

THE
Vocalist's Class Book ;

BEING A SELECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & IRISH

SONGS, DUETS, GLEES, &c.

WITH A COLLECTION OF

TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, & SCOTS PROVERBS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

GLASGOW:

ADAM CRAWFORD, 27, KING-STREET,
AND J. SUTHERLAND, EDINBURGH.

M.DCCC.XXXI.

*** *Music of the Songs to be had of Mrs Brown, and J.
M'Fadyen, Wilson-street, J. Taylor, Hutcheson-street, A.
Thomson, Buchanan-street, and the other Musicsellers.*

RICHARDSON, PRINTER, GLASGOW.

SONGS, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star ! with less'ning ray,

That lov'st to greet the early morn,

Again thou usher'st in the day

My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget !

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

Where, by the winding Ayr, we met

To live one day of parting love !

Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past !

Thy image, at our last embrace !

Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods thickening green ;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,

Twined amorous round the raptured scene :

The flowers sprung wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods, with miser care ;

Time but th' impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade !

Where is thy place of blissful rest ?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

An admired Scottish Melody, Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Noel.
Written by James Hogg. Composed and arranged for the Piano
Forte, by N. Gow, Jun.

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks of the Garry?
Saw ye my lad wi' his bonnet and white cockade,
Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly,
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore;
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

WITH HELMET ON HIS BROW.

Music,—“Le Petit Tambour.”

With helmet on his brow, and sabre on his thigh,
The soldier mounts his gallant steed, to conquer or to die!
His plume like a pennon streams on the wanton summer
wind,
In the path of glory still that white plume shalt thou find!
Then let the trumpet's blast
To the brazen drum reply;
“A soldier must with honour live,
Or at once with honour die!”

O! bright as his own good sword a soldier's fame must be,
And pure as the plume that floats above his helm so white
and free!

No fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that shame
may throw

One spot on that blade so bright, one stain on that plume
of snow!

Then let the trumpet's blast, &c.



O! MERRY ROW THE BONNIE BARK.

A Ballad. (Founded on an ancient Northumbrian Melody.) Sung by
Miss Stephens. The Words chiefly written, and the Music partly
composed by John Parry.

“ O! merry row, O! merry row
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
Bring back my love to calm my woe
Before the night grows dark!
My Donald wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow-white rose upon it too,
A Highland lad is he.
Then merry row, O! merry row
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
O! merry row, O! merry, merry row,
And bring him safe to me!”

As on the pebbly beach I stray'd,
Where rocks and shoals prevail,
I thus o'erheard a Lowland maid
Her absent love bewail.
A storm arose—the waves ran high,
The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky—
The wind did loudly roar.
But merry row'd, O! merry row'd
The bonnie, bonnie bark!
O! merry row'd the bonnie, bonnie bark,
And brought her love on shore.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Author unknown. There are several sets of words besides the following on tradition, and in stall Ballads, entitled "The Lass o' Gowrie," one version of which is ascribed to Colonel James Ramsay, of Stirling Castle, beginning "A wee bit north frae yon green wood;" but the present copy has obtained considerable popularity from the singing of Mr Melrose.

Air,—"*Loch-Erroch Side.*"

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie.
The rose-bud tinged wi' morning showers,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bowers,
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I praised her beauty loud and lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, "My lassie, will you gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll take ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid—
The blush upon her cheek soon spread;—
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
"I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
And now she's lady Gowrie.

~~~~~  
THE BOATIE ROWS.

O! weel may the boatie row,  
And better may she speed,  
Weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And muckle luck attends the boat,  
 The murlin, and the creel.

I cuist my line in Largo bay,  
 And fishes I catch'd nine;  
 There was three to boil, and three to fry,  
 And three to bait the line.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows, indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

O! weel may the boatie row  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleeds us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our parritch meal.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows, indeed,  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O! muckle lighter grew my creel,  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And muckle lighter is the lade,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw,  
 I trow my heart was dowf and wae,  
 When Jamie gaed awa;  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part,  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up, and gotten lear,



They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlin and the creel.

And when with age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling at the door,  
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,  
 As we did them before.  
 Then weel may the boatie row;  
 She wins the bairns' bread:  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

~~~~~  
 THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE EEN.

Written by Richard Ryan. Arranged and Sung by Mr Sinclair.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,—
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen,
 Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again;
 And when the moon shines on the valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 As the dove that has wandered away from his sweet nest
 Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.
 O saw ye the lass, &c.

~~~~~  
 CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

Sing ye with glee;—Come, follow me;  
 And then shall we—Good fellows be.

## BUY A BROOM.

Music—"Lieber Augustine." Sung, in Character, by Madame Vestris.

From Teuchland I come, with my light wares all laden,  
To dear, happy England, in summer's gay bloom;  
Then listen, fair lady and young pretty maiden,  
O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

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! buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!

Ere winter comes on, for sweet home soon departing,  
My toil for your favours 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:

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

Buy a broom! buy a broom!

O buy of the wandering Bavarian a broom!



## WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL, LOVE.

A Ballad. The Music arranged, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Thomas Moore, Esq., and may be Sung by two Voices as a Duet.

*She.* Wilt thou say farewell, love,  
And from Rosa part?  
Rosa's tears will tell, love,  
The anguish of her heart.

*He.* I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,  
I'll love thee though we sever.  
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,  
Or cease to love? No, never.

*She.* Wilt thou think of me, love,  
When thou art far away?

*He.* Oh! I'll think of thee, love,  
Never, never stray.

*Both.* I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,  
I'll love thee though we sever.  
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,  
Or cease to love? No, never.

*She.* Let not others' wiles, love,  
Thy ardent heart betray;  
Remember Rosa's smiles, love,  
Rosa, far away.

*Both.* I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,  
I'll love thee though we sever.  
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,  
Or cease to love? No, never.

~~~~~  
HOME! SWEET HOME!

Music by Bishop. Sung by Miss M. Tree and Miss Stephens.

