

THE

SONG BOOK;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

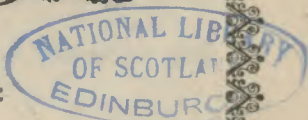
Places of Public Amusement.

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No. II.  
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GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.



THE
SONG BOOK

A CHOICE COLLECTION

SONGS, HYMNS, AND GLEES

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

AND THE CHURCH

No. 11



CLASLOW,
PRINTED FOR THE WORKS

SONGS.

THE CORONATION.

At home in our villago when we'd done our daily labour,

The barber every night would read the news to each good neighbour ;

Heard it all, I did not wait for feyther's approbation,
Started up to Lunnon town to see the Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Well, there I got, and just at first I felt myself quite flustered,

To see all round Westminster, such lots of people mustered ;

But, howsomdever, in the crowd I got myself a station,
And there I waited anxiously to see the Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Somehow a soldier's prancing horse, he took fright at a dandy,

And capered in among the crowd, so frolicsome and handy—

I wur carried off my legs—shoved on the elevation,
So I got a seat for nought to see the Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

I sat mo down quite quietly, nobody came to rout me
I silyly cast my eyes upon the ladies round about me ;
The sun shone down so very hot, they were all in perspiration,
It melted all their red and white at the famous
Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

At last the Queen herself did come, dressed up so fine,
Oh! dear me,
I ne'er before in all my life had had a queen so near
me ;
She graciously did make her bow to me and congregation,
So I was taken notice of at the famous Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

When this wur done, I thought, thinks I, I've seen all
that I can see,
So out I got, and found that I'd paid dearly for my
fancy ;
I'd lost a sovereign and my purse; and on examination,
My watch which ne'er did go before, did go at the
Coronation.

Tol lol lol, &c.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

The missletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly branch shone on the old oak wall ;
 And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
 And keeping their Christmas holiday :
 The baron beheld with a father's pride,
 His beautiful child young Lovel's bride :
 While she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
 The star of the goodly company.

Oh the missletoe bough,
 Oh the missletoe bough.

" I'm weary of dancing now," she cried,
 " Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide ;
 And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace,
 The clue to my secret lurking place."
 Away she ran, and her friends began,
 Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;
 And young Lovel cried, " Oh where dost thou hide,
 I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

Oh the missletoe bough, &c.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next
 day,

And they sought her in vain, when a week pass'd
 away ;

In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
 Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not ;
 And years flew by, and their grief at last,
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;
 And when Lovel appear'd, the children cried,
 " See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

Oh the missletoe bough, &c.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the castle—they rais'd the lid,
 And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
 In the bridal wreath of the lady fair.
 Oh sad was her fate, in sportive jest,
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,
 It clos'd with a spring, and the bridal bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb.

Oh the missletoo bough, &c.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a Friar of orders gray
 Walked forth to tell his boads ;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Heaven thee save, thou reverend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at your holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see ?

And how should I your true love know
 From many another one ?
 O, by his cockle hat and staff,
 And by his sandal shoon.

O lady, he is dead and gone,
 Lady he's dead and gone ;
 And at his head a green grass-turf,
 And at his heels a stone.

Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while,
 Beneath yon cloister wall ;
 See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 And drizzling rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 O stay me not I pray ;
 No drizzling rain that falls on me
 Can wash my fault away.

BILLY O'ROURKE.

I greased my brogues and cut my stick,
 At the latter end of May, sir,
 And off for Dublin I set out,
 To sail upon the sea, sir.
 Then next to England I would go,
 To reap the hay and corn, sir,
 To leave old Ireland far behind,
 The placo where I was born, sir.
 With my shillelah coh,
 And my heart so true,
 Oh, Billy O'Rourke's the boy, sir.

I paid the captain six thirteens,
 To carry me over to Margate,
 Before we got half over the waves,
 It blew at a hell of a hard rate.
 The great big stick that grew out of the ship,
 Began to roar and whistle,

And the sailors all, both great and small,
 Cries, Pat, you will go the devil.
 With my, &c.

