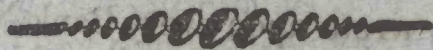


FIVE SONGS.



Abraham Newman.

The Three Brothers of Dundee.

The Birken Tree.

The Harper of Mull.

The Lass o' Ballochmyle.



NEWTON-STEWART:

Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail,

By J. M'NAIRN.

ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Never was a man so bandied by Fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every Bank Note,
And you all must know Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
Notorious Abraham Newland.
I've heard people say sham Abraham you may,
But you mus'n't sham Abraham Newland.

For fashions of arts, would you seek foreign part,
It matters not wherever you land,
From Christian to Greek all language will speak
If the language of Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
Astonishing Abraham Newland,
Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
By the credit of Abraham Newland,

But what do you think, without victuals or drink,
You may tramp like the wandering Jew land,
From Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
If a stranger to Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland;
Wonderful Abraham Newland.
Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die out of
hand,
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland,

The world are inclin'd to think Justice is blind,
Yet Lawers knew well she can view land;
But what of all that?—she'd slink like a bat,
At the sight of a friend, Abraham Newland,

O, Abraham Newland?
Magical Abraham Newland,
Tho' Justice' tis known can see thro' a mill-stone,
She can't see thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who hall, for the good of us allom
 And good souls, like mushrooms they strew land,
 But tho' loud as a drum, such proves Orator Mum,
 Attacked by stout Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
 Incible Abraham Newland,
 No argument's found in the world half so sound,
 The logic of Abraham Newland,
 They broke through every thing came in their way
 The French say they're coming, but surely they're
 humming;
 We know what they want, if they do land,
 But we'll make their ears ring, in defence of our King,
 Our country, and Abraham Newland.

O, Abraham Newland!
 Excellent Abraham Newland!
 No tri-colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
 Shall rob us of Abraham Newland.

THE THREE BROTHERS OF DUNDEE.

It happened to be on a fine summer's morning,
 A fine summer's morning it happened to be,
 I heard two brothers making a great moan,
 And I listened to hear what they did say.
 Said the one brother unto the other,
 Archibald is condemned to die,
 I had three men and myself,
 I would go and set my brother free.
 You say such things can very well be,
 Said the one brother unto the other,
 I'll take twenty men and you and myself;
 Would be little enough to set him free.
 They went to the smith and got their horse shod,
 And oh but he shod them rapidly.
 And when he was done with shoeing our horses,
 We made him ride in our company.

We mounted our horses, and off we
And oh ! but we rode right manfully,
Until we came to that bonny wee town,
The name of it bonny Dundee.
Six did hold the bridle reins,
And seven did gaurd the city about,
And seven more and Dickie himself,
Went in to let his brother out.
They broke through locks and they broke through doo
They broke through every thing came in their way,
Until they came to a large iron gate,
And that's where brother Archie lay.
Said brother Dickie unto brother Archie,
Will you speak three words to me,
Twenty men and I myself
Have ventured our lives to set you free,
Said brother Archie unto brother Dickie,
Nay such things they cannot very well be,
For their's twenty stone of good Spanish iron,
Betwixt my neck bone and my knee
They broke through locks and they broke through doo
They broke through every thing in their way
Till Dickie got Archie into his arms,
And carried his brother safe away
They mounted their horses and off they did ride,
And oh ! but they rode right manfully,
Said brother Archie unto brother Dickie,
You don't see what I do see,
F or yonder's the provost of Dundee,
And a hundred men in his company;
My horse he is young and he cannot well swim,
And this is the place where I am to die,
Said brother Archie unto brother Dickie,
Nay, such things it cannot well be,
You'll take my horse, and I'll take yours,
We'll swim the river right manfully.
They mounted their horses, and off they did swim
And O but they swim right bonnily,
Until that they came to the other side
They bade farewell to bonnie Dundee.

Give me back my irons he cried,
 Give me back my irons, cried he,
 he provest of bonnie Dundee did say,
 And I will let the prisoner free,
 evil of your irons you'll get,
 No' Devil a bit of them, cried we,
 's little enough to pay the horse hire,
 And the men that rode in out company.
 They went to a house and they kindled a fire,
 And danced and sung right merrily,
 and the bonniest liddie amang them all,
 Was Archie we brought fr m bonnie Dundee,

THE BIRKEN TREE.

LASS gin ye wad think it right,
 To gang wi' me this very night,
 And cuddle till the morning light,
 By a' the lave unseen
 And you shall be my deary,
 My ain dearest deary,
 And you shall be my deary,
 Gin you'll meet me at e'en.

I darna for my mammy gae,
 She locks the door and keeps the key,
 And e'en and morn she charges me,
 And flytes ay about the men :
 She says they're a' deceivers,
 Deceivers, deceivers,
 She says they're a' deceivers,
 I needna trust to ane.

But lassie what's to hinder thee,
 To steal an hour out owre the lea,
 And meet me at the Birken Tree,
 You'll no be mist at hame :
 And never mind your mammy,
 Your auld canker'd mammy.

And never mind your mammy,
Or else you'll lie your lane.

She simply said I dinna ken,
My mother trots baith butt and benn,
And if she hears I'm we' the men,

She'll ask me where I've been:

Then what can I say laddie,

Laddie, Laddie,

Then what can I say laddie,

For being out at e'en.

O, never mind your mammy's yell,
I'se warrent she's met your dad hersel,
And should she flyte ye may her tell

She's often done the same:

So lassie gi'es your hand on't,

Your bonny milk white hand on't,

So lassie gi'es your hand on't

And scorn to lie your lane.

O, lad, my hand I canna gi'e,
But ablus I may steal the key,
And meet you at the Birken Tree,
That stands avont the glen:

But dinna lippen, laddie,

I canna promise, laddie,

So dinna lippen, laddie,

For fear I diinna win.

Now he's gane to the Birken Tree,
In hopes his lover there to see,
And soon came tripping owre the lea,

His sweet endearing Jean;

And she clinket down beside him,

Beside him, beside him,

She clinket down beside him,

upon the gras so green.

I'm overjoy'd with raptures now,
Cry'd he, and preed her cherry mou,

And Jean's ne'er ha'en cause to rue,
That night upon the green;

For she has got her Jemmy,
Her sweet dear loving Jemmy,
For see has got her Jemmy,
And Jemmy's got his Jean.

THE HARPER OF MULL.

WHEN Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by,
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull,

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane:
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane,
Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's not the less fair,
And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair,
With painfull remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast.
Thou false fleeting vision, to soon thou wert o'er;
Thou wak'd'st me to tortures urequall'd before,
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TWAS even the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along;
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where green wood echos rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade.
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy,
 Her look was like the morning eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet as night in Autumn mild,
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lanely wild;
 But woman nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile,
 Even there her other works are foil'd,
 By the bonny lass of Ballochmyle.

O' had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose in Scotland's plain,
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.