'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 thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

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

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

~~~~~  
CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Arranged by Parry.

Hush! hush! hush! you sing too loud, I can't hear the bass;  
Sir, 'tis you that sings so loud, 'tis ever the case.

Piano, piano, piano.



## CHERRY RIPE.

A Cavatina. Sung with the most rapturous applause by Madame Vestris, in Mr Poole's popular Comedy of Paul Pry. Music by C. E. Horn.

## CHORUS.

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe, I cry ;  
 Full and fair ones come and buy.  
 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 the sunbeams sweetly smile,  
 There's the land or cherry isle.  
 Cherry ripe, &c.

Where the sunbeams sweetly smile,  
 There's the land or cherry isle.  
 There plantations fully show  
 All the year where cherries grow.

Cherry ripe, ripe, cherry ripe, I cry ;  
 Full and fair ones come and buy.  
 Full and fair ones come and buy.



## BONNIE MARY HAY.

The Music composed, and arranged for the Piano Forte, by R. A. Smith.

Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet ;  
 For thy eye is the slae, and thy hair is the jet,  
 The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek :  
 Oh! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will you gang wi' me,  
 When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree,  
 To the hawthorn tree in the bonnie berry den,  
 And I'll tell you, Mary, how I lo'e you then ?

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me  
 When thou art coothie, kind, and free.  
 There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,  
 My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay;  
 But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae,  
 But come to the bower, and I'll tell ye a' what's true.  
 Oh, Mary! I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

~~~~~  
 HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL

A Scotch Song and Air, taken from the Singing of a Lady. Music arranged for the Piano Forte, and Sung with the greatest applause, by R. A. Smith.

CHORUS.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
 He's owre the hills we darena name,
 He's owre the hills ayont Dumblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gone to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame,
 My mither greets and prays for them;
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
 He's owre the hills, &c.

The whigs may scoff, and the whigs may jeer:
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
 He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains;
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns.
 What lads e'er did, our laddies will do:
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
 He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done;
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'd run.
 He's owre the hills, &c.

~~~~~  
 CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

My wife's dead—There let her lie—  
 She's at rest—And so am I.



## LOCH-NA-GARR.

Composed by Lord Byron. Music by Mrs Gibson.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses !  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove :  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,  
 If still they are sacred to Freedom and Love.  
 Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits tho' elements war ;  
 Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;  
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd  
 As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;  
 For Fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland dale.  
 Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car ;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers—  
 They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

~~~~~  
HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

A Popular Scotch Song, composed by R. Allan, Kilbarchan, and Sung with enthusiastic applause, by Mr Taylor, Mr Jaap, Mr Cumming, &c. The Music arranged for the Piano Forte, by R. A. Smith.

Haud awa, bide awa,
 Haud awa frae me, Donald ;
 What care I for a' your wealth,
 An' a' that ye can gi'e, Donald ?
 I wadna lea' my Lowland lad
 For a' your goud an' gear, Donald ;
 Sae tak' your plaid, and o'er the hill,
 An' stay nae langer here, Donald.
 Haud awa, bide awa, &c.

My Jamie is a gallant youth—
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald ;
 And in bonnie Scotland's isle,
 Like him there is nane Donald.
 Haud awa', bide awa',
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
 What care I for a' your wealth,
 An' a' that ye can gi'e Donald ?

He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald ;
 But, oh ! he wears a faithfu' heart,
 And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
 Sae haud awa', bide awa',
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald ;
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,
 To be a Highland queen, Donald.

~~~~~  
 SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

Sung with the greatest applause by Mr Braham, Mr Collyer, Mr Broadhurst, and Mr Sapio. Composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, by J. Parry.

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.  
 Oh ! smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,  
 Oh ! smile again, my bonnie lassie, prithee smile again.

Fare thee well ! my bonnie lassie, lassie, fare thee well !  
 Time will show thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue can tell.  
 Tho' we're doom'd by fate to sever, (and 'tis hard to part,)  
 Still, believe me, thou shalt ever own my faithful heart.  
 Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,  
 Oh ! smile again, my bonnie lassie, prithee smile again.

~~~~~  
 THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Sung by Miss Stephens. Arranged by James Dewar.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,
 And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard,
 Like wee bit white cockades, for our loyal Hieland lads,
 And the lasses lo'e the bonnie bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa?
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa?
 They drew up wi' glaikit Englishers at Carlisle ha';
 And forgot auld frien's when far awa.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft you've been,
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol's green;
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me—
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

~~~~~  
 THE SWISS BOY.

A Ballad, one of the Tyrolese Melodies. Sung by Mrs Waylett. The Words by William Ball, Esq. The Music arranged by J. Moscheles.

Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!  
 Take thy pail, and to labour, away.  
 Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy!  
 Take thy pail, and to labour, 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 mountain away?  
 Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,  
 When I hie to the mountain away?  
 For there a shepherd maiden dear,  
 Awaits my song with listening ear.  
 Am not I, &c.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy!  
 I'm away to my comrades, away.  
 Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy!  
 I'm away to my comrades, away.  
 The cup we fill, the wine is passed  
 In friendship round, until, at last,  
 With "Good night," and "Good night," goes the happy  
 Swiss boy  
 To his home and his slumbers away.



## THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

Words by Coleman. Arranged as a Duet, by Arnold.

Faint and wearily, the way-worn traveller  
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop ;  
 Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller  
 Of the mazes t'ward the mountain's top.  
 Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering;  
 Cottages appearing, as he's nigh to drop ;  
 O ! how briskly then the way-worn traveller  
 Treads the mazes t'ward the mountain's top.

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,  
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more ;  
 Blyth and jolly he the cag holds fast by,  
 As he's sitting at the goat-herd's door :  
 Eating, quaffing—at past labours laughing—  
 Better far, by half, in spirits than before.  
 O ! how merrily the rested traveller  
 Seems, while sitting at the goat-herd's door.

## MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

The words of the following popular Jacobite Song are by Hogg, the  
 Ettrick Shepherd.—Air from the Gaelic.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' Maclean ;  
 And though ye be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
 And welcome our Charlie, and his royal train.

We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the  
 black steer,

The lamb from the bracken, the doe from the glen,  
 The salt sea we'll herry, and bring to our Charlie  
 The cream from the boothie, the curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

And ye shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
 That stream in the starlight, when kings do not ken ;  
 And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,

To drink to your Sire, and his friend the Maclean,  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.



If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
 'Tis ready :—a troop of our bold Highland men,  
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,  
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.  
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

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 THE FARMERS' GLEE.—THREE VOICES.

Composed and arranged by Hook.

1st Voice.

A little farm well till'd, a little house well fill'd,
 A little wife well will'd, give me, give me.

2nd Voice.

A larger farm well till'd, a bigger house well fill'd,
 A taller wife well will'd, give me, give me.

3rd Voice.

I like a farm well till'd, and I like a house well fill'd,
 But no wife at all give me, give me.

1st Voice. A short wife.—*2nd.* A tall wife.

3rd. No wife at all give me ; give me
 A house well fill'd, a farm well till'd,
 But no wife at all give me.

Tutti. { *1st.* A little farm, &c.
 2nd. A larger farm. &c.
 3rd. I like a farm, &c.

