

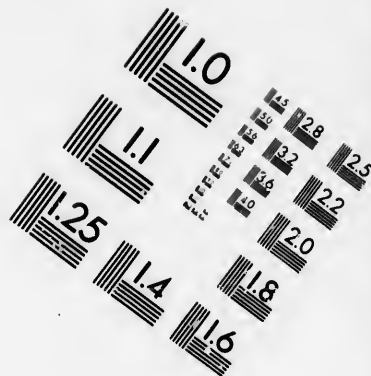
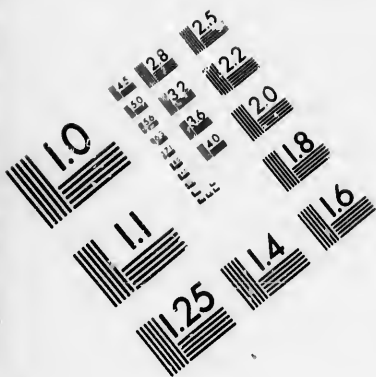
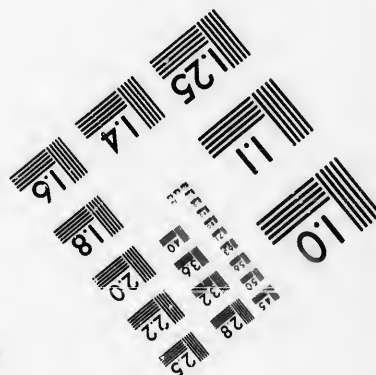
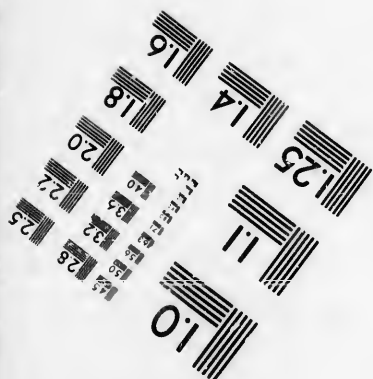
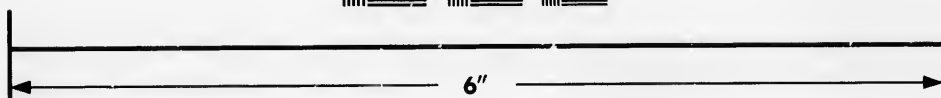
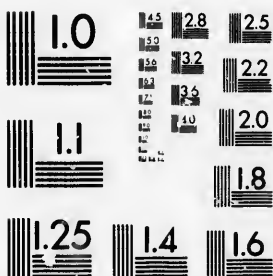


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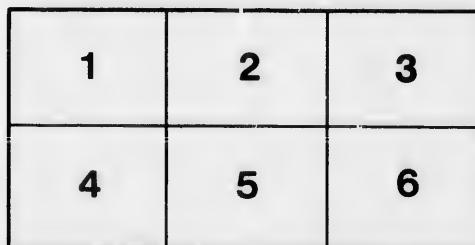
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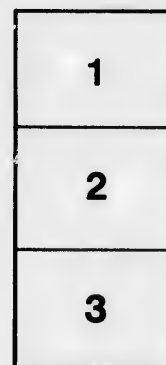
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THE GARLAND.

THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

God bless our lovely Queen,
With cloudless days serene ;—
God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs and woes,
Secret and open foes,
Till her last evening close,
God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams ;—
From faction's fiendish schemes,
God shield our Queen ;—
With men her throne surround,
Firm, active, zealous, sound,
Just, righteous, sage, profound ;—
God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove,
Her faithful subjects' love ;—
God bless our Queen.
Grant her an Alfred's zeal,
Still for the Commonweal,
Her people's wounds to heal ;—
God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth ;—
In the straight paths of truth,
Lead our young Queen ;
And as years onward glide,
Succour, protect and guide,
Albion's hope—Albion's pride ;—
God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
 Bright be Victoria's reign —
 God guard our Queen.
 Safe from the traitor's wiles,
 Long may the Queen of Isles,
 Cheer millions with her smiles; —
 God save our Queen.

Alex. Rodger.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 Through mony a weary way;
 But never, never, can forget
 The luvie o' life's young day!
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
 May weel be black gin Yule;
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart
 Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 The thochts o' bygone years
 Still fling their shadow ower my path,
 And blind my een wi' tears:
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
 And sair and sick I pine,
 As memory idly summons up
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part;
 Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
 'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
 To leir ilk ither leir;
 And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
 Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
 When sitting on that bink.
 Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
 What our wee heads could think?

When baith bent down ower ae braid page
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
 My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
 We cleek'd thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The schule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes—
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' schule-time and o' thee.
 Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luvè!
 Oh, lightsome days and lang,
 When 'hinnied hopes around our hearts,
 Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luvè, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon;
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wud,
 The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek,
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 Oh! tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine;
 Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart,
 Still travels on its way;
 And channels deeper as it rins
 The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sinder'd young,
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I dee,
 Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
 O' bygone days and me!

Wm. Motherwell.

O FOR THE MERRY MOONLIGHT HOUR!
 O FOR the merry moonlight hour!
 O for the hearts that warmest glow!
 O for the breath of the summer flower,
 Far floating in the vale below!

Hail to the clime where Beauty's power
Is stamped on every plant and tree ;
Joy's rosy throne—Love's wedding bower—
Land of our choice, fair Italy !

O for the dance !—the dance at even !—
Woman's smile is loveliest then ;
O for the notes which came from Heaven,
Which came—but ne'er returned again.
Blessed be these notes ! they long have striven
To keep the young heart warm and free ;
And never was boon to mortals given,
Like the song of fervid Italy.

O for the morn ! the glorious morn !
When souls were proud, and hopes were high,
Ere the Eagle's fiery plume was torn,
Or his course grew dark in the western sky.
That wild bird's wing is shrunk and shorn,
Yet our empire winds from sea to sea ;
Fame's wandering torch o'er earth is borne,
Love's, shines alone for Italy ! *Wm. Kennedy.*

THE ROYAL UNION.

THERE's joy in the Lowlands and Highlands,
There's joy in the hut and the ha' ;
The pride o' auld Britain's fair islands,
Is woo'd and wedded an' a' :
She's got the dear lad o' her choosing—
A lad that's baith gallant and braw ;
And lang may the knot be a-loosing
That firmly has buckled the twa.

Woo'd an' wedded an' a',
Buckled an' bedded an' a',
The loveliest lassie in Britain
Is woo'd an' wedded an' a',

May heaven's all-bountiful Giver
Shower down his best gifts on the twa ;
May love round their couch ever hover,
Their hearts close and closer to draw.

May never misfortune o'ertake them,
 Nor blast o' adversity blaw;
 But every new morn'ing awake them
 'To pleasures unsullied as snaw.
 Woo'd an' wedded an' a', &c.

Then here's to our Queen an' her Marrow,
 May happiness ay be their fa',
 May discord and sickness and sorrow
 Be banished for ever their ha'.
 So, fy let us coup aff' our bicker,
 And toast meikle joy to the twa,
 And may they, till life's latest flicker,
 Together in harmony draw.
 Woo'd and wedded an' a', &c.

THE WIDOW MALONE.

(*From Charles O'Malley.*)

DID ye hear of the Wilow Malone,
 Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone
 Alone?

Oh! she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
 or more;
 And fortunes they all had galore
 In store;

From the minister down
 'To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!

All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs Malone.

'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone;

So bashful the widow Malone.

'Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,

Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste,
"Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own;"

"Oh!" says he, "you're my Molly Malone."
And the Widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?

But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've made now so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong;

If for widows you die,
Larn to *kiss*, not to *sigh*;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!

Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.
Dr. C. Lever.

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpy laddie,
 Thou urchin elfin, bare an' duddy,
 Thy plumpit kite an' cheek sae ruddy
 Are fairly baggit,
 Although the breckums on thy fuddy
 Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate so black an' curly,
 And twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly
 An' sair to bide,
 Is scouted by thee, thou hardy wurly,
 Wi' sturcy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet,
 Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
 'Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
 Right bauld an' sicker,
 An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,
 But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlic gets
 Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,
 Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,
 To keep them pale;
 But aitmeal parritch straights thy guts,
 An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',
 Can never mend thy gait o' kippin';
 I've seen the hall schule bairnies trippin'
 A' after thee,
 An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'
 Far ower the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
 Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
 Stridin' owre horse, an' yerkin' cattle
 Wi' noisy glee,

Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle,
Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy.
Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,
Ilk oily leary,
Ilk midden mavis, wee black' jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimblin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ilk waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,
An' stagger's hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', an' scaur,
Thou coverest him up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapot, bottle, *stoup*, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,
Their sair fourfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre th' inspirin' whisky bouse,

Croon mony a ditty.
 Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
 Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
 An' though thou now are wee an' barefoot,
 Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
 Or I'm mista'en,
 Unless misfortunes gurlly bark yet
 Should change thy vein.

O, why should age, wi' cankered e'e,
 Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,
 We a' were callants ance, like thee,
 An' happier then
 Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
 We think us men.

James Ballantine, Edinburgh.

A BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

A SHIP ! a ship ! a gallant ship ! the foe is on the main !
 A ship ! a gallant ship ! to bear our thunder forth again !
 Shall the stripes, and stars, or tricolor, in triumph sweep
 the sea,
 While the flag of Britain waves aloft, the fearless and the
 free ?

Nobly ! she comes in warlike trim, careering through the
 wave,
 The hope, the home, the citadel of Britain and the brave.
 Well may the sailor's heart exult, as he gazes on the sight,
 To murmur forth his country's name, and think upon her
 might.

How proudly does the footstep rise upon the welcome deck,
 As if at every pace we trod upon a foeman's neck !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! let mast and yard before the tempest bend,
 The sceptre of the deep from us, nor storm nor foe shall rend.

Our country's standard floats above, the ocean breeze to
greet,
And her thunder sleeps in awful quiet beneath our tramp-
ling feet ;
But let a foeman fling abroad the banner of his wrath,
And a moment will awake its roar to sweep him from our
path !

No foreign tyrant ever through our wooden bulwarks broke,
No British bosom ever quailed within our walls of oak ;
Let banded foes and angry seas around our ship conspire,
To tread our glorious decks, would turn the coward's blood
to fire !

Out every reef ! let plank, and spar, and rigging crack again !
Let a broad belt of snow surround our pathway through the
main ;
High to the straining top-mast nail the British ensign fast—
We may go down, but never yield, and it shall sink the last.

Our country's cause is in our arms, but her love is in our
souls,
And by the deep that underneath our bounding vessel rolls—
By heaven above, and earth below, to the death for her
we'll fight ;—
Our Queen and country is the word !—and God defend the
right !
E. Pinkerton.

OH ! WHY LEFT I MY HAME ?

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 slavery;
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie.

There's hope for every woe,
 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.†

Gilfillan.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The groves of Blarney they are so charming,
 All by the purling of sweet silent streams;
 Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
 Planted in order by the sweet rock close.

* The Nightingale.

† This exquisite effusion of Mr. Gilfillan, which reminds us of the "Babel Streams" of the captive Jews, we have taken, from "Original National Melodies of Scotland," by Peter M'Leod. Had our pages admitted music, the melody to which these verses are married, would have been given: it is one of the finest of modern compositions, and comes with heart-melting pathos on a Scottish ear.

'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
 The blooming pink, and the rose so fair ;—
 The daffodowndilly, besides the lily,—
 Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.

Oh, ullagoane, &c.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
 Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair
 There's no commander throughout the nation
 For emulation can with her compare.
 She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
 Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;
 But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
 And made a breach in her battlement.

Oh, ullagoane, &c.

There's gravel walks there for speculation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude ;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
 And if a young lady should be so engaging
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
 'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
 In some dark fort, or under ground.

Oh, ullagoane, &c.

For it's there's the cave where no daylight enters,
 But bats and badgers are for ever bred ;
 Being moss'd by natur', that makes it sweeter
 Than a coach and six, or a feather bed.
 'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches,
 And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing in order for to guard the flood,

Oh, ullagoane, &c

'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
 With the maids a stitching upon the stair ;
 The bread and biske', the beer and whisky,
 Would make you fishy if you were there.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A washing *praties* forenent the door,
 With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair,—
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All standing nakid in the open air.
 So now to finish this brave narration,
 Which my poor geni could not entwine;
 But were I Homer, or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.
 Oh, ullagoane, &c.
R. Millikin.

FAINTLY AS TOLLS THE EVENING BELL.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the ev'ning chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.
 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl:
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 O! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

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

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Hark ! comrades hark !—the evening gun,
 (Pull away steadily—all pull cheerily,)
 Booms from the land at set of sun ;
 (Pull away readily—all pull merrily,)
 Bend to your oars, for the night breeze will soon
 Ripple the wave of the silvery moon ;

Happy we be,
 Fearless and free,
 Pulling away o'er the moonlit sea.

Pull away, boys, with main and might,
 (All pull readily—pull, mates, cheerily,)
 Looks that we love are here to-night,
 (Pull, brothers, steadily—all pull merrily,)
 Our boat, like a sea-bird skims swiftly along,
 To the dip of our oars and the chime of our song ;

Hearty we be,
 Merry and free,
 Pulling away o'er the dark blue sea.

Ladies at best hold landmen cheap,
 (Pull, lads, readily—all pull merrily,)
 Beauty smiles on sons of the deep,
 (Pull, boys, steadily—away cheerily,)
 And beautiful eyes, let them say what they will,
 Beam ever brightest on blue jackets still ;

Happy are we,
 Jovial and free,
 Pulling away o'er the heavy sea.

J. H. Willis, Quebec.

 THE ANGEL'S WING.

WHEN by the evening's quiet light
 There sit two silent lovers,
 They say, while in such tranquil plight,
 An angel round them hovers ;

And further still old legends tell,—
 The first who breaks the silent spell,
 To say a soft and pleasing thing,
 Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel stray'd
 By the summer ocean,
 Gazing on a lovely maid,
 With a bard's devotion :—
 Yet his love he never spoke,
 Till now the silent spell he broke :—
 The hidden fire to flame did spring,
 Fann'd by the passing angel's wing !

' I have loved thee well and long !—
 With love of Heaven's own making !—
 This is not a poet's song
 But a true heart's speaking ;
 I will love thee, still untired !'
 He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
 The words did from 'Truth's fountain spring,
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing !

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
 Her beauty lovelier making ;
 And by her blush, he knew full well
 The dawn of love was breaking.
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart !—
 He felt that they should never part,
 She spoke—and oh !—the lovely thing
 Had felt the passing angel's wing.

Lover.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I.

ON Abraham shone nor moon nor star,
 Yet quickly gathered from afar
 The rushing tide of ruthless War,
 In all its pomp and revelry.

II.

Beneath the canopy of night,
 The Sons of Britain in their might,
 Prepared to die or win yon height,
 And passed the word "Our Ancestry!"

III.

Dark rolled Saint Lawrence's stormy wave!
 The woods, the vales—each rock and cave,
 The hills and Montmorenci gave
 An echo like artillery.

IV.

On—on! ye freest of the free,
 Though swift the stream and rough the sea,
 Who would not die for liberty,
 E'en midst this night's obscurity!

V.

Cape Diamond's passed; now on the strand,
 In silence, chief and vassals stand:
 Fast from each scabbard flew a brand,—
 "Up—up the mountain rapidly!"

VI.

No sooner thought, than said and done;
 Those were no hearts the fray to shun,
 And o'er the height, like orient sun,
 They stood in glorious panolpy

VII.

Now from the vale below advance
 In hurried pace the hosts of France:
 Their banners wave—their armour glance,—
 All long to meet the enemy.

VIII.

Ah! ere yon orb, with fading ray,
 Shall gild the closing scenes of day,
 These hostile bands, in fierce array,
 A tale will tell of agony.

IX.

But hark ! the signal now is given :
 The air with warlike sounds is riven :
 Each foeman rests his cause on heaven :
 Mark — mark his eye of bravery !

X.

As wave meets wave upon the shore,
 So deepens fast the combat's roar :
 High is each arm, and deep in gore,
 The field is red and slippery.

XI.

Yet onward—onward, press the brave ;
 Around them flags opposing wave :—
 “ Our country or a glorious grave ! ”
 Is shouted high and cheerily.

XII.

And now the pibroch's mountain tones
 Are heard amid death's dismal groans :
 They fire Old Albyn's fearless sons—
 Woe—woe, to France's chivalry.

XIII.

They think on Scotia's hills and glades :
 They whirl in air their tartan plaids—
 In blood they dye their dauntless blades ;—
 Saint Andrew !—their's is victory !

XIV.

But over whom, so pale and cold,
 Dares death his sable ensign fold ?
 Alas ! 'tis Wolfe— the good and bold :
 His life's blood gushes rapidly !

XV.

A veteran at the warrior's side
 The glorious issue saw, and cried
 “ They run ! ”—the sinking hero sighed,
 “ Thank God !—I die contentedly ! ”

D. Chisholme.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

At Boston one day as the Chesapeake lay,
 The captain his crew thus began on :—
 See that ship out at sea ! she our prize soon shall be ;
 'Tis the tight little frigate the Shannon.
 Oh ! 'twill be a good joke,
 To take Commodore Broke,
 And add to our navy the Shannon.

Then he made a great bluster, calling all hands to muster,
 And said, Now, boys, stand firm to your cannon ;
 Let us get under weigh, without further delay,
 And capture the insolent Shannon.
 We soon shall bear down on the Shannon.
 The Chesapeake's prize is the Shannon,
 Within two hours' space,
 We'll return to this place,
 And bring into harbour the Shannon :

Now alongside they range, and broadsides they exchange ;
 But the Yankees soon flinch from their cannon,
 When the captain and crew, without further ado,
 Are attack'd sword in hand from the Shannon,
 By the tight little tars of the Shannon :
 The brave Commodore of the Shannon,
 Fir'd a friendly salute,
 Just to end the dispute,
 And the Chesapeake struck to the Shannon.

Let America know the respect she should show
 To our national flag and our cannon ;
 And let her take heed, that the Thames and the Tweed,
 Give us tars, just as brave as the Shannon.
 Here's to Commodore Broke of the Shannon.
 May the olive of peace,
 Soon bid enmity cease,
 From the Chesapeake shore to the Shannon.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze,
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe,
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave,
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty, Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep,
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar, on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow,
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then ye ocean-warriors,

Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.
Campbell

'TIS 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 thy 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 scented 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 could inhabit
 This bleak world alone !

THE BRAW FICKLE WOOER.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;

I said there was naething I hated like men !
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was diein ;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgive me for lien ! for lien,
 The Lord forgive me for lien !

A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage, aff-hand, were his proffers ;
 I never loot on that I ken'd it or car'd
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers,

But what wad de ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
 The deil take his taste to gae near her !
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jade, I could bear her, could bear her
 Guess ye how, the Jade, I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu, couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shach't feet,
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;

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So just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

Burns.

ONE NIGHT CAME ON A HURRICANE.

ONE night come on a hurricane the sea was mountains
 rolling,
 When Barney Buntin turned his quid, and said to Billy
 Bowling,
 A strong sow-wester's blowing, Billy, can't you hear it roar
 now?
 Lord help 'em, how I pities all unhappy folks on shore now!
 Bow, wow, wow.

Fool-hardy chaps as lives in towns, what dangers they are
 all in!
 And now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof
 should fall in.
 Poor creatures, how they envies us, and wishes, I've a
 notion,
 For our good luck, in such a storm, to be upon the ocean.
 Bow, wow, wow,

Then as to them kept out all day on business from their
 houses.
 And, late at night, are walking home to cheer their babes
 and spouses,
 While you and I upon the deck are comfortably lying,
 My eyes, what tiles and chimney-pots about their heads are
 flying!

Bow, wow, wow.

