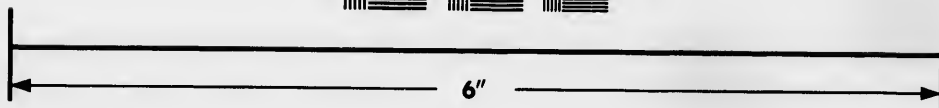
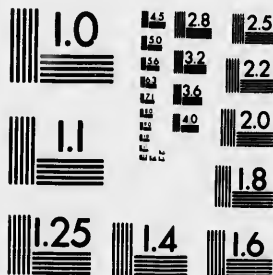


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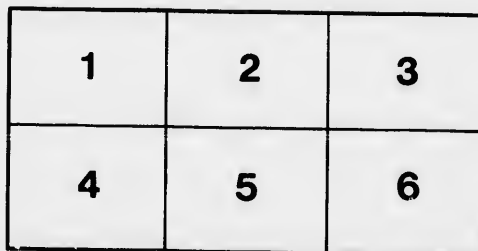
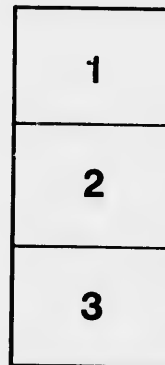
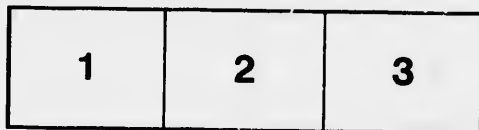
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THE
TORONTO SONGSTER;

BEING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

POPULAR SONGS,

Old and New—Comic and Sentimental.

~~~~~  
SECOND EDITION.  
~~~~~



TORONTO:

PRINTED FOR THE COMPILER, BY LOVELL & GIBSON.

1858.

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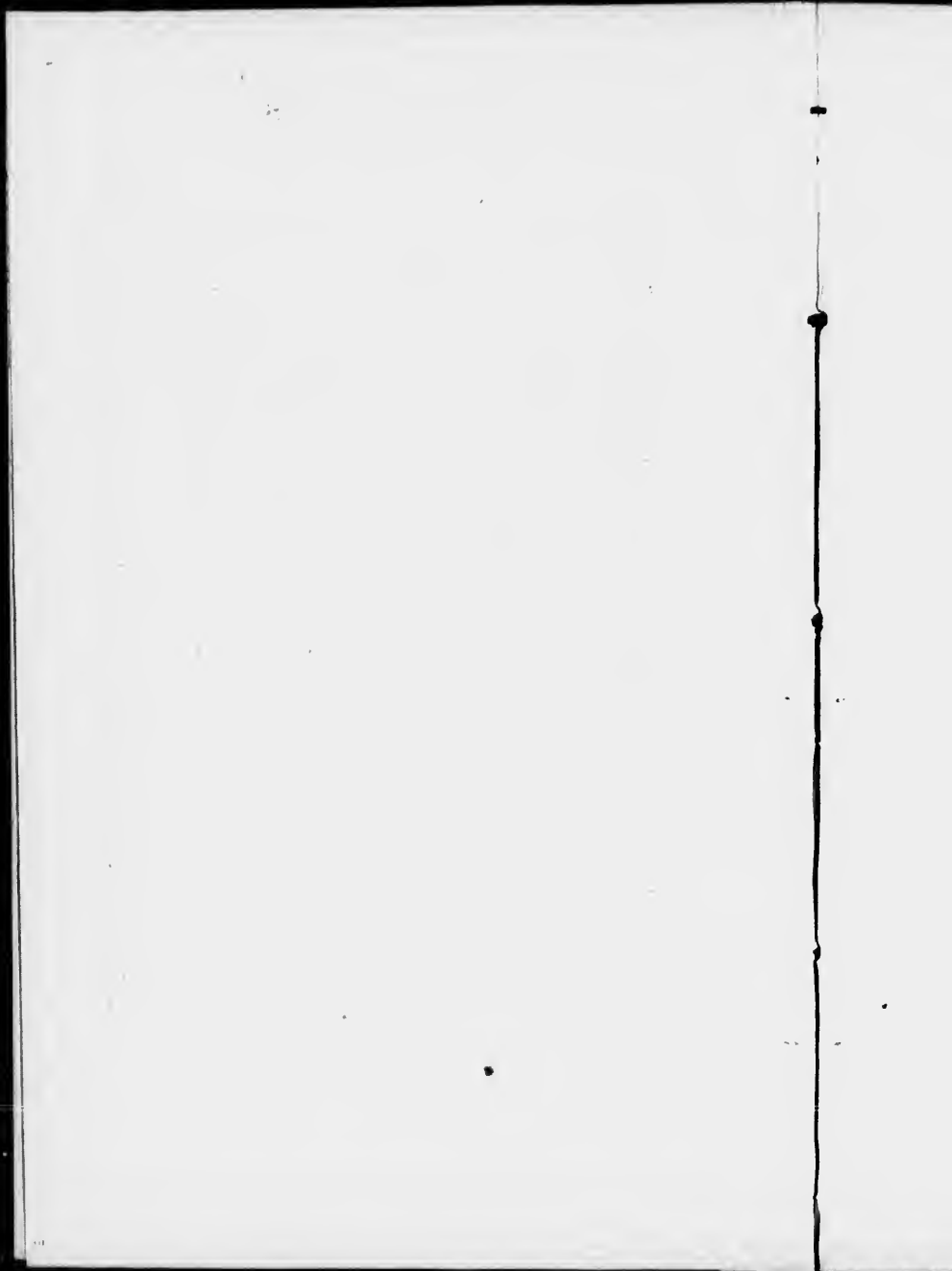
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NOTICE.

In preparing the following collection, the Compiler has aimed at making such a selection as will suit the most varied taste, inserting no songs but those of standard excellence, from the most popular works of the day, and such as are likely to be appreciated by the generality of Vocalists.

The notes appended to some of the songs, he hopes will be found useful and entertaining.



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THE
TORONTO SONGSTER,

AND

Vocalist's Companion.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

A Glee for three voices. Composed and arranged by Moore.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening 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, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past !

Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl ;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow' breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past !

Ottawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon,
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers,
Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring air.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapid's are near, and the day-light's past !

LOCH-NA-GARR.

—

Near Loch-na-garr, Byron spent some of the early part of his life, the recollection of which gave birth to these stanzas. one of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain in Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snow.

—

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye garden 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, beloved are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits tho' elements war,
 Tho' cataracts foar 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid:
 On chieftans departed my memory pondered,
 As daily I strayed through the pine-covered 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 cheered by traditional story,
 Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead I 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 storm mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
 They awell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Moore.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
 As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green,
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,—
 Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

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

THE WHITE SQUALL.

Composed by George Barker, Esquire.

The sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
 The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell—
 'Twas a gallant bark, with a crew as brave
 As ever launched on the heaving wave—
 She shone in the light of declining day,
 And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land, wherein beauty smiles
 The sunny shores of the Grecian Isles ;
 All thought of home, and the welcome dear
 Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear,
 And in fancy joined the social throng,
 In the festive dance, and the joyous song.

