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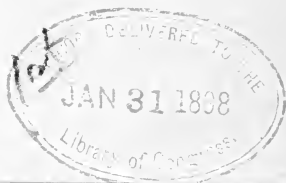
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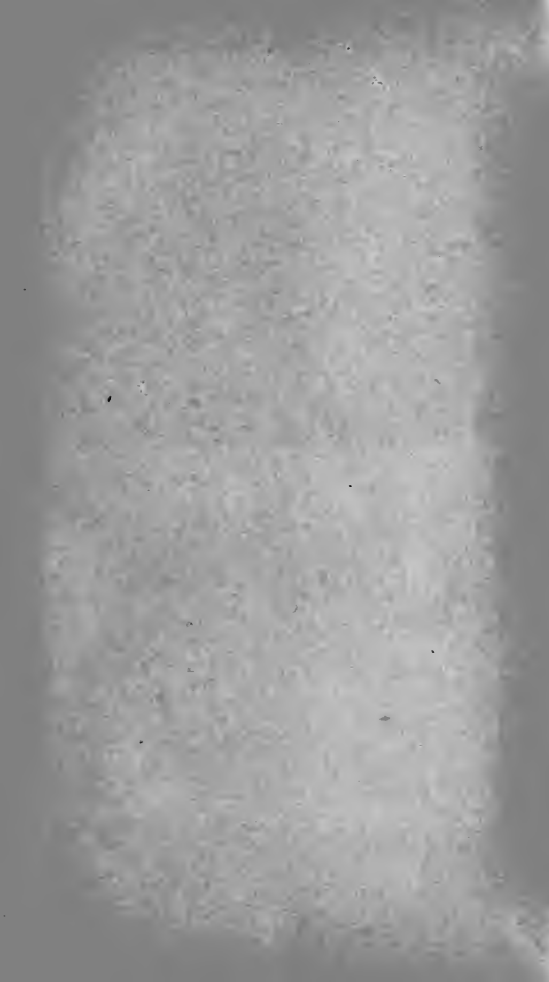
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We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Collection of "Masterpieces"

ROBERT BURNS

Auld Lang Syne

And Other Songs

*With numerous original
illustrations by*

C. MOORE SMITH



NEW YORK

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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Auld Lang Syne

And Other Songs



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We twa hae paidl't i' the burn.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be for-
got,

And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be for-
got,

And days o' lang syne?

AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

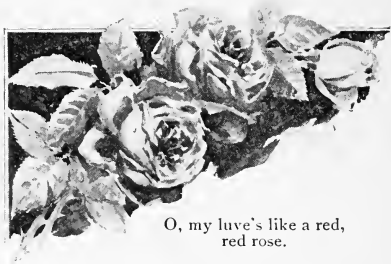
We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary
foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae
roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

AULD LANG SYNE.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-
waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-
stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness
yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.



O, my luv'e's like a red,
red rose.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"WISHAW'S FAVOURITE."

O, MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

A RED, RED ROSE.

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

And fare thee weel, my only luv,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luv,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S
DELIGHT."

THE banks and braes o' bonie
Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and
fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou war-
bling bird,
That wantons thro' the flower-
ing thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie
bird,

That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine
twine ;

And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvè stole my rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi'
me.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June ;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd on noon.

CHARMING MONTH OF
MAY.

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."

IT was the charming month of
May,
When all the flowers were fresh
and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe ;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she
goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe.
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might
see
Perch'd all around on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, etc.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"KATHARINE OGIE."

YE banks, and braes, and streams
around

The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her
robes,

And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green
birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

HIGHLAND MARY.



As underneath their
fragrant shade,
I clasp'd 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 High-
land Mary.

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But oh ! 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 aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling
glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE--"IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR
PLAY."

THE boniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to
fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall
take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage
shake;
Bonie Highland laddie.
Go, for yoursel procure renown,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his
crown,
Bonie Highland laddie !



And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonie Highland laddie!



DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi'
flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading
bowers ;
And now comes in my happy
hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

DAINTY DAVIE.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us
blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When purple morning starts the
hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will re-
pair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, etc.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, etc.



The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.



COMING THROUGH THE
RYE.

TUNE—"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

COMING through the rye, poor body,

Coming through the rye,

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,

Jenny's seldom dry ;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—

Coming through the rye ;

Gin a body kiss a body—

Need a body cry ?