And often have we seamen heard how men are killed or un-
 done
 By overturns in carriages, and thieves, and fires, in London;
 We've heard what risks all lands-men run, from noblemen
 to tailors,
 So' Billy, let's thank Providence that you and I are sailors.
 Bow, wow, wow,

ELIZA.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore :
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :

But boundless ocean, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in my ear,
 We part to meet no more !

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh.

Burns.

THE FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor good store,
 And he had drank stoutly at supper,
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
 And sat with his face to the crupper,
 'Some rogue,' quoth the friar, 'quite dead to remorse,
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
 While I was engaged with the bottle—
 Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug.

The tail of this steed pointed south on the dale.
 'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level—
 But when spurr'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail;
 So he scamper'd due north like the devil.

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'This new mode of docking,' the fat friar said,
 'I perceive does not make a horse trot ill ;
 And 'tis cheap, for he never can eat off his head,
 While I am engag'd with the bottle,'
 Which goes gluggity, &c.

The steed made a stop, in the pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing ;
 Quoth the friar, ' 'Tis strange headless horses should trot,
 But to drink with their tails is amazing.'
 Turning round to find whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of the bottle ;
 Quoth he, ' the head's found, for I'm under his nose ;
 I wish I was over the bottle,'
 Which goes gluggity, &c.

REST, WARRIOR REST.

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

Sunk in silence and sleep, in the cottager's bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;
 Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell
 Of his lady-love's pow'r and her latest farewell ;
 Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,
 He shall dream that his mistress lies lock'd in his arms ;
 He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her kiss,
 Ah ! warrior, wake not, such slumber is bliss !
 Rest, warrior, rest.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

MEET me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale,
 Must be told by the 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.
 Oh ! meet me by moonlight alone.

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

THEY LEFT HIM ALONE IN HIS GLORY

Nor a drum was heard not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we've buried.
 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

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

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

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

Wolfe.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

O' LEAVE the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light,
 And rove with me through forests green,
 Beneath the silent night :
 There as we watch the lingering rays,
 That shine from every star,
 I'll sing a song of happier days,
 And strike the light guitar.
 And strike the light guitar, &c.

I'll tell thee how a maiden wept,
 When her true knight was slain,
 And how her broken spirit slept,
 And never woke again ;
 I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
 And left his lord afar,
 But if my tale should make thee sigh,
 I'll strike the light guitar.
 I'll sing a song, &c.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED IN SILENCE
AND TEARS.

WHEN we two parted,
In silence and tears,
Half broken hearted,
'To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold
Colder thy kiss !
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
'Thy vows are all broken
And light is thy fame,
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I know thee
Who knew thee too well !
Long, long shall I rue thee
'Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met.
In silence I grieve,
That my heart would forget,
Thy spirit deceive !
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?
With silence and tears !

Byron.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,
 And I was blest in thus believing;
 But now I mourn that e'er I knew
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.
 Few have ever loved like me;
 Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
 And few have e'er deceived like thee,
 Alas! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
 On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
 Who now would rather trust that smile,
 And die with thee than live without thee.
 Fare thee well! I'll think on thee
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
 For see, distracting woman, see
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I Saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er looked more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, Mary!
 So, yeil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above
 Though ne'er hadst left that sphere ;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary !
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary !

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's retiring,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame !

Moore.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

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

The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed !

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Moore.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh ! then I feel those tears my own,
And calm them as they flow,
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura' steep
 Can smile with many a beam,
 Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
 How bright soe'er it seem.
 But, when some deepfelt ray,
 Whose touch is fire, appears,
 Oh! then the smile is warm'd away,
 And, melting, turns to tears.
 Then still with bright looks bless
 The gay, the cold, the free;
 Give smiles to those who love you less,
 But keep your tears for me.

Moore.

HIGHLAND MARY

[The castle here alluded to was that of Coilsfield, near Tarbolton, the seat of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, who was ultimately twelfth Earl of Eglintoune. The heroine of the verses was Mary Campbell, who lived in that house as a dairy-woman, but now resides with poetical immortality. Burns, after a long courtship, and having agreed that they should be married, met her on the banks of the Ayr, to live one day of parting love, in anticipation of a visit she was to pay to her relations at Campbeltown, in Argyleshire. Mary died at Greenock on her return, and thus left a blank in the poet's affections which nothing thereafter filled up. A Bible, the Gift of Burns to Highland Mary, was purchased from a distant relation of hers in Montreal a few years ago. It was sent to Scotland, and it is deposited inside the Poets Monument near Ayr.]

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

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

Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that loe'd me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

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

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wandered mony a weary toot,
 Sin auld lang syne.

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

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

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

TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

[It is related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand.]

"True love can ne'er forget,—
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest I love thee yet,
 My darling one!"
 Thus sang a Minstrel grey,
 His sweet impassion'd lay,
 Down by the Ocean's spray,
 At rise of Sun;
 But wither'd was the Minstrel's sight,
 Morn to him was dark as night,
 Yet his heart was full of light,
 As he this lay began.—
 "True love can ne'er forget,
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest I love thee yet,
 My darling one!"

Long years are past and o'er,
 Since from this fatal shore,
 Cold hearts, and cold winds bore,
 My love from me."
 Scarcely the Minstrel spoke
 When, quick, with flashing stroke,
 A boat's light oar the silence broke,
 Over the Sea.

Soon upon native strand,
 Doth a lovely Lady land,
 While the Minstrel's lovetaught hand
 Did o'er his sweet harp run,—
 " True love can ne'er forget,
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest I love thee yet,
 My darling one !"

Where the Minstrel sat alone,
 There that Lady fair hath gone,
 Within his hand she plac'd her own,
 The Bard dropt on his knee :
 From his lips soft blessings came,
 He kiss'd her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he nam'd her name,
 Tho' her he could not see,
 But oh ! the touch the Bard could tell,
 Of that dear hand remember'd well,
 Ah ! by many a secret spell,
 Can true love trace his own.
 For true love can ne'er forget
 Fondly as when they met,
 He lov'd his Lady yet,
 His darling one.

Lover.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

[A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking to Angels."]

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,

And the tempest was swelling,
 Round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried, "Dermont darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd,
 The baby still slumber'd
 And smil'd in her face as she bended her knee,
 Oh! bless'd be that warning,
 My child thy sleep adorning,
 "For I know that the Angels are whispering with thee."

And while they are keeping
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh, pray to them softly my baby with me,
 And say thou would'st rather
 They'd watch o'er thy father,
 "For I know that the Ange's are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning
 Saw Dermont returning,
 And the wife wept for joy her babe's father to see,
 And closely caressing
 Her child with a blessing,
 Said, "I knew that the Angels were whispering with thee."
Lover.

THE HOUR I PASS WITH THEE.

THE hour I pass with thee my love,
 Doth yield this heart the most delight,
 Oh! what on earth is half so bright,
 As hours I pass with thee.
 The hour I pass with thee my love
 Doth yield this heart the most delight,
 Oh, what on earth is half so bright,
 As hours I pass with thee.
 And as the breeze that fans the grove,
 Is perfumed by the fragrant flowers,
 So time can sweetness steal from hours,
 I pass my love with thee.

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So time can sweetness steal from hours,
 I pass my love with thee
 The hour I pass with thee my love
 Doth yield the heart the most delight,
 Oh ! what on earth is half so bright
 As hours I pass with thee.
 As hours I pass with thee.

Mem'ry o'er the distant past
 Pursues her course with weary wing,
 'The only joys she back can bring,
 Are hours I've pass'd with thee,
 When mem'ry o'er the distant past
 Pursues her course with weary wing,
 The only joys she back can bring
 Are hours I've pass'd with thee ;
 And when thro' future time, as fast
 Fond fancy steers with hopeful pow'r,
 Her leading star is still the hour,
 I've yet to pass with thee,
 Her leading star is still the hour,
 I've yet to pass with thee.
 The hour I pass with thee my love,
 Doth yield the heart the most delight,
 Oh ! what on earth is half so bright
 As hours I pass with thee.
 As hours I pass with thee.

Lover.

RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
 He was bold as a hawk, and she, soft as the dawn,
 He wish'd in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that, was to tease ;
 " Now Rory be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
 Reproof on her lip but a smile in her eye,
 " With your tricks I don't know, in troth what I'm about,
 Faith you've teas'd till I've put my cloak inside out."

"Oh jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way,
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And 'tis plaiz'd that I am, and why not to be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to Soothering Mike,
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," say Rory, *I'd rather love you than the ground.*"
"Now, Rory I'll cry, if you don't let me go ;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so ?
"Oh !" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For *dhramas* always go by conthrairies, my dear,
Oh ! jewel, keep *dhraming* that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,
And 'tis pleas'd that I am, and why not to be sure ?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

Arrah Kathleen, my darlint you've teaz'd me enough,
And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself drinking your health quite a *baste*,
So I think, after that, I may *talk to the Priest* ;" *
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white without freckle or speck,
And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right.
"Now Rory leave off Sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times today that you've kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to be sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Lover.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me
And it 'ant to a little I'll strike :

* Paddy's mode of asking a girl to name the day.

Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should
smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud ;
Avast ! nor don't think me a milksop so soft

To be taken for trifles aback ;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;

And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,

Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch :

For he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see
Without orders that come down below :

And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow :

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft,
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,

What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be !

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?

And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more :

What then ? all's a hazard : come don't be so soft ;
Perhaps I may laughing, come back,

For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

D'ye mind me a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,

And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the king's :
 Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack !

Dibdin.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars
 Shone on the rippling sea ;
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,
 The helm was lash'd a-lee ;
 The ample can adorn'd the board,—
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the girl that he ador'd,
 And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest 'Tom, my Peg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 For jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast
 I'd venture life and limb—
 Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command :
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state,
 Top-ga'nt sails set, she is so tall,
 She looks like a first-rate :
 Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life throughout,
 No better berth I'd wish to know :
 Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
 Trim, handsome, neat, and tight ;
 What joy so fine a ship to man,
 She is my heart's delight !

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So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife:
Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his best manner tried;
Till, summon'd by the empty can,
They to their hammocks hied:
Yet still did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out,
For in soft visions, gentle sleep
Still push'd the grog about.

Dibdin.

WHO'LL SERVE THE QUEEN ?

"WHO'LL serve the Queen?" cried the sergeant aloud,
Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd sweetly.

"Here, master sergeant!" said I, from the crowd,
"Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely."

My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade:
Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid.

He'd march, fight, left! right!

Front flank! centre rank!

Storm the trenches, court the wenches,

Loved the rattle of a battle;

Died in glory, lives in story!

And, like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth and
rough,

A very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

"Hold up your head!" cried the sergeant at drill,
Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd loudly.

"Turn out your toes, Sir!"—Says I, "Sir, I will;"
For a nimble-wristed round rattan the sergeant flourish'd
proudly.

My father died when corporal, but I ne'er turn'd my back,
Till promoted to a halbert, I was sergeant in a crack.

In sword and sash cut a dash ;
 Spurr'd and booted, next recruited,
 Hob and Clod, awkward squad,
 Then began my rattan !

When boys unwilling came to drilling.
 Till made the colonel's orderly, then who but I so bluff
 Led a very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

" Homewards, my lads ! " cried the general, " huzza ! "
 Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd cheerily.

To quick time we footed, and sung all the way,
 " Hey, for the pretty girls we all love dearly ! "

My father liv'd with jolly boys in bustle, jars, and strife,
 And, like him, being fond of noise, I mean to take a wife.

Soon as miss blushes yes,
 Rings, gloves, dears, loves.

Bells ringing, comrades singing,

Honeymoon finish'd soon ;

Scolding, sighing, children crying !

Yet still a wedded life may prove, if taken smooth and rough,
 A. very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough,

Dibdin.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O !

Green grow the rashes, O !

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',

In every hour that passes O :

What signifies the life o' man,

And 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,

And riches still may fly them, O ;

And tho' at last they catch them fast,

Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly loe'd the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O. *Burns.*

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board—
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet,

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear—
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee!

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find:
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go!

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamond bright,
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white:
 'Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms.
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 The less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cried and waved her lily hand.

Gay.

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang,
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:

In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
 Her look was like the morning'e eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
 But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, w th rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle !

'Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or 'downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Burns.

THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge show'rs;
 The clouds were rent assunder
 By lightning's vivid powers!
 The night both drear and dark;
 Our poor devoted bark!

Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now, dash'd upon the billow,
 Her op'ning timbers creak:
 Each fears a wat'ry 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 wish'd-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 Heav'n (all bounteous ever)
 Its boundless mercy sent!
 A sail in sight appears!
 We hail her with three cheers!

Now we sail
 With the gale
 From the Bay of Biscay O! A. Cherry.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu o' care !
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return !

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

Burns.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Wili ye go, will ye go ;
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal steamlet plays ;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy. *Burns.*

OUR COUNTRY; OR, BRITISH HEROES.

OUR country is the land we love;
 Nought with it can compare,
 For statesmen wise, and heroes brave,
 For commerce and the fair!
 'Tis Britain's pride,
 No land beside
 Such influence can maintain
 Go where you will,
 Our country still,—
 You'll never find its like again!

For ages past our admirals brave
 Pre-eminent have stood;
 And, spite of all the world, have held
 The mast'ry of the flood.
 Howe, Duncan, Hood,
 And Collingwood,
 Long triumph'd o'er the main;
 While Nelson's name,
 So dear to Fame!—
 We may never see their like again!
 Brave heroes in the field we've had;
 Remember Marlboro's name,

With Abercrombie, Wolfe, and Moore,
 Who died to live in Fame!
 Anglesea still,
 With gallant Hill
 And Wellington, remain;
 Each to the end
 His country's friend;—
 We may never see their like again!

Her people, soldiers, tars, adore
 The Queen; and for her crown,
 Should danger threaten, as of yore,
 Their lives would all lay down!
 She's Albion's boast,
 Whose cliff-robed coast
 Her sceptre will maintain;
 While Truth shall own
 On Britain's throne
 We ne'er may see her like again.

Dibdin.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! thus remember me.
 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
 Oh! then remember me.

Moore.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that 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.

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.

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

'Twas that friends, the belov'd 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 that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

Moore.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone ;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy !

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*which* might pass ?"
 She answered, " he, who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do :
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through

So here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy !

The Love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh ! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here !
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl, who gave to song
 What gold could never buy !

Moore.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows !
 Seasons may ro'l,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Is not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone ?

Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul,
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Moore.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME.

OH for the swords of former time !
 Oh for the men who bore them,
 When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouch'd before them :
 When pure yet, ere courts began
 With honours to enslave him,
 The best honors worn by Man
 Were those which Virtue gave him.
 Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men
 Were all the ramparts round them.
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre,
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter.
 Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then !
 Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of freeborn men,
 Were all the ramparts round them !

*Moore.**Moore.*

art not.

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.
 Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget that hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 'To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity will not 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, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flow'rs sprang 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?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Burns.

OH, WILLIE BREW'D.

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree :
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are nae fou', we're no that fou',
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow, are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three !

Burns.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

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

She talk'd, she smil'd. my heart she wil'd ;
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Burns.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY!

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore ?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar ?

Oh sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine :
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true ;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow !

Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand ;
 Oh plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We haveplighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join ;
 And curst be the cause that shall part us !
 The hour and the moment o' time !

Burns.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule night when we were fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin, ower a linn;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Shall I, like a fule, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, &c.
 How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh, her een they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cany baith;
 Ha, ha, &c.

* A well-known rock in the frith of Clyde.

OH! AN IRISHMAN'S HEART.

Oh! an Irishman's heart is as stout as Shillelah,
 It beats with delight to chase sorrow and wo;
 When the piper plays up, then it dances so gaily,
 And thumps with a whack for to leather a foe.
 But by beauty lit up, faith, in less than a jiffey,
 So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes and burns;
 Then so wild is each heart of us, lads of the Liffey,
 It dances and beats altogether by turns.
 Then away with dull care, let's be merry and frisky,
 Our motto is this, may it widely extend—
 Give poor Pat but fair freedom, his sweetheart and whisky,
 And he'll die for old Ireland, his king, and his friend.
 Should ruffian invaders e'er menace our shore,
 Though the foes of dear Erin may strut and look big;
 Yet, *na bogh-a lish*,* my lad, they shall have it *galore*,
 For Patrick's the boy that can handle a twig.
 But the battle once over, no rage fills his breast,
 Mild mercy still softens the heart of the brave;
 For of valour, of love, and of friendship possessed,
 The soldier of Erin still conquers to save.
 Then away with dull care, whilst swigging so frisky,
 Our toast shall be this, may it widely extend—
 Thus blest with fair freedom, our sweethearts and whisky,
 Here's success to dear Ireland, our king, and our friend.

CORK'S OWN TOWN.

[This song originally appeared in the Cork Southern Reporter newspaper, in March 1825, where it is "dated from the vane of St. Finbarr's steeple, this day of the vernal equinox, xxi. Mar."]

They may rail at the city where first I was born,
 But it's there they've the whisky, and butter, and pork
 And a neat little spot for to walk in each morn—
 They call it Daunt's Square, and the City is Cork.

* Equivalent to "Never mind it."

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The square has two sides—why, one east and one west,
 And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
 Where salmon, drishceens,* and beefsteaks are cooked best:
 Och! Fishamble's the Eden for you, love, and me!

If you want to behold the sublime and theauteous,
 Put your toes in your brogues, and see sweet Blarney
 Lane,

Where the parents and childer are comely and duteous,
 And dry lodging both rider and beast entertain;
 In the cellars below dine the slashing young fellows
 That come with the butter from distant Tralee;
 While the landlady, chalking the score on the bellows,
 Sings, Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me!

Blackpool is another sweet place in that city,
 Where pigs, twigs, and weavers, they all grow together,
 With its smart little tan-yards—och more is the pity
 To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!
 Further up to the east is a place great and famous,
 It is called Mallow Lane—antiquaries agree
 That it holds the Sheebeen, which once held King Shamus:†
 Och! Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me!

Then go back to Daunt's Bridge, though you'll think it is
 quare
 That you can't see the bridge‡—faix you ne'er saw the
 like

Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square;
 Nor the narrow Broad Lane that leads up to the Dyke,
 Where, turning his wheel, sits that saint, "Holy Joe,"||
 And umbrellas are made of the best quality,
 And young virgins sing "Colleen das croothin a mo:,"§
 And—Cork is an Eden for you, love, and me!

* Sheep's puddings.

† James the 2d.

‡ "There is no bridge but an archway under the street."

|| "A noted knife and oath grinder, now deceased."

§ "The pretty girl milking her cow."

When you get to the Dyke, there's a beautiful prospect
 Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees ;
 On one side, with a beautiful southern aspect,
 Is Blair's castle, that trembles above in the breeze,
 Far off in the west lie the Lakes of Killarney,
 Which some hills intervening prevent you to see ;
 But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of
 Blarney—

Och ! Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me !

'Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or
 The sweet Boreen Manah to charm your fair eyes ;
 If you do what is wise, take a dram of Tom Walker,
 Or if you're a Walker, toss off Billy Wise.
 I give you my word that they're both lads of spirit ;
 But if a "raw chaw"* with your gums don't agree,
 Beamish' Crawford, and Lane, brew some porter of merit,
 Though poteen is the nectar for you, love, and me !

Oh ! long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,
 Your girls, your whisky, your curds and sweet whey :
 Your hill of Glanmire, and the shops where the people
 Get decent new clothes down beyont the Coal Quay.
 Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs'
 And to sweet Sunday's well, and the banks of the Lee ;
 Likewise our court-houses,† where judges in wigs
 Sing, Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me !

* What Mr. Daniel MacCarthy would have termed "naked truth."

† The rapid improvement in Cork is in nothing more evident than its architecture. So recently as 1806, when the old County Court House was built, an English architect was imported to design and execute it. "They have managed these things differently in our days," observes Mr. Windle ; "the names of Deane, Pain, Hill, Cottrell, &c. are now connected with some of our public edifices, to which the citizen may point without shame."

THE LAND OF POTATOES, O!

