

SEVEN EXCELLENT

# NEW SONGS.

Viz.—SAE FAR AWA'.  
WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.  
MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.  
FAIREST MAID ON DEVON,  
LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.  
HAD I THE WYTE, &c.  
COUNTRY LASSIE.



---

T. JOHNSTON, PRINTER FALKIRK.

## SAE FAR AWA.

O SAD and heavy should I part,  
 But for her sake sae far awa,  
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,  
 My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,  
 That form'd this fair sae far awa :  
 Gin body strength, then I'll ne'er start  
 An this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure descrt,  
 So love to her, sae far awa :  
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
 While, Oh, she is sae far awa.

Nane other love, nane other dart,  
 I feel, but her's sae far awa :  
 But fairer never touch'd a heart  
 Then her's, the fair sae far awa.

---

 WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WILT thou be my dearie?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 O wilt thou let me cheer me;  
 By the treasure of my soul,

That's the love I bear thee!  
 I swear and vow, that only thou  
 Shall ever be my Dearie.  
 Only thou I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may chuse me,  
 Let me, Lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

---

### MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE

MARY I believ'd thee true,  
 And I was biest in thus believing;  
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew,  
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.

Few have ever lov'd like me,  
 Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely;  
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,  
 Alas! deceived me too severely;

Fare thee well! yet think a while,  
 On one, whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee  
 Who now would rather trust that smile,  
 And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well!—I'll think of thee!  
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;  
 For see, distracting woman! see,  
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

---

FAIREST maid on Devon Banks,  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear;  
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear?  
 O did not love exclaim," Forbear!  
 "Nor use a faithtul lover so?"

Fairest maid on Devon Banks!  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Then come, thou fairest of the fair?  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share!  
 And, by thy bounteous self I swear,  
 No love but thine my heart shall know

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !  
And ay the saut hear blins her e'e.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day is it to me ;  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethern three.

Their winding sheet the bludy clay,  
Their graves were growing green to see,  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
A bludy man I trew thou be ;  
For mony a heart thou has made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

HAD I THE WYTE SME BAD ME.

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 craftille she took me ben,  
 And bade me mak nae clatter;  
 "For our ramgunshock, glum goodman  
 "Is o'er ayont the water."

Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,  
 When I did kiss and dauc her,  
 Let him be planted in my place,  
 Syne, say, I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,  
 Could I for shame refus'd her?  
 And wadna manhood been to blame,  
 Had I unkindly us'd her.

He claw'd her wi' the rippling-kame,  
 And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;  
 When sie a husk and was frae hame,  
 What wife but wad excus'd her?

I lighted ay her een sae blue,  
 And bann'd the cruel randy;  
 And weel I wat her willing mou  
 Was e'en like sugarcandie.

At gloanin-shote it was, I wat,  
 I lighted on the Monday;

But I cam thro' the Tiseday's dew,  
To wanton Willie's braudy.

---

COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer, when the hay was mawn,  
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw on ilka bield;

Blyth Bessie in the m'iking shiel',  
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;  
Out speak a dame in wrinkl'd eild,  
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woovers mony ane,  
And lassie, ye'er but young, ye ken  
Then wait a wee, and canny wale  
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:

There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,  
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
Tak this from me, my bonny hen,  
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

Far Johnnie o' the duskie Glen  
I dinna care a singal flie;  
He looes sae weel his craps the kye,  
He has nae love to spare for me:

But blyth's the blink o' Robie's ee,  
 And weel I wat he looes me dear;  
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
 For Buskie glen an' a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,  
 The canniest gate, the s'rife is sair;  
 But ay' fu'-han't is fetchtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care:

But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 An wilfu' fouk maun haec their will;  
 Syne as ye drink, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind, that ye maun drink the yill

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 And gear will buy the sheep and kye;  
 But the tender heart o' loesome love,  
 The gowd and siller canna buy.

We may be poor, Robie and I;  
 Light is the burben love lays on:  
 Content and love brings peace and joy:  
 What mair nae queens upon the thrown?

FINIS