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the world ken?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.



Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the world ken?



THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"BONIE JEAN."

THERE was a lass, and she was
fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were
met,
The fairest maid was bonie
Jean.

And aye she wrought her mam-
mie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrily :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than
she.

THERE WAS A LASS.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's
nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest
flowers,
And love will break the soundest
rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the
glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the
down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace
was stown.

THERE WAS A LASS.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy
e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender
love,
Within the breast o' bonie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's
wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and
pain ;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel
again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE—"THE FLOWERS OF EDIN-
BURGH."

HERE is the glen, and here the
bower,
All underneath the birchen
shade ;
The village-bell has toll'd the hour.
O what can stay my lovely
maid ?
'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;
'Tis but the balmy breathing
gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying
fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

BANKS OF CREE.

It is Maria's voice I hear :

So calls the woodlark in the
grove

His little faithful mate to cheer,

At once 'tis music—and 'tis
love.

And art thou come ? and art thou
true ?

O welcome, dear, to love and
me !

And let us all our vows renew,

Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"UP WI' THE PLOUGHMAN."

THE ploughman he's a bonie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman
lad,
And hey, my merry plough-
man;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the plough-
man.

THE PLOUGHMAN.



My ploughman he
comes hame at
e'en,

He's aften wat
and weary;

Cast off the wat,
put on the dry,
And gae to bed,
my Dearie!

Up wi't a', etc.

I will wash my
ploughman's
hose,

And I will dress
his o'erlay;

I will mak my
ploughman's
bed,

And cheer him
late and early.

Up wi't a', etc.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie
dancin'.
Up wi't a', etc.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin' ;
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome !
Up wi't a', etc.

Commend me to the barn yard,
And the corn-mou, man ;
I never gat my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi't a', etc.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow.
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that
wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and
wale of auld men ;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has
owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling
and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the
fairest in May ;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang
the new hay ;
As blythe and as artless as the
lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light
to my ee.



There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,



But oh! she's an heiress, auld
Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a
cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to
come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will
soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight
brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my
rest it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-
troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad
burst in my breast.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES
ME?

TUNE—"MORAG."

- O WHA is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

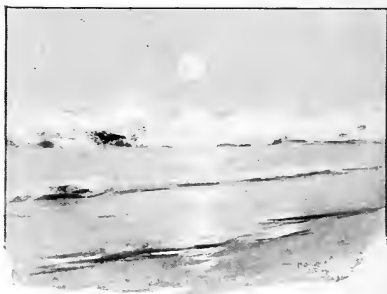
- O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-
kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warm-
ing,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
O that's, etc.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted ;
O that's, etc.

If thou hast met this fair one ;
When frae her thou hast parted
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted ;
O that's, etc.



Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR
AWAY.

TUNE—"O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR
AWAY."

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my Sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?

Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by
day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by
day
Are aye with him that's far
away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My Sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !

Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas, etc.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless
power ;

As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling
air,

Listening to the doubling roar.
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, etc.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :

ON THE SEAS, ETC.

Then may heaven with prosp'rous
gales

Fill my Sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, etc.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"ROBIN ADAIR."

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring.
Forth I did fare :
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high ;
Such thy morn ! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share ;
While yon wild flowers among.
Chance led me there :

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie O ;
Down by the burn, where scented
birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my
jo ;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

GALLA WATER.

THERE'S braw braw lads on Yar-
row braes,
That wander thro' the blooming
heather ;
But Yarrow braes nor Etrick
shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla
Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle
tocher ;

GALLA WATER.

Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla
Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was
wealth,
That coft contentment, peace
or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual
love,
O that's the chiefest world's
treasure !

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonie lassie, will ye go, will
ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go to the
Birks of Aberfeldy ?

NOW simmer blinks on flowery
braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet
plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome
days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

While o'er their heads the hazels
 hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring
 fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading
 shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi'
 flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie
 pours.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae
me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—"ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE
GUN."

CHORUS.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben :
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
But blither in Glenturit glen.

BY Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken
shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, etc.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer
morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blithe, etc.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As onie lamb's upon a lee ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae
sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
Blithe, etc.

The Highland hills I've wander'd
wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae
been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blithe, etc.



But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.



THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"ROBIE DONNA GORACH."

THE Thames flows proudly to the
sea,

Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high
command :

When shall I see that honour'd
land,

That winding stream I love so
dear !