~~~~~  
 DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

Sung by Mr Braham. Composed by Rodwell.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland !  
 Over moor and mountain hath pass'd the war-sign ;  
 The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing ;  
 Who heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine.  
 The clans they are gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,  
 The clans they are gath'ring by loch and by lea ;  
 The banners they are flying, flying, flying,  
 The banners they are flying that lead to victory.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 Charge as you've charged in the days o' langsyne;  
 Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset—  
 He who but falters is nae son o' thine.

Sheath the Sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 Sheath the Sword, Scotland, for dimm'd is its shine;  
 Thy foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing,  
 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 for all who their duty have done!  
 Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland!  
 With thy loved thistle new laurels entwine;  
 Time shall ne'er part them, part them, part them,  
 But hand down the garland to each son o' thine.

~~~~~  
 WHY DIDST THOU STAY TILL DAY-LIGHT'S OVER.

The admired Duet, Sung by Miss Stephens and Mr Braham, at the
 Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the Opera of The Lord of the Manor.
 Written and arranged to the celebrated Air of "Rousseau's Dream,"
 by J. A. Wade.

- 1st. Why didst thou stay till day-light's over?
 Dark is thy path now o'er the lonely sea.
- 2nd. Night has no gloom for happy, happy lover:
 All that seems dark, is parting, love, with thee.
- 1st. But why shall farewell yet be spoken?
- 2nd. Why should love's flow'r just bloom and fade?
- Both. If ties are wove but to be broken,
 Why are such hearts as ours to feel them made?
- 1st. { Why,.....why are—why hearts as them made?
- 2nd. {Why,.....are—why hearts as them made?
- Both. Why are such hearts as ours to feel them made?
- 1st. Yet, yet, adieu! tho' sad, tho' drear, love,
 Sounds fare-thee-well—but see the gloom is nigh.
- 2nd. Wilt thou in fancy think me near, love,
 When I am far beneath the western sky?
- 1st. Yes, see the path of daylight's glory,
- 2nd. Tho' day be gone 'tis burning still;

Both. 'Thus, tho' thy smile, love, beams not o'er me,
On Mem'ry's twilight it will linger still.
1st. { Yes,.....yes, love, it will linger still.
2nd. {Yes,....., love, it will linger still.
Both. On Mem'ry's twilight it will linger still.

~~~~~  
WILT THOU MEET ME THERE, LOVE?

Sung with applause by Miss Phillips.

Where, as dewy twilight lingers  
O'er the balmy air, love,  
Harps seem touch'd by fairy fingers,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love?  
Where, as dewy twilight lingers, &c.

While the rapid swallow's flying,  
And each distant murmur dying,  
Leaves alone, around us sighing,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love?  
Where, as dewy twilight lingers, &c.

Where soft gales, from beds of flowers,  
Fragrant incense bear, love,  
Sweet as eastern maidens' bowers,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love?  
Where soft gales, from beds of flowers, &c.

While the bird of love is singing,  
Liquid notes around us flinging,  
Rapture to the full heart bringing,  
Wilt thou meet me there, love?  
Where, as dewy twilight lingers, &c.

~~~~~  
THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

An admired Scotch Ballad. Sung with the most enthusiastic applause,
by Mr Anderson, in the Opera of "Guy Mannering," at the Theatre
Royal, Drury Lane.

I ha'e wander'd mony a summer night,
Alang the banks of Clyde,
Beneath the moon's sweet silv'ry light,
Wi' Mary at my side.
A summer was she to mine ee,
An' to my heart a joy;

An' weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.
 I ha'e wander'd mony a summer night, &c.
 Oh, her presence could on every star
 New brilliancy confer;
 And I thought the flowers were sweeter far
 When they were seen with her.
 Her brow was calm as sleeping sea,
 Her glance was full o' joy;
 And, oh, her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.
 Oh, her presence could on every star, &c.
 I ha'e play'd to ladies, fair and gay,
 In mony a southron hall;
 But there was one far, far away,
 A world above them all.
 And now, tho' weary years have fled,
 I think wi' mournfu' joy
 Upon the time when Mary wed
 Her Highland Minstrel boy.
 I ha'e play'd to ladies, fair an' gay, &c.

~~~~~  
 ALICE GRAY.

Ballad. Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Racon. Composed by  
 Mrs Phillip Millard.

She's all my fancy painted her,  
 She's lovely, she's divine:  
 But her heart it is another's  
 She never can be mine.  
 Yet loved I as man never loved,  
 A love without decay;—  
 Oh! my heart—my heart is breaking  
 For the love of Alice Gray.  
 Her dark brown hair is braided o'er  
 A brow of spotless white;  
 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.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,  
 And trembled in the blast;  
 But my pilgrimage is nearly done,  
 The weary conflict's past.  
 And when the green sod decks my grave,  
 May Pity haply say,  
 "Oh! his heart—his heart is broken  
 For the love of Alice Gray."

~~~~~  
 ALL'S WELL.

Duet, composed and arranged by Mr Braham.

Deserted by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, 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—the word. Good night—all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 Where 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 friendly voice salutes his ear—
 What cheer? Brother, quickly tell.
 Above—below? Good night—all's well.

~~~~~  
 JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.

Air—"White Cockade."

A Highland lad my love was born;  
 The Lowland laws he held in scorn,  
 But he still was faithful to his clan,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman!  
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
 Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
 And gude claymore down by his side,  
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan—  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
 And lived like lords and ladies gay;  
 For a Lowland face he feared nane,  
 My gallant braw John Highlandman!  
 Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
 But ere the bud was on the tree,  
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
 Embracing my John Highlandman!  
 Sing hey, &c.

~~~~~  
 O, LADY FAIR!

Glee for three Voices. Words and Music composed and arranged by
 Thomas Moore, Esq.

- 1st Voice.* O, lady fair! where art thou roaming?
 The sun is sunk, the night is coming.
- 2nd.* Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
- 1st.* And who is the man with his white locks flowing,
 O, lady fair! where is he going?
- 3rd.* A wand'ring pilgrim, weak, I falter,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
- Tutti.* Chill falls the rain, night-winds are blowing.
 Dreary and dark's the way we're going.
 Chill falls the rain, &c.
- 1st.* Fair lady, rest till morning blushes,
 I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.
- 2nd.* Ah! stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
 I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.
- 1st.* Thou pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow,
 Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.
- 3rd.* Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
 My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
- Tutti.* Strew then, O strew our bed of rushes!
 Here we shall rest till morning blushes.
 Strew then, O strew, &c.

GLEE—TO ALL YOU LADIES.

To all you ladies now at land,
 We men at sea indite,
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write.
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you,
 To write to you,
 With a fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 With a fa, &c.

