

THE
INTERNATIONAL SONG BOOK.

EDITED BY

J. F. CARPENTER.

60
632

"The martial music is to marching men
The Song be to humanity."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 434, BROOME STREET.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS,
CHANDOS-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

IN presenting this collection—the fourth volume of the series known as ROUTLEDGE'S SONG BOOKS—to the public, it is only necessary for the Editor and Compiler to remark that, while in the “Modern,” “Popular,” and “New Universal” Song Books the most admired lyrics written and composed during the last quarter of a century will be found, the following pages contain a greater number of those standard favourites which have stood the test of time, and which may be said to comprise the gems of the song literature of our country. The same care has been taken in collating the songs with the original editions, and in ascertaining the names of their respective authors and composers—a work of no small labour, in consequence of the loose and slipshod manner in which works of a similar kind have hitherto been put before the public.

J. E. CARPENTER.

NOTTING HILL, *March*, 1864.

CONTENTS.

TITLE.	PUBLISHER. PAGE
A DEEP and mighty Shadow	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 254
A Friar of Orders Grey	<i>Ditto</i> 25
A Highland Lad my Love was born	<i>Ditto</i> 185
Ah! why did I gather?.....	<i>Ditto</i> 170
All among the Barley.....	<i>Novello & Co</i> 15
Amintor's Well-a-day..... 60
Annie o' the Clyde	<i>C. Jefferys</i> 236
An Old Man would be wooing.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 235
A place in your Memory	<i>Ditto</i> 86
Are other Eyes.....	<i>Ditto</i> 93
Asleep among the Flowers	<i>R. Cocks & Co.</i> 77
A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 56
At Evening when my Work is done	<i>Ditto</i> 83
Away with Melancholy	<i>Ditto</i> 172
Away to the Mountain's brow	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 251
Awake, my own Love.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 256
A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea	<i>Ditto</i> 89
BARLEY Mower's Song 216
Beautiful Morn	<i>Purday</i> 111
Believe me if all these endearing young Charms	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ... 151
Bea Block.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 7
Betwixt my Love and me	<i>J. A. Turner</i> 159
Bide ye yet	<i>Cramer & Co.</i> ... 128
Bill Bobstay.....	<i>Ransford & Son.</i> 230
Boat me o'er to Charlie.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 55
Bonnie Prince Charlie	<i>Ditto</i> 14
Bonnie Jean.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 187
Bound 'prentice to a Waterman	<i>Ditto</i> 191
Bright Phobos	<i>Ditto</i> 268
Break, break, break	<i>Several</i> 186
By a Mountain Stream at rest..... 267
By Cælia's Arbour	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 91
By the gaily creaking Glass	<i>Ditto</i> 124
CALLER Harrin'!	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 75
Castles in the Air	<i>Swan, Glasgow.</i> 176
Candrin Side 194
Come, boat me o'er to Charlie	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 55
Come, dear one, back to me	<i>Ditto</i> 79
Come, Jolly Bachelors 61
Come if you dare	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 108

TITLE	PUBLISHER	PAGE
Come shining forth my Dearest	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	35
Come to me, Dearest	<i>J Williams</i>	9
Come under my Plaidie	<i>Duff & Co</i>	192
Common Sense and Genius	<i>Addison & Co</i>	48
Could a Man be secure	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	236
Cruiskeen Lawn	<i>Cramer & Co</i>	52
DARLING NEIL		220
Dear is my little native Vale	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	24
Dear Kate	<i>J Shepherd</i>	221
Death's final Conquest	<i>Cramer & Co</i>	25
Despairing Mary		185
Dost thou remember?	<i>Addison & Co</i>	47
Down where the Cowslips bloom	<i>Murray</i>	83
Down the Burn, Davie	<i>Campbell</i>	183
Dream on, Young Hearts	<i>Chapell & Co</i>	208
Drink and fill the Night with mirth		93
Duncan Gray	<i>Campbell</i>	153
ELIZA	<i>Several</i>	177
English Ale	<i>Cramer & Co</i>	114
England for Ever	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	51
Ever near	<i>B Williams</i>	163
Every inch a Sailor	<i>Ransford & Son</i>	205
Every Bullet has its billet	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	29
I yes, Beautiful Eyes	<i>Purley</i>	121
FAREWELL	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	100
Fair Jane the Village Pride	<i>Ditto</i>	89
Fair Flora decks	<i>Ditto</i>	240
Farewell to Northmaven	<i>Ditto</i>	123
Farewell, but whenever	<i>Addison & Co</i>	176
Fill the Goblet again	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	71
Flow on, thou Shining River	<i>Addison & Co</i>	17
Forgive, blest Shade	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	237
Friendship, Love and Roses	<i>Breuer & Co</i>	87
From distant Chimes	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	238
From Oberon in Fairy land	<i>Ditto</i>	259
GALLANT TOM	<i>Ransford & Son</i>	26
Gloomy Winter's now awa'	<i>Several</i>	99
Go, happy Rose	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	61
Good Night, and joy be with you a	<i>Ditto</i>	42
Good Morrow		3
Go, Rose	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	35
Go where glory waits thee	<i>Addison & Co</i>	38
Green Hills of Tyrol	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	234
HARK the Vesper Hymn	<i>Addison & Co,</i>	19
Happy Friendship		189
Happy be thy Dreams	<i>R Cocks & Co.</i>	244
Heaving the Lead	<i>D Almaine & Co.</i>	70

CONTENTS.

vii

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
Here's the Bower	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	39
Her Mouth is like a pretty Cage.....	<i>R. Cocks & Co.</i> ...	88
Here's a health to the King, God bless him	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	113
Here in Cool Grot	<i>Ditto</i>	261
He that loves a Rosy Cheek	<i>Hawes</i>	30
He loves and he rides away	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	234
He was famed for Deeds of Arms	<i>Ditto</i>	90
Highland Mary	<i>Ditto</i>	16
Honest Ben	<i>Ditto</i>	129
Hope, thou Nurse of young Desire	<i>Ditto</i>	80
How stands the Glass around?	<i>Ditto</i>	67
How long and dreary.....	<i>Ditto</i>	225
Hurrah! I'm off to Sea.....	<i>Ransford & Son.</i>	148
Hunting Tower	<i>Several</i>	136
Hurrah! along the flowing Tide.....	266
I COULD never be happy alone.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	164
I cannot flatter if I would.....	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	17
I dreamt I lay where Flowers were springing	} <i>Campbell</i>	93
If the Heart of a Man		
I have plucked the fairest Flower	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	81
I have a Wife o' my ain.....	<i>Ditto</i>	50
I have a silent Sorrow here	<i>Ditto</i>	45
I have a silent Sorrow here	<i>Ditto</i>	73
I locked up all my Treasure.....	<i>Ditto</i>	33
I'm ower young to marry yet	<i>Ditto</i>	219
I ne'er could any Lustre see	<i>Ditto</i>	79
In honour of his Name	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	139
In the down-hill of Life.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	134
I prithee send me back my Heart	<i>Ditto</i>	40
Isabel.....	<i>Ditto</i>	247
I saw thee Weep.....	<i>Ditto</i>	26
I see them on their winding way.....	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	218
JOCKIE'S far awa'	178
LASHED to the Helm	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	195
Let us take this World	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	255
Lewie Gordon	<i>Ditto</i>	177
Lilla's a Lady	<i>Ditto</i>	161
Little Love is a mischievous Boy	<i>Ditto</i>	265
Little Taffine	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	233
Logan Water	<i>Campbell</i>	201
Logie o' Buchan	<i>Ditto</i>	230
Love among the Roses	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	32
Love and Glory	<i>Ditto</i>	46
Love in the Heart	<i>Ditto</i>	19
Lovely Nan	<i>Ransford & Son.</i>	66
Love's Young Dream	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	232
Love me.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	144

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
MACGREGOR'S Gathering	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	248
Mary of Tralee	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	49
Mary Morrison	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	133
Mary, I believed thee true	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	214
Mary's Dream	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	12
Mary the Maid of the Green	<i>J. Shepherd</i>	8
Mary, dear Mary, list awake	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	100
Man the Life-Bont	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	194
May those we love, love us	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	69
Merrily goes the Bark	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	197
Mine be a Cot	<i>Ditto</i>	43
My ain Countrie	<i>Ditto</i>	91
My bounding Bark	<i>Cramer & Co.</i>	261
My Bark is on the Sea	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	147
My Bonny Mary	<i>Campbell</i>	179
My dear little Lassie	<i>Ditto</i>	181
My Father-land	<i>Brewer & Co.</i>	242
My Heart with love is beating	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	172
My Love's in Germanie		168
My Love she's but a lassie yet	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	51
My Land		214
My Mother Dear	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	145
My Marian	<i>Ditto</i>	171
My Nannie O!	<i>Ditto</i>	203
My Native Hills	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	249
My own Blue Bell	<i>Ditto</i>	241
My Sheep I neglected		95
My Tocher's the jewel	<i>Campbell</i>	193
My Wee Wife	<i>Ditto</i>	127
My Wife's a winsome wee thing	<i>Ditto</i>	42
Not when Hope filled you	<i>Parday</i>	126
No more by Sorrow	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	131
Nora Creina	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	167
Norah Magee	<i>Metzler & Co.</i> ...	62
Oh! had my Love ne'er smiled on me ...	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	79
Of a' the Airts	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	63
O! for ane-and-twenty, Tam	<i>Ditto</i>	84
Oft in the Silly Night	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	5
Oh! do you remember	<i>Cramer & Co.</i> ...	243
Oh! Banquet not	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	55
Oh! bring me Wine	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	57
Oh! False Voice	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	166
Oh! the Days when I was young	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	22
Oh! open the Door	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	18
Oh! rest thee, Babe	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	3
Oh! 'tis sweet to think	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ...	180
O! Lady fair	<i>Ditto</i>	179
O! kind Word before we part	<i>F. Moutrie</i>	267

CONTENTS.

ix

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
One	<i>Ransford & Son..</i>	258
On by the spur of valour goaded.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	265
On this cold flinty Rock.....	<i>Ditto</i>	107
O! Poortith cauld	<i>Ditto</i>	224
O! soft flowing Avon.....	<i>Ditto</i>	113
Our Country is our Ship	<i>Ditto</i>	112
Our Native Song	<i>C. Jefferys</i>	239
Oh! wha's for Scotland and Charlie?.....	<i>Campbell</i>	188
Oh! whistle an' I'll come to you	<i>Ditto</i>	198
O! Skylark, for thy wing	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	22
PILGRIM'S Song		228
Pity and Protect the Slave	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	18
Poor Joe the Marine	<i>Ditto</i>	11
Poor Mary Ann	<i>Ditto</i>	173
Poor Tom Haulyard	<i>Ditto</i>	142
Poor Jack	<i>Ransford & Son..</i>	36
Pretty Star of the Night	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	249
Prudence and Pleasure		252
REMEMBER, Love, Remember ..	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	231
Rich and Rare	<i>Addison & Co. ...</i>	187
Rise, Gentle Moon	<i>Brewer & Co. ...</i>	242
Roy's Wife.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	162
Rupert the Ranger	<i>J. Blockley</i>	54
SHALL I like a Hermit dwell?	<i>Cramer & Co.</i>	102
Sigh no more, Ladies	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	264
Since first I saw your face.....	<i>Ditto</i>	74
Sing me the Melody	<i>Metzler & Co. ...</i>	155
Sling the flowing Bowl	<i>Ditto</i>	59
Sleep, my love	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	257
So warmly we met	<i>Addison & Co. ...</i>	59
Soft fell the Dews	<i>Cramer & Co.</i>	65
Spirit of my sainted Sire	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	181
Steady she goes	<i>Ditto</i>	227
Sweet William	<i>Metzler & Co. ...</i>	66
TAKE him and try	<i>J. Shepherd</i>	65
Tell me not, Sweet		45
Tell her I love her	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	247
The Arethusa	<i>Ditto</i>	1
The Auld Wife.....	<i>Cramer & Co.</i>	19
The Anchorsmiths	<i>Ransford & Son..</i>	125
The Anchor's Weighed	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	199
The Battle and the Breeze.....	<i>Williams</i>	202
The Banks of Ayr	<i>Campbell</i>	105
The Banners of Blue	<i>Wybrow & Co. ...</i>	250
The Barley Mower's Song.....		216
The Baylife's Daughter.....		44
The Birks of Aberfeldy.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	223

TITLE.	PUBLISHER.	PAGE
The Boatie Rows.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	98
The Boy in Yellow	<i>Ditto</i>	104
The Boys of Kilkenny	<i>Ditto</i>	160
The Cameron Men	<i>Patterson, Edin.</i>	20
The Castilian Maid.....	<i>Addison & Co.</i>	26
The Canadian Boat Song	<i>Ditto</i>	28
The Captive to his Bird.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	115
The Chase at Sea	<i>Ditto</i>	180
The Child and the Gossamer	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	257
The Corsair's Farewell	<i>Seceral</i>	161
The Covenanters' Lament	<i>Ditto</i>	183
The Dashing White Sergeant	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	65
The Deep Blue Rhine.....	<i>Purday</i>	141
The Evening Gun	<i>Addison & Co.</i>	76
The Friar of Orders Grey.....	<i>Ditto</i>	25
The Flowing Bowl	<i>J. Shepherd</i>	76
The First White Trees		213
The Green Bushes	<i>Cramer & Co.</i>	236
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls ..	<i>Addison & Co.</i>	21
The Horn of Chase	<i>C. Jefferys.</i>	198
The Jolly Young Waterman.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	58
The Keel Row	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	204
The Lass o' Ballochmyle	<i>Campbell</i>	211
The Lass with the bonny Blue Een ..	<i>Ditto</i>	241
The Last Shilling	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	34
The Land of the Leal.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	80
The Lass that loves a Sailor	<i>Ransford & Son.</i>	46
The Lass of Richmond Hill	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	94
The Letter	<i>Duff & Co.</i>	253
The Lea Rig	<i>Ditto</i>	107
The Light Bark	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	240
The Loadstars	<i>Ditto</i>	42
The May-fly	<i>Ditto</i>	245
The Mariner's Compass.....	<i>Ditto</i>	144
The Maid of Isla.....		182
The Meeting of the Waters	<i>Addison & Co.</i>	140
The Minstrel Boy	<i>Ditto</i>	53
The Model.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	64
The Nancy	<i>Ransford & Son.</i>	157
The Nautical Anatomist	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	262
The Neglected Tar	<i>Ditto</i>	151
The Old Willow Brook	<i>May</i>	88
The Parting		159
The Pilgrim of Love	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	73
The Pilgrim Bird	<i>Evans</i>	215
The Plain Gold Ring	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i>	118
The Post Captain	<i>Ditto</i>	121
The Pride of Loch Lomond.....	<i>Metzler & Co.</i>	69
The Questioner		229

CONTENTS.

xi

TITLE.	PUBLISHER	PAGE
The Rigs o' Barley	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	189
The Robin's Petition	<i>Ditto</i>	27
The Rose of the Valley	<i>Ditto</i>	37
The Rose will cease to blow	<i>Ditto</i>	252
The Sailor sighs	<i>Cramer & Co</i>	72
The Sailor Boy		196
The Sailor's Grave	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	187
The Sea-King		267
The Sea-bird's Message	<i>B Williams</i>	220
The Shannon and Chesapeake	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	13
The Slave Girl's love	<i>Cramer & Co</i>	222
The Soldier Boy		222
The Streamlet	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	99
The Sunshine of our Home	<i>R Cocks & Co</i>	222
The Sunny Hours of Childhood	<i>C Jefferys</i>	225
The Sun that lights the world	<i>Metzler & Co</i>	118
The Thirsty Lark		115
The Timid little Maid	<i>Duff & Co</i>	77
The Time I've lost in wooing	<i>Addison & Co</i>	131
The Tired Soldier	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	246
The Token	<i>Ramsford & Son</i>	161
The True hearted Fellow	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	263
The Veterans	<i>Ramsford & Co</i>	116
The Way worn Traveller	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	150
The Woe's heart	<i>Duff & Co</i>	154
The Wealth of the Cottage	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	169
The Welcome		165
The Wedding Ring		218
The Winter is past		186
The Wife	<i>Ramsford & Son</i>	156
The Woods for me	<i>Ditto</i>	217
The Young May Moon	<i>Addison & Co</i>	170
The Young Indian Maid	<i>Ditto</i>	74
They Mourn me Dead	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	250
Then Fare thee well	<i>Addison & Co</i>	4
Thine am I	<i>Campbell</i>	95
Though he be now a Grey Grey Hair	<i>D Almaine & Co</i>	92
Those sweet Walks in Summer time	<i>Duff & Co</i>	203
Those Evening Bells	<i>Addison & Co</i>	1
There's nae luck about the House		96
Thou hast sworn by thy God		109
Thou art gone		255
Thou art gone awa'	<i>Duff & Co</i>	157
Those we left behind us	<i>Addison & Co</i>	200
Thy Voice	<i>J Blockley</i>	174
Thy Smile	<i>Ditto</i>	186
Thy Tear	<i>Ditto</i>	180
Time and Love		226
Time has not thinned	<i>D Almaine & Co.</i>	246

TITLE.	PUBLISHER. PAGE
To Anchor on his Native Shore	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 116
To Althea, from Prison..... 31
Tim Transom	<i>Ransford & Son</i> 138
Tom Tough	<i>Ditto</i> 119
Tom Starboard	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 135
Too many Lovers puzzle a Maid.....	<i>Ditto</i> 62
To all you Ladies now on Land	<i>Ditto</i> 6
True love can ne'er forget.....	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 173
True Courage	<i>Ransford & Son</i> 41
Two little Years ago	<i>Lambton & Cook</i> 160
'Twas Merry in the Hall	<i>Cramer & Co.</i> 111
Up in the Morning early	<i>Campbell</i> 80
Underneath your Window.....	<i>Addison & Co.</i> 207
Upon the Plains of Flanders.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 30
Wandering Willie	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 39
Waken, Lords and Ladies gay	<i>Ditto</i> 106
Watercresses	<i>Ditto</i> 132
Wae is my Heart!	<i>Ditto</i> 85
What is the Spell?	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 264
What were her Eyes like?	<i>May</i> 124
What shall he have that killed the Deer?	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 40
When Arthur first	<i>Ditto</i> 33
When the Rosy Morn appearing.....	<i>Ditto</i> 53
When and Where	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 149
When the Kye come hame.....	<i>Ditto</i> 208
When first this humble Boof I knew.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 245
When thy Bosom	<i>Ditto</i> 260
When first I went to Sea	<i>Ransford & Son</i> 146
When Daisies pried	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 139
When William at Eve.....	<i>Ditto</i> 84
Who deeply drinks of Wine 244
While pensive I thought on my Love.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 110
Whistle and I'll come to thee	<i>Ditto</i> 198
Why does Azure deck the Sky?	<i>Ditto</i> 137
Whistle o'er the lave o't.....	<i>Ditto</i> 208
Why so pale and wan?	<i>Ditto</i> 108
Willie Wastle	<i>Ditto</i> 210
Within a Mile of Edinboro' town	<i>Ditto</i> 61
With an honest old Friend	<i>Ditto</i> 9
Wilt thou say farewell, Love?.....	<i>Addison & Co.</i> ... 119
Winnie Winn	<i>Duff & Co.</i> 141
With yo, heave ho!.....	<i>Ransford & Son</i> 212
Ye Gentlemen of England.....	<i>D'Almaine & Co.</i> 5
You're welcome as the Flowers in May...	<i>B. Williams</i> 108

THE

NATIONAL SONG BOOK.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The Bells of St. Petersburg."

THOSE ev'ning bells, those ev'ning bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those ev'ning bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

THE ARETHUSA.

FRIDGES HOARE.]

{ *Music arranged from an*
{ *old Air, by WM. SHIELD.*

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold—

Huzza to the Arethusa!

She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemmed the dashing wave

Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch :
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa !

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in shore so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight a-head did lie—
The Arethusa seemed to fly :
Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack ;
Though the Frenchmen laughed, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, " Ho !"
The Frenchman then cried out, " Hollo !"
" Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee."
No, no !" says the Frenchman, " that can't be."
Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land ;
We forced them back upon the strand ;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more.
Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass,
A health to the captains and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

GOOD-MORROW.

[THOMAS HLIVWOOD, 1607.]

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow ;
 Sweet air, blow soft ; mount, larks, aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
 Bird, prune thy wing ; nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast ;
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Starc, linnet, and cock-sparrow ;
 You pretty elves, among yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow.

OH ! REST THEE, BABE.

D. TERRY.]

[Music by J. WHITTAKER.

Oh ! slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight,
 Thy mother a lady so lovely and bright ;
 The hills and the dales from the tow'rs which we see,
 They all shall belong, my dear infant, to thee.
 Oh ! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day ;
 Oh ! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while
 you may.

Oh ! rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come,
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
 Then rest thee, my darling, oh ! sleep while you may,
 For war comes with manhood, as light comes with day.
 Oh ! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day ;
 Oh ! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while
 you may.

THEN FARE THEE WELL.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Old English,"

Then fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love!
The pain of parting thus!

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this!
Dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this!

But no, alas! we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away!

Yet ev'n could those moments last,
Far dearer to my heart,
Were hours of grief together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart!

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Scotch."]

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond mem'ry 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 mem'ry 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, &c.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

MARTYN PARKER.]

{ *The Music, arranged as*
 { *a Glee, by Dr. CALCOTT.*

Ye gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.

Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly show
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound or scar;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow. .
 And the stormy, &c.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd;
 While we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade:
 Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, we know;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.
 When the stormy, &c.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW ON LAND.

The EARL of DORSET, born 1637, died 1706.*

[*The music set as a Glee by Dr. CALCOTT.*]

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

* There are eight more verses in the original, but the three inserted are those usually sung. This remark will also apply to the preceding glee. The two are distinguished in musical circles as "The Old Mariners" and "The New Mariners."
 —ED.

THE NATIONAL SONG BOOK.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we, for hopes of honour, lose
Our certain happiness :
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears ;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

BEN BLOCK.

[J. W. COLLINS.]

Ben Block was a veteran of ancient renown,
And renown was his only reward ;
The Board still neglected his merits to crown,
For no interest had he with my lord.
Yet staunch as old Benbow was honest old Ben,
He'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar,
When death-dealing broadsides make worms'-meat
of men,
And the scuppers ran streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
Honest Ben to refuse scanty prog,
His biscuit he'd break, turn his quid, crack a joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog.
Thus year after year, in a subaltern's state,
Ben fought for his country and bled,
Till Time had unthatch'd all the roof from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled.

It happen'd he met (since his pate it was bare)
 The First Lord of the Admiralty once.
 "Honest Ben," quoth his lordship, "you've lost all
 your hair,
 Since the last time I peep'd at your sconce."
 "Why, my lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may
 be said,
 The bare poles I long have stood under :
 When so many young captains walk over my head,
 To see me quite scalp'd 'twere no wonder."

MARY, THE MAID OF THE GREEN.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Music by J. MONRO.*

If beauty can love to the bosom convey,
 I surely that passion must share,
 I gaze on thy image, dear Mary, to-day,
 And find all that's lovely is there !
 For Mary by each village swain is confest,
 The fairest that ever was seen,
 Though humble the dwelling, content is the guest
 Of Mary, the Maid of the Green.

When first I beheld her sweet face, I confess,
 Her eyes so bewitchingly shone ;
 I loved her, and ardently sigh'd to possess
 Her heart in exchange for my own.
 I found 'twas a treasure not easily gain'd,
 From its dwelling so mild and serene ;
 And 'twas long ere a promise of love I obtain'd
 From Mary, the Maid of the Green !

Although she's bedeck'd not with jewels or lace,
 She needs not such trifles as those,
 Nor e'er need she add to the blush on that face,
 Which so many beauties disclose.
 No blush ever bloom'd on the bud of the rose
 So beauteous as Mary was seen ;
 I'd freely resign all the wealth in the world,
 For Mary, the Maid of the Green.

COME TO ME, DEAREST!

J. E. CARPENTER.] SERENADE. [*Music by E. L. HIME.*]

Come to me, dearest! the light faintly creeping
 Through thy clos'd window has guided me here;
 From the blue heavens the pale stars are peeping,
 Come with thy starry eyes, sweet one, and dear.
 Hark! thro' the pine-trees the night breeze is sighing,
 In the dark forest the branches make moan;
 On the breast of the stream the soft moonbeam is

Come to me, dearest! for I am alone.

Come to me, dearest! all nature's reposing,
 Why should my troubled heart never know rest?
 Even the flowers in slumber are closing,
 The dove, with her mate, sleeps in peace in her
 nest.

Ask of thy gentle heart—list to its beating—
 Something to cling to, thou know'st it would own;
 Under thy window I wait for the meeting,
 Come to me, dearest! for I am alone.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

[*Poetry and Music by HENRY CAREY.*]

With an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long!
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine
 That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envied the higher we rise.

THE AULD WIFE.

J. W. THIRLWALL.]

[*Music* by J. H. GRIESBACH.]

The auld wife sits by the fire when winter's nights
are lang,

And aye as she turns her wheel she croons some old
Scotch song.

The wheel with a buzz and a hum goes round as she plies
her rock,

The grey cat purrs by the fire, and tic tac goes the
clock.

The auld wife once was young, as each auld wife has
been,

But mickle of joy and sorrow cam youth and age
between,

Now she talks and she sings of old times, when naeboddy's
by to hear,

And sometimes the auld body laughs, and sometimes
she drops a tear.

She thinks of the blithesome time when young herds
came to woo,

"Alack," cries the silly wife, "wha'd think it to see
me noo?"

She thinks of the merry bells, that rung when at kirk
she wed,

And then of the mouldy stane that tops the gude man's
head.

My poor auld man is gane, his bairns have ceased to weep,
And sae 'twill be with me, when I sleep the kirkyard
sleep.

Bells for bridal will ring, the auld gie place to the young,
Summer will come and go, an auld wife's sang be sung,
Yet still does she sit by the fire when winter nights are
long,

And aye as she turns her wheel she croons some auld
Scotch song.

POOR JOE THE MARINE.

[J. ASHLEY.]

Poor Joe the Marine was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps dress'd so smart;
The lasses ne'er looked at the youth with a frown—
His manliness won every heart.
Sweet Polly, of Portsea, he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay march to church side by side,
As Polly and Joe the Marine.

Ere Hymen's bright torch at their nuptials could blaze,
Loud thundering guns they heard rattle;
And Joe in an instant was forced to the seas,
'To give a bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful—each ship a mere wreck!
Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd o'er the deck,
And among them poor Joe the Marine.

But victory, faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight:
Then homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,
And soon had fam'd Portsmouth in sight.
The ramparts were crowded the heroes to greet,
And foremost sweet Polly was seen;
But the very first boat her keen eye chanc'd to meet,
Bore the corpse of poor Joe the Marine.

The shock was severe; swift as lightning's fork'd dart,
Her poor head with wild frenzy fir'd;
She flew to the beach, softly cried, "My poor heart!"
Clasp'd his hands, kiss'd his lips, and expir'd.
Their bodies were laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen—
"One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
On Polly and Joe the Marine!"

MARY'S DREAM.

[JOHN LOWE, born 1750, died about 1800.]

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow ee ;
" O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee :
The storm is past, and I at rest ;
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more !"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

She comes, she comes in glorious style,
 To quarters fly, ye hearts of oak;
 Success shall soon reward our toil,
 Exclaimed the gallant Captain Broke.
 "Three cheers, my brave boys, let your ardour bespeak,
 And give them a round from your cannon;
 And soon they shall find that the proud Chesapeake,
 Shall lower a flag to the Shannon."

Lawrence, Columbia's pride and boast,
 Of conquest counted sure as fate;
 He thus address'd his haughty host,
 With form erect, and heart elate:—
 "Three cheers, my brave men, let your courage bespeak,
 And give them a taste of your cannon;
 And soon they shall know that the proud Chesapeake,
 Shall ne'er lower a flag to the Shannon."

Silent as death, each foe drew nigh.
 While locked in hostile close embrace,
 Brave Broke, with British seaman's eye,
 The signs of terror soon could trace.
 He exclaimed, while his looks did ardour bespeak,
 "Brave boys, they all flinch from their cannon;
 Board, board, my brave messmates, the proud Chesapeake,
 Shall soon be a prize to the Shannon!"

Swift flew the word, Britannia's sons,
 Spread death and terror where they came;
 The trembling foe forsook their guns,
 And called aloud on mercy's name.
 Brave Broke led the way but fell wounded and weak,
 Yet he exclaim'd, "They are fled from their cannon;
 Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud Chesapeake,
 Has lower'd a flag to the Shannon!"

