

THE
MELODIST,

A
SELECTION

Of the most Approved

SONGS,

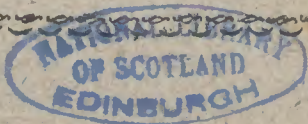
Scotch, English, & Irish.



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THE
MELODIST
Etc.

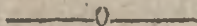
Beneath the Willow Tree.

Oh! take me to your arms, my love,
For keen the wind doth blow;
Oh! take me to your arms, my love,
For bitter is my woe:
She hears me not, she cares not,
Nor will she list to me,
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree.

My love has wealth and beauty,
The rich attend the door;
My love has wealth and beauty,
And I, alas! am poor:
The ribbon fair that bound her hair,
Is all that's left to me,
While here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree!

I once had gold and silver,
I thought them without end;
I once had gold and silver,
And thought I had a friend;

My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
 My love she's stole from me;
 And here I lie, in misery,
 Beneath the willow-tree.



The auld Man's Mare's dead.

Written by PATIE PIRNIE, *Fidler*
in KINGHORN.

THE auld man's mare's dead,
 The poor man's mare's dead,
 Left meal, and peats, and a' to lead,
 A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut-lugget, paunch-lippit,
 Steel-wame't, staincher-fittit,
 Chaunler-chafsted, lang-neckit,
 Yet the brute did die.

The auld man's, &c.

Her lunzie banes were nags and neuks,
 She had the cleeks, the cauld, the creuks,
 The spavin, and the wanton yeuks,
 And the howks aboon her een.

The auld man's, &c.

Her master rade her to the town,
 He tied her till a staincher roup,
 He took a chappin till himsel',
 But the sient a drap gat she.

The auld man's, &c.

The Girl I love.

LET Poets their mistresses' praises rehearse,
And adorn each proud fair with a fiction
of verse.

A goddess and I should, I'm sure, ne'er agree,
For the girl that I love is a mortal like me.

Kind Nature has blest her with charms,
I must own,
But for these she's indebted to Nature alone;
No art, no design in my Ellen I see,
For the girl that I love is a mortal like me.

Health blooms on her cheek, virtue smiles
in her eye,
I love her most dearly, I'll tell her for why,
She laughs, sings, and dances, is lively and free,
And, in truth, she's no more than a mortal
like me.

I apply not to Venus nor Cupid for aid,
But apply where I love, to my beautiful maid;
This alone the fond wish of my bosom shall be,
Love a mortal, dear Ellen, and let him be me.

The Done-over Taylor.

A taylor I was once, as blythe as may be,
Until love, alas! has most wretchedly made me,
I was once so jasty, I was full of the love,
But now I'm a skeleton, one halfy done over.

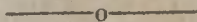
Of't-times, in my shop, I've stood with great
 pleasure,
 And cut out my cloth to my customers' measure,
 With a full yard of cabbage, I then liv'd in
 clever,
 But her cruel frowns have almost done me over.

The first time I saw her she was drest out so
 gayly,
 I fell into fits, and they troubled me daily;
 The girls do so jeer me, that I can go no-where
 But they laugh, and say, There goes the taylor
 done over.

The next time I saw her pass by my shop-window
 My goose being hot, I burnt a sleeve to a cinder,
 How cruel she must be, the sight does not
 move her,
 I fear these sad fits will one day do me over.

The last time I saw her, she was with a bold
 Sailor,
 She laugh'd, and said, There goes the done-
 over taylor:

Goodboy to you stitch-louse, I'm going
 to Dover,
 I wish I was dead, for I'm fairly done over.



The Heaving of the Lead.

For England, when, with favouring gale
 Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd,

To heave the lead the Seamen sprung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the deep nine."

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view,
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true:
 Whilst oft' the lead the Seamen flung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark seven."

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
 Of faith or love a matchless proof:
 The lead once more the Seamen flung,
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,
 "Quarter less five."

