

Burns's Songs,

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*Again Rejoicing  
Nature Sees.*

GREEN GROW THE RASHES,

*The Bonnie Banks of Ayr.*

Eliza.

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*The Farewell, &c.*



A Y R :

Printed for the Booksellers.

# SONGS.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

TUNE—'Jocky's Grey Brecks.'

Again rejoicing Nature sees  
Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.\*

And maun I still on Menie† doat,  
And bear the scorn that's in her  
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a ha  
And it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;  
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.  
And maun I still, &

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stauks,

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\* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman of Edinburgh, particular friend of the author's.

† the common abbreviation of Marianne.

ut life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks,  
 And maun I still, &c.

ne wanton coot the water skims,  
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,  
 ne stately swan majestic swims,  
 And every thing is blest but I,  
 And maun I still, &c.

ne sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill,  
 i' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hills.  
 And maun I still, &c.

nd when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 d mounts and sings, on flittering wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.  
 And maun I still, &c.

me Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree ;  
 y gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me !

And maun I still on Menie doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e ?  
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,  
 And it winna let a body be.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 Green grow the rashes, O ;  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend  
 Are spent among the lassies, O.

There's nought but care on every man,  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lassies, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;

wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
 e dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Ed nature swears, the lovely dears,  
 er noblest work she classes, O;  
 prentice han' she tried on man,  
 n' then she made the lasses, O,

Green grow, &c.

### BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

TUNE—Roslin Castle.

gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 d roars the wild inconstant blast,  
 murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 e it driving o'er the plain;  
 hunter now has left the moor,  
 scatter'd conveys meet secure,  
 le here I wander, prest with care,  
 g the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 arly Winter's ravage torn;  
 oss her placid, azure sky,  
 sees the scowling tempests fly:  
 runs my blood to hear it rave,  
 nk upon the stormy wave,  
 re many a danger I must dare,  
 from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;  
 Tho' death in every shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear :  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound  
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves :  
 Farewell, my friends ! Farewell my foes  
 My peace with these, my love with those  
 The bursting tears my heart declare,  
 Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

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ELIZA.

TUNE—Gilderoy ..

FROM thee Eliza, I must go,  
 And from my native shore ;  
 The cruel fates between us throw,  
 A boundless ocean's roar :  
 But boundless oceans roaring wide,  
 Between my love and me,  
 They never, never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee :

well, farewell, Eliza, dear,  
 the maid that I adore!  
 Her pleasing voice is in mine ear,  
 the part to meet no more!  
 The last throb that leaves my heart,  
 while death stands victor by,  
 that throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
 and thine that latest sigh!

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THE FAREWELL,

TO THE BRETHERN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,  
 TARBOLTON.

TUNE—Good night, and joy be wi' ycu a'.

Ye! a heart warm, fond adieu!  
 Dear brothers of the majestic tye!  
 Favoured, ye enlighten'd few,  
 Companions of my social joy!  
 I to foreign lands must hie,  
 Pursuing Fortune's sliddery ba',  
 With a melting heart, and brimful eye,  
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Have I met your social band,  
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;  
 Honour'd with supreme command,  
 Presided o'er the sons of light:  
 By that hieroglyphic bright,  
 Which none but craftsmen ever saw!

Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write  
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,  
Unite you in the grand design,  
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,  
The glorious architect divine!  
That you may keep th' unerring line,  
Still rising by the plummet's law,  
Till order bright completely shine,  
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And you, Farewell! whose merits cla  
Justly, that highest badge to wear!  
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble na  
To Masonry and Scotia dear!  
A last request, permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the Bard, that's far awa'!

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Macasters, Printers, to be had  
was rove ...