The day was won, but Lawrence fell,
 He closed his eyes in endless night;
 And oft Columbia's sons will tell,
 Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
 But brave Captain Broke, though wounded and weak,
 He survives to again play his cannon;
 And his name from the shores of the wide Chesapeake,
 Shall resound to the banks of the Shannon.

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

[JAMES HOGG.]

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

I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald;
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry:
 Health to Macdonald and gallant Clanronald,
 For they are the men that wad die for their Charlie.
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

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

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
 Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the brave claymore
 Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie!
 Charlie, Charlie, &c.

"ALL AMONG THE BARLEY."

[ELIZABETH STIRLING.]

Come out, 'tis now September,
The hunter's moon's begun,
And through the wheaten stubble
Is heard the frequent gun ;
The leaves are paling yellow,
Or kindling into red,
And the ripe and golden Barley
Is hanging down its head.

All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the
scythe ?

The Spring she is a young maid
That does not know her mind ;
The Summer is a tyrant
Of most unrighteous kind ;
The Autumn is an old friend,
That loves one all he can ;
And that brings the happy Barley
To glad the heart of man.

All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the
scythe ?

The Wheat is like a rich man,
That's sleek and well to do ;
The Oats are like a pack of girls,
Laughing and dancing too ;
The Rye is like a miser,
That's sulky, lean, and small :—
But the free and bearded Barley
Is the Monarch of them all.

All among the Barley, who would not be blythe,
When the free and happy Barley is smiling on the
scythe ?

HIGHLAND MARY.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[Air—"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 unfald her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
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 clasped 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.

With many 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 closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly;
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Portuguese."

Flow on, thou shining river,
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bow'r and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
'The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine
Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my pray'r,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there.
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

I CANNOT FLATTER IF I WOULD.

GEORGE SOANE.]

[Music by J. LODGE.]

I cannot flatter if I would,
A face so fair, a heart so good.
The clearest stream that ever shone
But dim reflects the golden moon;
And words as feebly can express,
Thy more than woman's loveliness.

I've often dream'd in stilly night,
Of angels cloth'd in robes of light,
And while I slumber'd deem'd they were
Beyond what earth could show me fair;
But even when I wake I see
There's nothing can compare with thee.

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh ;
 Tho' thou hast proved false, I'll ever prove true ;
 Oh, open the door to me, oh !

Oh ! could is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, oh ;
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, oh ;
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh !
 My true love ! she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh !

PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE.

T. MORTON.]

[Music by BISHOP.]

Sons of freedom, hear my story,
 Mercy well becomes the brave ;
 Humanity is Britain's glory,
 Pity and protect the slave,
 Oh ! pity and protect the slave.

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

LOVE IN THE HEART.

S. J. ARNOLD.]

[Music by C. E. HORN.]

What is it that drives the red rose from the cheek,
 Or the lily displaces with blushes that speak;
 That dims the bright beam by a tear in the eye,
 That checks a young smile by a murmuring sigh?
 'Tis love; 'tis love in the heart.

And what bids the soul emotion declare,
 By the glance of the eye, what the lips do not dare—
 And what, when its meaning another can guess,
 Emboldens the tongue the fond thought to express?
 'Tis love, &c.

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS
STEALING.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Russian."]

Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters soft and clear;
 Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
 Now it bursts upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
 Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
 Now like moonlight waves retreating,
 To the shore it dies along!
 Now, like angry surges meeting,
 Breaks the mingled tide of song.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
 Hush! again, like waves retreating
 To the shore it dies along.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen.
 Hush! again like waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along.
 Jubilate, Amen, Amen!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa

To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean
 And we grudg'd her right sair

To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare you weel, my ain Jean,
 This warld's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet, and aye be fain,

In the land o' the leal.

THE CAMERON MEN.

[*Old Scotch Song, arranged by FINLAY DUNN.*]

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
 That has follow'd his chief to the field,
 He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
 For a Cameron never will yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding,

Deep o'er mountain and glen,

While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,

'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

'Tis the march, &c.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows
He may tread on the heather no more,
But boldly he follows his chief to the field
Where his laurels were gather'd before.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path,
Now trod by the gallant and true,
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do.
I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

T. MOORE.]

[Arranged by SIR J. STEVENSON.]

The harp that once thro' 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.

OH THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

R. B. SHERIDAN.]

[*Music* by J. LINLEY.]

Oh the days when I was young,
 When I laughed at fortune's spite ;
 Talked of love the whole day long
 And with nectar crowned the night.
 Then it was, old Father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear
 And the rest a bumper drown.

Oh the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There 'twill always lay for me ;
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask,
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

Oh the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown ;
 I have years to bring decay,
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are gray :
 Yet, old Jerome, thou mayest boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

Oh the days, &c.

OH! SKYLARK FOR THY WING.

FELICIA HEMANS.]

[*Music*, as a *Glee*, by SIR H. BISSOP.]

Oh skylark, for thy wing !
 Thou bird of joyous light,
 That I might soar and sing,
 At heaven's empyreal height !

With the heathery hills beneath me,
 Whence the strains in glory spring,
 And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
 Oh skylark, on thy wing!

Oh skylark, &c.

Free, free, from earth-born fear,
 Would I range the blessed skies,
 Through the blue, divinely clear,
 Where the low mists cannot rise.
 And a thousand joyous measures
 From my chainless heart would spring,
 Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
 As I wandered on thy wing.

Oh skylark, &c.

But oh! the silver chords
 That round the heart are spun,
 From gentle tones and words,
 And kind eyes that make our sun.
 To some low sweet nest returning,
 How soon my love would bring
 There, there the dews of morning,
 Oh! skylark, on thy wing.

Oh skylark, &c.

A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.*

Dr. PERCY.]

TRIO.

[Music by Dr. CALCOTT.]

It was a Friar of orders grey,
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now, heav'n thee save, thou rev'rend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at your holy shrine
 My true love thou did see."

* There are numerous other verses in the original. The above are those which are sung.

"And how should I your true love know,
From any other one?"

"O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon."

The holy father thus replied :

"O, lady ! he is dead and gone,
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

"Weep no more, lady : lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain,
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
Beneath yon cloister wall,
See thro' the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzling rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzling rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.]

[Music by JAMES HOON

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager ;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves, and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danced in twilight glade,
 The canzonet, and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade ;
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY, }
 born 1594, died 1666. }

{ *Set as a Duet by*
 { EDWARD COLEMAN

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—
 They tame but one another still.
 Early and late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

LORD BYRON.]

[*Music* by SEVERAL COMPOSERS]

I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;
 And then methought it did appear
 A violet dropping dew ;
 I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
 Beside thee ceas'd to shine ;
 It could not match the living rays
 That fill'd that glance of thine.
 As clouds from yonder sun receive
 A deep and mellow dye,
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve
 Can banish from the sky,
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind,
 Their own pure joy impart ;
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind,
 That lightens o'er the heart.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

[T. MOORE.]

Oh, remember the time, in La Mancha's gay shades,
 Where the moments so blissfully flew ;
 When you call'd me the pride of Castilian maids,
 And I blushed to be called so by you.
 When you taught me to warble the gay seguedille
 Or to dance to the light castanet ;
 Ah never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
 The delight of these moments forget.
 They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
 Too soon a new passion may feel ;
 And that soon in the light of some lovelier smile,
 You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
 But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
 Or they never could think you would rove ;
 For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
 That's the fondest and truest in love.

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

[MISS EDGEWORTH.]

When the leaves had deserted the trees,
And the forests were chilly and bare;
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,
And the snow waver'd fast through the air,
A robin had fled from the wood
To the snug habitation of man;
On the threshold the wand'rer stood,
And thus his petition began :—
"The snow's coming down very fast,
No shelter is found on the tree;
When you hear this unpitying blast,
I pray you take pity on me.
"The hips and the haws are all gone,
I can find neither berry nor sloe;
The ground is hard as a stone,
And I'm almost buried in snow.
My little dear nest, once so neat,
Is now empty, and ragged, and torn;
On some tree should I now take my seat,
I should be frozen quite fast before morn.
Then throw me a morsel of bread,
Take me in by the side of your fire,
And when I am warmed and fed,
I'll whistle without other hire.
"Till the sun be again shining bright,
And the snow is all gone, let me stay;
O! see what a terrible night,
I shall die if you drive me away;
And when you come forth in the morn,
And are talking and walking around,
O! how will your bosom be torn,
When you see me lie dead on the ground.
Then pity a poor little thing,
And throw me a part of your store,
I'll fly off in the first of the spring,
And never will trouble you more.

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

[T. MOORE.]

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,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, &c.

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

GALLANT TOM.

[CHARLES DIBBIN.]

It blew great guns, when gallant Tom
 Was taking in a sail ;
 And squalls came on, in sight of home,
 That strengthen'd to a gale.
 Broad sheets of vivid lightning glar'd,
 Reflected by the main,
 And even gallant Tom despair'd
 To see his love again.
 The storm came on ! each rag aboard,
 Was into tatters rent ;
 The rain through every crevice pour'd :
 All fear'd the dread event.
 The pumps were chok'd, their awful doom
 Seem'd sure at every strain,
 Each tar despair'd, e'en gallant Tom,
 To see his love again.

The leak was stopt, the winds grew dull,
The billows ceas'd to roar ;
And the torn ship, almost a hull,
In safety reach'd the shore.
Crowds run to see the wond'rous sight:
The storm had rag'd in vain ;
And gallant Tom with true delight
Beheld his love again.

EVERY BULLET HAS ITS BILLET.

[ANONYMOUS.]

I'm a tough true-hearted sailor,
Careless and all that, d'ye see,
Never at the times a railer—
What is time or tide to me ?
All must die when fate shall will it,
Providence ordains it so :
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo !

Life's at best a sea of trouble,
He who fears it is a dunce ;
Death to me's an empty bubble,
I can never die but once.
Blood, if duty bids, I'll spill it ;
Yet I have a tear for woe :
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo !

Shrouded in a hammock, glory
Celebrates the falling brave ;
Oh, how many, fam'd in story,
Sleep below in ocean's cave !
Bring the can, boys—let us fill it ;
Shall we shun the fight ? Oh, no !
Every bullet has its billet,—
Man the boat, boys—Yeo, heave yeo !

HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

THOMAS CAREW, 1635.]

{ *Music* by Miss M. B.
HAWES (Mrs. MERRITT).

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain its fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

UPON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.]

[*Air*—"The British Grenadiers."

Upon the plains of Flanders,
 Our fathers long ago,
 They fought like Alexanders
 Beneath old Marlborough ;
 And still in fields of conquest
 Our valour bright has shone,
 With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
 And Moore and Welington.
 Our plumes have waved in combats
 That ne'er shall be forgot,
 Where many a mighty squadron
 Reel'd backwards from our shot.
 In charges with the bayonet,
 We lead our bold compeers ;
 But Frenchmen like to stay not
 For British grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimiera
They hoped to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira,
To cheer their drooping hearts,
But English, Scotch, and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British grenadiers.

At St. Sebastiano,
And Badajos's town,
Though raging like volcanoes
The shell and shot came down,
With courage, never wincing,
We scaled the ramparts high,
And waved the British ensign
In glorious victory.

And what could Bonaparte,
With all his cuirassiers,
In battle do, at Waterloo,
With British grenadiers?
Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
That march unto our ears,
Whose martial roll awakes the soul
Of British grenadiers.

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

[RICHARD LOVELACE.]

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts are free,—
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When linnet-like confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king :
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

[DOYLE.]

Young Love flew to the Paphian bower,
And gather'd sweets from many a flower,
From roses and sweet jessamine,
The lily and the eglantine.
The Graces there were culling poses,
And found young Love among the roses.
O, happy day, O, joyous hour !
Compose a wreath of every flower ;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.
Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses.

WHEN ARTHUR.

G. COLMAN.]

GLEE.

[Music by Dr. CALCOTT.]

When Arthur first in court began
To wear long-hanging sleeves,
He entertained three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
The second he was a Scot ;
The third he was a Welchman,
And all were knaves I wot.

The Irishman he lov'd Usquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue-tap,
The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's throat,
The Scot was drown'd in ale,
The Welchman had like to have been chok'd by
a mouse,
But he pull'd it out by the tail.

I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[Music by DIBDIN.]

I lock'd up all my treasure,
I journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

My business done and over,
I hasten'd back amain,
Like an expecting lover,
To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
As it began to dawn,
I found the casket rifled,
And all my treasure gone.

THE LAST SHILLING.

[CHARLES DIRDIN.]

As pensive one night in my garret I sate,
My last shilling produced on the table;
That adventurer, cried I, might a history relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.
Whether fancy or magic, 'twas played me the freak,
The face seemed with life to be filling;
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
Pay attention to me—thy last shilling.

I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who, in cheating, was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter.
A Jack tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distressed friend
Wished it hundreds—and gave his last shilling.

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening eye
With pleasure ran o'er as she viewed me;
She changed me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedewed me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling,
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,
Have spurned me—their best friend and last shilling.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless—for profligates
bail,
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little history thou offerest for sale,
In the interim spend me and be merry.
Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my Menter—my muse,
And, grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart,—thus men's counsel refuse,
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.

COME, SHINING FORTH, MY DEAREST.

T. MORTON.]

{ *The Music* by MOZART,
{ adapted by BISHOP.

Come, shining forth, my dearest,
With looks of warm delight;
Shed joy as thou appearest,
Like morning beams of light.
Like morning's beam of light, love,
Mild shines thine azure eye;
Thine absence is a night, love,
In which I droop and die.

Oh, let me hear that tongue, love,
Whose music thrills my heart,
Like notes by angels sung, love,
When souls in bliss depart.
And at thy casement rising,
Illumine my ravish'd sight,
Like day the world surprising,
With morning's beam of light.

GO, ROSE.

JOHN GAY.]

[*Music* by MAZZINGHI]

Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair.
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy—I with love.

POOR JACK.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the l ke,
A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,
And it isn't to a little I'll strike ;
Tho' the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should
smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood—
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse 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.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;
And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why he talked all as one as high Dutch ;
But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below ;
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.

"For," says he, "d'ye mind me, let storms ere so oft,
Take the toplifts of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
To keep watch for—the life of poor Jack."

I said to our Poll—(for you 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, my dear Poll,
Why, 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 off'ring to
flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs ;
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life—'tis the king's.
Ev'n when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by W. REEVE

The rose of the valley in spring-time was gay,
The rose of the valley it withered away ;
The swains all admired it, its praises repeat,
An emblem of virtue, so simple and sweet ;
But the blight marred the blossom, and soon, well-
a-day !

The rose of the valley it withered away.

The rose of the valley a truth can impart,
By the rose of the valley I picture my heart ;
The sun of content cheered the morn of its birth,
By innocence rendered a heaven on earth ;
But Virtue and Peace left the spot, well-a-day !
And the rose of the valley it withered away.

THE STREAMLET.

Sir H. B. DUDLEY.]

[Music by W. SHIELD.

The streamlet that flowed round her cot,
 All the charms of my Emily knew ;
 How oft has its course been forgot,
 While it paus'd her dear image to view.
 Believe me, the fond silver tide,
 Knew from whence it derived its fair prize;
 For, silently swelling with pride,
 It reflected her back to the skies.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

T. MOORE.]

[Arranged by Sir J. STEVENSON.

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.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa, hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bringest me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying believe that my Willie's my ain!

HERE'S THE BOWER.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Here's the bow'r she lov'd so much,
And here's the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she us'd to touch,
Oh! how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where's the lips to breathe them?
Spring may bloom, but she we lov'd
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time that once so fleetly mov'd,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer.

WHAT SHALL HE HAVE THAT KILL'D THE DEER ?

SHAKESPEARE.]

[*Music by BISHOP.*]

What shall he have that kill'd the deer ?
 His leathern skin and horns to wear.
 Then sing him home, then sing him home.
 Take thou no scorn to wear the horn, to wear the horn,
 It was a crest ere thou wast born, ere thou wast born,
 Thy father's father wore it, and thy father bore it—
 The horn, the horn, the lusty, lusty horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn, to laugh to scorn.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART

Sir JOHN SUCKLING, }
 born 1613, died 1641. }

[*Music by SOUTHWELL*]

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine ;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?
 Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain ;
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Wouldst steal it back again.
 Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together ?
 O Love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever ?
 But love is such a mystery,
 I cannot find it out ;
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
 Then I am most in doubt.
 Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
 I will no longer pine ;
 For I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she has mine.

TRUE COURAGE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a-wiping ?

A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way ;

'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be piping,

But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they ;

Says the captain, says he (I shall never forget it),

If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,

'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it ;

But duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,

Helter, skelter to work, pelt away, cut and drive,

Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,

And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive ;

But when that he'd found an old prisoner he'd wounded,

That once saved his life as near drowning he swam,

The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,

He cry'd over him just as one as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom I would rescue from danger,

Or lay my life down for each friend in the mess,

Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,

And the poorer the more I shall succour distress ;

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,

And peril defy as a bugbear, a flam,

Tho' the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,

He'll feel more by compassion when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,

And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end,

And thus 'tis that every tight lad on the ocean

Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend ;

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,

You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn !

In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,

But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'd a dearer,
 And nicst my heart I'll wear her
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't,
 Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

THE LOADSTARS.

SHAKESPEARE.]

TRIO.

[Music by W. SHIELD.]

O happy, happy, happy, happy fair!
 Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue sweet air;
 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

GUDE NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.]

[Music arranged by PARRY.]

Gude night, and joy be wi' you a';
 Your harmless mirth has cheered my heart:
 May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw;
 In sorrow may you never part!
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone,
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain;
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir a gallant clan
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
 Wha show'd himself a better man,
 Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
 But when in peace—then mark me there—
 When through the glen the wanderer came
 I gave him of our lordly fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
 Be cantie, but be guid and leal;
 Your ain ills aye hao heart to bear,
 Another's aye hae heart to feel.
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
 My parting breath shall boast you mine;—
 Gude night, and joy be wi' you a'!

MINE BE A COT.

SAMUEL ROGERS.]

[*Set as a Glee* by HORSLEY.]

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.
 The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter near her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.
 Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.
 The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

THE BAYLIFFE'S DAUGHTER OF
ISLINGTON.

[OLD ENGLISH DITTY.]

There was a youthe, a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son ;
He loved the bayliffe's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington ;
But she was coye and never would
On him her heart bestow,
Till he was sent to London town,
Because he loved her soe.

When seven years had passed away,
She put on mean attire ;
And straight to London she would go,
About him to enquire ;
And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy load,
And her love came riding by.

"Give me a penny, thou 'prentice good,
Relieve a maid forlorn."
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born ?"
"Oh, I was born at Islington."
"Then tell me if you know
The bayliffe's daughter of that place ?"
"She died, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also ;
For I will to some distant land,
Where no man shall me know."
"Oh, stay ! oh, stay ! thou goodly youthe,
She standeth by thy side ;
She's here alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride."

TELL ME NOT, SWEET.

By RICHARD LOVELACE, born 1618, died 1658.]

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

[BURNS.]

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody ;
I'll tak' cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody ;
I hae naething to lend—
I'll borrow frae nobody.

I am naebody's lord—
I'll be a slave to naebody ;
I hae a guid broad sword,
I'll tak' dunts frae naebody.
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody ;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
 Affording a chequer'd light;
 The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tippie
 And the toast, for 'twas Saturday night.

Some sweetheart or wife
 He lov'd as his life,
 Each drank and he wish'd he could hail her;
 But the standing toast,
 That pleas'd the most,
 Was the wind that blows,
 The ship that goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank the king, some his brave ships,
 And some the constitution;
 Some 'May the French, and all such rips,
 Yield to English resolution.'
 That fate might bless,
 Some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her;

But the, &c.

Some drank the prince, and some our land,
 This glorious land of freedom,
 Some that our tars may never want
 Heroes brave to lead them;
 That she who's in distress may find
 Such friends who ne'er will fail her;

But the, &c.

LOVE AND GLORY.

[THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[Music by JOHN BRANHAM]

Young Henry was as brave a youth
 As ever graced a martial story;
 And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
 She sighed for love and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 And told her many a gallant story;
 Till war, their honest joys to blight.
 Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
 Jane followed—fought, ah, hapless story!
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 She died for love, and he for glory.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Portuguese."

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
 A place for lovers, and lovers only,
 Where first I told thee all my secret sighs;
 When, as the moonbeam that trembled o'er thee,
 Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
 And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
 Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
 Love bound us never, never more to part,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 Never, never more to part!

And when I called thee by names the dearest
 That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,
 "My life, my only life," among the rest,
 In those sweet accents that still enthrall me,
 Thou said'st, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?"
 Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best,
 For life soon passes, but how blest to be
 That soul which never, never parts from thee,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 Never, never, parts from thee!

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

[T. MOORE.]

While I touch the string,
Wreathe my brows with laurel ;
For the tale I sing,
Has, for once, a moral !

Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out, by moonlight,
With Genius on his rambles.

While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying ;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.

One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him ;
T'other idly gazed
On each night cloud o'er him.

While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river ;
Common Sense soon pass'd
Safe, as he does ever.

While the boy, whose look
Was in heav'n that minute,
Never saw the brook
But tumbled headlong in it !
While I touch the string, &c.

How the wise one smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current,
Sense went home to bed,—
Genius felt a shiver

On the bank, ('tis said,
Died) of that cold river !
While I touch the string, &c.

MARY OF TRALEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

Och hone! and is it true then that my love is coming
back again?

And will his face like sunshine come to glad my
cottage door?

'Tis then the clouds will clear away and never will
look black again,

For he's written me a letter and we soon shall meet
once more.

He tells me he has gold in store, but oh! he tells me
something more,

He says tho' we've been parted he has still been true
to me;

And I've to him been faithful too, and will my dream at
last come true?

Perhaps it's in a coach-and-four he's coming back
from sea.

He's coming back to me,

And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

Och! hone! when Terry went away, it's little we'd
between us then,

We pledged our hearts, 'twas nothing else that we
got to pledge,

A heart of stone I'm sure it would have melted to
have seen us then,

But the only stones that saw us were the cold ones
'neath the 'edge;

But now a lady he'll make me, and Terry Lord
Lieutenant be,

And wont we keep a pig or two if that should be
the case,

But spite of all his gold in store, if we but meet to part
no more,

I'd give up every penny jist to see his darlin' face,

For he's coming back to me,

And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

Och! Terry, and I know it, will become a great and
mighty man,

There never was his equal, as I told him long ago,
He only had one failing, that he often was a flighty-man,
But sure that was the whiskey, and not Terry's self,
you know;

But now that he has wiser grown, the whiskey p'raps
he'll let alone,

And if the boy for *spirit* lacks, he'll find enough in me,
For when I ride in all my state, and he a Duke, or
Magistrate,

Sure not a pair more illigant in Dublin town you'll see,
For he's coming back to me,

And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee.

I HAVE PLUCKED THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.]

[Music by ALEX. LEE.]

I have pluck'd the sweetest flower,

I have dream'd in fancy's bower,

I have bask'd in beauty's eyes,

I have mingled melting sighs:

If all these sweets to hive,

I'm the guiltiest man alive,—

But gentle maids believe,

I never can deceive,

Nor cause your breasts to heave,

With a sad heigho!

But to raise in beauty's flame,

The burning blush of shame—

Or bid the tear to start,

Far be it from my heart;

Such base attempts I scorn,

To honour was I born,

Then gentle maidens, spare

The heart you thus ensnare,

Or the willow I must wear,

With a sad heigho!

ENGLAND FOR EVER, THE LAND BOYS WE LIVE IN.

[*Music by WM. REEVE.*]

Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing.

And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,
And tho' 'twill be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more.
So fill, fill your glasses, and be this the toast given,
Here's England for ever, the land boys we live in.

Here's a health to our tars on the wild ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,

We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On the throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
Long, long may our Queen by her people be greeted,

Oh! to guard her we'll be of one mind;
May Religion, Law, Order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In Union the nation to bind.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

R. Burns.]

[*Air—"Lady Madinscoth's Reel."*]

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet,
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needna say she's wooed,
 But he may say he's bought her, O;
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never missed it yet,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry a' drinking o't;
 The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinking o't.

CRUISKIN LAWN.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Let the farmer praise his grounds, as the huntsman
 does his hounds,

And the shepherd his sweet shady thorn;
 But I more blest than they, make each happy night
 and day,

With my smiling little Cruiskin Lawn, Lawn, Lawn.

With my smiling little Cruiskin Lawn.

Gramachree ma Cruiskin Lawn, Lawn, Lawn, Lawn;

Gramachree ma Cruiskin, slaenti geal ma vourneen,

Arrah, cumaleen ma coolin bawn, bawn, bawn.

Arrah cumaleen ma coolin bawn.

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part with lips a-dry,

Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;

And since we can't remain, may we shortly meet again,

To fill another Cruiskin Lawn, &c.

Gramachree, &c.

And when grim death appears, after few but happy
 years.

And tells me that my glass has run;

I will say begone you slave, for great Bacchus gives us
 leave,

To drink another Cruiskin Lawn, &c.

Gramachree, &c.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

[T. MOORE.]

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,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foemen's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
And 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."

WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

Mrs. BROOKE.]

[Music by W. SHIELD.]

When the rosy morn appearing,
Paints with dew the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the morn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain :
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content the humble gleaner,
Take the scattered ears that fall ;
Nature all her children vie wing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

RUPERT THE RANGER.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by W. H. WEISS.]

Young Rupert the ranger, at close of the day
 Goes forth to the forest so green,
 But wherefore at eve should a Forester rove ?
 'Tis no time for a marksman I ween ;
 Oh ! hawks are about, there are poachers no doubt,
 When the moon o'er the meadows shines clear,
 And a trap or a snare may lay cunningly there,
 So Rupert looks after his deer ;
 So sly he goes, that nobody knows
 When Rupert looks after his deer.

'There's a cottage, half hid by the sheltering trees,
 Where a light in the lattice burns dim ;
 When young Rupert the ranger is taking his rounds
 It oft proves a beacon to him.
 He says, "it prevents him from losing his way,"
 But the dame has a brewing of beer,
 That keeps out the cold and makes him feel bold
 When Rupert looks after his deer.
 But it's strange I declare, it should always be
 there
 That Rupert looks after his deer.

Now Rupert the ranger has often, of late,
 Forsaken the sports of the chase,
 For the dame has a daughter, and Rupert's young Lord
 Has been struck by her beautiful face ;
 But Rupert says, boldly, "no poaching I'll have,
 It's my duty to keep the coast clear,"
 So in case of a snare he is constantly there,
 And he says "he looks after *his Dear*."
 Oh ! 'tis soon that he'll wed and have nothing
 to dread,
 For Young Rupert's beloved by *his Dear* !

OH, BANQUET' NOT.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Planxty Irwinne."]

Oh, banquet not in those shining bowers,
 Where youth resort—but come to me,
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee!
 And there we shall have our feast of tears,
 And many a cup in silence pour—
 Our guests the shades of former years,
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more!
 There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the changed, the dead!
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves,
 Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

R. BURNS.]

[Air—"O'er the Water to Charlie."]

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gi'e John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so clearly,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY.

A Southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning,
Before the sun peeps we'll briskly fly,
Sleep and a downy bed scorning.
Away, my boys, to horse, away!
The chase admits of no delay;
Now on horseback we've got,
On horseback, on horseback together we'll trot,
Together, together, away, my brave boys, see the
coverts appear,
The hound that strikes first cheer him up without
fear;
Drag him on, hoyke! wind him, my steady old hound,
Drag him on, hoyke! wind him, the coverts resound.

How completely the coverts of furze they draw;
Who talks of Sestine to Minel;
Old Dasher now flourishes through the shaw,
Saucebox rose out of his kennel.
Away they fly, as quick as thought,
The new sown ground soon makes them fault;
Clap round the sheep stain, clap round, clap round!
Try back the deep plain, try back, try back!
Comfort bitch hits him off through the tall speering
hedge;
Dragman, boy, leads him off through the late new-
made sedge.
Hark forward! hark forward! hark forward! brave
boys!
Hark forward! hark forward! zounds! don't make a
noise.

Thus we ride whip and spur for three hours' chase
Till our horses go panting and sobbing,
Old Dasher and Ringwood begin to race,
Ride on, and give them some mobbing.

