

F 4411

D759

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
2286

JACK DOWNING'S

SEP 25 1935

SONG BOOK.

CONTAINING A SELECTION OF UPWARDS
OF TWO HUNDRED SONGS, MANY
OF WHICH ARE NEW.

✓
BY JACK DOWNING, M. D. M.

Second Edition.

PROVIDENCE:
WEEDEN AND CORY.
1836.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Five, by Weeden & Cory, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the District of Rhode-Island.

TO ANDREW JACKSON,

President of the United States.

DEAR GENERAL—I suppose you will think this is rather a queer piece of business, for me to go to work to put out a Song Book: but the truth of the matter is, that I have got pretty near tired out with all the nonsense that the whole heap of newspaper folks have kept printing about me, and making up all sorts of stuff, and calling it mine:—and so, while I was down East, last winter, I took it into my head, that I would do something or other, so that people might find out that I was n't, after all, just exactly the kind of creature they took me for: and I pretty soon concluded that the best way was to contrive some book that every body would want to read, and here it is.

Now, if so be that people generally may suppose that there must be different particular kinds of Song Books enough already, for every body that wants one; all I can say, is, that there is plenty of them, to be sure; but I havn't seen any that is exactly the thing yet, before mine; and I shall be a good deal mistaken, if this dont take the lead of them all, by considerable. Almost all of them have been made somewhat in this fashion:—somebody who did n't know how to do anything, would

go to work, and get a parcel of old ones, and take Songs out of one and another, and put them into his, with all the bad English, and bad spelling, and every thing; and be pretty sure to make it all a good deal worse than it was before; and, in that way, most of the good Songs got so twisted out of all kinds of shape, that they were beyond any body's power to read, sing, or whistle. And as to the common sense that is left in nearly all of them, there is no more of it than there is in three quarters of the letters, and such things, that they have fixed out with my name put to them; and that is saying enough, I should think.

Now, in this book of *mine*, the genuine good old Songs have been all gone over with, and made to read just as they did in the first place; and the new ones are put in just exactly as the men made them; and none of them have been spoilt by mending them, to please any body: and on this account, and some others too, I do think, that the whole book is about as great a piece of improvement upon all the Song Books that you can find to sell at Boston, or New-York, or to the Westward, or any where else, as any thing that has come along for a considerable time.

Yours, always to serve,

J. DOWNING, MAJOR,
and Editor of this Song Book.

JACK DOWNING'S
SONG BOOK.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,

Rallying round our liberty;

As a band of brothers joined,

Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;

Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound, the trump of fame!

Let Washington's great name,

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Let every clime to freedom dear,

Listen with a joyful ear;

With equal skill and god-like power

He governed in the fearful hour

Of horrid war; or guides with ease,

The happier times of honest peace.

Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,

Once more to serve his country stands—

The rock on which the storm will beat;

The rock on which the storm will beat;

But armed in virtue, firm and true,

His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.

When hope was sinking in dismay,

And glooms obscured Columbia's day,

His steady mind, from changes free,

Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm—united, &c.

MERRILY BOUNDS THE BARK.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale;
The mountain breeze from Binnadarch
Is joyous in her sail.

Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
O'er the broad ocean driven;
Her path by Ronin's mountain dark,
The steersman's hand has given.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So flies the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

O, NO! I'LL NEVER MENTION HER.

O, no! I'll never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret,

And when they win a smile from me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They 'd find no change in me.
'T is true that I behold no more,
The valley where we met;
I do not see that hawthorn tree;
But how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets her vow,
But I heed not what they say:
Like me, perhaps, she struggles
With each feeling of regret:
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY,

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds, and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light.
They 're lost and gone—the moon is past,

The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
 The march is rising o'er the hill.

I see them, &c.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The clashing horn—they come, they come;
 Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep;
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their softened chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
 With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn—they come, they come.

I see them, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle of Montgomery,
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumilie;
 There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
 And there they langest tarry;
 For there I took the last farewell
 Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
 As underneath the fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!

The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder.
 But, O! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early:
 Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I oft hae kissed sae fondly;
 And closed for a' the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

HEY THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

Hey the bonnie, ho the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breast-knots;
 Blythe and merry were they a'
 When they put on the breast-knots.
 There was a bridal in this toun,
 And till'e the lasses a' were boun,

Wi' mankie facings on their gouns,
 And some of them had breast-knots.
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' shennen buckles on their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats;
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

Out came their wives, wi' a' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' her claes,
 Especially the breast-knots;
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

The bride she was both young and fair,
 Her neck outshone her perlins rare,
 A satin snood bound up her hair,
 And flowers among the breast-knots.
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

The bridegroom gazed, but maist I ween,
 He prized the glance o' love's blue een,
 That made him proud o' his sweet Jean,
 When she got on her breast-knots.
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

'This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There 's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
 And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
 There 's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
 From wave to wave we're driven;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way—
 There 's nothing calm but heaven!

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

Come to the sun-set tree!
 The day is past and gone;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 The reaper's work is done.
 The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given
 In the cool refreshing bowers.
 Come to the sunset tree, &c.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh;

The gleaming of the West,
 And the turf whereon we lie.
 When the burden of the heat
 Of labor's task is o'er,
 And kindly voices greet,
 The tired one at his door,
 Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

Yes, tuneful is the sound
 That dwells in whispering boughs;
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 Then, though the wind an altered tone
 Through the young foliage bear,
 Though every flower of something gone
 A tinge may wear;
 Come to the sun-set tree, &c.

THE VESPER HYMN.

Hark, the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters, soft and clear—
 Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
 Now it bursts upon the ear:
 Jubilate,—————Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.

Now, like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along;
 Now like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Hark! again like waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along.

MERRILY DANCE ROUND THE MIS- TLETOE TREE.

Come hither! come hither! the silver light
Of the moon shines cheerfully down to-night.
Come hither! for this is the season of glee;
Let us merrily dance round the mistletoe tree.

Oh! welcome, thou plant of the sacred grove;
Thou innocent pledge of Druidical love!
I care not how distant the nymph may be,
So I have but a branch of the mistletoe tree.

The mistletoe tree has been hallowed before;
Be it thrice sacred now for the girl we adore;
When sanctioned this pearl-berried plant of
the grove,
Will yield us the first virgin kiss of her love.

Come hither! then, come! while the moon
shines bright;
The heavens themselves beam out joy to-night.
Come hither! for this is the season of glee;
Let us merrily dance round the mistletoe tree.

AS SUNLIGHT FALLS.

As sunlight falls on crystal streams
That first reflect the day,

On youthful hearts so kindly gleams
Love's fresh inspiring ray.

An envious cloud the sky deforms,
And crystal streams flow dark;
So fares the heart when wayward storms
Extinguish love's pure spark.

Yet oh! relent, ye adverse powers,
Life's vanished joys restore,
Those rosy-colored, laughing hours,
That bloom to fade no more.

HARK! HARK! THROUGH THE WILD WOOD.

They come through the wild wood,
I hear their warrior strain;
The haunts of their childhood
Allure their steps again.
I see their glittering spears afar;
I hail the glorious voice of war;
The sunbeams on their morions glance,
And quiver o'er each sparkling lance.
I see their glittering spears afar;
I hear the glorious voice of war;
Hark! hark! through the wild wood,
I hear the martial strain.

Oh! let not tears our welcome speak,
Or cloud affection's brow;

Tears gemmed at parting every cheek,
 But smiles should greet them now.
 Twine round their heart your spells of power,
 Home, peace, and love!
 Through weary life's long, future hour,
 No more, no more to rove.
 I see their, &c.

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

Where shall the lover rest,
 Whom the fates sever,
 From his true maiden's breast,
 Parted for ever?
 Where, through groves deep and high,
 Sounds the far billow;
 Where early violets die,
 Under the willow:
 Eleuloro, &c. there shall be his pillow.

There through the summer day,
 Cool streams are laving,
 There while the tempests sway,
 Scarce are boughs waving;
 There thy rest shalt thou take,
 Parted for ever,
 Never again to wake,
 Never, O never.
 Eleuloro, &c. Never, O never.

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He the deceiver,

Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin and leave her?
 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying,
 Eleuloro, &c. there shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted,
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap
 Ere life be parted,
 Shame and dishonor sit
 By his grave ever;
 Blessings shall hallow it,
 Never, O never:
 Eleuloro, &c. Never, O never.

THE LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

Away, away, my Barb and I,
 As free as wave, as fleet as wind,
 We sweep the sands of Araby,
 And leave a world of slaves behind.
 'T is mine to range in this wild garb,
 Nor e'er feel lonely, though alone;
 I would not change my Arab Barb,
 To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.
 Away, away, &c.

Where the pale stranger dares not come,
 Proud o'er my native sands I rove;

An Arab tent, my only home,
 An Arab maid, my only love.
 Here freedom dwells without a fear;
 Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
 Whoever brings a fetter here,
 To chain the desert's fiery child?
 Away, away, &c.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field
 of fight!
 He comes through the storm, and the dark-
 ness of night!
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door;
 Pale, pale is his cheek, there 's a gash on his
 brow,
 His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow;
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from
 his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp, that just flashes to die.
 Rest, warrior, rest.

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall
 tell,
 Of his lady-love's bower and her latest fare-
 well;
 Love's illusion shall banish the battle's
 alarms,

He shall dream that his mistress lies locked
in his arms;
He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of
her kiss—
Ah! warrior, awake not! such slumber is
bliss!
Rest, warrior, rest.

TO THE MOUNTAIN AWAY.

The warrior came down from his tent on the
hill,
To woo in the vale of Cashmere :
' Ah ! nay,' cried the maid, with forebodings
of ill,
And she shrank from love's proffer in fear.
But the young mountaineer would not so be
denied;
He scoffed at her tremulous ' nay,'
And clasping the maid spurred his courser
and cried,
' Away to the mountain, away !'

Her home on the mountain was stormy and
wild,
Unlike the hushed bowers of Cashmere,
Yet the fair, when she gazed on her wedded
one, smiled,
And love planted paradise there.
Past wrongs, if recalled, were but named as
a jest,
From a cloud e'en as dawneth the day—

And the warrior's wild words by remem-
brance were blest,
' Away to the mountain, away!'

RISE! GENTLE MOON.

Day has gone down on the Baltic's broad
billow;

Evening has sighed her last to the lone wil-
low:

The Baltic's broad billow;

Evening has sighed her last to the lone wil-
low;

Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover,
Rise! gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy beam he first stole forth to woo
me;

Brighter since then, hast thou ever seemed to
me;

First stole forth to woo me;

Brighter since then, hast thou, &c.

Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
Thine is the light of all lights, to a lover.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Fareweel, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!

(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea:)

No pearl ever lay under Orman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
 With many a shell, in whose hollow wreathed
 chamber,
 The Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

Nor shall Iran (beloved of her hero) forget
 thee,—

Though tyrants watch over her tears as
 they start;
 Close, close, by the side of that hero she 'll
 set thee,
 Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her
 heart.

Around thee, &c.

OH, COME WITH ME.

Oh, come with me, I 'll row thee o'er
 Yon blue and peaceful sea;
 And while I gently ply the oar,
 Renew my vows to thee:
 I 'll bid thee gaze beneath thee,
 On each reflected star;
 Then think my soul reflects thee,
 As true, but brighter far.

Then come with me, &c.

O! could I count the stars above,
 The wild waves' ceaseless swell,
 My deep, my pure, my boundless love
 To thee I could not tell.

As soon the stars may cease to rise,
 The waves forget to flow,
 Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
 And cease to love thee—no!
 Then come with me, &c.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe hung heavy and
 chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight
 repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devo-
 tion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the glow of his youthful emo-
 tion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken
 stranger:
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;
 A home and a country remain not for me:
 Ah! never again in the green shady bowers
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
 sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh!

Oh, where is the cottage that stood by the
wild wood?

Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall?

Oh, where is my mother that watched o'er
my childhood,

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer
than all?

Ah! my sad soul long abandoned by pleasure,
Oh, why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

O! Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me
no more.

Oh, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace
me

In a mansion of peace, where no peril can
chase me?

Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace
me—

They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

But yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, Erin go Bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its mo-
 tion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with
 devotion,
 Erin ma vourneen, Erin go Bragh!

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows
 yon mill,
 The fond ivy had dared to entwine—
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the
 hill,
 Or a rook built its nest on the pine,

I could trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toiled in this field,
 And the farm I now hold on your honor's es-
 tate,
 Is the same which my grandfather tilled.

He, dying, bequeathed to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me—
 For my child I've preserved it, unblemished
 by shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on 'Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells,
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THE PARTING.

Oh! is it thus we part,
And thus we say farewell,
As if in either heart
Affection ne'er did dwell?
And is it thus we sunder
Without a sigh or tear,
As if it were a wonder
We e'er held other dear?

We part upon the spot,
With cold and clouded brow,

Where first it was our lot
 To breathe love's fondest vow !
 The vow that both did tender
 Within this hallowed shade—
 That vow we both surrender,
 Heart-bankrupts ever made !

Thy hand is cold as mine,
 As lustreless thine eye,
 Thy bosom gives no sign
 That it could ever sigh !
 Well, well ! Adieu 's soon spoken;
 'T is but a parting phrase;
 Yet, said, I fear, heart-broken
 We 'll live our after days !

Thine eye no tear will shed,
 Mine is as proudly dry;
 But many an aching head
 Is ours before we die!
 From pride, we both can borrow—
 To part we both may dare—
 But the heart-break of to-morrow,
 Nor you nor I can bear!

THOUGH LOVE IS WARM AWHILE.

Though love is warm awhile,
 Soon it grows cold;
 Absence soon blights the smile,
 When it grows old.

Dearest, thy love was mine,
My every thought was thine;
Thus did our hearts entwine,
Ere love was cold.

But could thy bosom prove
Faithful, my fair;
Could'st thou still fondly love,
Still absence bear?
Oh, it was sweet to be
Loved as I was by thee;
But if thou 'rt false to me,
Welcome despair.

THE ROSE OF AFFECTION.

Of all the sweet flowers that bloom in the
spring,
Of all the gay birds that float on the wing,
Give me the blue violet and lily so pale,
The thrush and the linnet, the pride of the
vale;
But the queen of all flowers, whose worth
I 'll impart,
Is the rose of affection that blooms in the heart.
Then give me a girl with a heart that's sin-
cere,
And the eye that can drop an affectionate tear:
Thus the rose and the lily shall gracefully
twine,
An emblem of beauty, where virtues combine;

For the queen of all flowers, whose worth
 I 'll impart,
 Is the rose of affection that blooms in the heart.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

A fond youth serenaded his love
 Who was sleeping—love never should sleep;
 Her father was peeping above—
 Oh! fathers, you never should peep.
 To his daughter's balcony he brought
 Her monkey, in muslins arrayed;
 The youth was o'erjoyed, for he thought
 'T was the form of his beautiful maid, his
 maid,
 'T was the form of his beautiful maid.

He gazed on the figure in white,
 Whose nods gave new life to his hopes;
 His heart throbbed with love and delight,
 As he threw up the ladder of ropes;
 His charmer hopped down it, and then
 The happy delusion was o'er!
 Girls often meet monkey-like men,
 But man ne'er wooed monkey before,
 before,
 But man ne'er wooed monkey before.

From the window enjoying the joke,
 Her father feared danger no more;
 And she by the bustle awoke,
 Soon made her escape at the door.

‘ Come, come to your Rosa,’ she said,
 ‘ Unless you prefer my baboon;
 And pray let your next serenade
 Take place at the full of the moon, the
 moon,
 Take place at the full of the moon.’

OH! REMEMBER THE TIME.

Oh! remember the time in La Mancha’s shades
 When our moments so blissfully flew;
 When you called me the flower of Castilian
 maids,
 And I blushed to be called so by you.
 When I taught you to warble the gay Segua-
 dille,
 And to dance to the light Castanet;
 Oh never, dear youth, let you roam where you
 will,
 The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me you lovers from Erin’s green Isle,
 Ev’ry hour a new passion can feel;
 And that soon in the light of some lovelier
 smile,
 You’ll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle
 you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove;
 For ’t is always the spirit most gallant in war,
 That is fondest and truest in love!

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O!

There 's nought but care on every han',
 In every hour that passes, O!
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 't were na for the lasses, O!
 Green grow the rushes, O!
 Green grow the rushes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
 Are spent amang the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O!
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en
 My arms about my dearie, O!
 Then warly cares and warly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &c.

For you sae douse! ye sneer at this,
 Ye 're nought but senseless asses, O!
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loved the lasses, O!
 Green grow the rushes, &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 the rushes, &c.

MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise;
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries.
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
 To arms! to arms! ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath:
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
 On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 To arms, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,

(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, &c.

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, &c.

THE SPRING TIME OF YEAR IS COMING.

The spring time of year is coming, coming
 Birds are blithe, are blithe and gay,
 Insects bright are humming, humming,
 And all the world is May, love,
 And all the world is May.
 The glorious sun is brighter,
 The balmy air is lighter;
 E'en woman when we meet her
 In this sweet time, is sweeter.
 The spring time, &c.

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
 With fragrance from the balmy grove;
 And youthful swains are telling, telling,
 Their happy tales of love, love,
 Their happy tales of love.
 Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat,
 Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill,
 Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
 With hope and joy his heart to fill.
 The spring time, &c.

UPROUSE YE, THEN, MY MERRY MEN.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
 The owl sits on the tree,
 The hushed wind wails, with feeble moan,
 Like infant charity.
 The wild fire dances on the fen,
 The red star sheds its ray,
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our op'ning day.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
 And closed is ev'ry flower,
 And winking tapers faintly peep
 High from my lady's bower;
 Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
 Shrink on their murky way;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 It is our opening day.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

Nor board nor garner own we now,
 Nor roof, nor latched door,
 Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
 To bless a good man's store;
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day;
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry men,
 And use it as you may.
 Uprouse ye, then, &c.

THE INVINCIBLES.

When the merry fife and drum,
 And the bugles loudly play,
 Then gaily march to the martial sounds,
 The Invincibles so gay.
 Each lass upon parade,
 With cap and smart cockade,
 To the men will show, that well she know
 The gallant soldier's trade.
 Our corp'ral leads us on,
 And in quick time we move,
 With arms in hand, a valiant band,
 Our truth and love to prove.
 Then ladies join our ranks,
 Our banners proudly wave;
 Invincibles in love and war,
 Come join the gay and brave.

