

BARRING O' THE DOOR.

THE SEA, THE SEA.

To which is added,

March to the battle-field.

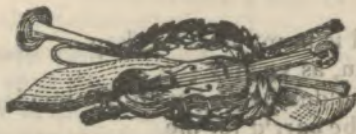
Go, Youth beloved.

The Maid of Judah.

My Wife's Dead.

Love is like a summer flower.

All's Well.



GLASGOW,

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BARRING O' THE DOOR.

THE SEA, THE SEA,
SONGS.

To which is added,

March to the battle-field.

Barrin' o' the Door.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
and a gay time it was than,
When our gudewife had puddings to mak,
and she boiled them in the pan.

The wind blew cauld frae north to south,
and blew into the floor;

Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
'get up and bar the door.'

'My band is in my hussif's skap
gudeman, as ye may see,
An' it shuldna be be barr'd this hunder year
It's ne be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa
They made it firm and sure,
Wha'er should speak the foremost word
would rise and bar the door.

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Then by there came two gentlemen
 at twelve o'clock at night,
 and they could neither see house nor hall
 Nor coal no, candle light.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether it is a poor
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak
 For barring o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 and then they ate the black;
 Though muckle thought the guidwife to hersel,
 Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other,
 Here, man, tak ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 and I'll kiss the guidwife.

But there's nae water in the house,
 and what shall we do than?
 What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
 That boils into the pan.

O then up started our gudeman,
 and an angry man was he,
 Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 and scad me wi' pudding-bree.

Then up and started our guidwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor:
 Gudeman ye've spoke the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the doer.

The Sea, the Sea.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
 Without a mark. without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
 It plays with the clouds it mocks the skies,
 Or like a cradled creature lies,
 I'm on the sea I'm on the sea,
 I an where I would ever be
 With the blue above and the blue below
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.
 If a storm should come and awake the deep
 (What matter what matter I shall ride and sleep)

I love O how I love to ride
 On the fierce foaming bursting tide
 when every mad wave drowns the moon
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou-west blast doth blow,
 I never was on the dull tame shore
 But I loved the great sea more and more,
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was and is to me,
 (For I was born was born on the open sea)

The waves were white, and red the moru,
 In the noisy hour when I was born
 And the whale it whistled; the porpoise roll'd,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As welcomed to life that ocean child.
 I have lived since then in calm and strife
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And Death whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come, shall come on the wide untounded
 sea
 And Death shall come on the wide unbounded
 se'.

March to the Battle Field.

March to the battle-field,
 The foe is now before us,
 Each heart is freedom's shield
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains the galling chains
 Which kept our spirits under
 In proud disdain we've broke again
 And torn each link asunder
 March to the battle-field, &c.

Who for his country brave,
 would fly from the invader;
 Who his base life to save
 Would traitor-like degrade her;
 Our hallow'd cause our home and laws
 Gainst tyrant power sustaining
 Well gain a crown of bright renown
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 March to the battle field &c.

Go, Youth beloved!

Go, youth beloved, to distant glades,
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find;
 Yet sometimes deign 'midst fairer maids,
 To think on hre thou leavest behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot;
 But thou may'st grant this humble prayer—
 Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.
 But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou require a soothing friend,
 Forget me not, forget me not.

The Maid of Judah.

No more shall the children of Judah sing
 The lay of a happier time ;
 Or strike the harp with the golden string
 Neath the sun of an eastern clime ;
 Or strike the harp with the golden string,
 Neath the sun of an eastern clime.

This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
 Though not in her father's bowers.
 So sweetly she sang as in sadness she stray'd,
 O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.
 No more shall the children of Judah, &c.

O where are the sons of mine ancient race,
 Who were born the jav'lin to bear !
 How fall'n is the city whose wreck I now trace,
 That once was so lovely and fair !
 The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
 Where once grew sweetest flowers ;
 Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
 While a ruin remains of thy towers !
 Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
 While a ruin remains of thy towers.
 No more shall the children of Judah &c.

My Wife's Dead.

My wife's dead—There let her lie—
 She's at rest—And so am I.

LOVE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

Love is like a summer flower,
 Blooming, drooping in an hour ;
 Rudely pressed, the flower will fade,—
 So will love, when once betrayed.

All's Well:

Deserted by the waning moon
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon
 On tower or fort or tented ground
 The sentry walks his lonely round;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way
 Who goes there stranger quickly tell
 A friend—the word. Good night, all's well

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck
 And while his thoughts oft homwards veer
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear—
 What cheer? brother quickly tell;
 Above—below. Good night ; all's well.