B

A white cloud glides through the azure sky,—
 What means that wild despairing cry?
 Farewell the visioned scenes of home—
 That cry is help, where no help can come,
 For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
 And the bark is gulphed in an ocean grave.

OH, STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

Written by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. Music by S. Nelson.

OH, I have roam'd in many lands,
 And many friends I've met;
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
 Can this fond heart forget.
 But I'll confess that I'm content,
 No more I wish to roam,
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
 For Erin is my home.
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle, &c.

If England were my place of birth,
 I'd love her tranquil shore;
 If bonny Scotland was my home,
 Her mountains I'd adore.
 Tho' pleasant days in both I've spent,
 I dream of days to come.
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,
 For Erin is my home.
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle, &c.

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

This Song was written to the old Air of "Gin a Body meet a
 Body" by a Mr. Dunlop.

OH! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
 Troth I daurna tell;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
 Ask it o' yoursel.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me;
 For weel ye ken me true;
 Oh, gin you look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

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

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

Music by Mr. Braham.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore,
 My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more.

Dear youth, she cried, and can'st thou haste away?
 My heart will break—a little moment stay;
 Alas! I cannot—cannot part from thee,
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! remember
 me.

Weep not, my love, I trembling said;
 Doubt not a constant heart like mine:
 I ne'er can meet another maid
 Whose charms can fix my heart like thine.

Go, then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her thou leav'st in tears behind;
 Dear maid—this last embrace my pledge shall be.
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell! farewell! remember
 me.

ALICE GREY.

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 Grey.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er
 A brow of spotless white;
 Her soft blue eye now languishes—
 Now flashes with delight;—
 Her hair is braided not for me,
 Her eye is turned away!—
 Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Grey.

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 wraps my grave,
 May Pity haply say,
 Oh! his heart—his heart was broken
 For the love of Alice Grey.

 I'M AFLOAT! I'M AFLOAT!

Words by Eliza Cook. Composed and sung by Henry Russell.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide,
 The ocean's my home and my bark is my bride;
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat, and the Rover is free.

I fear not the monarch, I heed not the law,
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt wears the steel.

Quick, quick trim her sail, let the sheet kiss the wind
 And I'll warrant we'll soon leave the seagulls behind
 Up, up with my flag, let it wave o'er the sea,
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.

The night gathers o'er us, the thunder is heard,
 What matter, our vessel skims on like a bird;
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main,
 She has brav'd it before, and will brave it again.

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall,
 They may strike, they may cleave, but they cannot
 appal;
 With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.

Hurrah! my brave comrades, ye may drink, ye may
 sleep.

The storm fiend is hush'd we're alone on the deep,
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea,
 I'm afloat! I'm afloat! and the Rover is free.

I'm afloat! I'm afloat! &c.

O' A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

Burns' complimentary song to his bonnie Jean.

O' a' the airts the wind can blow,
 I dearly lo'e the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best:
 Let wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' mony a hill between;
 Baith day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in ilka dewy flower,
 Sae lovely, fresh, and fair:
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air;

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees,
 Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae bliuk o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows, among the knowes,
 Hae passed atween us twa !
 How blithe to meet, how wae to part,
 The day she gaed awa !
 The powers aboon can only ken,
 To whom the heart is seen,
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean !

MY NATIVE HIGHLAND HOME.

Music by H. R. Bishop.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
 And cold thy wintry looks,
 Thy mountains crown'd with driven snow,
 And ice-bound are thy brooks !
 But colder far the Briton's heart,
 However far he roam,
 To whom these words no joy impart,
 My native Highland home.

Then gang wi' me to Scotland, dear ;
 We ne'er again will roam ;
 And with thy smiles so bonny, cheer
 My native Highland home !

When summer comes, the heather bell
 Shall tempt thy feet to rove,
 The cushet dove within the dell
 Invite to peace and love!
 For blythsome is the breath of May,
 And sweet the bonnie broom,
 And pure the dimpling rills that play
 Around my Highland home!

Then gang wi' me, &c.

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

T. Haynes Bayly. Music by C. S. Whitmore.

SHADES of ev'ning close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awhile;
 Morn, alas! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell:
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, Fare-thee-well.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light;
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to night?
 Thro' the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly "Fare-thee-well."

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone;
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green spot to rest upon:
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell!
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
 Isle of Beauty, Fare-thee-well.

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME.

Words by R. Gilfillan, Esq. Composed by P. M'Leod, Esq.

Oh, why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep?
 Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle springs,
 And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings;
 But I dinna see the broom wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard amang the yellow corn:
 For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail of slaverie.
 But the sun of freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every yoe, and a balm for every pain,
 But the first joys of our heart come never back again;
 There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea,
 But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Author unknown. Arranged as a Duet.

BEGONE, dull care! I pry thee begone from me;
 Begone, dull care! thou and I can never agree.
 Long time hast thou been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldest me kill;
 But i' faith! dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey;
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it one of the wisest things,
 To drive dull care away.

ROY'S WIFE.

This Song has sometimes, but erroneously, been ascribed to the late Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Grant of Carron was the Authoress.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch ?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine ;
 She said she lo'ed me best o' onie ;
 But ah ! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a cantie quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her cen sae clear.
 Her wee bit mon' sae sweet and bonnie ;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie,
 Roy's wife, &c.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Written by Thomas Moore.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers around her are sighing ;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.
 She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking,
 Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him!
 Oh! make her a grave, when the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile, from the west,
 From her own loved island of sorrow!

ANNIE LAURIE.

These verses were written by Mr. Douglas of Finland, upon Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is supposed that these verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth century. It is painful to mention, that notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife, she was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigharroch.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
 When early fa's the dew
 And its there that Annie Laurie
 Gied me her promise true;
 Gied me her promise true,
 Which ne'er forgot will be:
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
 Her throat is like the swan,
 Her face, it is the fairest
 That e'er the sun shone on;
 That e'er the sun shone on,
 And dark blue is her e'e;
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 And like the winds in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet ;
 Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'd lay me down and dee.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE.

Tannahill—Atr, "Sleepy Maggie."

O ARE ye sleeping, Maggie ?
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie ?
 Let me in, for loud the linn
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Mirk and rainy is the night,
 No a star in a' the carry,
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
 And wir's drive wi' winter's fury.
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
 Loud the iron yett does clank,
 And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise, my bonny leddy !
 O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

She op'd the door, she let me in,
 He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie ;
 "Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye."

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
 What care I for howlets cry,
 For boortree bank, or warlock craigie.

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
 When 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,

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

My love, still I think that I see her once more,
 But, alas! she has left me her loss to deplore—
 My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
 Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new—
 So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

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She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir ;
 Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her--
 So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
 To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon,
 So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bow'r,
 It chill'd my poor Kathleen, she dropp'd from that hour ;
 And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More !

The bird, of all birds that I love the best,
 Is the robin that in the church-yard builds his nest--
 For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
 Kathleen,
 My Kathleen O'More.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Happy to meet, and sorry to part,
 Happy to meet, and sorry to part, and
 Happy, happy to meet again.

WHEN THY BOSOM HEAVES A SIGH.

A Duet. Arranged by Braham.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
 May sweet hope afford relief,
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

So the tender flower appears,
 Drooping wet with morning tears.
 Till the sunbeams' genial ray
 Chase the heavy dew away.