Must wayward fortune's adverse
hand

For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful
vales,
Where spreading hawthorns
gaily bloom ;
How sweetly wind thy sloping
dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro'
the broom !
Tho' wandering, now, must be
my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and
braes,
May there my latest hours con-
sume,
Amang the friends of early
days !

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

TUNE—"RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE."

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
An' buy some other ware ;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee ;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie.
Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine ;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine !

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was
mad ;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en',
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie ;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me !

SONG.

TUNE—"MAGGY LAUDER."

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's
face,

I couldna tell what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost failed me.

She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae
tight,

All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blithe and
cheerie ;

SONG.

She's aye sae bonie, blithe, and
gay,
O gin I were her dearie !

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine
in ;
Did warlike laurels crown my
brow,
Or humbler bays entwining—
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, etc.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour :
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her :



Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.



SONG.

But gang she east, or gang she
west,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all
over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or
taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, etc.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three Kings into the
east,
Three Kings both great and
high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd
him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came,
 kindly on,

 And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed
 spears,

 That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping
 head

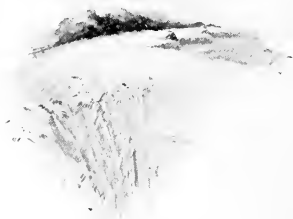
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age ;

And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and
sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;



Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.



But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

They laid him down upon his
back,
And cudgel'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the
storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching
flame,
The marrow of his bones ;

But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two
stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they
drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to
sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.



'T will make a man forget his woe.



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

THERE'LL NEVER BE
PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.

A SONG.

BY yon castle wa', at the close of
the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head
it was grey :
And as he was singing, the tears
fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is
in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and mur-
derous wars ;

THERE'LL NEVER BE, ETC.

We dare na weel say't, but we ken
wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie
drew sword,
And now I greet round their green
beds in the yerd ;
It brak the sweet heart o' my
faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me
down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint
his crown ;

THERE'LL NEVER BE, ETC.

But till my last moment my words
are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie
comes hame.

THERE WAS A LAD.

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."

THERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
But what'n a day o' what'n a style
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but
ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

THERE WAS A LAD.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo scho wha lives will see the
proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and
sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak
nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo scho, I doubt you,
Sir,
Ye gar the lasses . . .

THERE WAS A LAD.

But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessings on thee, Robin !

Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"BIDE YE YET."

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure
poor ;
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling
string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted
ha',

MARY MORISON.

To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was
braw,
And yon the toast of a' the
town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
" Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his
peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly
die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of
his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown !
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

BONIE PEG.

AS I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
O wha came tripping down the
street,
But bonie Peg, my dearie !
Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.
Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
A-down yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy
bower,
Can I forget it ever ?



O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonie Peg, my dearie!



POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—"YE'RE WELCOME, CHARLEY
STEWART."

CHORUS.

O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that
blossoms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

THE flower it blows, it fades, it
fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it ;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

POLLY STEWART.

May he, whose arms shall fauld
thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart ;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart.
O lovely, etc.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—"THE DUSTY MILLER."

HEY, the dusty miller,
And his dusty coat ;
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss,
That I got frae the miller

Hey, the dusty miller,
And his dusty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty miller.



Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.



JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—"JAMIE, COME TRY ME."

CHORUS.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me ;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

IF thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee ?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee ?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me ;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"DUNCAN DAVISON."

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her
Meg,

And she held o'er the moors to
spin ;

There was a lad that follow'd her,

They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The moor was driegh, and Meg
was skiegh,

Her favour Duncan could na
win ;

For wi' the rock she wad him
knock,

And ay she shook the temper-
pin.

THERE WAS A LASS.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was
green,
Upon the banks they eased their
shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the
morn ;
Then Meg took up her spinnin'
graith,
And flung them a' out o'er the
burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee
house,
And we will live like King and
Queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.

T H E R E W A S A L A S S .

A man may drink and no be
drunk ;

A man may fight and no be
slain ;

A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.

THE LADDIES BY THE
BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE—"UP AND WAUR THEM A'."

THE laddies by the banks o' Nith,
Wad trust his Grace wi' a',
 Jamie,
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the
 king—
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
The Johnstons hae the guidin'
 o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

The day he stude his country's
friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the duke ne'er saw,
Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistle-
birck,
Lang may his whistle blaw,
Jamie ;
And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstons a',
Jamie.