Invincibles are we,
 With heart and arms combined;

and no attention find will he
 Who is not to our mind;
 We never present arms
 To the purse-proud, awkward lout,
 For soon is the word from our corp'ral heard,
 To face to the right about;
 Next to the youths who please,
 We quickly stand at ease,
 To sign our arms, quit war's alarms,
 To dwell in love and peace.
 Then ladies, &c.

MARMION.

The war that for a space did fail,
 Now doubly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And 'Stanley!' was the cry:
 Bright on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 His dying hand above his head,
 Shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted 'Victory!
 Charge! Chester, charge! on! Stanley, on!'

These are the last words of Marmion.

WELCOME ME HOME.

As the Troubadour touched his guitar,
 When he was hastening home from the war;
 Sing, 'From Palestine, hither I come;
 My love, lady love, welcome me home.'

She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept;
 Sadly she thought of him when others slept.
 Singing, 'In search of thee would I might roam
 Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home.

Hark! 't was the Troubadour breathing his
 name;

Under the battlement softly he came;
 Singing, 'From Palestine, hither I come,
 Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.'

NOW AT MOONLIGHT'S FAIRY HOUR

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
 When faintly gleams each dewy steep,
 And vale and mountain, lake and bower,
 In solitary grandeur sleep;

When slowly sinks the evening breeze,
 That lulls the mind in pensive care,
 And fancy loftier visions sees,
 Bid music wake the silent air.

Bid the merry, merry, merry tabor sound,
 And with the fays of lawn or glade,
 In tripping circlets beat the ground,
 Under the high tree's trembling shade.

Now at moonlight's fairy hour,
 Shall music breathe her dulcet voice,
 And o'er the waves, with magic power,
 Call an echo to rejoice.

THE MELLOW HORN.

At dawn Aurora gaily breaks,
In all her proud attire,
Majestic o'er the glassy lakes
Reflecting liquid fire;
All nature smiles to usher in
The blushing queen of morn,
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn.

At eve, when gloomy shades obscure
The tranquil shepherd's cot;
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil 's forgot;
'T is then the sweet, enchanting note,
On zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float
Around the mellow horn.

AWAY! AWAY! TO THE MOUNTAIN'S
BROW.

Away! away! to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away! away! to the mountain's brow,
Where the stream is gently laving;
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose as it opes to the day,
While the zephyr that breathes through the
flow'ry dell,
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.

Away! away! to the rocky glen,
 Where the deer are wildly bounding,
 And the hills that echo in gladness again,
 To the hunter's bugle sounding;
 While beauty, my love, &c.

WHAT FAIRY LIKE MUSIC?

What fairy like music steals over the sea,
 Entrancing the senses with charmed melody?
 'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats
 o'er the main,
 As she mingles her song with the gondolier's
 strain!

The winds are all hushed, and the waters at
 rest;
 They sleep like the passions in infancy's
 breast!
 Till storms shall unchain them from out their
 dark cave,
 And break the repose of the soul and the wave!

MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I've no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on
 the lake;
 Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake;
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on the tree;
 Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on
 me.

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of
scorn,
Thread-bare is my coat, and my hosen are torn;
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly
on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the tavern still claims the
great chair;
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly
on me.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

God save our noble King,
William the Fourth we sing;
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King.

Our Lord, our God arise,
Guard him from enemies,
Or make them fall;
May peace with plenty crowned,
Throughout his realms abound,
So be his name renowned;
God save us all.

Or should some foreign band
 Dare to this favored land
 Discord to bring,
 May our brave William's name,
 Proud in the lists of fame,
 Bring them to scorn and shame:
 God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On William deign to pour,
 Joy round him fling;
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

WHAT'S AN OLD BACHELOR LIKE?

Dame Nature one day, in a comical mood,
 While mixing the mould to make man,
 Was struck with a thought as the ingredients
 she viewed,

To alter a little her plan.

Her children she knew were much given to
 rove;

So temp'ring the clay with great art,
 She sparingly threw in the soft seeds of *love*,
 'That usually spring round the heart;—

But she quickly repented, though too late it
 is true,

For a fusty old bachelor stood forth to view;
 Yes, an old bachelor, a fusty old bachelor.

What 's an old bachelor like? why,
I 'll tell you—an old bachelor is like—is like
A tree without a branch,
A buck without a haunch,
A knife without a fork,
A bottle without a cork,
A key without a lock,
A wig without a block.

Thus you see, my good friends, what a whimsical creature
Was formed in a frolic, by old madam Nature.

The world ever since has been teased by
these creatures,
Well known by their stiff, formal strut;
Their dull, downcast look, crabbed, vinegar
features,
And dress of true bachelor cut.
The bright blaze of beauty can't warm their
old clay:

Disliked by maid, widow and wife,
In a kind of half stupor, the days pass away
Of these blanks in the lottery of life.
Thus curtailed of pleasure—a stranger to love,
The fusty old bachelor 's destined to rove;
Yes, the old bachelor, the fusty old bachelor.
What 's an old bachelor like? why,
A ship without a sail,
A cat without a tail,
Cellar without the wine, O,
Purse without the rhino,

A watch without a chain,
 A skull without the brain.
 Thus you see, &c.

Now, mark! if the sexes in number agree,
 As some queer philosophers think,
 (Full many a damsel's soft heart, I foresee,
 At this part of my story would sink,)
 As two wives at once, men are here not allowed,
 Unless their suit parliament aids,
 And as bachelor's stupid our streets daily crowd,
 It follows—there must be old maids.
 Thus we get from the smoke nearly into the smother,
 For one evil treads fast on the heels of another;
 Oh! fie on all bachelors! all flinty-hearted bachelors!

What 's an old bachelor like? why,
 A bell without a clapper,
 A door without a rapper,
 A drum without a fife,
 Butcher without a knife,
 Sun without the moon,
 Dish without the spoon,
 Thus you see, &c.

DAME DURDEN.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls,
 To carry the milking pail;

She also kept five laboring men,
 To use the spade and flail.
 'T was Moll, and Bet, and Doll, and Kate,
 And Dorothy Draggletail;
 And Joe, and Jack, and Tom, and Dick,
 And Humphrey with his flail.
 'T was Joe kissed Molly!
 And Jack kissed Betty!
 And Tom kissed Dolly!
 And Dick kissed Katy!
 And Dorothy Draggletail,
 And Humphrey, with his flail;
 And Kitty was a charming girl
 To carry the milking pail.

Dame Durden in the morn so soon
 She did begin to call,
 To rouse her servants, maids and men,
 She then began to bawl.
 'T was Moll and Bet, &c.

'T was on the morn of Valentine,
 The birds began to prate;
 Dame Durden's servants, maids and men,
 They all began to mate.
 'T was Moll and Bet, &c.

THE MERRY MOUNTAIN HORN.

Come, my gallant soldier, come,
 Leave the proud embattled field,

Shrilly fife, and rolling drum,
 All the pleasures war can yield;
 Quickly come, again behold
 The happy land where thou wert born,
 And hear its music sweet and bold,
 The merry mountain horn.
 The merry mountain horn!
 Yhu—i—eo—ei—o—yhu,
 The merry mountain horn!

In thy native valley find,
 Far away from pomp and power,
 Constant love and peace of mind,
 Here, in bright affection's bower.
 Quickly come, &c.

HARK! HARK! THE SOFT BUGLE.

Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the
 wood,
 And thrills in the silence of even;
 Till faint and more faint in the far solitude,
 It dies on the portals of heaven!
 But echo springs up from her home in the rock,
 And seizes the perishing strain;
 And sends the gay challenge with shadowy
 mock,
 From mountain to mountain again.

Oh! thus let my love, like a sound of delight
 Be round thee while shines the glad day,

And leave thee unpained in the silence of night,
 And die like sweet music away.
 While Hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye fills,
 Oh! say, ' Like that echoing strain,
 Though the sound of his love has died over
 the hills,
 'T will echo in heaven again!'

BUY A BROOM.

From Teutchland I come with my light wares
 all laden,
 To dear, happy England, in summer's gay
 bloom;
 Then listen fair lady, and you, pretty maiden,
 Oh, buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom:
 Buy a broom, buy a broom, buy a broom;
 Oh buy of the wandering, &c.

To brush away insects that sometimes annoy
 you,
 You 'll find it quite handy to use night and
 day;
 And what better exercise, pray, can employ
 you,
 'Than to sweep all vexatious intruders away?
 Buy a broom, &c.

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon
 departing,
 My toils for your favor again I 'll resume;

And while gratitude's tear in my eye-lid is
starting,

Bless the time that in England I cried
Buy a broom, &c.

Spoken.—Yes, I shall go back to my own
country, and tell them there, I sold all my
wares in England; singing—

O, mein lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin,
O, mein lieber Augustin, alles ist weg:

Pock ist weg, stock ist weg, auch ich bim in
dem dreck,

O, mein lieber Augustin, alles ist weg.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

If I had a beau,
For a soldier who 'd go,
Do you think I 'd say no?

No, no, not I!

When his red coat I saw,
Not a sigh would I draw,
But I 'd give him 'eclat'

For his bravery.

If an army of amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white sergeant I 'd quick march
away.

March away.

When my soldier was gone,
D'ye think I 'd take on,

Sit moping forlorn?

No, no, not I!

His fame my concern,

How my bosom would burn,

When I saw him return,

Crowned with victory!

If an army of amazons, &c.

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,

May my fate no less fortunate be,

Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,

And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;

With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn

While I carol away idle sorrow;

And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,

Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter
and shade too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail,

And a small spot of ground for the use of the
spade too,

With a barn for the use of the flail;

A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,

And a purse when my friends want to
borrow;

I'd envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Or the honors that wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast, 'may my cot
be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill,
And at night may repose steal on me more
sweetly,
By the sound of the murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day
may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail
covering,
That I've worn for years three score and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to
keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and
furrow;
As this worn out old stuff, which is thread-
bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

BAY OF BISCAY, O.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,

The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers.
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak;
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent.
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers;

Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
And better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.
I give thee all, &c.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 't will make them lighter pass,
Or glad them if they stay.
If ever care his discord flings,
O'er life's enchanted strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'T will all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

Let him who sighs in sadness here,
Rejoice, and know a friend is near.
What heavenly sounds are those I hear?
What being comes the gloom to cheer?

When in the storm on Albion's coast,
 The night-watch guards his weary 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 crew,
 And dare the dang'rous wave;
 Through 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 hapless crew of the ship distressed!
 Then landed safe, what joys to tell
 Of all the dangers that befel.
 Then is heard no more,
 By the watch on shore,
 The minute gun at sea.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.
 It wadna gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But, gudesake! nae before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Whate'er you do, when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gien or taen before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's nae through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
 'To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be;
 But yet, it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk,

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
 It may be sae—I dinna care—
 But ne'er again gar 't blush sae sair
 As ye hae done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks;
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet;
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
 At ony rate, it 's hardly meet
 'To praise their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Gin that 's the case, there 's time and place;
 But surely nae before folk.

But, gin ye really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kissed,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And make me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 And when we 're ane, baith flesh and bane,
 Ye may tak' ten before folk.

IT WAS DUNOIS THE YOUNG AND BRAVE.

It was Dunois the young and brave,
 Was bound for Palestine;

But first he made his orisons
Before Saint Mary's shrine;
'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,'
Was still the soldier's prayer,
'That I may prove the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair.'

His oath of honor on the shrine,
He graved it with his sword,
And followed to the Holy Land,
The banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow,
His war-cry filled the air—
'Be honored aye the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair.'

'They owed the conquest to his arm—
And then his liege lord said—
'The heart that has for honor beat,
By bliss must be repaid;
My daughter Isabel and thou
Shall be a wedded pair;
For thou art bravest of the brave,
She fairest of the fair.'

And then they bound the holy knot,
Before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth,
If hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright,
That were in chapel there,

Cried, 'Honored be the bravest knight,
Beloved the fairest fair.'

DULCE DOMUM.

Deep in a vale a cottage stood,
Oft sought by travellers weary,
And long it proved the blest abode
Of Edward and of Mary.
For her he chased the mountain goat,
O'er alps and glaciers bounding;
For her the chamois he would shoot,
Dark horrors all surrounding.

But evening come,
He sought his home,
And anxious, lovely woman;
She hailed the sight,
And every night,
The cottage rung,
As thus they sung;
Oh! dulce, dulce domum.

But soon, alas! this scene of bliss
Was changed to prospects dreary;
For war and honor roused each Swiss,
And Edward left his Mary.
To bold St. Gothard's heights he rushed,
'Gainst Gallia's foes contending;
And by unequalled numbers crushed,
He died, his land defending.
The evening come,
He sought not home,

Whilst she, distracted woman,
 Grown wild with dread,
 Now seeks him dead;
 And hears the knell
 That bids farewell
 To dulce, dulce domum.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought
 me for his bride,
 But saving a crown, he had nothing beside:
 To make that crown a pund, my Jamie gaed
 to sea,
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.
 He had na been awa a week, but only twa,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow
 was stown awa,
 My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the
 sea,
 And auld Robin Gray cam a-courting me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mither
 cou'd na spin
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'd
 na win:
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and w
 tears in his ee,
 Said Jenny, for their sakes, O! marry me.
 My heart it said nay, I looked for Jamie back
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship
 proved a wreck;

he ship it proved a wreck, why didna Jen-
ny die?
and why do I live to say, waes me?

uld Robin argued sair, though my mither
didna speak,
he looked in my face till my heart was like
to break;
o they gied him my hand, though my heart
was at the sea,
and auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.
hadna been a wife a week, but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think
it he,
until he said, Jenny I'm come to marry thee.

, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away:
wish I were dead, but I 'm nae like to die,
and why do I live, to say waes me?
gang like a ghaist, I carena to spin,
darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
ut I 'll do my best a gude wife to be,
or auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER.

, whack! Cupid 's a mannikin;
Smack on my heart he hit me a polter.
ood lack, Judy O'Flannikin!
Dearly she loves nate Looney Mactwolter.

Judy 's my darling, my kisses she suffers;
 She 's an heiress, that 's clear,
 For her father sells beer;
 He keeps the sign of the cow and the snuffers.
 She 's so smart,
 From my heart
 I cannot bolt her.
 Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
 She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
 Oh, whack! &c.

Oh, hone! good news I need a bit;
 We 'd correspond, but larning would choke
 her:
 Mavrone! I cannot read a bit;
 Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.
 Judy 's so constant, I 'll never forsake her;
 She 's true as the moon,—
 Only one afternoon
 I caught her asleep with a humpback shoe-
 maker.
 She 's so smart, &c.

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful, far, to my eye,
 Than if day in her pride had arrayed it;
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-
 arched sky
 Looked as pure as the spirit that made it;
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy wave's playful motion,

From the dim, distant hill, till the light-house
 fire blazed,
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy in the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;
 The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled
 nest;

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle
 slope,
 All hushed was the billow's commotion,
 And thought that the light-house looked love-
 ly as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow;
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul
 flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion;
 O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

ALL THE BLUE BONNETS ARE OVER
 THE BORDER.

March! march! Ettrick and Teviotdale!
 Why, my lads, dinna ye march forward in
 order?

March! march! Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.
 Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head;
 Many a crest that is famous in story;
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for your king, and the old Scottish border.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are
 grazing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
 bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms and march in good order;
 England shall many a day,
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles and tears of boyhood's years;
 The words of love then spoken;

The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone;
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

When I remember all
 The friends thus linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one who treads alone,
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but me departed.
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home;
 A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us
 there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met
 with elsewhere.
 Home, home, sweet home,
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
 Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily, that come at my call,
 Give me them with sweet peace of mind,
 dearer than all.

If I return home, overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I 'm sure to meet
there;

The bliss I experience whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet
home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy
home!

Forever I 'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor, aching heart must be laid in the
tomb,

Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

ARAB STEED.

Oh, give me but my Arab steed,
A shield and falchion bright,
And I will to the battle speed,
To save him in the fight.

His noble crest I 'll proudly wear,
And gird his scarf around ;

But I must to the field repair,
But I must to the field repair,

For hark! the trumpets sound!

Hark! hark! hark! the trumpets sound!

Oh, give me but my Arab steed, &c.

Oh! with my Arab steed I 'll go,
To brave the embattled plain,

Where warriors brave their valor show,
 And drain each noble vein:
 His brow that oft the battle braves,
 With fadeless laurels crowned,
 Shall guide me where his falchion waves,
 Shall guide me, &c.

'T IS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.

'T is home where'er the heart is,
 Where'er its loved ones dwell;
 In cities or in cottages,
 Thronged haunts or mossy dell;
 The heart's a rover ever;
 And thus on wave and wild,
 The maiden with her lover walks,
 The mother with her child.

'T is bright where'er the heart is;
 Its fairy spells can bring
 Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
 And to the desert—spring.
 There are green isles in each ocean,
 O'er which affection glides;
 And a haven on each sunny shore,
 Where Love's the star that guides.

'T is free where'er the heart is;
 No chains, nor dungeon dim,
 May check the mind's aspirings,
 The spirit's pealing hymn!

The heart gives life its beauty,
 Its glory, and its power—
 'T is sunlight to its rippling stream,
 And soft dew to its flower.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I 'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath;
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it in hope that there
 It would not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me;
 Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

MY BONNIE LASS, NOW TURN TO ME.

My bonnie lass, now turn to me,
 And gie a smile to cheer me;

An honest heart I 'll gie to thee,
 For in truth I love thee dearly.
 Come, o'er the heather we 'll trip together,
 All in the morning early;
 With heart and hand I 'll by thee stand,
 For in truth I love thee dearly.
 Come, o'er the heather we 'll trip together,
 I heed neither mother, nor father, nor brother,
 With heart and hand, &c.

There 's many a lass I love full well,
 And many who love me dearly;
 But there 's ne'er a one, except thysel',
 That I e'er could love sincerely.
 Come o'er the heather, &c.

THE YANKEE TEA-PARTY.

King George sat high on his family throne,
 'The lord of the isles' that were fairly his own,
 And might have sufficed, had his majesty known
 The folly of coveting more;
 But seeking a tribute, his pomp to maintain,
 He reached from the island to grasp at the main,
 Intending his coffers should chink with the gain
 That was brought from a distant shore.

