

FASHIONABLE SONGS.

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
 We scorn'd the foreign yoke
 Our ships were British oak,
 Hearts of oak our men.
 Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home or beauty;
 Along the line this signal ran—
 England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty.

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore,
 Our Nelson led the way,
 His ship the Vict'ry nam'd ;
 Long be that Vict'ry fam'd !
 For vict'ry crown'd the day !
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought
 For England, home, and beauty ;
 He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran—
 England expects that every man
 This day will do his duty.

At last the fatal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The hero's breast receiv'd ;
 Heav'n fights on our side,
 The day's our own, he cried ;
 Now long enough I've liv'd !
 In honour's cause my life was past,
 In honour's cause I fall at last
 For England, home, and beauty !
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confess'd that ev'ry man
 That day had done his duty.

•TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone ;

No flower of her kindred—no rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the
stem;

Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with
them.

Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and
dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle the gems drop
away.

When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are
flown,

Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone?

THE BONNIE WEE ROSEBUD.

A bonnie wee rosebud grows down by yon burnie,
A bonnie wee rosebud as e'er you did see;

Wi' saft silken leaves, underneath a green thornie:
O spare the wee rosebud! O spare it for me!

The redbreast sings wanton around this sweet
posie,

Fond, fond to make love doth the wee birdie
flee.

Sure nane'd be sae cruel as steal frae my breastie,
'This bonnie wee rosebud—O spare it for me!

How fain would I change for the wee birdie's station !

How blythe wad I peep 'neath the green thorny tree !

Enraptur'd to muse, and transported to gaze on

This bonnie wee rosebud—O spare it for me !

O hasten the moment, blest moment of pleasure,

When lock'd to my breast the wee rosebud will be,

United for ever, my soul's dearest treasure—

Do spare the wee rosebud, spare, spare it for me !

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale :

Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale ;

All the blue bonnets are over the border.

Many a banner spread flutters above your head,

Many a crest that is famous in story ;

Mount and make ready then, sons of the mountain glen,

Fight for your Queen, and the old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing ;

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing :
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
 bow.

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bound-
 ing:—

Stand to your arms and march in good order:
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody
 fray,

When the blue bonnets came over the border.



LOCH-NA-GARR.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake re-
 poses,

If still they are sacred to freedom and love.
 Yes, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits tho' elements war,
 Tho' cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing
 fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wan-
 der'd;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid:
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I stray'd through the pine cover'd glade.
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale!
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland
dale.

Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist ga-
thers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-
garr.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown,
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie.

The rosebud, ting'd wi' morning showers,
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 whisper'd modestly, and said,
 "I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."
 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.



SWEET JENNY, THE MAID OF THE MOOR.

THE lasses of Scotland are bonnie and free;
 The maidens of Erin are fair;
 The sweet girls of Britain are lovely to see—
 And let them deny it who dare;
 But the fairest of lasses that all those surpasses,
 Is Jenny, the maid of the moor.
 Sweet Jenny, dear Jenny,
 Sweet Jenny, the maid of the moor.

The lasses of Scotland are tender and true;
 The maidens of Erin are kind;
 The sweet girls of Britain can monarchs subdue,
 And lovely in person and mind:

Yet the fairest of lasses, that all those surpasses,
Is Jenny, the maid of the moor.

Sweet Jenny, dear Jenny,
Sweet Jenny, the maid of the moor.

The lasses of Scotland are fam'd far and near ;
The maidens of Erin breathe love ;
The sweet girls of Britain to Britons are dear,
And soft as the down on the dove :
Still the fairest of lasses, that all those surpasses,
Is Jenny, the maid of the moor.

Sweet Jenny, dear Jenny,
Sweet Jenny, the maid of the moor.

CEASE YOUR FUNNING.

Cease your funning, force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan ;
All these sallies are but malice,
To seduce my constant man.

'Tis most certain, by their flirting,
Women oft have envy shown ;
Pleas'd to ruin other's wooing,
Never happy in their own.

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