Now to her birth the Ship draws nigh,
 We take in sail, she feels the tide;
 "Stand clear the cable," is the cry,
 The anchor's gone—we safely ride:
 The watch is set, and through the night
 We hear the Seamen with delight
 Proclaim—"All's well."

The Flower of Dunblane.

THE sun has gane o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding
blossom!

And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green:
Yet sweeter and fairer, an' dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

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 bloom the sweet flow'r
o' Dunblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the
e'ening;

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to tuis bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane

How lost ware my days 'til I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain:
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
'Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r
o' Dunblane!

Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
An' reckon as naething the height o' its
splendour,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

TWEED - SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,

Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those
 Such beauty and pleasure do yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-bird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music inchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'n folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day!
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgin's excel,
 No beauty with her may compare!
 Love's graces all round her do dwell!
 She's fairest where thousands are fair!
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Honest Men and Bonny Lasses.

Written by a young Lady in Aberdeen.

HONEST men and bonny lasses,
 Honest men and bonny lasses,
 Lang may we live and happy be,
 Wi' honest men and bonny lassos.

Green are the fields, and fair the flowers,
 How bright the sun that o'er us passes !
 But douf and dowie were a' these,
 If nae honest men and bonny lasses.
 Honest men, &c.

Gude's noblest work's an honest man,
 A bonny lass befar's the fairest ;
 Of a' that's dear in Nature's plan,
 A female fair to me's the dearest.
 Honest men, &c.

How blest and happy is the man,
 His days and nights can ne'er seem dreary,
 Who has a steady honest friend,
 And a bonny lassie for his deary.

A N S W E R.

HONEST wives that were braw lasses,
 Honest wives that were braw lasses,
 Lang may we live, and happy be,
 Wi' honest wives that were braw lasses.

If fields are green, and flowers are fair,
 If bright the sun out-o'er us passes,
 We married fouks enjoy a' these
 Wi' honest wives that were braw lasses.
 Honest wives, &c.

Let younkers sing o' lasses braw,
 Our days and nights creep on fu' canny,
 United to a female friend,
 Wha brings ilk year an arle-penny.
 Honest wives, &c.

If wi' a friend we get a drap,
 And on the morn our heads are dizzy,
 Altho' they gi'e a woe bit' gloom,
 To bring relief their hands are bizzy.
 Honest wives, &c.

The Tankard of Ale.

NOT drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to both,
 I met a young man upon Aylesbury dale,
 I saw by his face that he was in good case
 To go and shake hands with a tankard of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. I saw, &c.

The hedger that works in the ditches all day,
 And labours hard all day at the plough tail,
 He'll talk of great things about princes & kings,
 When once he shakes hands with a tankard
 of ale.
 Laru la re, laru, &c. He'll talk, &c.

The beggar that begs her bread from door
to door,

And has scarce got a rag for to cover her tail,
She's as merry in rags, as a miser with bags,
When once she shakes hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, laru, &c. She's as, &c.

The widow who bury'd her husband of late,
And has scarcely forgot for to weep & to wail,
Thinks every day tèn, till she's marry'd again,
When onco she shakes hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, laru, &c. Thinks, &c.

The old parish Vicar, when he's got in liquor,
Doth merrily on his parishioners rail,
Come pay up your tythes, or I'll kiss all
your wives,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, &c. Come pay, &c.

The old parson's clerk, his eyes are so dark,
And the letters so small that he scarcely
can tell;
But he'll see each letter, and sing the psalms
better,
When once he shakes hands with a pot of
good ale.

Laru la re, &c. But he'll see, &c.

The blacksmith by trade, a jolly brisk blade,
Cries, Fill up the bumpér, dear host, from
the pale;

So chearful he'll sing, & make the house ring,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, &c. So chearful, &c.

The tinker, you ken, cries, Old kettles to mend,
With his budget & hammer to drive in the nail,
Will spend a whole crown at one sitting down,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, &c. Will spend, &c.