Had I in the clear
 But five hundred a year,
 'Tis myself would not fear,
 Though not adding one farthing to't,
 Faith, if such was my lot,
 Little Ireland's the spot
 Where I'd build a snug cot,
 With a bit of a garden to't.
 As for Italy's dales,
 With their Alps and high vales,
 Where with fine squalling gales,
 Their signoras so treat us, O!
 I'd ne'er unto them come,
 Nor abroad ever roam,
 But enjoy my sweet home
 In the land of potatoes, O!
 Hospitality,
 No formality,
 All reality,
 Theré you ever see;
 The free and the easy
 Would so amaze ye
 You think us all crazy,
 For dull we never be!

If my friend, honest Jack,
 Would but take a small hack,
 So just get on his back,
 And of joy ride o'er full to us;
 He, throughout the whole year,
 Then should have the best cheer,
 For, faith, none so dear
 As our brother, John Bull, to us!
 And we'd teach him, when there,
 Both to blunder and stare,
 And our brogue with him share,
 Which both genteel and neat is, O!

And we'd make him so drink,
 By St Patrick, I think,
 That he'd ne'er wish to shrink
 From the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

Though I freely agree
 I should more happy be
 If some lovely she
 From Old England would favour me ;
 For no spot on earth
 Can more merit bring forth,
 If with beauty and worth
 You embellished would have her be :
 Good breeding, good nature,
 You find in each feature,
 That naught you've to teach her—
 So sweet and complete she's O !
 Then if Fate would but send
 Unto me such a friend,
 What a life I would spend
 In the land of potatoes, O !
 Hospitality, &c.

STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke ;
 Victory is ours, 'mid fire and smoke ;
 Be silent and be ready.
 Ram home the guns and sponge them well ;
 Let us be sure the balls will tell ;
 The cannon's roar shall sound their knell ;
 Be steady, boys, be steady.
 Not yet, nor yet, nor yet ;
 Reserve your fire, I do desire.
 Now the elements do rattle ;
 The gods amazed behold the battle.—
 A broadside, my boys !

See the blood in purple tide
 Trickle down her batter'd side.
 Wing'd with fate the bullets fly
 Conquer, boys, or bravely die.
 She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, huzza !—
 To the bottom down she goes !

C. Carter.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave !
 Wha can 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',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !—
 Let us do, or die !

Burns.

BLOW, BOREAS, BLOW.

BLOW, Boreas, blow, and let thy surly winds
 Make the billows foam and roar.
 Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds,
 But, spite of thee, we'll live and find a shore !
 'Then cheer, my hearts, and be not awed,
 But keep the gun-room clear ;
 Tho' hell's broke loose, and the devils roar abroad,
 Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear !—
 Hey ! how she tosses up, how far !
 'The mounting topmast touch'd a star !
 'The meteors blazed as through the clouds we came,
 And, salamander-like, we live in flame !—
 But now we sink ! now, now we go
 Down to the deepest shades below.
 Alas ! where are we now ? who, who can tell ?
 Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell !
 Or where the sea-gods dwell !—
 With them we'll live—with them we'll live and reign—
 With them we'll laugh and sing and drink amain.
 But see, we mount ! see, see, we rise again !
 Though flashes of lightning, and tempests of rain,
 Do fiercely contend who shall conquer the main ;
 Though the captain does swear, instead of a pray'r,
 And the sea is all fired by the demons of the air !—
 We'll drink, and defy
 The mad spirits that fly
 From the deep to the sky,
 And sing whilst the thunder does bellow ;
 For Fate will still have a kind home for the brave,
 And ne'er make his grave of a salt-water wave,
 To drown,—no, never to drown a good fellow.

R. Bradley, 1700.

LOVELY MAIDEN.

LOVELY maiden, art thou sleeping ?
 Wake, and fly with me, my love,
 While the moon is proudly sweeping
 Through the ether fields above ;

O,
Bu

While her mellow'd light is streaming
 Full on mountain, moor, and lake!
 Dearest maiden, art thou dreaming?
 'Tis thy true love calls—awake?

All is hush'd around thy dwelling,
 Even the watch-dog's lull'd asleep;
 Hark! the clock the hour is knelling,
 Wilt thou then promise keep?
 Yes, I hear her softly coming,
 Now her window's gently rais'd,
 There she stands, an angel blooming—
 Come, my Mary! haste thee, haste!

Fear not, love! thy rigid father
 Soundly sleeps, bedrench'd with wine;
 'Tis thy true love holds the ladder,
 To his care thyself resign!
 Now my arms enfold a treasure,
 Which for world's I'd not forego;
 Now our bosoms feel that pleasure,
 Faithful bosoms only know.

Long have our true loves been thwarted
 By the stern decrees of pride,
 Which would doom us to be parted,
 And make thee another's bride;
 But behold my steeds are ready,
 Soon they'll post us far away;
 Thou wilt be Glen Alva's Lady
 Long before the dawn of day!

Rodger.

THE DAINY BIT PLAN.

Our May had an e'e to a man,
 Nae less than the newly-placed Preacher;
 And we plotted a dainty bit plan
 For trapping our spiritual teacher.
 O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!
 But ne'er say a herring is dry until it be reestit and reekit.

We treated young Mr. M'Gock,
 We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy;
 And we praised every word that he spoke,
 'Till we put him maist out o' the body.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

And then we grew a' unco guid—
 Made lang faces aye in due season;
 When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,
 Young Mr. M'Gock took occasion.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
 Except when frae hame he was helping;
 And then May, and often us a',
 Gaed far and near after him skelping.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought droll,
 That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
 Was, though a wee dry on the whole,
 As refreshing as dew on Mount Hermon.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—
 The dainty bit plan that we plotted
 Was to get a subscription afit,
 And a *watch* to the minister voted.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,
 By turns lent a hand in collecting;
 But May took the feck o' the wark,
 And the trouble the rest o' directing.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
 And May, wi' sma' priggish consentit
 To be ane o' a party o' five
 To gang to the Manse and present it.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice
 To May in a deep consultation,
 To hae something to say unco nice,
 And to speak for the hale deputation.
 O, we were sly, sly, &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,
 May delivered a bonny palaver,
 To let Mr. M'Gock understand
 How zealous she was in his favour.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove
 'That his female friends valued him highly,
 But it coul'na express a' their love;
 And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
 O, we were sly, sly! &c.

He put the gold watch in his sab,
 And proudly he said he would wear it,
 And after some flattering gab,
 Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.
 O, we were sly, sly! O, we were sly and sleekit!
 But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit plan to
 be cleekit.

May cam' ham wi' her heart at her mouth,
 And became frae that hour a Dissenter;
 And now she's renewing her youth,
 Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.
 O, but she's sly, sly! O but she's sly and sleekit!
 And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither ane's steekit.
 Wm Cross.

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A STEED! a steed of matchless speed,
 A sword of metal keen!
 All else to noble hearts is dross,
 All else on earth is mean.

The neighing of the war-horse proud,
 The rolling of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpets loud,
 Be sounds from heaven that come ;
 And oh ! the thund'ring press of knights,
 When as their war-cries swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 Or rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount, then mount, brave gallants all,
 And don your helms amain.
 Death's couriers' Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field again.
 No shrewish tears shall fill our eye,
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,
 Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh
 For the fairest of the land.
 Let piping swain and craven wight,
 Thus weep and puling cry ;—
 Our business is, like men to fight
 And hero-like to die !

Motherwell.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a soft simmer gloamin',
 In yon dowie dell,
 It was there we twa first met
 By Wearie's cauld well.
 We sat on the brume bank
 And look'd in the burn,
 But sidelang we look'd on
 Ilk ither in turn.
 The corn craik was chirming
 His sad eerie cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky :
 The burn babbled freely
 Its love to ilk flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

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We heard and we saw nought
 Above or around ;
 We felt that our love lived,
 And loathed idle sound.
 I gazed on your sweet face
 Till tears filled my e'e,
 And they drapt on your wee loof—
 A world's wealth to me.
 Now the winter's snaw's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lea ;
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sae sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.
 Ye've waled out anither
 Your bridegroom to be ;
 But can his heart luvae sae
 As mine luvit thee ?
 Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
 And monie braw claes ;
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.
 Fareweel, and for ever.
 My first luvae and last,
 May thy joys be to come—
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me ;
 But light as thy luvae, may
 It fleet over thee !

Motherwell.

THE BRITISH HERO.

UP with our native banner high ! and plant it deep and strong,
 And o'er the empire let its folds in glory float along ;
 For a thousand years have come and gone, and a thousand
 years shall go,
 Ere tyrant force, or traitor wile, shall lay that banner low !

And come, my friends, your goblets fill, till the wine o'er
 swell the brim,
 And pledge me in a willing cup of gratitude to him,
 Who, when the bravest shrank appall'd, that banner lifted
 high,
 Till, where'er he stepp'd, it waved above a field of victory !

Whose arm was like the thunderbolt to do whate'er his
 mind—
 Swift as the lightning-flash, had once imagined and com-
 bined;
 Whose soul no timid doubts could stay, nor coward fears
 could quell,
 Not calmer in the festive hall than 'mid the battle's yell!

Who shall forget, that felt the joy, when every morning's
 sun,
 Was hail'd with rattling guns, to tell another field was won;
 When, after years of doubt and gloom, one universal roar
 Proclaim'd through Europe's gladden'd realms that the ty-
 rant ruled no more !

Then here's to him, the foremost man of all this mortal
 world,
 Who down to dust the ruthless foe of earth and mankind
 hurl'd !
 Long may he live to wield and grace the baton of command,
 That marshal'd kings and nobles once in his unconquer'd
 hand !

And never in a worthier grasp the leading-staff was worn—
 For ever honour'd be his name to ages yet unborn,
 And be it still the proudest boast, when a thousand years
 are gone,
 To be a native of the land that rear'd a WELLINGTON.

E. Pinkerton.

THE SEA ! THE SEA !

A PARODY.*

THE Sea ! the sea ! Oh me ! oh me !
 The pail—be quick ! I quail—I'm sick,—
 I'm sick as I can be
 I cannot sit, I cannot stand ;
 I prithee, steward, lend a hand !
 To my cabin I'll go,—to my berth will I hie,
 And like a cradled infant lie.
 I'm on the Sea—I'm on the Sea !
 I am where I would never be ;
 With the smoke above, and the steam below,
 And sickness wheresoe'er I go ;
 If a storm should come no matter, I wot ;
 To the bottom I'd go—as soon as not.

 I love, oh ! how I love to ride
 In a neat post chaise, with a couple of bays,
 And a pretty girl by my side :
 But, oh ! to swing amidst fire and foam,
 And be steam'd like a mealy potato at home ;
 And to feel that no soul cares more for your wo,
 Than the paddles that clatter as onward they go,
 The ocean's wave I ne'er moved o'er,
 But I loved my donkey more and more,
 And homeward flew to her bony back,
 Like a truant boy or a sandman's sack ;
 And a mother she was, and is, to me ;
 For I was—an ass—to go to sea !

The fields were green, and blue the morn,
 And still as a mouse the little house
 Where I—where I was born ;
 And my father whistled, my mother smiled,
 While my donkey bray'd in accents mild :
 Nor ever was heard such an outcry of joy
 As welcomed to life the beautiful boy.

* This parody on Barry Cornwall's song of " The Sea," we have taken, from Fraser's Magazine.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
 With my peaceable donkey and termagant wife,
 With a spur for the one, and a whip for the other;
 Yet ne'er have wish'd to change with another:
 And a proverb of old will apply to me—
 "Who is born to be hang'd will not die on the sea!"

The following War-song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers to which it was addressed, was raised in 1767, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid-Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant Colonel Dundas, now Viscount Melville. The noble and constitutional measure of arming freemen in defence of their own rights, was no where more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a regiment of cavalry, from the city and county, and two corps of artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*" 1812.

WAR-SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
 The bugles sound their call:
 The Gallic navy stems the seas,
 The voice of battle's on the breeze,
 Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
 A band of brothers true;
 Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
 With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;
 We boast the red and blue.*

* The royal colours.

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Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
 Dull Holland's tardy train ;
 Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn ;
 Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
 And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call*
 Their brethern's murder gave,
 Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
 Nor patriot valour, desperate-grown,
 Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
 In freedom's temple born,
 Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
 To hail a master in our isle,
 Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No! though destruction o'er the land
 Come pouring as a flood,
 The sun, that sees our falling day,
 Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
 And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
 Or plunder's bloody gain ;
 Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
 To guard our king, to fence our law,
 Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
 Shall fan the tri-color,
 Or footstep of invader rude,
 With rapine foul, and red with blood,
 Pollute our happy shore,—

* The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their brave countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorised the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have at length been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
 Adieu each tender tie !
 Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
 Where charging squadrons furious ride,
 To conquer or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
 High sounds our bugle call ;
 Combined by honour's sacred tie,
 Our word is *Law and Liberty* !
 March forward, one and all !*

W. Scott.

SONG,

ON THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE
 HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL
 MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.†

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
 Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame :
 And each fores'er blithe, from his mountain descending,
 Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
 She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more ;
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
 With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
 At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
 For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border
 The Flowers of the forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.
 Then up with the banner, &c.

* [Sir Walter Scott was, at the time when he wrote this song, Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry. See one of the Epistles introductory to *Marmion*.]

† [This song appears with music in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection—1826. The foot-ball match on which it was written took place on December 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd.]

A stripling's weak hand* to our revel has borne her,
 No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
 But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
 A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
 Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
 And hail, like our brethern, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR:
 And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
 As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
 Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
 And if, by mischance you should happen to fall,
 There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
 And life is itself but a game at foot-ball,
 Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
 To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
 And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
 To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
 Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Land-
 ward,
 From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle-nook;
 And huzza! my brave hearts, for BÜCCLEUCH and his stan-
 dard,
 For the King and the Country, the Clan and the Duke!

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,
 She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more:
 In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
 With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

W. Scott.

* [The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son, now
 Lieut. Colonel Sir Walter Scott, 15th Hussars.]

I'LL LIVE A SINGLE LIFE.

SOME foolish ladies will have men,
 Whatever these should be,
 And fancy they are getting old;
 When scarcely twenty-three.
 They never once reflect upon
 The trials of a wife;
 For me, I'll pay my lovers off,
 And live a single life!

I cannot think of Mr. Figg;—
 I do not like the name;
 And as for Mr. Tickeler,
 Why that is much the same!
 And Mr. *Goold* has grown so *poor*,
 He could not keep a wife,
 And Mr. *Honey* looks so *sour*—
 I'll live a single life!

I see some ladies who were once
 The gay belles of the town,
 Though but a short year married,
 All changed in face and gown.
 And Mr. *Gentle* rudely *scolds*
 His little loving wife;
 And Mr. *Love*. has grown so *cold*—
 I'll live a single life!

There's Mr. *Home* is always out
 Till twelve o'clock at night;
 And Mr. *Smart* is *dull* and *black*,
 Since married to Miss *White*.
 And Mr. *Wright* has all gone *wrong*,
 And beats his loving wife;—
 I would not have such men, I trow—
 I'll live a single life!

Miss *Evans* looks so very *odd*,
 Since wed to Mr *Strang*;
 Miss *Little* looks so very *broad*
 Beside her Mr. *Lang*.

Miss *Hartley* looks so heartless now
 Since Mr. *Wishart's* wife,
 Miss *Rose* has turn'd so lily-pale—
 I'll live a single life!

There's Mr. *Foot* has bagg'd me oot
 To give him my fair hand;
 And Mr. *Crabbe* has sought me too,
 And so has Mr. *Bland*;
 And Mr. *Young* and Mr. *Auld*
 Have asked me for their wife;
 But I've denied them every one—
 I'll live a single life!

So, ladies who are single yet
 Take heed to what I say;
 Nor cast yōur caps, and take the pet,
 As thoughtless maidens may:
 Remember 'tis no common task
 To prove a prudent wife;
 For me, no one my hand need ask—
 I'll live a single life!

Andrew Park.

MINISTER TAM!

Oh! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?
 Oh! ken ye his reverence, Minister Tam?
 Wi' a head like a hog, an' a look lik a ram—
 An' these are the marks o' Minister Tam.

Oh! Minister Tam's mistaen his trade—
 The parish beadle he should hae been made;
 The kintra clash i' the manse to tell,
 To summon the Session, an' ring the bell!

He's gotten a kirk, but he's preach'd it toom!
 He ca's, examines, but nane will come;
 His elder bodies they daurna speak—
 He's makin' an' breakin' them ilka week!

There's aye some will-o'-the-wisp in his pow,
 That keeps the country side in a lowe;
 There'll never be peace, an' that ye'll hear tell,
 Till he hang as heigh as the parish bell!

Alex. Laing, Brechin.

THE MOON SHONE CALMLY BRIGHT.

The moon shone calmly bright
 Upon the slumb'ring scene,
 Ten thousand stars shone out that night,
 Around their placid queen;
 A ship hath left the shore,—
 Where shall that good ship be,
 Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—
 Deep—deep in the booming sea.

“Hark!—heard ye not, but now,
 A wild unearthly cry,”
 They ask with troubled breast and brow,
 And startled ear and eye—
 “Was't the water-spirit's shriek?”
 “What may that boding be?”
 And a moment blanch'd the brownest cheek,
 On the deep and booming sea.

“What fear?—the breeze to-night
 Can scarce a ripple wake,
 And slow moves our ship with her wings of white,
 Like a swan o'er a moonlit lake!”
 Ah! little dreamt they then
 The change so soon to be,
 And arose the songs of jovial men
 On the deep and booming sea!

'Tis morn--but such a morn
 May bark ne'er brave again,
 Through vaulting billows—tempest-torn,
 Toils the reeling ship in vain!

The waves are hushed and blue,
 But where—oh ! where is she,
 The good ship with her gallant crew !
 Deep—down in the booming sea !

John Imlah

O FOLLOW HER NOT !

O FOLLOW her not ! O follow her not !
 Though she lure thee with smile and song ;
 Fair is her cheek, but her heart is black,
 And the poison of death's on her tongue ;
 She'll leave on thy innocence many a blot—
 'Then follow her not ! O follow her not !

Some call her Pleasure and some call her Sin,
 Some call her a Lady gay,
 For her step is light, and her eye is bright,
 And she carols a blithsome lay.
 " Away to the bower where care is forgot !"
 But follow her not ! O follow her not !

Though her steps invite, though her eye burn bright,
 Though green be the leaves in her bower,
 Yet that step is false as a meteor-light,
 And that eye hath the rattle-snake's power.
 Her bower ! O wild and unblessed is the spot—
 Then follow her not ! O follow her not !

Will. Kennedy.

WE TWINED OUR HEARTS IN ANE.

WE twined our lovin' hearts in ane,
 I' the spring-time o' the year.
 When the rejoicing earth seemed vain
 O her braw bridal gear.
 When larks aboon the brairdin' rig
 'Their warm leal loves were tellin.'
 Our hearts, like theirs, wi' pleasure big,
 Were proudly, fondly swellin'.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane—
 Alas ! for Fate's decree—
 Ere the green spring came back again,
 Wide sindered hearts had we.
 When next the lark aboon the braird
 His sang was sweetly pourin',
 Between our hearts, sae lately pair'd,
 The billows big were roarin'.

And ere the braird had grown to grain,
 The lark had flown the lea,
 Beneath the cauld and cruel main
 Lay a' was dear to me.
 And, oh ! I wish the briny wave
 That rows aboon my lover,
 Would take me to his deep, deep grave,
 My lanely heart to cover.

W. Ferguson.

THE WARRIOR'S HOME.

SHALL the warrior rest
 When his battles are o'er?—
 When his country's oppress'd
 By the tyrant no more?
 Yes, yes to the arms of affection he'll come;
 The voice of the cannon, nor bugle, nor drum,
 Shall again rouse the warrior—
 The noble old warrior,
 He'll proudly enjoy the calm blessings of home!
 On each gay festive night
 When his gallants sit round,
 And the soft eye of light
 In fair woman is found!
 Then, then shall he tell of his feats on the plain,
 And in fancy lead on his bright armies again!
 This will cheer the old warrior,
 The noble old warrior,—
 Yet he'll weep for the brave who in battle were slain!