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

Sung with great applause by Mr. Braham.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder ;
 The rain in deluge showers :
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 By lightning's vivid powers :
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 There she lay,
 Till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak ;
 Each fears a watery pillow,—
 None stop the dreadful leak !
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

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

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent :
 When heaven all bounteous ever,
 Its generous succour sent !
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers !
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O!

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NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

As beauteous as Flora
 Is charming young Norah,
 The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare
 I ne'er will deceive her.
 For sadly 'twould grieve her,
 To find that I sigh'd for another less fair ;
 Her heart with truth teeming,
 Her eye with smiles beaming,
 What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
 As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare ?

Where'er I may be, love !
 I'll ne'er forget thee, love !
 Tho' beauties may smile and try to ensnare,
 Yet nothing shall ever
 My heart from thine sever,
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare !
 Thy heart with truth teeming,
 Thy eye with smiles beaming,
 What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
 As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare ?

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

Campbell.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill !
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh !

O sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me.

Ah! never again in the green shady bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh!

Oh, Erin! my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 Oh! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
 Oh! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
 Oh, my sad soul! long abandon'd by pleasure,
 Why didst thou doat on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw,
 Erin, an exile bequeathes thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers. Erin go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion.
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking birds sing aloud with devotion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh!

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

Tune—"Roy's Wife."

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.
 Though you leave me now, &c.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
 Rule, Britannia,
 Britannia rules the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves !

The nations, not so blessed as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that rends the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair ;
 Blessed Isle ! with matchless beauties crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

I'LL REMEMBER THEE.

Sung by Mr. Wilson. Music by J. F. Danneley.

Ah! forget thee! no, my love—
 Time may stop or cease to be,
 Streams forget to flow, my love,
 But I'll remember thee.
 Fairer forms may meet my sight,
 Finer features, eyes more bright,
 But ah! forget thee! no my love,
 Time may stop or cease to be,
 Streams forget to flow, my love,
 But I'll remember thee.

Though I wander lonely, love,
 Through this vale of tears and woe;
 'Tis thine absence only, love,
 Shall cause the tears to flow,
 Fare-thee-well! my bliss is o'er,
 I shall ne'er behold thee more.
 But ah! forget thee! no, my love—
 Time may stop or cease to be,
 Streams forget to flow, my love,
 But I'll remember thee.

 THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Burns,

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
 But whatna day or whatna style,
 I doubt it's hardly worth my 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 hin'most year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

Robin was, &c.

The gossip keeket in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This wally boy will be nae coof;
I think we'll ea' him Robin.

Robin was, &c.

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.

Robin was, &c.

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.

Robin was, &c.

THE LAND OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE.

O **WHERE** is the land of the brave and the free?
It is set like a gem in the midst of the sea;
And the waves that beat round it, embracing its strand
Sound the music of freedom to liberty's land.
Oh! there ne'er was a spot, and there never will be,
A land like the land of the brave and the free.

When the tempest of tyranny threaten'd the world,
And the banners of faith where by treachery furl'd;
Like the ark, in the midst of the waters she stood,
The refuge of all that was noble and good.
If you ask me her name—'tis the land of my birth—
Tis **BRITAIN**—oh! seek for her likeness on earth.

Blest with beauty so matchless, with valour so tried—
 Pure religion our staff, and fair honour our guide—
 We will tread in the steps which our forefathers trod,
 We'll be true to our King—we'll esteem all that's good ;
 We will love all the world ; and our motto shall be,
 The Land of the Fair, and the brave, and the Free.

HOME ! SWEET HOME !

Music by Bishop.

'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 come at my call :
 Give me them with peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
 There's no place like home ! there's no place like home !

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Author unknown.

This song appeared shortly after Burns' death, whose dying thoughts it affects to represent.

I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearin' awa
 To the land of the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day's aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
 And, oh! we grudred her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's comin' fast, Jean,
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
 We've lang been left alane, Jean,
 We'll a' meet again
 In the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
 My soul langts to be free, Jean,
 And angels beekon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
 Your day it's wearin' through, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's cares are vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM,

Poetry by C. Mackay. Music by Henry Russell.

SOME love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
 Where the shrill winds whistle free;
 But a chosen band in a mountain land,
 And a life in the woods for me.
 When morning beams o'er the mountain streams,
 Oh! merrily forth we go,
 To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
 And to chase the bounding roe.— Ho! ho! ho!

Some love to roam, &c.

The deer we mark in the forest dark,
 And the prowling wolf we track;
 And for right good cheer, in the wild woods here,
 Oh! why should a hunter lack?
 For with steady aim at the bounding game,
 And hearts that fear no foe,
 To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
 Oh merrily forth we go.—Ho! ho! ho! ho!
 Some love to roam, &c.

— — —

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blast sae bauld,
 Was threatning a' our kye to kill.
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up gudeman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummie is a usefu' cow.
 And she is come of a gude kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae high;
 Sloth never made a gracious end;
 Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn 't this thretty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We' little ken the day we'll die:
 Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In the days when gude King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-croun,
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
 He was the King that wore a croun;
 And thou'rt a man o' laigh degree;
 It's pride put's a' the countrie doun,
 Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has it's ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn it has its hool;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule,
 Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin' i' the ase—
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years
 Sin' we did ane anither ken:
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten.
 Now they are women grown an' men,
 I wish an' pray weel may they be;
 And if you'd prove a good husband,
 E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 An' to maintain an easy life
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman,
 Nocht's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone,
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred—no rose-bud 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 wither'd and fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone.

SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

Written by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Music by Joseph P. Knight.

She wore a wreath of roses
 The night that first we met,
 Her lovely face was smiling
 Beneath her curls of jet;
 Her footsteps had the lightness,
 Her voice the joyous tone,
 The token of a youthful heart
 Where sorrow is unknown.

I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 With the wreath of summer flowers
 Upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange blossoms,
 When next we met, she wore,
 The expression of her features
 Was more thoughtful than before;
 And standing by her side was one
 Who strove, and not in vain,
 To soothe her, leaving that dear home
 She ne'er might view again.

I saw her but a moment,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 With the wreath of orange blossoms
 Upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see that brow,
 No bridal wreath is there,
 The widow's sombre cap conceals
 Her once luxuriant hair;
 She weeps in silent solitude,
 And there is no one near
 To press her hand within his own,
 And wipe away the tear.

I see her broken hearted,
 Yet methinks I see her now,
 In the pride of youth and beauty,
 With a garland on her brow.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Sung with great applause by Mr. Wilson.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearlie,
 And aye the o'er-come o' his sang,
 Was wae's me for Prince Charlie.
 Oh! when I hear the bonnie, bonnie bird,
 The tears cam' drappin' rairly;
 I took my bonnet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, my bird, my bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow,
 Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?
 Oh! no, no, no, the wee bird sang,
 I've flown sin' mornin' early,
 But sic a day o' wind an' rain;
 Oh! wae' me for Prince Charlie.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger;
 Oh! this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer,
 A while he hover'd on the wing
 Ere he departed fairly;
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain,
 Was wae's me for Prince Charlie!

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Lady Ann Lindsay.