I SEE A FORM, I SEE A
FACE.

TUNE—"THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, etc.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and
tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;

I SEE A FORM, I SEE A FACE.

And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, etc.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
O this is no, etc.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, etc.

FULL WELL THOU
KNOW'ST.

TUNE—"ROTHIEMURCHUS'S RANT."

CHORUS.

Fairest maid on Devon Banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont
to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love
thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an
ear?

FULL WELL THOU KNOW'ST.

O, did not love exclaim, " Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so ? "
Fairest maid, etc.

Then come, thou fairest of the
fair,
Those wonted smiles, O, let me
share ;
And by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall
know.
Fairest maid, etc.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOME-
BODY.

TUNE—"THE HIGHLAND WATCH'S
FAREWELL."

MY heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I could wake a winter night,
For the sake o' somebody !
Oh-hon ! for somebody !
Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous
love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody !

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
I wad do--what wad I not ?
For the sake o' somebody !



O WERE MY LOVE
YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"HUGHIE GRAHAM."

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the
spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing;

How I wad mourn, when it was
torn
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom re-
new'd.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonie breast to fa'!

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to
rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—"IF HE BE A BUTCHER NEAT
AND TRIM"

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ;
 Could I describe her shape and
 mien ;

Our lasses a' she far excels,
 An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
 ish een.

She's sweeter than the morning
 dawn

When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the
 lawn ;

An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
 ish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes
between,
And drinks the stream with vigour
fresh,
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring
thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves
so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines
serene,

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

While birds rejoice on every spray ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides
at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams inter-
vene
And gild the distant mountain's
brow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson
gem,



An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.



The pride of all the flowery
scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises
keen,
While hid the murmuring stream-
lets flow ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas
screen,
They tempt the taste and charm
the sight ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen
clean,
That slowly mount the rising
steep ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin'
een.

Her breath is like the fragrant
breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd
bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the
seas ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks
unseen,

While his mate sits nestling in the
bush ;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-
ish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her
face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled
queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry
grace,
An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME
BEST OF A'.

TUNE—"ONAGH'S WATER-FALL."

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his
woe ;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow !
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first her bonie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.



And hear my vows o' truth and love.

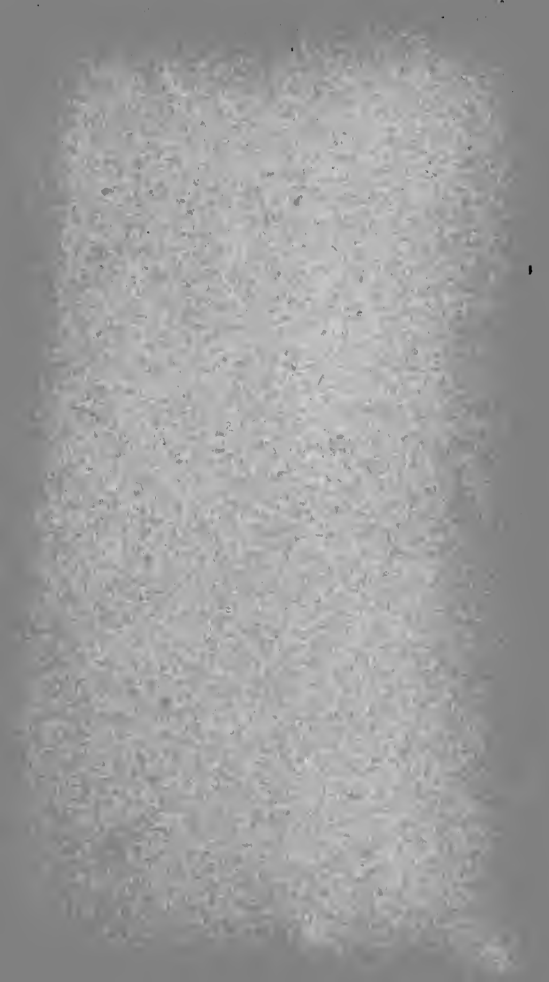


SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF A'.

Like harmony her motion ;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the
sky ;
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu'
air ;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae
mair :
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign
law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest
charm,
She says she loe's me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon ;

Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs
 amang ;
While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes
 his sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou
 rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy
 shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and
 love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'?







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