Some fell upon their bended knees,
 The ladies fell a-fainting,
 But I fell to my bread and cheese,
 For I always mind the main thing.
 Says the sailors, to the bottom you'll go,
 Says I— I don't care a farthing,
 For I paid my passage to Margate you know,
 And be damned but I'll stick on my bargain.
 With my, &c.

The wind did whistle some to sleep,
 Till we got to the place of landing,
 And those that were the most afraid,
 Were out the ladies handing.
 Says I, your clothes feel mighty droll,
 You surely must have riches,
 And for your heart, it don't lie in the right part,
 It surely must lie in your breeches.
 With my, &c.

Then for London I set out,
 And going along the road, sir,
 I met an honest gentleman,
 Who proved to be a rogue, sir
 He cocked a pistol to my head,
 Close to my very mouth, sir,
 Saying—Paddy my boy, I'd have you be smar .
 In handing out your money, sir.
 With my, &c.

Oh, have you patience, honest gentleman,
 And hear me speak a word, sir,
 For twopence is all the money I've got,
 To carry me many a mile, sir.
 He said no longer he would wait,
 His patience I had fairly tired ;
 His pan it flashed, his brains I smashed,
 With my shillelah that never missed fire.
 With my, &c.

DUMBARTON'S BONNIE DELL.

There's no a nook in a' the land
 King William rules sae well,
 There's naething half sae canty—grand,
 As blythe Dumbarton's dell ;
 And would you speer the reason why,
 The truth I'll fairly tell,
 A winsome lassock lives hard by
 Dumbarton's bonnie dell.

Up by yon glen Loch Lomond laves,
 Where bold M·Gregors dwell ;
 And bogles dance o'er heroes' graves,
 There lives Dumbarton's belle ;
 She's blest with every charm in life,
 And this I know full well—
 I'll ne'er be happy till my wife
 Is blythe Dumbarton's belle.

MRS JOHNSTON.

Oh! I've got a charming bride,
 Through life we both shall sweetly glide;
 She's really worth the world beside—
 Her name is Mrs Johnston.

We both agree in every frame,
 So one another we'll ne'er blame;
 She's humpy, bandy—I'm the same,
 O lovely Mrs Johnston.

I to a gin-shop go each day,
 A dozen drops I stow away,
 And after that I skittle play,
 And so does Mrs Johnston.

I beats the chaps with great delight,
 And puts the garter out of sight,
 Then stagger home dead-drunk at night,
 And so docs Mrs Johnston.

To free-and-easys I repair,
 My name is famous every where,
 I verry often take the chair,
 And so does Mrs Johnston.

Do you think I'd pay my penny?—no;
 I chaunts the Bay of Biscay, O!
 And like a Lord tobacco blow,
 And so docs Mrs Johnston.

At dancing I am quite a Don,
 To twopenny hops I often run;
 And I can shuffle too like fun,
 And so can Mrs Johnston.

At fighting I can take my share,
 I am a match for any here;
 A fighting man I am they swear,
 And so is Mrs Johnston.

Amongst the girls I sometimes roam,
 'Bout which she docs not stamp or foam,
 I often take a lover home,
 And so docs Mrs Johnston.

In getting children I'm not shy,
 For modesty is all my eye;
 I've got four young ones on the sly,
 And so has Mrs Johnston.

'Bout dress I do not care a jot,
 Though once of clothes I had a lot,
 I've pawned all but the suit I've got,
 And so has Mrs Johnston.

Of trouble I have had some shocks,
 And 'cause I gave a cove some knocks,
 I twice have been put in the stocks,
 And so has Mrs Johnston.

Now all who are to wedlock prone,
 If you its joys would have alone,
 Select a temper like your own,
 As I did Mrs Johnston.

For if your ways bring misery,
 As long as you both agree,
 You'll live in fun, and joyful be,
 Like me and Mrs Johnston.

DO YOU EVER THINK ON ME, PEG?

Do you ever think on me, Peg?