But hold, by Jove, you'll spoil the sport,
 For through the hounds you'll head them short.
 Hark, Drummer, hark, hark! hark, Tuner! hark,
 Tuner!
 Hark, Drummer, hark, hark! hark, Tuner! hark,
 Tuner!
 He's dodging and jumping at every bush,
 Old Vixen has fastened her tooth in his brush.
 Whoop, tear him! whoop, tear him! he's fairly run
 down.
 Whoop, tear him! whoop, tear him! give Joe his half-
 crown.

OH, BRING ME WINE.

PEARCE.]

[*Music by W. SHIELD.*]

Oh, bring me wine, bright source of mirth;
 For, from the flavoured lips
 Of him who joyous sips,
 The jest, the taunt, the song, has birth.
 Wine o'er the soul sheds influence kind
 And gives a summer to the mind.

When rosy wine begins to flow,
 The goblin, Caro, takes flight;
 Just as the fiend and night,
 Depart at morn's celestial glow.
 Wine o'er the soul, &c.

There's magic lodg'd within the grape;
 It makes the lover view
 His mistress' beauty new,
 Gives lustre to her eye, her air, her shape.
 Wine o'er the soul, &c.

SLING THE FLOWING BOWL.

Come, come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd :
Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, boys, haul the boat,
 The boatswain pipes aloud ;
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale
 Fills every sail,
The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
 Then sling the flowing bowl :
 Fond hopes arise.
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul ;
 The can, boys, bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.
Though to the Spanish coast we're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys ; soon we'll see
 Old England once again,
 From shore to shore,
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

CHARLES DIEDIN.]

[Music by DIEDIN.]

And did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,
 Who at Blackfriars'-bridge used for to ply,
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart and delighting each eye.

He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry ;
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal :
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall ;
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering ;
But 'twas all one to Tom their jibing and jeering ;
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night—before to-morrow.
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare ?

SO WARMLY WE MET.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Hungarian."

So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter, ev'n I could not tell,
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion which bless'd our farewell.
To meet was a heav'n—and to part thus another,
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals in bliss ;
Oh, Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other,
In smiles and in tears than that moment to this !

The first was like day break, new, sudden, delicious,
 The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet—
 The last was that farewell of daylight more precious,
 More glowing and deep, as 'tis nearer its set.
 Our meeting though happy, was tinged by a sorrow,
 To think that such happiness could not remain,
 While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow,
 Would bring back the blest hour of meeting again.

AMINTOR'S WELL-A-DAY.

[Dr. R. HUGHES, 1653.]

Chloris, now thou art fled away,
 Amintor's sheep are gone astray,
 And all the joy he took to see
 His pretty lambs run after thee
 Is gone, is gone, and he alway,
 Sings nothing now but—Well-a-day !

His oaten pipe, that in thy praise
 Was wont to sing such roundelays,
 Is thrown away, and not a swain
 Dares pipe or sing within his plain:
 'Tis death for any now to say
 One word to him but—Well-a-day !

The maypole, where thy little feet
 So roundly did in measures meet,
 Is broken down, and no content
 Comes near Amintor since you went.
 All that I ever heard him say,
 Was Chloris, Chloris—Well-a-day !

Upon these banks you used to tread
 He ever since hath laid his head,
 And whisper'd there such pining woe,
 As not a blade of grass will grow.
 O Chloris ! Chloris ! come away,
 And hear Amintor's—Well-a-day !

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

Adapted from an older song }
by TOM D'UNFAY.

[Music by JAMES HOOK.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear;
Bonny Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.
Jockey was a wag that ne'er wad wed,
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turned up the grass.
Bonny Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.
But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were na few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
At church she nae mair frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do,
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

GO, HAPPY ROSE.

[ROBERT HERRICK, born 1591.]

Go, happy Rose! and, interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
 Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have myrtle rods at will,
 For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
 And tell her this,—but do not so!
 Lest a handsome anger fly
 Like a lightning from her eye,
 And burn thee up as well as I.

TOO MANY LOVERS WILL PUZZLE A MAID.

EDWARD FITZBALL.]

[Music by G. H. RODWELL.]

Young Susan had lovers so many that she
 Hardly knew upon which to decide;
 They all spoke sincerely and promised to be
 So worthy of such a sweet bride.
 In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then
 The noon would be spent with young Harry,
 The evening with John, so amongst all the men,
 She never could tell which to marry.
 Heigho! heigho! I'm afraid,
 Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous, and so went away,
 And Harry got tired of wooing;
 And John having teased her to fix on the day,
 Received only frowns for so doing.
 So amongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
 She wept every night on her pillow;
 And meeting one day, a pair going to church,
 Turn'd away, and died under a willow.
 Heigho! heigho! &c.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

First two verses by BURNS ; the others by WILLIAM REID,
Bookseller, Glasgow.

[*Air*—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."]'

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

I see her in the dowy flow'rs,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air ;
There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

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

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

THE MODEL.

[M. F. ANDREWS.]

My friend is the man I would copy through life,
 He harbours no envy, he causes no strife,
 No murmurs escape him, though fortune bears hard.
 Content is his portion and peace his reward ;

Full happy in his station
 He minds his occupation,
 Nor heeds the snares
 Nor knows the cares
 Which vice and folly bring.

Daily working wearily,
 And nightly singing cheerily,

Dear to him his wife, his home, his country, and
 his King.

His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant,
 He lessens his little for others who want ;
 Though his dear children's claims on his industry press
 He has something to spare for the child of distress.

He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins no thoughtless rabble,
 To clear his way
 From day to day,

His honest views extend.

When he speaks it's verily,
 When he smiles it's merrily,

Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honour, and his
 friend.

How charming to find in his humble retreat,
 That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the great ;
 The wife only anxious her fondness to prove,
 The playful endearments of infantine love.

Relaxing from his labours,
 Amid his welcome neighbours,
 With plain regale,
 With jest and tale.

How happy here to see ;
 No vain schemes confound him,
 All his joys surround him,

Dear he holds his native land, its laws and liberty !

SOFT FELL THE DEWS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

DUET.

[Music by S. Glover.]

Soft fell the dew's of the summer night,
 Pale shone the moonbeam's tender light,
 All through the woods fell a gush of song,
 Never it ceased the whole night long :
 Sweetly and sad fell each echoing tone,
 Was it a song that my heart could own ?
 No ! there was grief in its plaintive tale—
 That song of the lonely nightingale.

High rose the sun of the summer morn,
 Up sprang a bird from the waving corn,
 Far towards Heav'n its light wing soared,
 Down to the earth then its carol poured ;
 Joyous and glad through the summer air,
 Nothing of sorrow it seemed to share.
 The spirit it seemed of the blessed and free ;—
 Oh ! the song of the lark is the song for me !

TAKE HIM AND TRY.

JACOB COLE.]

[Music by J. MONRO.]

One morning in April as walking alone,
 To muse on my lover I somehow was led ;
 And I said to myself, " Well, I really must own,
 That Harry continually runs in my head.
 He vows that he loves me, I may be deceived ;
 But his looks and his kindness true love doth imply."
 When Harry that instant came up unperceived,
 Saying, " I would advise you to take him and try."
 " If you doubt me," said he, " or the vows I have given,
 Consent to be mine, love, and prove them sincere ;
 Don't you know that love-matches are made up in
 Heaven,
 And 'tis certain that ours have been registered there ?"

‘Oh! in courtship,” said I, “this is oftentimes said,
But in wedlock its truth very rarely is shown,
For though matches of love may in Heaven be made,
They are often misplaced, I’m afraid, coming down.”
“But if beauty and love can a blessing bestow,
Our union,” says Harry, “most happy will prove;
For,” says he, “you have beauty, all, all must allow,
And I’m sure you will own I’ve abundance of love.”
“Ah! beauty and love,” replied I, “I approve,
But truth is a treasure more lasting than these,
I have truth, if I’ve beauty, add truth to your love,
And we’ll be united whenever you please.”

SWEET WILLIAM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

“Sweet William!” a maiden exclaimed,
As her lover, young Harry, came by;
“Oh Susan are you not ashamed
For a rival before me to sigh?”
“Now Harry, if jealous you are,
The truth shall at once be confessed,
I was going to tell my mamma
That I thought my sweet William was best.”
The spot was the garden—the youth
Had oft there met Susan before—
Said he, “If you tell me the truth,
No more will I enter your door;
No doubt your sweet William is rich,
That him you prefer in my stead.”
“Ah no!” cried the sly little witch,
“But I feared my sweet William was dead.”
“And so for sweet William you’d grieve,
Oh! heartless! and cruel as fair,
Yet me without pity would leave,
But let your sweet William beware!”
“Oh! Harry—be jealous—pray do,
But listen ere from me you go,
This *flower* that I’ve gathered for you
Is the only SWEET WILLIAM I know.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

[ANONYMOUS. First printed about the year 1710.]

How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys!
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound!
The trumpets sound,
The colours flying are, my boys,
To fight, kill, or wound:
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground!

Why soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys!
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
What, sighing? fie!
Shun fear, drink on, be jolly boys!
'Tis he, you, or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys)
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cures all again.

LOVELY NAN.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,
Spreads her wide bosom to the gale ;

Sweet, oh ! sweet's the flowing can,
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes the barge to man
Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze ;
But, oh ! much sweeter than all these
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,

A curious lesson teaches man ;
The needle time may rust—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can.
My love in worth shall higher rise—
Nor time shall rust nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,

And ev'ry creature from me ran ;
No ship performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen ;

None hail'd me—woman, child, or man ;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To mourn their loss who hazard ran :

I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man :
To sail through life by honour's breeze ;—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me dote on lovely Nan.

THE PRIDE O' LOCH LOMOND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

Oh ! gie me the hills o' the highlans,
 Oh ! gie me our ain sunny glens :
 There's freedom an' joy on the mountain,
 The lass i' the lawlan ne'er kens.
 'Tis there, as I pull the sweet heather,
 I sing wi' a heart light an' free ;
 There is nae a blithe highlan' lassie
 Sae gay an' sae happy as me.
 They call me the pride o' Loch Lomond,
 For there to the bagpipes sae shrill,
 I dance on the banks at the gloamin',
 When the shepherd comes down frae the hill.
 My creel oft I fill in the morning
 Wi' trout freshly caught in the lake ;
 Then hie to the Laird or my Leddy,
 A wee bit o' siller to make.
 For ev'ry young lass there's a laddie,
 And I too hae one in my ee ;
 And all that I save is for Robin,
 Wha slyly comes courtin' to me.
 He calls me the pride o' Loch Lomond,
 For there to the bagpipes sae shrill,
 I dance on the banks at the gloamin',
 When my shepherd comes down frae the hill.

"MAY THOSE WE LOVE—LOVE US."

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by L. EMANUEL.]

Though sorrow's clouds are darkling,
 And make man's prospect drear,
 Yet hope hath planets sparkling,
 The lonely way to cheer.
 To wander on the gay side,
 Unwise is he who scorns ;
 With roses by the wayside,
 Who'd seek to find the thorns ?

Let man deem each man brother,
 And narrow feeling spurn;
 Have faith in one another
 And Eden would return.
 And fill the cup to beauty—
 A toast I give it thus:
 In fervour, faith, and duty,
 "May those we love—love us!"

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

PEARCE.]

[*Music by WM. SHIELD.*

For England, where, with favouring gale,
 Our gallant ship up Channel steered;
 And, scudding under every sail,
 The high blue western land appeared,
 To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the deep — nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well-known object kept in view,
 An abbey-tower, the harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark — seven!"

And as the much-loved shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful pilot sung,
 "By the mark — five!"

Now to his berth the ship draws nigh:
 We shorten sail—she feels the tide.
 "Stand clear the cable" is the cry;
 The anchor's gone, we safely ride.
 The watch is set, and through the night
 We hear the seamen with delight
 Proclaim—"All's well!"

FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN.

LORD BYRON.]

[Music by HARGREAVES.

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
 varied round,

In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply ;
 I have basked 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 canst
 change ;

Thou grow'st old, who does not ? But on earth what
 appears,

Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its years ?

Yet, if blest to 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.

When 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 opened 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 bliss.

Long life to the grape ! For when summer is flown,
 The age of our nectar shall gladden our own.

We must die ! Who must not ? May our sins be for-
 given,

And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven.

THE SAILOR SIGHS.

SAMUEL ROGERS.]

[Music by M. W. BALIE.]

The sailor sighs, as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets blueclay fade ;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah ! now each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellowed, not impaired by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main ;
This, the last wish that would with life depart,
To see the smiles of her he loves again.
When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave,
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;
And when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.
Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the golden tide.

But lo ! at last he comes, with crowded sail—
Lo ! o'er the cliff with eager figures bend ;
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale—
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.
'Tis she—'tis she herself—she waves her hand ;
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled—
Soon through the whit'ning surge he springs to land
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

R. B. SHERIDAN.] [*Music* by the Duchess of Devonshire.]

I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 But it consumes my heart.
 'This chorish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be;
 So my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
 Be never known by thee.
 And when pale characters of death
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
 When my poor wasted trembling breath
 My life's last hope would speak,
 I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
 Nor mercy ask for me,
 My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
 Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

DIMOND.] RECITATIVE. [*Music* by BISHOP.]

Orynthia, my beloved, I call in vain;
 Orynthia, echo hears, and calls again.
 A mimic voice repeats the name around,
 And with Orynthia all the rocks resound?

AIR.

A hermit who dwells in these solitudes cross'd me,
 As way-worn and faint up the mountains I press'd
 The aged man paus'd on his staff to accost me,
 And proffer'd his cell as my mansion of rest.
 Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward I rove;
 No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love.
 Yet, tarry, my son, till the burning noon passes,
 Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head;
 The juice of ripe muscadell flows in my glasses,
 And rushes fresh pull'd, for siesta are spread.
 Ah! nay, &c.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

[T. Moore.]

There came a nymph dancing
 Gracefully, gracefully;
 Her eye with light glancing,
 Like the blue sea.
 And while all this gladness
 Around her steps hung,
 Sweet, sweet notes of sadness
 Her gentle lips sung—
 That ne'er while I live,
 From my memory shall fade
 The song or the look
 Of the young Indian maid.
 Her gem of bells ringing
 Cheerily, cheerily,
 Chim'd to her singing
 Light echoes of glee.
 But in vain did she borrow
 Of mirth the gay loan,
 Her voice spoke of sorrow,
 And sorrow alone.
 Nor e'er while I live,
 From my memory shall fade
 The song or the look
 Of the young Indian maid.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

GLEE—Four Voices. [Music by T. Ford.]

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
 To honour and renown you;
 If now I be disdain'd, I wish
 My heart had never known you.
 What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
 Shall we begin to wrangle?
 No, no, no, my heart is fast,
 And cannot disentangle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
 Rejecteth no beholder,
 And your sweet beauty past compare,
 Made my poor eyes the bolder.
 Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
 And signs of kindness bind me ;
 There, O there ! where'er I go,
 I'll leave my heart behind me.

“CALLER HERRIN’.”

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
 They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin',
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.
 When ye are sleeping on your pillows,
 Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
 Darkling as they face the billows,
 A' to fill our woven willows ?

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

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.
 Noo, neebours' wives, come tent my telling
 When the bonnie fish you're selling ;
 At a word, aye, be your dealing,
 Truth will stand when a' things failing.

THE EVENING GUN.

THOMAS MOORE.]

GLEE.

Rememberest thou that fading sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
The sounds appear to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till into realms beyond the deep
They seem to die away.

Oft when the toils of day are done
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that evening gun
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
And while o'er billows curled,
The distant sands decay,
I weep, and wish from this rough world
Like them to die away.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

JACOB COLE.]

[Music by J. Monroe.]

I thought my joys of life complete
When heav'n gave to my share
A girl who loved without decoit,
A friend who was sincere.
But life has other joys in store
To captivate my soul,
And soon I found one treasure more
Was in the flowing bowl.
The mighty bowl can yield the power
My blessings to improve,
Give rapture to the social hour,
And new delights to love.
Then ne'er can I the bowl forsake,
But firm its vot'ry keep,
For wine can all my joys awake
And lull my cares to sleep.

THE TIMID LITTLE MAID.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by S. GLOVER.]

I am a timid little maid,
Of all the fairy folks afraid,—
I never roam at close of day,
For fear they'd lead my steps astray;
For I have heard in many parts,
How maids who've strayed have lost their hearts,
I don't know how it comes, I'm sure,
They lose a thing that's so secure,—
And yet it makes me quite afraid,
I'm such a timid little maid.

On Sunday, when to church I go,
They tell me I should have a beau;
And then they laugh as I reply,
"A *beau* perhaps might prove a *tie*!"
No, no—I'm happy, gay, and free,
And for a while I mean to be;
Tho' mind, it is *perhaps*, I say—
There's someone, somewhere, who—some day—
But oh! to tell I'm quite afraid,
I'm such a timid little maid.

ASLEEP AMONG THE FLOWERS.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by J. W. THIELWALL.]

Asleep among the flow'rs
One noontide time I lay,
And passed the sultry hours
In dreamy joy away.
Methought I drank their breath,
Till softly o'er me came
A dear delicious death,
Prostrating all my frame.

I breathed an air more clear—
 Each sense grew more acute ;
 And I could see and hear
 Things earth made dumb and mute.
 Each flow'r a living form,
 Became dress'd with such care,
 In hues so bright and warm,
 No human eye might bear.

And when these flow'rs decay'd,
 Methought their sinless lives
 Were all immortal made,
 Though each yet here survives.
 Their bodies new shapes take,
 Still gladdening human things ;
 Their ghosts our music make,
 Flower-angels—now with wings.

COME, DEAR ONE, BACK TO ME.

JAMES BRUTON]

[*Music by J. LEE SUMMERS.*

Come back, come back to our quiet home,
 And heed not the syren pleasure
 That tempteth thy foot afar to roam
 To notes of delusive measure.
 Or, if thou wilt rove the wide world o'er,
 Oh ! trust not the treacherous sea ;
 Think of one heart that grieves evermore,
 And, dear one, come back to me.

Come back, come back to our quiet home,
 And heed not the city's riot ;
 A straw-thatched roof, than a gilded dome,
 Knows less of the heart's unquiet,
 Or, if when thy joy-cup brimmeth o'er,
 Oh ! think how low mine may be ;
 Think of one heart that grieves evermore,
 And, dear one, come back to me.

I NE'ER COULD ANY LUSTRE SEE.**R. B. SHERIDAN.]****[Music by J. LINLEY.]**

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own their colours true
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

**OH! HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMILED
ON ME.****R. B. SHERIDAN.]****[Music by J. LINLEY.]**

Oh! had my love ne'er smiled on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
Breathe on a flame half perished,
And then with cold and fixed disdain
To kill the hope she cherished.
Not worse his fate who, on a wreck,
Had drove as winds did blow it;
Silent had left the shattered deck,
To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried, no more resigned,
He glowed with joy to hear it;
Nor worse his fate, his woe to find
The wreck must sink ere near it.

HOPE! THOU MUSE OF YOUNG DESIRE.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.] DUET. { *Music by JOHN PARRY*
the Elder.

Hope! Thou muse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glowworm fire,
Temp'tate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossessed;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

ROBERT BURNS.] [*Air—"Cold and raw."*]

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering on the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the nicht from e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

IF THE HEART OF A MAN.

[JOHN GAY.]

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears;
 Like the notes of a fiddle she sweetly, sweetly
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears.
 Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,

Press her,
 Caress her,
 With blisses,
 Her kisses

Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

COME, JOLLY BACCHUS.

[C. COFFEY.]

Come, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure;
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure.
 Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl
 That every true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without control,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian of our treasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure.
 And, as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

AT EVENING, WHEN MY WORK IS DONE.

[SAMUEL BIRCH.]

At evening, when my work is done,
 And the breeze at setting sun
 Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
 Then alone I love to glide
 Unheard, unseem, my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore.
 All is dark, and all is mute,
 Save the moon, and lover's lute;
 Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,
 Lover's dread return of day.
 Towards the abbey wall I steer,
 There the choral hymn I hear;
 While the organ's lengthened note
 Seems in distant wood to float.
 Returning, then, my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore.
 All is dark, &c.

NORAH MAGEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER.]

-Sure it is not at reading and writing
 That Terry's of genius the spark;
 The boy's a deal better at fighting,
 And that he calls *making his mark*.
 'Tis true he oft sends me a letter
 The strength of his passion to tell;
 I can't read myself—all the better,
 I can take of the writing *a spell*.
 There's a mighty big D to begin it,
 And then E, A, R, I can see,
 So I guess all the rest that is in it,
 For he calls me *dear* Norah Magee

When I bring home *the milk* in the morning,
I'm thinking of him all the same :
I know to deceive he'd be scorning,
For love's of his letter *the crame*.
I can bake, I can brew, and boil praties,
And buttermilk too I can make,
And as to accomplishment—fait' 'tis
Myself that can dance at a wake.
It's little that I care for learning,
For Terry is faithful to me,
And says he'd my name soon be turning,
To another than Norah Magee.

DOWN WHERE THE COWSLIPS BLOOM.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by T. YOUNG

That spot I seek at evening's close,
Where oft we met of yore,
A smile of beauty round it glows,
Like that that Eden wore.
The flowers of the wild gorse tree,
Like tiny stars illumine
That haunt of fairy, bird, and bee,
Down where the cowslips bloom.

The hawthorn bushes scent the air,
As robed in white they stand,
Like village maidens forming there
A happy bridal band.
There on the daisied green I lie
And feel no care or gloom ;
All sweetly glide the moments by
Down where the cowslips bloom.

WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE.

Mrs. BROOKE.]

[Music by W. SHIELD.]

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,
 How sweet is the nightingale's song!
 Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
 Whilst the moon plays the branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
 And believe every word of her song;
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain
 Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

BURNS.]

[Air—"The Moudiewart."]

O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 And hey sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c.

A glebe o' lan', a clant o' gear,
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I needna speir,
 An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam.
 O for ane-and-twenty, Tam, &c.

WAE IS MY HEART.

BURNS.]

[Air—"Wae is my heart."]

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
 Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me :
 Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity no'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e I loved ;
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I proved ;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I ha'e been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle green ;
 For there he is wandering, and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's e'e.

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT.

GENERAL BURGOYNE.]

[Music by BISHOP.]

If I had a beau
 For a soldier who'd go,
 Do you think I'd say no ?
 No, no, not I :
 When his red coat I saw,
 Not a sigh would it draw,
 But I'd give him éclat
 For his bravery.

If an army of Amazons e'er came in play
 As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.

When my lover he has gone,
 Do you think I'd take on,
 Sit moping, forlorn ?
 No, no, not I.

His fame my concern,
 How my bosom would burn,
 When I saw him return
 Crowned with victory !
 If an army, &c.

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY.

GERALD GRIFFIN.]

[*Music by Miss SMITH.*]

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name;
Another may woo thee, nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there.

Remember me not as a lover
Whose hope was cross'd;
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost;
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves, though she never may see;
As a sister remembers a brother,
Oh! dearest, remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Could'st thou smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
That never must burst upon thine;
And heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then—oh! remember
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove;
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND ROSES.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by S. GLOVER.]

I gathered a garland of roses one day,
 'Twas FRIENDSHIP that bade me to rifle the bowers;
 Returning, young CUPID I met on my way,
 Who blamed me for culling the best of his flowers;
 "A punishment meet for your fault must be found,
 For stealing my blooms where I'd chosen to hide
 them,"
 He said—then the roses together he bound,
 And soon with a true-lover's knot fast he tied them.
 To FRIENDSHIP I offered my roses, but he
 Grew bold when he saw LOVE's gay ribbon
 about them,
 And said "unless his I consented to be,
 I might take back my roses, and he'd do
 without them."

I took back my garland of roses, but soon
 I found that the hue of decay hovered o'er them,
 I sought out young LOVE, and I asked as a boon
 That he would to freshness and beauty restore
 them?
 "Ah! well," he replied, "you've yourself been to
 blame,
 But go back to FRIENDSHIP once more and endeavour
 To make him the garland accept *in my name*,
 And then will your roses bloom brightly as ever!"
 To FRIENDSHIP I went and LOVE's message
 conveyed,
 The garland he took, and the love-knot he
 tightened,
 But the roses that made up LOVE's wreath,
 I'm afraid,
 The only ones were not that blushed as
 they brightened.

HER MOUTH IS LIKE A PRETTY CAGE.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by J. W. CHEERY.]

Her mouth is like a pretty cage,
 Her tongue a little bird ;
 And all day through its iv'ry bars,
 Its pleasant song is heard.
 Her scarlet lips twin cherries seem,
 For dainty food there placed ;
 And ever and anon her tongue
 Peeps out as if to taste.

As sunlight cheering morning skies,
 Makes bird's note gayer still,
 So that bright glory in her eyes
 Her tongue makes sweetlier trill.
 Oh, merry bird ! oh, happy tongue !
 What marvel ye're elate—
 Who dwell near eyes that meet the morn,
 And " sing at Heaven's gate !"

THE OLD WILLOW BROOK.

[JAMES BRUTON.]

When the red sun has sunk o'er the valley afar—
 And the bird and the bee to their slumber are gone
 And the moon like an empress enthroned in her car—
 In radiance array'd comes all smilingly on ;
 Then come o'er the green, nor fear to be seen,
 For a fairy they'll deem thee, who on thee may look ;
 I'll wait for thy coming—thou know'st where I mean—
 'Neath the tree, by the stile, near the old willow brook.

When the traveller has quitted the road-side inn door,
 And the village boy fear'th behind him to gaze ;
 And the ploughman is plodding his way o'er the moor,
 'To his cottage afar where the taper-light plays ;
 There fly like a bird—and breathe not a word—
 Nor stay at thyself in the bright lake to look ;
 I've something to say, which alone must be heard
 'Neath the tree, by the stile, near the old willow brook.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

GLEE.

[Music by BROWN.]

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like an eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies and leaves
 Old England on the lee.
 Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me a snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.
 There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud,
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

FAIR JANE, THE VILLAGE PRIDE.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by ALEX. LEE.]

When day had sunk to rest away,
 I wander'd o'er the green,
 Just when the moon with cheering ray
 Had silver'd all the scene.
 A form that scarcely bent the flow'r
 I saw before me glide,
 A fairy, at a fairy hour,
 Fair Jane, the village pride!

My step had been in pictur'd halls,
 'Neath many a gilded dome,
 Where witchery from beauty falls,
 To dazzle and illume!
 But all the loveliness o'er seen
 Was trifling by the side
 Of her, that pretty woodland queen—
 Fair Jane, the village pride.

If matchless form a throne might grace,
 That maid a throne might find;
 The peerless beauty of her face
 But faintly show'd her mind!
 I loved her for herself alone,
 Distinction cast aside;
 I woo'd and won her for my own—
 Fair Jane, the village pride!

HE WAS FAMED FOR DEEDS OF ARMS.

ANDREW CHERRY.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAHAM.]

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

Battle now with fury glows,
 Hostile blood in torrents flows;
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She pressed her hero to her heart;
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms;
 Amid the clash of rude alarms,
 "Sweet maid," he cries, "again I'll come to thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory!"

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

[Air—"Scotch,"

The sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he ;
 But he has nae the blythe blink he had
 In my ain countrie.
 O ! gladness comes to many,
 But sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countrie.
 O ! it's no my ain ruin
 That saddens aye my e'e,
 But the love I left in Galloway,
 Wi' bonnie bairns three.
 My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
 And smiled my fair Marie ;
 I've left my heart behind me
 In my ain countrie.
 The bird comes back to summer,
 And the blossom to the tree,
 But I win back—oh, never !
 To my ain countrie.
 I'm leal to the high heaven,
 Which will be leal to me ;
 And there I'll meet ye a' sune
 Frae my ain countrie.

BY COELIA'S ARBOUR.

R. B. SHERIDAN.]

GLEE.

[Music by SPOFFORTH.]

By Coelia's arbour, all the night,
 Hang, humid wroath—the lover's vow ;
 And haply, at the morning's light,
 My love will twine thee round her brow.
 And if upon her bosom bright
 Some drops of dew should fall from thee,
 Tell her they are not drops of night,
 But tears of sorrow shed by me.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 Listening to the wild birds singing
 By a falling, crystal stream.
 Straight the sky grew bright and daring ;
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with aged arms were warring
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.
 Such was my life's deceitful morning ;
 Such the pleasure I enjoyed ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
 A' my flowery bliss destroyed.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 (She promised fair and performed but ill ;)
 Of many a joy and hope bereaved me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

THOUGH HE BE NOW A GREY, GREY FRIAR.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[Music by BISHOP.]

