ye angels. frae death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my langing arms,
 We frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my sodger ye gi'e me.
 soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must. if he get his due:
 or in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my sodger laddie.

~~~~~

*Ewe-bughts Marion.*

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.  
 Marion's a bonny lassie,  
 And the blythe blink's in her e'e;  
 Had fain wad I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me.  
 There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
 And silk on your white hause-bane;  
 Had fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
 At e'en when I come hame.  
 We've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
 A cow and a brawney quey,

I'll gi'e them a' to Marion,  
Just on her bridal day.

And ye'ss get a greensey apron,  
And waistcoat of the London brown,  
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green;  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.



*The Young Laird's Courtship.*

Now, Jenny lass, my bonnie bird,  
My daddy's dead, and a' that,  
He's snugly laid aneath the yird,  
An' I'm his heir, an' a' that.  
An' a' that, an' a' that,  
I'm now a laird, an' a' that,  
His gear an' lan's at my comman',  
An' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me, wi' his dying breath,  
A dwellin'-house, an' a' that,  
A byre, a barn, an' wabs o' claith,  
A big peat-stack, an' a' that.



An' a' that, an' a' that,  
 A mare, a foal, an' a' that,  
 Sax tydie kye, a ca'f' forbye,  
 An' twa pet ewes, an' a' that.

yard, a meadow, lang braid leas,  
 An' stacks o' corn, an' a' that,  
 closed weel wi' thorns an' trees,  
 An' carts, an' cars, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,  
 A plough an' graith, an' a' that,  
 Gude harrows twa, cock, hens an' a',  
 An' far mae things than a' that.

ye heaps o' claise for ilka days,  
 An' Sundays too, an' a' that,  
 e bills and bonds on lairds o' lands,  
 An' siller, gowd, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,  
 What think ye, lass, o' a' that,  
 What want I now, my dainty dow,  
 But just a wife to a' that?

ow Jenny she laid her lufe in liis,  
 Said she'd tak' him wi' a' that;  
 he gied her a sappy kiss,  
 An' he dauted her, an' a' that.

An' a' that, an' a' that,  
 They set the day, an' a' that,

When she'd gang hame, to be his dame,  
To ha'e a rant, an' a' that.



*Todlin Hame.*

Whan I've a sixpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:  
But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by;  
O! poverty parts good company.

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
Cou'dna my love come todlin hame?

Fair fa' the good-wife, and send her good sale,  
She gie's us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
Syne if her tippeny chance to be sma',  
We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa.'

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
Cou'dna my love come todlin hame?

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet;  
And ay whan we waken'd we drank them dry:  
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin butt and todlin ben,  
And round as a neep come todlin hame.

Leeze me on good liquor, my todlin dow,  
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd whan weeting your mo

When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,  
 That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairnies and me;  
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
 When round as a neep you come todlin hame.



*My Native Caledonia.*

Sair, sair was my heart, when I parted frae my Jean,  
 And sair, sair I sigh'd, while the tears stood in my  
 e'en,

For my daddy is but poor, an' my fortune is sae sma',  
 It gars me leave my native Caledonia.

When I think on the days now gane, and sae happy  
 I ha'e been,

While wand'ring wi' my dearie where the primrose  
 blaws unseen,

'm wae to leave my lassie, an' my daddy's cot ava,  
 Or to leave the healthful braes of Caledonia.

But wherever I wander, still happy be my Jean,  
 Nae care disturb her bosom, where peace has ever  
 been,

Then tho' ills on ills befa' me, for her I'll bear  
 them a',

Tho' aft I'll heave a sigh for Caledonia.

But should riches e'er be mine, and my Jeanie still  
 be true,  
 Then blaw, ye fav'ring breeze, till my native land  
 I view;  
 Then I'll kneel on Scotia's shore, while the heartfule  
 tear shall fa',  
 And I'll never leave my Jean, nor Caledonia.

~~~~~

The Lass of Woodhouselee.

How aft by Roslin's aged beild
 I've wander'd where the Esk distils,
 An' aft I've climb'd, wi' weary feet,
 The bleak bare face o' Pentland hills.
 But, oh! on them nae mair I'll rove,
 Nor frac them view the rowin sea:
 Nor will I e'er behold again
 The lass that liv'd near Woodhouselee.
 Oh! mony a rough, rough blast will blaw,
 An' mony a flower will grace the green,
 An' mony a bonny lassie yet
 In Caledonia will be seen;
 But rougher blasts will never blaw,
 Than brought death's tidings unto me;
 Nor ever flower spring up again
 Like her that liv'd near Woodhouselee.