And when he had summoned in solemn array,
 His ministers round him, to canvass a way
 In which he might make the Americans pay
 The costs of the royal court:

‘Our liege,’ said they, ‘there’s many a ship,
That might be sent on an Indian trip,
And freighted with tea for a new world to sip,
And do it for our support.

‘’T is done!’ said the King; ‘’t is a good
bright thought;
For this will be sponging so easily wrought,
That the ships shall with Indian leaves be
fraught,
And sent to our subject land!
We’ll make Columbia swallow our tea,
And pay her duty far over the sea,
On every pound, for “our powers that be,”
To put in her royal hand.’

And in due season, and true British state,
With their sails puffed out, and their heads
held straight,
When the ships rode up with the well packed
freight,
To the shores of the western world;
This order imperial echoed around:
‘The teas must be bought, and the buyer is
bound
To pay us a duty on every pound,’
While the canvass in port was furled.

But ‘No!’ said the friends of the city of Penn;
‘George is a mortal, and Quakers are men!
Your leaves may float o’er the ocean again;
For soberly we protest,

That we never will open a traitorous door,
To let such a cargo come into a store;
Unentered, unopened, withdraw from our
 shore,
The treasures of every chest!

And, 'No!' was the word at the place of the
 Dutch;

'T is grinding our faces a little too much,
Broad as they be—and your teas shall not
 touch

Our land, while by us it is trod!
'The *duty* we owe to ourselves, and the throne,
Is not to be crushed by a foot like our own,
And that of the Briton is so overgrown,
We 'll have it more tightly shod!

But the spirited Yankees knew just the thing
That would suit them if it did n't the king:

And when the proud sails came flying to bring
 Their freight o'er the glassy bay,

They met, and agreed that 't would not be
 right,

His majesty's offer of tea to slight;
For they viewed the affair in a national light,

As they showed in a national way.

They joined in the council, and forming a band
Arrayed like the children who sprung from
 the land,

In blanket and feather, with hatchet in hand,
And their faces and limbs o'erlaid

With copper and coating of paint, they took
Their way to the ship, while the tomahawks
shook,

And the wild powow made the royalist look
Aghast, for the turn of his trade.

'Come,' said the visiters, 'now for our tea!
We'll take it on deck, if you please, and see,
Of gunpowder, souchong, green, hyson, bohea,
Which flavor we like the best!'

Then box after box came up close packed,
And lid after lid was smitten and cracked,
As the red hand worked, and the tomahawk
hacked,

And entered each odorous chest.

'This,' said the company, 'this is the way
'That we, the Yankees, are going to pay
Our duty on teas, and help to defray
The cost of the kingly cup!

We are going to leave every pound to steep,
With its impost on, in the boiling deep,
And the good strong brine, where we guess
't will keep,

'Till the parliament draws it up!'

Then over the sides of the ship they poured
The treasure of every box on board,
That hissed as they went, till the dock was
floored

With the leaves of the Indian tree.

‘We ’ll let,’ they cried, ‘Old England know,
That bending too much they may break the
bow!

Columbia’s spirit can’t stoop so low
As three pence a pound on tea!’

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say! can you see by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s
last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through
the perilous fight,

O’er the ramparts we watched, were so
gallantly streaming?

And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting
in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there;

Oh, say! does that star-spangled banner yet
wave,

O’er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of
the deep,

Where the foe’s haughty host in dread si-
lence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o’er the tow-
ering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-
closes?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's
first beam;
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'T is the star spangled banner! oh, long may
it wave,
O'er the land, &c.

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
fusion,
A home and a country shall leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
step's pollution:
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the
grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
wave,
O'er the land, &c.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home, and the war's
desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav-
en-rescued land,
Praise the power that hath made and pre-
served us a nation:
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,
And this be our motto—'In God is our trust.'

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave,
O'er the land, &c.

THE HUNTER'S HORN.

Swift from the covert the merry pack fled,
While bounding, there sprang over valley and
mead,
Wide-spreading his antlers, erected his head,
The stag, his enemies scorning.
Oh, had you seen then through valley, through
brake,
Each sportsman, right gallant, his rival race
take,
'T would have pleased beauty's ear to have
heard echo wake,
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

Cleared was the forest, the mountains passed
o'er,
While swiftly their riders the willing steeds
bore;
The river rolled deep, while the stag spurned
the shore,
Yet owned no timorous warning.
So close was he followed, the foam where he
sprung
Encircled and sparkled the coursers among,
While the dogs of the chase their rude melody
rung,
To the hunter's horn in the morning.

MINSTREL'S RETURN FROM THE
WAR.

The minstrel's returned from the war,
With spirit's as buoyant as air;
And thus on his tuneful guitar,
He sung in the bower of his fair:
'The noise of the battle is over;
The bugle no more calls to arms;
A soldier no more—but a lover,
I bend to the power of thy charms.
Sweet lady, fair lady I'm thine;
I bend to the magic of beauty;
Though the banner and helmet are mine,
Yet love calls the soldier to duty.'

The minstrel his suit warmly pressed;
She blushed, sighed, and hung down her
head;
Till conquered, she fell on his breast,
And thus to the happy youth said:
'The bugle shall part us, love, never;
My bosom thy pillow shall be,
Till death tears thee from me forever;
Still faithful, I'll perish with thee.'
Sweet lady, &c.

But fame called the youth to the field;
His banner waved high o'er his head;
He gave his guitar for a shield,
And soon he lay low with the dead;

While she, o'er her young hero bending,
 Received his expiring adieu:
 'I die whilst my country defending,
 But I die to my lady love true.'
 'Oh, death!' then she cried, 'I am thine;
 I tear off the roses of beauty;
 The grave of my hero is mine,
 For he died true to love and to duty!'

LOVE.

Love's a cheat; we over-rate it;
 A flatt'ring, false, deceitful joy;
 A very nothing can create it,
 A very nothing can destroy.
 The lightning's flash, which wondering leaves
 us,
 Obscured, and darker than before;
 The glow-worm's tinsel, which deceives us;
 A painted light, and nothing more.

ANSWER.

What is love?—an idle passion?
 Sage advisers call it so:
 Can I treat it in their fashion?
 Honest *Nature* answers—*No!*

Wise ones, cease!—In vain your preaching;
 Age has turned your hearts to snow:
 Can I profit by your teaching?
 Honest *Nature* answers—*No!*

BILLY LACK-A-DAY'S LAMENT.

Sure mortal man was born for sorrow;
 Grief to-day, and grief to-morrow;
 Here I 'm snubbed, and there I 'm rated;
 Ne'er was youth so sittivated.
 Here 's Mrs. Bell swears none shall trick her;
 An' if I steps my nose in liquor,
 For every drop I takes, she charges;
 And our small ale 's as sour as warges.
 Oh, Lack-a-day! pity Billy Lack-a-day.

Poor Susan scolds; and when I 've heard her,
 I dream all night of love and murder;
 I sighs, I groans like any pavior,
 Forgetting all genteel behavior.
 Miss Fanny, as she has undone me,
 Like any queen looks down upon me;
 And when I kneels to ask for mercy,
 It does no good, but wice wersay.
 Oh, Lack-a-day! pity Billy Lack-a-day.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

' Come, tell me, blue-eyed stranger,
 Say, whither dost thou roam?
 O'er this wide world a ranger;
 Hast thou no friends or home?
 ' They called me blue-eyed Mary,
 When friends and fortune smiled;

But, ah! how fortunes vary;
I now am sorrow's child.'

'Come here; I 'll buy thy flowers,
And ease thy hapless lot;
Still wet with vernal showers,
I 'll buy—forget me not.'

'Kind sir, then take these posies;
'They 're fading, like my youth;
But never, like these roses,
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Look up, thou poor forsaken;
I 'll give thee house and home;
And if I 'm not mistaken,
Thou 'lt never wish to roam.'

'Once more I 'm happy Mary;
Once more has fortune smiled;
Who ne'er from virtue vary,
May yet be fortune's child.'

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows;
And the fresh floweret pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way?

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
 And forked lightning's rend the air,
 The sun resumes its silver crest,
 And smiles adorn the West.

The genial seasons soon are o'er;
 Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
 Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
 The sunshine of the breast.

Away with every toil and care,
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
 With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
 Till death sounds the retreat.

O! 'T IS LOVE! 'T IS LOVE!

O! 't is love! 't is love! 't is love!
 From woman's bright eye glancing;
 O! 't is love! 't is love! 't is love!
 Every heart entrancing.

What claims the monarch's duty?
 What soothes the peasant's pain?
 What melts the haughty beauty,
 And conquers her disdain?

O! 't is love! &c.

O! 't is love! 't is love! 't is love!
 The warrior doth inspire.
 O! 't is love! 't is love! 't is love!
 That kindles soft desire.

On rocks or lonely mountains,
 In palaces or vales,
 In gay saloons, near fountains,
 'T is love alone prevails.
 O! 't is love! &c.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie,
 Lassie, smile again!
 Prithee, do not frown, sweet lassie,
 For it gives me pain.
 If to love thee too sincerely
 Be a fault in me;
 Thus to use me so severely
 Is not kind in thee.
 Smile again, &c.

Fare-thee-well, my bonnie lassie;
 Lassie, fare-thee-well;
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
 More than tongue can tell.
 Though we 're doomed by fate to sever,
 (And 't is hard to part,)
 Still, believe me, thou shalt ever
 Own my faithful heart.
 Then, smile again, &c.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no faggot for burning;
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning;

Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning;
Yet Allen-a-dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken
 my tale,
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side;
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the
 tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the
 vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spear be as sharp, and his blade
 be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty bold yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross or Stanmore meets Allen-
 a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother she asked of his house and his
 home:
' Though the castle of Richmond stands fair
 on the hill,
My hall,' quoth bold Allen, ' stands gallanter
 still;

'T is the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles,' said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel and the mother was stone;
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be-
 gone;
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their
 cry!
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonny
 black eye;
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

NOTHING AT ALL.

In Derry down dale when I wanted a mate,
 I went with my daddy a-courting of Kate;
 With my nosegay so fine in my holyday
 clothes,
 My hands in my pockets, a-courting I goes.
 The weather was cold, and my bosom was hot,
 My heart in a gallop, my mare in a trot;
 Now I was so bashful, so loving, withal,
 My tongue stuck to my mouth, and I said
Nothing at all.

When I came to the house, I looked bashful
 and grum;
 The knocker I held by my finger and thumb;

Rap went the knocker, Kate showed her chin
 She chuckled and buckled, I bowed and went
 in.

Now I was as bashful as bashful could be;
 And Kitty, poor soul, was as bashful as me;
 So I laughed, and I grinned, and I let my hat
 fall,

Giggled, scratched my head, and said
Nothing at all.

If bashful was I, the more bashful the maid;
 She simpered, and sighed, with her apron
 strings played;

The old folks impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that my Kitty and I should be one.

So then we young ones both nodded consent,
 Then hand in hand to get married we went,
 When we answered the parson in voices so
 small,

You scarce could have heard us say
Nothing at all.

But mark what a change in the course of a
 week;

My Kate left off blushing, I boldly could speak,
 Could play with my Kitty, and laugh at a jest,
 And Kitty could talk, too, as well as the best,
 And talked of past follies, we oft have declared
 To encourage young folks, who at wedlock
 are scared,

That if to their aid some assurance they call,
 They may kiss, and get married, and it's
Nothing at all.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances;
 Honored and blest be the evergreen pine;
 Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth led it sap anew,
 Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow;
 While every highland glen,
 Sends our shout back again,
 Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!

Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stript every leaf on
 the mountain,
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her
 shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Bredalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
 And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied,

Glen Luss and Ross Dhu, they are smoking
in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on
her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

'Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe:

Lenox and Leven Glen

Shake when they hear again,

' Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row! vassals, row! for the pride of the High-
lands;

Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!

O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,

Were wreathed in a garland, around him
to twine;

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blest in their shadow might grow;

Loud should Clan Alpine, then,

Ring from her deepest glen,

' Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho! ieroe!'

LOVE'S LIFE.

Love was once a little boy;

Heigho! heigho!

Then with him 't was sweet to toy;

Heigho! heigho!

He was then so innocent;

Not as now, on mischief bent;

Free he came, and harmless went;
Heigho! heigho!

Love is now a little man;
Heigho! heigho!

And a very saucy one;
Heigho! heigho!

He walks so stiff; and looks so smart,
As if he owned each maiden's heart;
I wish he felt his own keen dart;
Heigho! heigho!

Love will soon be growing old;
Heigho! heigho!

Half his life 's already told;
Heigho! heigho!

When he 's dead and buried too,
What shall we poor maidens do?
I 'm sure I cannot tell.—Can you?
Heigho! heigho!

I 'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I 'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet,
Roving forever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and
sweet.

I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

I 'd never languish for riches or power;
I 'd never sigh to have slaves at my feet;

I 'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
 Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet.
 I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

Oh! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I 'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
 Their summer days' ramble, so sportive and
 airy;
 They sleep in a rose where the nightingale
 sings.
 I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

Those who have wealth, must be watchful
 and wary;
 Power, alas! nought but misery brings;
 I 'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
 Rocked in a rose, when the nightingale sings.
 I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

What though you tell me each gay little rover,
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn
 day;
 Surely 't is better when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.
 I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
 Means of procuring a weary delay;
 I 'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying, when fair things are fading away.
 I 'd be a butterfly, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

hould auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 hould auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And the days o' lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne;
 We 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we 've wandered mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

And there 's a hand, my trusty feire;
 And gi'e 's a hand o' thine:
 And we 'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne,
 For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely you 'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I 'll be mine;

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection recalls them to
view;

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled
wild wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy
knew;

The wide-sprading pond, and the mill that
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cata-
ract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,

The old oaken bucket that hung in the well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the
well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,

For often at noon when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can
yield;

How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it
fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the cord, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in his well;
'The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
'The moss-covered bucket which hangs in his well.

I HAVE FRUITS, I HAVE FLOWERS.

I have fruits, I have flowers,
That were gathered in the bowers,
Amid the blooming hills so high, so high;
I have fruits, I have flowers,
The daughters of the showers,
Of the dews and the rills—will you buy? will
you buy?

I've a young nightingale,
 That by moonlight in the vale,
 So fondly to a rose his love did sigh, did sigh;
 I stole within their bower,
 Caught the silly bird and flower,
 I stole the pretty lovers—will you buy? will
 you buy?

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Draw the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland,
 Over moor and mountain hath passed the
 war sign;
 The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
 Wha heeds not its summons, is nae son o'
 thine!

The clans they are gathering, gathering, gath-
 ering!

The clans they are gathering, by loch and
 by lea!

The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
 The banners they are flying, that lead to
 victory!

Then draw the sword Scotland, Scotland,
 Scotland!

Charge as you have charged in days lang
 syne;

Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset!

He who now falters, is nae son o' thine!

Sheathe the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!

Sheathe the sword Scotland, for dimmed is its shine:

Thy foemen are flying, flying, flying!

And wha kens nae mercy, is nae son o' thine!

The struggle is over, over, over!

The struggle is over, the victory won!

There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen!

And glory to all who their duty have done.

Then sheathe the sword Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!

With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them!

But hand down the garland to each son o' thine!

A HIGHLAND LADDIE HEARD OF WAR.

A Highland laddie heard of war,
Which set his heart in motion;

He heard the distant cannon roar,

He saw the smiling ocean;

Come weal, come woe,

To sea he 'd go,

And left one morning early,
 Loch Lomond Ben,
 And the willow glen,
 And Jean, that loved him dearly.

He wandered East, he wandered South,
 But joy, he could not find it;
 But he found out this wholesome truth,
 And had the sense to mind it;
 Of a' the earth,
 The bonny North
 To cherish late and early;
 Loch Lomond Ben, &c.

OH, SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

Oh, say not woman's love is bought
 With vain and empty treasure;
 Oh, say not woman's love is caught
 By every idle pleasure;

When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never;
 Deep in her heart the passion glows;
 She loves, and loves forever.

Oh, say not woman's false as fair;
 That like the bee s' ranges;
 Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.

Ah, no! the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm;
 She loves, and loves forever!

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

'T was a trumpets pealing sound!
 And the knight looked down from the Panim's
 tower,
 And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
 Through the path beneath him wound.
 Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill!
 Cease! let them hear the captive's voice—be
 still! be still!

I knew 't was a trumpet's note!
 And I see my brothers glances gleam,
 And their pennons wave by the mountain
 stream,
 And their plumes to the glad wind float.
 Cease awhile, &c.

I am here with my heavy chain!
 And I look on a torrent sweeping by,
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,
 And a host to its battle plain.
 Cease awhile, &c.

Must I pine in my fetters here?
 With the wild wave's foam, and the free
 bird's flight,

And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
 And the trumpet in my ear?
 Cease awhile, &c.

They are gone! they have all passed by!
 They in whose wars I had borne my part;
 'They that I loved with a brother's heart;
 They have left me here to die!
 Sound again, clarion! clarion pour thy blast!
 Sound! for thy captive's dream of hope is past!

PRAY, GOODY.

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour
 of your tongue,
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your
 eyes?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak, the
 prejudice is strong;
 A stranger why will you despise?
 Ply me, try me,
 Prove, ere you deny me,
 If you cast me off, you blast me, never more
 to rise!
 Pray, Goody, &c.

THE MEETING.

We met, and only met,
 Ere doomed by fate to sever;
 But, ah! I can forget
 That meeting with thee, never!

Thy locks of auburn hair
On wanton zephyrs straying;
Thine eye of liquid blue,
Where light of soul was playing;

Thy voice, whose dulcet thrill
Awaked such deep emotion—
I seem to hear it still,
Though far upon the ocean.
'T was these that charmed me then,
When first and last I met thee;
We may not meet again,
But ne'er can I forget thee.

'T was evening when we met,
By Arno's rippling billow;
(In dreams I see thee yet,
Whene'er I press my pillow;)
It was a lovely night!
The balmy breeze was sighing,
And heaven's sweetest light
On town and stream was lying.

When in some thicket's shade,
His vows the lover's telling,
Like breast of list'ning maid,
The playful waves were swelling.
We met, and only met,
Ere doomed by fate to sever;
But, ah! I can forget
That meeting with thee, never.