He shall throw down his shield,
 And ungird his bright blade,
 That flash'd in the field
 When the onset was made —
 He shall hang up his helmet, and lay himself down,
 Where love and affection ne'er veil'd in a frown !
 Then rest thee, old warrior ! —
 Thou noble old warrior
 The praise of an empire take, take—'tis thine own !
Andrew Park.

HUNTING SONG.

" I never yet own'd a horse or hound,
 I never was lord of a foot of ground ;
 Yet few are richer, I will be bound,
 Than me of a hunting morning.
 " I'm far better off nor him that pays,
 For though I've no money, I live at my ease,
 With hunting and shooting whenever I please,
 And a tally-high-ho in the morning.
 " As I go on foot, I don't lose my sate,
 As I take the gaps, I don't break a gate ;
 And if I'm not first, why I'm seldom late,
 With my tally-high-ho in the morning.
 " And there's not a man, be he high or low,
 In the parts down here, or wherever you go,
 That doesn't like poor Tipperary Joe,
 With his tally-high-ho in the morning."
Lever.

THE POPE.

I
 THE Pope, he leads a happy life,
 He fears not married care, nor strife,
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.
 F

CHORUS.

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

II.

But then all happy's not his life,
He has not maid, nor blooming wife;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

III.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

IV.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

V.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

VI.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

Lever.

 THE YOUNG CUIRASSIER.

Oh! lady, look forth from thy bower,
And list to the trumpet's loud swell,
Which wakes in this lone silent hour
The wail of a lover's farewell;—

I go from the light of thy smile, love,
To the blood-crimson'd warfield's of Spain,
And a strange dreamy voice all the while, love,
Says I never shall see thee again.

And here is thine own true-love token,
As bright as my moonsilver'd crest,
The pledge of a faith never broken
'Tis clasp'd to this mail-cover'd breast ;—
Thy fair hands in fondness entwined it
From the plume waving now to thee, here,
And a prayer from thy pure heart hath shrined it
Over that of thine own Cuirassier.

Thro' my corslet of steel, hark ! how loudly
My heart wildly beats to be free,
And the eyes which on others bend proudly
In tears look their last gaze on thee :—
Again to the night breeze is given
The war note which sounds forth my knell,
I part—but to meet thee in heaven,
God shield thee ! my true love, farewell !

And swiftly thro' peril and danger
The young soldier spurr'd his bold steed,
From his home to the land of the stranger—
From his true-love to combat and bleed ;—
And still to that loved one he cherish'd
His faith, in a brighten'd career
To the red field of strife where he perish'd,
The young and the brave Cuirassier.

J. H. Willis, Quebec.

HUNTING SONG.*

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear !

* [First published in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808,—and set to a Welsh air in "Thompson's *Select Melodies*," vol. iii. 1817.]

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey,
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
 And foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thickest green;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 "Waken lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the green-wood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
 You shall see him brought to bay.
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth, and mirth and glee,
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BOLD DRAGOON;* OR, THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.

"Twas a Marechal of France, and he fain would honour
 gain,

*[This song was written shortly after the battle of Badajoz, (April, 1812,) for a Yeomanry Cavalry dinner.]

And he long'd to take a passing glance at Portugal from
Spain;

With his flying guns this gallant gay,

And boasted corps d'armée—

O he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
riding,

Whack, fal deral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,

Just a fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,

When, 'twas peste ! morbleu ! mon General,

Hear the English bugle call !

And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords, bold-
ly riding,

Whack, fal deral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,

And as the devil leaves a house they tumbled through the
wall ;*

They took no time to seek the door,

But best foot set before—

O they ran from our dragoons, with their long swords, bold-
ly riding,

Whack, fal deral, &c.

Those valiant men of France, they had scarcely fled a mile,
When on their flank there sous'd at once the British rank
and file ;

For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then

Ne'er minded one to ten,

But came on like light dragoons, with their long swords, bold-
ly riding,

Whack, fal deral, &c.

Three hundred British lads they made three thousand reel,
'Their hearts were made of English oak, their swords of
Sheffield steel,

Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,

And Beresford them led ;

* In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled
down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long swords, boldly
riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song :

The eagles that to fight he brings
Should serve his men with wings,
When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long swords,
boldly riding,
Whack, fal de ral, &c. *Sir Walter Scott.*

SONG.

Oh, say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring-time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreath with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,
'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine,
Whose life blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashioned as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

Sir Walter Scott.

LINES TO MR. HODGSON.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET.

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo 's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.

From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark ! the farewell gun is fired ;
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.

Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the custom-house ;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,

Not a corner for a mouse
Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar ;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
“ Have a care ! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord ! ”
“ Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.”

Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,

Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Paket.

Now we've reach'd her, lo ! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
“ Hey day ! call you that a cabin ?
Why 't is hardy three feet square ;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there ? ”

“ Who, sir ? plenty—
Nobles twenty
Did at once my vessel fill.”

" Did they ? J—s,
 How you squeeze us !
 Would to God they did so still :
 Then I'd scape the heat and racket
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob ! * where are you ?
 Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you !
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
 Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls,
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

" Here's a stanza
 On Braganza—
 Help !"—" A couplet ?"—No, a cup
 Of warm water—"

" What's the matter ?"
 " Zounds ! my liver's coming up ,
 I shall not survive the racket
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet."

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
 Lord knows when we shall come back !
 Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack.
 But, since life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh on—as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore ;

* Lord Byron's three servants.

While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing—
 Who the devil cares for more?—
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet? *

Byron.

MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE.

I.

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

II.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

III.

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

IV.

Wer't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

V.

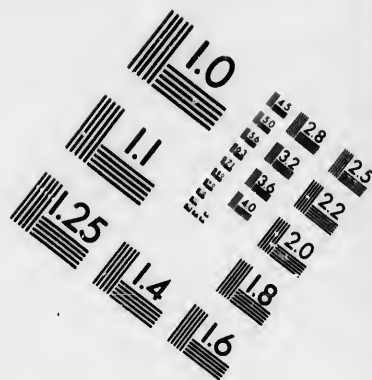
With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

Byron.

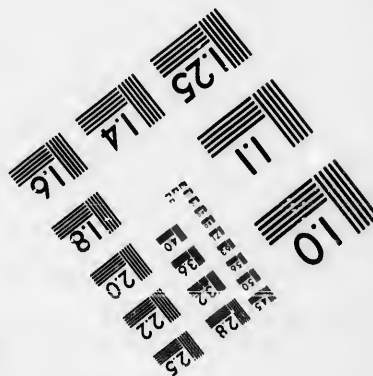
* In the letter in which these lively verses were enclosed, Lord Byron says:—"I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was as sour as a crab; and thus ends my first chapter."







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SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

I.

So, we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving,
 And the moon be still as bright.

II.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And love itself have rest.

III.

Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me:
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:
 And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee;
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.

THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O ENGLAND ! dear home of the lovely and true
 Loved land of the brave and the free,
 Though distant—though wayward—the path I pursue
 My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.
 Deep, in my heart's core,
 Rests the print of thy shore,
 From a die whose impression fades never ;
 And the motto impress'd,
 By this die, on my breast,
 "England, dear England, for ever."
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of light,
 Aloft on the white-crested wave ;
 While billows surround her, as guards of her right
 To an island where breathes not a slave.
 And her sceptre of light
 Shall, through regions of night,
 Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,
 Till the unfetter'd slaves,
 To the Queen of the Waves,
 Shout " Freedom and England for ever,"
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

How often hath Fame, with his trumpet's loud blast,
 Praised the crimes of mock-heroes in war,
 Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,
 And drag the fallen foe at their car !
 But a new law, from heaven,
 Hath by England been given
 To Fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever,—
 " No hero but he
 Who saves and sets free,"
 Saith England, free England, for ever,
 May blessings rest on thee for ever !

J. D. Carrick.

COME, A SONG—A GLAD SONG.

COME, a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,
Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,
When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
Oh! who would not join in a soul-stirring song?

Sing on, happy hearts! if your praises should be
Breathed forth for the land of the brave and the free,
Let the proud echoes swell Scotland's mountains among,
They're the altars of freedom! the highlands of song!

Sing on, happy hearts! and if love be the theme,
Then breathe in glad music the bliss of the dream,
For the ladies, God bless them! who seldom are wrong,
Say "love's sweetest breath is a soul-melting song."

Sing on, merry hearts! and if auld mother wit,
Be the prize you would aim at, the mark you would hit,
Go bathe your glad souls in the blood of the vine,
Till your hearts overflow with the lays o' langsyne.

Song—song was the joy of our boyhood's glad time;
Song—song still shall cheer the proud home of our prime,
And when bent with old age, we go hirpling along,
We'll beat time with our crutch to a merry old song.

Then a song—a glad song, when each heart with delight,
Like fix'd stars are beaming around us to-night,
When our faith is so steady, our friendship so strong,
Oh who would not join in a soul-stirring song?

Alex. MacLaggan, Edinburgh.

SCOTLAND'S GUID AULD CHANNEL STANE.*

Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The bravest far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching Channel Stane!

* Another name for the Curling Stone.

WHARE
I trow th
If they h
Gi'e ther
Could t
To lea'e
The sm
That sta

O for the Channel Stane !
 The fell gude game, the Channel Stane
 There's no a game amang them a'
 Can match auld Scotland's Channel Stane !

I've played at quoiting i' my day,
 And maybe I may do't again,
 But still unto mysel' I'd say,
 O this is no the Channel Stane !
 O for, &c.

I've been at bridals unca glad ;
 In courting lassies wondrous fain ;
 But what was a' the fun I've had,
 Comparit wi' the Channel Stane !
 O for, &c.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
 Never to come back again,
 I'd sweep the mune an' starlits by,
 And beat them at the Channel Stane.
 O for, &c.

We'd boom across the Milky Way,
 One tee should be the Nothern Wain,
 Another bright Orion's ray,
 A comet for a Channel Stane !
 O for, &c.

James Hogg.

MATHEW M'FARLANE,

THE KILBARCHAN RECRUIT.

WHARE cam' the guineas frae, Mathew, my dear ?
 I trow thou had nane till the sodgers cam here ;
 If they be the king's or the sergeant's my son,
 Gi'e them back, for thou never maun carry the gun.

Could thou e'er think to gang o'er the braid sea,
 To lea'e the loan-head, the auld bigging, and me,
 The smith and the smiddy, thy loom, and the lass
 That stands at the gavle and laughs when ye pass ?

Mind, Mathew! for thou likes thy belly fu' weel,
 There is naething abroad like our hearty aitmeal,
 Nor guid sheep-head-kail, for nae outlandish woman
 Has the gumption to ken that they need sic a scummin'.

In thy lug, tho' that wild Highland sergeant may blaw,
 And talk o' the ferlies he's seen far awa,
 And the pleasures and ease o' a sodgering life,
 Believe me, its naething but labour and strife!

If thy fit should but slip in the midst o' the drilling.
 The ranking and rawing, and marching and wheeling,
 The sergeant would cry, "Shoot the stammering loon!" or
 else,

"Tie the scoonerel up to the halberds, ye scoonerels!"

And when our king George to the wars wad be prancing,
 Wi' the crown on his head, and his sceptre a' glancing,
 Wi' chariots, and horsemen, and cornels, a host o' them,
 And Sergeant M'Tavish as proud as the best o' them;

My son, and the rest o' the puir single men would be
 Trudging behind them wi' their legs twining wearily;
 Laden like camels, and cringing like colly dogs,
 Till the Frenchmen in swarms wad come bizzin about their
 lugs.

Then to meet Bonaparte rampaging and red
 To the verra e'en-holes wi' the spilling o' bluid!
 O, maybe the fiend in his talons wad clought thee!
 And rive thee to spawls without speering whase aught thee!

Thou maunna wear claes o' red, Mathew M'Farlane!
 Nor ringe wi' twa sticks on a sheep's-skin, my darlin'!
 Nor cadge wi' a knapsack frae Dan to Beersheba, nor
 Dee like thy father at wearifu' Baltimore!

Bide still in Kilbarchan! and wha kens but thou
 May be some day an elder, and keep a bit cow,
 And ha'e for thy wife the braw through-ither lass
 That stands at the gable and laughs when ye pass.

But if
 It's ae
 Whae
 Will e

But if thou maun sodger, and vex thy puir mither.
 It's ae comfort to me, should I ne'er ha'e anither,
 Whaever may shoot thee, their prey when they mak' o' thee,
 Will e'en get a gude linen sark on the back o' thee!

Wm. Cross.

THE CURLERS' GARLAND.

CURLERS, gae hame to your spades, or your ploughs,
 To your beuks, to your planes, or your thummills;
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' thro';
 Hame, swith! to your elshins, or wummills.

The curlin's owre, for the thow is come;
 On Mistilaw the snaw is meltin',
 His hetherie haffets kythe black in the win',
 And the rain has begun a-peltin'.

A lang fareweel to greens and beef,
 To yill, to whisky, and bakes:
 Fu' o' cracks is the ice, but we'll smuir our dule
 By goblin' up parritch and cakes.

We'll nae mair think o' the slithery rink,
 Nor the merry soun "Tee high,"
 Nor "Inwick here," "Break an egg there,"
 Nor "He's far owre stark, soop him bye."

We maunna think o' the slithery rink,
 Nor of hurras a volley;
 The ice is dauchie, nae fun can we get,
 For ilka stane lies a collie.

Nor roar "Besoms up, he's a capital shot;"
 "Nor Jock, lie here, I say;"
 "He's weel laid on, soop him up, soop him up."
 "Now guard him, and won is the day."

But we trow when winter comes again,
 Wi' a' its frosts and snaws,
 We'll on the ice ance mair forger, together,
 Before life's gloamin' close.

—Curlers, gae hame to your spades or your ploughs,
 To your pens to your spules, or your thummills,
 Curlers, gae hame, or the ice ye'll fa' through—
 Tak' your ell wands, your elshins, or wummills.

When writing these verses, the author had in his eye Castlesem-
 ple Loch in Renfrewshire, a famous place for curling. Mistilaw is
 a conspicuous hill in the neighbourhood.

HALKERTON'S CALF.

AN ill-deedy limmer is Halkerton's cow,
 An' owre mony marrows has Halkerton's cow;
 But the auldest greybeard sin' he kent a pickstaff,
 Ne'er heard o' a marrow to Halkerton's calf.

Ne'er heard, &c.

Whan the kailyard is out o' its best cabbage stock,
 An' the hairst-rig is short o' the thrave or a stouk,
 An' the stack has been eased o' the canny drawn sheaf.
 The mark o' the cloven foot tells o' the thief.

The mark, &c.

He's doure i' the uptack the deil canna teach,
 This wonderfu' calf has the rare gift o' speech;
 Has scripture by heart, as the gowk has its lied,
 An' fechts wi' his tongue for his kirk an' a creed.

An' fechts, &c.

At alehouse an' smiddy he rairs an' he cracks,
 'Bout doctrines, an' duties, an' statutes, and acts;
 At blythemeat, an' dredgy, yulefeast, an' infare,
 He's ready aff-hand wi' a grace or a prayer.

He's ready, &c.

Alex. Laing.

THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

Oh ! here let my home be, where dark woods are wreathing
 Their giant like arms with the cloud and the breeze,

Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,
 And liberty smiles on my cot 'mongst the trees ;

And mine be the life of the fleet-footed rover,
 Unquestioned my course over mountain and flood—
 With bold heart to follow the wolf to his cover
 And wing the fleet shaft on its errand of blood.

I have heard of far lands, where the sun lingers sadly,
 And turns with regret to the scenes that it leaves,
 As a lover at parting, will gaze—oh ! how madly,
 When reft from the shrine where his heart fondly cleaves
 But I ask not—I care not—what clime may be fairer
 Than this—there is none that more truly is dear,
 And though scenes there may be, to the eye that are rarer,
 Could I choose from them all—still my home should be
 here.

'Tis the heart gives its hue to the "land that we dwell in,"
 And bright though the sky of the stranger may be,
 While the warm tide of life in my bosom is swelling,
 My country—mine own—shall be fairest to me !
 Then, here let my home be, where dark woods are wreath-

ing,
 Their giant like arms on the wing of the breeze,
 Where flowers around sweetest odours are breathing,
 And liberty smiles on my cot 'mongst the trees.

LE FILS DU ROI.

Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Proclaims the hour of
 starting ;

Up, up, 'tis time—that matin chime Proclaims the hour of
 starting ;

Embark, embark—the dawn of day,
 In the blushing Heavens derides our stay—

We're all abroad, and away, away,
Our light canoe is darting—
We're all abroad, and away, away,
Our light canoe is darting.

II.

We skim the lake like a soft snow-flake,
Or the white cloud floating o'er us ;
And, quick as the swallow in its flight,
The rapids we shoot like a thing of light,
While, high o'er the roar of their rushing might,
Is heard our merry chorus.

III.

There's care and strife in a city life,
A toiling for wordly treasures ;
But with skies above us so calm and pure,
And a bark beneath us so swift and sure,
Oh, give me the life of a voyageur,
'Tis worth all their idle pleasures ;

IV.

Push on, push on ! ere daylight's gone—
Bright tears were shed at parting ;
Bright smiles shall greet us before we rest,
And we'll revel in joys, supremely blest,
Till spring time comes—then hurrah for the West !
We're ready again for starting.

THE OATH OF THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A LOYAL SONG FOR CANADA.

Huzza for England !—may she claim,
Our fond devotion ever ;
And by the glory of her name
Our brave forefathers' honest fame,
We swear,—no foe shall sever,
Her children from their parents' side ;
Though parted by the wave—

In weal or woe—whate'er betide,
 We swear to die or save,
 Her honour, from the robber hand,
 Whose crimes pollute our injured land.

Let the foe come—we will not shrink,
 To meet them if they dare ;
 Well, must they fight, ere rashly think,
 To rend apart one sacred link,
 That binds our country fair,
 To that dear Isle, from whence we sprung,
 Which gave our fathers birth ;
 What glorious deeds our bards have sung,
 The unrivalled on the earth—
 The highest privilege we claim,
 To own her sway—to bear her name !

Then courage, loyal volunteers !
 God will defend the right ;
 That thought will banish slavish fears,
 That blessed consciousness still cheers,
 The soldier in the fight—
 The stars for us shall never burn,
 The stripes—may frighten slaves,
 The Briton's eye still proudly turns,
 Where Britain's standard waves ;
 Beneath its folds, if heaven requires,
 We'll die—as died of old, our sires !

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single bough !
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot ;
 There, woodman let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hack it down ?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
 Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
 I sought its grateful shade ;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kiss'd me here ;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend !
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree ! the storm still brave !
 And, woodman, leave the spot ;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

FARE thee well, my friend and father !
 Go in peace thy far, far way ;
 Take this calumet, and ever
 Think G! think on Omei !

He who shared thine every danger—
 Saw thee conquer flood and foe—
 Hopes to live, O daring stranger !
 In thine utmost, dying, throe.

May the spirit of the water
 Guide in joy thy good canoe,
 And each blessing round thee scatter
 Till thy father-land thou view.

May the spirit of the wild wood
 Guard secure thy homeward track,
 Till the mountains of thy childhood
 Ring with joy to hail thee back.

And, when round thy native dwelling
 White-men gather in the vale;
 Or, when maiden's hearts are swelling
 To thy wild and wondrous tale:

Tell them, that the Red man never
 Shall disturb the axe of strife;
 Nor his spear, his bow and quiver,
 Urge in conflict at their life;

While, like thine, each stranger's story
 Shall rehearse no foeman's woes;
 And, while treading paths of glory,
 Nought but deeds of peace disclose.