The mason, brave John, the carver of stone,
The Master's grand secret he will not reveal;
Yet how merry is he, with a lass on his knee,
When once he shakes hands with a tankard
of ale?

Laura la re, &c. Yet how merry, &c.

You maids of the game, pray do not me blame,
Tho' your private practice in public I tell,
Young Bridget and Nell to kiss will not fail,
When once they shake hands with a tankard
of ale.

Laru la re, &c. Young Bridget, &c.

There's some jolly wives loves drink as their
lives,
Dear neighbours but mind of this sorrowful tale,

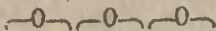
Their husbands they'll horn, as sure's they
were born,

If once they shake hands with a tankard of ale.

Laru la re, &c. Their husbands, &c.

From wrangling or jangling, & every such strife,
Or any thing else that may happen to fall;
From words comes to blows, and a bloody nose,
But friends again over a tankard of ale.

Laru la. re, &c. From words, &c.



Every Body's Song.

TUNE—*Merrily danc'd the Quaker's Wife.*

THO' haughty France invasion threat,

Yet let these loons beware, Sir,

There's wooden walls upon our seas,

And Volunteers on shore, Sir.

The Clyde shall run to Tintock's tap,

Benlomond jump to Gal'way,

Ere we permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally.

Then let us not, as snarling curs,

In wrangling be divided,

Till slap comes in some unco loon,

And with a rung decide it.

Be Britons still to Britons true,

Like Britons stand united;

And never, but by Britain's sons,
Shall Britons' wrongs be righted.

Tho' haughty France, &c.

The Kettle of the Kirk and State,

Perhaps some clout may fail in't,

But de'il a foreign tinkler loon

Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our fathers' blood this Kettle cost,

And wha wad dare to spoil it?

Who would, the sacriligious dog

Shall fuel be to boil it.

Tho' haughty France, &c.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,

I'll tell hio Peggy grieves me;

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,

Alas! she ne'er believes me:

My vows and sighs, like silent air,

Unheeded never move her;

At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,

'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,

No maid seem'd ever kinder,

I thought myself the luckiest lad,

So sweetly there to find her:

I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,

In words that I thought tender;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush blooms fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me:
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

The Turtle Dove.

O fare you well my own true-love,
 O farewel for a while;
 But I'll be sure to return back again,
 If I go ten thousand miles, my dear,
 If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles is a long way,
 When you are from me gone,
 You'll leave me here to lament and cry,
 But you ne'er can hear my moan.

To hear you moan, love, I cannot bear,
 nor cure you of your disease;
 But I'll be sure to return back again,
 When all friends will be pleas'd.

I suppose your friends will never be pleas'd,
 They are grown so lofty and high,
 Yet I'll never prove false to the girl I love,
 Till the stars fall from the sky.

Suppose the stars never fall from the sky,
 And the rocks never melt with the sun,
 Yet I ne'er will prove false to the girl I love;
 Till all these things are done.

Suppose these things should never be done,
 While you and I do live,
 Yet I'll ne'er prove false to the girl I love,
 Till we both go to one grave.

O don't you see yon little turtle-dove,
 That sits on yonder tree,
 Making a lament for its true-love;
 And so will I for thee, my dear;
 And so will I for thee.

So now we must part, my dearest love,
 Perhaps to meet no more;
 I hope you'll mind your promise to me,
 Till you return on shore,
 Till you return on shore.

JOCKY'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
 The trees wi' leaves sae green,
 And little birds around their bow'rs
 In harmony convene.

The Cookoo flies frae tree to tree,
 While saft the zephyrs blaw ;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jocky's far awa' ?

CHORUS.

O My Jocky's far awa' on sea,
 My Jocky's far awa' ;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jocky's far awa' ?

Last May morning, how sweet to see
 The little lambkins play !
 Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,
 Did gently wa'k that way :
 On yon green bank sweet flow'rs he pu'd,
 To busk my bosom bra' ;
 But what are a' thae joys to me ?
 For now he's far awa'.