Though he be now a grey, grey friar,
 Yet he was once a hale young knight ;
 The cry of his dogs was the only quire
 In which his spirit did take delight.
 Little he recked of the matin bell,
 And drowned its toll with the clanging horn ;
 And the only beads he loved to tell,
 Were beads of dew on the spangled thorn.
 Though changeful time, with fate severe,
 Has made him now those sports forego,
 His heart still bounds with joy to hear
 The mellow horn and twanging bow.

ARE OTHER EYES.

[L. E. LANDON.]

Are other eyes beguiling, love ?
 Are other rose-lips smiling, love ?
 Ah ! heed them not ; you will not find
 Lips more true or eyes more kind
 Than mine, love.

Are other white arms wreathing, love ?
 Are other fond sighs breathing, love ?
 Ah ! heed them not, but call to mind
 The arms, the sighs you leave behind,
 All thine, love.

Then gaze not on other eyes, love ;
 Breathe not on other sighs, love !
 You may find many a brighter one
 Than your own rose, but there are none
 So true to thee, love.

All thine own, 'mid gladness, love ;
 Fonder still, 'mid sadness, love ;
 Though changed from all that now thou art,
 In shame and sorrow, still thy heart
 Would be the world to me, love.

DRINK, AND FILL THE NIGHT WITH
MIRTH.

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

Drink, and fill the night with mirth !
 Let us have a mighty measure,
 Till we quite forget the earth,
 And soar into a world of pleasure.
 Drink, and let a health go round,
 ('Tis the drinker's noble duty),
 To the eyes that shine and wound,
 To the mouths that bud in beauty.

Here's to Helen ! why, ah ! why
 Does she fly from my pursuing ?
 Here's to Marian, cold and shy !
 May she warm before thy wooing !
 Here's to Janet ! I've been c'er
 Boy and man, her staunch defender ;
 Always sworn that she was fair,
 Always *known* that she was tender.
 Fill the deep-mouthed glasses high,
 Let them with the champagne tremble,
 Like the loose wrack in the sky
 When the four wild winds assemble !
 Here's to all the love on earth,
 (Love, the young man's, wise man's treasure !)
 Drink and fill your throats with mirth !
 Drink, and drown the world in pleasure.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

UPTON.]

[*Music* by JAMES HOOK.]

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
 More bright than May day morn ;
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,
 A rose without a thorn.
 This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
 Has won my right good-will ;
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
 Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wander through the grove,
 Oh, whisper to my charming fair—
 I die for her I love.
 How happy will the shepherd be
 Who calls this nymph his own,
 Oh ! may her choice be fixed on me,
 Mine's fixed on her alone.

THINE AM I.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Thine am I, my faithful fair;
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Every pulse along my veins,
 Every roving fancy.
 To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish;
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.
 Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.
 What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning.
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

[EARL OF MINTO.]

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 Oh, give me my sheep and my sheep-hook restore,
 And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.
 Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love:
 Oh, fool, to imagine that aught could subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true!
 Oh, what, &c.
 Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return not again.
 Oh what, &c.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

[WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, 1776.]

But are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think o' wark?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a';
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop satin gown,
 For I maun tell the Callic's wife
 That Colin's come to toun.
 My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl-blue;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

For there's, &c.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.
 Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stookin's white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman—
 He likes to see them braw.

For there's, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib
Hae fed this month or 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,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

For there's, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air ;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirlèd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head ?
It may be far awa' ;
The present moment is our ain—
The neist we never saw.

For there's, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel 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, &c.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Mr. Ewen, of }
Aberdeen. }

GLEN.

[Music by KNYVETZ.]

Oh, weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And liesome may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread.

I coost my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot o' a'
Wha wishes her to speed.

Oh! weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And cleeds us a' frae tap to tae,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
Oh, muckle lighter grew my creel—
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
'The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load
When love bears up the creel.

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

When Sawney, Jock, and Janetie,
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The murlain and the creel.

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

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

[ROBERT TANNANILL.]

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the western breezes blaw;
 Among the birks of Stanley shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheery, O.
 Sweet the crow flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blithely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary, O!

Tow'ring o'er the Newton Woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs wi' downy buds
 Adorn the banks so briery, O!
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks;
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery, O!
 Trees may bud and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

MARY, DEAR MARY, LIST, AWAKE!

[LEIGH HUNT.]

Mary, dear Mary, list, awake!
 And now like the moon thy slumbers break.
 There is not a taper, and scarcely a sound,
 To be seen or be heard in the cottages round;
 The watch-dog is silent, thy father sleeps,
 And love, like the breeze, to thy window creeps;
 The moonlight seems list'ning all over the land,
 To the whisp'ring of angels like thee.
 Oh, lift but a moment the sash with thine hand,
 And kiss but that hand to me,
 My love, Mary,
 Kiss but that hand to me.

Gently awake, and gently arise,
 Oh! for a kiss to unclothe thine eyes;
 The vapour of sleep should flow softly the while,
 As the breath on thy looking-glass breaks at thy smile.
 And then would I whisper thee never to fear,
 For heaven is round thee when true love is near.
 Just under the woodbine, dear Mary, I stand,
 Still looking and list'ning for thee;
 Oh, lift but a moment the sash with thy hand,
 And kiss but that hand to me,
 My love, Mary,
 Kiss but that hand to me.

Hark!—do I hear thee?—Yes, 'tis thou,
 And now there's thy hand, and I see thee now;
 Thou look'st like a rose in a crystal stream,
 For thy face, love, is bathed in the moonlight gleam;
 And, oh! could my kisses like stream-circles rise,
 To dip in thy dimples and spread round thine eyes.
 How sweet to be lost in a night such as this,
 In the arms of an angel like thee.
 Nay, stay but a moment—one moment of bliss,
 And smile but forgiveness on me,
 My love, Mary,
 Smile but forgiveness on me.

Nobody, sweet, can hear our sighs;
 Thy voice just comes on the soft air and dies.
 Dost thou gaze on the moon? I have gazed as I rove,
 Till I thought it had breathed heaven's blessing on love!
 Till I've stretched out my arms, and my tears have
 begun,
 And nature and heaven and thou seemed but one.
 Fare thee well, sweetest Mary, the moon's in the west,
 And the leaves shine with tear-drops like thee;
 So draw in thy charms, and betake thee to rest,
 For thou'rt dearer than life to me,
 My love, Mary,
 Thou'rt dearer than life to me.

SHALL I LIKE A HERMIT DWELL?

Air—"Shall I wasting in despair."Attributed to Sir }
WALTER BALGHEW. }

[Music by H. PHILLIPS.]

Shall I like a hermit dwell
 On a rock or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it where I may
 Meet a rival every day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I how fair she be?
 Were her tresses angel-gold,
 If a stranger may be bold
 Unrebukèd, unafraid
 To convert them to a braid,
 And with little more ado
 Work them into bracelets too;—
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be?
 Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good manners' sake,
 And let every lover skip
 From her hand unto her lip:
 If she be not chaste to me,
 What care I how chaste she be?
 No; she must be perfect snow,
 In effect as well as show.
 Warming but as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too;
 But when she, by change, hath got
 To her heart a second lot,
 Then if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be!

This song probably suggested George Withers's beautiful
 song, "Shall I wasting in despair," which will be found in
 "The Modern and Popular Song Book."

WHY SO PALE AND WAN?

[*By JOHN SUCKLING.*][*Music by Dr. ARNE*]

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her.
 The devil take her!

COME, IF YOU DARE.

[*JOHN DRYDEN.*][*Music by PURCELL.*]

"Come, if you dare!" our trumpets sound,
 "Come, if you dare!" the foes rebound;
 "We come, we come!"

Says the double beat of the thund'ring drum:
 Now they charge on amain,
 Now they rally again.

The gods from above the mad labour behold,
 And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
 Their trumpets languish in the sound—
 They fly! they fly!

'Victoria! Victoria!' the bold Britons cry.
 Now the victory's won,
 To the plunder we run;
 Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
 Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

THE BOY IN YELLOW.

[ANONYMOUS, 1810.]

When first I strove to win the prize
I felt my youthful spirits rise ;
Hope's crimson flush illumed my face,
And all my soul was in the race.
When weigh'd and mounted, 'twas my pride
Before the starting-post to ride ;
My rivals drest in red and green,
But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my slender form ;
Their lovely looks new ardour raise,
For beauty's smile is merit's praise !
The flag is dropt—the sign to start—
Away more fleet than winds we dart,
And though the odds against me lay,
The boy in yellow wins the day !

Though now no more we seek the race,
I trust the jockey keeps his place ;
For still to win the prize I feel
An equal wish, an equal zeal ;
And still can beauty's smile impart
Delightful tremors through this heart :
Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
Yes, while I look, and while I bow !

My tender years must vouch my truth—
For candour ever dwells with youth ;
Then sure the sage might well believe
A face like mine could ne'er deceive.
If here you e'er a match should make,
My life upon my luck I'll stake ;
And 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
The boy in yellow wins the day.

THE BANKS OF AYR.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

The gloomy night is gathering fast—
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain :
 The hunter now has left the moor ;
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure ;
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's savage torn ;
 Across her placid azure sky
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Though death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !

WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.]

[*Music* by Dr. JOHN CLARKE.]

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With horse, and hawk, and hunting-spear !
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 thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood 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,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

THE LEA-RIG.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[Air—"The Lea-rig."

When o'er the hills the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae douff and weary O;
 Down by the burn where scented birch
 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 through that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Although the nicht were ne'er sae wild,
 An' 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 makes my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

ON THIS COLD FLINTY ROCK.

[Music by JOHN BRAHAM.]

On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,
 And happy I'll sing through the night;
 The moon shall smile sweetly upon my cold bed
 And the stars crowd to give me their light!
 Then come to me, my gentle dear,
 O turn thy sweet eyes to me;
 To my bosom now creep, I will sing thee to sleep,
 And kiss from thy lids the sad tear.

This innocent flower which these rude cliffs unfold,
Is thou, love! the joy of this earth!
But the rock that it springs from, so flinty and cold,
Is thy father that gave thee thy birth.

Then come to me, &c.

The dews that now hang on the cheeks of the eve,
And the winds that so mournfully cry;
Are the sighs and the tears of the youth thou must leave,
To lie down in these deserts to die.

Then come to me, &c.

YOU'RE WELCOME AS FLOWERS IN MAY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by O. W. GLOVER.]

"So, Katty dear, you've told your mother
That I'm a rogue, by that and this,
We'll prove that same somehow or other,
So first of all I'll steal a kiss."

"Och! Terry, dear, don't call it stealing
A kiss you cannot take away,
The loss of that I'd not be feeling—
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Katty dear, I'm growing bolder,
A great big thief I mean to start,
And before I am an hour older
I'd like to *steal* away your heart."

"Och! Terry, don't you call it robbin',
My heart you've owned this many a day;
But if you like to ease its throbbin',
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

"But, Katty dear, I am not joking,
My wounded honour you must heal;
I'll not be called such names for nothing,
Sure it's yourself away I'd steal."

"Och! Terry, that would be housebreaking,
But if my mother don't say nay,
It's to Father Tom you may be spakin'—
You're welcome as the flowers in May."

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANNIE.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeannie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine;
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeannie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick ower heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that loose sic banda,
And the heart that wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger of God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing o'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luvie,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down,
And Luvie wad winnow ower us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'll sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luvie,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;
Our gudeman leans ower his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be taen whan the carle comes hame
Wi' the holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

WHILE PENSIVE.

GEORGE COLMAN.]

[*Music by MICHAEL KELLY.*]

While pensive I thought on my love,
 The moon on the mountain was bright;
 And Philomel, down in the grove,
 Broke sweetly the silence of night.
 O, I wished that the tear drop would flow,
 But I felt too much anguish to weep;
 Till, worn by the weight of my woe,
 I sunk on my pillow to sleep.

Methought that my love, as I lay,
 His ringlets all clotted with gore,
 In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
 "Alas! we must never meet more.
 Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part;
 The steel of my rival was true;
 The assassin has struck on that heart
 Which beat with such fervour for you."

FAREWELL.

LORD BYRON.]

[*Music by F. ROMER and others.*]

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
 For others' weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.
 'Tis vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
 Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
 When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
 Are in the word farewell! farewell!
 These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
 But in my breast and in my brain
 Awake the pangs that pass not by,
 The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
 My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though grief and passion there rebel;
 I only know I loved in vain—
 I only feel—farewell! farewell!

BEAUTIFUL MORN.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by J. BLEWITT.]

Beautiful morn ! beautiful morn !
On tip-toe peeping,
Like coy maid creeping,
Come thou forth laughing and leaping !
Stay not a-toying with the hills,
Hanging thy jewels on their tips,
Come away from the mountain rills,
And kissing Alp-tops with thy lips !
Beautiful morn, &c.

Beautiful morn ! beautiful morn !
I see thee blushing,
Like beauty's cheek flushing,
When the rosy tide is rushing !
Bee and bird for thy coming stay,
And languish flow'rs, for thy sight
Can give to creation laughing day,
And kiss off the tears of night !
Beautiful morn, &c.

'T WAS MERRY IN THE HALL.

[ANONYMOUS.]

Our ancient English melodies
Are banish'd out of doors,
And nothing 's heard in modern days
But signoras and signors.
Such airs I hate,
Like a pig in a gate ;
Give me the good old strain,
When 'twas merry in the hall,
The beards wagg'd all,—
We shall never see the like again !
On beds of down our dandies lay,
And waste the cheerful morn,
While our squires of old would raise the day
With the sound of the bugle horn ;

And their wives took care
 The feast to prepare,
 For when they left the plain,
 Oh! 'twas merry in the hall,
 'The beards wagg'd all,—
 We shall never see the like again!
 'Twas then the Christmas tale was told
 Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
 And they cheer'd the hearts of the tenants old
 With a cup of good canary.
 And they each took a smack
 Of the cold black-jack,
 Till the fire burn'd in each brain;
 Oh! 'twas merry in the hall,
 The beards wagg'd all,—
 May we soon see the like again!

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP, D'YE SEE.

JAMES COBB.]

[Music by W. REEVE.

Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
 A gallant vessel too,
 And of his fortune proud is he,
 Who's of the Albion's crew;
 Each man, whate'er his station be
 When duty's call commands,
 Should take his stand,
 And lend a hand,
 As the common cause demands.
 Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
 We quarrel, make a rout,
 And having nothing else to do,
 We fairly scold it out:
 But once the enemy's in view,
 Shake hands, we soon are friends,
 On the deck,
 Till a wreck,
 Each the common cause defends.

O, SOFT FLOWING AVON.

DAVID GARRICK.]

[*Music* by A. LEE and others.]

O, soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal thy Shakspeare would
dream :

The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
Here rove without danger, here sigh without pain ;
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Here youth shall be famed for their love and their
truth,

Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread :
For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Flow on, silver Avon ! in song ever flow,
Be the swan on thy bosom still whiter than snow ;
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread ;
And the turf e'er be hallow'd that pillows his head.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE KING,
GOD BLESS HIM.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAMAN.]

A goblet of Burgundy fill, fill for me,

Give those, who prefer it, champagne :

But whatever the wine, it a bumper must be,

If we ne'er drink a bumper again.

Now when the cares of the day are thrown by,

And all man's best feelings possess him,

And the soul lights her beacon of truth in the eye

Here's a health to the King, God bless him !

The wealthy of Rome, at their banquets of old,
When to those whom they honour'd they quaff'd,
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
More costly to render their draught.
I boast not of gems, but my heart's in my glass,
Of its love nought can e'er dispossess him;
Upstanding, uncovered, round, round let it pass,
Here's health to the King, God bless him!

ENGLISH ALE.

[ANONYMOUS.]

D'ye mind me? I once was a sailor,
And in different countries I've been,
If I lie, may I go for a tailor!
But a thousand fine sights I have seen:
I've been cramm'd with good things like a wallet,
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,
But the very best stuff to my palate
Is a glass of your English good ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,
And ladies may talk of their tea,
But I envy them none of their potions—
A glass of good stingo for me!
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,
But my recipe never will fail,
For the physic that cures all diseases
Is a bumper of English good ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean
Why there I had plenty of grog;
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion
It sets one's good spirits agog;
But since upon land I've been steering,
Experience has alter'd my tale,
For nothing on earth is so cheering
As a bumper of English good ale.

THE THIRSTY EARTH.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.]

[Music by ROGER HILL.]

The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts and gaps for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.

They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothing in nature's sober found;
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses here; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

THE CAPTIVE TO HIS BIRD.

[Music by MAZZINGHI.]

Oh! sing, sweet bird! from that lov'd strain
A transient bliss I feel,
To lull that sorrow which in vain
I labour to conceal.

From Sylvia torn, whose vocal pow'r
Made earth a heaven to me,
To cheer each sad and tedious hour
I fondly taught it thee.

That if misfortune damp my love,
Or yield me up to care,
Thy lay may rouse my soul and prove
A rescue from despair.

TO ANCHOR ON HIS NATIVE SHORE

The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain ;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home ;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore!

THE VETERANS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
 One day had got his beer on board,
 When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea saw;
 And all to have his jeer and flout,
 For the grog once in the wit's soon out,
 Cried, How, good Master Lobster, did you lose you
 claw?
 Was't that time in a drunken fray?
 Or t'other when you run away?
 But hold you, Dick, the poor soul has one foot in th
 grave ;
 'Fore Slander's wind too fast you fly,
 D'ye think it fun?—you swab, you lie,
 Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

Old Hannibal, in words as gross,
For he, like Dick, had got his dose,
To try a bout at wrangling quickly took a spell ;
If I'm a lobster, Master Crab,
By the information on your nab,
In some scrimmage or other why they've crack'd your
shell ;
And then why how you hobbling go
On that jury-mast, your timber toe ;
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave ;
But halt, old Hannibal, halt ! halt !
Distress was never yet a fault,
Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

If Hannibal's your name, d'ye see,
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you,
Spilt from my horse, once when 'twas dark,
And nearly swallowed by a shark,
You boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd all the
crew ;
If that's the case, then cease our joers,
When boarded by the same Mounseers,
You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
Cried, Cowards, do the man no harm ;
D—me, don't you see he's lost his arm,
Misfortune ever claim'd pity from the brave.

Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one with all our heart,
And as we put the grog about we'll cheerily sing,
At land and sea may Britons fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King ;
'Tis he that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled and laid up, with one foot in the
grave ;
Then tars and soldiers never fear,
You shall not want compassion's tear,
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

W. T. MONCHIEFF.]

[“German Air.”]

He was a knight of low degree,
A lady, high and fair, was she;
She dropt a ring, he rais'd the gem,
"Twas rich as eastern diadem.
"Nay, as your mistress' trophy, take
The toy, when next a lance you break;"
He to the tourney rode away,
And bore off glory's wreath that day.
How did his ardent bosom beat,
When hast'ning to that lady's feet,
The ring and wreath he proudly laid;
"Oh, keep the ring," she softly said;—
"A ring so rich I may not wear,
Howe'er return a gift so rare?"
"Dear youth, a plain gold ring," she sigh'd,
"From you were worth the world beside."

THE SUN THAT LIGHTS THE ROSES.

[W. T. MONCHIEFF.]

Though dimpled cheeks may give the light
Where rival beauties blossom,
Though balmy lips to love invite
To ecstasy the bosom;
Yet sweeter far yon summer sky,
Whose blushing tint discloses,
Give me the lustre-beaming eye—
The sun that lights the roses.
The voice of love is soft and clear,
Exciting fond emotion;
How sweet it sounds upon the ear,
Like music on the ocean;
Yet dearer far to lover's sight,
The eye that truth discloses,
Surpassing with its splendour bright—
The sun that lights the roses.

FAREWELL, LOVE.

[T. MOORE.]

Wilt thou say farewell, love,
And from Rosa part?
Rosa's tears will tell, love,
The anguish of her heart.
I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be *mine*,
I'll love thee though we sever,
Oh say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never.

Wilt thou think of me, love,
When thou art far away!
Oh! I'll think of thee, love,
Never, never stray.
I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be *mine*,
I'll love thee though we sever,
Oh say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never.

Let not others' wile, love,
Thy ardent heart betray,
Remember Rosa's smile, love,
Rosa's, far away.
I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be *mine*,
I'll love thee, though we sever,
Oh say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love? No, never.

TOM TOUGH.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little
service,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow,
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble
Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave
ho!

Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was coxswain to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawk I have nobly fac'd the
foe,
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below,
I'd like to've catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho :
For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go ;
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know ;
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so
quickly,

I thought my heart would break as I sung yo
heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe ;
But in Providence I trust,
What must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out yo heave
ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe,
But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-
mission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
 For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,
 And my girl shall breed young sailors, nobly for to
 face the foe ;
 Then to country and king
 Fate no danger can bring
 While the tars of Old England sing out yo heave ho.

EYES, EYES, BEAUTIFUL EYES.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

Eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes,
 Stars that in liquid ether roll !
 Bright, flashing forth like those in the skies
 From the cloudless heaven of her soul !
 But brighter are ye than stars, for they
 Do only glow in the lonesome night,
 But ye endure through night and day,
 Affording to each an equal light !
 Eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes, &c.

Lips, lips, beautiful lips !
 Sweet to look on—sweeter to press !
 Dew more delicious the bee ne'er sips
 From summer flow'rs in his daintiness !
 But better than fruit or flow'rs are ye,
 For they, ere the autumn comes, are dead
 But ye as sweet in the winter be
 As in summer time, as ripe and as red !
 Lips, lips, beautiful lips, &c.

THE POST-CAPTAIN.

[*Music* by W. SHIELD.]

When Steerwell heard me first impart
 Our brave commander's story,
 With ardent zeal his youthful heart
 Swelled high for naval glory.

Resolved to gain a valiant name,
For bold adventures eager ;
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,
He would hold on the jigger,
While ten jolly tars with their musical Joe,
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing yo, heave yo.

To hand top-ga'nt sails next he learned
With quickness, care, and spirit;
His generous master soon discerned,
And priz'd his dawning merit.
He taught him soon to reef and steer
When storms convuls'd the ocean,
Where shoals make skilful veterans fear,
Which marked him for promotion.
And none to the pilot e'er answered like he,
When he gave the command, hard-a-port, helm-a-lee
Luff, boy, luff, keep her near,
Clear the buoy, make the pier,
None to the pilot e'er answered like he,
When he gave the command in the pool, or at sea,
Hard-a-port, helm-a-lee.

For valour, skill, and worth renowned,
The foe he oft defeated ;
And now with fame and fortune crowned
Post captain he is rated.
Who, should our injured country bleed,
Still bravely would defend her :
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,
He'll prove his heart is tender.
Unawed, yet mild, to high and low,
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe,
Wounded tars share his wealth,
All the fleet drink his health.
Prized be such hearts, for aloft they will go,
Which always are ready compassion to show
To a brave conquered foe.

FAREWELL TO NORTHMAVEN.

Sir W. SCOTT.]

[Music by J. PARRY

Farewell to Northmaven,
Grey Hillswicke, farewell !
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary !
We meet not again.

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon can brave,
When the peaks of the Skorry
Were white in the wave.
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,
For the skiff of her lover—
He comes not again.

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them ;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaiden sing them.
New sweetness they'll give her
Bewildering strain ;
But there's one who will never
Believe them again.

O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled,
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given
And the hope would fix there
That should anchor on heaven.

BY THE GAILY CIRCLING GLASS

[DAVID GARRICK.]

[Music by Dr. ARNE.]

By the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask we are told
 How the waning night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport away.
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!
 By the silence of the owl,
 By the chirping on the thorn,
 By the butts that empty roll,
 We foretel the approach of morn.
 Fill, then, fill the vacant glass,
 Let no precious moments slip;
 Flour the moralizing ass;
 Joys find entrance at the lip.

WHAT WERE HER EYES LIKE, POET
SAY?

[JAMES BRUTON.]

[Music by E. LODGE.]

What were her eyes like, poet say?
 They seemed, through their silken flashes,
 Like the blue of a bright Italian day,
 Or star, that through darkness flashes!
 What were her lips like, poet say?
 Like beautiful buds a-growing
 On one fair stem in the month of May,
 Only more perfume throwing!
 What were her cheeks like, poet say?
 Like the bloom the peach receiveth,
 Which the amorous sun on an autumn day
 Doth kiss till a blush he leaveth!
 What were her teeth like, poet say?
 They seemed, with the lips asunder,
 Like caverns of pearl that hidden lay
 Half open to excite man's wonder!

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Like *Ætna's* dread volcano, see the ample forge,
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge,
While, salamander-like, the ponderous anchor lies,
Glutted with vivid fires, through all its pores that flies,
The dingy anchorsmiths to renovate their strength,
Stretched out in death-like sleep, are snoring at their
length,

Waiting the master's signal, when the tackle's force
Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire divorce.
While as old *Vulcan's* Cyclops did the anvil bang,
In deafening concert shall their ponderous hammers
clang,

And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallan-
British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds that fire on which it fed,
The huge sledge hammers round in order they arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the look'd for change,
Longing with all their force the ardent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire arrayed in dazzling white.
And as old *Vulcan's* Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their ponderous hammers
clang,

So the misshapen lump to symmetry they beat
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
British fleet.

The preparations thicken; with forks the fire they
goad;
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,
While armed from every danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey,

The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
 Which on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts hurrah;
 And now the scorch'd beholders want the power to
 gaze,
 Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its powerful rays.
 While as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
 To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their ponderous hammers
 clang;
 And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they
 beat
 To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
 British fleet.

NOT WHEN HOPE FILLED YOU.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Music by C. PURDAY.*]

Not when hope filled you;
 With visions all bright,
 Ere care brought its mildew
 To tinge all with night!
 Not when thy treading
 Was all amongst flowers,
 And gladness was spreading
 Its light o'er thy hours.
 But when thoughts within thee
 From these were apart,
 Did I wish to win thee,
 Did care for thy heart.

Not when thy beauty
 Brought suitors to show
 Adoration and duty
 Where'er thou might'st go.
 Not when thy coffers
 With red gold were lined,
 And sycophants' proffers
 Were many to find.
 But when thoughts, &c.

MY WEE, WEE WIFE.

ALEX. HUME.]

[Air—"The boatie rowa."

My wee wife dwells in yonder cot,
My bonnie bairnies three—
O mickle joy's the gudeman's lot,
Wi's bairnies on his knee.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three;
How bricht is day, how fair is life,
When love lights up the e'e.
The king owre me may wear a crown,
Hae riches in his ha';
But lacks he love to share his throne,
I'm king owre him wi' a'.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three—
Let kings hae thrones 'mang warld's strife,
Your hearts are thrones to me.
The wind may blaw, deep drift the snaw,
An' clouds frown on the day;
There's ay a light at hame sae bricht,
Can melt the storm away.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three—
The blast may howl lang ere a scowl
Is seen on love's e'o bree.
The laverock, in the lift sae hie,
Nae swifter seeks its nest,
Than I to hame at e'ening flee
To nestle in love's breast.
My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
My bonnie bairnies three—
As laverocks soar on morning air,
Your breath bears ay up me.
I've felt oppression's galling chain,
I've shed the tear of care;
But feeling ay lost a' its pain,
When my wee wife was near.

My wee, wee wife, my wee, wee wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 The chains we wear are sweet to bear—
 Unblessed, could we gang free.
 I've seen the miser clutch his gowd,
 I've seen the courtier bow;
 An' mony years on time seen row'd,
 An' mony changes grow;
 But my wee, wee wife, my dear wee wife,
 My bonnie bairnies three,
 I never saw the daylight da'
 That blessed na' you an' me.

BIDE YE YET.

ANONYMOUS, 1769.]

[Air—"The wayward wife."]

Gin I had a wee house an' a canty wee fire,
 An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,
 Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
 Farewell to the bodies that yaumer and mourn.
 Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet;
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
 Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
 An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field an' come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That 'll cry papa or daddy to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
 A difference atween my wee wifie and me,
 In hearty good-humour, although she be teased,
 I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleased.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

WHEN DAISIES PIED.

SHAKESPEARE.]

[Music by Dr. ARNE.]

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo !
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! Oh, word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughman's clocks :
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
 The cuckoo then on every tree
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckoo !
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! Oh word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

HONEST BEN.

I am called honest Ben, but for what I don't know,
 I only, d'ye see, do my duty ;
 'Tis every one's place for to lighten the woe
 That presses down virtue and beauty.
 Why gold was first made I can't tell to be sure,
 To learning not being addicted,
 Unless it was meant to cherish the poor,
 And comfort and aid the afflicted.