Fare thee well, my friend and father!
 Go in peace thy far, far way:
 Take this calumet, and ever
 Think, O! think, on poor Omai!

D. Chisholme.

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.

BAD luck to this marching,
 Pipe-claying and starching;
 How neat one must be to be killed by the French:
 I'm sick of parading'
 'Through wet and cowl'd wading,
 Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
 To the tune of a fife,
 They dispose of your life.

You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
 Now I like Garryowen,
 When I hear it at home,
 But it's not halfso sweet when you're going to be kilt.
 Then though up late and early,
 Our pay comes so rarely,
 The devil a farthing we've ever to spare ;
 They say some disaster,
 Befel the paymaster ;
 In my conscience I think that the money's not there.
 And just think, what a blunder ;
 They won't let us plunder,
 While the convents invite us to rob them, tis clear ;
 Though there isn't a village,
 But cries, " Come and pillage,"
 Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.
 Like a sailor that's nigh land,
 I long for that island
 Where even the kisses we steal if we please ;
 Where it is no disgrace,
 If you don't wash your face,
 And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease.
 With no sergeant t'abuse us,
 We fight to amuse us,
 Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon.
 How I'd dance like a fairy,
 To see culd Dunleary,
 And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon !

MARY DRAPER.*

Don't talk to me of London dames.
 Nor rave about your foreign flames,
 That never lived,—except in drames,
 Nor shone, except on paper ;

* Taken, with permission, from Charles O'malley, the Irish Dragoon

I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
 Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,
 And, let me tell you, mighty few
 Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
 Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
 Her foot was small, and neat to view,
 Her waist was slight and taper;
 Her voice was music to your ear,
 A lovely brogue, so rich and clear;
 Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
 As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
 Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
 Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"
 For nothing could escape her:
 I've seen her too—upon my word—
 At sixty yards bring down her bird,
 Oh! she charmed all the Forty-third!
 Did lovely Mary Draper,

And at the spring assizes ball
 The junior bar would, one and all,
 For all her fav'rite dances call,
 And Harry Deane would caper;
 Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
 King's Counsel, voting law a bore,
 Were proud to figure on the floor,
 For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, subsheriff too,
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,
 If you had only but one view
 Of such a face and shape, or
 Her pretty ancles—but, oh one!
 It's only west of old Athlone
 Such girls are found—and now they're gone—
 So here's to Mary Draper.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through TARA's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on TARA's walls,
 As if that soul were fled.—
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more !

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of TARA swells ;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives.
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives !

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made ;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh ! stay, — Oh ! stay, —
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh ! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
 In times of old through AMMON's shade,*
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus, should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My NORA's lid that seldom rises;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises!
 Oh, my NORA CREINA, dear!
 My gentle, bashful NORA CREINA!
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But Love in yours, my NORA CREINA!
 LESBIA wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
 Oh! my NORA's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases!

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

Yes, my NORA CREINA, dear !
 My simple, graceful NORA CREINA !
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—

The dress *you* wear, my NORA CREINA.

LESBIA hath a wit refin'd,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us.
 Pillow'd on my NORA's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my NORA CREINA dear !
 My mild, my artless NORA CREINA !
 Wit, tho' bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my NORA CREINA.
Moore.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in
 showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers'
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

* This song was written for a fete in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The Standard of Green
 In front would be seen—

Oh! my life on your faith! were you summoned this
 minute,

You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old ERIN has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts, which have suffered too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And ERIN's gay jubilee shine out yet!

The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light, to the last!—

And thus, ERIN, my country! tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
 A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

Moore.

OH THE SHAMROCK.

THROUGH ERIN's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd
 With WIT, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd;

Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass*
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds seen
 Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock !
 Says VALOUR, " See,
 " They spring for me,
 " Those leafy gems of morning !"—
 Says LOVE, " No, no,
 " For me they grow,
 " My fragrant path adorning !"
 But WIT perceives,
 The triple leaves
 And cries, " Oh ! do not sever
 " A type, that blends
 " Three god-like friends,
 " LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever !"
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock !
 So firmly fond
 May last the bond,
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On WIT's celestial feather !

*St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the Ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand.

May LOVE, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May VALOUR ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
 Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

Moore.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

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

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

Moore.

SONG.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
 From the field of Waterloo,
 A British soldier dying
 To his brother bade adieu!

"And take," he said, "this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath."

Sore mourn'd the brother's heart.
When the youth beside him fell ;
But the trumpet warn'd to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him
For that gallant soldier sigh'd ;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

Campbell.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more:
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profan'd a world, that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

Moore.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TOMOROW, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;
 But what can wailing do?
 See, our goblet's weeping too!
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us at play;
 The next—ah! where shall we
 And those rosy urchins be?
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away,
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
 Then,—for Erin and her cause, boy, hurrah! hurrah!
 hurrah!
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurrah!

Moore.

EXILE OF ERIN.

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 o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

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 to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin my, 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 ?
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 ye 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 heart ! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure !
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw :
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking hards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !*

Campbell.

* Ireland my darling,—Ireland for ever.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
 Fair Adelaide lied when the battle was o'er;—
 "Oh! whither," she cried, "hast thou wander'd, my lover?
 Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore!"

"What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd!"
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom, that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
 And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar!
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
 To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar?"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy relieving
 Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!"—

"Ah, no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving!
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return!"

"Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar!

Campbell.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary labourer free!
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs, when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on thee muse,
 Their remembrancer in heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art,
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

Campbell.

SONG.

Oh, how hard it is to find
 The one just suited to our mind !
 And if that one should be
 False, unkind, or found too late,
 What can we do but sigh at fate,
 And sing Wo's me—Wo's me !

Love's a boundless burning waste,
 Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
 And still more seldom flee
 Suspense's thorns Suspicion's stings ;
 Yet somehow Love a something brings
 That's sweet—even when we sigh " Wo's me ! "

Campbell.

SONG.

WHEN Love came first to Earth, the SPRING
 Spread rose-beds to receive him,
 And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
 To heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING departing, saw his faith
 Pledged to the next new comer—
 He revell'd in the warmer breath
 And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claim'd by rights
 An Archer for her lover,
 And even in WINTER's dark, cold nights
 A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
 For this time were his reasons—
 In short, Young Love's a gallant boy,
 That likes all times and seasons.

Campbell.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaim'd t'other morning,
 Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning;
 Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,
 To go gadding, bewich'd by the young eyes of beauty.
 For weary's the wooing, ah! weary,
 When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart at its surly reflections,
 But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections;
 And he made me forget, what I ought to remember,
 That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November.
 Ah! 'Tom, 'tis all o'er with thy gay days—
 Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
 That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewiching;
 And the only new lore my experience traces,
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.
 How weary is wisdom, how weary!
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,
 I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser ;
 Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted—
 It is you, the enchantress—not I, the enchanted.
 Would you have me behave more discreetly,
 Beauty, look not so kill'agly sweetly.

Campbell.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at Love's begining,
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying !

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
 Love has bliss, but Love has ruing :
 Other smiles may make you fickle,
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
 Just as fate or fancy carries ;
 Longest stays when sorest chidden ;
 Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
 Bind its odour to the lily,
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
 Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
 Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
 Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
 Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
 Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ;
 No ! nor fetter'd Love from dying,
 In the knot there's no untying.

Campbell.

SONG.

“ When the battle is o’er, and the sounds of fight
 Have closed with the closing day,
 How happy, around the watch-fire’s light,
 To chat the long hours away ;
 To chat the long hours away, my boy,
 And talk of the days to come,
 Or a better still, and a purer joy,
 To think of our far off home.

“ How many a cheek will then grow pale,
 That never felt a tear !
 And many a stalwart heart will quail,
 That never quailed in fear !
 And the breast that, like some mighty rock
 Amid the foaming sea,
 Bore high against the battle’s shock,
 Now heaves like infancy.

“ And those who knew each other not,
 Their hands together steal,
 Each think of some long hallowed spot,
 And all like brothers feel :
 Such holy thoughts to all are given ;
 The lowliest has his part ;
 The love of home, like love of heaven,
 Is woven in our heart.”

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE
 OF OUR OWN.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
 Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers ;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o’er the day ;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection, as free,
 From decline as the bowers,
 And, with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers.

Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.
Moore.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,
 To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
 These secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition—the image of him
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom thou be kind,
 Around you so fondly he'll hover,
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
 He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other events and thoughts may arise,
 As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle, ere morning, between them.

Moore.

TAKE BACK—TAKE BACK THE VOW YOU GAVE.

Take back—take back the vow you gave
Since newer ties have power to bind thee ;
It does not need that thou shouldst brave,
Reproof from her thou'st left behind thee.

The dream of bliss is o'er,—the spell
That bound my heart to thee, is broken,
And though my heart may sometimes swell
With pain, its wrongs shall ne'er be spoken.

Farewell—we meet no more—and thou,
May'st rove wherever fancy leads thee ;
But, oh ! think on thy broken vow,
And study well the tale it reads thee.

In passion's hour, when thou shalt kneel
To her for whom my love is slighted,
Think, think what that fond heart must feel,
Whose hopes, like mine, are “ seared and blighted.”

Be true to *her* ! and still my prayer
Shall be—although my heart were riven,
That thou may'st never learn to share
The pangs thy guilt to me hath given.

Farewell ! no tear is in mine eye,
Nor is my breast with anguish heaving,
But surely pride may own a sigh,
To one so loved—though thus deceiving,
Fare thee well.

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Moore.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her, sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams 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.

Moore.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

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

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;

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

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Shew'd the track of his footstep to EVELEEN's door.

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

Moore.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried ;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Grief, that is sister to Joy,
 And the short brilliant Folly, that flashes and dies !

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Thus some, who, like me, should have drawn and have
tasted

The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

Moore.

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings ;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in heaven
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping, as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

Moore.

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THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track :
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;—
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
 Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
 Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
 And death seems in the word—Farewell.
 The hour that bids us part and go,
 It sounds not yet,—oh ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
 Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
 To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
 When thou art parted from my soul ?
 Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
 But not together—no, no, no !

Campbell.

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

Oh ! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
 He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
 No envy or malice is there to be found ;
 He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights ;
 For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair ?
 An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
 With his sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !
 His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
 A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck ;
 He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
 He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
 With his sprig of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !

At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
 His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
 From a spring of Shillelah, and shamrock so green !
 He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
 Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet consents all the while.
 To the priest soon they go ; and nine months after that,
 A fine baby cries, "How d'ye do, father Pat,
 With your sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green ?"

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
 Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
 Where grow the Shillelah and shamrock so green !

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
 Drub the French, who dare plant at our confines a cannon
 United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
 May the Rose and the Thistle long flourish and twine
 Round a sprig of Shillelah and shamrock so green !

Croker.

'TAK IT MAN, TAK IT.

WHEN I was a Miller in Fife,
 Losh ! I thought that the sound o' the happer,
 Said tak hame a wee flow to your wife,
 To help to be brose to your supper.
 Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
 But someway by random it rackit ;
 For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
 While the happer said—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill and the kill,
 The garland and geer for my cogie,
 Hey for the whisky or yill,
 That washes the dust owre my cragie.

Altho' its been lang in repute,
 For rogues to mak rich by deceiving ;
 Yet I see that it disna weel suit,
 Honest men to begin to the theiving.
 For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
 Od ! I thought ilka dunt it would crack it ;
 Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,—
 Still the happer said—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
 Might be deaved wi' its clamorous clapper ;
 Yet there's few but would suffer the sough.
 After kenning what's said by the happer.

I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
 Saying shame, is your conscience no chackit ;
 But when I grew dry for a horn,—
 It changed aye to—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam wi' their pocks,
 'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker ;
 See I barter'd whiles wi' the gowks,
 Gied them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
 I had lang been accustom'd to drink,
 And aye when I purposed to quat it,—
 That thing wi' its clapperty clink,—
 Said aye to me—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
 This far I can see through the matter ;
 There's men mair notorious to fame,
 Mair greedy than me for the mutter.
 For 'twad seem that the hale rae o' men,
 O' wi' safety the half we may make it,
 Had some speaking happer within,
 That said to them—tak it man, tak it.
 Hey for the mill, &c.
David Webster.

ST. PATRICK'S ARRIVAL.

St. Patrick, they say,
 Came up sweet Bantry Bay,
 Riding cross-legged astride on the back of a whale,
 Which gave him a bob
 Into Ballydehob,
 Saying, "Phadrig, you're welcome to green Innisfail." *

* One of the many names for Ireland. It has been explained as the island of fate or destiny, from the *Lis-fail* or stone now under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

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The spalpeens were scared,
 As their saucer-eyes stared
 At the Saint, with his mitre, and crosier, and book ;
 Says one great bosthoon, *
 " It's the man in the moon !
 And I'll speak to the creature,
 Just out of good nature,
 And scrape an acquaintance by hook or by crook.
 I hope he can't eat us
 All up like potatoes :
 It was Patrick's day in the morning !

" Your wig, white as flax,
 Makes me bold for to ax
 It's who are you, what are you, and from whence you came?"
 Then the other replied,
 " I came in the last tide ;
 I'm a saint come to serve you, and Patrick's my name.
 With the crook in my hand
 I'll roam over this land,
 And I'll draw yees together like mountainy sheep ;
 I'll card off the sins
 That stick close in your skins ;
 You'll see what the fun is,
 While I beat the *Dunnis*,†
 A beast with long horns, and black as a sweep.
 Go, lie down in clover,‡
 Till the skrimmage is over,
 For it's Patrick's day in the morning !

With a thundering polthogue,§
 And the toe of his brogue,
 Soon the Saint kicked the Dunnis beyond the Black sea.

* A shirtless fellow.

† Here evidently put for the devil. *Donas* and *Donus* is translated by O'Brien as "distress, misery, misfortune, calamity." "Playing the dunnis in the country," is an Anglo-Irish phrase, equivalent to "playing the devil."

‡ This is among the shamrocks.

§ Thump.

Then he spoke to the nation—
 ‘ My sweet congregation,
 You’ve spirits remaining that’s stronger than he;
 Sure ye knows what I means—
 They bewilder your brains—
 They’re as clear as the streamlet that flows through the green.
 But stronger than Sampson,
 His enemies’ head,
 ‘Till he kilt them stone-dead ;
 And the name of the spirit I mean is poteen,*
 I exhort ye, don’t stick, sirs,
 To those Devil’s elixirs,
 Of a Patrick’s day in the morning !”

The Saint fell asleep,
 And the Firbolgst all creep
 For some cruiskeens of water unholy, but tastely.
 With this essence of sins
 Soon they filled up their skins :
 When the Saint he awoke, they were beastly,†
 As fuddled they lay,
 Says the Saint, “ there’s a way
 To wean them : I’ll mawkish stuff put in each bottle ;

* Illicit whi-key, called poteen, from being manufactured in small quantities, and, consequently, in a little pot. *Een*, the Irish diminutive, has something endearing in it, like the Italian *ino*.

† The third colony, according to Keating, that came into Ireland before the Milesians. *Fir bolg*,” says O’Brien, “ means *viri Bolgae* or *Bolgi*, which seems to be a proof that the Belgians had originally their national name from *Bolg* [a bag, or budget, supposed to be a quiver of arrows] ; and the Irish historians remark that they were called *Fir bolg*, from being noted to carry leather bags about them.” The Firbolgs no doubt invented the bagpipe.

‡ Swift philosophically observes, that “ no brute can endure the taste of strong liquor, and, consequently, it is against all the rules of hieroglyph to assign those animals as patrons of punch.” The editor has heard an Irishman declare, that he never would “ make a beast of himself” by drinking water.

And when they awake,
 If a swig they should take,
 Oh, dear ! 'twill disgust them.
 I think I may trust them,
 They'll vow that no more shall pass down through their
 trottle.

Something sweet I'll here pour,*
 And here something sour,
 On Patrick's day in the morning !"

He went off—they awoke,
 Each "hot copper" did smoke
 Like the flue of a steamer—each pounced on his drink,
 Their shewing grimaces,
 Their making of faces,
 Beat Buckt all to nothing : but, what do you think ?
 With features awry,
 In a hogshead hard by,
 Each emptied his bottle, though dying of thirst ;
 Till one, dry as a sponge,
 At the tub made a plunge,
 Where the sour, and the sweet,
 And the whisky did meet :
 And he swigged off this physic, till ready to burst,
 By the side of this mixture
 Each man grew a fixture,
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !

When St. Patrick came back,
 Och !" says he, "ye vile pack
 Of the spawn of the Druids—ye villanous bunch !"
 But a noise, as from Babel,
 Here made him unable
 To hear his own voice, though he said, "Is the PUNCH"—
 EON, he'd have added,
 But the Firbolgs were maddened,
 Their bowls cut short question, remark or reply.

* Pronounced in Ireland, *power*.

† A celebrated miniature-painter in Cork, about whose rapidity of execution many curious stories are told.

" Ay, PUNCH," they roared out,
 With an earth-shaking shout,
 " Is the name of this thing
 That is drink for a king,
 Or the mouth of a Druid, if ever he's dry ;
 It would coax pipe-shank'd Death
 For to let one take breath
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning ;

COME BUY MY CHERRIES.

Come buy my cherries, beauteous lasses,
 Fresh from the garden pluck'd by me.
 All on a summer's day so gay,
 Sweet fruit and flowers I cry.
 Come then fair lasses, pray,
 And of poor Sally buy.

Come buy my roses, youthful lovers,
 And weave a garland for each maiden's hair.
 All on a summer's day so gay,
 Oh ! let not pleasure fly.
 Come then, fond lovers, pray,
 And of poor Sally buy.

Sigh not that blossoms are so fleeting.
 But seize the treasure, though soon 'twill, fade.
 Thus like a summer's day so gay,
 Life's bloom will gently fly.
 Come then, young lovers, pray,
 And of poor Sally buy.

KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonny lassie, o,
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonny lassie, o,
 Where the rose in all its pride
 Paints the hollow dingle's side,
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonny lassie, o.

We will wander by the mill, bonny lassie, o,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonny lassie, o,
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty waterfall.
 'Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonny lassie, o.
 Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, o,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonny lassie, o,
 With the songsters in the grove,
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, o.
 Ah ! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, o,
 To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, o,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented brier,
 E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, o.
 For the frowns of fortune low'r. bonny lassie, o,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, o.
 Ere the golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonny lassie, o.
 And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, o,
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, o,
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonny lassie, o ?

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the sweet spring-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 so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When brown autumn spread its 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 corse lay she.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
 M'Cleish's ae daughter, o' Clevers-ha' Lee,
 A penyless lass wi, a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd and as guid as new,
 His waistcoat was white, and his coat it was blue;
 He pat on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
 And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

He took his grey mare and rade cannily,
 Till he rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee.
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean, wha was making the elder-flower wine,
Says, "What brings the laird here at sic a like time?"
She pat aff her apron, pat on a silk gown,
A mutch wi' red ribbons, and cam away down.

It's when she cam down he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the laird when the lady said "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsy she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e'
He mounted his mare, and gaed hame cannily;
And aften he thought, as he rade thro' the glen,
She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

The laird his exit scarcely had made,
When, the lady reflected on what she had said:
"I might get ane waur, na, aiblins ten;
I was daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen."

She trysted the laird to come down to the Ha':
Quo' she, "I meant Yes, when I answer'd you Na."
Now at his table-head, like a white tappet hen,
She sits, but nae chickens are yet at Cockpen.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark?
Mak haste, set by your wheel!
Is this a time to ta'k o' wark,
When Collin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside.
 Put on the meikle pot ;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat :
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw ;
 Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bank,
 They've 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
 Its a' for love o' my gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down by bigonets,
 My bishop-satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town :
 My Sunday's shoon they maungae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue,
 Its a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's nae luck. &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath's like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he come's up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirl'd thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part :
 But what pits parting in my head ?
 It may be far awa ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm well content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to mak him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

LADY ONLIE.