My Jocky's far awa', &c.

O gentle peace, return again,
 Bring Jocky to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 An' safe frae war's alarms !
 If e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 While I ha'e breath to draw ;
 Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
 My Jocky's far awa', &c.

Our bonny Scotch Lads.

By TANNAHILL.

Our bonny Scotch Lads in their green tartan
plaid,
Their blue-belted bonnets, an' feathers sae
braw,

Rank'd up on the green, war' fair to be seen,
But my bonny young Laddie was fairest of a'.

His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell
Of the red western cloud lookin' down on
the snaw;

His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
An' the een o' the lasses war' fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When, torn frae my bosom, they march'd
him awa' ;

He bade me fareweel, he cried, " O be leel !"
An' his red cheeks war' wet wi' the tears that
did fa'.

Hh ! Harry, my love, tho' thou ne'er should
return,

'Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn
An' mem'ry shall fade, like the leaf on the tree ;
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither
but thee.

The Cold Flinty Rock.

ON this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
 And, happy, I'll sing thro' the night!
 The Moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed,
 And the Stars crowd to give me their light:

Then come to me, my gentle dear,
 O turn thy sweet eyes to me!
 To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
 And kiss from thy lids the sad tear,
 And kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs
 unfold,
 Is thou, love! the joy of this earth!
 But the rock that it springs from, so flinty
 and cold,
 Is thy Father that gave thee thy birth.

Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheek of
 the eve,
 And the winds that so mournfully cry,
 Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou
 must leave,
 To lie down in these deserts to die.

Then come to me, &c.

Love among the Roses.

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bow'r,
 And gather'd sweets from many a flow'r,
 From Roses and sweet Jessamine,
 The Lily and the Eglantine:
 The Graces there were culling posies,
 And found young Love among the Roses,
 Young Love among the Roses,
 Love among the Roses.

Oh happy day! Oh joyour hour!
 Compose a wreath of every flow'r;
 Let's bind him to us ne'er to sever,
 Young Love shall dwell with us for ever!
 Eternal Spring the wreath composes,
 Content is Love among the Roses.
 Young Love, &c.



The Minute-Gun at Sea.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,
 The night-watch guards his wary post,
 From thoughts of danger free,
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,
 And hears, amid the howling storm,
 The Minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few,
The Life-boat man with a gallant,
gallant crew,

They dare the dangerous wave!
Thro' the wild surf they cleave their way,
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,
For they go the crew to save,

But Oh! what rapture fills each breast
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd!
Then landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that beset!
Then is heard no more,
By the watch on the shore,
The Minute-gun at sea.



The Greenwood Tree.

Thus we pass day and night,
In each scene of delight,
Live happy, contented, and free;
As old Time glides along,
Pleasure sweetens the song,
All under the Greenwood Tree.

Let the rich and the great,
Live in splendour and state,
Nor pride nor ambition have we;
From trouble, care, and strife,
We live a rural life,
All under the Greenwood Tree.

Thus we gaily sing,
 While time is on the wing,
 Who's so happy, so happy as we?
 The nut-brown ale we quaff,
 And revel, sing, and laugh,
 All under the Greenwood Tree.

The Lass o' Arranteenie.

By TANNAHILL.

FORLORN amang the Highland hills,
 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, an' woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander:
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain-mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
 Sweet Lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh an' bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazle-bough,
 An's scarcely seen by ony:
 Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my JEANY,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean,
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambicion courts promotion :
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel'd favours many,
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The Lass o' Arranteenie.

~ ~ ~

Bonny Wood of Craigielee.

By TANNAHILL.

THOU bonny Wood of Craigielee,
 Thou bonny Wood of Craigielee,
 Near thee I spent life's early day,
 And won my MARY's heart in thee.

The broom, the bri'r, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flow'ry lea ;
 An' a' the sweets that ane can wish,
 Frae Nature's han', are strew'd od thee.