The summer's sun may mildly shine,
 An' winter's moon may grace the night,
 The sea may row its softest waves,
 But these can ne'er my heart delight.

How can I e'er be glad again,
 If all of life is ta'en frae me?
 Oh! I will wander waefu' still
 For her that liv'd near Woodhouselee.

Oh! I ha'e seen the morning sun,
 The highest heath'ry mountain gild,
 An' I ha'e seen his downward ray
 Darting upon the waving field:
 But soon the dark-red clouds convene,
 The thunders roll an' light'nings flee:
 Oh! sic has been my waefu' fate
 For her wha liv'd near Woodhouselee.

~~~~~

*A Man's a Man for a' that.*

As there for honest poverty,  
 Wha hangs his head and a' that,  
 The coward slave we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
 The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that;  
 Gi'e fools their silk, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that,  
 An honest man, though ne'er sae poor,  
 Is chief o' men for a' that.  
 Ye see yon birkie, ea'd a lord,  
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that,  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a cuif for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His ribband, star, and a' that,  
 A man of independent mind  
 Can look and laugh at a' that.  
 The king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that.  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid-faith he maunna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His dignities and a' that:  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are grander far than a' that.  
 Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it shall, for a' that,

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that;  
 'Tis coming yet for a' that,  
 When man and man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brithers be and a' that.



*Again rejoicing Nature sees.*

Again rejoicing nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
 Wi' joy the tentie seedman stalks,  
 But life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,  
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry,  
 The stately swan majestic swims,  
 And every thing is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shrill,  
 Wi' wild, unequal wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.  
 And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.  
 Come, winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me.

~~~~~

'Tis past! the pangs of love are past
 'Tis past! the pangs of love are past,
 I love, I love no more;
 Yet who would think I am, at last,
 More wretched than before?
 How blest, when first my heart was freed
 From love's tormenting eare,
 If cold indifference did succeed,
 Instead of fierce despair!
 But, ah! how ill is he releas'd,
 Tho' love a tyrant reigns,
 When the successor in his breast
 Redoubles all his pains!

In vain attempts the woeful wight
 That would despair remove;
 His little finger has more weight
 Than all the loins of love.

Thus the poor wretch that left his dome
 With spirit foul accurst,
 Found sev'n, returning late, at home,
 More dreadful than the first.
 Well hop'd I, once, that constancy
 Might soften rigour's frown,
 Could from the chains of hate set free,
 And pay my ransom down.

But, ah! the judge is too severe,
 I sink beneath his ire;
 The sentence is gone forth, to bear
 Despair's eternal fire.
 The hopes of sinners in the day
 Of grace their fears abate;
 But ev'ry hope flies far away,
 When mercy shuts her gate.

The smallest alms could not suffice
 Love's hunger to assuage;
 Despair, the worm that never dies,
 Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

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'Tis past! the pangs of love are past;
 I love, I love no more;
 Yet who would think I am, at last,
 More wretched than before?

~~~~~  
*The Sun in the West.*

The sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'enin';  
 Ilk morning blinks cheerfu' upon the green lee;  
 But, ah! on the pillow o' sorrow ay leanin',  
 Nae mornin', nae e'enin', brings pleasure to me.  
 O! waefu' the parting, when, smiling at danger,  
 Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;  
 Cauld, cauld, now he lies in a land amang strang  
 Frae friends and frae Helen for ever away.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin'  
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,  
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin',  
 And laid him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain.  
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' its cleidin',  
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;  
 But naething, alas! can e'er hale my heart bleid  
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

~~~~~  
Will ye gang o'er the lee rig.

Will ye gang o'er the lee rig,
 My ain kind darie, O;

An' cuddle there fu' kindly
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!
 At thorny bush, or birken tree,
 We'll daff, an' never weary, O;
 They'll scug ill e'en frae you an' me,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Nae herd wi' kent or eolly, there
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
 While ithers herd their lambs an' ewes,
 An' toil for warld's gear, my joe,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.
 At gloaming, if my lane I be,
 Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O,
 An' mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
 Whan absent frae my dearie, O;
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
 Unraptur'd, a' my cares I seorn,
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.
 Far thro' the birks the burnie rows,
 Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,
 Upon the bonnie greensward howes,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O.

