

THE
LOVER'S
SONGSTER;
A NEW
SONG BOOK,

Being a Choice Collection of
CELEBRATED LOVE SONGS:

NAMELY,

<p>Robin Adair Oh! no, my love no The Thorn The Girl of my Heart Tell her I love her Only tell her that I love Love and Glory The Soldier's Adieu My Mary dear, &c. Jessie the Flower of Dum- blane O Stay, my Love Lilies of the Valley Sally Roy Dear maid, I love thee Just like Love</p>	<p>Green Grow the Rashes Taminy's Courtship Fair Ellen Far, far at Sea The Bewilder'd Maid My Heart with Love is Beating The Streamlet The Sailor's Journal The Willow Tree Hail to the Beam of Morning The Sisters Black ey'd Susan My pretty Brunette</p>
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Printed by J. Marshall,

In the Old Flesh-Market, Newcastle;

*Where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection
of Songs, Ballads, Tales Histories, &c.*

LOVER'S

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?

Robin's not near,
What was't I with'd to see?

What with'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth

Made this town heaven on earth?

Oh! they are all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made the Assembly shine?—

Robin Adair:

What made the ball so fine?

Robin was there:

What, when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore?—

Oh! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But thou art cold to me,

Robin Adair;

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair:

Yet he I lov'd so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell:

Oh! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

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Oh! no, my Love, no.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to
lose you,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,

Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,

Did I ever upbraid you?—Oh! no, my Love, no.

I own it would please me at home could you tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go?

But if it give pleasure to you, my dear Harry,

Shall I blame your departure?—Oh! no, my
love, no.

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;

Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,

Do you think I suspect you?—Oh! no, my love, no.

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,

Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;

Yet would you dishonour my truth and deceive me,

Should I e'er cease to love you?—Oh! no my
love, no,

The Thorn.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested

A sprig her dear breast to adorn;

No, by heav'n's! I exclaim'd, may I perish,

If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I shew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn;

Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you promise,

That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by heav'n's! &c.

The Girl of my Heart.

I HAVE parks, I have grounds,
 I have deer, I have hounds,
 And for sporting a neat little cottage ;
 I have youth, I have wealth,
 I have strength, I have health,
 Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
 What can I want ?—'Tis the Girl of my
 heart,

To share those treasures with me ;
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart—
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
 And sustains social friends,
 Who make music divinely enchanting ;
 We have balls, we have plays,
 We have routs, public days,
 And yet still I find something a-wanting.
 What should it be, but the girl of my heart,
 To share those treasures with me ?
 And had I the wealth which the Indies im-
 part,

No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart—
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

For what is the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
 Compar'd with the girl of my heart?
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

Tell her I love her.

TELL her I love her while the clouds drop rain,
 Or while there's water in the pathly main;
 Tell her I love her till this life be o'er,
 And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore:
 Tell her I only ask she'll think on me—
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea:
 Tell her all this; tell it, tell it o'er and o'er,
 I'll love her while there's salt within the sea:
 Tell her all this; tell it o'er and o'er;
 The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more.

Only tell her that I love.

ONLY tell her that I love,
 Leave the rest to her and fate,
 Some kind planet from above;
 Only tell her how I love.
 Why, oh why should I despair?
 Mercy's painted in her eye:
 If she does vouchsafe to hear,
 Welcome Hope, and farewell Fear.
 Ye zephyrs, on your balmy gale,
 Bear to my fair the tender tale.
 And whisp'ring softly from above,
 Only tell her that I love;
 Tell her softly, only tell her that I love.
 Only tell her that I love.

Love and Glory.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
 As ever grac'd a martial story ;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth :
 She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story ;
 Till war, their honest joys to blight,
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride ;
 Jane follow'd, fought—ah ! hapless story !
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

The Soldier's Adieu.

A DIEU ! adieu ! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee :
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife—
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where Valour's self might stand appall'd !
 When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heaven above,
 Thy fervent orisons are flown ;
 The tender prayer
 Thou putt'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My Mary Dear, &c.

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?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
 That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity can ne'er efface
 Those records dear of transport past;
 Thy image, at our last embrace,
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.
 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd its 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 sang love on ev'ry 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, dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomon',
An' left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,

While lanely I sturay, in the calm simmer gloamin',

To muse on sweet Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the briar, wi' its fat faulding blossom,

An' sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;

Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Is lovely, &c.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,

For guileless simplicity marks her its ain :

An' far be the villain, divested of feeling,

Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o'

Dumblane.

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

Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen ;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,

Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

Is lovely, &c.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;

I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,

Till charm'd wi' young Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-

blane.

Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in vain,

An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

If wanting, &c.

O Stay, my Love.

O STAY, my love! my William, dear!
 Ah! whither art thou flying?
 Nor think'ft thou of my parents here,
 Nor heed'ft thy Susan's sighing?
 Thy country's cause and honour's call,
 Are words that but deceive thee:
 Thou see'ft my tears, how fast they fall—
 Thou must not, William! leave me.