Thou bonny Wood, &c.

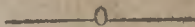
Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
 The Cúshat croodles an'rously,
 The Mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

Thou bonny Wood, &c.

When Winter blows in sleety show'rs,
 Frac aff the Norlin hills 'sae hi',
 He lightly kiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.

Thou bonny Wood, &c.

Tho' Fate should drag me south the Lixie,
 Or owre the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min',
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c



The Village Maid.

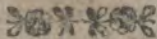
I would not change for cups of gold
 This little cup that you behold.
 'Tis from the beech that gave a shade,
 At noon-day, to my Village-Maid.

I would not change for Persian loom,
 This humble matting of my room;
 'Tis of those very rushes twin'd,
 Oft press'd by charming Rosalind.

I would not change my lovely wicket,
 That opens in her fav'rite thicket,
 For portals proud, or tow'rs that frown,
 The monuments of old renown.

I would not change' this foolish heart,
 That learns from her to joy or smart,
 For his that burns with love of glory,
 And loses life to live in story.

Yet in themselves, my heart, my cote,
 My mote, my bowl, I value not,
 But only as they, one and all,
 My lovely Rosalind recal.



Poll of Horsely-down.

YE landsmen and ye seamen,
 Be you a-head or astern,
 Come listen unto me,
 And a story you shall learn;
 It's of one Captain Oakum
 That you shall quickly hear,
 Who was the bold Commander
 Of the Peggy Privateer;
 And he his colours never struck,
 so great was his renown,
 No never to one soul on earth,
 But Poll of Horsely-down.

Miss Polly was a first-rate,
 Truck'd out in flashy gear,
 And Captain Oakum met her,
 As to Wapping he did steer;

And as he stood a-viewing her,
 And thinking of no hurt,
 A Porter passing with a load,
 Capsiz'd him in the dirt!
 Then taking out his 'bacco box,
 That cost him half-a-crown,
 He took a quid and heav'd a sigh
 To Poll of Horsely-down.

He soon found out Poll's father,
 And dress'd in rich array,
 He got permission for to court,
 And so got under weigh;
 Miss Polly she receiv'd him
 All for a lover true,
 And quite enamorated
 Of her he quickly grew:
 He squir'd and convey'd her
 All over London Town,
 Until the day was fixed,
 To wed with Poll of Horsely-down

But Poll she was a knowing one,
 As you shall quickly find;
 And as for Captain Oakum,
 Pure love had made him blind:
 One morning, in her chamber,
 He found a cockney lout,
 So Captain hov'd the window up,
 And chuck'd the gem'man out;
 Then cock'd his arms a-kimbo,
 And looking with a frown.
 He took a quid, and bid good-bye
 To Poll of Horsely-down.

The Blacksmith.

A Blacksmith you'll own is most clever,
 And great in the world is his place;
 And the reason I've guess'd, why for ever
 A Blacksmith deserving of grace.
 Sing *fa de la*, &c.

Great Lawyers who plead and who preach,
 While many good causes they mar,
 May yield to the Blacksmith to teach,
 For he labours still more at the *bar*.

When great men do wrong in the State,
 The Commons try hard at their poles;
 Whilst the Blacksmith, as certain as fate,
 Could have 'em haul'd over the coals.

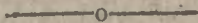
And if rogues put their name to a draft,
 The law for their hanging will tease;
 But Blacksmiths are free from all craft,
 And may *forge* just as much as they please.

The *vices* of trade he holds cheap,
 And laughs at the world as it rails,
 For, spite of the pother they keep,
 They can't make a Smith *eat his nails!*

And if, to his praise be it spoke,
 To raise him still higher and higher,
 You may say, and without any joke,
 All he gets is got *out of the fire*.

Then let Blacksmiths be toasted around,
 For well it may be always said,
 When a fortune by Blacksmiths is found,
 They must hit the right *nail o' the head.*

No *irony* now I'm about,
 To his *metal* you'll find him still true,
 Since I've *hammer'd* his history out,
 I hope 'twill be *temper'd* by you.
 Sing *fa la, &c.*



The Cobler and his Wife.