OH, I NE'ER SHALL FORGET.

Oh, I ne'er shall forget the sad moment we parted;

'T was a moment o'erflowing with pleasure and pain;

When you kissed off the tears from my eyelids that started,

And whispered the hope of our meeting again.

In vain I tried my pain to hide,

When from my arms you burst away,

At honor's call, far, far from all

Whose smiles of love oft cheer your way.

How often I've watched the pale moonbeams, when stealing

Along the dark wave of a far distant sea;

Oh, it wakened my heart with the tenderest feeling,

To think that those moonbeams were smiling on thee.

And then my heart would anxious start,

As fancy drew the swelling sail,

Which bore me to sweet love and you,

Within your native woodland vale.

I HAVE LOVED THEE.

I have loved thee, dearly loved thee,

Through an age of worldly woe;

How ungrateful I have proved thee,
 Let my mournful exile show.
 Ten long years of anxious sorrow,
 Hour by hour I counted o'er,
 Looking forward till to-morrow,
 Every day I loved thee more.

Power nor splendor could not charm me;
 I no joy in wealth could see;
 Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
 Save the fear of losing thee.
 When the storms of fortune pressed thee,
 I have wept to see thee weep;
 When relentless cares distressed thee,
 I have lulled those cares to sleep.

SONG OF THE PORTUGUESE PEAS- ANT BOY.

The beacon is blazing bright, father,
 And loud is the cannon's shock;
 And see what a swarthy light, father,
 Strains the peak of Alverca's rock.
 'T was the tramp of an English courier,
 Which clattered so quick on the moor,
 For I saw the soldier's sabre
 Flash bright, as he dashed by the door.

So take down the good old brand, father—
 But lend me my brother's dirk;
 'T is light in a stripling's hand, father,
 And fit for a stripling's work.

Then away to the midnight battle,
But soft o'er the threshold tread,
Lest my mother should hear your foot-fall,
And scream as we leave the shed.

Still brighter the beacon's blaze, father,
And stronger the cannon's shock;
And smoke has hid the rays, father,
Which flashed round Alverca's rock.
One kiss on the cheek of my mother—
One kiss will not break her sleep,—
Then away for the midnight battle,
Then away for Alverca's steep.

THERE'S SOMEWHAT ON MY BREAST.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast;
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest;
I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so;
A weary weight oppresseth me,
This weary weight of wo!

'T is not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;

But, oh! 't is not a kindred's hand,
Can give my heart relief!

'T is not that Janet's false, father,
'T is not that she 's unkind;
'Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind;
It is not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast;
It 's that confounded *cucumber*,
I 've ate and can't digest.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Come hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air,
Who hearest the sighs of a lover,
And bringest him news of his fair.
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
O, perch on my hand, dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye, and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'T will be fleeter when nerved by the vine.
I have written on rose scented paper
With thy wing-quill, a soft *billetdoux*;
I have melted the wax in love's taper;
'T is the color of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
 So go from me, beautiful minion,
 While the pure ether shows not a speck.
 Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
 Like an arrow, he hurries away;
 And farther, and farther retreating,
 He is lost in the clear blue of day.

HURRAH! FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE!

Here 's a health to that 's awa,
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa;
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our cause,
 May never gude luck be their fa.
 It 's gude to be merry and wise;
 It 's gude to be honest and true;
 It 's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue!
 Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue!
 It 's gude to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the Bonnets of Blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to Donald, the chief o' the
 Clan,

Altho' that his band be sma'.

Here 's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here 's freedom to him that wad write;

There 's none ever feared that the truth should
be heard,

But they whom the truth wad indict.

Hurrah! for the Bonnets of Blue, &c.

A PARODY.

These girls are all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given;

Their smiles of joy, their tears of wo,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—

There 's not one true in seven!

And false the flash of beauty's eye,

As fading hues of even;

And love, and laughter, all 's a lie,

And hopes awakened but to die—

There 's not one true in seven!

Poor mushrooms of a stormy day!

Yet bloom and be forgiven;

For life 's at best a dream—away!

Dull, drowsy thought!—I 'll join the gay,

And romp with all the seven.

ANSWER.

Oh, men! you 're all a fleeting show,

For our amusement given;

Your smiles and tears are false we know,

Though at our will they shine and flow;

We trust not one in seven.

The seeming worth in which you plume,
Fades, like the hues of even;
The mask of kindness you assume,
And faintly hide your real gloom—
There 's not one true in seven.

Poor wanderers through life's changing day,
From fair to fair you 're driven;
We light your darkness with a ray—
A ray of hope—then kindly say—
Go, wretches! you 're forgiven.

BUDS AND FLOWERS.

I 'll pull a bunch of buds and flowers,
And tie a ribbon round them,
If you 'll but think in your lonely hours,
Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I 'll cull the earliest that put forth,
And those that last the longest;
And the bud that boasts the fairest birth,
Shall cling to the stem the strongest.

I 've run about the garden walks,
And searched among the dew, sir;
These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,
I 've plucked them all for you, sir.

So here 's your bunch of buds and flowers,
And here 's the ribbon round them;

And here, to cheer your saddened hours,
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It 's rare to see the morning bleeze
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It 's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
And fine it is on green hill side
Where hums the bonny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
Is the Ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare;
The birds may fill the tree;
And haughs hae a' the scented ware,
That simmer growth can gie;
But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
And the darling o' our e'e,
That makes to us a warl complete,
O, the Ingle side 's for me.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now 's the day, and now 's the hour!
See the front of battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power!
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Wha would fill a coward's grave?

Traitor! turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw;
 Freemen stand, or freemen fa'!

Let them on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains!

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrant's fall in every foe!

Liberty's in every blow!

Let us do, or die!

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

March to the battle field,

The foe is now before us,

Each heart is freedom's shield,

And heaven is smiling o'er us.

The woes and pains, the galling chains,

Which kept our spirits under,

In proud disdain we've broke again,

And tore each link asunder.

March, &c.

Who, for his country brave,

Would fly from the invader?

Who, his base life to save,
 Would traitor-like degrade her?
 March, &c.

Our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We 'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die, our rights maintaining.
 March, &c.

MY LUVE 'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

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

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve 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;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
 And fare-thee-weel awhile!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Though 't were ten thousand mile.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the straggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the
dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Sightily they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er the cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In a grave where a Britain has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

CANZONET.

When shall we three meet again?
 When shall we three meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope retire,
 Oft shall wearied love expire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parched beneath the hostile sky;
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls;
 Still in Fancy's wide domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
 Moss shall creep, and ivy twine;
 When these burnished locks are grey,
 Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
 May this long loved bower remain,
 Here may we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled;
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again!

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again?

Meet ne'er to sever?

When will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,

Safe from each blast that blows,

In this dark vale of woes—

Never—no, never!

When shall love freely flow.

Pure as life's river?

When shall sweet friendship glow,

Changeless forever?

Where joys celestial thrill,

Where bliss each heart shall fill,

And fears of parting chill—

Never—no, never!

Soon shall we meet again,

Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon will peace wreath her chain

Round us forever;

Our hearts will then repose,
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close—
 Never—no, never!

LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O;
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O;
 Where the rose in all its pride,
 Paints the hollow dingle side;
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O;
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;
 Where the glens resound the call
 Of the lofty waterfall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we 'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

But I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O;

To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O;

For the frowns of fortune lour, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover, at this hour, bonnie lassie, O;
 Ere the golden orb of day,
 Wakes the warbler from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear,
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O?

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so
 sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright wa-
 ters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
 part,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
 my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the
 scene
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;

'T was not the soft image of streamlet or hill;
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom
 were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment
 more dear,
And who felt how the blest charms of nature
 improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that
 we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
 best;
Where the storms which we feel in this cold
 world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
 in peace!

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN.

The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin to bonnie Lochleven,
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!

Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
 Upon the Lemons I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Lochleven,
 And heard the bonnie pibrochs play.
 The Campbells, &c.

Great Argyle, he goes before;
 He makes his cannons loudly roar;
 Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
 The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells, they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
 'The Campbells are comin, O ho, O ho!
 The Campbells, &c.

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
 Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wanton'st through the flowery thorn;
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,
 'To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine:
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go
To the braes of Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes of Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light liling chorus.

Now the summer is in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,

And the wild mountain thyme,
 A' the moorland perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes,
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes of Balquhither.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

Says Plato, Why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heaven has made him great?
 Why look with insolent disdain,
 On those undecked with power or state?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burdened slave,
 The humble and the haughty, die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the proudest titles bore;
 The wealth, the glory they possessed,
 And all their honors, are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 But when its short-lived beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.

So 't is with us, my jovial souls;
 Let friendship reign while here we stay;
 Let 's crown our joys with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands, we must obey.

WHA 'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

There 's news from Moidart cam' yestreen,
 Will soon gar mony farlie,
 For ships of war hae just come in,
 And landed Royal Charlie;
 Come through the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Ye 're a' the welcomer early,
 Come round him cling,
 Wi' a' your kin,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie?
 Come through the heather,
 Around him gither,
 Come Ronald, come Donald,
 Come a' thegither,
 And crown your rightful, lawful king,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie?

The highland clans wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
 Hae to a man declared to stand
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, &c.

'There 's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
 But vows baith late an eraly,

o man she 'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

he lowlands a' baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, hae
eclared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha but Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

hen here 's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be 't complete an' early;
his very name our heart's blood warms
To arm for Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, &c.

CROWS IN A CORN-FIELD.

See yonder corn-field,
Where waves the rip'ning grain,
The feathered race alluring,
Who flock the prize to gain.

Now careless hopping, flying,
A young crow light and gay,
So careless, light and gay he hops,
So careless, light and gay.

While cautious, peeping, prying,
Two old crows, sage and gray,
A man and gun espying,
With timely warning say—

'Do n't go there!'

'Why not?'

'You 'll be shot!'

'I do n't care!'

Oh! oh! oh!'

'We told you so!'

Caw! caw! says the scout; look out!

See, he 's loading his gun again;

We smell powder my lad; we 're not to be
had;

'T is all but labor in vain.

All, all in vain you try old birds to catch with
chaff;

We 're out of your shot, you stupid old sot,
And at you and your gun we laugh; ha! ha!

Caw! caw! caw!

COMIN' THROUGH THE EYE.

Gin a body meet a body

Comin' through the rye,

Gin a body kiss a body,

Need a body cry?

Ilka body has a body,

Ne'er a ane hae I;

But a' the lads they lo'e me,

And what the waur am I?

Gin a body meet a body

Comin' frae the well,

Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka body has a body, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, &c.

O NEVER FALL IN LOVE.

Fall not in love, dear girls, beware,
 Oh never fall in love!
 Better lead apes in—you know where,
 Than ever fall in love.

For men, their ends to gain,
 Are cruel when most kind;
 Their tears are false as rain,
 There vows are only wind;
 And if you say them no,
 They swear their hearts are broke;
 Yet when half dead with wo,
 How nice and plump they look.
 Fall not in love, &c.

For if a rake you wed,
 For better and for worse,
 When honey-moons are fled,
 Oh! how he 'll squeeze your purse:

And if you scold at night—
 Quite easy, by the by—
 Your husband, grown polite,
 Yawns most melodiously.
 Fall not in love, &c.

I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW.

As I walked last night,
 In the dim twilight,
 Some one whispered soft and low,
 Whispered soft and low;
 'What pretty girl is she?
 I wish she would fancy me.'
 Now whoever this could be,
 I should very much like to know,
 I should very much like to know,
 Whoever it was said so,
 I should very much like to know,
 I should very much like to know.

Last Valentine's day,
 Came a letter so gay,
 With hearts above, around and below,
 With hearts above and below—
 'Oh! I love you, dearest maid,
 But to tell you I 'm afraid.'
 I should very, &c.

A gipsy in the wood
 Said she 'd tell me something good.

For his name began with an O,
 For his name began with an O,
 And he 'd surely marry me,
 For it was his destiny.
 Now whoever this can be,
 I should very, &c.

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
 Who grace this famous city,
 Just listen, if you 've time to spare,
 While I rehearse a ditty;
 And for the opportunity,
 Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
 For 't is not often that you see
 A hunter from Kentucky:
 Oh! Kentucky,
 The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy, free born race;
 Each man to fear a stranger;
 Whate'er the game we join in chase,
 Despising toil and danger:
 And if a daring foe annoys,
 Whate'er his strength or force is,
 We 'll show him that Kentucky boys
 Are alligator-horses:
 Oh! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you 've read it in the prints,
 How Pakenham attempted

To make old Hickory, Jackson, wince,
But soon his schemes repented;
For we with rifles ready cocked,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the General flocked
The hunters of Kentucky:
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

I s'pose you 've heard how New-Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty;
There 's gals of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty.
So, Pakenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He 'd have their gals and cotton-bags,
In spite of old Kentucky:
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was n't scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles;
So he led us down to Cypress Swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Bull in martial pomp—
But here was Old Kentucky;
Oh! Kentucky, &c.

We raised a bank to hide our breasts;
Not that we thought of dying;
But then we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying:

Behind it stood our little force—
 None wished it to be greater,
 For every man was half a horse,
 And half an alligator:
 Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They did n't let our patience tire,
 Before they showed their faces;
 We did n't choose to waste our fire,
 But snugly kept our places;
 And when so near we saw them wink,
 We thought it time to stop 'em;
 It would have done you good, I think,
 To see Kentuckians drop 'em:
 Oh! Kentucky, &c.

They found, at last, 't was vain to fight,
 When lead was all their booty,
 And so they wisely took to flight,
 And left us all the beauty.
 And now, if danger e'er annoys,
 Remember what our trade is;
 Just send for us Kentucky boys,
 And we 'll protect you, ladies:
 Oh! Kentucky, &c.

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
 oh, oh, oh, oh! [oh, oh, oh, oh!
 Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,

Her cheeks are round, and red, and fat,
 Like a pulpit cushion—and redder than that.
 Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,
 oh, oh, oh, oh!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low! oh, oh,
 oh, oh! [oh, oh!

Where Kitty resides, I'm sure to go, oh, oh,
 One moonlight night, when—oh! what bliss!
 Through a hole in the window she gave me a
 kiss. [oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oh, sweet Kitty Clover, she bothers me so,

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh, oh,
 oh, oh! [oh, oh!

If Kitty to kirk with me would go, oh, oh,
 I think I would never be bothered again,

If after the parson she 'd say—Amen!

Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so,
 oh, oh, oh, oh!

GEOFFREY'S COURTSHIP.

One morn, whilst I was brewing,

My thoughts each thought pursuing,
 First malt and hops, next Molly Popp,
 Thinks I I'll go a wooing.

Oh, yes, I will; indeed, I will; tol de rol, &c.

Chance in my brew-house brought her—

' Dame Popp, I love your daughter,

And feel inclined to tell my mind,
 And cut my longing shorter.
 Oh, yes, I do; indeed, I do; tol de rol,' &c.

My Molly, dear, now came in,
 Whilst love my heart inflaming;
 Her mother said, 'the lad 's afraid
 His passion you 'll be blaming.'
 Oh, yes, he is; he really is; tol de rol, &c.

Cried Moll, ' You stupid, rash cub;
 Think you I 'd marry such a scrub?
 Your hopes desist;' so with her fist
 She soused me in the mash tub!
 Oh, yes, she did; she really did; tol de rol, &c.

MY BARK IS UPON THE DEEP, LOVE.

My bark is upon the deep, love;
 My comrades impatient call;
 Awake, while the fairies sleep, love,
 Awake thee! more bright than all.
 Awake! awake! Rosalie dear, awake.

'The sun may dry up the tear, love,
 That hangs on the drooping flower;
 But cold will its rays appear, love,
 Away from my lady's bower.
 But cold, &c.

Awake! for yon splashing oar, love,
 Its diamonds now throws to light;

And faint from the distant shore, love,
 My summons comes o'er the night.
 And faint, &c.

I go—but ere yonder star, love,
 Shall set in the mighty sea,
 Thy Carlos shall seek the war, love,
 To gather its wreaths for thee.
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!
 Rosalie, love, farewell!

THE HOBBIES.

Attention pray give while of hobbies I sing,
 For each has his hobby, from cobbler to king;
 On some favorite hobby we all get astride,
 And when we 're once mounted, full gallop
 we ride.

All on hobbies, all on hobbies,
 All on hobbies, gee up and gee O.

Some hobbies are restive, and as hard to
 govern, [stubborn;
 As some men's wives, who are obstinate and
 The hobbies of scolds are their husbands to
 tease,
 And the hobbies of lawyers are plenty of feas.
 All on hobbies, &c.

The beaux, those sweet gentlemen, hobbies
 good lack,
 Is to wear great poultices tied round the neck;

Their States are united; and let it be said,
 Their hobby is Washington, peace, and free
 trade.

All on hobbies, &c.

THE YOUNG TROUBADOUR.

To the mountain's wild echo I warble my lays,
 And harmless I wander through woods and
 through braes; [moor,
 The peasant by moonlight oft strays o'er the
 To welcome the song of the young troubadour.

Oh, come to the lattice, and list to my lay;
 Wave, wave thy fair hand and bid me stay;
 Oh, grant but this boon—I ask for no more;
 'T will enliven the song of the young trouba-
 dour.

Then I 'll sing the old ditties of heroes that
 died, [have sighed;
 And of maidens like you, for whom lovers
 Oh, hearken then, lady, to-morrow I 'm sure
 You 'll welcome the song of the young trou-
 badour.

I 'VE BEEN ROAMING.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
 Where the meadow dew is sweet;
 And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
 With its pearls upon my feet.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
O'er the rose and lily fair;
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With their blossoms in my hair.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Where the honeysuckle creeps;
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
With its kisses on my lips.

I 've been roaming, I 've been roaming,
Over hill and over plain;
And I 'm coming, and I 'm coming,
To my bower back again.

JOCKY TO THE FAIR.

'T was on the morn of sweet May day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows rare;
Young Jocky early in the dawn,
Arose and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jocky to the fair.

The cheerful parish bells had rung;
With eager steps he trudged along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds used to wear:

He tapped the window—'Haste, my dear!
Jenny, impatient, cried, 'Who 's there?'
'T is I, my love, and no one near;
Step gently down, you 've nought to fear,
With Jocky to the fair.'

