

53 THE
rade o' Langsyne,

or, The Mechanic's Farewell;

To which is added,

CAWDER FAIR,

John Anderson my Jo,
ic Bonny Wood of Craigie-lee,

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AND

The Garland of Love.



GLASGOW,

ublished and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by
R. Hutchison & Co. 10, Saltmarket.

THE
The Trade o' Langsyne,

OR,

The Mechanic's Farewell.

TUNE—Auld Langsyne.

When you and I, together met,
The trade was in its prime;
But now its fail'd, and we maun part,
The trade o' langsyne:

The trade o' langsyne, my jo,
The trade o' langsyne,
But now its fail'd, an' we maun part,
The trade o' langsyne.

When trade was brisk, we a' were right,
An' things wi' us gaed fine;
But now a's tapsalterie gane,
Its no like langsyne:
Its no like langsyne, my jo,
Its no like langsyne;
But now a's tapsalterie gane,
Its no like langsyne.

Wi' da' die breeks, an' muslin cose,
Our lives we out maun pine,
For want o' that which now is gane,
The trade o' langsyne:

The trade o' langsyne, my jo,
 The trade o' langsyne,
 For want o' that which is now gane,
 The trade o' langsyne.

Our taxes too are grown sae big,
 Beneath them sair we crine,
 The want o' wark, an' meat sae dear,
 Its no like langsyne:
 Its no like langsyne, my jo,
 Its no like langsyne,
 The want o' wark, an' meat sae dear,
 Its no like langsyne.

The times may mend, an' we may meet,
 Nae mair oursells to pine,
 An' this will come when it revives,
 The trade o' langsyne:
 The trade o' langsyne, my jo,
 The trade o' langsyne,
 An' this will come when it revives,
 The trade o' langsyne.



CAWDER FAIR.

As I gaed into Cawder town,
 to sell my market ware, man,
 The lads and lasses, a' sae fine,
 were skelping to the fair, man.

The fiddlers play'd, the younkers flang,
 wi' muckle fun an' glee, man,
 An' ilka lad cried to his lass,
 "Come here an' dance wi' me," man.

Ilk bonny lass, fresh as the morn,
 an' red as ony rose, man,
 Gade through amang the chapmen's stands,
 their beauty to disclose, man.
 The whisky made the young men bauld,
 an' heez'd them up wi' houp, man;
 But or the day was done some fand
 the pith o' the gill stoup, man.

John Cleek-the-purse gade thro' the fair,
 ay looking for a prize, man.
 An' e'ed them weel that handled cash,
 the same for to capsiz, man.
 Wi' horse an' nowt, sic yellochin,
 maist like to rend the air, man,
 An' mony tricks were tried an' done
 that d y at Cawder fair, man.

Some lost their bonnets, some their cash,
 some lost their senses a' man,
 An' some fell o'er an' doz'd asleep,
 by hedge, dykeside, or wa', man;
 An' mony a ane for want o' thought,
 brought on baith dool an' care, man,
 An' got a backcast a' their days,
 by keepin' Cawder fair, man.

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JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John, I wonder what you
mean,

To rise sae early in the morn, and sit sae late at e'en;
Ye'll blear out a' your e'en John, and why shou'd ye
do so?

Gang sooner to your bed at e'en, John Anderson,
my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, ye were my first con-
ceit,

Ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I lo'e you
ear' and late;

They sae ye're turnin auld, John, I scarce believe
it's so,

For I think ye're ay the same to me, John Ander-
son my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first ac-
quaint,

Your locks were like the raven, John, your bonny
brow was brent;

But now ye've turned bald, John, your locks are like
the snow,

My blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson
my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we've seen our bairn's
bairns;

And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in
your arms;

And sae are ye in mine John, I'm sure ye'll ne'er
sae no,

Tho' the days are past that we have seen, John An-
derson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, frae year to year we've
past;

And soon that year may come, John, that will bring
us to our last;

But let not that affright us, John, our hearts were
ne'er our foe,

While in innocent delight we've liv'd, John Ander-
son my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John, we've climb'd the hill
thegither,

And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
anither;

Now we maun totter down, John, and hand in hand
we'll go,

And we'll sleep thegither at the last, John Anderson,
my jo.

7
The Bonny Wood of Craigie-lee.

CHORUS—Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lee,
Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lee,
Near thee I spent life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the bri'r, the birken bush,
bloom bonny o'er thy flow'ry lea,
An' a' the sweets that aye can wish,
frae nature's han', are strew'd on thee.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
the cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis toun thy bughted glade,
gais echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

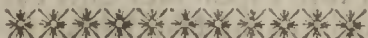
Awa' ye thoughtless murd'ring gang
wha tear the nestlings ere they flee;
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
then, O in pity let them be.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
frae aff the North hills, sae hilly
He lightly skiff's thy bonny bow'rs,
as laith to harm a spaw in thee.

Thou bonny wood; &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 or owre the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min'
 that I in youth hae spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c



THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon foun-
 tain,
 And sweet are the cowslips that spangle the grove,
 And sweet is the breeze that blows over the moun-
 tain,
 But sweeter by far is the lad that I love.

I'll weave a gay garland, a fresh blowing garland,
 With lilies and roses, and sweet blooming poses,
 To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.

It was down in the vale where the sweet Torza gild-
 ing,
 In murmuring streams ripples thro' the dark grove;
 I own'd what I felt, all my passion confiding,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.

Then I'll weave a gay garland, &c.

FINIS.