LAST week I took a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vow'd to stick thro' life
 Like Cobler's wax unto her:
 But soon we went, by some mishap,
 To loggerheads together,
 And when my wife began to strap,
 Why I began to leather.

My wife, without her shoes,
 Is hardly three feet seven;
 And I, to all men's views,
 Am full five feet eleven.
 So when, to take her down some pegs,
 I drubb'd her neat and clever;
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away for ever.

When she was gone, good lack!
 My hair like hogs-hair bristled;
 I thought she'd ne'er come back,
 So went to work and whistled.
 Then let her go, I've got my stall,
 Which may no robber rifle,
 'Twould break my heart to lose my awl,
 To lose my wife's a trifle.

The Wounded Hussar.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube
 Fair Adelaide hied, when the battle was o'er,
 'O whither,' she cried, 'hast thou wander'd,
 my lover,
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the
 shore?
 What voice have I heard?—'Twas my Henry
 that sigh'd!"
 All mournful she hastened, nor wandered
 she far,
 When bleeding and low on the heath she
 descried,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
 Hussar.

From his bosom, that heaven, the last torrent
 was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with
 a scar,

And dim was that eye, expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war!
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight,
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 'Hast thou come, my fond love, this last
 sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded
 Hussar?'

'Thou shalt live!' she replied, 'Heaven's
 mercy relieving;
 Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to
 mourn.'

'Ah! no: the last pang in my bosom is
 heaving;
 No light of the moon shall to Henry return.
 Thou charmer of life! ever tender and true;
 Ye babes of my love! that await me afar—
 His faltering tongue scarce could murmur
 Adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded
 Hussar!

Nobody Coming to Woo.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
 I went to the gate to see,
 When every lass had her spark,
 But nobody comes to me.

And it's oh! dear what will become of me!

Oh! dear what shall I do!

Nobody comes to marry me,

Nobody coming to woo.

My father's an hedger and ditcher,

My mother does nothing but spin,

And I'm a pretty young girl,

But the money comes slowly in.

And it's Oh! dear, &c.

They say I'm beaut'ous and fair,

They say I'm scornful and proud,

Alas! I must now despair,

For ah! I'm grown very old.

And it's Oh! dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid,

Oh dear how shocking the thought!

And all my beauty must fade;

But I'm sure it's not my fault.

And it's Oh! dear, &c.

The Modest Maid.

ABROAD as I was walking,

Down by a shady grove,

I heard a young maid talking,

lamenting for her love.

Then I began to court her,

In a rude and rakish way.

I clasp'd my arms around her,
 And gave her kisses sweet.
 I kindly did salute her,
 Till she began to weep.

She weep'd and wail'd, and to me said,
 O fie, young man, for shame!
 Pray be easy, and do not teaze me,
 for you are much to blame.
 O do you think I am
 Some mistress of delight?
 Or do you think I want
 For to be ruin'd quite?

O no no young man,
 Such things will never do;
 I have a lover of good behaviour,
 I far prefer to you:
 Your riches I do hold in scorn,
 Your offer I deny;
 Don't think that I can love you,
 From me depart straightway.

So pray, young man, be civil,
 Away from me depart;
 Do you think such ill behaviour
 Will ever gain my heart?
 The man that I do most admire,
 He is both neat and trim;
 He is no roves, but a true lover
 To me a dānsel young.
 He's straight and tall, genteel withal,
 Has no deluding tongue:

And if I can't enjoy
 The man that I love best,
 I never will be married
 As long as I have breath:
 I never will married be,
 Nor yet be made a wife,
 I'll love my choice, and will rejoice
 In a sweet and single life.

A Bottle and Friend.

