

SIX EXCELLENT.

NEW SONGS,

CARZY JANE

The death of Crazy Jane.

The 'Temple,

The Threaten't Invasion,

A man's a man for a' that.

Auld Lang Syne.



EDINBURGH

## CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,  
 are such signs of fear express'd?  
 Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,  
 with such terror fill thy breast?  
 Do my frenzied look alarm thee;  
 trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;  
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,  
 than not then poor crazy Jane,

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
 mark me and avoid my woe;  
 When men flatter, sigh and languish,  
 think them false—I found them so.  
 For I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,  
 none could ever love again!  
 But the youth I lov'd so dearly  
 stole the wits of crazy Jane,

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
 which was doom'd to love but one;  
 He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,  
 he was false, and I undone  
 From that hour, has reason never  
 held her empire o'er my brain;  
 Henry fled—with him for ever  
 fled the wits of crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken hearted,  
 and with frenzied thoughts beset,  
 On the spot where once he parted,  
 On the spot where first we met,

Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,  
 Still I slowly pace the plain;  
 Whilst each passer-by, in pity,  
 Cries, " God help thee, crazy Jane !"

### DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

'TWAS at the hour, when night retreating,  
 Bad the screech-owl seek her nest;  
 Gloomy vapours slow were fleetin';  
 morning glimmer'd in the east  
 On the heath, her wild woes telling,  
 to the winds and beating rain,  
 Cold, unshelter'd, far from dwelling,  
 trembling sat poor crazy Jane.

' Ah !' she cried, I ye scenes around me,  
 ' witnesses of Henry's art !  
 ' Witnesses he faithful found me—  
 ' how he broke this faithful heart !  
 ' Go, ye wild winds, try to move him !  
 ' bid him heal this heart again !—  
 ' Did he know how much I love him,  
 ' he would pity crazy Jane !

' Henry comes ! I see him yonder,  
 ' dart like lightning o'er the heath,—  
 ' Ah, no ! no !—my senses wander !  
 ' since he comes not welcome Death !  
 Fainting, on the heath she laid her ;  
 soon, in pity to her pain,  
 Death, where Love at first betray'd her,  
 Gave relief to crazy Jane.

## THE TEMPLE

**F** let us a' to the T——,  
 For mony braw lasses gang there;  
 And there will be lads daft an' simple,  
 An' mony an' else I declare:  
 Wi' their clais tipped up i' the fashion,  
 To gar them look gentle an' braw  
 An' then they'll a' come in sae dastain',  
 Baith lads an' lasses an' a'.

An' there will be J——s frae the Westport,  
 Frae drivin' the C-l-e-d-r W-e-l,  
 Dress'd up like a Miss o' the best fort,  
 To cativate mony a braw chiel',  
 An' there will pretty Miss Polly,  
 Wi' the twa Miss H-r-s in a band!  
 And, after them Tailors will follow,  
 Those beaus of the needle sae grand!!

And there will be Mary and Nancy,  
 The twa wee banton ladies sae trig;  
 If they chance; for to get a fallow  
 They maun ha'e a shine on the brig  
 And there will be boot-binder Jenny,  
 Wha's husband left her i' the lurch,  
 Yet she'll dose about for a penny,  
 An' sae in wi' chiel's at the church.

An' there will be Bett from the Canogate,  
 Wi' a brooch in her breast, so lock braw;  
 She'll get a chiel' hame wi' her a' the gate,  
 An' sometimes, in troth, she'll hae twa.  
 An' there will be Mary frae Young-street,

She's bonny, douse, decent, and discreet,  
Tho' at hame she can bath roar and rant.

And there will be Jenny the barrél,  
She's a maist as braid as she's lang;  
But wi' her best no pick a quarrel,  
Or she'll get a when chills in a bang,  
An then the twa bairn Princesses,  
Wi' their black velvet spencers sae braw,  
If a chiel' to them pays his addreses  
He'll get them baith out an, awa.

An' there will be Leith-wynd Tambourers,  
An' Shakespeare thirt stichers sae grand;  
An' there will be plenty o' wooers,  
Some gaun wi, braw sticks i' their hand.  
An' there will be mony a mantua,  
An' mony a miller fine,  
An' w—— they winna be scanty,  
An' maids at latt will repine.

### THE THREATENED INVASION.

**D**OES haughty Gaul invasion threat?  
Then let the louns beware, Sir,  
There's wooden walls upon our seas,  
and volunteers on shore, Sir.  
The Nith shall rin to Corficon  
the Criffel sink in Solway,  
Ere we permit a foreign foe  
on British ground to rally.

O let us not, like snarling curs,  
in wrangling be divided.  
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,  
and wi' a rung decide it:

Be Britan still to British hands,  
 amang oursel's united :  
 For never but by British hands,  
 maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
 perhaps a clout many fail in't ;  
 But de'il foreign tinkler loun,  
 shall ever ca' a nail in't,  
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought ;  
 and wha wad dare to spoil it ?  
 By heav'ns ! the sacrilegious dog,  
 shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,  
 the wretch his true sworn brother  
 Who'd set the mob above the throne,  
 may they be damn'd to gether,  
 Who will not sing, God save the King,  
 shall hang as high's the steeple ;  
 But, while we sing, God save the King,  
 we'll ne'er forget the people.

### A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT:

**I**S there, for honest poverty,  
 wha hangs his head and a' that ?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
 and dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that  
 our toils obscure and a' that ;  
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
 the man's the goud for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 wear hoddens gray, and a' that :  
 Gi'e fools their tilk, and knaves their wine,  
 a man's a' man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
 An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor,  
 is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 wha struts, and strares and a' that,  
 Though hundreds worship at his weid,  
 he's but a cuif for a' that.  
 For a' that and a' that,  
 This ribbaw. Itar, and a' that,  
 A man of independent mind  
 can look, and laugh at a' that.

The king can mak' a belted knight  
 A marquis, duke, and a that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 guid-faith he manna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 his dignities, and a' that ;  
 The pith o' tenie, and pride o' worth,  
 are granter far than a' that

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
 as come it shall, for a that ;  
 That sence and wosth, o'er all the earth,  
 shall bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that ;  
 it's coming yet, for that ;  
 Whan man, and man, the world o'er-  
 shall brothers be, and a' that,

## AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintace be forgot,  
 Ahd never brought to mind?  
 Shou'd auld acquaintanae be forgot,  
 and days o' lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
 and pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
 sin auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidled i' the burn,  
 frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid ha'e row'd,  
 sin auld lang syne.

Ho! auld lang syne, &c.

So here's my hand, my truity frien',  
 and gies a haud o' thine;  
 And we'll tak' a right good wallie waught,  
 for auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be thy piat stoup,  
 and surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
 for auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

F I N I S.