'My dad and mamma 's fast asleep;
My brother 's up and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?'
'I will, by all the powers of love;
And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jocky to the fair.'

'Behold the ring!' the shepherd cried;
'Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there.'
Then Jocky did his vows renew,
He would be constant, would be true:
His word was pledged—away she flew,
O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jocky to the fair.

In raptures meet the jovial throng,
Their gay companions, blithe and young;
Each join the dance, each join the song,
And hails the happy day;
Returned, there 's none so fond as they;

They blessed the kind propitious day,
 The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny run away
 With Jocky to the fair.

THE BARD THAT 'S FAR AWA'!

Though cauldly now in dust he lies,
 Whose heart sae warmly beat,
 His spirit frae the golden skies,
 Shall auld acquaintance greet.
 Then fill the cup, my trusty frere;
 We 'll drink in silence a',
 To him who claims our warmest tear,
 The bard that 's far awa'!

We 'll miss him frae his wonted place,
 We 'll miss him frae the hearth;
 His pleasant speech, and kindly face,
 That brightened a' our mirth.
 Then fill the cup, &c.

Wi' him we found life's weary hours
 Gae dancing on their way;
 Auld Time, wi' temples wreathed wi' flowers,
 Disguised his locks o' gray.
 Then fill the cup, &c.

Let worldlings o' his genius boast,
 And praise his mighty mind;
 Love finds for Scott a nobler toast—
 The friend of a' mankind!
 Then fill the cup, &c.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead: that good old man
We never shall see more—
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day;
His feelings all were true—
His hair was some inclined to grey;
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned—
The large, round head upon his cane,
From ivory was turned.

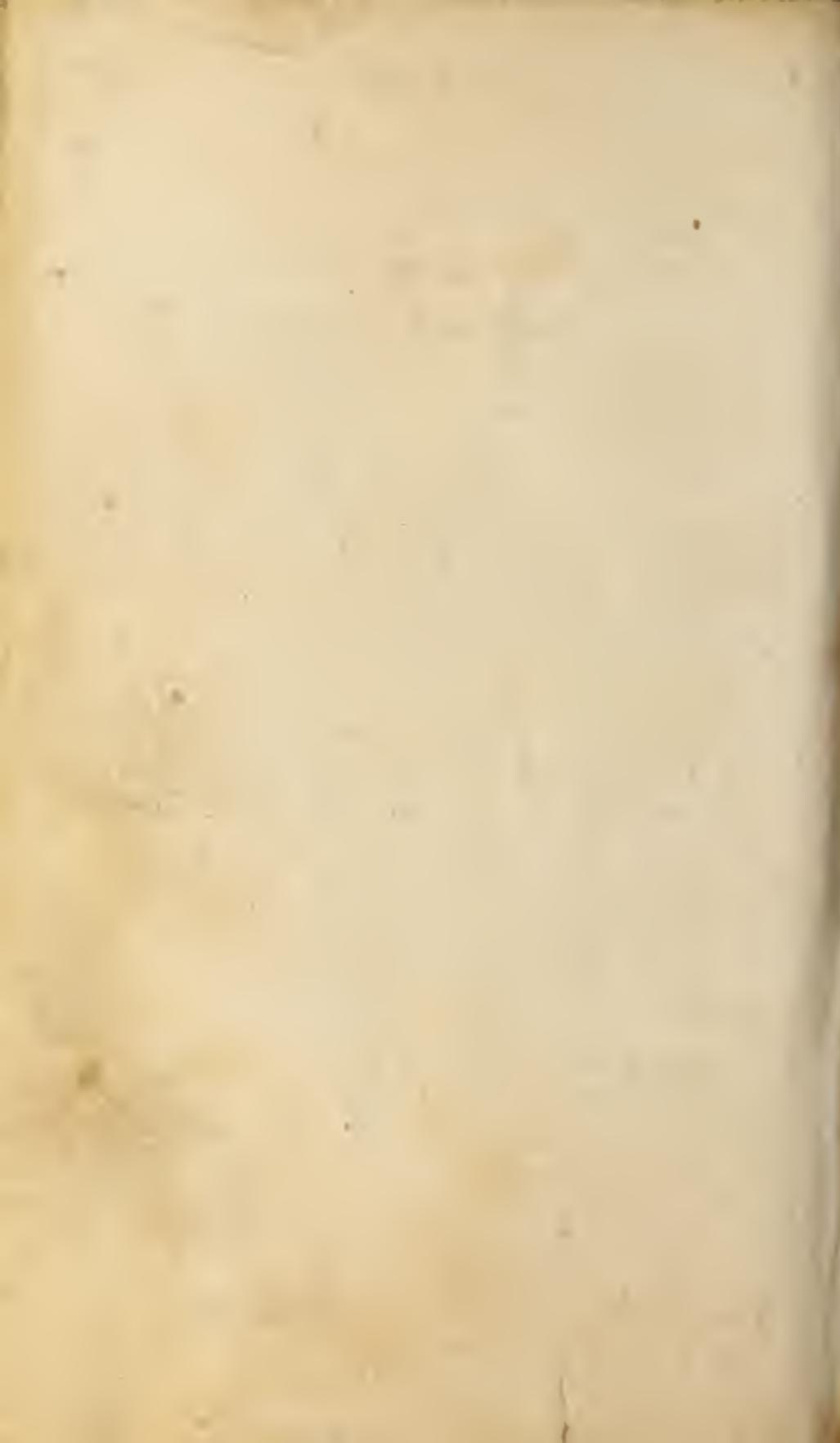
And ever prompt at pity's call;
He knew no base design—
His eyes were dark, and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind;
Gave every one his due—
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the guilt which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er—
He never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.



OLD GRIMES.



But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Beyond misfortune's frown—
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert—
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay—
He wore large buckles in his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances—
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran—
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

THE KING AND COUNTRYMAN.

There was an old chap in the West country,
A flaw in his lease the lawyers had found,

'T was all about felling of five oak trees,
 And building a house upon his own ground.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

Now this old chap to London would go,
 To tell the King a part of his wo,
 Likewise to tell him a part of his grief,
 In hopes King George would give him relief.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

Now when this old chap to London had come,
 He found the King to Windsor had gone;
 But if he had known he 'd not been at home,
 He 'd dang'd his buttons if ever he 'd come.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

Now when this old chap to Windsor did stump,
 The gates were barred and all secure;
 But he knocked and thumped with his oaken
 clump,
 There 's room within for me I 'm sure.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

Pray Mr. Noble, show I the King.
 Is that the King that I see there?
 I seed a chap at Bartlemy fair
 Look more like a King than that chap there.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

Well, Mr. King, pray how d 'ye do?
 I 've gotten for you a bit of a job,

Which if you 'll be so kind as to do,
 I 've gotten a summat for you in my fob.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

The King he took the lease in hand,
 To sign it, too, was likewise willing;
 And he to make him a little amends, [ling.
 He lugged out his bag and gave him a shil-
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

The king to carry on the joke,
 Ordered ten pounds to be laid down;
 The farmer he stared, but nothing spoke,
 He stared again, and he scratched his crown.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

The farmer he stared to see so much money,
 And to take it up was likewise willing,
 But if he 'd known he 'd got so much money,
 He dang 'd his wig if he 'd gin him that
 shilling.
 Ri too ra loo, &c.

L-A-W LAW.

Come list to me for a minute,
 A song I 'm going to begin it,
 There's something serious in it,
 So pray your attention draw.
 'T is all about the law,
 Which has such a deuce of a claw—
 Experience I have bought it,
 And now to you have brought it,

Will you or not be taught it?

I sing the charms of law;

L-a-w law—

Which has such a deuce of a claw;
If you are fond of pure vexation,
And sweet procrastination,
You 're just in a situation
To enjoy a suit at law.

When your cause is first beginning,
You only think of winning,
Attorneys sily grinning

The while the cash they draw;

Your case goes on, see-saw,

As long as your cash they draw,

With brief and consultation,

Bill and replication,

Latin and botheration,

While the counsel loudly jaw;

J-a-w jaw,

Is a very great thing in law,

If you 're fond, &c.

Snail-like the cause is creeping,

It hinders you from sleeping,

Attorneys only reaping,

For still your cash they draw;

D-r-a-w draw,

Is the main-spring of the law:

Misery, toil and trouble,

Make up the hubble bubble,

Leave you nothing but stubble,
 And make you a man of straw;
 S-t-r-a-w straw,
 Divides the wheat from the straw;
 If you 're fond of, &c.

And when your cause is ending,
 Your case is nowise mending,
 Expense each step attending,
 And then they find a flaw;
 Then the Judge like any jackdaw,
 Will lay down what is law.

In a rotten stick your trust is,
 You find the bubble burst is,
 And though you don't get justice,
 You 're sure to get plenty of law.
 And l-a-w law,
 Leaves you not worth a straw.
 If you 're fond of, &c.

Should you cling to another man's wife,
 It is quite the rage in high life,
 The big wigs to settle the strife,
 Plunge you and the husband in law;
 And if you 're a Johnny Raw,
 Lord, how they will clapper and claw;
 They 'll knock you into the centre,
 The piper you 'll pay if you enter
 Upon such a slippery venture
 As few but yourself ever saw.
 L-a-w law,

Keeps paw-paw people in awe,
So if you 're fond of, &c.

So if life 's all sugar and honey,
And fortune has always been sunny,
And you want to get rid of your money,
I 'd advise you to go to law.
Like ice in a rapid thaw,
Your cash will melt awa'—
Comfort 't is folly to care for,
Life 's a lottery—therefore,
Without a why, or a wherefore.
I 'd advise you to go to law.
And l-a-w law,
Does like a blister draw,
So if you 're fond of, &c.

W-A-R WAR.

Come list to me for a minute,
A song I 'm going to begin it,
There 's something serious in it,
So pray your attention draw.
'T is all about the war,
And nothing at all of law.
Experience I have bought it,
And now to you have brought it,
Will you or not be taught it,
I sing the charms of war.
W-a-r war—w-a-r war,
If you 're fond of a cannon ball, sir,
And a shot that will make you squall, sir,

If you 're good for nothing at all, sir,
You 'd better be off to the war.

To West-Point first you 'll go, sir,
To learn to turn out your toes, sir,
And they 'll dress you up in grey clothes, sir,
With a feather a going see-saw,
And a musket in your paw,
To get you all ready for war;
And when you 're a little older,
With a tinsel thing on your shoulder,
You 'll astonish every beholder,
Rigged out like any jackdaw.

W-a-r war—w-a-r war,
If you 're fond of a cannon ball, sir, &c.

When the battle 's first beginning,
You 'll only think of winning;
But in the midst of your grinning,
You 'll receive a lick in the jaw,
And you 'll feel very sick at the maw,
From the foe you 'll be glad to withdraw;
With grief and great vexation,
You 'll quit your valiant station,
And curse the destination,
That carried you off to the war.

W-a-r war—w-a-r war.
If you 're fond of a cannon ball, sir, &c.

And when your wound is heeled up,
You 'll find that you are keeled up,

That the temple of Janus is sealed up,
 And there 's no more going to war;
 Then you 'll wish you 'd studied the law,
 And not gone away to the war;
 They will strike you off of the roll, sir,
 And you will be a little soul, sir,
 Without any one to condole, sir
 With you for the lick in the jaw.
 J-a-w jaw—j-a-w jaw.
 If you 're fond of a cannon ball, sir, &c.

If you 're fond of smoke and powder,
 And noises than thunder louder,
 If you want to be poorer and prouder,
 You 're just the fellow for war;
 With a musket in your paw,
 And a feather a going see-saw;
 If you want to get rid of your wife, sir,
 Or to lead a lazy life, sir,
 And follow the drum and fife, sir,
 You 'd better be off to the war.
 W-a-r war—w-a-r war.
 If you 're fond of a cannon ball, sir, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S DELIGHT.

Ah, what delight the soldier knows!
 In war he now advances;
 Of his king the true knight,
 To the fair then he glances,
 Warm in love as in fight.

And soon as the clarion soundeth,
 As soon as he hears the deep drum,
 To battle the gay soldier boundeth,
 With a laugh, daring death to come.

Listen! hark! dost hear?

Listen! hark! a cheer:

Lo! our foes fly;

O'er 's the affray.

Fill high;

'T is we have won the day!

Ah, what delight the soldier knows!

In war he now advances,

Of his king the true knight,

To the fair then he glances,

Warm in love as in fight.

Near his home, war past, re-appearing,
 All to greet him pour, and with cheering,

The victor to hail,

The skies rend!

Round him pressing,

With their blessing,

Here his sire, there his friend.

NAIL MACHINE.

Sure have you seen a nail machine;

'T is all the people's wonder, O;

It thumps away both night and day,

And makes a noise like thunder, O.

The cranks and pans, like battering-rams,

Do keep such pelting, pouncing, O,

That all the ground is shook around,
By reason of the jouncing, O.

Now you must know that I'd a lot of cousins, that com'd all the way down from Vermont, to larn the fashions, and to see all the cute and curious thingumjigs of the old colony. By jolly, (said Zachary Diggins,) I insigh to see the nail-works, if it costs me my fire-ball colt; for Uncle Fife told us, that they had ten thousand rattle-traps, and they kept up such a tarnal

Rattlety bang, and clatterty clang,
And rattlety, clatterty bang they go.

So off we set, with Tom and Bet,
Young Stephen Bumps, and Dolly, O,
And Jo, and Josh, and Bill Magosh,
Ned Shacklefoot, the jolly, O.
And Suzy Zudd, and Minny Ludd,
They rode behind on pillions, O,
And Sary Slack; they made such clack,
You 'd thought there was a million, O.

We scampered along through mud and mire, quite in the style of the fashionables, till we were brought up all standing, full before squire Clinker's nail-works, and were soon genteely escorted into the very bowels of the establishment; when out squeeled aunt Betty Diggins, as loud as any shriek owl:—Oh! the wonderation! what a sight of jigamarees! Yes, faith,

(quoth Ned,) and as thick as ten bumblebees in a pumpkin blow. Rabbit ye, Bets, an' be darned to you! (bawled out Zachary,) and hold your gab thar! Oh! the old sneezer! how they shell 'em up, (cried Josh.) And then cousin Dolly, the school dame, she was quite sensitive. Oh! by the lurry and living jingoes, (says Doll,) I'll be soused into a butter-tub, if ever I saw such curoosity thingums in all my born days! Fags and catnip! I'm all over goose pimples!—Flammation! (sung out Tom,) how they chop the iron up! Then Bill taking his turn, exclaimed: Odds bobs and buttakins! uncle Jeremy's thrashing-mill is no touch to that 'are! take care, Stephen, or you will have your gizzard ripped out by them 'are smashers, as quick as a pig can crack a walnut. Now all this, you know, was a very delightful accompaniment to the affettuoso of the machinery, as it delicately touched off its

Rattlety bang, &c.

Then up went Joe, he thought as how
 He 'd like to try the riggle, O;
 But all his jerks, and awkward quirks,
 Soon set them in a giggle, O.
 'Ooh! Jo, you loot, (said Shacklefoot,)
 You 'd better come to halting, O,
 and stop the noise of these rude boys,
 By paying off the malting, O.

Now you all know, that in a printer's shop, if a meddler should happen to burn his fingers a little, by dabbling with their big primer, pica or black ball, then he must look out for a brace of printer's devils about his ears—the like it was with poor cousin Josy; he had never before been beyond his father's farm, in all his life, to larn the tricks played on travellers; the lad was most surely in for 't, and a treat of whiskey was now the only remedy to place him in a respectable standing again, and to put an end to their continual

Gibblety gab, and ribblety rab,
And gigglety, gigglety, gabble, O.

Oh! then they got a two quart pot,
That shined like coachmen's brasses, O,
And Jo put in a quart of gin,
And sweetened it with lasses, O.
He passed it round, and all did swig,
Till they had got a plenty, O,
And each became a merry grig;
Oh! there were nearly twenty, O.

By the way, it has been slanderously reported, that some of the pretty gals got a little fuddled withal; but mind ye, I'll never be hanged for defamation; all I can tell about the matter, is, that it let the de'il into their slippery tongues, whose confounded gibber gabber outrattled and rumbled the deep tona-

tion of the machinery, with their abominable
 Clickety clack, and lickety whack,
 And wickety, clickety, whack we go.

'Then came the clerk, a brisk young spark,
 All bowing to each lady, O,
 And questions all, both great and small,
 To answer he was ready, O!
 The gals were pleased, for them he squeezed,
 They hardly could deny him, O!
 And Sary Slack, she got a smack,
 Unless they did belie him, O.

This little animal, the clerk, was a sort of
 would-be dandy, having the bottom of his
 waist pinched up to the size of a quart pot, and
 thus resembling, in shape, what we call a mud
 wasp; he wore eleven capes to his coat, and
 had over the place where his brains should be,
 a jockey cap of catskin, and carried a mock-
 gold watch, with two seals, each as big as a
 premium turnip! Oh! these dear little creatures
 are always so vastly attentive to the ladies!
 They may easily be distinguished from other
 animals by their singular gait, which is a sort of
 Tippity bob, tippity bob,
 Oh! I am all the tippy, O.

So round we went, wi' minds intent
 On all this mighty working, O;

'T was tarnal queer, sich wondrous gear,
 And O! sich jams and jerkings, O!
 At length says 'Tom—Let 's strike for home,
 To-night you know 's the dancing, O;
 Oh, yes! (says Zack,) if we go back,
 'T is time we were a prancing, O.

So each lad of us took his lass, and then in comely mood we all departed. It was, however, thought by most of the gals, that Mr. Tippy paid too much attention to Sary Slack, considering as how cousin Sary was no better, and to be sure I 'll say no worse than the rest on 'em. But the school-dame we thought was too severe on the occasion; for she declared: By the jumping Moses! such indictions ought to be carried before the highest court of juncture, for they quite annihilated all satisfaction of the wisitation. But all hard thoughts, and hard words, were soon dissipated by the frolic and fun on the road, as we jovially drove home with

Merrily ho! whisp dobbin, gee ho!
 Galloping gaily and cheery, O!

Then home we got, by gallop and trot,
 In season for the junket, O!
 And there was Sam, and Katy Cram,
 And cousin David Plunket, O!
 Now hark, around! the cheering sound
 Of Peg and Pero's scraping, O!