I've courted till I've heard the crow
 Of honest chanticleerie, O,
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er sae dark,
 An' I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

While in this weary warld o' wae,
 This wilderness sae drearie, O,
 What mak's me blythe, an' keeps me sae?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

~~~~~

### *The Exile of Erin's Return.*

Tune—*Erin go Bragh.*

O'er the hills of Slieve-galen, as homeward he wa-  
 der'd,

The Exile of Erin oft paus'd with delight;  
 To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd,

As each well-known object return'd to his sight.

Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light-hearted,

Here was the bower where with love he first smarted

And here was the old oak, where, when he departed

He carv'd his last farewell, 'twas "Erin go bragh."

his heart wild was beating, when softly assail'd him,  
 The sound of a harp—O! he listen'd with joy!  
 His quick'ning emotions his visage reveal'd them,  
 And the fire of his country beam'd strong from his  
 eye!

A sweet female voice soon the love-strains attended;  
 'Twas dear to his fond soul, that o'er it suspended,  
 With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,  
 Sung soft to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,  
 "Now doom'd far from me and his country to  
 mourn,

perhaps in the cold bed of death ev'n he slumbers:  
 Ah, my soul, canst thou think he shall never return!  
 Yes, he shall, for he lives, and, his past woes re-  
 dressing,

his country shall claim him with smiles and cares-  
 sing,  
 and, lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce her his  
 blessing,

That country which wrong'd him, his Erin go bragh.

As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,  
 And form'd was his bosom for friendship and love;  
 But, call'd by his country, still swift to defend her,  
 Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he'd move!

That ardour of passion for me that he pleaded,  
 By what female breast could it have been unheeded.  
 The love of his country alone could exceed it,

For still his first wish was for Erin go bragh.

This Harp, on whose strings oft he rous'd each emotion,

Unrivall'd the soft tones of feeling to draw,  
 He left me, the pledge of his heart's true devotion.

And bade me oft strike it to ' Erin go bragh.'  
 On it, oft I've dream'd, that he sat in this bower,  
 And touch'd the sad tale of his exile with power,  
 Each soul-glowing patriot the strains did devour,  
 Struck full to the magic of Erin go bragh!

But cease, ye vain dreams! for at morn still I love  
 him,

And cease, my false hopes! for my griefs must  
 main."

" No, they must not! (he cried, and he rush'd  
 her bosom)

Your Exile's return'd to his Erin again.  
 Now fall'n are th' oppressors that sought to despoil  
 me,

Love, friendship, and Erin, shall henceforth employ  
 me;"

" 'Tis himself!" she exclaim'd, " O, ye powers!  
 o'erjoy me;

Then blest be my country, blest Erin go bragh!

*My Love she's but a Lassie yet.*

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet:  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 she'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 I rue the day I sought her, O!  
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.  
 The deil's got in our lasses now;  
 The deil's got in our lasses now;  
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,  
 Sude faith! they make us asses now—  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,  
 Whene'er I spake, she turn'd her back,  
 And sneer'd—Ye're mair than forty, O,  
 Sae sleet she look'd and pawky too!  
 Sae sleet she look'd and pawky too!  
 Tho' 'cross a field I gaed to woo,  
 I'm hame come back a gawky now!  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,  
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.

*The Bonny Blue Bonnet.*

O whare gat ye that bonny blue bonnet?

O silly blind body, canna ye see?

I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,

Atween Saint Johnstown and bonny Dundee.

And O, gin I saw but the laddie that gae me't!

Fu' aft has he doudl'd me on o' his knce;

But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's;

O gin he was back to his minny and me!

My heart has na room when I think on my dawty,

His dear rosy haffets bring tears in my c'e;

But now he's awa', and I dinna ken whare he's;

Gin we could ance meet, we'se ne'er part till we  
die.

And O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan!

Fu' aft as he doudl'd me on o' his knce;

But now he's awa', and I dinna ken whare he's;

O gin he was back to his minny and me.

~~~~~

Willy's Rare.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,

And Willy's wondrous bonny;

And Willy hecht to marry me,

Gin e'er he married ony.

O, gin e'er he married ony.

Restreen I made my bed fu' braid
 The night I'll mak' it narrow;
 For a' the live-lang winter's night,
 I lie twin'd o' my marrow.
 Came you by yon water side,
 Pu'd you the rose and lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green,
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?
 He sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him broad and narrow,
 Yne in the clifing o' a craig.
 She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.



How hard's the fate of Womankind.

How hard's the fate of womankind,
 When I think on't, for a' that;
 Though they meet a laddie to their mind.
 They darena tell't, for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 Though they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
 They dare na tell, for a' that.