The authorship of this beautiful ballad was for a long time disputed. The question was not finally determined till the year 1823, when Lady Ann Barnard communicated, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, a confession of the authorship and a relation of the circumstances attending the composition of the ballad, taking the name of Auld Robin Gray, from an old herd on her father's estate. She was born on the 8th December, 1750, and was married in 1763 to Sir Andrew Barnard the intimate friend of Dr. Johnson, and died at her residence in Berkly Square, London, on the 8th May, 1825.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had na been gane, but a year and a day,
 When my father brak his arm, and our cow was stown
 awa';
 My mither she fell siek, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray cam' n courting me.

My father couldna work and my mither couldna spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win,
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his
 e'e,
 Said Jenny, for their sake, O marry me?
 My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship it was a wreck;
 His ship was a wrack, why didna Jamie dee?
 And why was he spar'd to cry, wae is me?

My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
 They gied him my hand, though my heart was at the
 sea,

So auld Robin Gray is a gudeman to me.
 I had na been a wife a week but only four.
 When mournfu' I sat on the stane at the door,

I saw my Jamie's ghaist for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame love to marry thee.

Sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away ;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
Oh why was I born to say, wae is me ?
I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin,
So I will do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

THE LADIES' DARLING.

Air—"Teddy the Tyler."

My father he lived in Limerick town,
That sweet little place of great renown,
Which mirth and beauty call their own,
It is so gay and frisky ;
My father was digging potatoes so sweet,
My mother was sitting down to knit,
When I was born, and cronies did meet,
To drink my health in whiskey.
Swearing, tearing, jigging away,
Loving, drinking, all the day,
Och, sure there was the devil to pay,
For I was the ladies' darling.

Now the tables were spread with borrow'd delf,
They brought the whisky from the shelf,
They called me a little fairy elf,
And named me a little sinner.
The gossips were Jerry O'Brien, the big,
A devil for fighting, or eating a pig,
Whie Father O'Leary, with his wig,
Sat singing for his dinner.

But soon, you must know, I grew up a man,
Then all my troubles at once began ;
For I fell in love with one Kitty Megan,
And that you'll own was a folly.

A fellow got Kitty's heart into a snare,
 My friends they told him to beware,
 And swore they'd fight him at the fair,
 So ranting, gay, and jolly.

Swearing, tearing, jigging away,
 Loving, drinking, all the day,
 Och, sure there was the devil to pay,
 For I was the ladies' darling.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Written by George Halket, Schoolmaster, Rathen, Aberdeenshire, about the year 1730.

Halket was a great Jacobite, and wrote a dialogue betwixt George II. and the Devil, which fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland on his march to Culloden: one hundred pounds was offered by him for the person, or the head of its author. Mr. Halket died a natural death in 1736.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
 They hae ta'en awn' Jamie that delved in the yard,
 Wha played on the pipe and the viol sae sma'
 They hae ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'
 He said, Think na lang lassie, though I gang awa'
 He said, Think na lang lassie, though I gang awa'
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

O, Sandy has owsen, has gear and has kye,
 A house and a hadden, an' siller forbye;
 But I would hae Jamie wi's staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi's houses and land.

He said, &c.

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 But daddie and minnie although they may be,
 There nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

Ho said, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel ;
 He had but ae sixpence, he brak it in twa,
 And he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'

A GIRL, A BUMPER, AND A FRIEND.

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth, and fun ;
 Wiue and women all his joy.
 And from a foe he'll never run :
 And whether he is rich or not,
 He ne'er feels discontent at all ;
 For when he cash in store has got,
 Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.
 Och ! so frisky,
 Fond of whisky,
 Joy is never at an end ;
 Love's his boast,
 And this his toast—
 A girl, a bumper, and a friend.

How free from care's an Irish boy,
 A foe to all formality :
 A social life's his only joy,
 His motto—Hospitality :
 His monarch, too, he'll dearly love,—
 His measures, faith, he'll back 'em all ;
 And as for foes, he'll quickly prove
 How nately he can whack 'em all.
 He'll dance and sing,
 ' God save the King,
 Success the noble crown attend ;
 All ease deride,
 No wish beside
 A girl, a bumper, and a friend.

In me you see an Irish lad,
 Content to please, and willing, och !
 Who laughs whilst comfort's to be had,
 And pays whilst he's a shilling, och !
 Then take my hand, O Fanny, love,
 And make no further bother, och !
 My heart is yours—things clearly prove
 We are made for one another, och !
 We'll sing and play,
 No lark more gay,
 Our joys shall never have an end—
 No wish beside
 Our own fireside.
 My wife, a bumper, and a friend.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands, chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 My heart's, &c.

All hail to the Highlands, all hail to the north,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands forever I love.
 My heart's, &c.

Farewell to the mountains, high covered with snow,
 Farewell to the streams and green valleys below,
 Adieu to the forests and high hanging woods,
 Adieu to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
 My heart's, &c.

Adieu for awhile, I can never forget thee,
 The land of my fathers, the soil of the free ;
 I sigh for the hour that will bid me retrace,
 The path of my childhood, my own native place.
 My heart's, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Music by R. A. Lee.

UPON the hill he turn'd, to take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village church, and the cottage by
 the brook,
 He listened to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword and wiped away a
 tear.

Beside yon cottage porch a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf that flutter'd in the breeze;
 She breath'd 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. O! do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart, tho' tears were on
 his cheek.

Go watch the foremost rank in danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a
 tear.

THE SCOTTISH BLUE BELLS.

Written by the late Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq. The Music by
George Parker.

LET the proud Indian boast of his jessamine bowers,
 His pastures of perfume and rose covered dells;
 While humbly I sing of those wild little flowers,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Wave, wave your dark plumes, ye proud sons of the
 mountain,
 For brave is the chieftain your prowess who quells,
 And dreadful your wrath as the foam flashing fountain,
 That calms its wild waves 'mid the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
 The mountain, the valley with all their wild spells,
 And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Sublime are your hills when the young day is beaming
 And green are your groves with their cool crystal wells,
 And bright are your broadswords like morning dews
 gleaming,

On blue bells of Scotland, on Scottish blue bells.

Awake! ye light fairies that trip o'er the heather,
 Ye mermaids arise from your coralline cells,
 Come forth with your chorus all chanting together,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

Then strike the loud harp to the land of the river,
 The mountain, the valley, with all their wild spells.
 And shout in the chorus for ever and ever,
 The blue bells of Scotland, the Scottish blue bells.

OLD ENGLAND WE'LL DEFEND.

Words by D. Wylie. Music by W. R. Salter.

THE voice of war comes on the wind,
 We hear its whisper nigh,
 And should our country ask our aid,
 Will we refuse and fly?
 Will Britain bow to Jonathan,
 When Jonathan is wrong?
 No, no, such dastard cowardice,
 To England can't belong.

Old England has a mother been
 And fostered us with care;
 In all our troubles—all our griefs,
 She's nobly borne her share,
 As children, then, our duty is,
 In answer to her cry,
 To swell the shout,—“for England yet
 We'll conquer, or we'll die.”

The deeds of Scotia's sons have aye
 Been sounded forth by fame,
 And Erin's trusty warriors
 Have gained a martial name

While Gauls descendants round us,
 In apathy wont lie,
 But nobly join and swell the shout—
 "We'll for Old England die."