Once honest Bill Bobstay, a true-hearted lad,
 Became for a land-lubber bail,
 Who soon got from Bill all the money he had,
 And then coop'd him up in a jail !
 My pockets with prize-money then were well lin'd,
 So Bill I restor'd to his friends ;
 Their transport made him nearly out of his mind,
 And me for the act full amends.

In that gallant fight, t'other day, off the Nile,
 My old messmate, Sam Stern, chanc'd to die ;
 The battle once o'er, tho' I cheer with a smile,
 A tear for poor Sam dimm'd my eye ;

Thinks I, here's rough news for his prattlers and Kate,
 They'll scarcely survive the sad shock;
 So I'll save my rhino to soften their fate,
 And steer them from poverty's rock.

If safely through life's troubled sea you would steer,
 And make the right haven at last,
 Still kindly all messmates' distress strive to cheer,
 And shield them from poverty's blast;
 For my part I know tars must fight and must fall,
 And leave their poor widows' hearts sad:
 Lord love 'em, I wish I could marry them all,
 And be to each orphan a dad.

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

[T. MOORE.]

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 blissful and dear,
 And to know when far from the lips we love
 We have but to make love to the lips that 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, &c.

NO MORE BY SORROW.

[THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[Music by JOHN BRAHAM.]

No more by sorrow chased, my heart
Shall yield to fell despair ;
Now joy repels the envenomed dart,
And conquers every care.
So in our woods the hunted boar
On nature's strength relies ;
The forests echo with his roar,
In turn the hunter dies.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

[T. MOORE.]

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! the endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

WATER CRESSES.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Jack came home, his pockets lin'd,
 In search of Poll, his only pleasure;
 To Pickle Stairs his course inclined,
 In her fair lap to pour his treasure.
 But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag-Fair,
 Where the keen Jew the clodpole fleeces;
 His whistle turn'd into a stare,
 At "Come, who'll buy my water cresses."
 He starts and trembles at the sound,
 Which now is heard, and now obstructed,
 And now his hopes are all a-ground,
 And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
 "Zounds," cried out Jack, "I know that phiz,
 But then such togs! they are all to pieces:
 Why it cannot be—damme, it is;
 'Tis Poll a bawling water cresses."
 And now she's in his arms, while he
 Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
 The world finds faithless as the sea,
 And loads false friends in troops with curses.
 "They took," cried she, "my very bed,
 The sticks they seiz'd and sold in pieces,
 So to get an honest bit of bread,
 I cries who'll buy my water cresses."

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shalt taste each earthly pleasure,
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll, is a noble treasure.
In this gay tog-shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill-fortune from this moment ceases,"
This said, he scatter'd in the street,
Baskets, and rags, and water cresses.

MARY MORISON.

[Burns.]

Oh, Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, 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 through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, 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.

IN THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

[J. W. COLLINS.]

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea.
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn
While I carol away idle sorrow ;
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
A small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
And a barn for the use of the flail.
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill ;
At night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the side of a murmuring rill ;
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

But when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again ;
But my face in a glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

TOM STARBOARD,

E. KNIGHT.]

[*Music by MAZZINGHI*

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sailed ;
The duties ablest seamen do
Tom did, and never yet had failed.
But wrecked as he was homeward bound,
Within a league of England's coast,
Love saved him, sure, from being drowned,
For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restored, Tom hied with speed,
True to his love, as e'er was man ;
Nought had he saved, nought did he need,
Rich in the thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles poor Tom had got
When he was pressed : he heaved a sigh,
And said, though cruel was his lot
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;
Nay, when he'd lost an arm, resigned,
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had saved his life ; and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom returned,
His lost limb served him for a joke ;
For still his manly bosom burned
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore, in haste, Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destined bride ;
But false report has brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pined away,
No remedy her life could save ;
And Tom arrived the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

HUNTING TOWER.

- "When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will you send to me, laddie?"
- "I'll send you a braw new gown, Jeanie,
I'll send you a braw new gown, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie."
- "That's nae gift ava, laddie,
That's nae gift ava, laddie;
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie."
- "When I come back again, Jeanie,
When I come back again, lassie;
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
To be your ain gudeman, lassie."
- "Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Be my gudeman yoursel', laddie;
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie."
- "I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna see how that can be, lassie;
For I've a wife and bairnies three, lassie,
And I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie."
- "Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye should hae telt me that in time, laddie;
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie."
- "Your eyne were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your eyne were like a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae
I could na help mysel', lassie."
- "Gae back to your wife and hame, laddie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may know
A broken heart like me, laddie."

"Dry that tearful e'e, Jeanie,
My story's a' a lee, lassie ;
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie."

"Think weel, for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel, for fear ye rue, laddie ;
For I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie."

"Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
St. Johnstoun's bow'r and Hunting Tower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie."

WHY DOES AZURE DECK THE SKY ?

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Why does azure deck the sky ?
'Tis to be like thine eyes of blue ;
Why is red the rose's dye ?
Because it is thy blush's hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair ?
Why are solar beams so bright ?
That they may seem thy golden hair.
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

Why are Nature's beauties felt,
Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see !
Why has music power to melt.
Oh ! because it speaks like thee.
All that is sweet by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

TOM TRANSOM.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Tom Transom, a seaman sound to the back bone,
With a heart loyal, constant, and true,
Married one Peg of Dover, tight, buxom, well grown,
And she chose him from all the ship's crew.
Peg brought him three sons, Tom, William, and Jack,
Which on shore he would dance on his knee,
And delighted to think when by age taken aback,
How they'd all serve their country at sea.
Tom pretty well docked on the books he had run,
Having lost a spare daddle and leg;
But a true-hearted comforter proved every son,
And a kind, loving nurse turned out Peg.
"Never mind it," cried Tom, "though the branches are
gone,
Heart of oak is the trunk of the tree;
Come, my boys, to revenge me to glory run on,
And be true to our country at sea."
Tom first went to sea, was capsized in a thought;
Will shared the same dolorous fate,
And while like a lion by messmates he fought,
Poor Jack by a shot lost his pate.
When old Tom first heard the sad news of their death
Cried, "The King, Peg, will take care of thee;
And now I bless God, as I draw my last breath,
My three sons served their country at sea."

THE HORN OF CHASE.

PERCY FARREN.]

[Music by C. GILFER

To join the chase at break of day,
The hunter fearless leaves his dwelling,
O'er hill, through vale, he speeds his way,
His cheering horn on echo swelling.
Attentive mark the eager hounds,
With listening ears and watchful ey
The thicket beat; now swiftly bounds
The stag, and from the cover flies.

Through brakes he shuns the hunter's sight,
But o'er the plain or upland bounding
The rifle ball arrests his flight,
The horn of chase his knell resounding.

At close of day, the sport now o'er,
Towards home the hunter's steps are bending,
The bugle sounds to chase no more,
But notes of glad return is sending.
His anxious fair one hails the sound,
Her heart no longer throbs alarms;
He gains the door with one swift bound,
And clasps her in his longing arms.
The festive board displays its store,
Good cheer with social joys abounding;
A welcome call to friends once more,
The horn of chase is gaily sounding.

IN HONOUR OF HIS NAME.

CHARLES MACKAY.]

[Music by J. W. HOGGINS.]

If he to whom this toast we drink
Has brought the needy to his door;
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
From the abundance of his store;
If he hath soothed the mourner's woe,
Or helped young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow
In honour of his name.

If he be poor, and yet has striven
To ease the load of human care;
If to the famished he has given
One loaf that it was hard to share.
If, in his poverty erect,
He never did a deed of shame;
Fill high! we'll drain in deep respect
A bumper to his name.

But rich or poor, if still his plan
 Has been to play an honest part;
 If he ne'er failed his word to man,
 ! Or broke a trusting woman's heart.
 If emulation fire his soul
 To snatch the meed of virtuous fame;
 Fill high! we'll drain a flowing bowl
 In honour of his name.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

[T. MOORE.]

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

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

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

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

WINNIE WINN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by MORGAN JONES

My name's Winnie Winn, I'm the pride of the
mountain,

No step can be lighter or fleetier than mine,
At morn, when my pitcher I fill at the fountain,
At eve tripping gaily to call in the kine.

I've lovers enough, David Jones and Ap Shenkin,
But why should I seek all life's cares to begin?
There's time enough yet for all that I've been thinking,
So they who'd win Winnie, must please Winnie Winn

Ap Thomas he comes, with his harp ever ready,
And sweet are the tunes that to please me he plays,
And young Morgan Price, tho' so rich and so steady,
Have both failed to win me with gold or with praise;
My heart still is free as the breeze of the mountai ,
And teasing my lovers I think it no sin,
So I sing, while my pitcher I fill at the fountain—
'Tis they who'd win Winnie must please Winnie
Winn.

THE DEEP BLUE RHINE.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Translated from the German.

They ne'er shall have the haven
Of our romantic Rhine
Till our true hearts turn craven
In breast of thine and mine!
As long as o'er its waters
The fisher's boat shall glide,
The fair forms of its daughters
Be mirror'd in its tide.

The Rhine! the Rhine! for ever!
The deep blue mighty Rhine!
The foe shall own it never
Till freedom's sun decline!

They ne'er shall have the haven
 Of our Germanic Rhine !
 Till streets with skulls are paven,
 And blood shall flow like brine
 As rocks hurl back the current,
 Yet still uninjured stand ;
 So hurl we back the torrent
 Of foemen to our land !
 The Rhine ! the Rhine ! &c.

POOR TOM HAULYARD.

[JOHN WALCOT.]

Now the rage of battle ended,
 And the French for mercy call ;
 Death no more in smoke and thunder,
 Rode upon the vengeful ball.
 Yet what brave and loyal heroes,
 Saw the sun of morning bright ;—
 Ah ! condemned by cruel fortune,
 Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
 (Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood)
 Poor Tom Haulyard, pale and wounded,
 Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.
 Oh, my noble captain, tell me,
 Ere I'm borne a corpse away ;
 Have I done a seaman's duty
 On this great and glorious day ?

Tell a dying sailor, truly,
 For my life is fleeting fast ;
 Have I done a seaman's duty ?
 Can there aught my memory blast ?
 Ah ! brave Tom, the captain answer'd,
 Thou a sailor's part hast done ;
 I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
 Wounds by which our glory's won.

Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing,
Fast from this deep wounded heart;
But, O grant one single favour,
Ere I from this world depart.
Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catherine,
Cut a lock from this poor head.

Bid him to my Catherine give it,
Saying her's alone I die!
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.
Bid him, too, this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with panting breath,
Kate may ponder o'er the writing
When the hand is cold in death.

That I will, replied the captain,
And be ever Catherine's friend;
Ah! my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end.
Mute towards his captain weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye;
Grateful then his foot embracing,
Sunk with Kate on his last sigh.

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature,
Pity never warm'd his heart.
Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive crew;
As he dropp'd into the ocean
All burst out—Poor Tom, adieu.

LOVE ME!

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER]

Love me! love me!—dearest, love me!

Let whate'er betide;

Though it be forbid by fate

To bless me with a bride:

Our hearts may yet be link'd in one

Though fortune frown above me,

That hope will gently guide me on,

Then love me, dearest! love me!

Love me, dearest! dearest, love me!

Brighter days may shine;

When thou shalt call me all thine own,

And thou'lt be only mine!

But should that bliss be still denied,

Still fortune frown above me,

Thou'lt be my choice—though not my bride,

Then love me, dearest! love me!

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

[*Music* by J. WHITTAKER.]

Sam Spritsail's a lad you'll delight in,

For friendship he's ever agog;

Loves his king, loves his wench, and loves fighting,

And he loves—to be sure he loves grog.

Says Sam, says he, life's all a notion,

And wants from the spirit a jog:

The world's a wide troubled ocean,

And our rudder and compass is grog.

For grog is our larboard and starboard,

Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;

At sea, or on shore, or in harbour,

The mariner's compass is grog.

For grog is our, &c.

Let but grog take its charge of the helm,
 We perceive not the dangers at sea;
 Or if billows the vessel o'erwhelm,
 Still grog is the pilot for me.
 Since grog saves the trouble of thinking,
 Then here's to each bold jolly dog;
 For he that delights in good drinking
 Will toss off his full can of grog.
 For grog is our, &c.

Sam Spritsail, though grog he loved dearly,
 And its praise he enraptured would sing,
 Yet he fought for his country most cheerly,
 Lov'd his sweetheart, and honour'd his king.
 For Sam's heart was spliced to his Nancy's,
 And his mind on the wench quite agog;
 Yet sailors have comical fancies,
 And dear as his life he loves grog.
 For grog is our, &c.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by S. LOVER.*

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,
 And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy tales
 did tell;
 And gentle words and fond embrace were gi'n with
 joy to me,
 When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's
 knee.
 When fairy tales were ended, "Good-night," she
 softly said,
 And kiss'd, and laid me down to sleep, within my
 tiny bed;
 And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet
 can see
 Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's
 knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my
prime;
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of ev'ry
time;
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then
pleading all for me,
It was a fervent pray'r to Heaven that bent my
mother's knee.

WHEN FIRST I WENT TO SEA.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. RANSFORD.]

Oh ! well do I remember still when first I went to sea,
I was a merry laughing boy, as happy as could be ;
I long'd to lead a sailor's life amid the true and brave,
And my bosom felt as buoyant and as bounding as the
wave ;

Since then I've seen strange sights and scenes, but
none have struck my mind

Like when I saw a tall ship first her wings spread to
the wind ;

I've roved for many a night and day in darkness and
in glee,

But I never yet did once regret when first I went to sea !

I've seen the waves around me dash when man could
nought avail ;

I've heard the winds, and seen them rend to tatters
every sail ;

I've faced my death a hundred times, but Providence
was good ;

And I for years and years the storms and tempests
have withstood.

Yet I have seen the angry waves like giants in their
might,

O'erwhelm the best and bravest hearts, and bear them
from my sight ;

But oh! I do not seek to change the scene where'er
 it be,
 For I never yet did once regret when first I went to sea.
 Oh! I have kept the midnight watch beneath a starry
 sky,
 And listened to the legends wild that landsmen so
 decry;
 For in the deep and mystic sea there is a sacred spell
 That none but sailors know and fear—that they alone
 can tell.
 I care not, they may laugh at us, who safe in harbour
 keep,
 But ne'er can he forget his God who dwells upon the
 deep;—
 A moment and his dwelling place the sailor's grave
 may be;
 But still I never did regret when first I went to sea.
 I've dared the angry elements, and in the battle strife
 I've stood amid the cannon's roar with blood and mis-
 chief rife;
 I helped to win the victory when Nelson met his death,
 And Britain gained the fight where passed her hero's
 latest breath.
 And I, a humble boson,* saw a nation's tears deplore
 The idol of her people's hearts, afloat, and on the shore.
 Oh! surely such a sight as this is fame enough for me,
 Then never can I once regret when first I went to sea.

MY BARK IS ON THE SEA.

CHARLES JEFFREYS.]

[*Music by N. J. SPORLE.*

Do you ever think on me, love?
 Do you ever think on me,
 When I'm far away from thee, love,
 With my bark upon the sea?

*On shore—Boatswain.

My thoughts are ever turning,
 On thee where'er I roam,
 My heart is ever yearning,
 For the quiet scenes at home.
 Then tell me do you ever,
 When my bark is on the sea,
 Give a thought to him who never
 Can cease to think of thee?

When sailing o'er the billows,
 Do you think I once forget
 The streamlet and the willows
 Beneath whose shade we met!
 No!—I fancy thou art near me
 When the gales are murmuring by,
 And the waves alone can hear me,
 It's but the zephyr's sigh.
 Then tell me, &c.

In the lonely hour of night, love,
 Oft do I think on thee;
 In dreams of sweet delight, love,
 Thy charming form I see.
 With raptures I'm relieved,
 To think thou art so nigh,
 But awake, find I'm deceived!
 I droop my head and sigh.
 Then tell me, &c.

HURRAH! I'M OFF TO SEA.

E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. BLEWITT.]

Away, away, I may not stand
 Where flow'rs and foliage be,
 This dull, small, quiet spot of land
 Is all too tame for me;
 Three times I've travelled round the world
 Within yon frigate free,
 Again her canvas is unfurled,
 Hurrah! I'm off to sea.

Oh ! who on one bright spot could dwell,
 Though all around were gay,
 To see beneath joy's fairy spell
 That brightness wear away ?
 The birds that hover in the air
 Are happier, far, than we,
 I'd something of their freedom share,—
 Hurrah ! I'm off to sea !

A thought, a cheering word, a sigh,
 For friends and kindred here,
 A fervent wish, a fond good-bye,
 For one more loved and dear ;
 A shout for all that gallant crew,
 Who plough the main with me,
 A parting look—a last adieu,—
 Hurrah ! I'm off to sea !

WHEN AND WHERE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[Written to a popular organ tune.

"Oh tell me when and tell me where
 Am I to meet with thee, my fair ?"

"I'll meet thee in the secret night,
 When stars are beaming gentle light,
 Enough for love, but not too bright
 To tell who blushes there."

"You've told me *when*, now tell me *where*,
 Am I to meet with thee, my fair?"

"I'll meet thee in that lovely place,
 Where flowrets dwell in sweet embrace,
 And zephyr comes to steal a grace
 To shed on the midnight air."

"You've told me *when*, and told me *where*,
 But tell me *how* I'll know thou'rt there?"

"Thou'lt know it when I sing the lay
 That wandering boys on organs play,
 No lover, sure, can miss his way,
 When led by this signal air."

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

GEORGE COLMAN.]

[Arranged as a Duet by ARNOLD

Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller
 Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;
 Wandering drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes t'ward the mountain top.
 Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing as he's nigh to drop;
 Oh! how briskly then the way-worn traveller
 Treads the mazes t'ward the mountain top.
 Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
 'Twould be folly now to think on't more;
 Blithe and jolly he the keg holds fast by
 As he's sitting at the goatherd's door:
 Eating, quaffing, at past labours laughing,
 Better far, by half, in spirits than before,
 Oh! how merry the rested traveller
 Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door.

TWO LITTLE YEARS AGO.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by M. W. BALFF

The dream is o'er—I little thought
 Such bitter tears would flow,
 That time had e'er such changes wrought
 Two little years ago;
 'Twa love, that seem'd undying then,
 So soon should know decay,
 That we should never meet again,
 Our paths lie wide away.
 The dream is o'er. &c.

They told me he was false, and yet
 My tears refused to flow;
 I deemed not that he *could* forget
 Two little years ago;
 The fatal truth by all believed
 I was the last to share;
 My woman's pride my heart deceived—
 My love lies buried there.
 The dream is o'er, &c.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

THOMAS MOORE.]

{ *Air*—"My lodging is
on the cold ground."

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 unprofaned 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 turned when he rose.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

EDWARD RUSHTON.]

Air—"Vicar of Bray."

I sing the British seaman's praise,
A theme renown'd in story;
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
O 'tis your boast and glory;
When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
By them you are protected;
But when in peace the nation's found,
These bulwarks are neglected;
Then, O protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit;
And when again you're plung'd in war
He'll show his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all
Far on the trackless ocean ;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion.
When o'er the bark the white topt waves,
With boist'rous sweep and rolling,
Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
Untamed amidst the howling.
Then, O protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke
He feels a glowing pleasure ;
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure ;
Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear,
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, O protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him,
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him ;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning,
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then, O protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him,
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
True courage still attends him.
No time can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance ;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, O protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
 In peace be e'er neglected?
 Behold him move along the pier,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected.
 Behold him begging for employ—
 Behold him disregarded;
 Then view the anguish of his eye
 And say, are tars rewarded?

Then, O protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye, Britain's sons? oh, no,
 Protect them and preserve them.
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it;
 Or when dread war shall come again,
 O Britons, ye may rue it.

Then, O protect, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe 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, the wooing o't,
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sighed baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin,
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie dee?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And oh, her een they speak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

[SUSANNA BLAMIRE.]

Gin livin' worth could win my heart,
 You would not speak in vain;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine;
 And oh, what a heart was that to lose!
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh, gin Heaven in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And take this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in li' grave!
 And see, his gentle spirit comes,
 To show me on my way;
 Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And oh, wi' what gude will
 I follow wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.—
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possess'd;
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

SING ME THE MELODY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by E. L. HIME.*

Sing me the melody, softly and slow,
 That my dear mother sung a long time ago;
 Tho' I may list to it only with tears,
 Still 'twill remind me of earlier years.
 What though your newer songs joy may impart,
 'Tis but the olden one touches my heart,
 Bringing me back all the scenes of my youth,
 Giving me visions of beauty and truth.
 Sing me the melody, &c.

Sing me the melody, tender and true,
 Sung in the first happy hours that I knew,
 Breathed by the lips that may breathe it no more,
 Sing me the song that the past can restore.
 Deem not that pain to my heart you can give,
 Nothing that's sad long in memory can live;
 May not a joy exist even in tears,
 A bliss that is past be a blessing for years?
 Sing me the melody, &c.

THE WIFE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

As a sailor's all one as a piece of a ship,
So my wife is a piece of myself;
We eat the same biscuit, partake the same flip,
And were't worlds, she should keep all my self;
And her wishes are mine, we have only one heart,
One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy;
Not oceans our love for a moment can part,
For I always am present with Nancy.

When leagues far and wide, for my comfort and use,
If I want to examine my chest,
What delight to my heart does the rummage produce
When I'm rock'd in my hammock to rest.
The cordials and comforts so tidily plac'd
Haul her taut to my heart and my fancy,
And the needles and huswife her fingers have graced,
Quell my soul till I've nothing but Nancy.

Then in case that in battle I wounded should be,
Here a rag, there a bandage appears,
All mark'd with her hair, and 'tis easy to see
That she wash'd them, poor soul, with her tears.
And should I get wounded in fight, maim'd, or blind,
What a dainty delight to my fancy,
The misfortune would make me, sweet love, she's so
kind,
More dear to the heart of my Nancy.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart,
Their country and king they defend;
They spare foes, they love honour, and never depart
From their post, as a Briton and friend.
But how, were their courage so kept up by love,
They'd indulge in the generous fancy;
They'd fight like the lion, forgive like the dove,
If, like me, they'd a wife such as Nancy.

THE NANCY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Mayhap you have heard that as dear as their lives
 All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives;
 To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die,
 And whoe'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why:
 One through dangers and storms brings me safely on
 shore,

T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er;
 Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life,
 For my ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy, my vessel, but see her in trim,
 She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim;
 'Fore the wind, like a dolphin, she merrily plays,
 She goes anyhow well, but she looks best in stays;
 Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,
 Mounting high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea,
 She has saved me from many hard squeaks for my life,
 So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall debar?
 Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar;

Why everything female from peril to save,
 Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave;
 While a rag, or a timber, or compass I boast,
 I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host,
 Still grateful to both to the end of my life,
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife,

THOU ART GANE AWA'.

ANONYMOUS, 1787.] [*Air*—"Haud awa' frae me, Donald."]

Thou art gane awa', thou art gane awa',
 Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary;
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay—
 Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary.
 Until this hour I never thought
 That aught could alter thee, Mary;
 Thou art still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend
 That stole the heart of thine, Mary,
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
 No, I loved only thee, Mary.
 Though you've been false, yet while I live
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then, farewell! of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

BREAK—BREAK—BREAK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.]

[*Music by various Composers.*]

Break—break—break—
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
 Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play;
 Oh, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay.
 And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But oh, for the touch of the vanished hand
 And the sound of a voice that is still.
 Break—break—break—
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

THE PARTING.

JOSEPH BURNS.]

[Air—"Rory Dall's port."] "

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
 Ae farewell, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee ;
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 But nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
 Dark despair around benights me.

Ae fond kiss

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Ae farewell !

Fare-thee-well ! thou first and fairest,
 Fare-thee well ! thou best and dearest ;
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,
 Ae farewell, alas ! for ever ;
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Fare-thee-well !

BETWIXT MY LOVE AND ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.]

You ask me to remember when
 My heart first clung to thine,
 If wintry clouds hung o'er the sky,
 Or summer's golden shine ;

I only know in winter time
 It could not, dearest, be,
 For never yet a cloud has come
 Betwixt my love and me.

You ask me to remember still
 The time when first we met,
 But can you wonder if I all
 These bygone hours forget?
 So calmly have the years rolled on,
 So bright has been my lot,
 I cannot recollect the time
 In which I loved thee not!

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—"Meeting of the waters."

Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
 And whenever they meet with the dear little maids,
 They kiss them, and coax them, and spend their money
 free;
 Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear
 strame,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,
 Her cheeks are like roses—and her lips much the
 same,
 Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in crame.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
 And 'tis they through my poor heart have burnt a
 big hole;
 Her mind, like the river, is deep, clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh! Kilkenny's a fine town, that shines where it
 stands,
 And the more I think of it, the more my heart warms;
 If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
 For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

THE CORSAIR'S FAREWELL.

OLD BYRON.]

[*Music by several Composers.*]

Good bye ! my love, good bye !
Our bark is in the bay,
And we must gain Isle Idra,
Before the blush of day.
Nay ! weep not though I go
To peril o'er the main,
My blood-red flag ere long
Shall meet thy gaze again.
List ! 'tis the well-known signal gun—
Day's bright orb his course hath run.
One kiss, good bye !
Good bye, my love ! &c.

The breeze is blowing freshly,
The crew but wait for me,
And yonder, like some wild bird,
My bark's white wings I see ;
Ne'er whisper, love, of danger,
Dry up that timid tear,
Thou art a corsair's bride,
And shouldst not harbour fear.
Hark ! again, the signal gun —
Fare-thee-well, my lovely one.
One kiss, good bye !
Good bye, my love ! &c.

LILLA'S A LADY.

THOS. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music by RAWLINGS*]

The church bells are ringing, the village is gay,
And Lilla is deck'd in a bridal array :
She's woo'd and she's won
By a proud baron's son,
And Lilla's a lady.

And see o'er the valley who rides at full speed,
A gallant young knight on a spirited steed ;

And why starts the youth
When they tell him the truth—
That Lilla's a lady ?

He's smiling in scorn—or he's smiling in jest ;
While three snow-white lilies he takes from his breast,

"A fair maid," says he,
"Gave this token to me,
But Lilla's a lady.

"These sweet little lilies that grew in the shade,
Transplanted to sunshine, unnoticed may fade ;

Though mere words of course,
You may yet feel their force,
Since Lilla's a lady !

"I came here misled by a false woman's vow,
I'll stay to drink health to the baroness now ;

And oh ! it will be
Quite as pleasant to me,
Since Lilla's a lady !

"Believe not I'll pine—no, I travell'd so far
For the girl that you seem'd, not the girl that you are,

You are woo'd, you are won,
By a proud baron's son—
And Lilla's a lady !"

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

[Mrs. GRANT, of Carron.]

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wot ye how she cheated me,

When I came o'er the braes of Balloch ?

She vowed, she swore she would be mine,

She said she lo'ed me best o' onie ;
But ah ! the faithless, fickle quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.

O she was a cantie quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit min' so sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.

EVER NEAR.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.]

How can I be lonely
When I think of thee,
Though around me only
Solitude I see?
Every blooming flower
That you hold so dear,
Brings to mind the hour
Thou wert ever near.
Soft the breeze sighs near me,
Still thy voice I hear
In my soul to cheer me,
Then loved one ever near.

Distant though I wander,
Onward day by day,
Grows my heart the fonder
Farther as I stray;
Every star above me,
Distant though they be,
Tells me that you love me,
'Tis as near to thee.
So, though we are parted,
Not more distant here
Art thou—oh! true hearted—
Thou loved one ever near.

I COULD NEVER BE HAPPY ALONE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER

I never was one of those prudish young things,
And I hope that I never shall be,
Who think because Cupid is said to have wings,
'Tis best that the heart remain free;
I'd rather submit to his chain and his dart,
At risk of his flying, I own;
For oh! such a kind loving thing is my heart,
I could never be happy alone.

I know there are some keep themselves to themselves,
But *have* they a heart? who can tell?
A bit of old crockery, kept on their shelves,
Would answer their purpose as well;
Let me hear the voice, when we meet and we part,
That cheers me, and calls me "mine own,"
For oh! such a kind loving thing is my heart,
I could never be happy alone!

THE TOKEN.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's token overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair
Upon his 'bacco-box, he views,
Nancy the poet, Love the muse:
"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The storm that like a shapeless wreck,
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had given a feast
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:

When Jack, as with his messmates dear,
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid:

"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The battle—that with horror grim
Had madly ravaged life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:

When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd:

"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end:

When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seiz'd the willing maid,

"If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

THE WELCOME.