In merry plight, we spent the night,
In frolicking and capering, O.

Now as this was probably the last time we should all be together under such pleasant circumstances, we resolved to keep it up till the cows came home, as cousin Minny said; and to be sure we did it right merrily, with Hunt the Squirrel, Jo Baker, Barrel of Sugar, &c. Here, however, was none of your dances called shawsees, rigmadoons, &c. but the good old fashioned

Rigglety bump, and shufflety thump!
And shufflety, scufflety clump, we go!

ALKNOMOOK.

The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when the light fades away.
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low;
Why so slow? do you wait till I shrink from
my pain? [plain.
No! the son of Alknomook shall never com-

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away;

Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn in the
 e'ening, [glen;
 Thou 'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and win-
 ning, [Dumblane.
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o'

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jes-
 sie, [vain;
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear las-
 sie, [Dumblane.
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'

Though mine were the station o' loftiest gran-
 deur,
 Amidst the profusion I 'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as naething the height of its splen-
 dor, [Dumblane.
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o'

WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?

A woman is like to—but stay—
 What a woman is like, who can say?
 There 's no living with or without one.
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one.
 When she is tender and kind,
 She 's like, to my mind,

(And Fanny was so, I remember,)

She 's like to—Oh, dear!

She 's as good, very near,

As a ripe, melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,

Play, joke, and all that,

And with smiles and good humor she meet me,

She 's like a rich dish

Of venison or fish,

That cries from the table, Come, eat me!

But she 'll plague you, and vex you,

Distract and perplex you;

False-hearted and ranging,

Unsettled and changing:

What, then, do you think she is like?

Like a sand, like a rock,

Like a wheel, like a clock,

Ay, a clock that is always at strike.

Her head 's like the island folks tell on,

Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on:

Her heart 's like a lemon—so nice,

She carves for each lover a slice:

In truth she 's to me

Like the wind, like the sea,

Whose raging will hearken to no man;

Like a mill, like a pill,

Like a flail, like a whale,

Like an ass, like a glass

Whose image is constant to no man;

Like a flower, like a shower,

Like a fly, like a pie,

Like a pea, like a flea,
 Like a thief, like—in brief,
 She 's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

THEY 'RE A' NODDIN.

And they 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 And they 're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
 The cats lo'e milk and the dogs lo'e broo,
 The lads lo'e lasses and the lasses lo'e lads too;
 And they 're a' noddin, &c.

O they 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 O they 're a' noddin at our house at hame;
 In comes old dame wi' a pan o' good broo;
 The de'il tak' ye a' for ye 've been a noddin
 too;
 And we 're a' noddin, &c.

O we 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 O we 're a' noddin, at our house at hame;
 An' how d' ye dame, an' how d' ye thrive,
 An' how many bairns ha' ye? Lassie, I ha'
 five;
 And they 're a' noddin, &c.

O we 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 O we 're a' noddin at our house at hame;
 At the drums they beat, and the pipes they
 play,
 And the ffolk are a' crazy for to march away;
 While we 're a' noddin, &c.

O we 're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 O we 're a' noddin at our house at hame;
 My Jemmie tarry not when your country ca's,
 For glory waits on him wha for Scotland fa's.
 While we 're a' noddin, &c.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high,
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the trees against a stormy sky,
 Their giant branches tossed;
 And the heavy night hung dark,
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark,
 On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drum,
 Or the trumpet that sings of fame.
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;
 They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang!
 And the stars heard, and the sea!
 And the sounding aisle of the dim wood rang
 To the anthem of the free!
 The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam;

And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
 'This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?

They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground,

The spot where first they trod; [found,

They have left unstained what there they

Freedom to worship God!

I AM A VERY LITTLE MAN.

I am a very little man,

And have a little wife,

A little boy, a little girl,

The little sweets of life;

My little wife is in her teens,

I 'm a little more than twenty,

We live by very little means,

And health makes little plenty.

We keep a little huckster's shop,

And have a little trade;

By little gains, and little pains,

Our little wealth is made.

We have a little company,

Our little time to sweeten;

My boy has got a little dog,

My girl a little kitten.

Assembled round our little board,
 We feel no little thanks,
 To see our little brood enjoy
 Their numerous little pranks.
 When crossed by little cares of life,
 We little think to mourn;
 Resigned to little incidents,
 Our little hopes return.

And little though we always were,
 And little e'er shall be,
 We little fear the world shall scorn
 Our little family.
 And as we want but little here,
 And heed not little nettles,
 In goodly time we hope to rear
 A host of little Littles.

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

The last link is broken that bound me to thee;
 And the words thou hast spoken have rendered
 me free; [may shine;
 That bright glance, misleading, on others
 Those eyes smile unheeding, when tears burst
 from mine. [is o'er;
 If my love was deemed boldness, that error
 I've witnessed thy coldness, and prize thee
 no more. [yet;
 I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee
 I'll pray for thee nightly, till life's sun has set.

That when our evening suns depart,
 Calm shall be our repose.
 Think of me oft, &c.

THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

How sweet are the flowers that grow by yon
 fountain! [the grove;
 And sweet are the cowslips that spangle
 And sweet is the breeze that blows over the
 mountain;
 But sweeter, by far, is the lad that I love.
 Then I 'll weave a gay garland,
 A fresh blooming garland,
 With lilies and roses,
 And sweet blooming posies,
 To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.

It was down in yon vale, where the sweet
 Sphorza gliding, [dark grove,
 In murmuring streams ripples through the
 I owned what I felt, all my passion confiding,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love.
 And I 'll weave, &c.

O! MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

O! merry row, O! merry row,
 The bonnie, bonnie bark;
 Bring back my love to calm my wo,
 Before the night grows dark.
 My Donald wears a bonnet blue,

A snow-white rose upon it too,
A Highland lad is he!
Then merry row, O! merry row,
And bring him safe to me.

As on the pebbly beach I strayed,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid,
Her absent love bewail:
A storm arose, the waves run high,
And dark and murky was the sky,
The wind did loudly roar.
But merry rowed the bonnie bark,
And brought her love ashore.

THE SHIP IS READY.

Fare-thee-well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze 'is fresh and steady;
Hands are fast the anchor weighing;
High in air the streamers playing;
Spread the sails, the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling;
Fare-thee-well! and when at sea,
Think of those who sigh for thee.

When from home and land receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,
Think of those behind, that love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee;
Then, as down to ocean glancing,
With the waves his rays are dancing,

Think how long the night will be,
To the eyes that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping
All below thee still and sleeping—
As the needle points the quart—
On the wide and trackless waters—
Let thy vigils ever find thee,
Mindful of the friends behind thee;
Let thy bosom's magnet be
Turned to those, who wake for thee.

When with slow and gentle motion
Heaves the bosom of the ocean,
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky, with tranquil splendor,
Where the shining hosts attend her,
Let thy brightest visions be,
Country, home, and friend to thee!

THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at close of silent eve,
The harp's responsive sound;
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned.
How sweet to sit beneath a tree,
In some delightful grove;
But oh! more soft, more sweet to me,
The voice of her I love.

Whene'er she joins the village train,
 To hail the new-born day,
 Mellifluous notes compose each strain
 Which zephyrs waft away.
 The frowns of fate I 'll calmly bear,
 In humble sphere to move;
 Content and blessed whene'er I hear
 The voice of her I love.

THE WOODPECKER.

knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was
 near; [the world,
 And I said, If there 's peace to be found in
 A heart that is humble might hope for it here.
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a
 sound, [tree.
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech
 and here, in this lone little wood, I ex-
 claimed, [to eye,
 With a maid who was lovely to soul and
 Who would blush if I praised her, and weep
 if I blamed, [could I die.
 How blest could I live, and how calm
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

the shade of yon hawthorn, whose red
 berry dips, [recline,
 In the gush of the fountain how sweet to

And to know that I sighed upon innocent
 lips, [but mine.
 Which ne'er had been sighed on by any
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

ALL HAIL TO THE BRAVE AND FREE.

All hail to the brave and free,
 On land or on rolling sea,
 Whose hosts advance, with sword and lance,
 In the cause of liberty.
 And whether in triumph's car,
 They follow vict'ry's star,
 Or patriot's fall, 'neath glory's pall,
 They are still the pride of the war.
 Then hail to the brave and free, &c.

Oh, who on the rolls of fame,
 Shall boast the highest name?
 Or who shall bear from woman fair,
 Those smiles which the world would claim?
 For whom shall the song arise,
 Which a people send to the skies?
 For whom shall bloom, on the battle tomb,
 The laurel that never dies?
 Oh, none but the brave and free, &c.

Then raise our flag on high,
 A meteor 'gainst the sky;
 With rolling drum, we'll proudly come,
 To guard it, or to die.

Firm place the lance in rest,
 Against a faithful breast;
 The trumpets call, obey we all,
 And valor shall do the best.

And then with the brave and free, &c.

DADDY LAPSTONE.

• Last week I took a wife,
 And when I first did woo her,
 I vowed to stick through life,
 Like cobbler'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;
 While I, to all men's views,
 Am full five feet eleven;
 So when, to take her down some pegs,
 I drubbed her neat and clever,
 She made a bolt right through my legs,
 And ran away forever.

When she was gone, good-lack!
 My hair like horse-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;

'T would break my heart to lose my awl;
To lose my wife 's a trifle.

WEDLOCK IS A TICKLISH THING.

Wedlock is a ticklish thing,
Hey! merrily ho! and ho! merrily hey!
And will joy or sorrow bring,
Hey! merrily ho! &c.

Oh! how delightful, glides their time away,
Who, never spiteful, only toy and play.

Will you take a walk, my dear? With
great pleasure, my love. Then pray put on
your clogs, for it is very damp. And do you
put on your great coat, for fear of catching
cold. Oh! thank you, my darling, for your
tender care. Oh,

Wedlock's joys are soft and sweet,
Hey! merrily ho! &c.
When fond hearts in union meet,
Ho! merrily hey! &c.

Let us only change the scene,
Hey! terrible ho! &c.
Take a peep behind the scene,
Ho! terrible hey! &c.

What she proposes, be it good or bad,
He still opposes, till he drives her mad.

Do you dine at home to-day, sir? Can't
tell. What shall I order for dinner? What
you like. Should you like a chicken boiled

or roasted? Neither; I hate chicken. Then
 what will you have? Nothing. Oh! very
 well, sir. Very well, ma'am. Oh,
 Wedlock is a dreadful state,
 Ho! terrible hey! &c.
 When cold hearts are joined by fate,
 Hey! terrible ho! &c.

HERE 'S 'THE BOWER.

Here 's the bower she loved so much;
 And here 's the tree she planted;
 Here 's the harp she used to touch;
 Oh! how that touch enchanted!
 Roses now unheeded sigh—
 Where 's the hand to wreathe them?
 Songs around neglected lie—
 Where 's the lips to breathe them?

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
 Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
 Time that once so fleetly moved,
 Now hath lost its fleetness.
 Years were days when here she strayed,
 Days were moments near her;
 Heaven ne'er formed a brighter maid,
 Nor pity wept a dearer.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken
 deer! [home is still here;
 Though the herd have flown from thee, thy

Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight.
The hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Alice Gray.

For her I'd climb the mountain side,
For her I'd stem the flood—
For her I'd dare the battle strife,
Though I sealed it with my blood.
By night I'd watch her slumbers,
And tend her steps by day—
But scorned is the heart that's breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sank beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The heavy conflict's past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
'Oh! his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray.'

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring,
On life and human folly;
But merrily let us sing,
Fal la.

For what 's the use of sighing,
 When time is on the wing?
 Can we prevent its flying?
 Then merrily let us sing,
 Fal la.

Come on ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We 'll strew the way with flowers,
 And merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal la.

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

The wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer?
 Give me but these—a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun I 'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
 I do not know what can bewitch her;

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh! did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney,
She lives on the banks of Killarney;
From the glance of her eye, shun danger
and fly,
For fatal 's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You ne'er think of mischief she 's dreaming;
Yet, Oh! I can tell, how fatal the spell,
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile—for many a wile,
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

WILLIAM TELL.

When William Tell was doomed to die,
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head,
The bell tolled out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers marched with grief and dread!
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gazed all around with dauntless look,
Till the fond boy unconscious smiled;
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh, and wildly cry,
Poor William Tell! once hero of the lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
 And straight the pointed arrow flies,
 The trembling boy expects his doom,
 All, all shriek out—' he dies! he dies!'
 When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
 The mark is hit! the child is free!
 Into his father's arms he bounds,
 Inspired by love and liberty!
 And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
 For mountains ring, whilst they sing,
 Live, William Tell! the hero of the lakes.

SWISS BOY.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave
 Swiss boy,
 Take thy pail and to labor away!
 The sun is up with ruddy beam;
 The kine are thronging to the stream.
 Come, arouse thee, &c.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,
 When I hie to the mountains away!
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,
 Awaits my song with listening ear.
 Am not I, &c.

Then at night! then at night—Oh! a gay
 Swiss boy!
 'm away to my comrades, away!
 The cup we fill—the wine is passed
 : friendship round, until at last,

With good night! and good night! goes the
happy Swiss boy
To his home and his slumbers, away.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

Summer eve is gone and past,
Summer dew is falling fast;
I have wandered all the day,
Do not bid me farther stray;
Gentle hearts of gentle kin,
Let the wand'ring harper in.

Bid not me in battle-field,
Buckler lift, or broad-sword wield;
All my strength and all my art,
Is to touch the gentle heart,
With the wizard notes that ring
From the peaceful minstrel string.

I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the ear,
Goblin grim the maids to scare;
Dark the night, and long till day,
Do not bid me farther stray.

BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
The fairest of them all.

For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spreads its store,
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more:
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he,
On the banks of Allan Water,
None was so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free,
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

Here we meet, too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none have place above thee;
Here I vow to love thee well;
Could but words unseal the spell,

Had I but language, strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee.

Here the rose that decks the door,
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
Here the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee;
Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul, like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be,
How doatingly I love thee.

YES, I WILL LEAVE THE FESTIVE
SCENE.

Yes, I will leave the festive scene,
The gay and courtly throng,
To wander through the forest green,
And listen to thy song.
The waters like a mirror seem
For every beaming star;
Then haste to yonder silent stream,
And strike the light guitar.

And when thou tell'st of one, whose tears
Were shed for her true knight,
Bethink thee of thy maiden's fears,
When thou wert in the fight;
No longer brave the battle plain,
Nor roam from me afar;
But sing hope's long forgotten strain,
And strike the light guitar.

You must promise to come, for I said
 I would show the night flowers their queen.
 Nay, turn not away thy sweet head,
 'T is the loveliest ever was seen.
 Oh! meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free;
 But there 's something about the moon's ray,
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh! remember, be sure to be there,
 For though dearly a moonlight I prize,
 I care not for all in the air,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes.
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

ANSWER

Meet you by moonlight? Oh, no!
 I really can't do such a thing—
 For scandal, you very well know,
 Is ever too swift on the wing;
 I'm exceedingly subject to cold,
 And I can't be looking my best,
 If while to you my heart I unfold,
 I should chance on a pain in my chest!

Daylight will fully avail
 For all that you now have to tell;
 And so you can whisper the tale
 After luncheon, it strikes me, as well;

Oh! be sure and not ask me again,
 For though dearly your flatteries I prize,
 I am really obliged to refrain,
 They say it 's so bad for the eyes!

AND CAN'ST THOU BID MY HEART FORGET?

And can'st thou bid my heart forget,
 What once it loved so well;
 That look, that smile when first we met,
 That last, that sad farewell?
 Ah, no! by every pang I 've proved,
 By every fond regret;
 I feel that I no more am loved,
 I never can forget.

Could I but see that face again,
 Although 't were changed to me,
 It would not be such mad'ning pain,
 As ne'er to look on thee;
 But, oh! 't was torture to my breast,
 To meet thine altered eye,
 To see thee smile on all the rest,
 Yet coldly pass me by.

THE BLACKBIRD.

'T was on a bank of daisies sweet,
 A lovely maiden sighed;
 The little lambs played at her feet,
 While she in sorrow cried—

‘ Where is my love, where can he stray?’

When thus a blackbird sung—

‘ Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay.’

The air with music rung.

‘ Ah, mock me not, bold bird,’ she said,

‘ And why, pray, tarry here?

Dost thou bemoan some youngling fled,

Or hast thou lost thy dear?

Dost thou lament his absence? say!’

Again the blackbird sung,

‘ Sweet, sweet, sweet, he will not stay.’

The air with music rung.

‘ Sing on, she cried, thou charming bird,

Those dulcet notes repeat;

No music e’er like thine was heard,

So truly sweet, sweet, sweet.

Oh, that my love were here to-day;

Once more the blackbird sung,

‘ Sweet, sweet, sweet, he comes this way.’

The air with music rung.

WAKE! DEAREST, WAKE!

Wake! dearest, wake! and again united,

We’ll rove by yonder sea;

And where our first vows of love were plighted,

Our last farewell shall be.

There oft I’ve gazed on thy smiles delighted,

And there I’ll part from thee.

Isabel! Isabel! Isabel!

'One look, though that look be in sorrow,
Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!
Far hence shall I wander to-morrow.

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
Whom I have loved alone;
'T were cruel to link thy fate for ever,
With sorrows like my own.
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I 'm gone.
Isabel, &c.

And when at length in these lonely bowers,
Some happier youth you see, [flowers,
And you cull for him spring's sweetest
And he sings of love to thee; [hours,
When you laugh with him at these vanquished
Oh! tell him to love like me.
Isabel, &c.

RICH AND RARE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her hand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Sparkling gems and snow-white hand.

Lady, dost not thou fear to stray,
So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

‘ Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm;
 No son of Erin will offer me harm;
 For though they love woman and golden store
 Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her through the green isle,
 And blessed for ever is she who relied
 On Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

THE ECHO DUET.

Now hope and fear my bosom rending,
 Alternate bid each other cease;
 Soon shall death, my terrors ending,
 Calm each transient thought to peace.
 Hark! a murm'ring sound repeating
 Ev'ry stifled sigh I hear;
 What can set this bosom beating?
 Alas! 't is mingled hope and fear.
 Now they cease this way retiring,
 And all is awful silence round.