United thus we may defy
 The haughty boast of those
 Whom ardently we seek as friends,
 Nor ask them as our foes;
 But the spirit that's within us,
 To tyranny won't bend;
 So, should war come, our watchword is—
 "Old England we'll defend."

DO NOT MINGLE.

Do not mingle one human feeling
 With the blisses o'er each sense stealing,
 While these tributes to me revealing
 My Elvino true to love.

Ah! embrace me while thus forgiving,
 Each a pardon is thus receiving,
 On the earth while we are living,
 We will form a heav'n of love.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Written by Mrs. Cockburn.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, and kind its caressing,
 But now it is fled, it is fled far away.
 I've seen the forest all adorned the foremost
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay!
 So bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming
 But now they are withered and all wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest before the mid-day;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, shining in the sunny
 beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as they rolled on their way.
 O, fickle fortune, why is this cruel sporting,
 O, why still perplex us poor sons of a day!
 No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your frowns
 can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are all wede away.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'

Tannahill.

Gloomy winter's now awa'
 Saft the westlin' breezes blaw;
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel'.
 My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring.
 Unless wi' thee my dearie, O.

CALF LOVE:
OR, THE LAIRD O' LUGGIEHEAD JON MARRIAGE.

A SCOTTISH RECITATION.

He's nae man ava, that's no in love ance in his days, either in the calf, rational, or doctified state; but its no that I gang mad at; its the vapouring they mak about it—the fiddlin' an' dancin'—the loupin' the winnocks at nicht—the makin' sett trysts to meet in the Hallow Roads the tae night — aween the mill dykes, the neist, my lambin'! an' my dearin'! an' my seraphim!—galravigin' awa' ilka Sunday for cruds an' cream—sour plums an' grossets, vowin' eternal love: and after they hae ruined them haudin' up their hands, and swecarin' by a' that's guid they ken naething about them.

Awfu' wark that, Mr. Meek—stealing a horse is naething to that. (No imputin' to our young friends onything that's no decent.) But wha, sir, can see and hear sich iniquity an' no be baith vexed an' angry; puir women bodies, led to ruin by a set o' dreamin' vapouring young seoun'rels—its eneuch to sink the country as laigh as Sodom an' Gomorrah.

Gae 'wa wi' your calf love, Mr. Smith; its a feast an' a famine, a month of joy an' a lifetime o' mesery. Do as I did, no praisin' mysel, the mair I say't—wait till your banes are hardened—till your beard taks a grip o' the razor—till your purse can stan' its lane—till ane can walk into your dinin'-room, and count mair in't than twa marrowless chairs.

I was aught an' twenty year auld, 'fore I ventured out amang them, as the sayin' is, by that time I had galore, a weel stowed house, and claise o' a' dimensions, forbye a trifle i' the bank to keep a' square on a rainy day, sae being thus provided for, I thought it nae sin to mak some decent quean the better o' me, sae I just caunily lookit about me for twa or three days, till I found out ane to my mind—ane that had hands, and a trick for carefu'ness—and no lang about it aithers, Leezie Haldane o' the corn happer, was my choice, sae I just drappet her a bit note, nae doubt in the best style I was able,

telling her I wanted a wife—I had picket upon her—if she likit to take me guid an' weel, an' if no their was nae ill done.—A weel she took me at my word, and blythe the body was, nae doubt, to get the offer! In less than aught days I had her on a' hint me, and into the Cross Keys like a Lintie. And as I said before, nae mair about it; let the wab rin to the wab's end, here's a hale skin and a way o' doin'—an honour and an honesty forever.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Written by Matthew G. Lewis, author of "the Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c. Music by a Lady, and lately arranged by C. E. Horn.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweetspring time did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.
 For his bride a soldier sought her,
 And a winning tongue had he.
 On the banks of Allan Water.
 None was so gay as she.

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

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

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Burns.—Tune "Hey tuttie tattie."

Burns in a letter to Mr. Thomson, remarks "that the old air "Hey tuttie, tattie," has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's March into Bannockburn. This thought in yesternight's evening walk warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, when I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on the eventful morning."

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

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonia, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By our sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every blow!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale,
 Must be told by moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale.
 You must promise to come, for I said,
 I would show the night flowers their queen.
 Nay turn not away thy sweet head,
 'Tis the loveliest ever was seen.
 O meet me by moonlight alone.

Day light may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free ;
 But there's something about the moon's ray,
 That is sweeter to you and to me.
 Oh ! remember, be sure to be there,
 For though dearly the moonlight I prize
 Oh ! nought of its sweetness I'd share,
 If I want the sweet light of your eyes,
 So meet me by moonlight alone.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Sir Walter Scott.

March, march, Etrick and Teviotdale
 Why, my lad's, dinna ye march forward in order ?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the blue bonnets are over the border.
 Many a banner spread, flutters above your head.
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready when, sons of the mountain glen.
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish glory.

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

LUCY'S FLITTIN'

This deeply pathetic song was composed by Wm. Laidlaw, for many years the steward and trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott. It is sung to the tune of "Paddy O'Rafferty."

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk was fa'in,
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neebours sac dear ;
 For Lucy had serv'd in the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea :
 An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
 Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! quo' Jamie, and ran in ;
 The gatberin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
 Fare ye weel, Lucy ! was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin' t' high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin' t' the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter ?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e ?
 If I wassna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wise ony better to be ?
 I'm just like a lammie that losses its mither ;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
 I fear I ha'e tint my poor heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me ;
 Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 Though now he said naething but fare ye weel, Lucy !
 It made me I could neither speak, hear, nor see ;
 He could nae say mair than but just, Fare ye weel, Lucy !
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its dronkit,
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea ;
 But Lucy likes Jamie,—she turn'd and she lookit,
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair see,
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
 For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

WIDOW MACHREE.

Written and composed by Samuel Lover, Esq.

WIDOW MACHREE, 'tis no wonder you frown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 Faith it ruins your looks that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 How alter'd your air,
 With that close cap you wear,
 'Tis destroying your hair
 That should be flowing free,
 Be no longer a churl,
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 When ev'ry thing smiles should a beauty look glum,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 See the birds go in pairs
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why even the bears
 Now in couples agree,
 And the mute little fish
 Tho' they can't spake, they wish,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree !

Widow Machree, and when the winter comes in,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,

Why the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit you sup,
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone! Widow Machree,
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree!
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace should be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some spirit,
 That would wake you each night,
 Crying, Och hone! Widow Machree!

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone! Widow Machree!
 And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone! Widow Machree!
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to stir up the fire;
 And sure Hope is no liar
 In whisperin to me
 That the ghost would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

In sailleur's clothing young Jane did go,
 Dress'd like a sailleur from top to toe,
 With a brace of pistouls all by her side:
 Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler
 That feared not wind or tide.

Chorus.

What do you want says the commodore,
 I come to fight for my father's store,—
 She drew a pistoul and shot him through
 Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler
 Then to her parent flew!

Chorus.

Oh! mother, mother make my bed,
 In a seving foot grave have me buiried;
 Let four young maidings my body bear,
 Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler
 That nothing could scare!

Chorus.

She says my heart is forever broke,
 And as these cruel words she spoke,
 She swallowed laudliam and perished
 Like a female smuggler, like a female smuggler
 She died, and now she's dead.

