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We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
Collection of "Masterpieces"

ROBERT BURNS

Auld Lang Syne
And Other Songs

With numerous original illustrations by

C. MOORE SMITH

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Auld Lang Syne

And Other Songs
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**AULD LANG SYNE.**

**Should** auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
AULD LANG SYNE.

CHORUS.

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

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

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
   From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
   Sin auld lang syne.
   For auld, etc.
And here's a hand, my trusty fire, 
   And gie's a hand o' thine; 
And we'll tak a right guid willie-
   waught, 
For auld lang syne. 
   For auld, etc.

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

II
O, my luve's like a red, red rose.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"WISHAW'S FAVOURITE."

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

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
   And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
   While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
   And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
   Tho' it were ten thousand mile.
THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."

'Ve banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return.
Thou'llt break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

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

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

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."

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

CHORUS.

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

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

TUNE—"KATHARINE Ogie."

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

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
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.

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

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

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
   I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
   That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust.
   That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
   Shall live my Highland Mary.
THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY."

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

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
Bonie Highland laddie.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonie Highland laddie!
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonie Highland laddie!
DAINTY DAVIE.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, etc.
The scented breezes round us blaw,
    A wandering wi' my Davie.
COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."

Coming through the rye, poor body,
    Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
    Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
    Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
    Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
    Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
    Need a body cry?
COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

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

TUNE—"BONIE JEAN."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TUNE—"THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH."

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has toll'd the hour.
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.
It is Maria's voice I hear.
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.
THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"UP WI' THE PLOUGHMAN."

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

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.
My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie!
Up wi't a', etc.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Up wi't a', etc.
THE PLOUGHMAN.

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

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

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

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

John Anderson my jo, John,
   We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
   We've had wi' ane anither: 
Now we maun totter down, John
   But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
   John Anderson my jo.
There's auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
AULD ROB MORRIS.

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

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

TUNE—"MORAG."

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

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;
O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.
O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

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

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

If thou hast met this fair one;
   When frae her thou hast parted
If every other fair one,
   But her, thou hast deserted,
   And thou art broken-hearted;
     O that's, etc.
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, etc.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar.
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, etc.

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

Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
Fill my Sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
      On the seas, etc.
PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"ROBIN ADAIR."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There's braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

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

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

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

CHORUS.

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

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, etc.
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
   Bonie lassie, etc.

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

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn's the burnie pours,
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

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

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

TUNE—"ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE GUN."

CHORUS.

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

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phennie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blithe, etc.
Her looks were like a flower in May,
    Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern
    As light's a bird upon a thorn.
    Blithe, etc.

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

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

TUNE—"ROBIE DONNA GORACH."

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!
RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

TUNE—"RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE."

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

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

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

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

TUNE—"MAGGY LAUDER."

When first I saw fair Jeanie’s face,
I couldn’t tell what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost failed me.
She’s aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o’ my heart,
And I became a lover.

She’s aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She’s aye sae blithe and cheerie;
SONG.

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

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

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gained sweet Jeanie’s favour:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her:
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
And I became a lover.
SONG.

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

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

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

But the cheerfu' Spring came, kindly on,
   And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
   And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
   And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
   That no one should him wrong.

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

His colour sicken'd more and more,
   He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
   To show their deadly rage.
JOHN BARLEYCORN.

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

Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.
They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgel'd him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
   'Twill heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
   Tho' the tear were in her eye.
'Twill make a man forget his woe.
Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
   Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
   Ne'er fail in old Scotland!
THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

A SONG.

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

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
THERE’LL NEVER BE, ETC.

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

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

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin’ I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
THERE’LL NEVER BE, ETC.

But till my last moment my words are the same—
There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
THERE WAS A LAD.

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Guid faith, quo scho, I doubt you,
Sir,
Ye gar the lasses . . .
THERE WAS A LAD.

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

Robin was a rovin’ boy,
    Rantin’ rovin’, rantin’ rovin’;
Robin was a rovin’ boy,
    Rantin’ rovin’ Robin.
MARY MORISON.

TUNE—“BIDE YE YET.”

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

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

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MARY MORISON.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

TUNE—"THE DUSTY MILLER."

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

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

Fills the dusty peck,
    Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
    For the dusty miller.
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the miller.
JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—"JAMIE, COME TRY ME."

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.
THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"DUNCAN DAVISON."

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.
As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

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

A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again.
THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE—"UP AND WAUR THEM A'."

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

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'.
THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

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

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

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

TUNE—"THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

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

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

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,  
The kind love that's in her ee.  
O this is no, etc.

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

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

TUNE—"ROTHIEMURCHUS'S RANT."

CHORUS.

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

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so?"
Fairest maid, etc.

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

TUNE—"THE HIGHLAND WATCH'S FAREWELL."

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

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
   O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
    And send me safe my somebody.
          Oh-hon! for somebody!
          Oh-hey: for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody!
O WERE MY LOVE
YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"HUGHIE GRAHAM."

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

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

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

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

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

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells; Could I describe her shape and mien; Our lasses a' she far excels, An' she has twa sparkling rogue-ish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn When rising Phœbus first is seen, And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn; An' she has twa sparkling rogue-ish een.

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ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

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

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

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-ish een.

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

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

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.
ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

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

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

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling rogue-ish een.
Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

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

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

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

TUNE—"ONAGH'S WATER-FALL."

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

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And hear my vows o’ truth and love.
SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF A'.

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

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