

THE
LEGACY;

To which is added,

The Sailor's Farewell,
The Highland Plaid,
JOCKEY'S FAR AWA,
AND
Gude forgi'e me for Lien'.



GLASGOW:

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The Legacy.

(A FAVOURITE SONG.)

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue while it linger'd here;
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To smoothe an eye so brilliant and bright,
For balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe its relict from morn till night.

When the light of my *sun* is o'er,
O! bear this harp to yon ancient hall,
Or hang it up at some friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call;
And if some bard who roams forsaken
Revive its soft notes while passing along,
O! let one thought of its master awaken
The warmest wish of the child of song.

Take this cup which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revels when I'm at rest,
Never, O! never its balm bestowing
On lips which beauty has seldom press'd;
Then if some warm devoted lover
To her he adores ere bath its brim,
O! then my spirit around shall hover
To hallow each wish that's form'd by him.

THE
SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

LOVE, I am come to take my leave,
Therefore my charming girl do not grieve,
For I am going to the Spanish shore,
To leave you my girl whom I adore,
To leave my charmer,
To leave my charmer,
To leave my charming girl whom I adore.

O Billy, Billy, hearken unto me,
How many ships there is lost at sea.
You'd be safer sleeping in your true love's arms,
Free from all dangers,
Free from all dangers,
Free from all dangers, and cold bitter storms.

No storms nor danger love, will I fear,
I will go to sea in a privateer,
And if I be spared to return in life,
I will make you my lawful wife.
There is one thing more that disturbs my mind,
Some other fine girl I'm afraid you'll find,
While you are sailing round the Spanish shore,
You ne'er will think,
You ne'er will think,
On your true love any more.

Now if ten thousand fine girls there should I see,
 There is none shall enjoy my poor heart but thee,
 Then, says Polly, since you'll be so true,
 I'll ne'er wed one,
 I'll ne'er wed one,
 My charmer but you.

Now these young couple then they did part,
 Few knows the grief of these two lover's hearts,
 He took shipping and away he went
 Leaving poor Polly in tears to lament.
 Now Fortune proved to him most kind,
 Sent him a fair and a prosperous wind,
 Sent him away from the Spanish shore,
 Unto his charmer,
 Unto his charmer,
 Whom he did adore.

You're welcome home my jewel from sea,
 Many a long night I've been dreaming of thee,
 When you was sailing round the Spanish shore,
 I never thought to see you any more;
 Now this couple's married as we do hear,
 In peace and plenty as it doth appear,
 She proved kind,
 She proved kind,
 He proved loyal unto his charmer,
 Whom he left behind,

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie wilt thou go,
 Whar the hills are clad wi' snow;
 Whar beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep;
 Nae ill, nor wae shall thee betide,
 I'll row thee in my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flow'rs,
 And busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,
 And lean us on the primrose bed,
 And while the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep an' goat,
 I will launch the bonny boat,
 Skim the loch in canty glee,
 And rest the oars to pleasure thee:
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;
 Lowland lads hae mair o' art,
 A' my boast's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall for ever be my pride—
 O row thee in my Highland plaid!

"Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
 "My heart would break at our fareweel,
 "Lang your love has made me fain,
 "O tak' me—tak' me for your ain!"
 Across the firth awa they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.



JOCKEY'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
 the woods wi' leaves sae green;
 And little birds, around their bow'rs,
 in harmon; convene.

The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,
 whilst saft the zephyrs blaw;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 when Jockey's far awa:

When Jockey's far awa at sea,
 when Jockey's far awa:

But what are a' thae joys to me,
 when Jockey's far awa.

Last May morn, how sweet to see
 the little lambkins play,
 Whilst my dear lad, along wi' me;
 did kindly walk this way.

On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pou'd,
 to busk my bosom braw;
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd; and aft he vow'd;
 but now he's far awa,
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
 bring Jockey to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 frae cruel war's alarms
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 as lang's we've breath to draw;
 Nae mair I'll sing, wi' aching heart,
 my Jockey's far awa.
 My Jockey's, &c.



GUDE FORGIE ME FOR LIEN'.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,
 An' sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 But I said, there was naething I hated like men,
 But O! what a fool to believe me.

A well stocket mailen, himsel' for the laird,
 A bridal aff hand was the proffer,
 I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd;
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black'een,
 An' how for my love he was dien';
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
 'The guide forgi'e me for lien'!

But what do ye think in a fortnight or less,
 (The diel's in his taste to gae near her),
 He's down the lang glen to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how the jade I could bear her!

Sae a' the neist owk as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dulgarlock;
 An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out o'er my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neibours shou'd think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as lie'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearin';
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
 Gude safe us! how he fell a swearin.

He begg'd me for Gudesake! that I'd be his wife
 Or else I wad kill him with sorrow;
 Sae just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I shall wed him to-morrow.

F I N I S.