Chorus.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of idle sorrow,
 Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
 Hope points before, and shows a bright to-morrow,
 Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
 Then farewell England, much as we may love thee,
 We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;
 Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
 Then farewell, England, farewell evermore.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, for England, mother England,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for the willing strong right hand,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer, the steady breeze is blowing,
 To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
 And the world shall follow in the track we're going,
 The star of empire glitters in the west.

Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
 But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,
 And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
 And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer for England, mother England,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, united heart and hand,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor,
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for the new and happy land.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY .

Tune—"The last rose of summer."

The groves of Blarney, they look so charming,
 Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks,
 All grac'd by posies, that spontaneous grew there
 And planted in order in the rocky nooks.
 'Tis there's the daisy, and sweet carnation—
 The blooming pink and the rose so fair,
 The daffy-down-dilly besides the lily,
 Flowers that scent the sweet open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
 Like Alexander or like Helen fair,
 There's no commander in all the nation;
 For regulation could with her compare;
 Such walls surround her that no nine-pounder,
 Could ever plunder her place of strength,
 Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
 And made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight enters,
 But cats and badgers are for ever bred,
 And moss'd by nature, makes it complater,
 Than a coach and six, or a downey bed.
 'Tis there the lake is well stor'd with fishes,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud:
 Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
 Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are great walks there for recreation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover in the afternoon.
 There's Biddy Murphy, the farmer's daughter,
 A washing the praties before the door,
 With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet Killarney,
 All blood relations of Lord Donoghmore.

There's statues gracing this noble mansion,
 All heathen Gods, and Goddesses so fair,
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
 All standing naked in the open air.
 So now to finish this bold narration,
 That my poor genius could not entwine ;
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
 In ev'ry feature I'd make it shine.

THE RED WHITE AND BLUE.

Old England the gem of the ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free ;
 The shrine of each patriots devotion,
 A world offers homage to thee,
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
 When liberty's foe stands in view,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
 When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue,
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
 And threaten'd the land to deform ;
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,
 Old England rode safe through the storm,
 With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
 When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
 With her flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
 And fill you it true to the brim,
 May the wreaths they have wou never wither,
 Nor the star of their glory grow dim,
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But they to their colour prove true,
 The army and navy for ever.
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

James Hogg.

Cam' ye be Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
 Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Gary !
 Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets an' white cockades,
 Leaving their 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 would 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 with 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.

PADDY HAGGARTY.

'Twas at the sign of the Bell, on the road to Clonmel,
 Paddy Haggarty kept a neat shebeen ;
 He sold pig's meat and bread, kept a good lodgin' bed,
 And was lik'd round the country he liv'd in ;
 Himself and his wife both struggled thro' life :
 In the week-days Pat mended the ditches ;
 And on Sunday he dress'd in a coat of the best,
 But his pride was his old leather breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

For twenty-one years, at least so it appears,
 His father those breeches had run in—
 The morning he died, he, to his bedside,
 Called Paddy, his beautiful son, in ;
 Advice then he gave ere he went to the grave,—
 He bid him take care of his riches,
 Says he, 'It's no use to pop into my shoes ;
 But I wish you'd step into my breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

Last winter, the snow left provisions so low,
 Poor Paddy was eat out completely ;
 The snow coming down he could not go to town,
 Thoughts of hunger soon bother'd him greatly.
 One night as he lay dreaming away,
 About creedougs, frogs, and witches ;
 He heard an uproar just outside of the door.
 And jumpt to steal on his ould breeches,

Whack fal de ral, &c.

Says Bryan M'Guirk, with a voice like a Turk,
 'Paddy come get us some ating,'
 Says big Andy More, 'I'll burst open the door,
 For this is no night to be waiting.'
 Scarce had he spoke when the door went in broke,
 And they crowded round Paddy like leeches,
 By their great mortal gob, if he didn't get them prog,
 They'd eat him clean out of his breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

Now Paddy in dread slipt into his bed,
 That held Judy his darling wife in,
 And there he agreed to get them a feed—
 He slipt out and brought a big knife in;
 He took up the waist of his breeches—the beast,
 And cut out the bottoms and stitches,
 He cut them in stripes—by the way they were tripes,
 ‘And boiled them his ould leather breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

When the tripes were stew’d, on a dish they were strew’d
 The boys all cried out ‘Lord be thankful,’
 But Haggarty’s wife was afraid of her life,
 She thought it high time for to shank it;
 To see how they smiled, for they thought Pat had boil-
 ed,

Some mutton and beef of the richest,
 But little they knew it was leather burgoo,
 That was made out of Paddy’s ould breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

They wollip’d the stuff, says Andy, ‘It’s tough,’
 Says Patty, ‘You’re no judge of mutton;’
 When Bryan M’Guirk, on the point of a fork,
 Lifted up a big ivory button!
 Says Darby, ‘What’s that? sure I thought it was fat,’
 Bryan leaps on his legs, and he screeches,—
 ‘By the powers above, I was trying to shove
 My teeth through the flap of his breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

They made at Pat, he was gone out of that,
 He run when he found them all rising,
 Says Bryan, ‘Make haste and go for the praste,
 By the holy Saint Jackstones I’m poisoned!
 Revenge for the joke they had, for they broke
 All the chairs, tables, bowls, and dishes,
 And from that very night they’ll knock out your day-
 light,
 If they catch you with a leather breeches.

Whack fal de ral, &c.

THE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Burns.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can you 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 warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return!

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

JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Tannahill.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lonely I stray, in the calm summer gloamin',
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, and blythe as she's bonnie;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost! were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Burns formed these two beautiful verses on the model of an old song, which was sung to the same tune. It is stated that the John Anderson mentioned in the song, was a town-piper of Kelso. The air is taken from a piece of sacred music previous to the Reformation.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

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

THE HIGHLAND MINSTREL BOY.

Written by Henry Stoe Van Dyk. Composed by John Barnett.

I ha'e wander'd mony a night in June,
 Along the banks of Clyde,
 Beneath a bonnie moon,
 Wi' Mary at my side;
 A suttimer was she to mine e'e,
 And to my heart a joy,
 And weel she lo'ed to roam wi' me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

Oh! her presence could on ev'ry 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 of joy,
 And oh! her heart was true to me,
 Her Highland minstrel boy.

SMILE AGAIN, MY BONNIE LASSIE

Surg with great applause by Mr. Braham,
 Composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Fitzroy
 Stauhope, by J. Parry.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
 Pri'thee 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, pri'thee 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 doomed by fate to sever, and 'tis hard to part,
 Still, believe me, thou shalt ever own my heart.
 Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again,
 Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, pri'thee smile again.

TRUST TO LUCK.

As sung by Mr. Collins.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be aizy if it's in the right place:
 Let the world wag awry, let your friends turn to foes,
 When your pockets run dry and threadbare your clothes.
 Should woman deceive you, when you trusted her heart,
 Ne'er sigh, t'wont relieve you, but adds to the smart.
 Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be aizy if it's in the right place.

CHORUS.—Repeat the first two lines.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be aizy if it's in the right place:
 Let the wealthy look grand and the proud pass you by,
 With the back of their hand and disdain in their eye,
 Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
 And remember the while every dog has his day.
 Trust to luck, trust to luck, and stare fate in the face,
 Sure your heart must be aizy if it's in the right place.

