

SONGS,

AS USUALLY CALLED,

Auld Langsyne.

Flow'r o' Dumblane.

Up in the Morning.

Louden's Bonny Woods

Moulines Maria.

Banks of the Devon.



Falkirk, Printed by T. JOHNSTON.

AULD LANGSYNE.

Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brocht to mind?

Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' langsyne?

For auld langsyne, my dear,

For auld langsyne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,

An' pu'd the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foe,

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne.

We twa hae paidt' il' the burn;

When summer-days were prime;

But seas between us braid hae rear'd:

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

Now there's a hand, my trusty feiro,

An' gi'e's a hand o' thine,

Syne toom the stoup to friendship's growth,

An' auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

But surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,

And surely I'll be mine;

And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,

For auld langsyne.

For auld langsyne, &c.

The Flow'r o' Dumblane.

The Sun has gane o'er the lofty Benlomon,
 and left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I-stray in the calm summer gloaming,
 to muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
 and sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green!
 Yet sweeter an' fairer, an' dearer to this bosom,
 is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny;
 for guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
 wha'd blight in its blossom, the sweet flow'r
 o' Dumblane.

Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,
 thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood green;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days, 'till I met with my Jessie!
 the sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear Jessie,
 'till charin'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r
 o' Dumblane.

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 if wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Up in the Morning early.

CAULD blaws the win' frae north to south,
an' drift is driving sairly;

The sheep is couring in the heugh,

O Sirs! it's Winter fairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
up in the morning early;

I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast among the woods,
the branches tirlin' barely;

Among the chimney-taps it thuds,
an' frost is nippin' sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
up in the morning early;

To sit a' the night wad better agree,
than rise in the morning early.

The Sun peeps o'er the Southlan' hills,
like ony tumerous carlie,

Just blinks a wee; then sinks again,
an' that we fin' severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
up in the morning early;

When snaw blaws in to the chimley-cheek,
wha'd rise in the morning early?

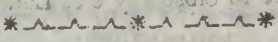
Nae Linties lilt on hiedge or bush,
poor things they suffer sairly,

In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
a' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 up in the morning early;
 No fate can be waur, in the winter-time,
 than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house an' carty wife,
 keeps ay a body cheerly;
 An' pantry stow'd wi' meal an' maat,
 it answers unco rarely.

But up in the morning,
 up in the morning early;
 The gowans maun gien on bank an' brae,
 when I rise in the morning early.



London's Bonnie Woods & Braes.

London's bonnie woods and braes
 I maun lea' them a', Lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Wou'd gi'e Britons law, Lassie?
 Wha wou'd shun the field of danger?
 Wha to Fame wou'd live a stranger?
 Now, when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha wou'd shun her ca', Lassie?
 London's bonnie woods and braes,
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days;
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', Lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yielding joy to thee, Laddie;
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Wae-fu' thoughts to me, Laddie.

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments countin',
 Far frae love and thee, Laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me an' far,
 An' nane to close thy e'e, Laddie.

○ resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears, Lassie!
 Glorious honor crowns the toil
 That the Soldier shares, Lassie.
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
 'Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
 'Till the day we die, Lassie.
 Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peacful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lambs that plays
 On Loudon's flowry lee, Lassie.

'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a Poplar tree's shade
 Maria chose her lonely seat,
 To mourn her sorrows freed.

Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at opening day.

But ah! she mourn'd her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along;

Her pipe, which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Had now forgot its song.

No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast.

Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid! who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe,

And hear thy lovelorn story told,
 Without a falling tear?

Maria—luckless maid!—adiéu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease;

For Heav'n will take a maid so true,
 To everlasting peace.

The Banks of the Devon.

How pleasant the Banks of the clear winding
Devon;
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs
blooming fair;
But the bonniest flower on the Banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bude on the Braes of the Air.
Mild shine the Sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn; as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest
the verdure and pride of the garden or lawn.
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded Lillies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud
Rose,

A fairer than either adorn the green vallies
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows

F I N I S .

Edinburgh—T. Johnston, Printer.