

A

NEW SONG,

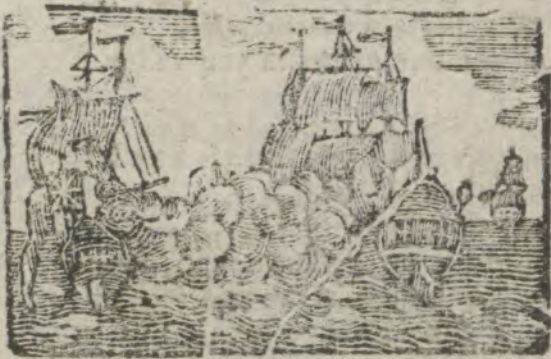
CALLED

ORAL VALLEY

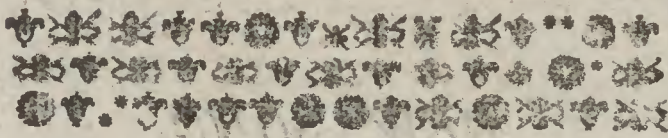
To which are added,

*My Only Joe And Deary O,*

*Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon.*



Stirling, Printed by C. RANDALL: 1809.



ORAL VALLEY.

**O**RAL valley's a curious vale  
And a tree grows in yon valley,  
Down in yon tree there is a bough,  
Oral bough: curious bough,  
The bough in the tree,  
And the tree grows in yon valley,  
Oral valley's a curious vale,  
And the tree grows in yon valley.

Down in yon bough there is a branch,  
Oral branch: curious branch,  
The branch in the bough,  
And the bough in the tree,  
And the tree grows in yon valley,  
Oral valley's a curious vale,  
And the tree grows in yon valley.

Down on yon branch there is a nest,  
Oral nest: curious nest,  
The nest on the branch,  
And the branch in the bough,  
And the bough in the tree,  
And the tree grows in yon valley,  
Oral valley's a curious vale,  
And the tree grows in yon valley,

Down in yon nest there is an egg,  
 Oral egg, curious egg,  
 The egg in the nest,  
 And the nest on the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.

In yon egg there is a bird,  
 Oral bird, curious bird,  
 The bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest on the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the the tree grows in yon valley.

Upon yon bird there is wing,  
 Oral wing curious wing,  
 The wing on the bird,  
 And the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest on the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,

Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.

In yon wing there grows a feather,  
 Oral feather curious feather,  
 The feather in the wing,  
 And the wing on the bird,  
 And the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest in the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.

With yon feather there was made a bed,  
 Oral bed, curious bed  
 The bed o' the feather,  
 And the feather in the wing,  
 And the wing on the bird,  
 And the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest in the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,

In yon bed there lyes a las,  
 Oral las curious las,  
 The las on the bed,  
 And the bed o' the feather,  
 And the feather in the wing,  
 And the wing in the bird,  
 And the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest in the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.

Beside yon las there lyes a lad,  
 Oral lad, curious lad,  
 The lad on the las,  
 And the las on the bed,  
 And the bed o' the feather,  
 And the feather in the wing,  
 And the wing on the bird,  
 And the bird in the egg,  
 And the egg in the nest,  
 And the nest on the branch,  
 And the branch in the bough,  
 And the bough in the tree  
 And the tree grows in yon valley,  
 Oral valley's a curious vale,  
 And the tree grows in yon valley.

MY ONLY JOE AND DEARY O.

**T**HY checks are of the roſie hue,  
 my only Joe and Deary O,  
 Thy neck is o' the ſilver dew,  
 upon the banks o' Briery O,  
 Thy teeth are o' the Ivory,  
 how ſweets the twinkle O thine e'e,  
 Nae joy nor pleaſure blinks on me,  
 like you my Joe and Deary O.

When we was bairnies on yon brae,  
 and youth was blinking bonny O,  
 And we wad daff the lee lang day,  
 wi' joys baith cheap and mony O,  
 And I wad chace ye o'er the lee,  
 and round about yon thorny tree,  
 And pu' the wild flowers a' to thee,  
 my only Joe and Deary O.

The little bird ſits on yon thorn,  
 and ſings wi' joy fu' cheery O,  
 Rejoicing in each ſummer morn,  
 nae cares to make it weary O.  
 But little ken's yon ſangſter ſweet,  
 of a' the cares I ha'e to meet,  
 Which gars this reſtleſs boſom beat,  
 for thee my Joe and Deary O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tane,  
 amang a' the cares that grieves me O,  
 I wish that you wer't ever mine,  
 and never mair to leave me O.  
 Then I wad dat you night and day,  
 nae eicher worldly cares to hae,  
 Till life's warm streams forget to play,  
 on thee my Joe and Deary O.

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 The Braes of Bonny Doon.

**Y**E banks and braes of bonny Doon,  
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 while I'm so wae and fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart ye little birds,  
 that wanton thro' the flow'ring-thorn,  
 Ye mind me of departed jovs,  
 departed never to return.

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,  
 to see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 Where ilka bird sung o'er its note,  
 and cheerfully I join'd with mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pull'd a rose,  
 a rose out of yon thorny tree

But my false love has stown the rose,  
and left the thorn behind to me.

Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,  
and draw the wild birds by the burn  
For Luman promis'd me a ring,  
and ye maun aid me should I mourn.

Ah! na, na, na ye needna mourn,  
my een are dim and drowfy worn  
Ye bonny birds ye needna sing,  
for Luman never can return.

My Luman's love in broken sighs,  
at dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear,  
And mid-day by the willow green,  
for him I'll shed a silent tear.

Sweet birds I ken ye'll pity me,  
and join me wi' a plaintive sang,  
While echo wakes and joins the mane,  
I mak for him I lo'ed fae lang.

F I N I S