Ah! sure those notes, dear maid, were thine
 The echoing sounds alone were mine;
 'T is her voice that meets my ear;
 Say, where art thou, whose voice I hear?
 Oh! quickly speak, no longer roam,
 To give thee liberty I come.
 Soft, love, 't is I; relief is near;
 Where art thou now? I am here.

This way advance, and you are free;
This way to light and liberty.

THE ECHO SONG.

In that cottage my father long dwelt,
Till called the proud foe to repel,
With a heart that each keen passion felt,
He bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echoed the sound,
A sound I shall ever deplore—
Alas! I shall ne'er see him more!
Farewell! farewell!

Shouts of victory honored the day,
When bravely in battle he fell,
Far, far from his village away,
Where he bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echoed the sound,
Farewell! farewell!

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon had hid her light
From the heavens that night, [shame.
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's

The clouds passed soon
From the chaste cold moon, [flame;
And heaven smiled again with her vestal

But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way, [moor;
 Where the lord of the valley crossed over the
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint, [door.
 Showed the track of his footstep to Eveleen's

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away [came;
 Every trace on the path where the false lord
 But there 's a light above,
 Which alone can remove [fame.
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's

YOU DO N'T EXACTLY SUIT ME.

A youth to me a wooing came,
 For pity did implore me;
 And hoped I ne'er could slight or blame,
 The lad that must adore me.
 I liked him much, and hid my plan,
 To see how he 'd repute me;
 So frowning, cried, do n't tease, young man,
 You do n't exactly suit me.

He seemed confounded, vexed, he stared,
 Then vowed he 'd ne'er deceive me;

Says I, your presence can be spared,
 If you please, sir, you may leave me.
 To leave you, love, I never can,
 I swear by all your beauty;
 Now pray, says I, do n't tease, young man,
 You do n't exactly suit me.

He started, sighed, hung down his head,
 Which proved I 'd fairly caught him;
 O, haste, my love, to church, he said;
 You see to what I 'd brought him.
 Dear sir, said I, if that 's my fate,
 To wed 's a woman's duty;
 Let 's fly, or we shall be too late;
 You now exactly suit me.

TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Where the song of freedom soundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Where the song of freedom soundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!

There the warrior's arms shed more splendor:
 There the maiden's charms shine more tender:
 Every joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 merrily oh!
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 Where the bond of slavery twineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 There the warrior's dart hath no fleetness;
 There the maiden's heart hath no sweetness;
 Every flower of life declineth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 Wearily, wearily, &c.

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 If a glorious death, won by bravery,
 Sweeter be than breath sighed in slavery;
 Round the flag of freedom rally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 Cheerily, cheerily, &c.

THE BONNY BOAT.

O, swiftly glides the bonny boat,
 Just parted from the shore.
 And to the fisher's chorus note
 Soft moves the dipping oar.
 Their toils are born with hardy cheer,
 And ever may they speed,
 To feeble age and helpmate dear,
 And tender bairnies feed.
 We 'll cast our lines in Largo bay,
 Our nets are floating wide,

The bonny boat with yielding sway
Rocks lightly on the tide.
And happy prove our daily lot
Upon the summer sea,
And blest on land the kindly cot
Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on the rock may sing,
The witch may weave her charms,
No water sprite or eldrich thing
The bonny boat can harm.
She safely bears the scaly store,
Through many a stormy gale,
While joyous shouts rise from the shore,
Her homeward prow to hail.
We 'll cast our lines, &c.

The aged matron casts her eye
Upon the troubled deep,
The anxious dame looks wistfully,
The careless bairnies sleep.
The broad red sun has set in blood,
The sea-birds sadly wail,
The lightning's flash and driving scud
Bespeak the coming gale.
We 'll cast our lines, &c.

The storm burst out, the signal light
Gleams from the little cot;
O'er briny billows, foaming bright,
Fast bounds the bonny boat.

They double Largo's headland wide,
 And shoot across the bay,
 Till in the cove they safely ride,
 Though gunwale deep in spray.
 We 'll cast our lines, &c.

The well known shout of safety rings
 From out the echoing cove,
 The speechless mother swiftly springs
 To him whose voice is love.
 The tale is told to greedy ears,
 Of perils and alarms,
 But soon the dame forgets her fears,
 Within her husband's arms.
 We 'll cast our lines, &c.

IRELAND.

Oh! Ireland, my country! the hour
 Of thy pride and thy splendor has passed;
 And the chain which was spurned in thy mo-
 ment of power,
 Hangs heavy around thee at last.

There are marks in the fate of each clime;
 There are turns in the fortunes of men;
 But the changes of realms, or the chances of
 time,
 Shall never restore thee again.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe,
 By links which the world shall not sever;

With thy tyrants through storm and through
calm thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage forever.

Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil;
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of
thy soil,
Shall be wasted—and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken;
Thy valor with coldness repaid;
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and
forsaken,
Not one shall stand forth to thine aid.

In the nations thy place is left void;
Thou art lost in the list of the free;
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake
destroyed,
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airs the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers flow,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air;
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There 's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 But 'minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees;
 Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale.
 Bring hame the laden bees:
 And bring the lassie back to me,
 That 's aye sae neat an' clean;
 Ae blink o' her would banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

I see her in the glassy stream
 That winds along the vale,
 I hear her in sweet echo's voice
 That dies along the gale;
 I 'll love her while a vital spark
 Shall shed its latest gleam;
 Gay nature's charms would soon depart
 If 't were na for my Jean.

SANDY AND JEANIE.

Come, come, bonnie lassie, cried Sandy, awa,
 Whilst mither is spinning, and father 's afa';

The folks are at work, and the bairns are at
play;
And we will be married, dear Jeanie, to-day.

Stay, stay, bonnie laddie, then cried I with
speed,
I wo'na, I ma'na go with you, indeed;
Besides, should I do so, what would the folks
say,
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, bonnie lassie, and mind what you do,
For Peggy and Patty I give up for you;
Besides, a full twelve month we've trifled
away,
And one or the other I 'll marry to-day.

Fie, fie, bonny laddie, then cried I again,
For Peggy you kissed t' other day on the plain;
Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display;
And we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

O, then, a good-bye, bonnie lassie cried he,
For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me;
The kirk is hard by, and the bell calls away,
And Peggy or Patty I 'll marry to-day.

Stay, stay, bonny laddie, cried I with a smile,
For, know I was jesting, indeed, all the while;
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

AS DERMOT TOILED.

As Dermot toiled one summer day,
 Young Shela, as she sat behind him,
 Fairly stole his pipe away,
 Oh, then to hear how she 'd deride him.
 ' Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
 Your lily, lily loodle,
 They 've left you nothing but the drone,
 And that 's you yourself you noodle.'
 Beum bum boodle, loodle, loo,
 Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
 And what will the poor devil do?

' Fait now I am undone and more,'
 Cried Dermot, ' ah, will you be aisy,
 Did you not steal my heart before?
 Is it you 'd have a man run crazy?
 I've nothing left me now to moan,
 My lily, lily loodle
 That used to cheer me so, is gone;
 Ah, Dermot, thou 'rt a noodle.
 Beum bum boodle, loodle, loo,
 My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone,
 What next will cruel Shela do?'

But Shela hearing Dermot vex,
 Cried she 't was little Cupid moved me,
 Ye fool, to steal it out of tricks,
 Only to see how much you loved me.

Come, cheer thee, Dermot, never mourn,
 But take your lily loodle,
 And for the heart of you that 's gone,
 You shall have mine, you noodle.
 Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
 Shela's to church with Dermot gone,
 And for the rest—what 's that to you?

MISTER PO.

Mister Po was a man of great riches and
 fame, [name.
 And I loved him I own, but I liked not his
 When he asked me to wed, in a pet I said
 ' No, [Mister Po.'
 I shall ne'er marry you, I 'm resolved,
 How shocking it would be to hear the little
 boys and girls of the village cry
 Mister Po, Mistress Po, Gaffer Po, Goody
 Po— [Mister Po.
 Oh! I 'll ne'er marry you, I 'm resolved,

In a passion he flew, and cruelly said,
 ' From my heart do I wish you may die an
 old maid. [answer is no,
 ' You may wish what you please, still my
 I shall ne'er marry you, I 'm resolved, Mr.
 Po.'

How ridiculous it would be at a ball or a
 party, to hear the company whisper, that 's

Mister Po, Mistress Po, Gaffer Po, Goody
Po— [Mistress Po.

Oh! I 'll never marry you, and be called

Thus I said and I thought, about twenty
years ago,

And refused the kind offer of sweet Mister Po;
But I 'm sure *now*, I think, I was greatly to
blame,

To refuse a good man on account of his name.

Well, really I do n't think the name so
frightful, neither; and indeed, I 'd give all
the world to hear the little boys and girls of
the village cry—

Mister Po, Mistress Po, neighbor Po, cousin
Po—

Oh! I wish I had wed the gallant Mister Po.

O LASSIE ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,

Or art thou wakin' I would wit?

For love has bound me hand and foot,

And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,

This ae, ae, ae night;

For pity's sake this ae night,

O rise and let me in jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;

Tak' pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness of thy heart 's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain;
 Upbraid na me with cauld disdain;
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again;
 I winna let you in, jo.
 I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That 's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that decked the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed,
 Let simple maid the lesson read;
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charmed his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate 's the same, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

WASHING DAY.

The sky with clouds was overcast,
 The rain began to fall,
 My wife she whipped the children,
 Who raised a pretty squall.
 She bade me with a frowning look,
 To get out of her way;
 Oh! the deuce a bit of comfort 's here,
 Upon a washing day!
 For 't is thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold,
 scold away, [washing day.
 Oh the deuce a bit of comfort 's here, upon a

My Kate she is a bonny wife,
 There 's none so free from evil,
 Unless upon a washing day,
 And then she is the devil!
 The very kittens on the hearth,
 They dare not even play;
 Away they jump, with many a bump,
 Upon the washing day!
 For 't is thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked of me,
 How long 's poor Kate been dead?

Lamenting the good creature gone,
 And sorry I was wed
 To such a scolding vixen, while
 He had been far away!
 The truth it was, he chanced to come
 Upon a washing day;
 When 't is thump, thump, &c.

I asked him then to come and dine—
 'Come, come,' quoth I, 'Ods buds!
 I'll no denial take, you must,
 Though Kate be in the suds!'
 But what we had to dine upon,
 In truth I dare not say;
 But I think he 'll never come again
 Upon a washing day;
 When 't is thump, thump, &c.

On that sad morning when I rise,
 I put a fervent prayer
 To all the gods, that it may be
 Throughout the day quite fair!
 That not a cap or handkerchief
 May in the ditch be laid—
 For should it happen so, egad,
 I get a broken head!
 For 't is thump, thump, &c.

DULL CARE.

Why should we at our lot complain,
 Or grieve at our distress?

Some think if they could riches gain,
They 'd gain true happiness;
Alas! how vain is all their gain!
This life will soon decay;
Then whilst we 're here with friends so dear,
Let 's drive dull care away.

The only circumstance in life,
That ever I could find,
To soften care or temper strife,
Was a contented mind;
Having that store, we have much more
Than wealth could e'er convey;
And whilst we 're here with friends so dear,
We 'll drive dull care away.

Why should the rich despise the poor?
Why should the poor repine?
We all will in a few years more,
In equal friendship join.
We 're much to blame, we 're all the same,
Alike we 're made of clay,
So whilst we 're here with friends so dear,
Let 's drive dull care away.

Let 's make the best we can of life,
Nor render it a curse;
But take it, as you would a wife,
For better or for worse.
Life at the best is but a jest,
A dreary winter's day.

So whilst we 're here with friends so dear.
We 'll drive dull care away.

Decline of life, old age comes on,
And we are young no more—
Let 's not repine at what we 've done,
Nor grieve that youth is o'er;
But cheerful be, as formerly,
And innocently gay.
And whilst we 're here with friends so dear,
Let 's drive dull care away.

THE WANDERING HARPER.

Oh! many a mountain I wearily measure,
As far have I wandered on Erin's green
shore;
This harp is my only companion and treasure,
When welcomed at sweet hospitality's door.
Then list, gentle youths, whilst I sing you a
ditty, [birth;
I learnt in dear Connaugh, the soil of my
Ye maidens attend, whilst the dear drop of pity
Shall fall like a crystalline gem to the earth.
The sun in the wave dipt his lingering ray,
And dew-dropping skies wept the absence of
day, [fray.
When sunk on the ear were the sounds of the

'T was then o'er the heath flew the white-
 bosomed fair, [hair,
 All loose on the swelling breeze floated her
 And the dark-rolling gaze spoke the soul of
 despair.

No tear left her eye, nor no sigh 'scaped her
 breast,
 While round her lay many a hero at rest,
 And the blood-gluttred raven retired from his
 feast.

How weak was his groan, as it passed by her
 ear; [was near,
 How low drooped his head; the sad moment
 As 'neath an old oak lay the warrior so dear.

She shrieked his loved name as she sprung
 o'er the heath;
 All cold on her lip she received his last breath;
 And clasped her soul's idol, but clasped him
 in death.

TO SIGH, YET FEEL NO PAIN.

To sigh, yet feel no pain;
 To weep, yet scarce know why;
 To sport an hour with beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by;
 To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none;

To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won;
 This is love—careless love—
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
 Through life, unchilled, unmoved;
 To love, in wintry age, the same
 That first in youth we loved;
 To feel that we adore
 To such refined excess,
 That though the heart would break with *more*,
 We could not live with *less*;
 This is love—faithful love,—
 Such as saints might feel above!

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

Begone, dull care, I pray thee begone from
 me; [agree;
 Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never
 Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;
 But, i' faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 Too much care will make a young man look
 grey; [clay,
 And too much care will turn an old man into
 My wife shall dance and I will sing;
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive dull care away.

I WONT BE A NUN.

Now is it not a pity such a pretty girl as I,
Should be sent to a nunnery to pine away
and die?

But I wont be a nun—no, I wont be a nun;
I'm so fond of pleasure that I cannot be a nun.

I 'm sure I cannot tell what 's the mischief I
have done, [a nun.

But my mother often tells me that I must be
But I wont be a nun, &c.

I could not bear confinement, it would not do
for me, [I can see.

For I like to go a shopping, and to see what
So I wont be a nun, &c.

I love to hear men flattering, love fashionable
clothes, [the beaux.

I love music and dancing, and chatting with
So I can 't be a nun, &c.

So mother, do n't be angry now, but let your
daughter be, [wild as me.

For the nuns would not like to have a novice
And I can 't be a nun, &c.

HONEY AND MUSTARD.

Sir Jerry Go-Nimble was lame of a leg,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;

And my Lady Go-Nimble had barely one peg,
For a very old lady was she.

Sir Jerry, when married, was just twenty-two;
My lady fourscore, when Sir J. came to woo:
As ugly as Poles, but as rich as a Jew.

How we used to laugh at the old creature
when she sung—

Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

At the wedding my lady was asked for a song,
Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;

‘Oh,’ says she, ‘to comply I ’ll not hesitate
long,

But I own I ’m not quite in the key.’

Then she gave a queer look, ’twixt a squint
and a grin,

And screwed up her snuff-colored lips to begin:
Like two bellows-handles she moved nose
and chin.

When she sung—

What ’s life without passion?

Sweet passion of love!

Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee, &c.

This pair of true lovers they lived upon love,

Hey diddle, ho diddle dee; [above,

And the honey-moon lasted a week and

And then ’t was all mustard for she.

Sir Jerry was fond of his cards, dice and hits,
 And my lady fell into *historical* fits,
 And for cruelty drank herself out of her wits.

Poor soul! she wandered about like Crazy
 Jane, with a wisp of straw in one hand, and
 a brandy bottle in the other,

Singing—He was false, and I 'm undone—
 Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee, &c.

At last by this sad hydrafoggy she died,
 Hey diddle, ho diddle dee;

And her grimghost it came by Jerry's bed side,
 Saying, list! for I 'm come for thee!

Sir Jerry he hid himself under the clothes,
 But the ghost very soon pulled him out by
 the toes,

Threw him out of the window, and cried,
 ' there he goes!'

And there he went, sure enough, singing—
 Hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle dee,
 Hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

'T was on a Monday morning,
 Right early in the year,
 When Charlie came to our town,
 The young chevalier.

O! Charlie is my darling,
 My darling, my darling;

O! Charlie is my darling,
The young chevalier.

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the chevalier.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young chevalier.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

They 've left their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young chevalier.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

O! there were monie beating hearts,
And monie hopes and fears;
And monie were the prayers put up
For the young chevalier.

O! Charlie is my darling, &c.

HASSAN THE BRAVE.

Behold me; sung Hassan, the fearless and free,
On the steed which obeys not a rider but me;

My cap with fresh scarlet so gaily bedone,
And my baldric of silver, that gleams in the sun.

MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD NIGHT.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell, awhile, to him and thee,
My native land, good night!

With thee, my bark, I 'll swiftly go,
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor heed what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
And, when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves,—
My native land, good night!

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

' And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller have to spare;
Gin ye 'll consent to be my bride,
Nor think on Donald mair.'
Oh! who would buy a silken gown,
With a poor, broken heart?

And what 's to me a siller crown,
If from my love I part?

I would na walk in silk attire,
Nor braid with gems my hair,
Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine,
Were wranged and grieving sair.
From infancy he loved me still,
And still my heart shall prove,
How weel it can those vows fulfil
Which first repaid his love.

BOYS OF SWITZERLAND.

Our cot was sheltered by a wood,
And near a lake's green margin stood;
A mountain bleak behind us frowned,
Whose top the snow in summer crowned.
But pastures rich and warm to boot,
Lay smiling at the mountain's foot;
There first we frolicked hand in hand,
Two infant boys of Switzerland.

When scarcely old enough to know
The meaning of a tear of wo,
'T was then by mother we were told
That father in his grave lay cold;
That livelihoods were hard to get,
And we too young to labor yet;
And tears within her eyes would stand,
For her two boys of Switzerland.

But soon for mother, as we grew,
 We worked as much as boys could do;
 Our daily gains to her we bore:—
 But, ah! she 'll ne'er receive them more.
 For long we watched beside her bed,
 Then sobbed to see her lie there dead:
 And now we wander hand in hand,
 Two orphan boys of Switzerland.