The world's sae censorious grown,
 When I think on't, for a' that.

Gars us conceal our sentiments,
 And say we hate, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 Though we lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
 We dare na tell, for a' that.

But I was never ane o' these
 That play the fool, and a' that;
 For the lad lo'es me that I like best,
 And he'll be mine, for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonny lad that I lo'e best,
 Shall be my ain, for a' that.

And now we're married, and do live
 In plenty, peace, and a' that;
 I'm happy in my laddie's arms,
 Baith night and day, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonny lad that I lo'e best
 Is now my ain, for a' that.

The Old Man's Song.

Tunc—*Dumbarton Drums.*

O! why should old age so much wound us, O,
 There's nothing in't all to confound us, O,

For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.
 We began in the world wi' naething, O,
 And we've jogg'd on and toil'd for the ae thing, O,
 We made use of what we had,
 And our thankful hearts were glad,
 When we got the bit meat and the cleathing, O.
 We had liv'd all our lifetime contented, O,
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O;
 'Tis truc we've been but poor,
 And we are so to this hour,
 That we never repin'd nor lamented, O.
 We ne'er thought of schemes to be wealthy, O,
 By ways that were cunning or stealthy, O,
 But we always had the bliss,
 And what further could we wiss,
 To be pleas'd wi' ourselves, and be healthy, O.
 That tho' we canna boast of our guineas, O,
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O,
 And these, I'm certain, are
 More desirable by far,
 Than a pock full of poor yellow sleenies, O.
 We have seen many wonder and ferlie, O,
 Changes that almost are yearly, O,

Among rich folks up and down,
 Both in country and in town,
 Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.

Then why should people brag of prosperity, O,
 A straighten'd life we see is no rarity, O,
 Indeed we've been in want,
 And our living been but scant,
 Yet we never were reduc'd to need charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,
 Where we've long been a father and mither, O,
 And, tho' not of stone and lime,
 It will last us a' our time,
 And, I hope, we shall never need anither, O.

And when we leave this habitation, O,
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O,
 We'll go hand and hand, I wiss,
 To a better house than this,
 To make some room for the next generation, O.

Then why should old age so much wound us, O,
 There is naething in it all to confound us, O,
 For how happy now am I,
 With my old wife sitting by,
 And our bairns and our oys all around us, O.

*Farewell dear Glencowden.*Tune—*Humours of Glen.*

farewell dear Glencowden, where, to airy measures,
 The streamlet meanders from shade unto shade,
 Here Nature, uncultur'd, counts o'er her sweet
 treasures,

In the lap of rude accident carelessly spread.
 What grander by far are the ivy-bound tresses,
 That wave from the shoulders of yon summit grey,
 Than all the vain pomp, and the fanciful dresses,
 That wide in the garden their foliage display.

None, dearer to me is the copse of green hazel,
 Where blooms the pale primrose, besprinkled with
 dew.

Here no foot is pourtray'd but the foot of the weasel,
 From its crevice sly peeping, its prey to pursue,
 Than all the sweet vistas, with chaplets of roses,
 That lead on the eye to some prospect afar,
 Here nature, constrain'd, on the terrace reposes,
 With formal improvements for ever at war.

None, dearer by far are thy broom cover'd shoulders,
 Where nestles the linnet, or warbles her song,
 Than starts from her spray, when the precipice moulders,
 And aloud to the echo does ruin prolong.

D

Yes, dearer than all that weak symmetry fancies,
 Constrain'd decorations that never can please,
 When the eye, as 'twere, fetter'd, onward advances
 No wild deviation affording release.

But, ah! why count over the charms of Glencowden
 The charms of Glencowden are pains unto me
 These scenes of my youth! in my bosom thick crowding,
 Will murder my peace, tho' far distant I be.

Then oft will the pleasures I felt at the nutting
 Thy green spreading hazel, with clusters so fair
 Return o'er my mind when, low pensively sitting
 I brood o'er each prospect of sorrow and care.

To gain the sweet purple that glow'd on the bramble
 Or peep'd at the linnet that chirp'd on the spray
 Now thy rugged sides I would fearlessly scramble
 And chide my companions for timid delay.
 Philosophers, tell me, how I may behind me
 Leave all the soft pleasures I oft tasted there;
 Nor drop (tho' reflection should draw to remind me)
 For their loss the slight tribute they ask of a tear.