[THOMAS DAVIS.]

Come in the ev'ning, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'ner you come here, the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear, if you choose them !
 Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom ;
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you,
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that wont tire you.

Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd
 farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour !
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 Oh ! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably
 beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the ev'ning, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're look'd for, or come without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oft'ner you come here, the more I'll adore you !
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is the cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever !

OH ! FALSE VOICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by STEPHEN GLOVER

What though vows were never spoken,
 Still his voice was sweet and low ;
 Love has many a tender token
 Lips ne'er tell when young hearts glow ;
 If she loved him, who can blame her ?
 Others, too, those tones believed :
 Now in sorrow 'tis thy name her—
 Oh ! false voice that thus deceived.

Hush'd her song, once fraught with feeling,
 That our hearts so oft beguiled;
 Down her cheek the tear is stealing,
 Dim the eye that brightly smiled:
 Thus they met and thus they parted,
 He ne'er knew for him she grieved,
 She deserted—broken-hearted;—
 Oh, false voice that thus deceived!

NORA CREINA.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

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 laced it.
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heav'n pleases!
 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 refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell, if they're designed
 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!

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANIE.

[HECTOR MACNEILL.]

My luve's in Germanie;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 My luve's in Germanie,
 Send him hame.
 My luve's in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for royalty:
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame.
 He's as brave as brave can be;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Our faes are ten to three;
 Send him hame.
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause of loyalty;
 But his life is dear to me:
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame.
 Your luve neer learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome dame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
But he fell in Germanie,
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame :
Fighting brave for loyalty,
Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come owre the sea,
Willie's slain ! Willie's slain !
He'll near come owre the sea ;
Willie's gane !
He will ne'er come owre the sea,
To his luve and ain countrie,
This warld's nae mair for me ;
Willie's gane, Willie's gane ;
This warld's nae mair for me ;
Willie's gane.

THE WEALTH OF THE COTTAGE IS LOVE.

[*Music by W. REEVE.*]

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

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

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove through Morna's grove
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love.
 Then awake ! the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear;
 And the best of all ways to lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star, more glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake !—till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

AH! WHY DID I GATHER?

[Music by EMBDEN.]

Ah ! why did I gather this delicate flower ?
 Why pluck the young bud from the tree ?
 'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an hour,
 And how soon will it perish with me !
 Already its beautiful texture decays,
 Already it fades on my sight ;
 'Tis thus that chill rancour too often o'erpowers
 The moments of transient delight.
 When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
 Its blossoms we gather in haste ;
 How oft thus we mourn with a penitent tear
 O'er the joys which we lavish'd in waste.
 This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
 Might still have delighted my eyes ;
 But pluck'd prematurely, and placed in my breast,
 It languishes, withers, and dies.

MY MARION.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.]

[*Music by* PETER M'LEOD.]

My own, my true-loved Marion !
No wreath for thee I'll bring,
No summer-gathered roses fair,
Nor snowdrops of the spring.
Oh ! these would quickly fade, for soon
The brightest flowers depart ;
A wreath more lasting will I give—
A garland of the heart !

My own, my true-loved Marion,
Thy morn of life was gay,
Like sunny stream that gently flows
Along its lovely way ;
And now, when in thy pride of noon
I mark thee blooming fair ;
Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
And sunshine over there.

My own, my gentle Marion,
Though this, a world of woe,
There's many a golden tint that falls
To gild the road we go.
And in this chequered vale to me
A light hath round me shone,
Since thou cam'st from thine Highland home,
In days long past and gone.

My own, my true-loved Marion,
Cold, cold this heart shall be,
When I shall cease to love thee still,
To cheer and cherish thee.
Like ivy round the withered oak,
Though all things else decay,
My love for thee shall still be green,
And will not fade away.

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

[*Music by WARE, also by J. BRAHAM.*]

My heart with love is beating,
 Responsive to my sighs ;
 Alas ! there's no retreating,
 The winged arrow flies.
 Then why vain anguish cherish ?
 The stricken deer must stay ;
 Should Julio bid me perish,
 His captive must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
 And constant truth prevail,
 'Twould prove no other lover
 Could dare thy rights assail.
 Oh ! bending then before thee,
 An humble maiden see,
 Whose love, delight and glory,
 Are centred all in thee.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

DUET.

[*Music by MOZART.*]

Away with melancholy,
 Nor doleful changes ring
 On life and human folly,
 But merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal.

Come on, ye rosy hours,
 Gay smiling moments bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers,
 And merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal.

For what's the use of sighing,
 While time is on the wing ?
 Can we prevent his flying ?
 Then merrily, merrily sing,
 Fal lal.

POOR MARY ANNE.

Mrs. OPIE,]

[*Welsh melody*—"Ar hyd y nos."

Here, beneath this willow, sleepeth
 Poor Mary Anne!
 One whom all the village weepeth,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 He she loved her passion slighted—
 Breaking all the vows he plighted,
 Therefore life no more delighted
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Pale thy cheek now, where thy lover,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Once could winning charms discover,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Dim those eyes so sweetly speaking,
 When true to love's expression seeking;—
 Oh! we saw thy heart was breaking,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Like a rose we saw thee wither,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Soon a corpse we brought thee hither,
 Poor Mary Anne!
 Now our evening pastime flying,
 We in heartfelt sorrow vieing,
 Seek this willow, softly sighing,
 "Poor Mary Anne!"

TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

True love can ne'er forget,
 Fondly as when we met,
 Dearest, I love thee yet,
 My darling one!
 Thus sung 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 begun.

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 her native strand
 Doth a lovely lady land,
 While the minstrel's love-taught hand
 Did o'er his sweet harp run.

Where the minstrel sat alone
 There that lady fair hath gone,
 Within his hand she placed her own :
 The bard dropt on his knee.

From his lip soft blessings came,
 He kissed her hand with truest flame,
 In trembling tones he nam'd her name,
 Though her he could not see.

But oh ! the touch the bard could tell
 Of that dear hand remembered well,
 Ah ! by many a secret spell
 Can true love trace his own.
 For true love can ne'er forget, &c.

THY VOICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

There is a voice whose melody
 Falls sweetly on the ear,
 Its music is a memory
 In absence ever dear ;

Its lightest tone, remembered long,
 My drooping spirit cheers,
 And haunts me like some tranquil song
 I heard in other years.

Its gentle tones enchant me still,
 Then why should I repine?
 The voice that bids my heart to thrill
 Is thine, sweet love, is thine.

Thy voice it murmurs soft and low,
 Like music heard in dreams;
 And when it soothes a tale of woe
 An angel's voice it seems;
 So soft, so sweet, its magic spell
 My heart shall still obey,
 For if within it care should dwell,
 'Twould chase it soon away.

'Twill be my charm 'gainst ev'ry ill,
 Then why should I repine?
 The voice that bids my heart to thrill
 Is thine, sweet love, is thine.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

JAMES BALLANTINE.]

[Air—"Bonnie Jean."]

The bonnie, bonnie bairn, wha sits poking in the aye,
 Glow'ring in the fire wi' his wee round face;
 Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there?
 Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air
 His wee chubby face, and his touzy curly pow,
 Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe;
 He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
 Glow'ring at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
 He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' down!
 Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare—
 See how he loup as they glimmer in the air!
 For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
 He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;

A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us
stare—

There are more folks than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld :
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld.
His brow is brent so braid, O pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air !
He'll glowre at the fire ! and he'll keek at the light !
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by night ;
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.

FAREWELL, BUT WHENEVER.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Farewell ! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return— not a hope may remain
Of the few friends that brighten'd his pathway of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while lingering with you.
And still on that evening when pleasure fills up,
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup ;
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night ;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles !
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmur'd, " I wish he were here."
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

LEWIE GORDON.

[ALEX. GEDDES.]

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
 And the lad I daurna name;
 Though his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa'!
 Ochon, my Highlandman!
 O my bonnie Highlandman!
 Weel would I my true love ken
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen

O! to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee!
 'That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

Ochon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing
 Is fitted for to be a king;
 On his breast he wears a star—
 You'd tak' him for the god of war.

Ochon, &c.

O! to see this princely one
 Seated on a royal throne!
 Disasters a' would disappear;
 Then begins the jub'lee year.

Ochon, &c.

ELIZA.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar;
 But boundless oceans, 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.

JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'.

[WALTER WATSON.]

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flow'rs,
 The woods wi' leaves so green :
 And little birds around their bow'rs
 In harmony convene :
 The cuckoo flies from tree to tree,
 While saft the zephyrs blaw ;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockie's far awa' ?
 When Jockie's far awa' at sea,
 When Jockie's far awa' ;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockie's far awa' ?
 Last May morn how sweet to me
 The little lambkins play,
 Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,
 Did kindly walk this way.
 On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pu'd
 To busk my bosom braw ;
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
 But now he's far awa'.
 But now, &c.
 O, gentle peace, return again,
 Bring Jockie to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 Frae cruel war's alarms.

Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
 As lang's we've breath to draw ;
 Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
 My Jockie's far awa'.
 My Jockie's, &c.

MY BONNY MARY.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwicklaw,
 And I maun leave my bonny Mary.
 The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankéd ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;
 But it's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

O LADY FAIR!

T. MOORE.]

GLEE—*For Four Voices.*

- 1st Voice. O Lady fair! where art thou roaming?
 The sun is sunk the night is coming.
 2nd. Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
 To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.
 1st. And who is the man with his white locks
 flowing,
 O Lady fair! where is he going?

3rd. A wandering pilgrim weak I falter
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Tutti. Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going.
Chill falls the rain, &c.

1st. Fair lady, rest till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

2nd. Ah! stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain

1st. Thou, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow

3rd. Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Tutti. Strew, then, O strew our bed of rushes!
Here we shall rest till morning blushes
Strew, then, O strew, &c.

THY TEAR.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. BLOCKLEY.]

I've seen the diamond's costly blaze
The brow of beauty wear,
The sapphire pale, the ruby's rays,
On forms both young and fair;
But there's a gem, of worth untold,
To me that's far more dear,
I ask no brighter to behold;
Thy tear—thy pearly tear.

I've seen the pearly tears of morn
On many an opening flower,
I've marked the dew-drops that adorn
The rosebuds in the bower;
But one more sweetly still I prize,
A flower as gentle, dear,
When I behold in those dark eyes
Thy tear—thy pearly tear.

SPIRIT OF MY SAINTED SIRE.

JAMES COBB.]

[*Music by S. STORACE.*]

Spirit of my sainted sire,
 With success my soul inspire;
 Deeds of glory done by thee,
 In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
 Let the great example raise,
 Valour's purest, brightest blazo;
 Till the prowess of my arm,
 The eye of fickle conquest charm.
 And fame shall, when the battle's won,
 Declare that I am all thy son.

Spirit of my sainted sire!
 With success my soul inspire.
 Thy inspiration now I feel.
 The ardent glow of patriot zeal;
 Brighter prospects now arise,
 The voice of conquest rends the skies.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

Rev. JAMES NICOL.]

[*Air—"Bonnie Dundee."*]

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter:
 My heart it gangs pitty-pat, winna lie still;
 I've waited and waited, an' a' to grow better,
 Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill!
 My head's turned quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm speaking
 I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak,
 I gaze aye for something I fain would be seeking,
 Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I wad seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of,
 And yet when to ruse ye the neebour lads try,
 Though it's a' true they tell you, yet never sae far off
 I could see 'em ilk ane, and I canna tell why.
 When we tedded the hayfield, I raked ilka rig o't,
 And never grew weary the lang summer day;
 The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
 And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, when the kinn supper joys mak' us cheerie,
 'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried your sweet mou';
 Dear save us! how queer I felt when I cam' near ye,
 My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell how.
 When we dance at the gloamin' it's you I aye pitch on,
 And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
 There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitching,
 That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

THE MAID OF ISLA.

[JOSEPH TRAIN.]

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
 Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
 While with thee, on grassy pillow,
 Solitude! I love to dwell.
 Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,
 Oft I chant my love-lorn strain,
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.
 'Twas for her, the maid of Isla,
 Time flew o'er me winged with joy;
 'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
 Beam'd with rapture in my eye.
 Not the tempest raving round me,
 Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
 While her image fill'd my soul.
 Farewell, days of purest pleasure,
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
 Farewell, hours of bliss the measure—
 Bliss that never can return.
 Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore;
 On the past with sadness pond'ring,
 Hope's fair visions charin no more.

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

ROBERT ALLAN.]

[Air—"The Martyr's Grave."

There's nae covenant now, lassie!

There's nae covenant now!

The solemn league and covenant

Are a' broken through!

There's nae Renwick now, lassie,

There's nae guid Cargill,

Nor holy Sabbath preaching

Upon the Martyr's Hill!

It's naething but a sword, lassie!

A bluidy, bluidy ane!

Waving owre poor Scotland

For her rebellious sin.

Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,

Scotland's a' wrang—

It's neither to the hill nor glen,

Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyr's Hill forsaken,

In simmer's dusk, sae calm;

There's nae gathering now, lassie,

To sing the e'enin' psalm!

But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,

Aboon the warrior's cairn;

An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,

Aneath the waving fern!

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

R. CRAWFORD, altered by BURNS.]

[Music by D. MASON.]

When trees did bud and fields were green,

And broom bloom'd fair to see;

When Mary was complete fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her e'e;

Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move

To speak her mind thus free:

Gang down the burn, Davie, love,

And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burnside ;
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride :
Her cheeks were rosy, red and white ;
Her een were bonnie blue ;
Her looks were like the morning bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way
And through the flow'ry dale ;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale ;
With, Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew ?
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And aye will follow you.

CANDRAN SIDE.

W. ALEXANDER.]

[*Music by J. JAAP.*]

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

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

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

DESPAIRING MARY.

TANNAMILL.]

[*Music by R. A. SMITH.*

Mary, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
 See a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw;
 Blithe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
 Blithe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.
 How can this heart ever mair think o' pleasure?
 Simmer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

This kerchief he gave as a true lover's token,
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
 Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break:
 Sighing for him I lie down in the e'enin',
 Sighing for him I awake in the morn',
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
 But fled are these joys, like a fleet passing dream,
 Cruel remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.

THY SMILE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by JOHN BLOCKLEY

When hope's bright beam had passed away
 And all its rainbow hues had fled,
 For me there beamed one cheering ray
 That o'er my path its radiance shed ;
 In sorrow's hours to cheer and bless,
 My darkest moments to beguile,
 The sunshine of life's wilderness
 Was in thy smile, thy cheering smile.

Now fortune smiles, and light and gay
 The rosy hours fly quickly past,
 Thy smile is still the brightest ray,
 Where all is bright, around me cast ;
 Still by my side, where'er I roam,
 No other shall my heart beguile,
 The brightest sunshine of my home
 Is in thy smile, thy cheering smile.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
 And the small birds sing on every tree ;
 The hearts of those are glad, but mine is very sad ;
 For my true love is parted from me.
 The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
 May give joy to the linnet and the bee ;
 Their little loves are blessed, and their little hearts at rest :
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
 For ever so constant and true ;
 But hers is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.
 All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure ;
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are
 full of woe—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
SHE WORE.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

BONNIE JEAN.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

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 bonnie Jean.
And aye she wrought her mammy's work,
And aye she sang sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lint-white's nest,
And frost will blight the fairest flower,
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 naggies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown
 As in the bosom of the stream
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.
 And now she works her mammy'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 e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'ening on the lily lea?
 The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
 His cheek to her he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love—
 "O Jeanie fair, I love thee dear!
 Oh, canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?
 "At barn nor 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.

O WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie,

Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie °
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Awa', awa', auld carlie,
 Gie Charlie his crown,
 And let him sit down,
 Where ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.
 It's up in the morning early,
 It's up in the morning early,
 The bonnie white rose,
 The plaid and the hose
 Are on for Scotland and Charlie.
 The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords are drawn now fairly ;
 The swords they are drawn,
 And the pipes they hae blawn
 A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.
 The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,
 The flags are fleazin' fu' rarely,
 And Charlie's awa'
 To see his ain ha',
 And to bang his face right sairly.
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie ?
 Oh, wha's for Scotland and Charlie ?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie,
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie ?

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"Willie was a wanton wag."

Here around the ingle bleezing,
 Wha sae happy and sae free ?
 Tho' the northern wind blaws freezing,
 Frien'ship warms baith you and me.
 Happy we are a'thegither,
 Happy we'll be yin an' a ;
 Time shall see us a' the blither,
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.
 See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e ;

Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see?
 Happy we are a'thegither, &c.

Can the peer in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own?
 His claes are spun and edged wi' vermin,
 Tho' he stan' afore a throne!
 Happy we are a'thegither, &c.

Thus then let us a' be tossing
 Aff our stoups o' generous flame;
 An', while roun' the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.
 Happy we are a'thegither, &c.

Frien'ship mak's us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
 Happy we've been a'thegither,
 Happy we've been yin an' a',
 Time shall find us a' the blither,
 When we rise to gang awa'.

THE CHASE AT SEA.

WILLIAM PAUL.]

[Music by J. P. CLARKE]

Fresh blows the breeze, the gallant ship
 Glides o'er the rising wave,
 The jovial song of love and home
 Delights the British brave.
 But hark, aloft the watchful tar
 A sail in sight descries,—
 "A sail! a sail! a sail in sight,"
 Each bounding heart replies.

Ahead she lies, a lofty bark,
 Ahead five leagues or more;
 The signal made, she proves a foe,
 And bound for Gallia's shore.
 "All hands give chase," the boatswain calls;
 All hands the call attend,

To clear the decks, to loose the reef.
 And sheets and halyards bend.
 In vain she spreads the swelling sail,
 In vain to land she flies ;
 The bolts of war around her play,
 To leeward now she lies.
 Now daring rage and battle's roar
 To joy and mirth give place,
 Britannia's flag triumphant flies,
 And victory crowns the chase.

BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

[CROSS.]

Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learn'd a bit to row,
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That to treat a little water-nymph, that took my heart
 in tow,
 I ran myself in debt a bit, and then I ran away,
 Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
 Board a man-o'-war I enter'd next, and learn'd to quaff
 good flip,
 And far from home we scudded on so gay ;
 I ran my rigs, but liked so well my captain, crew, and ship,
 That run what will, why, hang me, if I ever ran away,
 Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
 With Nelson I've sail'd the world round, and learn'd a
 bit to fight,
 But somehow a pris'ner I was ta'en ;
 So, when my Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd a
 light,
 I just blinded both his peepers, and I ran away again,
 Singing ri fol de rol, &c.
 I've run many risks in life, on ocean, and on shore,
 But always like a Briton got the day ;
 And fighting in old England's cause I'll run as many
 more,
 But let me meet ten thousand foes will never run away,
 Singing ri fol de rol, &c.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

[HECTOR MACNEIL.]

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie, auld Donald, gae 'wa;
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
 Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie, I'll no sit beside ye;
 Ye micht be my gutchie; auld Donald, gae 'wa.
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw;
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 The haill o' his pack he has now on his back;
 He's thretty, and I am but three-score and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;
 To kirk or to market there few gang sae braw;
 A bien house to 'bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father aye tauld me, my mother and a',
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's young and he's bonnie;
 But, wae's me, I ken he has naething ava!
 I hae little tocher—ye've made a gude offer;
 I'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma'!
 Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye;
 I thocht ye'd been aulder than three-score and twa!"

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Where Johnnie was listenin', and heard her tell a':

The day was appointed ; his proud heart was dunted,
 And strak 'gainst his side as if burstin' in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,
 And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw :
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried

"Women

Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw !

Oh, the deil's in the lassies ! they gang now sae braw ;
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' three-score and twa ;
 The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage ;
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
 Auld dotards, be wary, tak' tent when ye marry :
 Young wives wi' their coaches, they'll whip and
 they'll ca',
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and
 bonnie,
 And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffit to claw."

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my love I ken brawly
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee ;
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

Your proffer of love's an arle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood ;
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

CHARLES MACKAY.]

[Music by H. RUSSOTA.]

Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
 Help, or yon ship is lost !
 Man the life boat ! man the life-boat !
 See how she's tempest-toss'd.
 Man the life boat ! man the life-boat !
 Help, or yon ship is lost !
 Man the life-boat ! man the life-boat !
 See how she's tempest toss'd !
 No human pow'r, in such an hour,
 The gallant bark can save !
 Her midmast gone, hurrying on,
 She seeks a wat'ry grave.
 Man the life boat ! man the life-boat !
 See the dreaded signal flies ;
 Ha ! she's struck, and from the rock
 Despairing shouts arise.
 And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
 Amidst the tempest, tempest wild ;
 For on the beach he cannot reach,
 He sees his wife, his wife and child.
 For on the beach, &c

Life-saving ark ! yon doomed bark
 Immortal souls doth bear !
 No gems of gold, nor wealth untold,
 But men brave men, are there !
 Oh, speed the life-boat ! speed the life-boat !
 O God, their efforts crown !
 She dashes on ! the ship is gone,
 Full forty fathoms down !
 Ah, see ! the crew are struggling now
 Amidst, amidst the billows' roar !
 They're in the boat ! they're all afloat !
 Hurrah ! they've gain'd the shore !
 Bless the life-boat ! bless the life-boat !
 No longer we'll despair.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

Recessed Verse.]

[Air—"The white cockade."]

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

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

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

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

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

[Music by James Hook.]

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main, the wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide ;
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
 The troubled main, &c.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore,
 No more the main I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve,
 I then with thee should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

THE SAILOR BOY.

Miss C. B. GRAHAM.]

[Music by FINLAY DUNN.]

I will think of my love in the moonlight,
 And my love will think of me,
 And I'll waft him a sigh on the light breeze,
 And he'll breathe one to heaven for me.
 Dear to me is the sailor boy,
 His bride I have promis'd to be ;
 And he's gone far away on the dark blue sea,
 To seek a rare gift for me.

He said he would bring me a casket of gold,
 And pearls to deck my hair ;
 But his heart is the only treasure I prize,
 His love is the gem I will wear.
 Then speed to the swelling sail,
 As it bounds o'er the dancing wave ;
 And blessings attend on the little bark
 That brings home my sailor brave.

MERRILY GOES THE BARK.

Sir W. SCOTT.]

[Music by MARRINGER]

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds,
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch Tua on their lee,
And they wakened the men of the wild Tíree,
And the chief of the sandy Coll.
They paused not at Columbia's Isle,
Though pealed the bell from the holy pile,
With long and measured toll.
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away to the billows' roll.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Rev. H. F. LYTT.]

[Music by Mrs. H. SHELTON.]

There is the lone, lone sea,
A spot unmark'd but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.
Down, down beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps, he sleeps serene and safe,
From tempest and from billow;
Where storms that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
The sea and him, in death,
They did not dare to sever:
It was his home when he had breath,
'Tis now his home for ever.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou mighty dead,
 A glorious tomb they've found thee;
 The broad blue sky above thee spread,
 The boundless ocean round thee.
 No vulgar foot treads here,
 No hand profane shall move thee;
 But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
 And warriors shout above thee.

O WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU. MY LAD.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mither an' a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
 An' comena unless the back yett be aje,
 Syne up the back style, an' let naebod see,
 An' come as ye werena comin' to me,
 An' come as ye werena comin' to me.
 O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er you meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye caredna a fee;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me.
 O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 An' whiles ye may lichtly my beauty a woo;
 But court na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
 O whistle, &c.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

S. J. ARNOLD.]

[Music by J. BRAHAM

The tear fell gently from her eye,
 When last we parted on the shore;
 My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
 To think I ne'er might see her more.
 Dear youth, she cried, and canst thou haste away?
 My heart will break—a little moment stay:
 Alas! I cannot, cannot part from thee;
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell, remember me!

Weep not, my love, I trembling said;
 Doubt not a constant mind like mine;
 I ne'er can meet another maid
 Whose charms can fix a heart like thine.
 Go, then, she cried, but let thy constant mind
 Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.
 Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be;
 The anchor's weigh'd—farewell, remember me!

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa' to Annie.
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till, 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me through the barley.
 Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie;
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly;
 I set her down wi' right good will
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owie and owie again
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin' ;
 I hae been joyfu' gatherin' gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin'.
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, &c.

THOSE WE LEFT BEHIND US.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts where'er we rove
 To those we've left behind us.

When round the bowl, of vanished years
 We talk with joyous seeming,
 With smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;

While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us ;
Oh ! sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing ;
So when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

LOGAN WATER.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride ;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winer, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his face,
Far, far frae me and Logau brae.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;

Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul delightless a' surveys,
 While Willie's far from Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush
 Among her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithful mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his sons her cares beguile.
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widowed nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O ! wae upon you men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes.

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

HENRY BRANDRETH.]

[Music by T. WILLIAMS.

To Bri ain's glorious walls of oak,
 Fill high the patriot glass ;
 To all who spurn oppression's yoke,
 Round let the goblet pass ;
 And lo ! where freedom's flag appears,
 Queen of the subject seas ;
 The flag that brav'd, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze.

O'er many a scene of purple war,
 From India's cocoa bowers,
 Hath victory's banner beam'd afar,
 From Saragossa's towers.
 Nor least when her proud flag she rears
 High o'er the subject seas ;
 The flag that brav'd, a thousand years,

THOSE SWEET WALKS IN SUMMER
TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.]

Oh! Mary, could we but recall
Again the calm and sunny past,
Before a shade fell over all
The brightness that we thought would last;
How sweet to us the world would be,
A realm of bliss, a fairy clime,
For oh! how dear to you and me
Were those sweet walks in summer time.

My Mary, those were happy hours,
For then our hearts were in their spring;
We deemed that life was strewed with flowers,
Nor knew what after years might bring.
Our spring has passed, and summer too,
But, in our autumn's golden prime,
Fond memory will again renew
All those sweet walks in summer time.

MY NANNIE, O.

[ROBERT BURNS.]

Behind yon hills, where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.
The westlin' wind blaws loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O!
 My riches a' my penny fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O
 Our auld gudeman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blithe that hands his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come woe, I carena by,
 I'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live an' love my Nannie, O.

THE KEEL ROW.

Oh, who so like my Johnnie,
 So leash, so blithe, so bonnie;
 He's foremost amongst the mony
 Keel lads of Coaly Tyne:
 He sits and rows so tightly,
 Or in the dance so sprightly,
 He cuts and shuffles lightly,
 'Tis true, were he not mine.
 Weel may the keel row.
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row,
 The ship that my lad's in.
 He wears a blue bonnet,
 Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
 He wears a blue bonnet,
 And a dimple on his chin.
 He wears a blue, &c.
 Weel may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Weel may the keel row,
 The ship that my lad's in.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
 The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky;
 All was safe stowed, the bowl was slung,
 When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:—

A sailor's life's the life for me,
 He takes his duty merrily;
 If winds can whistle, he can sing,
 Still faithful to his friend and king:
 He gets beloved by all the ship,
 And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on,
 To strike the top-gallant yards they run;
 And to land the sail prepar'd,
 Ned cheerily sings upon the yard,
 A sailor's life, &c.

A leak! a leak! come lads, behold,
 There's five feet water in the hold;
 Eager on deck, see Haulyard jump,
 And, bark! while working at the pump,
 A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel nought can save!
 She strikes, and finds a watery grave;
 Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more,
 Sings, as he treads a foreign shore,
 A sailor's life, &c.

And now, unnumber'd perils past,
 On land as well as sea, at last
 In tatters to his Poll and home,
 See honest Haulyard singing come,
 A sailor's life, &c.

But yet, for Haulyard what disgrace,
 Poll swears she never saw his face!
 He bans her for a faithless she,
 And singing goes again to sea,
 A sailor's life, &c.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

[ROBERT BURNS]

First when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven I thought was in her air,
 Now we're married, speir nae mair,
 But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Sweet and harmless as a child,
 Wiser men than me's beguiled;
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love, and how we 'gree,
 I carena by how few may see;
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write, but Meg wad see't,
 Sae whistle o'er the lave o't

SECOND VERSION.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 And come wi' me and be my dear,
 And then your every care and fear
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
 And a' the tunes that ere I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid
 Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

At kirms and weddings we'se be there,
 And, oh! sae nicely we will fare;
 We'll house about till Daddy Care
 Sings whistle o'er the lave o't

I am a fiddler, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pike,
 And sun oursel's about the dike;
 And at our leisure when ye like,
 We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am a fiddler, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle o'er the lave o't.
I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that e'er I played,
The sweetest still to wife or maid
Was whistle o'er the lave o't.