HOURS 'THERE WERE.

Hours there were to mem'ry dearer
 Than the sunbright scenes of day;
 Friends were fonder, joys were nearer,
 But, alas! they 've fled away!
 Oh! 't was when the moonlight playing
 On the valley's silent grove,
 Told the blissful hour for straying,
 With my fond, my faithful love.

Oft when evening faded mildly,
 O'er the wave our bark would rove,
 Then we 've heard the night-bird wildly
 Breathe his vesper tale of love.
 Songs like these my love would sing me,
 Songs that warble round me yet:
 Ah! but where does mem'ry lead me—
 Scenes like these I must forget!

But in dreams let love be near me,
 With the joys that bloomed before,

Slumbering, then 't will sweetly cheer me—
 Calm to live my pleasures o'er.
 Then, perhaps, some hopes may waken
 In this heart depressed with care,
 And like flowers, in vale forsaken,
 Live in lonely beauty there.

HUNTSMAN'S SONG AND CHORUS.

Oh! what can compare to the huntsman's
 bold pleasure?
 For whom is the goblet so rich and so free?
 To rise from the grass at the horn's cheering
 measure, [lea.
 And follow the stag through the forest and
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and
 cheer us, [the soul:
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to
 When rocks with their echoes, and forests
 are near us, [flowing bowl.
 More free sounds the pledge from the full-
 Yo ho! tral, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Diana at night shines brilliantly o'er us,
 And aids us with coolness and shadows by
 day, [us,
 To chase the grim wolf from his covert before
 And bring the wild boar in his fury to bay.
 Oh! these are enjoyments that lighten and
 cheer us, [the soul;
 Give strength to the frame, and delight to
 When rocks with their echoes, &c.

DESERTED BY THE WANING MOON.

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground,
 The sentry walks his lonely round;
 And should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way—
 Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell;
 A friend! a friend!—good night!—all 's well!

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well known voice salutes his ear—
 What cheer? oh! brother, quickly tell!
 Above!—below!—good night!—all 's well.

CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy.
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer, There,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile,
 There 's the land, or cherry isle.

Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, come and buy;

There plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow.
Cherry ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy.

THE RIO VERDE SONG.

Flow, Rio Verde!
In melody flow;
Win her that weepeth
To slumber from wo!
Bid thy wave's music
Roll through her dreams;
Grief ever loveth
The kind voice of streams.

Bear her lone spirit
Afar on the sound,
Back to her childhood,
Her life's fairy ground.
Pass like the whisper
Of love that is gone.
Flow, Rio Verde,
Softly flow on.

Dark, glassy water,
So crimsoned of yore,
Love, Death, and Sorrow,
Know thy green shore.
Thou should'st have echoes
For Grief's deepest tone.

Flow, Rio Verde,
Sweetly flow on!

DONALD, THE PRIDE OF DUMBLANE.

O, fair rose the morning, the sun in mild
splendor

Bade nature's rich beauties delighted awake,
When Donald returned, so true and so tender,
Waved proudly the scarf he had kept for
my sake; [tect me,
O, Jessie, he whispered, thy prayers did pro-
And faithful as ever behold me again.

Most welcome, I answered, I ne'er could
suspect thee, - [blane?

For art thou not Donald, the pride of Dum-
For art thou not Donald, for art thou not
Donald, [blane?

For art thou not Donald the pride of Dum-

If since his departure I 've often lamented,
The cause that enticed him from Scotland
to roam,

O, how could a feeling like that be prevented?
While Donald was absent, unblest was my
home.

And gentler, a braver, a kinder, sure never
Attempted the heart of a maiden to gain;
O, guard him, kind Heaven, for Jessie must
ever [blane.

Delight in her Donald, the pride of Dum-

AWAY, MY BOUNDING STEED, AWAY.

Away, my bounding steed, away!

I ride for princely halls;

Aye, paw the ground and proudly neigh,
The tourney trumpet calls.

Nay, spur and speed, thou gallant knight,
Or lose the meed of fame;

Vouch in the lists thy lady's right,
And conquer in her name.

The challenge breathed, I cast my glove;
All rivals thus I dare;

In arms I 'll prove my lady-love
The fairest of the fair.

Now poise the tempered lance on high—
It shivers on my shield—

Then forth two flashing rapiers fly,
And skill decides the field.

The joust is done, the prize is won,
And merry is the victor's eye;

Pass wine-cups round, while clarions sound
The joys of love and chivalry.

THE LAVENDER GIRL.

As the sun climbs over the hills,

When the sky-larks sing so cheerily,

I my little basket fill,
 And trudge along the village merrily.
 Light my bosom, light my heart,
 I but laugh at Cupid's dart;
 I keep my mother, myself and brother,
 By trudging along to sell my lavender.
 Ladies try it, come and buy it,
 Never saw ye nicer lavender;
 Ladies try it, try it, try it,
 Come, come, buy my lavender.

Ere the gentry quit their beds,
 Foes to health—I 'm wisely keeping it;
 Oft I earn my daily bread,
 And sit beneath the hedge partaking it.
 Ne'er repining, ne'er distressed,
 Tell me, then, am not I blessed?
 Though not wealthy, I 'm young and healthy,
 And only care to sell my lavender.
 Ladies try it, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent!
 But now your head 's turned bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man:
And you amang them a' John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-wark,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye 're old John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye 're all the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We 've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I 'm happy in your arms;
And sae are ye in mine, John,
I 'm sure ye 'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that ye have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;

And ilka lad and lass, John,
 In our footsteps to go,
 Make perfect heaven here on earth,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Frae year to year we 've past,
 And soon that year maun come, John,
 Will bring us to our last;
 But let na' that affright us, John,
 Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we 've lived,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We 've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we 'll go,
 And we 'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

AND ARE YE SURE THE NEWS
 IS TRUE?

And are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he 's weel?
 Is this a time to ta'k o' wark?
 Mak haste, set by your wheel!
 Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,
 When Colin 's at the door?

Gie me my cloak, I 'll to the quay?

And see him come ashore.

For there 's nae luck about the house,
'There 's nae luck ava;

There 's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman 's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,

Put on the meikle pot;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat:

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw:

It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he 's been lang awa.

For there 's na luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,

They 've fed this month or mair;

Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare:

And spread the table neat and clean,

Gar ilka think look braw:

It 's a' for love o' my gudeman,

For he 's been lang awa.

For there 's na luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,

My bishop-satin gown;

For I maun tell the Bailie's wife,

That Colin 's come to town:

My Sunday's shoon, they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearly blue:
 It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he 's baith leal and true.
 For there 's nae luck, &c.

Sae true 's his word, sae smooth 's his speech,
 His breath 's like caller air,
 His very foot has music in 't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth, I 'm like to greet.
 For there 's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirled through my heart,
 They 're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we 'll never part.
 But what pits parting in my head?
 It may be far awa;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there 's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin 's weel, I 'm weel content;
 I hae nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I 'm blest aboon the lave:

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I 'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth, I 'm like to greet.
 For there 's nae luck, &c.

THE STORM.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 List, ye landsmen, all to me,
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the danger of the sea.
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 When the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and haulyards stand!
 Down top-gallants, quick be hauling!
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
 Now it freshens, set the braces;
 Quick the topsail sheets let go!
 Luff, boys, luff, don 't make wry faces;
 Up, your top-sails nimbly clew!

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly locked in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Free from all but love's alarms.
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall—

Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course—
Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen—see all clear;
Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,
Peals on peals contending crash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast 's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree 's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases!
Four feet water 's in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn!

Alas! from hence there 's no retreating;
 Alas! to them there 's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us;
 Both chain pumps are choaked below;
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only that can save us now!

On the lee-beam is the land, boys;
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
 To the pump come every hand, boys;
 See, our mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we 've found; it cannot pour fast;
 We 've lightened her a foot or more;
 Up, and rig the jury foremast;
 She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we 're thinking,
 Since kind fortune spared our lives;
 Come, the can, boys! let 's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to the lips a brimmer join,
 Where 's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None! our danger 's drowned in wine.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black eyed Susan came on board,
 Oh, where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sighed and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing
 hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill note 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 landsmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They 'll tell thee sailors, 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 far India's coast we sail,
 Thine 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 soul some 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 fall from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must she stay aboard,
 They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rowed to land;
 Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand.

GILES SCROGGINGS.

Giles Scroggings courted Molly Brown,
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
 The fairest wench in all the town,
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
 He bought a ring with posy true,
 'If you loves me as I loves you,
 No knife can cut our love in two.
 Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido.

But scissors cut as well as knives,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
And quite unsartain 's all our lives,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
The day they were to have been wed,
Fate's scissors cut poor Gile's thread,
So they could not be mar-ri-ed,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
And cried herself quite fast asleep,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
When standing all by the bed post,
A figure tall her sight engrossed,
And it cried, I beez Giles Scroggings' ghost!
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido.

The ghost it said all solemnly,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
O Molly, you must go with I!
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
All to the grave your love to cool.
She says, I am not dead, you fool!
Says the ghost, says he, Vy, that 's no rule!
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;

The ghost he seized her all so grim,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;
All for to go along with him,
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido;

Come, come, said he, ere morning beam;
I vont said she, and she screamed a scream,
Then she woke and found she dreamt a dream.
Fol deriddle lol, fol deriddle lido.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings,
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered by her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our breasts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief, in wine we steep;
When health and draughts go free;
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, linnets-like, confined I
With shriller note, shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is; how great should be;

The enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars, a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, who soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

WHY SO PALE?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Prythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can 't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can 't win her,
Saying nothing, do 't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, for shame—this will not move—
This cannot take her—
If, of herself, she will not love,
Nothing will make her:
The devil take her,

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climbed the highest hill,
That rises o'er the source of Dee;
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
Then soft and low a voice was heard—
Say, Mary, weep no more for me!

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With pallid cheek, and hollow ee;
O, Mary, dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee;
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O, maiden dear, thyself prepare!
We soon shall meet upon that shore,

Where love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled!
 No more of Sandy could she see!
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 O, Mary, weep no more for me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break—
 I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I 'm dyin' for your sake!
 Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my breast-bane—
 Oh, say you 'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am dead and gane!

It 's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
 Sair grief maun hae its will—
 But let me rest upon your breast,
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never shall see mair.

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life—
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strong is its despair!

Oh wae 's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae 's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wae 's me, for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae 's me, for the destinie,
That gart me love thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa' seek to blame—
But oh! it 's hard to live, Willie,
And dree to a warld's shame!
Hot tears are hailin' ower your cheeks,
And hailin' ower your chin!
Why weep ye sae, for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin!

I 'm weary o' the warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I hae live'd,
Or be as I should be.
But fold unto your heart, Willie,
'The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair, the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red, langsyne.

A stoun' goes through my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' through my heart—
 Oh! haud me up; and let me kiss
 Thy brow, ere we twa part;
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard,
 Step Hghtly, for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
 That liltis far ower our heid,
 Will sing, the morn, as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we 're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmering sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee,
 As warld has seldom seen!

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be—
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
 That file my yellow hair;
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
 Ye never shall kiss mair!

ANNA OF CONWAY.

When morn's ruddy blushes illumine the sky,
 Away, o'er the mountains, I cheerfully hie!

To the fair, or the market, which e'er it may
 be,
 I care not, since Anna looks kindly on me!
 Yes! Anna of Conway looks kindly on me!

As I push off my boat, when the evening is
 gray,
 A supply to provide for the market next day,
 O'er the fisherman's labors I whistle with glee,
 Since Anna, sweet Anna! is watching for me.
 Yes! Anna of Conway is watching for me.

Ere long, at the church, wedlock's knot will
 be tied, [bride!
 Then proudly I 'll bear to our cottage my
 My bosom from care and anxiety free,
 Since Anna, sweet Anna! smiles only for me!

MALTESE BOATMAN'S SONG.

See, brothers, see, how the night comes on,
 Slowly sinks the setting sun. [per's sound
 (*Convent Bell*.) Hark! how the solemn ves-
 Sweetly falls upon the ear. [o'er,
 Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
 And fold our net as we row to the shore—
 Our toil of labor being o'er,
 How sweet the boatman's welcome home!
 Home, home, home! the boatman's welcome
 home. [home!
 Sweet! oh, sweet! the boatman's welcome

See, how the tints of daylight die,
 Soon we 'll hear the tender sigh;
 For when the toil of labor 's o'er,
 We shall meet our friends on shore. [o'er,
 Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
 And fold our nets as we row to the shore;
 For fame or gold howe'er we roam,
 No sound so sweet as welcome home!
 Home, home, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die, because a woman 's fair,
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined,
 'Cause I see a woman kind?
 Or a well disposed nature
 Joined with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 The turtle dove or pelican;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or *her* well deservings kuown,
 Make me quite forget *mine own*?

Umph! umph! what can the matter be,
Ephraim thou 'rt gōing astray.

Yea, marvellous 't was, when mine eyes first
went roving, [ing,
From meek sister Sarah, towards vanity mov-
I found a profane one it was, I was loving;
'T is truth, &c.

'T was folly's vain garment, the maid smiled
so good in; she stood in,
Yea, silk hose, and pumps, on the pavement
Which stirred up my zeal, as you stir up a
puddin'.
'T is truth, &c.

When I yea and nay e'er pronounce to de-
ceive her, [beaver.
May I bow down my body to take off my
I would cherish the maiden for ever and ever;
By yea and nay, thus much I own. [be,
And 't is umph! umph! what can the matter
Umph! umph! what can the matter be,
I verily long to know what can the matter be,
When she is bone of my bone.

I THOUGHT THAT I HAD BROKE THE CHAIN.

I thought that I had broke the chain
Which bound me captive at thy feet;

That my cold heart would ne'er again,
With rapture in thy presence beat.
Alas! this scornful eye once more
Beholds *thee* only in the throng,
And this dull ear, so charmed before,
Again is spell-bound by thy song.

I thought the altar where my love
Its incense to thy charms had burned,
Was desolate, since he who strove
To kneel so humbly there, was spurned—
Alas! a spark was glowing where
I deemed the ashes cold had lain;
And thy blue eye, once worshipped there,
Hath lit the sacred fire again.

I oft recal the scorn which thou
Didst heap upon love's purest prayer,
And vow to break the bonds, which now
I may not but ignobly wear.
Still, heart will whisper, ' Thus saith Fate—
The slave shall not his fetters sever—
For when he striveth most to hate,
He knows he loveth more than ever.'

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here;

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But balmy drops from the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Oh! take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at the friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call;
And should some bard who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I 'm at rest,
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty has seldom blessed.
But if some fond devoted lover
To her he adores should bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was-blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.

How few have ever loved like me,
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!

And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas, deceived me too severely!

Fare-thee-well, yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

Fare-thee-well, I 'll think of thee,
'Thou leav'st me many a bitter token!
For see, distracting woman! see,
' My peace is gone, my heart is broken!

SWISS HUNTER'S WELCOME HOME.

While the hunter o'er the mountain, at day-
break is bounding, [sries;
By the wild rilly fountain, the chamois de-
Through the mist of the morning, his hallo
resounding, [flies.
Every fear nobly scorning, still onward he
When the hunter o'er the mountain,
At daybreak is bounding,
By the wild rilly fountain,
The chamois descries, the chamois, &c.

He tracks in the snow print, the flight of the
ranger; [foam;
He brushes the dew-tint, where cataracts
The hunter pursuing, surmounts every danger,
The swift chase renewing, till night calls
him home,

When the hunter o'er the mountain,
 At daybreak is bounding,
 In search of the chamois,
 Unwearied he flies, unwearied he flies.

From the toils of the chase, the bold hunter
 returning,
 With joy views his cot in the valley below.
 When the hunter o'er the mountain, from the
 chase is returning, [he flies.
 To his cot near the fountain, with rapture
 'Then content in his cottage,
 While gently reposing,
 From woman's bright smile
 Meets a sweet welcome home, a sweet, &c.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Pardon now the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Grant him mercy, gentles a',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Set the Highland laddie free,
 Make us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Long the state has doomed his fa',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Still he spurned the hatefu' law,
 Rob Roy Macg egor, O!

Scots can for their country die;
 Ne'er for Britain's foes they flee,
 A' that's past forget—forgi'e,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Lang your favors hae been mine,
 Favors I will ne'er resign,
 Welcome then for auld lang syne,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

BRIGNAL BANKS.

O Brignal banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.
 And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
 Beneath the turret high,
 A maiden on the castle wall
 Was singing merrily,—
 O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 I 'd rather rove with Edmund there
 Than reign our English queen.

If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
 To leave both tower and town,

Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as queen of May.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I 'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you, by your bugle horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood.
A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 't is at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.
Yet sung she, Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his queen of May!

With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.
I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;

But when the beetle sounds his hum,
 My comrades take the spear.
 And O, though Brignal banks be fair,
 And Greta woods be gay,
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
 Would reign my queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
 A nameless death I 'll die;
 The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead
 Were better mate than I!
 And when I 'm with my comrades met,
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
 What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now.
 Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green;
 And you may gather garlands there,
 Would grace a summer queen.

WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

Will you come to the bower I have shaded
 for you?
 Your bed shall be roses bespangled with dew.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Come to the bower?

There under the bower on soft roses you lie,
 With a blush on your cheek, but a smile in
 your eye;

Will you, will you, &c.
Smile my beloved?

But the roses we press shall not rival your lip,
Nor the dew be so sweet as the kisses we' ll
sip.

Will you, will you, &c.
Kiss me, my love?

And O! for the joys that are sweeter than
dew,
From languishing roses or kisses from you.
Will you, will you, &c.
Won't you, my love?

CRAZY JANE.

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
Are such signs of fear expressed?
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my wo;
When men flatter, sigh and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For I loved—ah! so sincerely,
None could ever love again;

But the youth I loved so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doomed to love but one:
He sighed—he vowed—and I believed him,
He was false, and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thought beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my lovelorn ditty;
Still I slowly pace the plain;
While each passer-by, in pity,
Cries—God help thee; Crazy Jane!

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming;
Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dongald's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alister and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gilvrey of Grumglass is coming,

Handwritten marks, possibly initials or a signature, consisting of a stylized symbol resembling a 'D' or 'O' followed by a vertical line with a crossbar.