BRIGHT glory's a trifle, and so is ambition,
 Despis'd by free hearts, tho' in low condition;
 Let boys ramble on, until their fair extent;
 But give me, oh give me, my bottle and friend.
 Into the little cross-room so neat and so trim,
 O! then will I enjoy my bottle and friend.

All Europe & Bona for kingdoms are wrangling,
 Whilst misers for gold are always a-jangling;
 But let them fight on, whilst my money I spend,
 And give me, O give me my bottle and friend.

Whilst thus I am single, I can be a ranger,
 Free from all care, and quite out of danger;
 Women laugh at men's folly, who money spend,
 But give me, O give me, my bottle and friend

Come, come, my companions so chearful & gay,
 Let's have the other bumper, drive sorrow away,
 Let's drink and be merry, until our lives end,
 O give me, O give me a bottle and friend.

The Soldier who to Battle goes.

THE Soldier who to battle goes,
 And danger braves for duty,
 Altho' he laughs at fears or foes,
 Like others sighs for beauty;
 For Cupid's a gen'ral whom all must obey,
 As the bravest of mortals must prove,
 For no weapon, tho' keenest that art can
 Can wound like the arrow of love. (display,

The Soldier from the field returns
 To tell his martial story;
 With joy his ardent bosom burns,
 To gain the meed of glory:
 But glory you'll find little more than a name,
 And affection much sweeter will prove,
 For tho' grateful the much-envy'd laurel of
 Much dearer's the myrtle of love. (fame,

Sweet Laura of the Vale.

WITH hat of straw and russet gown,
 Her ringlets hung adown, adown,
 And wanton'd in the gale;
 With honest heart and simple mein,
 How blest an humble village-queen,
 Sweet Laura of the Vale!
 Sing, down, adown.

By greatness lur'd she sought the town,
 Her caution all adown, adown,
 And hapless is the tale ;
 Deceiv'd and lost, a fatal proof
 That peace from error stands aloof,
 Died Laura of the Vale. Sing, &c.

The True British Sailor.

Jack dances and sings, and is always content,
 In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her,
 His anchor's a-trip when his money's all spent,
 And this is the life of a Sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
 Where the winds the tir'd vessel are flinging ;
 Tho' sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
 Still Jack is found working and singing.

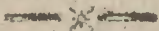
Longside of an enemy, boldly and brave,
 He'll with broadside on broadside regale her,
 Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,
 So noble's the mind of a Sailor.

Let the cannons roar, burst their sides let the
 Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle, (bombs,
 The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
 And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust,
 As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her ;
 Resign'd still & manly, since what must be must,
 And this is the mind of a Sailor.

Tho' careless & headlong, if danger should press,
 And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
 Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
 And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to passion no slave,
 Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer;
 He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave;
 And this is a true British Sailor.



The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sung truce, for the night cloud
 had lower'd,
 And the centinel stars set the watch in
 the sky,
 And thousands had sunk to the ground
 overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot, that guarded
 the slain,
 In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice ere the cock crew, I dreamt it
 again:

Thought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 All nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd
 D me baek

I flew to the pleasant fields, travell'd so oft,
 In life's morning march, when my bosom
 was young;

I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And well knew the strain that the corn-
 reapers sung:

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly
 I swore,

From my house and my weeping friends
 never to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness
 of heart,

Stay, stay with us! rest! thou art weary
 and worn!

And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
 away.



'The Sailor's Love-Letter.'

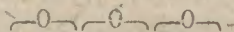
DEAREST Poll, since I left you to plough the
 wide main,

I've of dangers and toils had my share;
 But amid these disasters I steadfast remain,

So sweet girl rest assur'd of my care:

For tho' blown by the wild winds over the sea,
 No tempest shall blow my affections from thee.

In the hot rage of battle I've oft' dar'd the foe,
 The strength of my valour to prove;
 And the scars of renown I bear with me, I know,
 Will endear me the more to your love:
 While in search of new conquests I plough
 the rough sea,
 Yet ne'er shall they blow my affection from thee.
 I will fight in the cause of Britannia, till Peace
 Yield me back to my dear girl again;
 And your praise will the laurels of glory increase
 When I tell our exploits on the main:
 Then repaid are the perils I meet with at sea,
 In the joys of returning, sweet Polly, to thee.