UNDERNEATH THE WINDOW.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER

Underneath your window—
Ah! you little knew
How I watched and waited
For one glimpse of you;
But to catch your shadow
Passing o'er the blind,
But to feel the presence
Of the form behind

Underneath your window,
When the sun was low,
Watching in the garden
Where the roses blow;
But to catch the murmurs
Of your latest song,
But to hear its music
Borne the breeze along.

Underneath your window,
Loitering at the gate;
But to know I'm near you,
Ah! how oft I wait;
Till the stars above me
Shine out clear and bright—
Then to faintly murmur,
"Sweet love mine—good night!"

DREAM ON, YOUNG HEARTS.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by N. J. SPOZZA.]

Dream on, young hearts, dream on, dream on,
 But dream of all things gay ;
 Dream that the morrow will be bright,
 As bright as yesterday.
 Wake not, wake not from scenes of bliss,
 Youth's dreams are ever fair ;
 Your world, it is a world of dreams,
 Wake not to ours of care.
 Dream on, young hearts, dream on, dream on,
 But dream of all things gay ;
 Dream that the morrow will be bright,
 And sweet as yesterday.

Like sudden meteors o'er our path,
 Bright joys, they flash and fly ;
 As sunshine yields to wintry clouds,
 As spring flowers bloom and die—
 So hope gives place to vain regrets,
 So grave succeeds to gay :
 So all that's fair a moment dwells,
 Then, blighted, dies away.
 Dream on, young hearts, &c.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

JAMES HOGG.]

[Air—"The blathrie o't."]

Come all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken.
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.
 When the kye come hame,
 When the kye come hame ;
 'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,
 When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgoner,
 Nor yet beneath the crown ;
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,
 Nor yet on bed of down :
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch,
 In the dell without a name,
 Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he loves to see,
 And up upon the tapmost bough,
 Oh, a happy bird is he !
 Then he pours his melting ditty,
 And love 'tis a' the theme,
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl,
 And the daisy turns a pea,
 And the bonnie lucken gowan
 Has fauldit up his e'e.
 Then the laverock fiae the blue list
 Draps down, and thinks nae shame
 To woo his bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright,
 The haill soul to beguile ;
 There's love in every whisper,
 And joy in every smile.
 Oh, who would choose a crown,
 Wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame ?

When the kye, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd
 That lingers on the hill ;
 His yowes are in the fauld,
 And his lambs are lying still ;

Yet lie downa gang to rest,
 For his heart is in a flame
 To meet his bonnie lassie
 When the kye come hame.
 When the kye, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—
 What comfort can they gi'e?
 And a' the arts that prey
 On man's life and libertie.
 Gi'e me the highest joy
 That the heart o' man can frame,
 My bonnie, bonnie lassie,
 When the kye come hame.
 When the kye, &c.

WILLIE WASTLE.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"The eight men of Moldart."]

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they called it Linkum-doddie;
 Willie was a wabster guild,
 Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie.
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 Oh Tinkler Madgie was her mither:
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.
 She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
 A whiskin' beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threatened ither;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.
 She's bow-bowghed, she's hen-shinned,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;

She has a hump upon her breast,
 'The twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.
 Auld handrons by the ingle sits,
 And wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieve, like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fy'e the Logan Water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"Miss Forbes's farewell to Banff."

'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 every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang
 Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.
 With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy.
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her hair like nature's vernal smile;
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!
 Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild:

But woman, nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Even there her other works are foiled
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.
 O, 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,
 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 of Ballochmyle.

WITH YO HEAVE HO.

[CHARLES DINDIN.]

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 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!
Now the ship is under weigh,
The breeze so willing,
The canvas filling,
The prest triangle cracks the stay,
 So taut 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 ev'ry tar,
To thank those tears for him that flow,
That from his true love he should go,
 With yo heave ho!

THE FIRST WHITE TRESS.

A silver tress is 'mid thy hair
I never saw before;
The first that Time hath woven there,
 To warn thee youth is o'er.
But think not I can love thee less
 Because thy youth departs;
Ah! no; that little silver tress
 More closely binds our hearts.
It is decreed that youth must pass—
 Why should it be deplored?
For in our child (as in a glass)
 I see thy charms restored.
Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face
 And nut-brown is her hair;
Like thine, sweet love, ere I could trace
 One tress of silver there.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

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 smi'e,
 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.

MY LAND.

[THOMAS DAVIS.]

She is a rich and rare land,
 Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.
 No men than hers are braver,
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.
 She's not a dull or cold land,
 No, she's a warm and bold land,
 Oh, she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border,
No friend within it pine!

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh, she's a true and rare land,
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

THE PILGRIM BIRD.

E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music by S. GLOVER*

Welcome, welcome to our island,
From thy home far, far away,
O'er the waters to the dry land,
For thou comest with the May.
Feather'd pilgrim, on thy light wing
'Thou hast flown to us once more,
And we love to see thy bright wing
Flit around the cottage door!
Giving hope to us of summer,
Sunny days and joyous times;
Welcome, welcome, fairy comer,
Pilgrim bird from sunny climes.

Welcome, welcome as the flowers
That awaited thy return
To thy old home, near to ours,
'Neath the eaves, or 'mid the fern;
In the season of our sorrow
Thou wert absent from thy nest,
Still we give to thee good-morrow,
As we would a welcome guest;
For you give us back the summer,
Sunny days and joyous times;
Welcome, welcome, fairy comer,
Pilgrim bird from sunny climes.

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

[MARY HOWITT.]

Barley-mowers here we stand,
 One, two, three, a steady band ;
 True of heart and strong of limb,
 Ready in our harvest trim ;
 All a-row with spirits blithe,
 Now we whet the bended scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Side by side now, bending low,
 Down the swaths of barley go,
 Stroke by stroke, as true as chime
 Of the bells, we keep in time ;
 Then we whet the ringing scythe,
 Standing 'm d the barley lithe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

After labour cometh ease ;
 Sitting now beneath the trees,
 Round we send the barley-wine,
 Life-infusing, clear and fine,
 Then refresh'd, alert, and blithe,
 Rise we all, and whet the scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Barley-mowers must be true,
 Keeping still the end in view ;
 One with all, and all with one,
 Working on till set of sun ;
 Bending all with spirits blithe,
 Whetting all at once the scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Day and night, and night and day,
 Time, the mower, will not stay
 We may hear him in our path
 By the falling barley-swath ;
 While we sing with spirits blithe,
 We may hear his ringing scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Time, the mower, cuts down all,
High and low, and great and small;
Fear him not, for we will grow
Ready like the field we mow;
Like the bending barley lithe,
Ready for Time's whetted scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

THE WOODS FOR ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by S. GLOVER.]

The woods, the woods! oh, where can be
A home so meet for the bold and free
As the greenwood shade of the woodland glade
That the giant oak has for ages made?
I love the woods in their leafy prime,
Where the spirit of freedom reigns sublime,
Where the growth of ages around me stand,
In the stately trees of my native land.
The woods, the woods, where all are free!
A life in the woods, the woods for me!

The woods, where a thousand voices sing,
How like youth in their flow'ry spring!
How like summer their leafy prime,
When manhood has mark'd life's statelier time.
How, when the leaves are falling round,
And life's autumn scatters the burden'd ground,
Like the falling leaves are the human race,
As they fall to their final resting place.
The woods, the woods, where all are free!
A life in the woods, the woods for me!

The woods, the woods: what hope for me
Gives the stately trunk of the old oak tree,
When winter hath blighted all beside,
And the ivy clings to his sturdy side,
Leaving him king in his green array,
Glorious even amid decay.

I would live as wild, and my death should be
 As honour'd and priz'd as the old oak tree.
 The woods, the woods, where all are free !
 A life in the woods, the woods for me !

THE WEDDING RING.

[C. NEATE.]

I give thee, dear, this little ring,
 This plain, this unadorned thing ;
 Yet well I ween, for love's own sake,
 The dearest gift that love can make ;
 For oh, how much of bliss is bound
 Within this small and holy round.

Oh bond, all earthly bonds above !
 It binds our joys together, love ;
 Henceforth there is no bliss for me,
 But 'tis reflected back from thee ;
 And not a smile that cheek shall wear
 But kindles up its fellow here.

It binds our woes together, too,
 Mine will be lighter shared by you ;
 And oh, if ever grief should dare
 That gentle heart to venture near,
 The joy, the mournful joy, 'twill be
 To sit beside and comfort thee

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

Bishop HEZEK]

[Music by B. HARRIS.]

I see them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play,
 Their lofty deeds and daring high
 Blend with the notes of victory ;
 And waving arms and banners bright
 Are glancing in the mellow light.

They're lost and gone, the noon is past—
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
 The moon is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,
 The clashing horn, they come, they come :
 Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep,
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
 The tramping hoofs brook no delay.
 With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn, they come, they come.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

[*Music by PARRY.*]

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet;
 I am my mammy's ain bairn,
 Nor of my hame am weary yet,
 And I would have ye learn, lads,
 That ye for me must tarry yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet;
 For I hae had my ain way,
 Nane dare to contradict me yet,
 So soon to say I wad obey,
 In truth I darena venture yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

DARLING NELL.

[THOMAS DAVIS.]

Why should not I take her unto my heart ?
She has not a morsel of guile or art ;
Why should not I make her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?
I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs ;
I think I've met some whom I loved as well—
But none who loved me like my Darling Nell.

She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
But she smothers her grief within her mind ;
And when my spirit is soft and fond,
She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond.
Oh, 'twould teach the thrushes to hear her sing ;
And her sorrow the heart of a rock would wring ;
There never was saint but would leave his cell,
If he thought he could marry my Darling Nell.

THE SEA-BIRD'S MESSAGE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. L. HIME.]

One wintry night I wandered
To the margin of the wave,
Where a sea-bird, flying inland,
Strove his weary wing to lave ;
He hover'd round and round me,
On my face his cold eye bent,
As though he bore a message
To me o'er the billows sent.
"Oh! tell me, weary sea-bird,
Thou hast journeyed long and late,
Dost thou bear to me a token?
Art a messenger of fate?
Hast thou left thy mate behind thee
In this pilgrimage of thine?
Or art come but to remind me
I may never more meet mine?"

The strange bird round and round me
Hovered thrice, then put to sea,
There he left me, pale and lonely,
Sad of heart as sad could be;
I have watched and I have waited,
Seasons three have now passed o'er
Since that lonely bird departed,
But my loved one comes no more.

DEAR KATE.

JACOB COLE.]

[*Music* by J. MONRO

Dear Kate, thy charms were like the rose
Hid in a lonely dale;
When, sweet as any flower that blows
I found thee in the vale;
And tho' I had till that blest hour
Been like the roving bee,
I could not leave so sweet a flower,
So dear wert thou to me.

For thee, dear maid, the town I'll leave,
To thee my wreath resign,
And in thy lonely vale I'll live,
Sweet Kate, if thou'lt be mine;
And when I share thy rural cot,
My joy of life shall be,
To please thy every wish and thought,
And live alone for thee.

When village pastimes on the green
Invite us forth at eve,
With thee I'll join each festive scene,
And taste the joys they give;
And when the rural dance we share
My heart unchanged shall be,
For though the fairest nymphs be there
I'll fondly turn to thee.

THE SUNSHINE OF OUR HOME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by E. LAND.]

Yes! a light has left our dwelling,
In a brighter sphere to roam;
For 'twas she who made our summer,
"The sunshine of our home."
When we sat beneath the threshold,
In the evening long ago,
And we gaz'd upon her beauty
Till our tears began to flow,
We thought, e'en then, such brightness
Had more of heav'n than earth,
And we trembled for the future,
And a fear came with our mirth.
The years have glided o'er us,
And the flow'rs have passed away,
And have come once more and faded,
And again there blooms the May;
But the light step and the laughter
Of the merry-hearted child
Are heard not 'neath the threshold,
Where in beauty once she smil'd:
But we sit there in the sunset,
And our thoughts they heav'nward roam,
To the "lost" who made our summer,
"The sunshine of our home."

THE SOLDIER-BOY.

[DR. WILLIAM MAGINN.]

I gave my soldier boy a blade
In fair Damascus fashion'd well;
Who first the glittering falchion sway'd,
Who first beneath its fury fell?
I know not, but I hope to know,
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

Cold, calm, and clear the lucid flood,
 In which the tempering work was done;
 As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
 Be thou whene'er it sees the sun.
 For country's claim, at honour's call,
 For outraged friend, insulted maid;
 At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
 I gave my soldier boy a blade.
 The eye which mark'd its peerless edge,
 The hand that weigh'd its balanced poise,
 Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
 Are gone with all their flame and noise,
 And still the gleaming sword remains;
 So when in dust I low am laid,
 Remember by those heart-felt strains,
 I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"The Birks of Abergeldy."]

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonnie lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Abergeldy?
 Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Abergeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.
 While o'er their heads the hazels bing,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Abergeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.
 The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep rowing fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
 The birks of Abergeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
 And risin' weets wi' misty show'rs
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

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

Bonnie lassie, &c.

O POORTITH CAULD.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."]'

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgi'e,
 An't werena for my Jeanie.
 Oh, why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on fortune's shining?

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

Her e'en, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye—
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 Oh, why, &c.

Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 Oh, wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 Oh, why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate,
 He wooes his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles wealth and state,
 Can never mak' him eerie.
 Oh, why, &c.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

R. Burns.]

[Air—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh! her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh! her dreams are eerie,
 And oh! her widowed heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.
 When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I but be eerie?
 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how dreary;
 It wadna hae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

THE SUNNY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. HARRAWAY

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
 How soon, how soon they pass away,
 Like flowers, like flowers in the wild wood
 That once bloom'd fresh and gay;
 But the perfume of the flowers,
 And the freshness of the heart,
 Live but a few brief hours,
 And then for aye depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feeling now displays;
For time hath chang'd for ever
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know, oh ! never,
These sunny hours again.

TIME AND LOVE.

[J. G. GRANT.]

Poets tell us that time hath wings,
And I think it's true, I think it's true;
He is one of the fleetest feather'd things
That ever flew, that ever flew;
For have I not loved ? and have I not felt
How love's sweet hours to moments melt ?
And sweet with delight
Is day in its flight,
And we chide the dawn that chases the night.
Now when hath Time these rapid wings ?
Now when doth Time so swiftly fly ?
I hear a bird that sweetly sings,
And to my soul glad answer brings—
"When those we love are nigh!"
Ah ! Time hath crutches as well as wings !
And oft, no creeping thing except,
He is one of the slowest creeping things
That ever crept, that ever crept;
For have I not loved, yet, day by day,
Felt moments creep like ages away ?
And over my head,
With feet of lead,
Coldly, darkly, heavily tread ?
Now when doth Time thus lose his wings ?
Now when goes Time thus crawling on ?
With other voice the sweet bird sings,

STEADY SHE GOES, ALL'S WELL.**THOMAS MORTON.]****[Music by PARRY.]**

The British tar no peril knows,
But, fearless, braves the stormy deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
That sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes, all's well!
While to the main-top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate or lovely Sue.
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes, all's well!

ONE KIND WORD BEFORE WE PART.**J. E. CARPENTER.]****[Music by E. L. HIME.]**

When the bleak wind kills the flower,
Then the clouds drop gentle rain,
So a smile in sorrow's hour,
Bids the heart its peace regain;
We have wept each other's sorrow,
Shared our joys, lived heart in heart;
Shall we not be friends to-morrow?
One kind word before we part.
If in anger I have spoken,
Be it thine but to forgive;
E'en while friendship's links are broken
Memory of the past will live.
Mine alone shall be the sorrow;
Take me back into your heart;
Yes, we shall be friends to-morrow—

THE SLAVE GIRL'S LOVE.

J. E. CARPENTIER.]

[Music by E. LAND

They tell me that I cannot love
 Because I am a slave ;
 Does then the Spirit throned above
 Mock passions that he gave ?
 I feel that He who granted power
 To watch the budding tree,
 And mark each beauteous op'ning flower,
 Denied not love to me.
 Ah ! deem not that I cannot love
 Because I am a slave.

What tho' they tore me from the plains,
 My heart is there enshrined ;
 What tho' I cannot burst their chains,
 My soul they cannot bind ;
 And yet they spurn me when I weep,
 And mourn from day to day,
 Because I name him in my sleep,
 And slowly pine away.
 Ah ! deem not that I cannot love
 Because I am a slave.

PILGRIM SONG.

[GEORGE LUNT.]

Over the mountain wave, see where they come !
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home ;
 Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
 There their song peals along, deep-toned and free :
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home !"
 England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom ;
 Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their perfume ;
 Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
 Native land, native land—home far away.
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home !"

Dim grew the forest-path ; onward they trod ;
 Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting to God ;
 Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song ;
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along :

“ Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! ”

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast ;
 Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they pass'd !
 Green be their mossy graves ! ours be their fame !
 While their song peals along, ever the same :

“ Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! ”

THE QUESTIONER.

[R. NICOLL.]

I ask not for his lineage,
 I ask not for his name—
 If manliness be in his heart,
 He noble birth may claim.
 I care not though of world's wealth,
 But slender be his part,
 If “ Yes ” you answer, when I ask—
 Hath he a true man's heart ?
 I ask not from what land he came,
 Nor where his youth was nursed—
 If pure the stream, it matters not
 The spot from whence it burst.
 The palace or the hovel,
 Where first his life began,
 I seek not of; but answer this—
 Is he an honest man ?
 Nay, blush not now—what matters it
 Where first he drew his breath ?
 A manger was the cradle-bed
 Of Him of Nazareth !
 Be nought, be any, everything—
 I care not what you be,
 If “ Yes ” you answer, when I ask—
 Art thou pure, true, and free ?

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird !
 They've taen awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
 Who play'd on the pipe and the viol sac sma ;
 They've taen awa' Jamie, the flow'r o' them a' .
 He said, " Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa' ,
 For I'll come and see you in spite of them a' ."

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a hadden, and siller forby ;
 But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.

He said, " Think na lang, lassie," &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;
 Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're nae half sac dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, " Think na lang, lassie," &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that likes me sac weel :
 He had but ae sixpence, he brak' it in twa,
 And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa' .
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa' ;
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na' awa' :
 The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa' ,
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a' .

BILL BOBSTAY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
 As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true ;
 He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
 The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew !
 But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
 He went through his fortune, was kind without end ;
 " For money," cried Bill, " and them there sort of
 matters,
 What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a
 friend ?

"There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,

First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should
rock her,

Tho' she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

„ Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spite
of their crosses,

And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore.'

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they
measure,

By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

"Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?

If they mean that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.

The right of us Britons we know to be loyal,

In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend?"

REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

[UPTON.]

'Twas ten o'clock, one moonlight night—

I ever shall remember—

When every star shone twinkling bright,

In frosty dark December,

When at the window tap, tap, tap,

I heard a certain well-known rap,

And with it, too, these words most clear,
 "Remember ten o'clock, my dear,
 Remember, love, remember!"

My mother doz'd before the fire,
 My dad his pipe was smoking;
 I dare not for the world retire—
 Now was not that provoking?
 At length, the old folks fast asleep,
 I flew my promised word to keep;
 And, sure, his absence to denote,
 He on the window-shutter wrote,
 "Remember, love, remember!"
 And did I heed a treat so sweet?
 O yes! for mark the warning,
 Which said at church we were to meet
 At ten o'clock next morning.
 And there we met, no more to part,
 To twine for ever hand and heart;
 And since that day, in wedlock join'd,
 The window shutter brings to mind,
 "Remember, love, remember!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love!
 New hope may bloom, and days may come,
 Of milder, calmer beam;
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.
 Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's part,
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last.

He'll never meet a joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sang to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at ev'ry close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.
No ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd :
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On mem'ry's waste !
'Twas odour fled as soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream !
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream ;
Oh ! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

LITTLE TAFFLINE.

[*Music* by STORACE.]

Should e'er the fortune be my lot
To be made a wealthy bride,
I'll glad my parent's lowly cot,
All their pleasure and their pride ;
And when I'm dress'd all in my best,
Like lady gay I'll trip away,
And the lads will cry,
Dear heart, what a flash !
Look at little Taffline with her silken sash.
Oh then, what pleasure to be seen,
When the lads at evening meet ;
With silken sash of pink or green,
Silken roses on my feet,
How folk will stare
As I go by !
See, see, they'll say,
Her flaunty air :
And the lads will cry,
Dear heart what a flash !
Look at little Taffline with her silken sash.

HE LOVES AND HE RIDES AWAY.

[Music by C. C. HORN.]

At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen
 A page with a courser black,
 There came out a knight of a noble mien,
 And he leap'd on the courser's back :
 His arms were bright, his heart was light,
 And he sang the merry lay—
 How jollily lives a fair young knight,
 He loves and rides away.

A lady look'd over the castle wall,
 And she heard the knight thus sing ;
 'Tis lady's tears began to fall,
 And her hands began to wring :—
 "And didst thou then thy mistress plight ?
 And was it but to betray ?
 Ah ! tarry awhile, my own dear knight—
 In pity don't ride away !"

The knight of her tears he took no heed,
 Whilst scornful laugh'd his eye ;
 He gave the spur to his prancing steed—
 "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye !"
 And soon he vanished from her sight,
 Whilst she was heard to say—
 "Ah, ladies, beware of a false young knight—
 He'll love and he'll ride away."

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[Music by ROSINI.]

Green hills of Tyrol ! again I see
 The home of childhood so dear to me ;
 Again I press your verdant shade,
 Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd ;
 Once more I am near him,
 My own one ! my fond one !

Again I shall hear him
 Love's accent repeat ;
 While to his sighs
 My heart replies,
 And every glance is soft and sweet.
 Green hills of Tyrol, &c.

From yonder woodland, sounding clear,
 His merry bugle-note I hear ;
 With eye of hawk and falchion keen,
 He comes, he comes, my Tyrolien !
 Once more I behold him,
 My dear one ! my fond one !
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien !
 Haste ! haste, my love ! why linger now ?
 The sun is shedding his parting glow ,
 The chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
 And homeward wanders the mountain maid.

Oh ! come, then, and cheer me,
 My own one ! my fond one !
 Again thou shalt hear me sing love's tender strain,
 While ev'ry note my lips repeat,
 As soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again.
 Then haste, my love ! why linger now ?
 The sun is shedding, &c.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his well-known cry,
 While answering echo makes reply ;
 Now, now he waves his scarf of green,
 He comes ! he comes, my Tyrolien !
 Once more I behold him, &c.

N OLD MAN WOULD BE WOOING.

[*Music by Sir H. BISHOP.*]

An old man would be wooing
 A damsel gay and young ;
 But she, when he was suing,
 For ever laugh'd and sung—

"An old man, an old man,
Will never do for me;
For May and December
Sure never can agree."

She sung till he was dozing—
A youth by fortune bless'd,
While guardy's eyes were closing,
Her hand delighted press'd.
An old man, &c.

Then kneeling, trembling, creeping—
I vow 'twas much amiss—
He watched the old man sleeping,
And softly stole a kiss.
An old man, &c.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE ?

[*Music by CORFE.*]

Could a man be secure
That his life would endure,
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What arts might he know,
What acts might he do,
And all without hurry or care !
But we that have but span-long lives,
The thicker must lay on the pleasure,
And since time will not stay,
We'll add night unto day,
And thus we'll fill up the measure.

THE GREEN BUSHES.

[AN OLD ENGLISH DITTY.]

As I was walking, one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle, and see lambkins play,
I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the green bushes, where she chanc'd to
me.

"Oh! why are you loitering here, pretty maid?"
"I'm waiting for my true love," softly she said;
"Shall I be your true love, and will you agree
To leave your own true love, and follow with me?"

'I'll give you fine beavers, and fine silken gowns;
I'll give you smart petticoats flounc'd to the ground;
I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,
If you'll leave your true love, and follow with me?"

"I want none of your beavers, nor fine silks nor hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes;
But if you'll be constant and true unto me,
I'll leave my own true love, and marry with thee.

"Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please—
Oh! let us be going from under these trees;
For yonder is coming my true love, I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet
me."

And when he came there, and found she was gone,
He look'd very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,
"She's gone with another, and forsaken me,
And left the green bushes, where she vowed to meet
me."

FORGIVE, BLESS'D SHADE.

[*Music* by Dr. CALCOTT.]

Forgive, bless'd shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,—
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

ANNIE O' THE CLYDE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by C. W. GLOVER

Auld Scotland's hills are blithe and free,
 But I maun gang awa,
 Though partin' frae my Highland hame
 May brak' my heart in twa.
 For me na mair the heather bell
 Shall bloom in purple pride;
 A Lawlan' laird has won the heart
 O' Annie o' the Clyde.

Oh! sweet it was at gawden morn
 To see the wild roe spring,
 Or where the gleesome burnie rins,
 To hear the birdies sing.
 Oh! had my luv been Highland born,
 That I might there abide;
 There ne'er can be a scene sae dear
 To Annie o' the Clyde.

A tear is standing in my e'e,
 An' grief is in my heart;
 Now I maun say farewell to all,
 From all that love me part:
 And yet within this ham'-sick heart,
 True luv has conquer'd pride,
 For luv is countrie, hame, and a'
 To Annie o' the Clyde.

FROM DISTANT CLIMES.

E. FITZBALL.]

[Music by G. H. RUSSELL.

From distant climes a troubadour,
 I make in every court my stay;
 'Neath rustic porch and silken dome
 I tune my merry minstrel lay;
 But most where love delights to dwell,
 'Mid knights who sigh for ladies' hand;
 They welcome with soft music's spell
 The troubadour from distant land.

Where nectar brims the rosy bowl
 My soul in festive glee can join,
 And mellow every sparkling draught,
 Like sunshine on the purpling vine.
 But most where love entwines the brow
 With garlands wrought by ladies' hand,
 'Neath moonlight bowers you're sure to know
 The troubadour from distant land.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

ELISA COOK.]

[Music by S. NELSON.

Our native song, our native song,
 Oh, where is he who loves it not?
 The spell it holds is deep and strong,
 Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
 Let other music greet our ear,
 With thrilling fire or dulcet tone,—
 We speak to praise—we pause to hear,
 But yet, oh yet, 'tis not our own!
 The anthem chant—the ballad wild—
 The notes that we remember long,
 The theme we sang with lisping tongue,
 'Tis this we love—our native song.

Self-exil'd from our place of birth,
 To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,
 The memory of our own fair earth
 May chance awhile to fade away.
 But should some minstrel echo fall
 Of chords that breathe old England's fame,
 Our souls will yearn, our spirits burn,
 True to the happy land we claim.
 With high or low, in weal or woe,
 Be sure there's something coldly wrong
 About the heart that does not glow
 To hear its own, its native song.

FAIR FLORA DECKS THE FLOW'RY GROUND.

[*Music by DANBY.*]

Fair Flora decks the flow'ry ground,
And plants the bloom of May,
And ev'ry hill and ev'ry vale
Appears unwonted gay:
The pretty warblers of the grove
Assume their various notes;
The echoing woods responsive sound
The music of their throats.

Lead on, my Celia,—quit the town,
And banish ev'ry care;
O haste, my Celia, haste away,
To breathe the rural air.
Fair Flora decks, &c.

THE LIGHT BARK.

[*Music by CRAVEN.*]

Off, off, said the stranger, off, off, and away,
And away flew the light bark o'er the silvery bay;
We must reach ere to-morrow the far distant wave,
The billows we'll laugh at, the tempest we'll brave;
The young roving lovers their vow has been given,
Unsmiled on by mortals but hallowed in heaven:
She was Italy's daughter, I know by her eye,—
It wore the bright beam that illumines her sky.

Off, off, said the stranger, off, off, and away,
And away flew the light bark o'er the silvery bay.
And she has forsaken her palace and halls,
For the chill breeze and the light which falls
O'er the pure wave from the heavens above,
And their guiding star was the bright star of love.
Off, off, said the stranger, off, off, and away,
And away flew the light bark o'er the silvery bay.

MY OWN BLUE BELL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[Music by A. L. E.]

My own blue bell,
 My pretty blue bell,
 I never will rove where roses dwell,
 My wings you view,
 Of your own bright hue,
 And oh! never doubt my heart's true blue.
 Though oft, I own,
 I've carelessly flown,
 To sip of each bud that is newly blown,
 I now have done
 With folly and fun,
 For there's nothing like constancy under the sun
 My own blue bell &c

Some belles are blues,
 Invoking the muse,
 And talking of vast intellectual views,
 Their crow-quill's tip
 In the ink they dip,
 And they prate with the lore of a learned lip.
 Blue belles like these
 May be wise as they please,
 But I love my blue that bends in the breeze.
 Pride passes her by,
 But she charms my eye,
 With a tint that resembles the cloudless sky.
 My own blue bell, &c

THE LASS WI' THE BONNIE BLUE
EEN.

