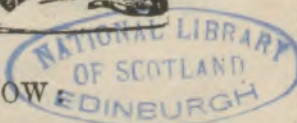


THE
BLACK-BIRD
SONGSTER:
BEING A CHOICE SELECTION
OF
THE MOST POPULAR SONGS.



GLASGOW



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NO.

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THE
MUSIC
OF
THE
MUSIC



THE MOST POPULAR SONGS

BEING A CHOICE SELECTION

SONGSTER:

BLACK-BIRD

THE

SONGS.

THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN.

My father was once a great merchant,
 As any in Ireland is found ;
 But faith ! he could ne'er save a shilling,
 Though tatoes he sold by the pound.
 So says he to my mother one night,
 To England suppose you and I go ;
 And the very next day by moonlight
 They took leave of the county Sligo.
 Sing, fal de ral lal de ral la fal la de, &c.

That the land is all covered with water,
 'Twixt England and Ireland you'll own,
 And single misfortunes, they say,
 To an Irishman ne'er came alone :
 So my father, poor man, was first drowned,
 Then shipwreck'd in sailing from Cork ;
 But my mother she got safe to land,
 And a whisky shop opened in York.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,
 One night about fye in the morn,
 An odd accident happen'd to me,
 For 'twas then that myself was first born :

All this I've been told by my mammy,
 And surely she'll not tell a wrong;
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

On the very samo day the next year,
 For so ran the story of mother,
 Tho same accident happened again,
 But not to me, then; that were brother.
 So 'twas settled by old Father Luke,
 Who dissolv'd all our family sins,
 As wo both were born on the same day,
 That we sartainly must have been twins.
 Sing, fal do ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want;
 Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
 For my genius, they said, it would **cramp**.
 Now this genius of mine whero it lay,
 Do but listen a while and you'll hear:—
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures,
 No! mine were for drawing of beer.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Some with only one genius are blest,
 But I it appears had got two;
 For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genius for drinking it too.
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a farden;

But since I've earned many a crown,
 By the shop here in sweet Common garden.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye, but that's nothing new ;
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And do what I can to draw you ;
 In which, if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain ;
 I entreat you'll not wait to be asked,
 To come often and see me again.

THE IRISH SMUGGLER.

From Brighton two Paddies walked under the cliff,
 For pebbles and shells to explore,
 When too a small barrel was dropt from a skiff,
 Which floated at length to the shore ;
 Says Dermont to Pat, we the owner will bilk,
 'To-night we'll be merry and frisky,
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
 Dear joy, 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, a fortunate lot,
 Now Pat, you must know was no joker ;
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.
 'Twas said and 'twas done, the barrel was bor'd,
 No bachanals evor felt prouder,

en Paddy found out a small error on board,
The whisky, alas! was gunpowdor.

With sudden explosion he flow o'er the ocean,
And high in air sported a leg;
Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails,
So he kept a tight hold of the keg.
But Dermont bawled out with a terrible shout,
I'm not to be choused, Mr. Wiseman;
If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
And by St Patrick I'll tell the Exciseman.

THE KING OF THE FAIRIES.

A wee, wee man came to our toun en,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
An' he sang sae sweet, that the hale o' our men
Lap aff their looms the carle to see.

His cap was red, an' his broeks were green,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
An' his jacket the shortest that ever was seen,
An' tho' queerest colour you ever did see.

His noso was as flat as the back o' my han',
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
An' his feet wad hae covered an acre o' lan',
Yet his Boots cam' up o'er the lid o' his knee.

His e'en were grey without ony white,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
An' his teeth were as black as the middlo o' night,
When the moon has forsaken this countrie.

His legs were as bow'd as the half o' a hoop,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 An' his arms were sae lang, ho no'er needit to stoop,
 For he picked up preens without bending his knee

He laughed, and tho hale o' tho mon o' our toun,
 Fiddledum, faddlodum, fee, fee, fee ;
 Lap out o' their wits and fell down in a swoon,
 The front o' them had the power to flee.

He sang, and they sprang to their feet in a crack,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 Now what I relate is a notable fact,
 For I was sleeping whon I did it see.

Ho play'd them a jig, and the dancing began,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 And he led them to where a big water down ran,
 Where he douked them till they were like to dio.