~~~~~

 CANDRAN SIDE.

Composed by W. Alexander, and set to Music, with an accompaniment  
 for the Piano Forte, by J. Jaap.

I like to gang by Candran side,  
 For Johnnie meets me there.  
 Fain would I be young Johnnie's bride ;  
 This wish is a' my care :  
 But that I darena tell the lad—  
 He would think my owre fain ;  
 For mither frets and daddie threats  
 If I but name't to them.

Whene'er I cross the door at e'en,  
 There's fifty things to do,—  
 The ewes to bught, the cogs to clean,  
 The ale to warm or brew.  
 A' wark is mine since Johnnie came,  
 And sneer'd at ilka turn ;  
 Sare, sare I mane, yet a' in vain,—  
 They're happiest when I mourn.

Yestreen he passed at trystin' time,  
 Then out to him I flew ;  
 He tauld me that his heart was mine,  
 And I am sure 'tis true.  
 Sae I'll be true to ilka vow,  
 Let mither flyte or fling ;  
 In Johnnie's ha', ere belting blaw,  
 I'll wear the bridal ring.

## MY AIN FIRESIDE.

A Popular Scotch Song, sung with distinguished applause, by Mr Sinclair and Mr Thorne, at the Theatres-Royal, London and Edinburgh, arranged with Symphonies and an Accompaniment by Alex. Robertson.

O, I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords and 'mang ladies, a' covered wi' braws;  
 But a sight sae delightful, I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blyth blink o' my ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 As the bonnie blyth blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,  
 Wi' the frien's o' my youth, I cordially mingle;  
 Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad;  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;  
 O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

~~~~~  
HERE WE MEET TOO SOON TO PART.

The words from Clare's Poems, adapted to the beautiful air, Di Tanti Palpiti, composed by Rossini, with new Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte.

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

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 the rose that decks thy 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.

~~~~~  
 THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE'S RAGE.

A Duet, Sung by Messrs Phillips and Horn, in the Opera of "The Prussian Impostor." Written by S. J. Arnold, Esq. The Music by J. Addison, Esq.

*2nd Voice.* The night before the battle's rage,  
 Within the silent camp,  
 The soldier fills a love-fraught page,  
 And trims his lonely lamp.

*Both Voices.* The soldier fills a love-fraught page,  
 And trims his lonely lamp.  
 And as around the whispered word,

(1st.) From post (2nd.) to post, (both.) is gently heard—

1st. And as around the whispered word

2nd. From post to post is gently heard,

*Both.* He starts, and casts his eyes above,

1st. And sighs the watchword,

2nd. He sighs the watchword,

*Both.* "Fame and love."

He sighs the watchword, "Fame and love."

1st. And the fearful conflict o'er,  
 He reads the page again,  
 He feels the doubtful throb no more,  
 But rapture guides his pen.

*Both.* He feels the doubtful throb no more,  
 But rapture guides his pen.

1st. And as around the cheerful throng,

*Both.* And as around the cheerful throng,

The shouts of victory prolong,

The shouts of victory prolong,

Of victory, of victory, of victory prolong,

Of victory, of victory, of victory prolong,



He ends with rapid ecstasy,  
 He ends with rapid ecstasy,  
*1st.* He ends, &c. *2nd.* He ends, &c.  
*Both.* I've conquered, love, for fame and thee,  
 I've conquered, love, for fame and thee,  
*1st.* I've conquered, &c. *2nd.* I've conquered, &c.  
*Both.* I've conquered, &c.

~~~~~  
 THY SMILE WAS MY HOPE.

Favourite Song, introduced in the Popular Melo-drama of Der Freischutz.

'Tis the dawn of the morn, oh! awake, 'tis the hour,
 Fairest child, of the bold and the free!
 When the bright sparkling dew hangs on each lovely flower,
 And the breeze sighs in each waving tree.
 The sun is gilding the mountain's snow,
 His rays are caught by the streams as they flow,
 The song of the birds, in the valley below,
 Bids thee chace all thy slumbers away.
 When I wander'd an exile in far distant lands,
 How dark was the gloom of my day!
 But thy smile was my hope 'midst a tyrant's commands,
 And could make sorrow fly far away.
 I seem'd then to hear from my own native hills,
 That song of the past which we once loved to sing,
 That could make us forget for a while all the ills
 That have clouded our morning of spring.

~~~~~  
 THO' YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW.

The much-admired Duetto, as Sung by Miss Stephens and Mr Sinclair, in Rob Roy Macgregor. The words by J. Pococke, Esq.

Tho' you leave me now in sorrow,  
 Smiles may light 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 will love thee dear,  
 But not a love like mine, O never!  
 Tho' you leave me, &c.

## DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blythest lad  
 That e'er made love to me;  
 Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,  
 He seems so gay and free.  
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,  
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,  
 It cheers my heart at eve to meet  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,  
 Young Sandy follows me,  
 And fain he wants to be my love,  
 But ah! it canna be.  
 Tho' mither frets both air and late,  
 For me to wed this youth I hate;  
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate  
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,  
 The ring he show'd to me,  
 And bade me name the bridal day,  
 Then happy would he be.  
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind;  
 Nae mair my mither will I mind;  
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

~~~~~  
THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad with snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie Spring
 Will gar a' our plantin's ring;
 Soon our bonnie heather braes
 Will put on their simmer claes;
 On the mountain's sunnie side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
 Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
 Then we'll seek the caller shade,
 Lean us on the primrose bed ;
 While the burning hours preside,
 I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.
 Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
 I will launch the bonnie boat,
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,
 Rest the oars to pleasure thee ;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.
 Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
 Lowland lads ha'e mair of art,
 A' my boast's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,
 O row thee in my Highland plaid !
 Bonnie lad ye've been sae leal,
 My heart would break at our fareweel ;
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Take me—take me for your ain !
 'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

TWEEDSIDE.

Ramsay, in his "Tea-Table Miscellany," where the following Song first appeared, whether through carelessness or vanity, leaves it without signature or private mark ; hence we often find Allan Ramsay set down as its reputed author. We now understand its real author to have been Robert Crawford of Achname, and that his "Mary" was a Miss Stuart of the Castlemilk family. The Air ("Down Tweed-side") is ancient, and in MS. above two hundred years old.

What beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

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

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



SAY, MY HEART, WHY WILDLY BEATING ?

Written by S. J. Arnold, Esq. Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Paton
 in the Popular Melo-Drama, called *Der Freischutz*. Music by Carl
 Maria Von Weber.

Say, my heart, why wildly beating ?
 Dost thou such emotion prove ?
 Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,
 Fear his truth or doubt his love ?
 No, fondly no, my bosom sighs,
 No, gently no, my heart replies.
 Then fond heart be silent ever—
 Be thy wild emotion o'er ;
 For with doubt and fearing, never
 Shalt thou throb—no, no, no, never more.

Light of life, and life's best blessing,
 Is the love that meets return,—
 Shall I, that rich boon possessing,
 E'er the matchless blessing spurn?
 No, fondly no, my bosom sighs,
 No, gently no, my heart replies.
 Then be joy my inmate ever,
 Since each anxious dread is o'er;
 For with fear and doubting, never
 Shall it throb—no, no, no, never more.

~~~~~  
 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Composed by T. Moore, Esq.

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,  
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
 No flower of her kindred—no rosebud is nigh,  
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.  
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them:  
 Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.  
 So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle the gems drop away:  
 When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,  
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone!

~~~~~  
 LOVE'S DELIGHTFUL HOUR.

Composed by Ann of Swansea, and Sung by Mr Pearman, Mr Harrington, and Mr Leoni Lee, at the London, Bath, and Salisbury Concerts.
 The Music composed by J. Emdin, Esq.

Night had gained its highest noon,
 Sweet balmy gales were sighing,
 Bright in heaven the wandering moon
 O'er silver clouds was flying.
 Softly, gently crept the rill,
 Murmuring down a mossy hill,
 Closed was every blooming flower—
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 Closed was every, &c.

Brighter then the woodbine grew,
 Which drops of dew adorning,
 Richer odours round it threw
 Than fragrant breeze of morning.
 Silence then was on the plain,
 Hushed was every warbler's strain,
 Moonbeams kissed each grove and bower—
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 O 'twas love's delightful hour!
 Moonbeams kissed, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

Composed by Mr Dunlop, set to Music by Mr Donaldson, and arranged  
 for the Piano Forte by W. H. Moore.

O here's to the year that's awa!  
 We'll drink it in strong and in sma',  
 And here's to the bonnie young lassie we lo'ed  
 While swift flew the year that's awa.  
 And here to the, &c.

And here's to the soldier wha bled—  
 To the sailor wha bravely did fa';  
 Their fame is alive, tho' their spirits are fled  
 On the wings of the year that's awa.  
 Their fame is alive, &c.

And here's to the friend we can trust,  
 When the storms of adversity blaw,  
 May he join in our song and lie nearest our heart—  
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.  
 May he join in, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

A blessing unknown to ambition and pride,
 That fortune can never abate,
 To wealth and to splendour though often denied,
 Yet on poverty deigns to await.
 That blessing, ye powers! O be it my lot!
 The choicest, best gift from above,
 Deep fixed in my heart, shall be never forgot—
 The wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition, why should I repine,
 By poverty never distressed?
 Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,
 A treasure enshrined in my breast.
 That blessing, ye powers! O be it my lot!
 The choicest best gift from above,
 Still fixed in my heart, shall be never forgot,
 That the wealth of the cottage is love.



THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

Favourite Song, composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, by
James Humble.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
 Is up and streaming rarely,
 The gathering pipe on Loch-na-garr
 Is sounding lang and sarely;
 The Highland men, frae hill and glen,
 In martial hue, with bonnets blue,
 With belted plaids and burnish'd blades,
 Are coming late and early.
 The standard, &c.

Wha wadna join our noble Chief—
 The Drummond, and Glengarry,
 Macgregor, or Murray, Rolla, Keith,
 Panmure, and gallant Harry—
 Macdonald's men, Clan-Ronald's men,
 Mackenzie's men, Macgilvary's men,
 Strathallan's men, the Lowland men
 Of Callander and Airly?
 The standard, &c.

Fy, Donald! up, and let's awa;
 We canna langer parley
 When Jamie's back is at the wa'—
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
 We'll go, we'll go and meet the foe,
 And fling the plaid and swing the blade,
 And forward dash, and hack and slash,
 An' fleg the German carlie.
 The standard, &c.

PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE.

Written by T. Morton, Esq. Music composed by H. R. Bishop. Sung by Miss Stephens, and by Miss Josephine Phillips, Glasgow, in "The Slave."

Sons of freedom! hear my story,
 Mercy well becomes the brave,
 Humanity is Britain's glory,—
 Pity and protect the Slave!

Free-born daughters! who possessing
 Eyes that conquer—hearts that save,
 Greet me with a sister's blessing,—
 Oh! pity and protect the Slave!

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED?

A Ballad. Sung by Mr Braham, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, and at the Glasgow Musical Festival. Music composed, and arranged for the Piano Forte, by Mr Braham.

Is there a heart that never loved,
 Or felt soft woman's sigh?
 Is there a man can mark unmoved
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where none but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deigned to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live;
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles,
 That joy her virtues give.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Paton. Words by Macneill.

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;
 He's willing to mak' me his ain,
 And his ain I'm willing to be:

He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittins o' green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land and their lordlie degree;
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa;
 I listen—poor fool!—and I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

~~~~~

### THE TRUMPET SOUNDS A VICTORY.

Sung by Braham. Words by Cherry. Arranged by Corri.

He was famed for deeds of arms,  
 She a maid of matchless charms;  
 Now to him her love imparts;  
 One pure flame pervades both hearts;  
 Honour calls him to the field,  
 Love to conquest now must yield.  
 "Sweet maid!" he cries, "again, I'll come to thee,  
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!"

Battle now with fury glows!  
 Hostile blood in torrents flows!  
 His duty tells him to depart,  
 She press'd her hero to her heart.  
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms,  
 Amid the clash of war's alarms.  
 "Sweet maid!" he cries, &c.

