

Five Excellent

6

LOVE SONGS,

CALLED,

- 1. My Galloping's all at an end.
- 2. The Banks of the Devon.
- 3. Blythe was She, &c.
- 4. Auld Langsyne.
- 5. Highland Mary.

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MY GALLOPING'S ALL
AT AN END.

YOU Sailors that plow on the main,
with the waters a glittering toy,
Keep your senses from falling asleep,
from Venus or Cupid's decoy.
Fair Helen, that Grecian Queen,
or the damsels who on her attend,
When you're married your courage is do
and your galloping's all at an end.

When that a young man is married,
and rolled in a marriage state,
He's curb'd all the days of his life,
Oh! but his sorrows are great:
His wife will his quarrels oppose,
and close to his heels will attend,
She'll cross him in spite of his nose,
and his galloping's all at an end.

If that I chance for to treat
a friend or a neighbour also,
My wife she will follow me straight,
and many bad words will bestow:

She says, you most damnable rogue,
your money why do you thus spend?
You look like a sot or a slave,
and your galloping's all at an end.

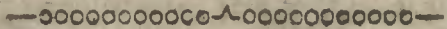
When my first child it was born,
they made up a great bill of charge;
The midwife and gossips came in,
and swell'd it out still very large:
At all this I'm very well pleas'd,
for what good Providence may send,
I find there is nothing astray,
but my galloping's all at an end.

Before Jockey entered marriage,
'twas he that was sprightly and gay,
Right taper and proud was his carriage,
and who was so airy as he!
But now since my uncle got married,
he can neither rove but nor ben,
He must stay at home with his wife,
his galloping's all at an end.

Now comes the jolly town-rake,
and thus he did merrily sing,
I will spend one shilling or more,
and toast a good health to the king.

No woman shall e'er me controul,
 for I will both borrow and lend;
 I'll live single until I grow old,
 and my galloping never shall end.

So lads be aware how you marry,
 I'd have you take pattern by me;
 I think it far better to tarry,
 and always live happy and free:
 If you have a shilling to spare,
 or yet half-a-crown for to lend,
 There's no one to stop your career,
 for your galloping never shall end.



BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding
 Devon,
 With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs
 blooming fair!

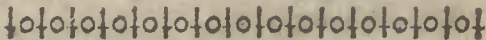
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the
 Devon,
 Was once a sweet bude on the braes of the
 Air.

Mild be the Sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
And far be' thou distant thou reptile that seizest
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lillie,
And England, triumphant, display her proud
rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

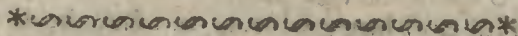


BLYTHE WAS SHE.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
on Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the bauks of Ern,
And blythe in Glen-turit glen.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 her smile was like a summer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 as light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.



AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 an' never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 an' days o' langsyne?

For auld langsyne, my dear;
 For auld langsyne;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 for auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 an' pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
 sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

We twa hae paidelt in the burn,
 whan simmer days were prime,
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 sin' auld langsyne.

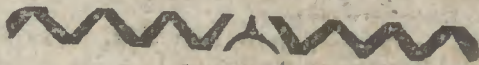
For auld langsyne, &c.

An' there's a hand, my trusty feire,
 an' gies a hand o'thine,
 An' we'll toum the cup to friendship's growth,
 an' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 as sure as I'll be mine,
 An' we'll tak a right gude willie waught
 for auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, my dear;
 for auld langsyne;
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 for auld langsyne.



HIGHLAND MARY.


YE banks and braes, and streams around
 the Castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
 your waters never drumlie:
 There simmer' first unfaulds her robes,
 and there they langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel-wings,
 flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 we tore ourselves asunder:
 But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 that nipt my flow'r so early;
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 that wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd fae fondly!
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 that dwelt on me fae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 that heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's care
 shall live my Highland Mary.

F I N I S.


 T. Johnston, Printer, Falkirk.