Who'll o'er them watch, if thus we part,
 In sickness or in sorrow?
 In some cold shed, with breaking heart,
 Where will they comfort borrow;
 Neglected left, no William nigh,
 To cheer, protect, relieve them;
 I helpless thrown aside to die:
 Thou must not, William! leave them.

Ah! me—and think a summer floun,
 Perhaps we part for ever;
 The fondest hearts that e'er were known,
 Unpitying death will sever.
 Then why e'er waste or throw away?
 'Twill pass too soon, believe me,
 Our day of love, our little day—
 Thou must not, William! leave me.

Lilies of the Valley,

O'ER barren hills and flowery dales,
 O'er seas and distant shores,
 With merry songs, and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours:
 Though wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find
 A girl like blithsome Sally;
 Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 "Sweet Lilies of the Valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling on each tree,
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social, gay, and free:
 Yet though the lasses love me well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her who cries,
 "Sweet Lilies of the Valley."

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,
 To see my native soil;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil;
 I care not which, with either pleas'd,
 That little ~~one~~ nymph, who cries,
 "Sweet Lilies of the Valley."

Sally Roy.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;
 She lost her lover, and she died;
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd, his martial pow'r to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 At noon she saw the youth depart;
 At eve she lost her darling joy;
 Ere night, the last throb of her heart
 Declared the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
 When yellow midnight fills the valley.
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally.
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,
 Which weans each longing heart from joy;
 The mournful widge, ascending high,
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

Dear Maid, I love thee.

DEAR maid, by every hope of bliss,
 By love's first pledge, the virgin kiss,
 By heaven and earth, I love thee!
 For ever in this heart shall dwell
 The lovely form whose charms compel
 This falt'ring tongue to softly tell,
 How much, dear maid, I love thee!
 Tho' time or place should intervene,
 Still time, that changes every scene,
 Would make me still more love thee!
 Tho' far apart as pole from pole,
 I still should feel thy love controul,
 While my devoted, constant soul,
 Would but exist to love thee!

Just Like Love.

JUST like love is yonder rose,
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws;
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
 And in the midst of briars it blows,

Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
 They rude thorns the stem invest,
 And with them be gather'd with the rest,
 The heart be press'd,

Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
 They die—and they shall bloom never,
 —Yet, the thorns be sharp as ever,

Just like love.

Green grow the Rashes, O,

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O:

Green grow the rashes, O:

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,

Are spent among the lasses, O.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that pass'es, O;

What signifies the life o' man,

An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

The warl'y race may riches chase,

An' riches still may fly them, O;

An' tho' at last they catch them fast,

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canty hour at e'en,

My arms about my dearie, O;

An' warl'y cares, and warl'y men,

May a' gae tapfalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

For you, sae doule, ye sneer at this,

Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:

The wisest man the wari' e'er saw,

He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Tammy's Courtship.

OH, where ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
 Where ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing, just come frae her
 mammy.

And where gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
 And where gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe for her poor mammy.

What said you to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
 What said you to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?
 I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';
 I pree'd it aft as ye may trow—she said she'd tell her
 mammy.

I held her to my beating breast, my young, my smi-
 ling lammy;
 I held her to my beating breast, my young, my smi-
 ling lammy:
 I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I've wealth o' plenishing and gear,
 Ye'll get it a', wer't ten times mair, gin ye will leave
 your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—I manna leave
my mammy,

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—I manna leave
my mammy :

She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,

She's been my comfort a' her days ;

My Father's death brought mony waes—I canna
leave my mammy.

We'll tak' her hame, and make her fain, my ain
kind hearted lammy.

We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain
kind hearted lammy ;

We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claife,

We'll be her comfort all her days ;

The wee thing gi'es her han', and says,—

There I gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy ?

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy ?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her e'e—

But oh ! she's but a young thing, just come frae her
mammy !

Fair Ellen.

FAIR Ellen like a lily grew,
Was beauty's fav'rite flower,
Till falsehood chang'd her lovely hue,
She wither'd in an hour.

Antonio in her virgin breast
First rais'd a tender sigh ;
His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
Then left the maid to die.

Far far, at Sea.

'T WAS at night, when the bell had toll'd twelve,
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
 In her ear whisper'd some flitting elfe—
 Your love is now tofs'd on a billow,
 Far, far at sea!

All was dark, as she woke out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover;
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy, which painted her lover,
 Far, far at sea!

So she whisper'd a prayer—clos'd her eyes,
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow;
 Whilst in terror she echo'd his cries,
 As struggling he sunk in a billow,
 Far, far at sea!

The Bewildered Maid.

SLOW broke the light and sweet breath'd the morn,
 When a maiden I saw sitting under a thorn,
 Her dark hair hung loose on her bosom of snow,
 Her eyes look'd bewilder'd, her cheeks pale with woe.

Ah! whence is thy sorrow, fair maiden? said I.
 The green grave will answer, she said, with a sigh.
 The merry lark so sweetly did sing o'er her head,
 As she thought on her grief, and the battle, she said,

The breeze murmur'd by, when she look'd up forlorn,
 Hark! Hark! didst thou hear, 'twas the sigh of the
 morn;

They say, that in battle my love met his death,
 But ah! 'twas this hawthorn that robb'd his sweet
 breath.