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in, and take a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky,

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
 Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky ;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie !
 And cheary blinks the ingle gleede
 O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
 Lady Onlie, &c-

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
 A chasing the wild deer, and hunting the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth !
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow !
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below !
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods !
 Farewell to the torrents and loudpouring floods !
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer,
 A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Burns.

O POORTITH CAULD.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye break my peace between ye ;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 If 'twere not for my Jeanie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Love's dearest band untwining !
 Or, why sae sweet a flowe'r as love
 Depend on fortune's shining !

This world's wealth, when I think on't,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't
 Fie, fie, on silly coward man !
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O why should fate, &c.

Her een, sae bonny blue, betray
 How she repays my passion ;
 But prudence is her o'er-word ay,
 She talks o' rank and fashion.
 O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 Wi' sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate !
 He woos his simple deary ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make him eerie.
 Then why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Love's dearest band untwining ?
 Or sic a tender flower as love
 Depend on fortune's shining !
Burns.

THE HAWTHORN.

ONE midsummer morning, all nature look'd gay,
 I met my dear Jamie a tedding the hay,
 Who said, my lovely treasure, come see where I dwell,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale :
 That blooms in the valley, that blooms in the vale ;
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.

He prais'd me, and said that his love was sincere,
 Not one on the green was so charming and fair ;
 I listened, with pleasure, to Jamie's tender tale,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

O hark, bonny Bess, to the birds in yon grove,
 How delightfu' they sing, how inviting to love ;
 The briars, deck'd wi' roses perfume the fanning gale,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

His looks were so pleasing, his words soft and kind,
 They told me the youth had no guile in his mind :
 My heart, too, confess'd him the flower of all the dale,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

I tried for to go, and oft said I could not stay,
 But he would not leave me, nor let me away ;
 Still pressing his suit, at last he did prevail,
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

Now tell me, ye maidens, how I could refuse,
 His lips were so sweet, and so binding his vows ;
 We went and were married, & most cordially we dwell
 Beside the bonny hawthorn that blooms in the vale.
 That blooms, &c.

Hamilton.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, o sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?
 I Care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly ;
 But say thou wilt hae me, for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
 Burns.

KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,
 For Robin has the art to loe :
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he loes me.
 Happy, happy was the shower,
 That led me to his birken bower,
 Where first of love I fand the power,
 And ken'd that Robin loed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves, and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonny things,

And ca' them signs he loes me.
 But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
 Sporting on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,
 Because I ken he loes me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 Loed by a', and dear to me,
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin loes me.

My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, or lang, be made to see
 That Robin didna loe me.

But little kens she what has been,
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in his wooing, o, sae keen
 Kind Robin is that loes me.

Then flee, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, "Join your hands," Mess John shall say,
 And mak him mine that loes me.

Till then let every chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on a' wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin loes me.

O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin loes me.

BONNY JEAN.

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

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie;
 The blythest bird upon the bush,
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

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

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

He gae'd wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He dane'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

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

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

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

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sung sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At Barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee ;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She hadna will to say him na :
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

Burns.

THE HERO OF BALLINACRAZY.

WHEN I lived in sweet Ballinacrazy, dear,
The girls were all tight as a daisy, dear
When I gave them ! smack, they whisper'd, good luck !
And cried, Pady now, can't you be eisy dear !
First I married Miss Dolly O'Dazy, dear,
She had two swivel eyes, wore a jazey, dear ,
Then to fat Miss Malone, weighing seventeen stone ;
'Then to lantern-jaw'd skinny O'Crazy, dear.
When I lived, &c.

Then I married Miss Dorothy Taisy, dear,
A toast once in Ballinacrazy, dear ;
Her left leg was good, but its fellow was wood.
And she hopp'd like a duck round a daisy, dear.
When I lived, &c.

Then I married her sister, Miss Taisy, dear,
But she turn'd out so idle and lazy, dear,
That I took from the peg my deceased lady's leg,
For to lather my live one when lazy, dear.
When I lived &c.

Then I pick'd up old rich Mother Hazy, dear,
She'd a cough, and employ'd Doctor Blazy, dear ;
But some drogs that he gave dropp'd her into her grave,
And her cash made me very soon aisy, deer.
When I lived, &c.

Then says I to old Father O'Mazy, dear,
 Don't my weddings and funerals please you, dear ?
 Oh ! says he, you blackguard betwixt church and church-
 yard,

Why, you never will let me be aisy, dear.
 When I lived, &c.

Oh, woman, I live but to please you, dear,
 I'm the Hero of Ballinacrazy, dear :
 I'll marry you all, lean, fat, short, and tall,
 One after the other, to please you, dear.
 When I lived, &c.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
 When the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring.
 For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting.

Oh that thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray :
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain :
 It may smile in their light, but it blooms not again.

THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM,

I WAS the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.
 Daughters, be cautious and steady,
 Mothers would cry out for fear,
 Won't you take care now of Teddy ?
 Oh ! he's the devil, my dear.

THE

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For I was the boy for bewitching e'm,
 Whether good-humour'd or coy ;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.

From every quarter I gather'd 'em ;
 Very few rivals had I ;
 If I found any, I leather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plaguilly shy.
 Pat Mooney my Shelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack.
 Says he, at my heart I've a beating.
 Says I, Then take one at your back.
 For I was the boy, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
 When other wooers but spoke,
 Once if I look'd her a die-away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads tho' they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.
 For I was the boy, &c.

THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee has cried,
 And I die—ere to-morrow I die,
 This rose thou hast gather'd, and laid by my side,
 Will live, my child, longer than I.
 My days they are gone, like a tale that is told ;
 Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu ;
 For never to father, when feeble and old,
 Was daughter so kind and so true.
 Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast
 spread,

For my chair the warm corner has found,
 And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
 When I saw that the laughter went round.
 Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning exprest,
 When memory was lost on its way :
 Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest ;
 Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my love ! thou couldst choose the good part,
 And more than thy duty hast done :
 Go now to thy Dermot, be press'd to his heart :
 He merits the love he has won.
 Be dutious and tender to him as to me :
 Look up to the mercy-seat then ;
 And, passing this shadow of death, which I see,
 Come, come to my arms back again.

PADDY'S TRIP FROM DUBLIN.

'Twas business required I'd from Dublin be straying,
 I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick ;
 But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,
 A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.
 Says he, Paddy, go down stairs and fetch me some beer
 now.

Says I, By my soul, you're monstratiously kind ;
 Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer now,
 When I come up and see myself all left behind.
 With my palliluh, whilliluh, whilliluh, palliluh,
 Whack, botheration, and Langlee.

A storm met the ship, and so sadly did dodge her,
 Says the captain, We'll sink, or be all cast away.
 Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,
 And my life is insured, so the office must pay.
 But a taef who was sea-sick kick'd up such o riot,
 Though I lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor elf,
 I could not help bawling, yon spalpeen, be quiet !
 Do you think that there's nobody dead but yourself ?
 With my palliluh, &c.

Well, we got safe on shore, every son of his mother ;
 There I found an old friend, Mr. Paddy Macgee.
 Och, Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother ?
 Says I, I've a mighty great notion it's me.
 Then I told him the bull we had made of our journey,
 But of bull-making Irishmen always bear blame,
 Says he, my good friend, though we've bulls in Hibernia,
 'They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the same.
 With my palliluh, &c.

But from all sorts of cuckoldom Heaven preserve us,
 For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and wife,
 And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service
 Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.
 Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,
 Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run away ?
 For should peace turn to war, spite of factions and parties,
 This couple, united, shall carry the day,
 With my palliluh, &c.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore,
 Our friends should mourn,
 Lest we return
 To bless their sight no more ;
 But this is all a notion
 Bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean,
 And some upon the land.
 Then since 'tis clear,
 Howe'er we steer,
 No man's life's under his command ;
 Let tempests howl,
 And billows roll
 And dangers press :
 Of those in spite, there are some joys
 Us jolly tars to bless,
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
 To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sails, another heaves the log,
 The purser swops
 Our pay for slops,
 The landlord sells us grog :
 Then each man to his station,
 To keep life's ship in trim :
 What argues narration ?
 The rest is all a whim.
 Cheerly, my hearts !
 Then play your parts,
 Boldly resolved to sink or swim ;
 The mighty surge
 May ruin urge,
 And danger press :
 Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world just like the ropes aboard a ship
 Each man's rigg'd out,
 A vessel stout,

To take for life a trip.

The shrouds, the stays, the braces,
 Are joys, and hopes, and fears ;
 The haliards sheets, and traces,
 Still, as each passion veers,
 And whim prevails,
 Direct the sails,
 As on the sea of life he steers.
 Then let the storm
 Heaven's face deform,
 And dangers press :
 Of these in spite, &c.

Dibdin.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'T WAS in the good ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over
 I ne'er touch'd British ground ;

At length in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore;
 But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore:
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till, saved from Davy's locker,
 We went to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight,
 My precious limb was lopp'd off;—
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 But went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Although I am disabled
 And lie in Greenwich tier;
 The king, God bless his royalty,
 Who saved me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

Dibdin.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A SAILOR'S life 's a life of woe,
 He works now late, now early,
 Now up and down, now to and fro,
 What then? he takes it cheerly:
 Bless'd with a smiling can of grog,

If duty call,
 Stand, rise, or fall,
 To fate's last verge he'll jog :
 'The cadge to weigh,
 The sheets belay,
 He does it with a wish !
 To heave the lead,
 Or to cat-head
 The pondrous anchor fish ;
 For while the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :
 We sing a little, we laugh a little,
 And work a little, and swear a little,
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
 And swig the flowing can
 If howling winds and roaring seas
 Give proof of coming danger,
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,
 For Jack's to fear a stranger ;
 Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
 Where now below
 We headlong go,
 Now rise on mountains high :
 Spite of the gale,
 We hand the sail,
 Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck
 To clear the wreck,
 To give the ship relief :
 Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man,
 We sing a little, &c.
 But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home, oh sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us !

Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh :
 The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display ;
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey ;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :
 We sing a little, &c. *Dibdin.*

THE CURLERS,—A DUET.

LOCHSIDE.

Let feckless chields, like cruckit weans,
 Gae blaw their thumbs, wi' peechs and granes,
 Or thaw their fushionless shank banes,
 And hurkle o'er the ingle:
 But lads o' smeddum, crouse and bauld,
 Whase blude can thole a nip o' cauld,
 Your ice-stanes in your grey plaids fauld,
 And try on lochs a pingle.

CHORUS

When snaw lies white on ilka knowe,
 The ice-stane, and the gude broom kowe,
 Can warm us like a bleezing low:
 Fair-fa' the ice and curling!
 Soop the rink, lads, wide enough;
 The hogscore mak', and mak' ilk brough;
 And though the game be close and tough,
 We aiblins yet may bang them:
 Stan' on, Tam Scott; ye've a gude e'e ;
 Come creeping up the ice to me,
 Lie here, my besom's on the tee,
 Let's hae a stane amang them.
 When snaw lies white' &c.

DAMBACK.

Johnny Gray, mak' this your rest,
 A gude calm shot is aye the best;
 He's fled it, raging like a pest:
 O! what's come owre ye, Johnny?

LOCHSIDE.

Stand on, Pate Boag, and gie's a guard,
 I ken ye can play; cautious, laird,
 Just lie ahint our stane a yard:
 I like ye weel, that's bonnie.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

DAMBACK.

Now, Rob Roy, mind the ice is gleg,
 Aim for the guard, and break an egg;
 But O! be cautious, man, I beg;
 He's roaring in the corner:
 Soop, gie him heels, he's aff the ice;
 The chields are fou, or else no wise;
 For gudesake! will ye tak' advice,
 And play in your auld ordnar.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

LOCHSIDE.

Now, Geordie Goudie, here's a port,
 Be canny, and we'll soop ye for't;
 I carena though ye're twa ells short:
 Han's up,—there's walth o' powther.

DAMBACK.

Now, Willie, here's a fine inring,
 Play straught, and rub him like a king:
 He's slipt his foot, and wi' a fling,
 The stane's out owre his shouther.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

Sin' I was born, and now I'm grey,
 I ne'er saw siccan wretched play;
 Our fallows are clean wud the day,
 Their stanes like gouks are hurling.

But bring the whisky and the baiks,
 'Though fortune has played us the glaiks,
 A Bumper to the Land o' Cakes,
 And her ain game o' curling.
 When snaw lies white, &c.

Sir Alexander Boswell.

WHITE WINTER ON ILK HILL.

WHITE winter, on ilk hill and plain,
 Is a' its powers unfurling,
 And giving Scotia's sons again
 Their favourite game o' Curling :
 That game which is like nature free,
 The Caledonian's darling ;
 For ever cursed let him be,
 Wha'd tax the game o' Curling.

On ilka river, loch and pond,
 The bonspiel is contested ;
 And, though their hearts are warm and keen,
 Yet envy is resisted :
 For, when the game is at an end,
 And the glasses round are whirling,
 Then ilka ane drinks to his friend,
 And the glorious game o' Curling.

Here lead the ice wi' canny care,
 And let it no be roaring ;
 Now take it dead, and hit it fair,
 Sen't aff the ice a-snoring ;
 Now lay a guard, now strike a blow,
 'Till a' the ice is, dirling :
 Blind victory goes to and fro
 At the glorious game o' Curling.

Come, fill the glass, and send it round,
 Sae jovial, and sae hearty :
 Let mirth, unmix'd wi' care, abound,
 Amang ilk curling party :

Aye may we play with social glee,
 Devoid of strife and snarling,
 Sae put it round, wi' three times three,
 To freedom, love, and Curling.

Rob. Hetrick Dalmellington.

THE MUSIC OF THE YEAR IS HUSHED.

THE music of the year is hushed
 In bonny glen and shaw, man,
 An' winter spreads, o'er nature dead,
 A winding-sheet o' snaw, man;
 O'er burn and loch the warlock, frost,
 A crystal brig has laid, man,
 The wild geese, screaming wi' surprise,
 The ice-bound wave ha'e fled, man.

Up, Curler! leave your bed sae warm,
 And leave your coaxing wife, man,
 Gae, get your besom, trickers, stanes,
 And join the friendly strife, man,
 For on the water's face are met,
 Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
 The tenant and his jolly laird,
 The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are marked,
 The bonspeil is begun, man;
 The ice is true, the stanes are keen;
 Huzza! for glorious fun, man.
 The skipps are standing on the tee
 To guide the eager game, man;
 Hush! no a word—but mark the broom,
 And take a steady aim, man.

Here draw a shot—there lay a guard,
 And here beside him lie, man,
 Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
 Now in his bosom die, man.

'There fill the port, and block the ice,
 We sit upon the tee, man ;
 Now tak' this inring sharp and neat,
 And mak' the winner flee, man.

How stands the game ? Its eight and eight ;
 Now for the winning shot, man ;
 Draw slow and sure, the ice is keen,
 I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
 The stane is thrown, it glides along,
 The besoms ply it in, man,
 Wi' twisting back the players stand,
 And eager, breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
 Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
 Then sudden bursts the victors' shout,
 Wi' hollas, loud and lang, man ;
 Triumphant besoms wave in air,
 And friendly banter fly, man,
 Whilst, cauld and hungry, to the inn,
 Wi' eager steps, they hie, man.

Now fill ae bumper—fill but aze,
 And drink wi' social glee, man,
 May Curlers on life's slippery rink
 Frae cruel rubs be free, man ,
 Or should a treacherous bias lead
 Their erring steps a-jee, man,
 Some friendly inring may they meet
 To guide them to the tee, man.

Rev. Henry Duncan, Rothwell.

WHEN BIRDS AND WIMPLING BURNS.

WHEN birds and wimpling burns are dumb,
 And blades are cranreuch white ;
 When i' the lift the level sun
 Frae snaw gets back his light ;

And on ae fit the henbirds sit,
 And chittering wail thegither ;
 Blythe morn and e'en's ilk Curler keen
 'Tis snell, snell, frosty weather.

Come, ply your besoms, soop the rink ;
 The snaw-shool labour sairly ;
 Hae ! there's the trickers, mak' the tees,
 And step the hogscores fairly ;
 And, while the joke doth mirth provoke,
 Let ilk man be a brither,
 Blythe morn and e'en' a Curler keen,
 In snell, snell, frosty weather.

" Now, forehan', draw a canny shot :
 Weel iced, sir ; just the thing :
 Lads gae him feet,—oh ! polish clean,
 It's a patlid in tee-ring."

" Tam ! play the same spring o'er again,
 And loss na ye your stane ;
 'The ice ye ha'e, but frac bank to brae
 Ye're ragin':—ten ell gane."

" Oh ! lay a guard ; the ice is gleg :
 Come creeping up snail-speed :
 Oh, wha played that ?—that's like yoursel' ;
 Our stane is covered dead."

" Tam ! tak' a yard, and pass their guard :
 Oh mind the inside twist ;—
 That bias crack has gart you tak'
 Hin' han's promotion list."

And now the game gangs on like stour,
 They inwick, ride and draw :
 Ane breaks an egg on that stane's face,
 Ane's owre amang the snaw :
 The hogscore, too, gets collies a few,
 Though kittled by a brither ;
 Blythe morn and e'en a Curler keen,
 In snell, snell, frosty weather.

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I ha'e tried love, I ha'e tried war,
 I've tried to play the warldling,
 But, 'boon a' crafts or joys, to me,
 Is winter's darling—Curling :
 There's aye sic glee around the tee,
 Ilk man's a social brither,
 Blythe morn and e'en, a Curler keen,
 In snell, snell, frosty weather.

Ayr Advertiser.

CURLING SONG.—1833.

SOME lo'e the Spring when lav'rocks sing,
 Some Simmer dight wi' flowers,
 Some Autumn's sheaf, an' changing leaf,
 Some Winter's sangless bowers.
 That time o' year I lo'e the best,
 Whilk, maist do sair misca' ;
 Lease me to Boreas bitin' blast,
 Fu' snelly may he blaw.

When Boreas comes out frae the north,
 Joy lights the Curlers e'e ;
 His twa prime stanes out frae their berth,
 Wi' meikle pride pous he :
 Syne, turns them o'er wi' eident care,
 Their fittin' state to learn ;
 Syne, hauds them aff an ell or mair,
 Their contour to discern.

And when at length the lochs are bun,
 Wi' Boreas' brittle ban's ;
 See, see him noo, among the crew,
 Hoo buirdlily he stan's.
 To draw the shot is neist his lot ;
 He's patlided the tee ;
 "That's prime"—"that's wise," cries every voice,
 "The game's our ain by three."

Then hame the Curler tak's his tramp,
 Or at the "public" ca's,
 To change his huggers gin they're damp,
 Or fortify his hause.

Wife, weans, and bed, him welcome gie,
 He's dreaming while he snores,
 O' inwick, guards, upon the tee,
 Ports, cannons, and hog-scores. T.S.

TO THE DOUNE CURLING CLUB.

Tuo' winter's come, nae frosty winds
 Are souglin' yet, for a' that ;
 But wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
 A change ere lang, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 The ice will come, for a' that ;
 Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
 Braw frosty days, for a' that.

Now get your stanes in order, lads,
 An' besoms new, an' a' that,
 Your trickers stout, weel rought about,
 Ye'll need them yet, for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 The ice will come, for a' that ;
 Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
 Braw frosty days, for a' that.

And when the cauld comes fairly on,
 The pond weel damm'd, an' a' that,
 We'll ha'e some fun, if ance begun,
 On rinks as gleg as a' that.
 As a' that, an' a' that,
 We'll ha'e some fun, for a' that :
 Just wait a wee, an' syne we'll see
 The ice as smooth as a' that.

There's no a time in a' the year
 Like frost for health an' a' that ;
 Where ice abounds, there mirth resounds,
 The Curlin's grand wi' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 The Curlin's grand wi' a' that ;
 Whan ere a man puts tae his han',
 His heart gets up like a' that.