Do you ever think on me;

When I'm in the kitchen cooking
 Calipash and Calipee?

When the pork is on the fire,

And the sausage in the pan;

Do you think I can forget, love?

Oh no, I never can.

Then do you, &c.

When a corn is on your toe, dear,

Which with plaster you are healing,

Do you ever think on me, Peg,

When potatoes I am peeling?

Then do you, &c.

Oh! I shall ne'er forget thee, love,

While I can twirl a mop,

Or cook a steak with oyster sauce,

Or broil a mutton chop!

DASH ALONG TO THE MELLOW-TONED HORN.

Bright Sol, from the east spreads
 His beauties around,
 O'er mountain and valley so low ;
 The chase our delight, when we follow the hound,
 And the musical sound of the huntsman's hallo !

This is our song—Dash, dash along,
 To chase the boar, streaming with gore,
 With fiery eyes, his bristles rise ;
 Still we, undaunted, tune our song,
 With forward, my boys, dash, dash along,
 To the mellow-toned horn !

COME, TELL ME WHERE THE MAID IS FOUND.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
 Whose heart can love without deceit—
 And I will range the world around,
 To sigh one moment at her feet.

O tell me where's her sainted home,
 What air receives her blessed sigh :
 A pilgrimage of years I'll roam,
 To catch one sparkle of her eye.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
 While truth within her bosom lies ;
 I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
 Till my heart leave through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
 I'll own all miracles are true ;
 To make one maid sincere and fair,
 O, 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

LIFE IS DARKENED O'ER WITH WOE.

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow,
 Wine's the soul of joy below ;
 Blessed by Bacchus, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal half divine,
 Fill, oh fill the cup before thee,
 Bacchus, Bacchus, I adore thee.

Life is darkened o'er with woe,
 Bid the ruddy nectar flow,
 Lovo's the soul of life below ;
 Blessed by beauty, rosy wine
 Makes a mortal all divine—
 Fill, oh fill the cup before thee,
 Venus, Venus, I adcre thee.

AH! MEN, WHAT SILLY THINGS YOU ARE.

Ah, men what silly things you are,
 To women thus to humble ;
 Who, fowler-like, but spreads her snare,
 Or at her silly game takes aim,
 Pop, pop, and down you tumble.
 Ah, men, &c.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
 Over clover, grass, or stubble—
 Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
 Just as she takes the trouble.

Ah, men, &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
 We know the art of setting ;
 As well as fighting, we can train
 The shyest man our net in.

Ah, men, &c.

LET'S DRINK, MY FRIENDS.

Let's drink, my friends, while here we live,
 The fleeting moments, as they pass,
 This silent admonition give—
 To improve our time, and push the glass.

When once we've entered Charon's boat,
 Farwell to drinking, joys divine!
 There's not a drop to wet our throat,
 The grave's a cellar void of wine.

FAREWELL MY DONKEY NEDDY.

Then farewell my donkey Neddy,
 Scales and panniers all good bye ;
 Never more you'll hear old Teddy,
 Through the streets ' Salt cod, O!' cry.

Now with tears of grief and sorrow,
 Across the herring pond I go ;
 Is there no friend I can borrow,
 Blunt to pay the debts I owe.

Perhaps when I've cut my lucky,
 Folks of me will turn their head ;
 Give my love to Poll my ducky,
 Bid her think on her poor Ted.

HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

I hae wander'd mony a night in June
 Along the banks of Clyde,
 Beneath a bright and bonnie moon,
 Wi' Mary at my side ;
 As summer was she to mine o'e,
 And to my heart a joy,
 And weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh, her presence could on every star
 New brilliancy confer,
 And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
 When they were seen with her ;
 Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
 Her glance was full o' joy,
 And oh, her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

I ha'e play'd to ladies fair and gay,
 In mony a southron hall ;
 But there was one, far, far away,
 A world above them all.
 And now, tho' weary years have fled,
 I think wi' mournfu' joy,
 Upon the tyme when Mary wed
 Hor Highland minstrel boy.

