

A New Song
IN PRAISE OF BURNS,
ON ETRICK BANKS,

Andrew Carr,

AND

While the stormy winds do blow.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

PRINTERS, STIRLING.

A NEW SONG

IN PRAISE OF BURNS.

LANG fam'd RAB BURNS ilk lassie mourns,
Aye since he's gane awa',
His presence did a' grief forbid,
He cheer'd the lasses a'.
Nae mair he'll chant—wi' neighbours rant,
O'er flowing bowls at e'en,
Awa' he's gane to his lang hame,
And left his Bonny Jean.

His memory dear will still us cheer,
I'll sing the praise of BURNS,
Ilk laddie here and lassie dear,
Must mingle with the worms.
Uncertain man's life's but a span,
How oftentimes we've seen
The fairest flower in Nature's bower
Kill'd in the bud when green.

You nymphs and swains among the plains,
And birds in ilka tree,
Ye meadows green and fairy queer,
And sailors on the sea,
Loud blaw the fame o' him that's gane,
Beside the lads in urns,

Brave Scotia's boys will still rejoice
To hear the nanie o' BURNS.

Frae morn till night my head grows light
To hear the lasses sing,
His bonnie sang that we can bang,
It gars my lugs a' ring;
Its bonnie air can banish care
By ingle side at e'en;
Now cauld's the heart that ance did smart
Frae twa bewitching een.

ETRICK BANKS.

On Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
At gloaming, when the sheep drove hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot-a' her lane.
My heart grew light; I ran, and flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fu' lang,
My words they were na monie feck.
I said, My lassie will ye gang
To the Highland hills, some Earse to learn?
And I'll gie thee baith cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomielaw;

Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

A' day when we hae wrought enough
 When winter frosts and snaws begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er iika field,
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead her to my simmer bield.
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak the kindly heart their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

ANDREW CARR.

Down in yonder glen,
 There lives old Bessie Blench,
 And she had a daughter,
 A comely young wench,
 Scarce seventeen winters old,
 And she was sore afraid;

That she would no husband get,
And be forc'd to die a maid.

O mother I'll have a man,
If there be one to be had;
For there lives Andrew Carr,
A bonny bucksome lad,
He says he likes me well,
And what can I say mair?
O mother, if you think fit
The priest will mak us a pair.

Begone, you muckle gowk,
And a bonny pair you'll be,
For how do you think he can
Maintain himself and thee?
There's naething between you twa,
But the claes upon your back;
And when you married are,
There's many a thing you lack.

O mother you are cross,
As cross as you can be,
For there lives Peggy Patch,
She's twa years younger than me,
They had nae wealth of gear;
We hae as muckle as them,
And when they married were
You never did them blame.

O how could I them blame,

When I the case did read,
 For it was plainly seen.
 Young Roger had done the deed;
 And if you be free of him,
 As good-send you may be,
 If you wed Andrew Carr,
 You'll never get mair of me.

O mother, when you was young,
 When you was young and braw,
 Ye liked the lads as well
 As ony of us a';
 So you may haud your tongue,
 For you I winna believe,
 If you was as young again,
 You would be like the lave.

Coming from the fair,
 The bonny bucksome loon,
 He would come home with me,
 And so the deed was done:
 So he has done his worst,
 And you can do no more;
 And what care I for that,
 If I get Andrew Carr.

⊕ then says Bessie Blench,
 There has been muckle to do,
 For we will a' be sham'd
 If he'll no buckle to.

How durst you let the lowly
 Presume to play the fool?
 But for the fault he's done,
 He must ride the repenting-stool.

So Peg she held her tongue
 Till Bess she said nae mair;
 Then straightway they sent
 For spanky Andrew Carr.
 The clown he kept his word,
 And quickly came with speed;
 So now they married are,
 And free to do the deed.

CHOR.—Row de dow de dow, &c.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 Who guard our native seas,
 Who for these thousand years have bray'd
 The battle and the breeze;
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 And match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages long and loud,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers,
 Will start from every wave;
 The deck it was their field of fame,
 The ocean was their gravé;
 Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fought,
 Your manly hearts will glow,
 As you sweep thro' the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
 Her home is on the deep:
 With thunder from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below,
 As she sweeps through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.

The meteor-flag of England
 Must yet terrific burn,
 Till the stormy night of war depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then to our faithful mariners
 The social can shall flow,
 Who swept through the deep,
 While the stormy winds did blow.
 While the stormy winds, &c.

F I N I S.