For a' that, and a' that.

By BURNS.

WHAT tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-grey, and a' that,
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that;
 An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

Wha wad, for honest poverty,
 Hing down his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by
 And dare be poor for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their purse-ground looks, and a' that;
 In ragged coats ye'll aften fin'
 The noblest hearts for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Who struts and stares, and a' that,
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that;
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look, and laugh at a' that.

The King can mak' a belted Knight,
 A Marquis, Duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 His dignities and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it shall, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 When man and man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be, for a' that.

Wat ye wha's in yon Town.

By BURNS.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The dearest maid's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.

Now hap'ly down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree,
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw!
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'ee.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And wanton in the blooming year:
 But doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blyth on yon town,
 Amang the broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure is my Jean.

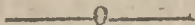
Without my fair not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
 The sinking sun's gaun down upon;
 The dearest maid's in yon town
 His setting beam e'er shone upon.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear,
 I'd careless quit ought else below,
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.

For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.



TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, Montgom'ry eries.
 And lay your disputes all aside.
 What nonsense it's for folk to chide,
 For what's been done before them:

Let whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their whigmegorum :

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To spend this night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me,
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite.
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blythe and merry;
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 To make a cheerfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a braith to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase,
 Wi' bringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gae our ain strathspeys
 For half a dozen score o'em:

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear o' want and double cess:
 And silly sauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we sae sour and silky sit,
 Sour and silky, sour and silky;

Shall we sae sour and silky sit,
Like auld philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky git,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shak' a fit,
At the Reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
-And dainties a great store o'em;

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten-soul,
And blackest fiends devour him!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him.

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that came frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
T' Reel of Tullochgorum,

The Bonny Scotman.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
 My blyth, my bonny Scotman;
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
 My blyth, my bonny Scotman,
 My blyth, my bonny Scotman.

In holy bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not that discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithful lover.

In holy bands we join'd our hands,
 Yet may not that discover,

While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithful lover,
 Before a faithful lover,
 Before a faithful lover;

While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithful lover.

But I wou'd chuse in Highland glens,
 To herd the kid and goat, man;
 Ere I cou'd for such little ends,
 Refuse my bonny Scotman.

Wae worth the man who first began,
 The base ungen'rous fashion,
 From greedy views, love's art to use,
 Whilst stranger to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to kiss thy balmy mouth,
 And in her bosom press thee:
 Love gives the word, then haste on board,
 Fair wind and gentle boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, from yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scotman.

T A M G L E N.

My heart is a-breaking, dear Titty,
 Some counsel unto me now len',
 To anger them a' is a pity.

But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?
 I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fee';

What care I in riches to wauow,
 If I maanna marry Tam Glen?

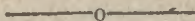
There's Laurie the Laird o' Drumpeller,
 Gude day ta—ye then he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his miller,
 But whan will he dance like Tam Glen?

My mither she constantly deeves me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They'll flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha wad think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, Gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hundred merks ten;
 But if 'tis ordain'd I'm to take him,
 Wha else can I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentines dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten!
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I lay wakin,
 My droucked sark sleeve as ye ken,
 His likeness can'te ben the house stalking,
 Ay, the vera gray breeks o' Tam Glen!
 Your counsel, dear Titty, don't tarry,
 I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
 If that ye'll advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.



The King's Anthem.

FAME let thy trumpet sound,
 Tell all the world around,
 Great George is King.
 Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
 Britannia scorns their chain;
 All their vile arts are vain,
 Great George is King.

He peace and plenty brings,
 While Rome's deluded kings
 Waste and destroy:
 Then let his people sing,
 Long live great George our King,
 From whom such blessings spring,
 Freedom and joy.

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