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# Popular Songs.

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Coming through the rye.  
Say, my heart, why wildly beating.  
When I was an infant.  
Jockie to the fair.  
Katty O'Lynch.  
There was a jolly miller.



KILMARNOCK:  
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# POPULAR SONGS.

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## COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

IF a body meet a body comin' through the rye,  
If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Nane, they say hae I!  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me  
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain

I dearly loe' mysel',  
But whare his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the town,  
If a body greet a body, need a body frown?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,  
Nane they say hae I!  
Yet a' the lads they smile on me  
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train, &c.

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## SAY, MY HEART, WHY WILDLY BEATING.

SAY, my heart, why wildy beating,  
Dost thou such emotion prove?

Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,  
Fear his truth, or doubt his love?

No, fondly no, my bosom sighs!

No, gently no, my heart replies.

Then, fond heart, be silent ever,

Be thy wild emotion o'er;

For with doubt and fearing never

Shalt thou throb—no, no, no, never more,

No, no, no, never never more.

Light of life, and life's best blessing

Is the love that meets return;

Shall I, that rich boon possessing,

E'er the matchless blessing spurn?

No, fondly no, my bosom sighs!

No, gently no, my heart replies.

Then be joy my inmate ever,

Since each anxious dread is o'er,

For with fear and doubting never

Shall it throb—no, no, no, never more,

No, no, no, never never more.

### WHEN I WAS AN INFANT.

WHEN I was an infant, mammy would say,

I'd when older,

Be a soldier!

Rattles and toys, I threw them away,

Unless a gun or a sabre.

When a youngker, up I grew,

Saw one day a grand review,

Colours flying,  
 Set me dying,  
 To embark in life so new.  
 Roll drums merrily, march away,  
 Soldiers' glory  
 Lives in story,  
 His laurels are green when his locks are grey!  
 Then hey for the life of a soldier.

Listed—to battle I march'd along,  
 Courting danger,  
 Fear a stranger;  
 The cannon beat time to the trumpet's song,  
 And made my heart a hero's.  
 'Charge!' the gallant leaders cry;  
 On like lions then we fly,  
 Blood and thunder,  
 Foes knock under,  
 Then huzza for a victory.  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp?  
 Battle over,  
 Live in clover,  
 Care and his cronies are forc'd to tramp;  
 And all is social pleasure.  
 Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,  
 Time goes gaily on the wing.  
 Smiles of beauty,  
 Sweeten duty,  
 And each private is a king!  
 Roll drums merrily, &c.

## JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,  
 When Nature painted all things gay,  
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,  
 And gild the meadows fair!  
 Young Jockie with the early dawn,  
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
 For Jenny had vow'd away to run  
 With Jockie to the fair;  
 For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung;  
 With eager steps he trudg'd along;  
 While flow'ry garlands round him hung,  
 Which shepherds us'd to wear:  
 He tapp'd the window, Haste, my dear:  
 Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there?  
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
 With Jockie to the fair;  
 Step gently down, &c.

My dad and man are fast asleep,  
 My brother's up and with the sheep,  
 And will you still your promise keep,  
 Which I have heard you swear?  
 And will you ever constant prove?  
 I will, by all the powers above;  
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove;  
 Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,  
 With Jockie to the fair.  
 Dispel these doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,  
 Will Jenny be my charming bride,  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
 And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockie did his vows renew,  
 He would be constant, would be true ;  
 His word was pledg'd, away she flew,  
 O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 O'er cowslips, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful throng,  
 Their gay companions blythe and young,  
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,  
 To hail the happy pair ;  
 In turns there's none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 When lovely Jenny, &c.

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### KATTY O'LYNCH.

SWEET Katty O'Lynch lived at Ballinahinch,  
 And her sweetheart was called Mister Casey ;  
 How sweetly she'd cry, as he'd constantly sigh,  
 Oh ! Paddy now can't you be easy !  
 And don't be coming over me with your  
 Tu ral lal la, tu ral, &c.

Oh! Paddy now can't you be easy,  
 One morning, 'twas own'd, in her chamber  
 he found

A man that was not Mister Casey;  
 Arrah! who's this, says he? 'tis my brother, says  
 she:

Oh! Katty, now can't you be easy,  
 And don't be coming over me with your  
 Tu ral lal, &c.

The next time they met, she cried out in a pet,  
 Arrah! Paddy you've drove me quite crazy;  
 Since you are the boy, won't you marry me, joy.

Marry you, marry you,  
 Arrah! Katty now can't you be easy,  
 And don't be coming over me with your  
 Tu ral lal, &c.

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## THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller  
 Ance liv'd on the river Dee;  
 He work'd and sung from morn till night,  
 No lark more blythe than he:  
 And thus the burthen of his song  
 For ever us'd to be,  
 I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 If no one cares for me.

I live by my mill, how happy I,  
 She's kindred, child, and wife ;

I would not change my station  
 For any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,  
 E'er had a groat from me ;

I care for nobody, no, not I,  
 If nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career,  
 Oh how his heart grows gay ;

No summer drouth alarms his fears,  
 Nor winter's sad decay.

No foresight mars the miller's joy,  
 Who's wont to sing and say,

Let others toil from year to year,  
 I live from day to day.

Thus, like the miller bold and free,

Let us rejoice and sing,

The days of youth are made for glee,  
 And time is on the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee,  
 Along this jovial ring ;

Let heart and voice and all agree,  
 To say long live the king.

FINIS.