FORGET ME NOT!

Go, youth belov'd, to distant glades,
 New friends, new hopes, new joys to find ;
 Yet sometimes deign 'midst fairer maids,
 To think on her thou leav'st behind.
 Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
 Must never be my happy lot ;
 But thou may'st grant this humble prayer--
 Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
 Too painful to thy feelings be,
 Heed not the wish I now express,
 Nor ever deign to think on me.
 But, oh, if grief thy steps attend,
 If want, if sickness be thy lot,
 And thou require a soothing friend,
 Forget me not! forget me not!

MY LOVE WAS BORN IN ABERDEEN.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
 He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving lad,
 He is a brisk an' a bonny lad ;
 Betide what may, I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow,
 To buy myself a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
 O he's a ranting, &c.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad wi' snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep ?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie spring,
 Will gar a' our plantins ring ;
 Soon our bonnie heather braes,
 Will put on their summer claes ;

On the mountain's sunnie side,
We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers
Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the cauler shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed ;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest tho oars to pleasure thee ;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
Lawland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride,—
O row thee in my Highland Plaid!

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart would break at our farewell
Lang your love has made me fain,
Tak me—tak me for your ain !
'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

THE THISTLE.

Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,
 Of the land of the ocean, and Anglian name,
 With their red blushing roses and shamrock sae
 green ;

Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
 The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth,
 Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd her abode,
 Those wide-spreading glens, where no slave ever trod,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
 And bleak the high mountains, and cover'd with snows,
 Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green ;
 Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
 And for courage so bold, which no foe could subdue,
 Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
 And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,
 Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae green.

Far-fam'd are our sires in the battles of yore,
 And many the cairnies that rise on our shore,
 O'er the foes that invaded the thistle sae green ;
 And many a cairnie shall rise on our strand,
 Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land ;
 Let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,
 We'll give them a welcome,—we'll give them a grave,
 Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green !

O dear to your souls are the blessings of heaven,
 The freedom we boast of, the land which we live in,
 The land of the thistle—the thistle sae green ;

For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
 And we swear by the blood which our fathers have
 shed,
 That ne foot of a fee shall e'er tread on their grave,
 But the thistle shall bleem on the bed of the brave,
 The thistle of Scotia!—the thistle sae green!

OCH HEY! JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been,
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary, a' my lane,
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I leeked owre the spunkie how,
 And aye I thought ye would hae been.
 The ne'er a supper cress'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my e'en,
 Och hey, Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

Gin ye were waiting by the weed,
 Then I was waiting by the thern,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.

Sae be nae vex'd, my bonny lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my love's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O my love's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
 So deep in love am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only love !
 And fare-thee-weel a while ;
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile !

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

Oh! tho boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their
 money freeo,

Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

And of all towns, &c.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,
 Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream.

Fal de ral, &c.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
 Which in my poor bosom have burnt a large hole ;
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Fal de ral, &c.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
 The more I think on it, the more my heart warms,
 For if I was at Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,
 For it's there I get sweethearts, but here I get none.

Fal de ral, &c.

 A WORD TO THE WISE.

I love you by Heaven, what can I say more?

Then set not my passion a-cooling ;

If you yield not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,

For I am but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, I will make up in deeds
 Then why should we wasto time in stuff, child?
 A performance, you know well, a promise exceeds,
 And a word to the wise is enough, child.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

When John and me were married,
 Our haddin' was but sma',
 For my minnie, cankert carlin,
 Wad gie us nocht ava.
 I wairt my fee wi' cannie care,
 As far as it would gae,
 But weel I wat our bridal bed
 Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,
 We've come to what you see;
 For fortune thravo aneath our hands,
 Sae eident ayo were we.
 The lowe of love made labour light.
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en,
 'Mang clean pease strae.

The rese blooms gay en cairny brae,
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will lewe in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha';
 Sae, lassie, tak the lad ye like,
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Tho' you should mak' your bridal bed
 Of clean pease strae.