SIX LOVE SONGS.

See the Ship. I sigh for the girl I adore. Haud awa frae me, Donald Had I the wyte. The fair young Knight. Banks of Doun.



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.20 SONGS. VOL

SIX

See the Ship.

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See the ship in the bay is riding, Dearest Ellen, I go from thee; Boldly go, in thy love confiding,

O'er the deep and the trackless sea. When thy loved form no more is near me,

When thy sweet smile no longer I see, Ihis soothing thought shall at midnight cheer me, My love is breathing a prayer for me.

Nor can Heaven, a deaf ear lending To its loveliest work below,

The boon she begs, on her knees low bending, Refuse in goodness to bestow.

So then, my Ellen, all doubts defying, Henry shall dauntless cross the wide sea,

His heart on this firm anchor relying, My love is breathing a prayer for me.

When the thunder of war is roaring, And the bullets around me fly;
When the rage of the tempests pouring, Blends the billowy sea and sky;
Then shall my heart, to fear a stranger, Cherish its fondest hopes for thee, This dear reflection disarning danger, My love is breathing a prayer for me.

And when the din of war is over.

And sweet peace sets the sailor free, and work With what joy shall your faithful lover that die

Fly on love sweetest wings to thee ! The date Then with delight each other caressing, data I Day after day we shall happier be,

And as my Ellen tells o'er each blessing, She still will whisper a prayer for me.

I sigh for the Girl I adore.

When fairies trip o'er the gay green, And all nature scems sunk into rest; Thro' valleys I wander unseen,

My heart with sad sorrow opprest

There oft by the murmuring streams, Fair Eleanor's loss I deplore; As alone by the moons silver beams,

I sigh for the girl I adoro.

When my flocks wander o'er the wide plain, To some thicket of woodbine I rove;

The I pensively tune some soft strain, Or sing forth the praise of my love.

Where does my fair Eleanor stray? Must I ne'er see the nymph any more?

Thus destracted I mourn the long, day, 7 And sigh for the girl, 1 adore. When first I beheld the sweet maid, By moonlight alone in the vale, Far, far from the village we stray'd,

Where I tenderly told my soft tale: usua bak How long must I wander forlorn ? [1990] bak Ah! when will my sorrows be o'er ? adm dtill

Day after day we still happing be. And as my Ellen tells ner erch blessing, She suft will whit ar a player for me.

Hand awa frae me, Donald.

Haud awa, bide awa, Haud awa frae me, Donald ; What care I for a' your wealth An' a' that ye can gie, Donald?

I wadna lea' my Lowland lad active 'ord'l For a' your gowd an' gear, Donald ; 17
Sae tak your plaid an o er the hill, flo crod! An' stay nae langer here, Donald: 16-1 Haud awa, bide awa, &c. 1700 mole ak

My Jeamie is a gallant youth, ⁽¹⁾ I lo'e but him alane, Donald, ⁽¹⁾ and ⁽²⁾ And in bonny Scotland's isle, ⁽¹⁾ Like him there is nane, Donald. ⁽¹⁾

Haud awa, bide awa, P Aaud awa frae me, Donald, I am M What care I for a' your wealth, tob soil'I An' a' that ye can gie, Donald ?on A He wears nae plaid nor tartan hose, Nor garter at his knee, Donald, But, oh ! he wears a faithfu' heart, And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.

Sze haud zwa, bide awa,

Come nae mair at e'en, Donald; I wadna break niy Jeamie's heart, To be a Highland queen, Donald.

Had I the wyte she bade me.

not have think in a set

Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, Had I the wyte she bade me? She watch'd me by the hiegate side, And up the loan she show'd me.

And when I wadna venture in, A coward loon she ca'd me: Had kirk and state been in the gate, I d lighted when she bade me.

> Sae craftilly she took me ben, And bade me make nae clatter; For our rumgunshoek, glum gudeman is o'er ayont the water.

Whee'er shall say I wanted grace, 2249 A When I did kiss and daut her, and shall

At the Brron of Montolly - at 1988 1991

Let him be planted in my place, 16W Syne say, I was a fautor. 11 do 189

He clavd her wi' the rippling-kame, And blae and <u>bluidy</u> bruis d her; When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her?

I dighted ay her een sae blue, And bann'd the cruel randy; And weel I wat, her willing mou Was e'n like sugarcandy.

At gloanin-shot it was I wat, I lighted on the Monday; But I cam thro' the Tiseday's dew, To wanton Willie's brandy.

The fair young Knight.

Sac craftilly she took mo ben.

A page with a courser black; There came out a knight of noble mein, And he leapt on the courses back. His arms were bright, his heart was light, And he sung this merry lay, and he ard flow

"How jollily lives this fair young knight, that the He loves and he rules away." To an bring of

A lady look'd over the castle wall, not 1 event fit) And she heard the knight thus sing : 1 ops of The lady's tears began to fall, And her heads the began to fall,

And her hands she began to wring. bak

"And didst thou then my true love plight, And was it but to betray?

Ah ! tarry a while, my own dear knight, 1 baA In pity don't ride away."

The knight of her tears he took no heed, while scornful laugh'd his eye; the domain of the gave the spur to his prancing steed, _____ but here "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye."

And soon he vanish'd from her sight,
While she was heard to say,
" Ah! ladies beware of a fair young knight He'll love and he'll ride away."

Banks of Doun.

Ye banks and braces of bonny Doun, indiana, How can ye bloom so fiesh and fair; How can ye chant ye little birds, While I'm so wae and fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart ye little birds, and i bais

That wanton thro' the flow'ring thorn, i woll " Ye mind me of departed joys, a besterel all Departed never to return.

Of have I roam'd hy bonny Doun! To see the rose and woodbine twine, not buck

Where ilka bird sung o'er its note, bal ent And cheerfully I join'd wi' mine. I toil bak

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,

A rose out o' you thorny tree; if h asw bat

But my fause love has stown the rose, 2 71181 ! dA

And left the thorn behind to me. by tig al

Ye roses blaw your bonny blooms,

And draw the wild birds to thy burn ; out off For Lumen promis'd me a ring, And ye maun aid me should, I mourn.

Ab! na, na, na, ye needna mourn,

My een are dim and drowsy worn;

Ye bonny birds ye needna sing, brite For Luman never can return. 25 11 the obil W

My Luman's love, in broken sight, desibel 11A "

At dawn of day by Doun ye'se licar,

And mid-day, by the willow green, For him I'll shed a silent tear.

Sweet hirds, I ken ye'll pity me, the salued of And join me wi' a plantive sang, y me woll While ccho wakes, and joins the mane , uso woFI

I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang. 11 platy

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