This queer wee man lap up on a hill,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 An' he open'd his mouth like the door o' a mill,
 I hope sic a mouth I will ne'er again see.

But thunder no'er gied sic a terriblo roar,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 As when he announced that the dancing was o'er,
 An' bade them fareweel, an' awa' did flee.

Weary and wet our men cam' hame,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 An' swore the wee man was surely to blame,
 For using sic freedoms in ony countrie.

Ye'll wonder what camé o' this wee, wee man,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee ;
 He bought a green coat—an' to fairy lan' ran,
 An' now he is king o' that countrie.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

There dwalt a man on Crawford moor,
 And John Blunt was his name ;
 He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
 And bore a wond'rous fame.
 Now it fell upon a Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 That Johnie's wife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind swept cauld frae north to south,
 And blew into the floor ;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 Get up and bar the door.
 My hand is in my husewife-cap,
 Gudeman as ye may see ;
 If its no barr'd this hunder year,
 - It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 A paction firm and sure,
 Whoever spoke the foremost word,
 Should rise and bar the door.
 Twa travellers had tint their gate,
 As o'er the hills they foor,

And airted by the line o' light,
Made straight to Johnnie's door.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?

But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For the barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ato the black:

O muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
But ne'er a word she spake.

The young ane to the auld ane said,
Here, man, take ye my knife,

And gang and shiave the gudeman's beard,
While I kiss the gudewife.

But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall I do than?—

What ails ye at the pudding broo,
That's simmering in the pan?

O, up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he—

Will ye kiss my wife afore my face,
And scaud me wi' pudding bree,

An' up an' started our gudewife,
Gae three skips o'er the floor,

Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door

LOGAN WATER.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride :
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the summer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay,
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul, delightless, a' stirveys,
 Whilo Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush,
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile ;
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wao upon you men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return.

How can your flinty hearts enjoy,
 The widow's tear, the orphan's cry,
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willio hame to Logan braes!

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER,

On the banks of Allan water,
 When the sweet spring time did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 None so gay as sho.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When brown autumn spreads his store,
 Thero I saw the miller's daughter;
 But sho smiled no more.

For the summer grief had brought her,
 And her soldier false was he;
 On the banks of Allan water,
 Nono so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast.

But the miller's lovely daughter,
 Both from cold and care was free—
 On the banks of Allan water,
 There a corso lay she.

THE CARLE HE CAM' OWER THE CRAFT.

The carle he cam' ewer the craft,
Wi' his beard new-shaven ;
He leeked at me as he'd been daft—
The carle trowed that I wad hae him !
Hout awa ! I winna hae him !
Na, forsoeth, I winna hae him !
For a' his beard's new-shaven,
Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him,

A siller brooch he gae me neist,
To fasten en my curchio nookit ;
I wore't a wee upen my breist,
But seon, alako ! the tengue o't crookit ;
And sao may his ; I winna hae him
Na, ferseoth, I winna hae him !
Twice-a-bairn's a lassio's jest ;
Sae eny feel fer me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ano ;
For he has land and dollars plenty ;
Bnt waes me for him, skin and bano
Is no fer a plump lass ef twenty.
Hout awa, I winna hao him !
Na, fersooth, I winna hae him !
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But should my cankert daddie gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That antlers dinna claim their station.

Hout awa ! I winna hao him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
I'm fleyod to crack the holy band,
Sae lawty says, I shouldna hae him.

GUDE ALE COMES.

O gudo ale comes, and gude ale goes ;
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hoso, and pawn my shoon ;
Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax oxen in a pleuch,
And they drew teuch and weel oneuch ;
I drank them a' just ane by ane ;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had forty shillings in a clout,
Gude ale gart me pyke them out ;
That gear should moul' I thought a sin ;
Gudo ale keeps my heart aboon.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool, when I hao done ;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes :
Gudo ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon ;
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

THEY'RE A' TEASING ME.

O wha is he I loe sac weel?

Wha was my heart an' a',

O wha is he? 'tis sair to tell

He's o'er the seas awa',

There's Charlie he's a sodger lad,

And Davie blythe is he,

And Willie in his tartan plaid,

They're a' teasing me.