He with love and conquest burns,  
 Both subdue his mind by turns,  
 Death the soldier now enthralls!  
 With his wounds the hero falls!  
 She, disdaining war's alarms,  
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms.  
 "O death!" he cried, "thou'rt welcome now to me;  
 For, hark! the glad trumpet sounds a victory."



## WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

Duet, composed by T. Moore, Esq. Music,—“The Yellow Horse.”

*He.* What the bee is to the floweret,  
When he looks for honey dew  
Thro' the leaves that close embower it,  
That, my love, I'll be to you !

*She.* What the bank, with verdure glowing,  
Is to waves that wander near,  
Whispering kisses, while they're going,  
That I'll be to you, my dear !

*He.* But, they say, the bee's a rover,  
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone ;  
And, when once the kiss is over,  
Faithless brooks will wander on !

*She.* Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,  
If sunny banks *will* wear away,  
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks  
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

~~~~~  
'TIS SWEET TO TAKE THE BONNIE LAKE.

Sung by Mr Broadhurst. Arranged, with an accompaniment for the
Piano Forte, by J. Watson.

'Tis sweet to take the bonnie lake
When waves are fair before it,
When the merry moon doth lightly shake
Her silver tresses o'er it :
Then over the water, then o'er the light,
Then over to my darling lassie ;
'Tis pleasant to stray on that shining way,
O'er the waves, to my bonnie lassie.
Then over the water, &c.

The boat rocks blyth on the bonnie lake,
With oar and sail beside it ;
And it seems to dance for my lassie's sake,
So a merry course betide it !
Then over the water, then o'er the lake,
Then o'er to my bonnie lassie ;
The moon shines bright, with a path of light,
O'er the waves, to my darling lassie,
Then over the water, &c.

OH! NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

By Dr Percy, Editor of the celebrated "Relicks of Ancient Poetry.

Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown?
 No longer drest in silk and sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,
 Where thou art fairest of the fair?
 Oh! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before a wintry wind?
 Oh! can that soft, that gentle mien,
 Extremes of hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou art fairest of the fair?
 Oh! Nanny, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Oh! Nanny, when thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

~~~~~  
 THERE'S A TEAR THAT FALLS.

Scottish Ballad, Sung by Miss Stephens.

There's a tear that falls when we part  
 From a friend whose loss we shall mourn;  
 There's a tear that flows from the half-broken heart,  
 When we think he may never return, oh, never!

'Tis hard to be parted from those  
 With whom we for ever could dwell,  
 But bitter, indeed, is the sorrow that flows,  
 When perhaps we are saying farewell—for ever.