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Then here's a health to a' our frien's,
 Their wives, their bairns, an' a' that :
 May ilka ane that plays a stane,
 Ne'er fend the waur, for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that ;
 Ne'er fend the waur, for a' that ;
 May ilka ane that plays a stane,
 Ha'e peacefu' days wi' a' that.

W. S.

THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

THE bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
 As spring's rath blossoms die,
 And sadness hath o'ershadowed now
 Thy once bright eye ;
 But, look on me, the prints of grief
 Still deeper lie.
 Farewell !

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary,
 Thy step is sad and slow,
 The morn of gladness hath gone by
 Thou erst did know ;
 I too, am changed like thee, and weep.
 For very woe.
 Farewell !

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
 We were the happiest twain,
 When murmured sighs and joyous tears,
 Dropping like rain,
 Discoursed my love, and told how loved
 I was again.
 Farewell !

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
 We gave our passion name ;
 Scorning such tedious eloquence,
 Our hearts' fond flame
 And long imprisoned feelings fast
 In deep sobs came.
 Farewell !

Would that our love had been the love
 That merest worldlings know,
 When passion's draught to our doomed lips
 Turns utter woe,
 And our poor dream of happiness
 Vanishes so !
 Farewell !

But in the wreck of all our hopes,
 There's yet some touch of bless,
 Since fate robs not our wretchedness
 Of this last kiss :
 Despair, and love, and madness, meet
 In this, in this.
 Farewell ! *Motherwell.*

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly ;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blythsome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime ;
 And hark ! hark ! hark !
 His merry chime
 Clirrups the lark :
 Chirrup ! chirrup ! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.
 Come, come, my love ! and May-dews shake
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough,
 They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
 O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free ;
 With earth it seems brave holiday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,
 For mark, love mark !
 How bathed in light
 Chirrup the lark :
 Chirrup ! chirrup ! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.
 They lack all heart who cannot feel
 The voice of heaven within them thrill,
 In summer morn, when mounting high
 This merry minstrel sings his fill.
 Now let us seek yon bosky dell
 Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
 And where its clear stream murmurs on,
 Meet type of our love's purity ;
 No witness there,
 And o'er us, hark !
 High in the air
 Chirrup the lark :
 Chirrup ! chirrup ! away sores he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee !

Motherwell.

HE IS GONE ! HE IS GONE !

He is gone ! he is gone !
 Like the leaf from the tree ;
 Or the down that is blown
 By the wind o'er the lea.
 He is fled, the light-hearted !
 Yet a tear must have started
 To his eye, when we parted
 From love-stricken me !
 He is fled ! he is fled !
 Like a gallant so free
 Plumed cap on his head,
 And sharp sword by his knee ;
 While his gay feathers fluttered,
 Surely something he muttered,
 He at least must have uttered
 A farewell to me !

He's away ! he's away
 To far lands o'er the sea—
 And long is the day
 Ere home he can be ;
 But where'er his steed prances,
 Amid thronging lances,
 Sure he'll think of the glances
 That love stole from me !

He is gone ! he is gone !
 Like the leaf from the tree ;
 But his heart is of stone
 If it ne'er dream of me !
 For I dream of him ever :
 His buff-coat and heaver,
 And long sword, Oh, ne'er
 Are absent from me !

Motherwell.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

SPANKING Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
 Though winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and
 sing.

For Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
 And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king :
 One night as we drove with two reefs in the main-sail,
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
 Jack went up aloft for to hand the top-gantsail,
 A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more ;

But grieving's a folly,
 Come let us be jolly ;
 If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle,
 Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
 He'd dance, and he'd sing and he'd play on the fiddle,
 And swig with an air his allowance of grog :
 ' Longside of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
 As yard-arm and yard arm we lay off the ahore,
 In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off and we ne'er saw him more
 But grieving's a folly, &c

Bony Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natur'd and free;
 It ever one tar was more true than another
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :
 One day with the davit to weigh the kedg anchor
 Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
 He overboard tipp'd, when a shark and a spunker
 Soon nipped him in two, and we ne'er saw him more :
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads ? shall we be downhearted
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup ?
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up :
 But 'tis always the way on't ; one scarce finds a brother
 Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battie, or storm, or some damn'd thing or other,
 He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more !
 But grieving's a folly, &c.

Dublin.

THE SAILOR.

THAT girl who fain would choose a mate
 Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
 May thank her lucky stars if fate
 Should splice her to a sailor.
 He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
 The yellow boys to nail her :
 Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
 Would seek her honest sailor.
 If she'd be constant, still his heart
 She's sure will never fail her,
 For, though a thousand leagues apart,
 Still faithful is her sailor.
 If she be false, still he is kind,
 And, absent, does bewail her ;
 Her trusting as he trusts the wind,
 Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her prog,
 Three threads to drink, a Tailor ;
 What's that to biscuit and to grog,
 Procured her by her sailor ?
 She who would such a mate refuse,
 The devil sure must ail her ;
 Search round, and, if you're wise, you'll choose
 To wed an honest sailor

Dibdin.

YEO, HEAVE, HO !

THE boatswain calls, the wind is fair,
 The anchor heaving,
 Our sweethearts leaving,
 We to duty must repair,
 Where our stations well we know,
 Cast off halliards from the cleets,
 Stand by well, clear all the sheets ;
 Come, my boys,
 Your handspikes poise,
 And give one general huzza :
 Yet sighing, as you pull away,
 For the tears ashore that flow ;
 To the windlass let us go,
 With yo, heave, ho !
 The anchor's coming now apeak,
 Lest the ship, striving,
 Be on it driving
 That we the tap'ring yards must seek,
 And back the foretop-sail well we know.
 A pleasing duty ! From aloft
 We faintly see those charms, where oft,
 When returning,
 With passion burning,
 We fondly gaze ; those eyes that seem,
 In parting, with big tears to stream ;
 But come ! lest ours as fast should flow.
 To the windlass once more go,
 With yo, heave, ho !

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Now the ship is under weigh,
 The breeze so willing
 The canvas filling,
 The press'd triangle cracks the stay,
 So taught to haul the sheet we know.
 And now in trim we gaily sail,
 The massy beam receives the gale ;
 While freed from duty,
 To his beauty
 (Left on the less'ning shore afar)
 A fervent sigh heaves every tar ;
 To thank those tears for him that flow,
 That from his true love he should go,
 With yo, heave, ho ! *Dibdin.*

OCH ! WHILE I LIVE I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

Och ! while I live, I'll ne'er forget
 The troubles of that day,
 When bound unto this distant land,
 Our ship got under weigh.
 My friends I left at Belfast town,
 My love at Carrick shore,
 And I gave to poor ould Ireland
 My blessing o'er and o'er.

Och ! well I knew, as off we sail'd,
 What my hard fate would be :
 For, gazing on my country's hills,
 They seem'd to fly from me.
 I watch'd them, as they wore away,
 Until my eyes grew sore
 And I felt that I was doom'd to walk
 The shamrock sod no more !

They say I'm now in Freedom's land,
 Where all men masters be ;
 But were I in my winding-sheet,
 There's none to care for me !

I must, to eat the stranger's bread,
 Abide the stranger's scorn,
 Who taunts me with thy dear-loved name,
 Sweet isle, where I was born !

Och ! where — och ! where's the careless heart
 I once could call my own ?
 It bade a long farewell to me,
 The day I left Tyrone.
 Not all the wealth, by hardship won
 Beyond the western main,
 Thy pleasures, my own absent home !
 Can bring to me again !

William Kennedy

THE PEERLESS ROSE OF KENT.

WHEN beauty, youth, and innocence,
 In one fair form are blent,
 And that fair form our vestal Queen,
 The peerless ROSE OF KENT,
 Say where's the Briton's heart so cold—
 The Briton's soul so dead,
 As not to pour out ardent prayer
 For blessings on her head ?

This is the day—the joyous day,
 That sees our lady crown'd,
 Hence, may not one disloyal heart,
 In Albion's Isles be found ;
 But may she find in every breast
 An undisputed throne,
 And o'er a gallant people reign,
 Whose hearts are all her own.

For ne'er did woman's hand more fair
 The regal sceptre hold,
 And ne'er did brow more spotless wear
 The coronal of gold ;

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*This s
 26th June

And ne'er beneath the purple robe
 Did purer bosom beat;
 So ne'er may truer lieges kneel
 A lovelier Queen to greet.

May every blessing from above,
 On Kent's fair Rose descend,
 While wisdom, dignity, and grace,
 On all her steps attend.
 Still may she wear fair Virtue's bloom,
 Throughout a happy reign,
 And long be hail'd the "Queen of Isles"—
 Fair Mistress of the Main!*

Alexander Rodger.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' iher bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand dame,
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
 'Tis the peir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The Mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' lithlees the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
 'Now rest in the mools where their mammie is laid;
 While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
 Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

*This song was written upon the Coronation of Queen Victoria,
 28th June 1838.

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile :—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
'That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

William Thom-

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

FILL the goblet again ! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core ;
Let us drink !—who would not ?—since, through life's vari-
ed round,

In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye ;
I have loved !—who has not ?—but what heart can declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there ?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its spring,
And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends !—who has not ?—but what tongue will
avow,

That friends, rosy wine ! are so faithful as thou ?

The heart of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never can'st
change;

Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but on earth what ap-
pears,

Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years?

Yet if blest with the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous !—who's not ?—thou hast no such alloy ;
For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities past,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last ;
There we find—do we not?—in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
 And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth,
 Hope was left,—was she not ?—but the goblet we kiss,
 And care not for Hope, who are certain of bless.

Long life to the grape ! for when summer is flown,
 The age of our nectar shall gladden our own :
 We must die—who shall not ?—May our sins be forgiven,
 And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

Byron.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC SONG.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,
 Beloved and fair Haidée,
 Each morning where Flora reposes,
 For surely I see her in thee.
 Oh, Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
 Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
 Which utters its song to adore thee,
 Yet trembles for what it has sung ;
 As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
 Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
 Through her eyes, through her every feature,
 Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
 When love has abandon'd the bowers ;
 Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
 'That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
 The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
 Will deeply embitter the bowl ;
 But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
 The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
 Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
 My heart from those horrors to save ;
 Will nought to my bosom restore thee ?
 Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
 Secure of his conquest before,
 Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
 Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
 Ah, tell me, my soul ! must I perish
 By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
 Would the hope, which thou once had'st me cherish,
 For torture repay me so well ?
 Now sad is the garden of roses,
 Beloved but false Haldée !
 There Flora all wither'd reposes,
 And mourns o'er thine absence with me. *Byron.*

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK
 WAR SONG.

Sons of the Greeks, arise !
 The glorious hour's gone forth,
 And, worthy of such ties,
 Display who gave us birth.

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks ! let us go
 In arms against the foe,
 Till their hated blood shall flow
 In a river past our feet.

Than manfully despising
 The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
 Let your country see you rising,
 And all her chains are broke.
 Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
 Behold the coming strife !
 Hellènes of past ages,
 Oh, start again to life !
 At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
 Your sleep, oh, join with me !
 And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
 Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

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Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
 Lethargic dost thou lie?
 Awake, and join thy numbers
 With Athens, old ally!
 Leonidas recalling,
 That chief of ancient song,
 Who saved you once from falling,
 The terrible! the strong!
 Who made that bold diversion
 In old Thermopylæ,
 And warring with the Persian
 To keep his country free;
 With his three hundred waging
 The battle, long he stood,
 And like a lion raging,
 Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE'S not a joy, the world can give like that it takes
 away,
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's full
 decay;
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
 fades so fast,
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be
 past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of hap-
 piness
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch
 again.

Then the mortal coldness o'er the soul like death itself
comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd
scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though
they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow
to me.

Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.

II.

Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be the shadow of gloom
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree
 May spring from the spot of thy rest ;
 But nor cypress nor yew let us see ;
 For why should we mourn for the blest ?
Byron.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

They say that Hope is happiness ;
 But genuine Love must prize the past,
 And Memory wakes the thoughts that bless :
 They rose the first—they set the last.

II.

And all that Memory loves the most
 Was once our only Hope to be,
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

III.

Alas ! it is delusion all :
 The future cheats us from afar,
 Nor can we be what we recall,
 Nor dare we think on what we are.

Byron.

MICKY FREE'S ANCESTRY.

I.

“ Oh ! once we were illigint people,
 Though we now live in cabins of mud ;
 And the land that ye see from the steeple
 Belonged to us all from the flood.
 My father was then king of Connaught,
 My grandaunt viceroy of Tralee ;
 But the Sassenach came, and, signs on it !
 The devil an acre have we.

II.

"The least of us then were all earls,
 And jewels we wore without name;
 We drank punch out of rubies and pearls—
 Mr. Pe'rie can tell you the same.—
 But, except some turf mould and potatoes,
 There's nothing our own we can call:
 And the English—bad luck to them!—hate us,
 Because we've more fun than them all!"

III.

"My grandaunt was niece to St. Kevin,
 That's the reason my name's Micky Free!
 Priest's nieces—but sure he's in Heaven,
 And his failins is nothin to me.
 And we still might get on without doctors,
 If they'd let the ou'd Island alone;
 And if purple men, priests, and tithe-proctors,
 Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone."
C. Lectr.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING
 YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear;
 Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Moore.

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OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there!
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable
 too,
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doomed to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

Moore.

 WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

WHERE is the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,

Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it ?
 Farewell, ERIN !—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall !

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing !
 We tread the land that bore us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us !
 Farewell, ERIN !—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall !

Moore.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
 The night's long hours still find me thinking
 Of thee, thee, only thee.

When friends are met, and goblets crown'd
 And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
 Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
 My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
 By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit once, is now forsaken
 For thee, thee, only thee.

Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To the ocean hurries—resting never—
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have no joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

Moore.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

- “ To drink a toast,
 A proctor roast,
 Or bailiff as the case is,
 To kiss your wife
 Or take your life
 At ten or fifteen paces ;
 To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,
 To drink in punch the Solway,
 With debts galore, but fun far more ;
 Oh, that's ‘the man for Galway.’
 “ Chorus—With debts, &c.
- “ The King of Oude
 Is mighty proud,
 And so were onst the *Caysars*—(Cæsars) ;
 But ould Giles Eyre
 Would make them stare,
 Av he had them with Blazers.
 To the devil I fling—ould Runjeet Sing,
 He's only a prince in a small way,
 And knows nothin' at all of a six foot wall,
 Oh, he'd never ‘do for Galway.’
 “ Chorus—With debts, &c.
- “ Ye think the Blakes
 Are no ‘great shakes ;’
 They're all his blood relations,
 And the Bodkins sneeze
 At the grim Chinese,

For they come from the *Phenaycians* ;
 So fill to the brim, and here's to him
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway ;
 With debts galore, but fun far more,
 Oh ! that's ' the man for Galway.'

" Chorus—With debts." &c.
C. Lever.

POTTEEN, GOOD LUCK TO YE, DEAR.

" Av I was a monarch in state,
 Like Romulus or Julius Caysar.
 With the best of fine victuals to eat.
 And drink like great Nebuchadnezzar.
 A rasher of bacon I'd have,
 And potatoes the finest was seen, sir :
 And for drink it's no claret I'd crave,
 But a keg of ould Mullens' potteen, sir.
 With the smell of the smoke on it still.

" They talk of the Romans of ould,
 Whom they say in their own times was frisky ;
 But, trust me, to keep out the cowl'd
 The Romans at home here like whisky.
 Sure it warms both the head and the heart
 It's the soul of all readin' and writin' ;
 It teaches both science and art,
 And disposes for love or for fightin'.
 Oh, potteen, good luck to ye, dear."

C. Lever.

MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT.

" Then fare you well ould Frin dear.
 To part—my heart does ache well.
 From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
 I'll never see your equal.
 And, though to foreign parts we're bound,
 Where cannibals may ate us,
 We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
 Of potteen and potatoes.

Meddrederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

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" When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
 And shook them from his garment,
 He never thought we'd go abroad,
 To live upon such varmint;
 Nor quit the land where whiskey grew,
 To wear King George's button,
 Take vinegar for mountain dew,
 And toads for mountain mutton.

Meddirederoo aroo, aroo," &c.

C. Lever.

THE FRIAR.

" What an illigant life a friar leads,
 With a fat round paunch before him;
 He mutters a prayer and counts his beads,
 And all the women adore him.
 Its little he's troubled to work or think,
 Wherever devotion leads him:
 A 'pater' pays for his dinner and drink,
 For the church—good luck to her!—feeds him.

" From the cow in the field to the pig in the sty,
 From the maids to the lady in satin,
 They tremble, wherever he turns an eye;
 He can talk to the devil in Latin!
 He's mighty severe to the ugly and ould,
 And curses like mad when he's near 'em
 But one beautiful trait of him I've been tould,
 The innocent craytures dont fear him.

" Its little for spirits or ghosts he cares;
 For 'tis true as the world supposes,
 With an *ave* he'd make them march down stairs,
 Av they dared to show their noses.
 The devil himself's afroid, 'tis said,
 And dares not to deride him:
 For angels make each night his bed,
 And then—lie down beside him."

C. Lever.

PADDY'S DELIGHT.

" It's little for glory I care ;
 Sure ambition is only a fable ;
 P'd as soon be myself as Lord Mayor,
 With lashings of drink on the table.
 I like to lie down in the sun
 And *drame* when my *saytures* is scorchin',
 That when I'm too *ould* for more fun,
 Why, I'll marry a wife with a fortune.

" And, in winter, with bacon and eggs,
 And a place at the turf fire basking,
 Sip my punch as I roasted my legs,
 Oh ! the devil a more I'd be asking.
 For I haven't a *janius* for work,—
 It was never the gift of the Bradies,—
 But I'd make a most *iligant* Turk,
 For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies."

C. Lever.

 THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

" The picquets are fast retreating, boys,
 The last tattoo is beating, boys ;
 So let every man
 Finish his can,
 And drink to our next merry meeting, boys !
 The colonel so gaily prancing, boys,
 Has a wonderful trick of advancing, boys ;
 When he sings out so large,
 ' Fix bayonets and charge,'
 He sets all the Frenchmen a-dancing, boys !
 Let Mounseer look ever so big, my boys,
 Who cares for fighting a fig, my boys ;
 When we play Garryowen,
 He'd rather go home ;
 For somehow, he's notaste for a jig, my boys."

C. Lever.

I SHALL RETURN AGAIN.

I would not have thee dry the tear
 That dims thine eye of blue ;
 I would not that thy cheek should wear
 A smile at our adieu :
 Yet cheer thee, love, the past was bliss,
 And though we part in pain,
 A happier hour will follow this,
 And we shall meet again.

Oh think not that the wild sea-wave
 Shall bear my *heart* from thee,
 Unless its cold breast prove my grave,
 'Twill work no change in me,
 The troubled music of the deep
 Is now our farewell strain,
 And fond affection well may weep,
 Yet—I'll return again.

I go to find a bower of peace,
 In lovelier lands than thine,
 Where cruel fortune's frowns shall cease,
 Where I can call thee mine.
 And when to crown my fairy plan,
 But *one thing* shall remain ;
 Then, love—if there be truth in man—
 I shall return again.

Wm. Kennedy.

THE ANSWER.

Why walk I by the lonely strand ?
 He comes not with the tide,
 His home is in another land,
 The stranger is his bride.
 The stranger, on whose lofty brow,
 The circling diamonds shine,
 Is now his bride, whose earliest vow,
 And pledge of hope, were mine.

They tell me that my cheek is pale,
 That youth's light smile is gone ;
 That mating with the ocean gale
 Hath chilled my heart to stone ;
 And friendship asks what secret care
 There is to work me wo,
 But vainly seeks a grief to share
 Which none shall ever know.

Ye waves, that heard the false one swear,
 But saw him not return,
 Ye'll not betray me, if a tear
 Should start in spite of scorn.
 Yet, no—a wounded spirit's pride,
 Though passion's pangs are deep,
 Shall dash the trait'rous drop aside,
 From eyes that must not weep.