Ah! there all your sophistry shrinks from the quest
 In vain you pretend that affection is wrong:
 The eye of endearment delights still to tease me,
 And doat on those scenes it would wish to prolong.

en farewell Glencowden, tho' destin'd to wander,
 Far far from thy covert to yon distant scene;
 ng long in my ear shall thy streamlets meander,
 And the boughs of thy bushes long wave in thy
 stream!



Life ay has been a weary roun'.

e ay has been a weary roun',
 Whare expectation's bluntet,
 are hope gets mony a eraeket crown,
 An' patience sairly duntet.
 ung the road rins hirplin down
 Beside negleetit merit,
 ase heart gies mony a weary stoun',
 An' broken is his spirit.

t de'il may care, tho' fate whiles glooms,
 Gae lassie, heat the water:
 ' fate we'll never fash our thumbs,
 But gar the gill-stoup elatter.
 eh is a sea where eare ne'er sooms,
 But pleasure rides it rarely;
 'll fill again whan this ane tooms,
 Then let us set till't fairly.

*Her Blue Rollin' E'e.*Tune—*The Banks of the Devon.*

My lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning
 Wi' gowans an' primroses ilka green lee;
 Tho' tender's the violet, new-blawn i' the mornin'
 As tender an' sweet is her blue rollin' e'e.
 O say, what is whiter than snaw on the mountain
 O what wi' the red-rose in beauty can vie?
 Yes! whiter her bosom than snaw on the mountain
 And bonnie her face as the red-rose can be.

See yon lovely cottage that stands by the wild wood
 Hedg'd round wi' the sweet-briar an' green willow
 tree,

'Twas yonder I spent the sweet hours of my childho
 An' first felt the pow'r o' a love-rolling e'e.
 Tho' soon frae my hame an' my lassie I wander'd
 Tho' lang I've been tossin' on Fortune's rough sea
 Ay dear was the valley where Etterick meander'd,
 Ay dear was the blink o' her blue rollin' e'e.

O for the ev'nin'! and O for the hour!
 When down by yon broom-wood she promis'd
 be,

When, quick as the summer-dew dries on the flow
 A' earthly affections an' wishes will flee!

et art an' let nature display their proud treasures,
 Let paradise boast o' what ance it could gi'e;
 If riches are greater, mair sweet are my pleasures.
 In the heart-meltin' blink o' my lassie's blue e'e.



Jenny's Bawbee.

met four chaps yon birks amang,
 wi' hanging lugs and faces lang;
 spier'd at neibour Baldy Strang,

What are these we see?

nooth he, ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel'
 thinks himsel cunning' as the de'il,
 and here they cam' awa' to steal

Jenny's bawbee.

he first, a captain to his trade,
 wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
 arch'd round the barn, and by the shed,

And papped on his knee:

nooth he, my goddess, nymph and queen,
 your beauty's dazzled baith my een!
 at de'il a beauty he had seen

But Jenny's bawbee.

Norland laird neist trotted up,
 wi' bassen'd naig and siller whip!

Cried, here's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie him to a tree.

What's gowd to me, I've walth o' lan'—
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.

He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab;
O ilk ane's corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
But now he thought to clout his gown

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce. just frae the washin' tubs,
A fool cam' neist, but life has rubs;
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And sair besmear'd was he:

He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,
And grinn'd, I'faith, a bonny lass,
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig;
The fool he cried, " Tee-hee!

kend that I could never fail;
 at she prinn'd the dishclout to his tail,
 and cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
 And kept her bawbee.

then Johnie cam', a lad o' sense,
 although he had no mony pence;
 and took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee.

Now Johnie was a clever chiel',
 and here his suit he press'd sae weel,
 that Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
 And she birl'd her bawbee.

~~~~~

*The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

onny lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 onny lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
 and o'er the crystal streamlets plays;  
 come let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

onny lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 onny lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
     In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
     The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers  
     The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
     In the birks of Aberfeldy.



*The Boatie Rows.*

O weel may the boatie 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.

coost my line in Largo Bay,  
 And fishes I catch'd nine;  
 There wcre three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And thrce to bait the line.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed,  
 And happy be the lot o' a',  
 Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,  
 And buys our parritch meal.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed,  
 And happy be the lot o' a',  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,  
 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.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,  
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;

I trow my heart was douf and wae,  
 When Jamie gade awa'.  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part,  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie  
 Are up, and gotten lear,  
 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 row to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before.  
 Then weel may the boatie row,  
 She wins the bairnis' bread;  
 And happy be the lot o' a',  
 That wish the boatie speed.

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F I N I S.