There's a tear that brightens the eye  
 Of a friend, when absence is o'er;  
 There's a tear that flows, not from sorrow, but joy,  
 When we meet to be parted no more—oh never!  
 Then all that in absence we dread  
 Is past, and forgotten our pain;  
 For sweet is the tear at such moments we shed,  
 When we hold the loved object again—for ever.

~~~~~  
 NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news are true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?
 Mak' haste—set by your wheel.
 Is this a time to talk o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Gi'e me my cluik, 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 guidman's awa.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pat,
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat.
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw,
 It's a' to please my ain guidman,
 For he's been lang awa,
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 'S been fed this month and mair,
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;

And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw,
 It's a' for love o' my guidman,
 For he's been lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gi'e me down my bigonet,
 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' pearl blue,
 It's a' to please my ain guidman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath 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 SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned—to take a last fond look  
 Of the valley and the village church, and the cottage by the  
 brook;  
 He listen'd to the sound so familiar to his ear,  
 And the Soldier leant upon his sword, and wiped away a tear.  
 Beside that cottage porch a girl was on her knees;  
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze;  
 She breathed a prayer for him—a prayer he could not hear;  
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.  
 He turn'd and left the spot.—Oh! do not deem him weak,  
 For dauntless was the Soldier's heart, tho' tears were on his  
 cheek.  
 Go, watch the foremost ranks, in danger's dark career;  
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

## OH! SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

A Ballad, composed by Isaac Pocock, Esq., and Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss M. Tree. Music composed, and arranged for the Piano Forte, by John Whittaker.

Oh! say not woman's love is bought  
 With vain and empty treasure;  
 Oh! say not woman's heart 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 for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair;  
 That like the bee she 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 for ever.



## CONNEL AND FLORA.

Composed by A. Wilson. Music arranged, with embellishments, by J. Robertson.

Dark lowers the night, o'er the wide stormy main,  
 Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;  
 Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,  
 But Connel returns to his Flora no more:

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,  
 O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath,  
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,  
 He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits, that glide o'er the steep,  
 O would ye but waft me across the wild deep!  
 There, fearless, I'd mix in the battle's loud roar—  
 I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

## THE LITTLE COT.

Let wrangling statesmen still debate,  
 Let misers hoard their pelf,  
 Let tiplers spend their whole estate,  
 Let each man please himself ;  
 But joys more rural I desire,  
 If such should be my lot—  
 To spend my days, snug and retire,  
 All in some little cot,  
 All in some little cot,  
 All in some little cot,  
 To spend my days, snug and retire,  
 All in some little cot.

What pleasures more refined can be?—  
 To hear all nature sing,  
 'Twould be such happiness to me,  
 I'd envy not a king.  
 To see romantic hills abound,  
 Would be a pleasing lot,  
 With limpid streams to circle round  
 About my little cot.

Transported with domestic joys,  
 I should be truly blest ;  
 I with the lark each morn would rise,  
 and with the linnet rest.  
 My homely food, though meaner things,  
 Would be a happy lot,  
 With peace to spread her balmy wings,  
 Upon my little cot.

But should kind fortune smile again,  
 All in this happy life,  
 And give a joy that did remain,  
 Sweet friendship, with a wife,  
 No pleasures more could I require,  
 Or wish to be my lot,  
 For all that man can e'er desire,  
 Would fill my little cot.



## HUNTING SONG.

The sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,  
 With blushes adorning the meadows and fields,  
 The merry horn calls, come, come, come away,  
 Awake from your slumbers and hail the new day ;  
 The stag roused before us, away seems to fly,  
 And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry.

Then follow, come follow the musical chase,  
 Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace ;  
 The day's sport when over, makes blood circle right,  
 And fits us to relish the joys of the night.  
 Then let us enjoy all we can while we may,  
 Let wine crown the night, as our sports crown the day.



## HARK! HARK—THE SKY-LARK SINGING.

Hark! hark—the sky-lark singing,  
 As the early clouds are bringing  
     Fragrance on their wings :  
 Still, still on high he's soaring,  
 Through the liquid haze exploring—  
     Fainter now he sings.  
 Where the purple dawn is breaking,  
     Swift approaches morning's ray,—  
 From his wings the dew he's shaking,  
     As he joyful hails the day ;  
 While Echo, from his slumbers waking,  
     Imitates his lay.

See! see the ruddy morning,  
 With his blushing looks, adorning  
     Mountain, wood, and vale.  
 Clear, clear the dew-drop's glancing,  
 As the rising sun's advancing  
     O'er yon eastern hill.  
 Now the distant summit's clearing,  
     As the vapours steal their way ;  
 And its heath-clad breast's appearing,  
     Tinged with Phœbus' golden ray ;  
 Far down the glen the black-bird's cheering  
     Morning with his lay.

Come, come let us be straying,  
 Where the hazel boughs are playing  
     O'er yon summit grey;  
 Mild, mild the breeze is blowing,  
 And the crystal streamlet's flowing  
     Gently on its way;  
 On its banks the wild rose springing,  
     Blushing in the sunny ray,  
 Wet with dew its head is hanging,  
     Bending low the prickly spray;—  
 Then haste, my love, while birds are singing,  
     To the new-born day.



#### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a lilting, at our ewes' milking,  
 Lasses a-lilting, before the break o' day;  
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,  
     That our braw foresters are a' wede away.  
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning;  
     The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;  
     Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.  
 At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
     'Mang stacks, wi' the lasses, at bogle to play;  
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,—  
     The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering;  
     The bandsters are runkled, lyart, and grey;  
 At fairs or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
     Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.  
 O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!  
     The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The flowers of the forest, that aye shone the foremost,  
     The prime of the land, now lie cauld in the clay.  
 We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewes' milking;  
     The women and bairns are dowie and wae,  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,  
     Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

## O JEANIE! THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

Music,—“Blue Bonnets over the Border.”

O, my lassie, our joy to complete again,  
Meet me again in the gloamin', my dearie;  
Low down i' the dell let us meet again,—

O Jeanie! there's naething to fear ye:  
Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie,  
Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary:

Love be thy sure defence,

Beauty an' innocence,—

O Jeanie! there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw an' the rowan tree,  
Wild roses speck our thicket so breerie;  
Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be,—

O Jeanie! there's naething to fear ye.

Note when the blackbird o' singing grows weary,  
List when the beetle bee's bugle comes near ye,

Then come with fairy haste,

Light foot an' beating breast,—

O Jeanie! there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle an' brownie be;  
Beauty an' truth, they darena come near it.

Kind love is the tie of our unity;

A' maun love it an' a' maun revere it.

Love mak's the song o' the woodland sae cheerie,

Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye;

Love mak's the rose sae sweet,

Cowslip, an' violet,—

O Jeanie! there's naething to fear ye.



## AMANDA.

Unless with my Amanda blest,  
In vain I twine the woodbine bower,  
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,  
In vain I rear the breathing flower.

Awakened by the genial year,  
In vain the birds around me sing,  
In vain the freshing fields appear,—  
Without my love there is no spring.



## THE LAST LINKS ARE BROKEN.

Duetto. Written and arranged by F. Steers.

The last links are broken that bound me to thee,  
 And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free;  
 That bright glance, misleading, on others may shine,—  
 Those eyes smiled, unheeding, when tears burst from mine.

If my love was deemed boldness, that error is o'er;  
 I've witnessed thy coldness, and prize thee no more.  
 Oh! I have not loved lightly—I'll think on thee yet,  
 And pray for thee nightly, till life's sun has set.

## SHE NEVER BLAMED HIM.

Words by T. H. Bayly. Music by H. R. Bishop.

She never blamed him, never,  
 But received him, when he came,  
 With a welcome kind as ever,  
 And she tried to look the same;  
 But vainly she dissembled,  
 For whene'er she tried to smile,  
 A tear, unbidden, trembled  
 In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,  
 And she dreaded not her doom;  
 She never thought of sighing  
 O'er her beauty's blighted bloom;  
 She knew her cheek was altered,  
 And she knew her eye was dim;  
 Her voice, though, only faltered  
 When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her  
 From the isle where she was born,  
 'Tis true he had inured her  
 To the cold world's cruel scorn;  
 But yet she never blamed him  
 For the anguish she had known,  
 And though she seldom named him,  
 Yet she thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her  
 For she knew that they must part;  
 She spoke not when he pressed her  
 To his young and panting heart.—  
 The banners waved around her,  
 And she heard the bugle's sound—  
 They passed—and strangers found her  
 Cold and lifeless on the ground.



HEY, DONALD! HOWE, DONALD!

Now simmer smiles on bank and brae,  
 An' nature bids the heart be gay;  
 But a' the joys of flowery May  
 Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
 Hey, Donald! howe, Donald!  
 Think upon your vow, Donald,—  
 Mind the heathy knowe, Donald,  
 Whare ye vowed to lo'e me.

When first ye climbed the heathory steep,  
 Wi' me to wear my father's sheep,  
 The vows ye made ye said ye'd keep,  
 The vows ye made to lo'e me.  
 Hey, Donald! &c.

But love is but a weary dream;  
 Its joys are like the summer scene,  
 Whose beauty is the sunny beam  
 That dazzles to deceive me.  
 Hey, Donald! &c.

For lanely now I climb the steep,  
 I lanely wear my father's sheep,  
 And lanely sit me down and weep—  
 For broken vows that grieve me.  
 Hey, Donald! &c.

My father has a haudin braw,  
 His setting sun's just gaun to fa',  
 And, Donald, thou sall get it a',  
 My Donald, gin ye'll lo'e me.  
 Hey, Donald! &c.

## OCH HEY, JOHNNIE LAD!

Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been,  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae an' weary, a' my lane;—  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 It was a waefu' night yestreen.

I looked by the whinny knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green,  
 I looked owre the spunkie howe,  
 An' aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.  
 The ne'er a supper crost my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my een;—  
 Och hey, Johnnie lad!  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye war waitin' by the wood,  
 It's I was waitin' by the thorn;  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 An' waited maist till dawning morn.  
 But be nae vext my bonnie lassie;  
 Let my waitin' stan' for thine;  
 We'll awa to Craigton Shaw,  
 An' seek the joys we tint yestreen.

## KELVIN GROVE.

Words by Mr T. Lyle. Music, "Bonnie lassie, O," arranged, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by R. A. Smith: also by Braham.

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

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



Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O.  
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,  
     Yet was fortune on my side,  
     I could stay thy father's pride,  
 And might win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

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

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,—  
     To the river winding clear,  
     To the fragrant scented brier,  
 Even to thee, of all most dear, 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?



#### THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
 Wilt thou go—say ay or no—  
     To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?

Tho' Donald ha'e nae meikle frase,  
 Wi' Lowland speeches fine, lassie,  
 What he'll impart comes frae the heart;  
     Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.  
     Wilt thou go, &c.

When summer days cleed a' the braes  
 Wi' blossomed broom sae fine, lassie,  
 At milking sheel we'll join the reel:  
     My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.  
     Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
 The tarmigan sae shy, lassie ;  
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake :  
 Nae want shall come thee nigh, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout an' par, wi' canny care,  
 I'll wilely skim the flee, lassie ;  
 Wi' sic like cheer I'll please my dear,—  
 Then come awa wi' me, lassie.  
 Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,  
 Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie ;  
 I'll kilt my coats, I'll tent the goats,  
 On the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

Gin thou'lt prove true thou'lt never rue,  
 The love thou bear'st for me, laddie ;  
 Ilk joy an' care wi' thee I'll share,  
 Until the day I die, laddie.  
 Come awa, my bonny laddie,  
 Come awa, my braw laddie,  
 Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt an' gae  
 To the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