Repeat the first two lines.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

The original version of this beautiful melody was composed
 by William Reid, Glasgow, but was considerably altered by an
 unknown author.

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

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arms I flang,
 And said "my lassie will ye gang
 To view the Carse o' Gowrie!
 I'll tak' you to my father's ha'
 In yon green field beside the shaw,
 And mak' you lady o' them a'
 The bravest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blushes on her cheeks 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 heart's content,
 And now she's lady Gowrie.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

This spirit-stirring and truly National song is the production of JOHN IMLAH, author of "Hey for the Hielan' Heather," "Caledonia," and other popular songs. The air is well known as the March of the gallant Forty-Second Highland Regiment.

The land o' cakes, the land o' cakes,
 O' mony a blessing on it;
 Fair fa' the land o' hills and lakes,
 The bagpipe and the bonnet,
 Tho' country o' the kilted clans,
 That cow'd the Dane and Roman,
 Whose sons hae still the hearts and han's
 To welcome friend or foeman.
 CHOR.—Then swell the sang, baith loud and lang,
 Till the hills like aspens quiver;
 An' fill ye up, an' toast the cup,
 "The land o' cakes for ever."

Be scorn'd the Scot, within whose heart
 No patriot flame is burning;
 Wha kent nae pain frae hame to part,
 Nae joy when back returning.

Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
 Nae tears in death deplore him ;
 He hath nae coronach nor cairn,
 Wha shames the land that bore him.
 CHOR.—Then swell, &c.

Fair flow'r the gowans in our glens,
 The heather on our mountains ;
 The blue bells deck our w'ard dens,
 An' kiss our sparkling fountains.
 On knock an' knowe, the when an' broom,
 An' on the bracs the brecken,
 Not even Eden's flow'rs in bloom
 Could sweeter blossoms reckon.
 CHOR.—Then swell, &c.

When flows our quegh within the glen,
 Within the hall our glasses,
 We'll toast " Auld Scotland's honest men."
 Thrice o'er " Her bonnie lasses."
 An deep we'll drink. " The Queen and Kirk,"
 " Our country an' our freedom,"
 Th' broad claymore, an' Highland dirk,
 We're ready when they need them.
 CHOR.—Then swell, &c.

Original.

JEANNIE MAY.

Written by Andrew Young.

Tune—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Where birdies perched in ilka bush,
 Send music o'er the breeze ;
 Where maukins wi' a noiseless step,
 Skip lightly 'mang the trees ;
 Snug in a hamely rustic shield,
 Aneathe a hawthorn grey,
 Weel scougged frae ilka blast that blaws,
 Lives bonnie Jeannie May.

When simmer flings her robes o' green
 O'er woods an' wavin' fields ;
 When ilka flower unfolds its leaves,
 And balmy fragrance yields,—
 When linties o'er their nestlin' young
 Pour forth their lullaby,
 And Laverock's heich among the clouds,
 Are singing cheerily.

Wha tends the modest cottage flowers
 At e'en and openin' day ?
 Wha fosters ilka tender sprout ?
 But bonnie Jeanie May.
 I envy not the proudest prince
 O' Royal Geordie's line ;
 I carena' for their goold an' gear,
 If Jeannie May be mine.

When blythsome simmer days are gane,
 When nature's cauld and bleak,
 She'll sing her artless youth-learn'd lays,
 To cheer the ingle cheek.
 And though the winds blaw loud and shrill,
 And thick the snaw slaughts flee,
 The hearth that's lit wi' Jeannie's smile
 Beams simmer's joy on me.

Original.

HELEN'S BOWER.

Written by Andrew Young.

Tune—"The Cameronian's Lament."

Oh ! ken ye the spot in yon deep shady glen,
 Where the sang o' the mavis is sweet ?
 Or ken ye the bower where the sturdy auld oak,
 Spreads his arms o'er the lover's retreat ?

Dear ! dear to my heart is the deep shady glen,
 Wi' the sang o' the burnie sae clear
 The wee wimplin' burnie that sweetly glides by,
 And mutters its sang in my ear.

Oh! weel do I ken ilka green wavin' bush,
 Where roses in summer bloom fair;
 For aft hae I pu'd them, a' drookit wi' dew,
 To wreath in my sweet Helen's hair.

My Helen was bonnie, and modest, and kind;
 Wi' a heart free frae envy and guile;
 The stars were outshone by the light o' her e'e,
 And heaven glinted bright in her smile.

But cauld-handed death in his icy embrace,
 Has crushed the sweet flow'r in its bloom,
 And the dreary kirk yard, wi' its "auld wrinkl'd face,"
 Has wrapped her dear form in its gloom.

Yet still the loved spot to my heart will be dear,
 The sang o' the mavis still sweet,
 The bower wi' its roses sae fragrant and fair,
 Will aye be my gloamin' retreat.

BLACK TURF.

A celebrated Irish song, sung by Mr. Gallascher, the Ventriloquist, in his popular Entertainment.

AIR—"Buy a Broom."

Through Dublin sweet city, I ramble, my hearty,
 With my kish of black turf for cold wintry noon,
 They're cut from the bog of one Felix M'Carthy,
 Arrah, now buy a-cushla from your own Jack Mul-
 doon.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken—Will you buy a Mock? I will give you twenty-four black sods for one penny; devil the like of them ever was burnt before for heat, or bolling your pot; just take one of them in your hand; troth I am after selling four pinnerth to Mistress Toole, of Cole-alley, and her decent husband, who is a knife-grinder, declared to me that he can work without the dispensation of a candle,

since he began to burn my black turf. Will you buy, Mither? do a-cushla. Will you, Mistress? do ma'am; don't be so foolish to be spendin your good lookin' money for coals; in troth, there wasn't luck nor grace in this country since the invention of coals, or any ill-lookin chimmistical commodity like them—will you buy a mock?

Orra buy of Jack Muldoon his flaming black turf.

When your feet is all snow, and your toes are frost-bit-ten,

Arra then you'll discover my turf is your friend,
There's such light from the blaze that a letter I've writ-ten.

To my sweetheart, Moll Grogan, for Christmas to spend.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken—Come now, girls, I am just come out, and the first that hansels me will get a fine sod over, orra^r jewels, if you war after seeing the big boat-load I got consigned to myself, by my father-in-law, Murty Grogan. O milia murther! this is the lucky turf, the quality of Dublin shud be fond of; for the very bog it was cut from moved half-way to Dublin to see you, and only the *polis* overtook it, and wouldn't let it come any further than my father-in-law's it would be livin in Dublin now, and all the young bogs would be Dublin people—this is the reason, I tell yez, that all yez should lose no time to buy as much as you can. Will you buy, Mither? I can only give twelve sods for a penny of this turf, for you may depind on it, the parents for them are well known: the devil fire the sod of this turf, but after it's burnt, will walk out of the grate and get themselves blackened over and over again, fit for use, and ready for to broil any kittle, saucepan, or any of that family, every bit as well as before, so that you see plainly you will never have the same 'otunity any more of buying such lucky turf. So yez wont buy—do you want any, my chap? Is that a pinny in your hand. Come and buy now, avic; O crista! crista! what bad times it is, they don't know the vartue of the turf from the moving bog.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Orra gramachree avourneen, avourneen, avourneen,
Will you buy, avourneen, my moving black turf!

