

THE TWA WEAVERS

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Canadian Boat Song.

Gaily still the moments roll.

THO' YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN
SORROW.

'The Year that's awa'.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

RULE BRITANNIA.



Glasgow—Printed for the Books



THE TWA WEAVERS.

When war and taxation had fleec'd us right
sair,
And made us like scaur-crows, a' ragged and
bare,
Twa poor weaver bodies ae day chanc'd to
meet,
Wi' scarcely a shoe on their stockingless feet;
Their skin through their auld tatter'd clee-
ding did shine,
And their beards might hae pass'd for a Bi-
shop's langsyne.

“Weel Robin” quo’ Thomas “what way do
ye fen
And do ye aye live yet, out by at Woodend?
“Live!—faith I live naewhere, I starve at
Tolcross,
Gude troth, I’m owre like you, and that is our
loss;
For ilka thing now, does against us combine,
Which gar’s look back, wi’ regret on lang-
syne.

“ These three weeks a’ rinin, I’ve risen at
three,

An’ wrought just as lang as a body could see,
An’ a’ that I’ve made o’, in that time I trow,
Wad scarce get potatoes an’ draff for a sow;
What then?—we are counted a parcel o’
swine,

An’ laugh’d at, whene’er we look back to
langsyne.

“ But what need we speak o’ our ain private
case,

When famine, and want, are pourtrayed on
ilk face,

When thousands whose prospects ia life once
were fair,

Now pine in starvation, and sigh in despair,
When toil, and disease, and chill penury join,
To blast every comfort the poor had langsyne.

“ Hech man!—if what you hae stated be fact,
Our prospects indeed are most gloomy and
black

“ But do ye not think they may yet brighten
up?

Indeed to be candid, I’ve nae siccan hope,
Unless the Black Book to the flames we con-
sign,

And begin a new score like our Fathers lang-
syne.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 "One sword, at least thy rights shall guard,
 "One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under,
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 "Thou soul of love and bravery!
 "Thy songs we're made for the pure and free
 "They shall never sound in slavery!"

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brother's, row, the stream run's fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

Utawa tide, this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
 Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
 Grant us cool heavens and favouring air,
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

THO' YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN
 SORROW.

Tho' you leave now in sorrow,
 Smiles may light on our love to-morrow;
 Doom'd to part, my faithful heart,
 A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow.
 Ah ne'er forget when friends are near,
 This heart alone is thine for ever,
 Thou may'st find those who love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, O never.
 Tho' you leave me, &c.

GAILY STILL.

Gaily still the moments roll
 While I quaff the flowing bowl,
 Care can never reach the soul,
 That deeply drinks of Wine,
 That deeply drinks of Wine,
 Care can never reach the soul,
 That deeply, deeply drinks of Wine.

See the Lover pale with grief
 Bind his brows with willow leaf,
 But his heart soon finds relief,
 By drinking deep of Wine, &c.

Eyes of fire, and lips of dew,
 Cheeks that shame the rose's hue,
 What are these to me or you,
 That deeply drinks, &c.

 THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Here's to the year that's awa,
 We will drink it strong and in sma';
 An' here's to ilk bonny young lassie we lo'e;
 While swift flew the years that's awa,
 An' here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the soger wha bled,
 An' the sailor wha bravely did fa' ;
 Though their fame is alive, yet their spirits
 are fled,
 On the wings of the year that's awa.
 Though their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friend we can trust,
 While the storms of adversity blaw ;
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our
 hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.
 May they live, &c.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.
 TREEN.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily white ;
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain;
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.

In nations, not so bless'd as thee—
 Must in their turn to tyrant's fall
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free
 The dread and envy of them all,
 Rule Britannia, &c.