~~~~~  
 OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

Sung by Miss Stephens. Music,—“Comin' through the rye.”

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 'Deed I darena tell;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 Ask it o' yoursel'.
 Oh! dinna look sae aft at me,
 For oh! yee weel may trow,
 That when ye look sae sair at me,
 I darena look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,
 And bonnier lasses see,
 O, Jamie! dinna look at them,
 For fear ye mind na me.
 For I could never bide the lass,
 That yee lo'ed mair than me;
 And O I'm sure my heart would break
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Composed by Burns, and Sung by Mr Taylor. Music arranged for the Piano Forte, with a Second Voice part, by R. A. Smith.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever,
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften thou hast vowed that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye ;
 I maun see the never, Jamie,
 I maun see the never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken,
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking ;
 Soon my weary een I'll close,
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Never mair to waken.

~~~~~  
JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas 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 fair—  
 Young Jockie, early on the morn,  
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn,  
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
 For Jenny had vow'd away to run,  
 Wi' Jockie to the fair ;  
 For Jenny vow'd &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
 With eager steps he trudged along,  
 While flowery garlands round him hung,  
 Which shepherds used to wear ;  
 He tapt the window—Haste, my dear,  
 Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there ?



'Tis I, my love, and no one near,  
 Step gently down, you've nought to fear,  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 Step gently down, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,  
 Will Jenny be my charming bride ;  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
 And Hymen meet us there.  
 Then Jockie 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 Jockie to the fair ;  
 O'er cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures met the joyful train,  
 Their gay companions, blythe and young,  
 Each join the dance, each join the throng,  
 To hail the happy pair ;  
 In turns they're none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
 With Jockie to the fair ;  
 When lovely Jenny, &c.

~~~~~  
 THE NEW ANTHEM.

God save our gracious King—
 William, our noble King—
 God save the King—
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the King.

Shield him, thou good and great,
 And to our Queen and state
 New blessings bring.
 Guard Britain's throne, and long
 May the exulting throng
 For them renew the song—
 God save the King.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.
 Britannia's boast—lovely women and brave men.
 Caledonia—the nursery of learning and the birth-place of
 heroes.
 Charms to strike the sight, and merit to win the heart.
 Disinterested friendship and artless love.
 Every daughter of Fortune, except the eldest—*Mis-fortune*.
 Fidelity to our friends, and grace to our enemies.
 Great men honest, and good men great.
 Holy pastors, honest magistrates, and humane rulers.
 Happiness to those who wish it to others.
 In friendship and love may we never know vexation.
 Love without fear, and love without reproach.
 May all our pleasures bear reflection.
 May the benevolent never know poverty.
 May we be more ready to correct our own faults, than to
 publish the faults of others.
 May modesty ever lend the cheek of beauty its delicate hue.
 May the rich be charitable, and the poor grateful.
 May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.
 May the honest heart never feel distress.
 May justice tempered with mercy flow over the land.
 May the pleasure of pleasing others never lead us to forget
 ourselves.
 May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.
 May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.
 Neptune's favourites—British sailors.
 Our wooden walls and their supporters.
 Pillars of love—kindness and constancy.
 Riches without pride, and poverty without meanness.
 Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.
 The Land of Cakes; and may the enemies of Scotland never
 break a farle of them.
 The Liberty of the Press.
 The three greatest and best generals—General Peace,
 General Plenty, and General Satisfaction.
 Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
 What we cannot obtain may we never desire.

SCOTS PROVERBS.

- A life ill spent makes a sad old age.
 A good name is sooner tint than won.
 A's no gowd that glitters.
 A' things are good untried.
 A woman conceals what she knows not.
 Birds of a-feather flock thegither.
 Blind men shouldna be judges o' colours.
 Better that the feet slip than the tongue.
 Credit keeps the crown o' the causey.
 Dinna meddle wi' the de'il and the laird's bairns.
 Every may be hath a may not be.
 Friends are like fiddle strings, they maunna be screwed owre
 tight.
 Fine feathers mak' fine birds.
 Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story.
 Gaily wad be better.
 He that wad eat the kernel maun crack the nut.
 He that comes unca'd, sits unser'd.
 Hair and hair mak's the carle's beard bare.
 Ill herds mak' fat foxes.
 Kindness will creep where it canna gang.
 Little wit i' the head mak's muckle travel to the feet.
 Love me lightly, love me lang.
 Mak' your hay when the sun shines.
 March wind and May sun, make clothes white and maids dun.
 Mettle is dangerous in a blin' horse.
 Nae safe wading in unco water.
 Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.
 Penny in pocket is good companion.
 Quick believers need braid shoulders.
 Raise nae mair de'ils than ye're able to lay.
 Shallow waters make maist din.
 Samson was a strong man, yet could not pay money before
 he had it.
 The wife's aye welcome that comes wi' a crooked oxtter.
 When friends meet, hearts warm.
 Women, wine, and horses, are ware men are often deceived in.
 Ye'll ne'er ken a friend till ye need him.

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