In vain, alas ! I have no power
 To quit this lonely strand,
 From whence, at the wild parting hour,
 I saw him leave the land.
 Though he has ta'en a stranger bride,
 My love will not depart ;
 Its seal, too strong for woman's pride,
 Shall be a broken heart. *Wm. Kennedy.*

THE DOCTORS.

BE honours which to Kings we give,
 To Doctors also paid ;
 We're the King's *subjects* while we live,
 The Doctor's when we're dead.

Though when in health and thoughtless mood,
 We treat them oft with scoffing ;
 Yet they, returning ill with good,
 Relieve us from our *coughing* (coffin).

At times they kill us, to be sure,
 In cases rather tickle;
 But when they've kill'd—they still can cure
 Their patients—in a *pickle*.

And when at last we needs must die,
 The Doctors cannot save
 From death—they still must kindly try
 To *snatch* us from the grave. *Anon.*

LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
 A lady very stylish, man,
 And yet in spite of all her teeth,
 She fell in love with an Irishman.
 A nasty, ugly Irishman,
 A wild tremendous Irishman,
 A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring
 Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
 For with small pox 'twas scarr'd across;
 And the shoulders of the ugly dog
 Were almost double a yard across.
 Oh the lump of an Irishman,
 The whisky-devouring Irishman—
 The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting,
 rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
 And the other eye was out, my dear;
 And the calves of his wicked-looking legs,
 Were more than two feet about, my dear.
 Oh the great big Irishman,
 The rattling, battling Irishman—
 The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering
 swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot,
 That he used to snort and snuffle, O;
 And in shape and size, the fellow's neck,
 Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
 Oh the horrible Irishman,
 The thundering, blundering Irishman,
 The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, trashing, hash-
 ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,
 Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
 And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch.
 He'd not rest till he filled it full again.
 The boozing, bruising Irishman,
 The 'toxicated Irishman—
 The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy
 Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
 Like all the girls of quality;
 And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
 Just by the way of jollity.
 Oh the leathering Irishman,
 The barbarous, savage Irishman—
 The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were
 bother'd, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

Doctor Maginn.

MY AULD BREEKS.

My mither men't my auld brecks,
 An' wow! but they were duddy,
 And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimoles through the clachan,
 I never yet gae by the door,
 But aye I fa' a-laughin'

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 An' had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Tho' mony lads had sought her ;
 But what think ye o' my exploit ?
 The time our mare was shoeing,
 I slippit up beside the lass,
 And briskly fell a-wooing,

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
 'The time that we sat cracken',
 Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
 I've new anes for the makin' ;
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
 An' lea' the carle, your father,
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 Mysel, an' a' thegither.

'Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
 I realy think I'll tak' it.
 Sac, gang awa', get out the mare,
 We'll baith slip on the back o't ;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I'll wait till I be fifty ;
 But na !—I'll marry in my prime,
 An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow ! Robin was an angry man,
 At tyning o' his dochter :
 Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
 An' far an' near he sought her ;
 But when he cam' to our fire-end,
 An' fand us baith thegither,
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
 An' ye may tak' my mithier.

Auld Robin girn'd an' sheuk his pow,
 Guid sooth ! quo' he, you're merry,
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
 An' end this hurry-burry :



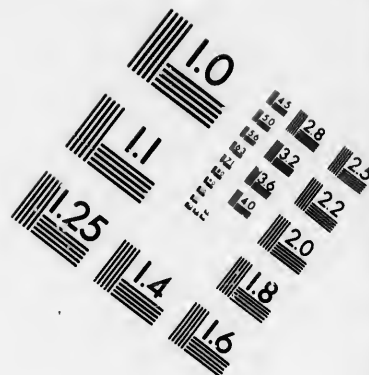
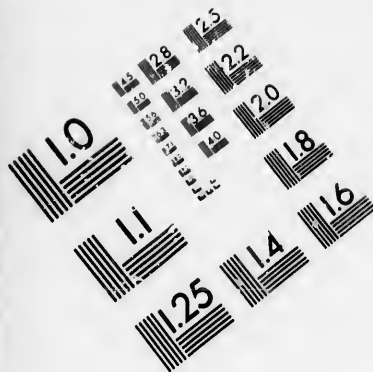
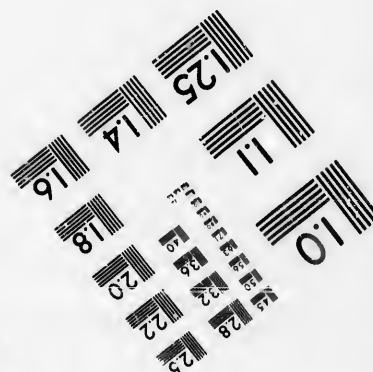
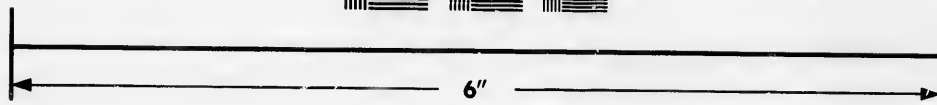
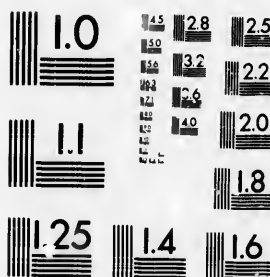


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So Robin an' our auld wife
 Agreed to creep thegither ;
 Now, I hae Robin 'Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

Alex. Rodger

“ HOUT AWA', JOHNNY, LAD!”

Hout awa', Johnny, lad ! what maks ye flatter me ?
 Why wi' your praises sac meikle bespatter me ?
 Why sac incessantly deave and be-clatter me,
 Teasing me mair than a body can bide ?
 Can I believe, when ye “ angel” and “ goddess” me,
 That ye're in earnest to make me your bride ?
 Say, can a woman o' sense or yet modesty,
 Listen to talk frae the truth sac far wide ?

Few are the flatterer's claims to sincerity,
 Loud though he boast o' his honour and verity ;
 Truth frae his lips is a wonderfu' rarity.
 Words by his actions are sadly belied !
 Woman he deems but a toy to be sported wi' ;
 Dawted or spurned at, as caprice may guide ;
 Blooming a while to be dallied and courted wi',
 Then to be flung like auld lumber aside !

True love has seldom the gift o' loquacity,
 Lips to express it, aft want the capacity ;
 Wha, then, can trust in a wooer's veracity,
 Whase butter'd words o'er his tongue saftly slide ?
 What are love's tell-tales, that give it sweet utterance,
 Wherein the maiden may safely confide ?
 What—but the glances, the sighs and heart-flutterings,
 Of the loved youth who takes truth for his guide ?

Yet, though I've spoken wi' seeming severity,
 Made observations wi' prudish asperity,
 I'd be the last ane to geck, or to sneer at ye,
 Kenning how little is made by fause pride.

Could we but then understand ane anither, then
 Soon wad my bosom the matter decide;
 Leaving my worthy auld father and mither, then
 Hey, Johnny, lad ! I'd become your ane bride.

Alex. Rodger.

THEN MOUNT THE TACKLE AND THE REEL.

Our sport is with the salmon rod,
 Fine gut, tough ravel string,
 A hook of the true " Kirkby bend,"
 Dark-bodied with white wing;
 Dark-bodied with white wing, my boys !
 A yellow bob behind,
 And deep red hackle, fastened round
 With tinsel well entwined.
 Then mount the tackle and the reel,
 Is now the fisher's song.
 For Bringham, Dub, and Carham Wheel
 Held many a salmon strong.

A south-west wind that steady blows,
 A dark grey cloudy sky,
 A ripple o'er the water clear,
 To lead away the fly;
 To lead away the fly, my boys !
 There strike ! the reel goes free !
 With a new run fish, as fresh and strong
 As ever left the sea.

Then mount, &c.

The yielding rod bends like a bow,
 And lifts him from his hold,
 With quivering pull, and bounding leap,
 Or steady run so bold;
 The steady run so bold, my boys !
 As through the stream he flies:
 Tells with what energy he fights
 Before a salmon dies.

Then mount, &c.

Reel up, reel up ! one sullen plunge,
 He takes out line no more,
 Head down the stream ! then haul him in !
 He gasps upon the shore,
 He gasps upon the shore, my boys !
 His weight an English stone,
 As beautiful a thing in death
 As eye e'er gazed upon.
 Then mount, &c.

The sport is o'er ! and home we go,
 A bumper round we bear,
 And drink " The face we never saw,
 But may it prove as fair !"
 But may it prove as fair ! my boys,
 Each fisher drinks with glee,
 And benisons to-morrow's sport,
 That it may better be.

W. A. Foster.

CAN'T YOU BE ASY.

On what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
 And the gallant fourteenth is disbanded ;
 Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
 When safely in Ireland landed.
 With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
 I'll drive the young girls half crazy :
 And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 Mister Free, now—" *why can't you be asy ?* "
 I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
 And destroyed them all at " Talavera,"
 And then I'll just add, how we finished the night,
 In learning to dance the " bolera ;"
 How by the moonshine, we drank rael wine,
 And rose next day fresh as a daisy ;
 Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
 " Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy ?* "

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
 Around a big fire in the air too,
 Or may be enjoying ourselves in a tent,
 Exactly like Donnybrook fair too ;
 How he, d call out to me—" Pass the wine Mr. Frce,
 For you're a man never is lazy !"
 Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
 " Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be asy ?*"

I ll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
 Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him ;
 And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
 Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.
 " But, acushla," says I, " the truth is I'm shy !
 There's a lady in Ballynacrazy !"
 " And I swore on the book—" he gave me a look.
 And cried, Mickey—" *now can't you be asy ?*"

C. Lever.

AULD NANNIE CRUMMIE.

WHEN auld Nannie Crummie and I crap thegither,
 Amid the lang dearth, in the cauld winter weather,
 Folk jeering me, swore her as auld as my mither,
 An' ca'd me an ass to be tied to her tether,
 I heard a' their sneering, as mim as a dumbie,
 An' could tholed muckle mair for my auld Nannie
 Crummie.

The winter was cauld, an' my cleedin' was thin,
 I couldna weel work, an' I couldna weel win',
 I had little without, I had little within,
 I had wearied the frammit, an' herriet my kin,—
 An', oh ! the blue reek wimplin' frae the wud-lummie
 Led me by the nose to my auld Nannie Crummie.

I pree'd her fat bree, an' I felt me sae couthie
 That, fain to pree mair, I e'en pree'd her wee mouthie ;
 Young jilts whiles gae daft, but auld maids are aye toothie
 An' like food to the hungry, or drink to the drouthie,
 Were love an' a hame to a loun like a hummie,
 An' I meet wi' them baith trae my auld Nannie Crum-
 mie.

But an auld cripple sailor came hame from the main,
 Wha had left hame a callant, an' Nanny a wean
 An' he swore he wad lay my back laigh on the plain,
 But I haikit him weel, an' wad do it again.
 The auld wither'd bodie was dry as a mummy,
 He ne'er could ha'e fattened wi' auld Nannie Crummie.

Though we ha'ena a weanie to scart our meal luggie,
 Yet Nansie has a cattie, an' I hae a doggie;
 And tho' they whiles yaumer an' youfi owre their coggie,
 Ye'll no fin' twa totums that cuddle mair vogie.
 Ye may rin, gin ye like, lest I crack your lug drummie,
 W' bawling the charms o' my auld Nannie Crummie.

James Ballantine.

MARY GRAY.

SOME say that Mary Gray is dead,
 And that in this world we'll see her never
 Some say she is laid on her cold death-bed,
 The prey of the grave and of death for ever!
 Ah, they know little of my dear maid,
 Or kindness of her spirit's Giver;
 For every night she is by my side,—
 By the morning bower, or the moonlig'-t river.

My Mary was bonny when she was here,
 When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
 Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
 And her form all virgin forms excelling.
 But oh, if they saw my Mary now,
 With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
 They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
 To ravish mortal eyes unveiling.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers,
 It is all of beauty and of sweetness,—
 So my dear maid in the heavenly bowers,
 Excels in beauty and in meekness!

She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kaim'd my hair,
 And made a breast of heaven my pillow ;
 And promised her God to take me there
 Before the leaf falls from the willow !

Farewell ! ye homes of living men—
 I have no relish for your pleasures ;
 In the human face I naething ken
 That with my spirit's yearning measures.
 I long for onward bless to be,
 A day of joy—a brighter morrow ;
 And from this bondage to be free,—
 Farewell this world of sin and sorrow !

James Hogg.

THE SKY LARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay, and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, and thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbows' rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

James Hogg.

AN ARABIAN SONG.

MEET me at even, my own true love,
 Meet me at even my own, true love,
 Where the moonbeam revealing
 The cool fountain stealing,
 Away and away
 Through flow'rets so gay,
 Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
 Love is the valley of joyfulness ;

 A garden of roses,
 Where rapture reposes,—
 A temple of light
 All heavenly bright ;
 O' virtuous love is the soul's delight !

James Hogg.

SERENADE.

AWAKE!—the starry midnight hour
 Hangs charmed. and pauseth in its flight ;
 In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
 And the doves lie hushed in deep delight .
 Awake ! awake !
 Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake !—soft dews will soon arise
 From daisied mead, and thorny brake ;
 Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
 And like the tender morning brake :
 Awake ! awake !
 Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake !—awake, within the musk rose bower
 I watch pale flower of love, for thee ;
 Ah, come and show the starry hour
 What wealth of love thou hidest from me
 Awake ! awake !
 Show all thy love, for love's sweet sake !

Awake!—ne'er heed, though listening night
 Steal music from thy silver voice;
 Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
 And bid the world and me rejoice!
 Awake! awake!
 She comes, at last for love's sweet sake!

Procter.

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh, we weep,
 We love, we droop, we die?
 Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?—
 Why do we live or die?
 Who knows that secret deep?—
 Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
 Unseen by human eye?
 Why do the radiant seasons bring
 Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
 Why do our fond hearts cling
 To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
 We fight, and fly;
 We love, we lose—and then, ere long,
 Stone dead we lie.
 O life! is all thy song
 "Endure and—die?"

Procter.

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

THEY say we are too young to love,—
 Too wild to be united;
 In scorn they bid us both renounce
 The fond vows we have plighted.
 They send thee forth to see the world,
 Thy love by absence trying:
 Then go; for I can smile farewell,—
 Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
 Her silken nets about thee ;
 I know how lonesome I shall find
 The long, long days without thee.
 But in thy letters there'll be joy ;
 The reading,—the replying :
 I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee,—
 Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
 In silent rapture gazing ;
 And, oh ! how proud of being loved
 By her they have been praising !
 But should Detraction breathe thy name,
 The world's reproof defying :
 I'd love thee,—laud thee,—trust thee still,—
 Upon thy truth relying.

E'en those who smile to see us part,
 Shall see us meet with wonder ;
 Such trials only make the heart
 That truly loves grow fonder.
 Our sorrows shall be our pride,
 When with each other vying :
 Thou wilt confide in him, who lives
 Upon thy truth relying. *Bayly.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
 And say you left me sleeping ;
 But never tell my step-mother
 Of all this bitter weeping.
 No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
 Or even while reprieve it ;
 For there's a pang at my young heart
 That never more can leave it !

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
 O'er wounds that heal can never ;
 And O, kind Heaven ! were it thy will,
 To close these eyes for ever :

For how can maid's affections dear
 Recall her love forsaken ?
 Or how can heart of maiden bear
 To know that heart forsaken ?

O, why should vows so fondly made,
 Be broken ere the morrow—
 To one who loved as never maid
 Loved in this world of sorrow !
 The look of scorn I cannot brave,
 Nor pity's eye more dreary ;
 A quiet sleep within the grave
 Is all for which I weary !

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
 And banks of broom so yellow !
 Too happy has this bosom been
 Within your arbours mellow.
 That happiness is fled for aye,
 And all is dark desponding—
 Save in the opening gates of day,
 And the dear home beyond them !

I HAD A HAT, I HAD NAE MAIR.

I HAD a hat, I had nae mair,
 I gat it frae the hatter ;
 My hat was smash'd, my skull laid bare,
 Ae night when on the batter ;
 And sae I thocht me on a plan :
 Whereby to mend the matter—
 Just turn at ance a sober man,
 And tak to drinking water.

My plan I quickly put in force,
 Yea, stuck till't most sincerely,
 And now I drive my gig and horse,
 And hae an income yearly.

But, had I still kept boozing on,
 'Twa'd been anither matter,
 My credit, cash, and claes had gone,
 In tatter after tatter.

My wife, perhaps, a worthless pest,
 My weans half-starved and duddy ;
 And I, mysel', at very best,
 Gaun wi' an auld coal cuddie ;
 Wi' scarce a stick in a' the house,
 Or spoon, or bowl, or platter,
 Or milk, or meal, to feed a mouse,
 Or blanket save a tatter.

Now, Gude be praised, I've peace o' mind,
 Clear hand and health o' body,
 A thrifty wife, cosh and kind,
 And bairnies plump and ruddy.
 Hence, I'd advise ilk weirdless wight,
 Wha likes the gill-stoup's clatter,
 To try my plan this very night,
 And tak to drinking water.

Alex. Rodger.

I MET TWA CRONIES.

I MET twa cronies late yestreen,
 Wham blythe I've aft been wi' ;
 And ilka mind soon felt inclined
 To taste the barley-bree :
 We sat sae late, and drank sae deep,
 'That roarin' fou gat we ;
 And haith ! I found, when I gaed hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

All lanely by the fire she sat,
 Her brows hung owre her e'e ;
 And wistfu' hush'd she aye the bairn,
 Though sleeping on her knee—
 I saw the storm was masking fast,
 'That soon wad fa' on me :
 Sae quietly slipt I aff to bed,
 And left her in the gee.

Neist day her looks were sour and sad,
 And ne'er a word spak she ;
 But aye the tear-drap gather'd big,
 And dimm'd her bonnie e'e ;
 Quo' I, " My dear, what's past let gang,
 And frown nae mair on me,
 The like again I'll never do,
 Gin ye'll ne'er tak the gee !"

When this she heard, her brows she raised,
 And down beside me sat ;
 I kiss'd her, for her heart was br',
 And, puir wee thing ! she gret :
 Quo' she, " Gin ye'll but keep your word,
 And bide at hame wi' me—
 Hae, there's my han', that, while I live,
 I'll never tak' the gee !"

Then let us ca', and pay our drap,
 And toddle while we do :
 For gin we drink anither bowl
 We'll a' get roarin fou' ;
 My wifie's smile is aye sae kind,
 When blythe or pleased is she,
 To anger her wad be a sin,
 Or gar her tak' the gee !

IRISH LOVE SONG.

Oh ! what a beautiful bit of mortality,
 Sweet Judy, O ! Phannigan is unto me ;
 The world must allow her angelic reality,
 The like of my Judy I never shall see.

Her manner is free from all low vulgarity,
 So politely genteel, unaffected, and free ;
 To see her and think of a moment's neutrality,
 You might just as well go dance a jig on the sea.

ind,

ex. Rodger.

O smile on me, Judy ! with some partiality,
 For the brains in my skull have been all set a-jee ;
 Else I soon shall be dead, that's an end to vitality,
 Broken-hearted and murder'd, your Paddy will be !

And pray, where the deuce, did ye get your morality ?
 Would you like your poor Paddy to hang on a tree ?
 Sure, Judy, that would be a bit of rascality,

While the daws and the crows would be pecking at me !

O name but the day, without more *brotherality*,
 Then the happiest of mortals your Paddy will be ;
 Ere a year will go round, ye'll have more *motherality*,
 And that the whole town of Killkenny will see !

'Then we'll laugh, dance, and sing with true conviviality,
 While the rafters would ring to the noise of our spree ;
 And our hearts will be beating with congeniality,
 When Judy and Paddy they married shall be !

Oh what a beautiful bit of mortality,
 Sweet Judy O'Flannigan is unto me ;
 The world must allow her angelic reality,
 The like of my Judy I never shall see !

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