Come here, faithful Robin, live safe from the storm;
 In my bosom now sing, there my true love lies warm.
 Ah! Robin, be constant, my true love was brave,
 Sweet Robin shall sit and sing over my grave.

My Heart with Love is Beating.

MY heart with love is beating,—
 Fond trembler—feel it move;
 To thee each vow repeating,
 Who taught it first to love.
 To thee, my life's best treasure,
 I'll breathe them o'er and o'er,
 With ardent love and pleasure,
 Till time shall be no more.
 My heart with love is beating,
 Its fond emotions prove;
 To thee its vows repeating,
 My life, my soul, my love!
 The sun shall lose each motion,
 The heavens each fix'd degree,
 And cease to roll the ocean,
 Ere I prove false to thee!

The Streamlet.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot
 All the charms of my Emily knew,
 How oft has its course been forgot,
 While it paus'd her dear image to woo.
 Believe me, the fond silver tide
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
 For silently swelling with pride,
 It reflected her back to the skies.

The Sailor's Journal.

TWAS post meridian half past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted ;
 At six she linger'd on the shore,
 With uplift hands, and broken hearted :
 At seven, while taught'ning the fore-stay,
 I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy :
 At eight we all got under weigh,
 And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came—and now eight bells had rung
 While careless failors, ever cheery,
 On the mid-watch so jovial sung,
 With tempers labour cannot weary ;
 I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
 While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,
 And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,
 Look'd on the moon and thought of Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
 At six the elements in motion,
 Plung'd me, and three poor failors more,
 Headlong into the foaming ocean !
 Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;
 For me—it may be only fancy—
 But love seem'd to forbid the waves
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.
 Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
 Ere a bold enemy appear'd,
 And dauntless, we prepar'd for battle.

And now, while some dear friend or wife,
 Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
 To Providence I trusted life,
 Put up a pray'r—and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 The crew, it being lovely weather,
 At three, A. M. discover'd day,
 And England's chalky cliffs together ;
 At seven, up channel how we bore !
 While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy !
 At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

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 ;
 While here I lie, in misery,
 Beneath the Willow Tree.
 My love has wealth and beauty—
 The rich attend her door ;
 My love has wealth and beauty,
 And I, alas, am poor !
 The ribband 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 I thought I had a friend !
 My wealth is lost—my friend is false—
 My love he stole from me ;
 While here I lie, alone to die,
 Beneath the Willow Tree.

Hail to the Beam of Morning.

LONG time a blooming lass I courted,
 A lovely girl, with manners simple ;
 Upon her cheek the graces sported,
 And Cupid lurk'd in ev'ry dimple.
 Each morning, at the crimson flushes,
 Which spread above the misty mountain,
 She rose with modest healthy blushes,
 To fill the pitcher at the fountain.
 And as the skylark spreads his wing,
 Thus would my lovely Ellen sing,
 Hail, hail, hail to the beam of morning.
 Pride for a while my passion quelling,
 Forbade my soul it's vows to render ;
 But soon her eye my pride expelling,
 Gave birth to every impulse tender.
 Now with my girl and friends surrounding,
 My lisping offspring round me clinging,
 Whilst hope in promis'd joys abounding,
 Inspires the artless strain we're singing ;
 And when the skylark spreads his wing,
 We make each neighbouring valley ring,
 Hail, hail to the beam of morning !

The Three Sisters

JANE was a Woodman's daughter,
 The fairest of the three,
 Love in the snares had caught her,
 As fast as fast could be:
 A sailor's son was Harry,
 As brave as brave could be,
 And he resolv'd to marry
 The fairest of the three.
 The fairest, &c.
 Maria thought it wiser
 A rich man's wife to be,
 And so she took a miser,
 As old as old could be.
 Louisa felt love's passion,
 But wish'd the world to see,
 So chose a lad of fashion,
 The dullest of the three.
 The dullest, &c.
 Louisa's spouse perplex'd her,
 A widow soon was she;
 Maria's liv'd and vex'd her,
 As well as well could be:
 But Jane possess true pleasure,
 With one of low degree,
 They were each other's treasure,
 The happiest of the three.
 The happiest, &c.

Black-eyed Susan.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board:

Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William fails among your crew!

William now high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides swiftly through his glow-
 ing hands,
 And (quick as lightning) on the deck he
 stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain:
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant
 mind ;
 They'll tell thee, failors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee
 so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my fouldsome charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn :
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return :
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Su-
 fan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay on board :
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head ;
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

My Pretty Brunette.

DEAR Nancy, I've sail'd the wide world around,
 And seven long years been a rover,
 To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
 But now my hard perils are over.
 I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
 The comforts of life to beget:
 Have born in each climate the heat and the cold,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.
 Then say my sweet girl, can you love me?

Though others may boast of more riches than mine,
 And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
 At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine,
 Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
 Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
 Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
 If not, why I'll do it again and again,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar, in pursuit of a foe,
 I sigh at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
 And, ah! never more see my Nancy!
 But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget;
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And all for my pretty Brunette.

Then say, my sweet girl, &c.

FINIS.