O they're a' tease teasing,

They're a' teasing me.

They're a' tease teasing,

O they're a teasing me.

There's Carl the chief o' Daftne glen,

And he has land and stere,

With flow'ry mead, and shady fen,

And siller e'er and o'er.

"Quoth he, sweet lass, I'll marry thee

: (Yestréen in yonder shaw,)

And thou my ain true bride shall be,

And Queen o' Daftne ha!"

O they're a' tease, &c.

But when my Jamie comes again,

Young Carl will then descry,

That siller is but empty gain,

To hearts nae gowd can buy.

My Jamie's brave, my Jamie's braw,

My Jamie's a' to me,

And tho' his siller store be sma'

Yet his I'll only be.

For they're a' tease, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day

My Mary from my soul was torn.

O mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget!

Can I forget the hallowed grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past,—

Thy image at our last embrace;—

Ah! little thought wo'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sing love on every spray;

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care:

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, doar departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rond his breast?

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O! they're vain and idle gaudy;
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming Highland laddie;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chooso,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak young Donald without trows,
 With bonnet blue, and bolted plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
 In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;

Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady ;

But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass ;

I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,

And he ca's me his Lawland lass,

Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,

Than that his love prove true and steady,

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,

While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie, &c.

THE CONFESSION.

With sorrow and repentance true,

Father, I trembling come to you ;

I know I've too indulgent been

To one, but oh ! forgive the sin.

To one whom still I love, tho' he

Ungrateful proves, and false to me ;

Then let me on my knees confess

How I've been tempted to transgress.

Oh! rev'rend father, if you knew
 The charms of him, alas! untrue;
 O had you heard the false one swear
 I was the fairest of the fair;
 You could not, holy Sir, refuse
 So slight a weakness to excuse;
 He swore my eyes were loveliness,
 Ah! let me then my fault confess.

To grief, eternal grief a prey,
 His name is all my heart can say;
 When bath'd in sad repentant tears,
 Still to my mind his name appears;
 Yes, 'tis that name, that name alone,
 Which bends me now before thy throne;
 Alcander—but I can't express,
 Oh! Father, must I then confess?

Ah! tell him, should he come to you,
 Should he, like me, for mercy sue;
 Of all the crimes by heav'n accurst,
 Tell him inconstancy's the worst;
 Tell him that he who's false in love,
 Can ne'er hope pity from above;
 Tell him that I alone can bless,
 And send him to me to confess.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 List ye landsmen unto me,
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 From bounding billows first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—
 By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand!
 Down top-gallants, quick, be hauling!
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces;
 Quick the top-sail sheets lot go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;
 Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms.—
 Round us roars the tempest louder;
 Think what fear our mind enthralls:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course;

Let the foresheets go ; don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the sprit sail yard get ;
 Reef the mizen ; see all clear ;
 Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;
 Man the foreyard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
 Peals on peals contending clash !
 On our head fierce rain falls pouring !
 In our eyes blue lightning flash !
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky !
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck :
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
 Call all hands to clear the wrock.
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! from hence there's no return.
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
 For only that can save us now !

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
 To the pumps come every hand, boys ;
 She our mizen-mast is gone :
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury foremast ;
 She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spar'd our lives :
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join ;
 Where's the tempest now ? who fears it ?
 None ! our danger's drown'd in wine.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
 And better may it speed ;
 And liesome may the boatie row,
 That wins my bairns' bread ;
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,

O mucklo lighter grew my creel,
 He swore we'd never part :
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And mucklo lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

When Sawney, Jock an' Janetie,
 Aro up and gotten lair ;
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 Tho boatie rows, tho boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel,
 And lightsome bo her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel.

And whan wi' age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll help to keep us dry and warm,
 As wo did them before ;
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 She wins the bairns' bread ;
 And happy be the lot of a',
 That wish the boatie speed.

BONNY JEAN.

Thero was a lass and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay sho wrought her mither's wark,
 And ay sho sang sae merrilie ;
 The blithest bird upon the bush,
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest :
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And levo will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
 So trembling pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' benny Jean.

And now she works her mither's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale of love,
 At e'ening on the lily lee?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love :-

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mither's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na;
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.