I am now nearly broke, to the bog I must hurry,
And to Jim Casey's berrin I'll be in time for to go,
Och, he died t'other day, and many he's left sorry,
For he was a good hearted fellow (*cries*) but now he's
laid low.

Black turf, black turf, &c.

Spoken.] Och! och! och! what sundry times those are,
the world, in troth, is nothing but a boat-load of deceit,
and the honest people, from the great gunchability of
sickness, are leaping up out of the world just like young
trout of a summer's day. Orra! Jim Casey avic, you'r k
gone without as much as *hidin*g one of us good by, (*cries*)
Och! heaven be your bed, *Deely* Gulm, if you war alive,
its yourself that would cry *Mullia* murder after poor Jim.
I would be on the vartue of my oath, if Moll Casey took my
advice, Jim would be at work to-day, the dirty sutrecan, I
tould her to give him a little buttered punch, which would
be the means of conglomerating his bowels; but stid of
that, she gives him a skillet full of mouldy colcannon.—
Will you buy, &c.

THE PILOT.

"Oh! Pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep."
"Go down," the sailor cried, "go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

"Ah! Pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known the raging waves
But to subdue their might."

"It is not apathy," he cried,
 "That gives this strength to me;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be."

"On such a night the sea engulph'd
 My fathers's lifeless form;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm."
 "And such, perhaps, may be thy fate,
 But still, I say to thee,
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be."

THE POPE.

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
 No care has he nor wedded strife,
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
 He drinks, &c.

Yet all's not pleasure in this life,
 He has no maid nor wedded wife,
 No child has he to bless his hope,
 I would not wish to be the Pope.
 No child, &c.

The Sultan better pleases me,
 He lives a life of jollity,
 He has wives as many as he will,
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.
 He has wives, &c.

Yet even he's a wretched man,
 He must obey the Alcoran,
 He dare not touch one drop of wine,
 I would not change his lot for mine.
 He dare not, &c.

Then here I'll take my lowly stand,
 And live in German father-land,
 I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
 And drink the best of Rhenish wine.
 I'll kiss, &c.

And when my maiden kisses me,
 I'll fancy I the Sultan be,
 And when my cheering glass I tope,
 I'll fancy that I am the Pope.
 And when, &c.

CALLER HERRIN'.

Neil Gow.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
 The're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.

When ye are sleepin' on your pillows,
 Dream ye aught o' our pair fellows,
 Darkling as they face the billows,
 A' to fill our woven willows.

Buy my caller herrin'
 The're bonnie fish and halesome farin',
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.

CHORUS.

Wha'll by my caller herrin',
 The're no brought here without brave darin
 Buy my caller herrin';
 Ye little ken their worth:
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
 O, you may ca' them vulgar farin':
 Wives and mithers maist despairin'
 Ca' them lives o' men.

Noo a' ye lads at herrin' fishing,
 Costly vampins, dinner dressing,
 Sole or turbot, how distressing,
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessing.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

And when the creel o' herrin passes,
 Ladies clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads and screw their faces,

Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

Noo neebours, wives come tent my telling,
 When the bonnie fish your selling,
 At a word aye be your dealing,
 Truth will stand when a' things failing.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our guidwife had puddins to mak,
 And she boiled them in a pan.
And the barrin' o' our door weil, weil, weil,
And the barrin' o' our door weil.

The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
 It blew into the floor;
 Says cur guidman to our guidwife,
 Get up and bar the door.
And the barrin', &c.

My hand is in my husswyfe skip,
 Gudeman, as ye may see;
 An' it shouldna be barr'd this hunner year,
 It's no be barr'd by me.
And the barrin', &c.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 The first that spak the foremost word
 Should rise and bar the door.

And the barrin', &c.

Then by there came twa gentlemen
 At twelve o'clock at nicht;
 And they could neither see house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle licht.

And the barrin', &c.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is this a pair?
 But never a word would ane o' them speak,
 For the barrin' o' the door.

And the barrin', &c.

And first they ate the white puddins,
 And syne they ate the black;
 And muckle thocht our guidwife to hersel,
 But ne'er a word she spak.

And the barrin', &c.

Then said the ain unto the other,
 Here, man, take ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the guidwife.

And the barrin', &c.

But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do then?
 What ails ye at the puddin broo,
 That's simmerin' in the pan?

And the barrin', &c.

O, up then startit our guidman,
 And an angry man was he:
 Wad ye kiss my wife before my face,
 And scaud me wi' puddin' bree?

And the barrin', &c.

Then up and startit our guidwife,
 Gi'ed three skips on the floor;
 Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.

And the barrin', &c.

THOU BONNY WOOD OF CRAGIE LEA.

Thou bonny wood of Cragie lea,
 Thou bonny wood of Cragie lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early days
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush
 Bloom bonny o'er the flowery lea;
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish
 Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.
 For ben thy dark green planting shade,
 The cushat croodles amorously;
 The Mavis down thy buighted glade,
 Garsjecho ring frae every tree.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa' ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
 Wha' tear the nestlings ere they flee;
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then O, in pity, let them be.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
 Frae off the Nortan Hills sac hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;
 The happy hours I'll ever mind
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.

Thou bonny wood, &c.

THE IRISH DUEL.

POTATOES grow in Limerick, and beef at Ballymore,
 And buttermilk is beautiful, but that you knew
 before;
 And Irishmen love pretty girls, and none could love
 more true,
 Than little Paddy Whackmackerack lov'd Kate O'Donohco.

Now Kitty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
 And Paddy bore with equal grace, a musket or a hod;
 With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero chose,
 To build up houses for his friends, and then to charge his
 foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss
 To find some ugly customer, their happiness to cross;
 And Paddy found no little trouble from a rival swain,
 Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower-lane.

This youth nam'd Mackirkincroft, a very dapper elf,
 Whose clothes they fitted neatly, for he made them all
 himself;
 A tailor blade he was by trade, of natty boys the broth,
 Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.

But Paddy knew the feeling of gentleman it hurts,
 To find another ungentleely sticking in his skirts;
 So sent to challenge without fear, for though he wasn't
 rich,
 He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behav'd as *sich*.

Mackirky too good manners knew, for he, as it appears,
 To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off both his
 ears;
 Says Pat to that, in style polite, as you may well
 suppose,
 "My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull your
 nose."

The when and where were settled fair, when Pat, as bold
 as brass,
 Cried, You know what we fight about, Mirkirky cried,
 Alas!
 And then in haste, and not to waste such very precious
 time,
 One primed without a loading, t'other loaded without
 prime.

Then back to back they stood, good lack! to measure
 yards a score,
 Mackirkincroft such honest measure never gave before;
 He walk'd so light, that out of sight full fairly he was seen,
 And Paddy shot a finger-post, some half a mile between.

Now Pat and Kate soon after that in wedlock's bands
 were join'd,
 Mackirky he kept walking on, and never look'd behind;
 And till this day, his 'ghost, they say (for he of love
 expir'd,)
 Keeps walking round the finger-post at which bold Paddy
 fir'd.



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