RICHARD RYAN]

[Scotch Air.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
 Her cheek like the roses, but fresher, I ween,—
 She's the loveliest lass that trips on the green.

The home of my love is below in the valley,
 Where wild flowers welcome the wandering bee;
 But the sweetest flower in that spot that is seen,
 Is the maid that I love, wi' the bonnie blue een.

O, saw ye the lass, &c.

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

O, saw ye the lass, &c.

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[Music by J. BARNETT.]

Day has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow,
 Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
 Night hurries on, earth and ocean to cover:
 Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover.

'Twas by thy light he first stole forth to woo me—
 Brighter since then hast thou ever seem'd to me;
 Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over—
 Thine is the light of all lights to a lover.

MY FATHER LAND.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[Music by J. BARNETT.]

I hear them speak of my father land,
 And feel like a mountain child,
 When they tell of the gallant yager band,
 And the chamois bounding wild,—
 Of the snow-capp'd hills to heaven they soar
 Where the avalanches fall,
 And the chalet's joys when the chase is o'er,
 And the Ranz-des-vaches they call,

And when the tear would dim my eyes,
 I raise the Alpin lay;
 In the rapid's roar I drown my sighs,
 And dance sad thoughts away!
 La, la, la, &c.

O'er the mighty Hudson's banks I roam,
 Through our giant forests stray,
 And breathe a sigh for that mountain home,
 And the joys so far away;
 In thought, at eve, I join each sport,
 And the pastor's blessing share,
 With the maidens in their kirtles short,
 And their golden-bodkin'd hair,
 And when the tear, &c.

O! DO YOU REMEMBER.

J. A. WADE.]

[Music by J. A. WADE.

Oh! do you remember the first time I met you?
 Your cheeks breathing roses, your eyes beaming blue;
 Yet so tenderly sweet, as if evening had let you
 Mix twilight and flow'rs into their lovely hue.
 Slowly was the night-bell ringing,
 Faint and sweet the vesper singing,
 Short the moments I could gaze upon thy beauty's smile.
 Ding dong bell, I sighed farewell,
 But through hapless nights and days, and many a weary
 mile,
 I did remember, remember, love, remember,
 Ding dong, evening bell,
 Ding dong bell.

Oh, yes! tho' my path was on mountain or billow,
 Still, still on thy loveliness fondly I hung;
 At night-time thou wert the sweet dream of my pillow,
 By day, love, the music my memory sung.
 Slowly was the night-bell, &c.

HAPPY BE THY DREAMS.**J. E. CARPENTER.]****[Music by J. R. THOMAS.]**

Oh ! happy, happy be thy dreams,
Bright be the vision that before thee lies ;
May radiant hills and blue unclouded streams,
Mirror'd in beauty, fill thy dreaming eyes :
Sleep, 'tis thy mother watches by thy side ;
May all good angels guard thee still, my pride ;
Pure as yon star that o'er thee mildly beams,
Oh ! happy, happy be thy dreams.

Oh ! happy, happy be thy lot,
Long still thy mother's tender love to share,
Never to thee that love shall whisper not,
E'en when heaven has called thy mother there.
Sleep, if angels earth-ward turn their eyes,
I will watch thee from the radiant skies :
From yon star that o'er thee mildly beams—
Then happy, happy be thy dreams !

WHO DEEPLY DRINKS OF WINE.

Gaily still my moments roll,
While I quaff the flowing bowl ;
Care can never reach the soul
Who deeply drinks of wine.

See the lover, pale with grief,
Bind his brow with willow leaf ;
But his heart soon finds relief
From drinking deep of wine.

Eyes of fire, and lips of dew,
Cheeks that shame the rose's hue,
Dearer those to me, or you,
Who deeply drinks of wine.

WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I
KNEW.[*Music by JACKSON.*]

When first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove ;
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.
By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestowed ;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nectar flow'd.
Content and peace this dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh ;
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd,
What gold could never buy.
No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

THE MAY-FLY.

MARY ROBINSON.]

[*Music by CALCOTT*

Poor insect ! what a little day
Of sunny bliss is thine !
And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
And bid'st them spreading shine.
Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast ;
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How short that noon has pass'd !
A shower would lay thy beauty low,
The dew of twilight be
The torrent of thy overthrow,
Thy storm of destiny.
Then, insect, spread thy shining wing,
Hum on thy busy lay ;
For man, like thee, has but his spring,
Like thine it fades away.

TIME HAS NOT THINN'D.

[*Music by JACKSON, of Exeter.*]

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruits demand?
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleased, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old.

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his wearied feet;
And to the shelter of the grave
He's made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath
To arms shall call in vain;
Ned's quartered in the arms of death—
He'll never march again.
A boy he left his father's home
The chance of war to try;
O'er regions yet untrod to roam—
No friend or brother nigh.
Yet still he marched contented on;
Met danger, death, and pain:
But now he halts—his toil is done,
He'll never march again.
The sweets of spring by beauty's hand
Lie scattered o'er his bier;
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Drop honest Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she viewed the dreadful sight,
He'll never march again.

TELL HER, I'LL LOVE HER.

[Music by W. SHIELD.]

Tell her, I'll love her while the clouds drop rain,
Or, where there's water in the pathless main ;
Tell her I'll love her till this life is o'er,
And then my ghost shall visit this sweet shore ;
Tell her, I'll only ask she'll think of me—
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea.
Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er again,
I'll love her while there's salt within the main.
Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er—
The anchor's weigh'd, or I would tell her more !

ISABEL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[Music by Sir H. R. Bishop

And when at length, in lovely bowers.
 Some happier youth you see ;
 And you cull for him spring's evening flowers,
 And he sings of love to thee ;
 When you laugh with him at these banished hours,
 O tell him to love like me,
 ——— Isabel, Isabel, &c.

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

Sir W. Scott.]

[*Music by Bishop.*

'The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day ;
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful halloo :
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Grigalach !

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her
 towers,

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach !

But, doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
 M'Gregor has still both his heart and his sword :
 Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach !

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with
 beagles,
 Give their roof to the flames, and their flesh to the
 eagles !

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach !

While there's leaves in the forest, or foam on the river,
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever :

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall
 career,

O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt :

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !

PRETTY STAR OF THE NIGHT.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[Music by Mrs. WAYLET.]

The daylight has long been sunk under the billow,
 And Zephyr its absence is mourning with sighs;
 Then quickly, my dearest, arise from your pillow,
 And make the night day with the light of your eyes
 For fairer than you no one ever may prove,
 The bright mould that formed you they've broken,
 my love;

And now you alone can your image renew,
 Then oh, for creation's sake, rise, dearest, do!
 The daylight has long, &c.

Pretty star of my soul, heaven's stars all outshining,
 Sweet dream of my slumbers!—ah, love, pray you,
 rise;

Euchantress, all hearts in your fetters entwining,
 To my ears you are music, and light to my eyes.
 To my anguish you're balm, to my pleasures you're
 bliss,
 To my touch you are joy; there's the world in your
 kiss;

Day is not day if your presence I miss,
 Ah, no, 'tis a night, cold and cheerless as this.
 Pretty star of my soul, &c.

MY NATIVE HILLS.

E. FITZBALL.]

[Music by Sir H. BISHOP.]

I love the hills, my native hills,
 O'er which so oft I've strayed;
 The shading trees, the murm'ring rills,
 Where I in childhood play'd.
 I love to feel the breezes blow
 Upon the hills so free;
 Where'er I am, where'er I go,
 My native hills for me!

I love the hills, my native hills,
 All purple with the heath—
 Those fertile grounds the peasant tills,
 And the woodlands far beneath.
 When fancied joys in hope I view,
 I think those hills I see ;
 Where'er I am, where'er I go,
 My native hills for me.

THEY MOURN ME DEAD.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by G. H. RODWELL

RECITATIVE.

They mourn me dead in my father's halls ;
 The black banner waves o'er its tower ;
 While bitterly weeps my forsaken love
 In her long-neglected bower.

AIR.

Oh ! maiden, cease those pearly tears,
 And give thy lute its tone ;
 For a penitent knight returns to thine arms,
 And the joys of the days that are gone.

A penitent knight, &c.

The harp shall sound in my father's hall,
 The gay minstrel merrily sing,
 And the village bells greeting my glad return,
 Our sweet bridal peal shall ring :
 Then, maiden, cease thy pearly tears,
 And give thy lute its tone ;
 For a penitent knight returns to thine arms,
 And the joys of the days that are gone.

A penitent knight, &c.

THE BANNERS OF BLUE.

SIDNEY WALLER.]

[*Music* by SIDNEY WALLER.

Strike up, strike up, Scottish minstrels so gay,
 Tell of Wallace, that brave warlike man ;
 Sing also of Bruce, your banners display,
 While each chief leads on his bold clan.

Here's success, Caledonia, to thee,
To the sons of the thistle so true;
Then march, gaily march, so cantie and free,
There's none like the banners so blue.

March on, march on, march on, to the brazen trumpet's
sound :

How quickly in battle, in battle array,
Each brave highland chief assembles his men,
And they march, and they march, to the bagpipes so gay.
Here's success, Caledonia, &c.

AWAY, AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music by* ALEX. LEE.

Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving ;
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the stream is gently laving ;
And beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose as it opes to the day ;
While the zephyr that breathes through the flowr'y dell
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving.
Away, away, to the mountain's brow,
Where the stream is gently laving.
Away, away, to the rocky glen,
Where the deer are wildly bounding,
And the hills shall echo in gladness again,
To the hunter's bugle sounding ;
While beauty, my love, on thy cheek shall dwell,
Like the rose as it opes to the day,
While the zephyr that breathes through the flowery del
Shakes the sparkling dew-drops away.

Away, away, &c.

THE ROSE WILL CEASE TO BLOW.

R. GUILLOTT.]

[Music by R. GUILLOTT.]

The rose will cease to blow,
 The eagle turn a dove,
 The stream will cease to flow,
 Ere I will cease to love.
 Ere I will cease, &c.

The sun will cease to shine,
 The world will cease to move,
 The stars their light resign,
 Ere I will cease to love.
 Ere I will cease, &c.

PRUDENCE AND PLEASURE.

JACOB COLE.]

{ Air—"Common Sense and Genius,"
 { (Moore's National Melodics).

Colin, when a youth,
 Thought he could discover
 In Prudence so much truth
 That he became her lover;
 Prudence thus controll'd
 All his hours of leisure,
 Till one day, we're told,
 He fell in love with Pleasure.
 Mine's a simple strain,
 Neither gay nor witty;
 But I hope you'll gain
 A moral from my ditty.

Colin now pursued
 Pleasure's fond persuading,
 Every hour renewed
 Joys that still were fading;
 But, tho' Pleasure's ways
 New delights might give him,
 Prudence, lingering, stays,
 And didn't like to leave him.
 Mine's a, &c.

Thus did Colin share
 Happiest hours that glided,
 While his wanderings were
 All by Prudence guided ;
 But one fatal day
 Thoughtless Pleasure took him
 So far in Folly's way,
 That Prudence quite forsook him.
Mine's a, &c.

Prudence having gone,
 They ne'er grieved about her,
 But went careless on
 To range the world without her.
 Thus was Colin led
 Till his peace was banished ;
 For when Prudence fled,
 Pleasure's charms all vanished.
Mine's a, &c.

THE LETTER.

"A small spark attached to the wick of the candle is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it turns."

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

Fare thee well, love, now thou art going
 Over the wild and trackless sea ;
 Smooth be its waves and fair the wind blowing,
 Though 'tis to bear thee far from me.
 But when, on the waste of ocean,
 Some happy home-bound bark you see,
 Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion,
 To send a letter back to me.
 Think of the shore thou'st left behind thee,
 Even when reaching a brighter strand ;
 Let not the golden glories blind thee,
 Of that gorgeous Indian land ;
 Send me not its diamond treasures,
 Nor pearls from the depth of its sunny sea ;
 But tell me of all your woes and pleasures,
 In a long letter back to me.

But while dwelling in lands of pleasure,
 Think, as you bask in the bright sunshine,
 That while the lingering time I measure,
 Sad and wintry hours are mine.
 Lonely, by my taper weeping,
 And watching the spark of promise to see,
 All for that bright spark my night-watch keeping,
 For, oh, 'tis a letter, love, from thee !
 To say that soon thy sail will be flowing
 Homeward to bear thee over the sea ;
 Calm be the waves, and swift the wind blowing,
 For, oh, thou art coming back to me.

A DEEP AND MIGHTY SHADOW.

[BARRY CORNWALL.]

A deep and mighty shadow
 Across my heart is thrown,
 Like the cloud on a summer meadow,
 Where the thunder-wind hath blown.
 The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
 The sweet bird, Memory, flieth,
 And leaveth me alone.

Alone with my helpless sorrow,
 No other mate I know !
 I strive to awake to-morrow,
 But the dull words will not flow !
 I pray—but my prayers are driven
 Aside, by the angry Heaven,
 And weigh me down with woe !

I call on the past to lend me
 Its songs, to soothe my pain ;
 I bid the dim future send me
 A light from his eyes, in vain !
 Nought comes—but a shrill cry starteth
 From Hope, as she fast departeth—
 " I go, and come not again !"

THOU ART GONE !

J. T. HAINES.]

[Music by W. M. BROOKS.]

Thou art gone, and no voice in thy lov'd tone sings,
But my heart needs no voice to wake Memory's strings:
Thou art gone, but a lovely and pitying sprite
Is whispering thy name—'tis the breath of the night.

Oh, love, thou art absent—yet thou art near,
Nor the song you loved, comes on my ear;
The notes of thy lute in the breezes play,
All whispering thy name—thou art far away !

Mine eyes see the turf where thy feet have been,
My cheek feels thy kiss, which no eye hath seen;
Thou art gone, but a lovely and pitying sprite
Now whispers thy name—'tis the breath of the night.

LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME
WIDE SCENE.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float.
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should like to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we speed, far, far away !
Should chilling winds and rains come on,,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour;
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay;
But, happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
 Down which life's currents all must go;
 The dark, the brilliant, destined all,
 To sink into the void below.
 Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
 If side by side still fond we keep,
 And calmly in each other's arms,
 Together link'd go down the steep.

AWAKE, AWAKE, MINE OWN LOVE.

JOHN INLAH.]

[*Music by J. DEPINNA.*

Awake, awake, mine own love,
 And list my lute and lay,
 Ere favouring night hath flown, love,
 Before the coming day.
 The night is calm and sweet, love,
 The hour of all most meet, love;
 And steeds are nigh and fleet, love,
 To bear us both away.

Away, &c.

The heavens are beaming bright, love,
 With many a starry ray!
 But ope thine eyes of light, love,
 And turn the night to day.
 For far more fair and clear, love,
 All seems when thou art near, love,
 But ah! how dark and drear, love,
 When thou art far away.

Away, &c.

Awake thee, then, my own love,
 Haste, haste—we must away;
 Quick from thy lattice down, love—
 There's danger in delay.
 How gaily, side by side, love,
 The bridegroom and the bride, love,
 Over hill and dale shall ride, love,
 Away! away! away!

Away, &c

SLEEP, MY LOVE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[Music by S. LOVER.]

Sleep, my love—sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are hidden from me ;
Why shouldst thou waken to sorrows like mine, love,
While thou may'st, in dreaming, taste pleasure
divine, love,
For blest are visions of slumbers like thine, love—
So sleep, thee, nor know who says, " Farewell to thee !"

Sleep, my love,—sleep, my love,
Wake not to weep, my love,
Though thy sweet eyes are all hidden from me :
Hard 'tis to part without one look of kindness,
Yet sleep resembles fond Love, in his blindness,
And thy look would enchain me again ; so I find less
Of pain, to say, " Farewell, sweet slumb'rer, to thee !"

THE CHILD AND THE GOSSAMER.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[Music by S. LOVER]

A sunbeam was playing thro' flow'rs that hung
Round a casement, that look'd to the day,
And its bright touch waken'd a child, who sung
As it woke, and began its play ;
And it play'd with the gossamer beam that shed
Its fairy brightness around its head :
Oh 'twas sweet to see that child so fair,
At play with the dazzling things of air.
Oh ne'er was a lovelier plaything seen,
To childhood's simplicity given,
It seem'd like a delicate link between
The creatures of earth and heaven :
But the sunbeam was cross'd by an angry cloud,
And the gossamer died in the shadowy shroud,
And the child look'd sad, when the bright things fled.
And its smile was gone—and its tears were shed.

Oh gentle child, in thy infant play,
 An emblem of life hast thou seen ;
 For joys are like sunbeams,—more fleeting than they,
 And sorrows cast shadows between ;
 And friends that in moments of brightness are won,
 Like gossamer, only are seen—in the sun.
 Oh ! many a lesson of sadness may
 Be learn'd from a joyous child at play.

ONE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

Up the Mediterranean,
 One day was explaining
 The chaplain and I about poets and bards ;
 For I'm pretty disarming,
 And loves about larning
 To know, and all notions that such things regards :
 Then to hear him sing out 'bout the islands around,
 Tell their outlandish names, call them all classic ground,
 Where the old ancient poets all formerly mess'd,
 And wrote about love, and the girls they caress'd :
 Swore they thought 'em all goddesses—creatures
 divine,—
 I thinks that he said each old gemman had nine.
 Cried I, " Well said, old ones !
 These poets were bold ones :
 But ev'rything's vanity under the sun.
 Love's as good sport as any,
 But nine's eight too many ?—
 I have one worth all nine, and my Nancy's that one."
 Then we read, for their wishes,
 They turn'd to queer fishes,
 To cocks and to bulls, in some verses they call
 Ovid Metamorphus,
 And one Mr. Orphus
 Went to hell for his wife—but that's nothing at all.
 Some figary, each hour, set those codgers agog :
 Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog ;

Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,—
 What a devil that god was for following the gals!
 But what makes the curiest part of their lives,
 They were always a chasing of other men's wives.
 What nonsense and folly!
 'Tis quite melancholy,
 That a man can't be blessed till his neighbour's undone;
 Why, 'tis wicked to ax um;
 Take the world, that's my maxum,
 So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.
 Then we'd hot work between us,
 'Bout Graces and Venus,
 With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of
 darts:
 To be sure pretty faces
 Be well in their places;
 But your Rev'rence, in love there be such things as
 hearts.
 'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's back,
 But 'tis pretty well known that the lady's a crack:
 Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
 That there is but one Venus, why I says there's two;
 Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake,
 For she's mine, and I'd sail the world round for her sake.
 Then no further norations
 Or chatterifications,
 'Bout Venus and Graces, and such pretty fun,
 That runs so in your fancy:—
 Just see but my Nancy,
 You'll find all their charms splic'd together in one.

FROM OBERON IN FAIRY LAND.

BEN JONSON.] GLEE—*Four Voices*. [Music by STEVENS

From Oberon in fairy land,
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,
 We fairies all, at his command,
 Are sent to view the night-sports here.

What revel rout
 Is kept about,
 In every corner where we go;
 We will e'er see,
 And merry be,
 And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!
 When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates fine;
 Unseen of all the company,
 We eat their cakes and sip their wine;
 O then what sport,
 The wine runs short,
 The blushing cheeks with anger glow;
 Their cakes they miss,
 And shriek, who's this
 We answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!
 By wells and rills, in meadows green,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairy king and queen,
 We chant our moonlight minstrelies.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do us know;
 And beldames old
 Our feats have told;
 So frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

WHEN THY BOSOM.

DUST. [*Music by JOHN BRAHAM*]

When thy bosom heaves a sigh,
 When the tear o'erflows thine eye;
 May sweet hope afford relief,
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.
 So the tender flow'r appears,
 Dropping wet with morning tears;
 Till the sunbeam's genial ray,
 Chase the heavy dew away.

HERE IN COOL GROT.

SMENSTONE.]

[*Music* by Lord MORNINGTON

GLEE.

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon ascending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams;
Her beams reflected from the wave
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the waterfall.

MY BOUNDING BARK.

My bounding bark, I fly to thee,
I'm wearied of the shore;
I long to hail the swelling sea,
And wander free once more.
A sailor's life of reckless glee,
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for fashion's slave,
Or the dull city's strife;
Be mine the spirit-stirring wave,
And a roving sailor's life.
A life of freedom on the sea,
That only is the life for me.

I was not born for lighted halls,
Or the gay revel's round;
My music is where ocean calls,
And echoing rocks resound.
The wandering sailor's life of glee,
That only is the life for me.

THE NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

[CHARLES DIEDIN.]

Jack Jigger, a curious and whimsical tar—
For a sort of a genius was Jack—
One day with the French, in a bit of a spar,
By a small shot was taken aback;
It swivell'd his fingers, and splinter'd the bone,
And the arm about pretty well knock'd.
"Now," cried he, with a damme instead of a groan,
"I suppose I must go and be dock'd!"
The surgeon with feeling made Jack understand
That the arm must come off—"Why then, brother,
Man the nippers and knife,—for we tars understand
In misfortune to serve one another."
As he saw, in his berth in the cockpit below,
That blood which his messmates had spilt,
Of the doctor poor Jack was vast curious to know,
In what manner a seaman was built.
The surgeon held forth about art'ries and veins,
About muscles, and sinews, and limbs,
While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains,
His mouth open, and staring his glims;
And as he replied to each curious demand,
Call'd the doctor a friend or a brother,
And swore that, all weathers, all tars bear a hand,
Just only to serve one another.
"Why, if this is the maxim, by all that I sees,
A man's built just the same as a ship;
From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and cross-trees
To take in life's ocean a trip.
A muscle and sinners, a brace and a stay—
And as for men's fears and their hopes,
They're the masts, and the fibres his frame that belay
Running rigging, and all the small ropes.
And as all in their station in full understand,
'Take the part of a friend or a brother,
To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

" His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,
The complement make of his crew ;
And things knock'd about must come in to refit,
All as one as I now comes to you.
Then as ships by the wind, in a breeze or a gale,
Venture either for life or for death,
So a man through the ocean of life could not sail,
Were he not kept afloat by his breath ;
And-as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's command
Are all kind, like a friend or a brother,
So from cables to ratlines the ropes lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.
" The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head ;
Ship and man at fair weather rejoice ;
Man struggles through life, just like heaving the lead ;
The bold speaking-trumpet's the voice ;
And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took aback,
To the dregs Fate has emptied his can—
The lot of all vessels, as well as poor Jack—
The ship founders, and so does the man.
Let each man, then, that sails under Heaven's command
Still turn out a friend and a brother,
And faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another."

THE TRUE-HEARTED FELLOW.

With my pipe in one hand, and my jug in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend ;
All my cares in a whiff of tobacco I smother,
For life, I know, must shortly end ;
And while Ceres, most kindly, refills my brown jug,
With good liquor I'll make myself mellow ;
In an old wicker chair I'll seat myself snug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.
I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation
I've enough of my own yet to mind ;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consigned ;

Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing
to pay,

But drop like a pear that is mellow ;
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,
He's gone ! what a good-hearted fellow ?

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SHAKESPEARE.]

[*Music* by J. S. STAVENS

Sigh no more, ladies ! ladies, sigh no more !

Men were deceivers ever ;

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe,

To hey, nonny, nonny !

Sing no more ditties, ladies, sing no more,

Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

The frauds of men were ever so,

Since summer first was leafy ;

Then sigh not so, &c.

WHAT IS THE SPELL?

J. T. HAINES.]

[*Music* by M. W. ROOKE

RECITATIVE.

Oh, Nature, wondrous mother, thou hast given
To man foretaste of heaven in woman's love ;
Firm as the rock, yet meek and lovely pure,
Nor joy nor sorrow e'er can change its truth.

AIR.

What is the spell which in manhood's dawn,
Spreads o'er the boldest hearts ?
'Tis a spell which hallows life's young morn,
And is sacred when life departs.
'Tis woman's love—it twines the brow,
With the hero's wreath of fame.

It draws the sword—it breathes the vow,
 The spell is in woman's name;
 'Tis the bright green spot in the desert fate,
 'Tis the fountain of life fresh gushing,
 'Tis the star of love in the night of hate,
 'Tis the dawn of young joy's day blushing.
 What is the spell, &c.

LITTLE LOVE IS A MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

J. H. PAYNE.]

[*Music by* BISHOP.]

Little Love is a mischievous boy,
 And uses the heart like a toy;
 Full of rapture when first he takes it,
 Then the pouts throws it down and breaks it.
 Little Love, &c.

His smile has such witchery in it,
 That all the world wishes to win it;
 But when in his cross moods they hear him,
 All wish they had never come near him.
 Little Love, &c.

ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

J. O'KEEFE.]

[*Music by* W. SHIELD.]

On by the spur of valour goaded,
 Pistols primed, and carbines loaded,
 Courage strikes on hearts of steel!
 While each spark, through the gloom of night,
 Lends a clear and cheering light,
 Who a fear or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now through thickets creeping,
 Then on our prey like lions leaping!
 Calvette, to the onset lead us—
 Let the weary traveller dread us!

Struck with terror and amaze,
 While our swords with lightning blaze !
 Thunder to our carbines roaring,
 Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
 Wash the sanguine dagger's blade ;
 Ours a free and roving trade !
 To the onset, let's away !
 Valour calls, and we obey !

HURRAH ! ALONG THE FOAMING TIDE.

Hurrah ! along the foaming tide,
 With dashing waves around ;
 With furious speed I onward ride,
 And love the roaring sound.
 Blow, blow, thou loud and fearful wind,
 Roll on, thou angry sea ;
 I'll drink to those I leave behind—
 I'll drink, Joanne, to thee !

Oh, who would tremble at the storm,
 Or, like the coward, weep ?
 I'd rather feel my bosom warm—
 At every lengthened sweep.
 The land is for the dastard born,
 The deep ! the deep ! for me—
 I'll drink to those I leave behind—
 I'll drink, Joanne, to thee.

Love, dearest maid, like mine, ne'er shall
 In empty words depart ;
 It still shall flourish fresh and fair,
 Within my faithful heart.
 Yes, there's a Power who dwells above,
 Who guards the brave and free ;
 He sees, and will reward our love—
 So, here's a health to thee.

THE SEA-KING!

BARRY CORNWALL.]

[*Music by Nenk*

Come sing, come sing, of the great sea-king,
 And the fame that now hangs o'er him,
 Who once did sweep o'er the vanquish'd deep,
 And drove the world before him!
 His deck was a throne on the ocean lone,
 And the sea was his park of pleasure;
 Where he scattered in fear the human deer,
 And rested—when he had leisure!
 Come—shout and sing
 Of the great sea-king,
 And ride in the track he rode in!
 He sits at the head
 Of the mighty dead,
 On the red right hand of Odin!

He sprang from birth, like a god on earth,
 And soared on his victor pinions—
 And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,
 When they look on their blue dominions.
 His whole life was a conquering strife,
 And he lived till his beard grew hoary;
 And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,
 And now—he is lost in glory!
 So—shout and sing, &c.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT REST.

[Mrs. HEMANS.]

By a mountain stream at rest,
 We found the warrior lying;
 And around his noble breast
 A banner, clasp'd in dying:
 Dark and still
 Was every hill,
 And the winds of night were sighing.

Last of his noble race,
 To a lonely place we bore him ;
 'Twas a green, still, solemn place,
 Where the mountain heath waves o'er him.
 Woods alone
 Seem to moan,
 Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay
 Our sad thoughts oft are flying ;
 To those dark hills, far away,
 Where in death we found him lying ;
 On his breast
 A banner prest,
 And the night wind o'er him sighing.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS HAS MOUNTED.

[*Music by JAMES HOOK.*]

Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the hounds and the horn call each sportsman away ;
 Through woods and through meadows with speed now
 they bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

Hark away is the word, to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, loud echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue ;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
 While the loud-op'ning pack pursues her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman is the signal for death !
 No joys can compare to the joys of the field ;
 To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c.

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A blessing unknown to ambition and pride	189
A deep and mighty shadow	254
A goblet of Burgundy fill, fill, for me	113
A Highland lad my love was born	185
Ah! why did I gather this beautiful flower	170
And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman	58
An old man would be wooing	235
A place in thy memory, dearest	86
Are other eyes beguiling, love	93
As pensive one night in my garret I sat	34
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky	56
Asleep among the flowers	77
As a sailor's all one as a part of a ship	156
As slow our ship her foamy track	200
A sunbeam was playing through flowers	257
As I was walking one morning in May	236
A silver tress is 'mid thy hair	213
At evening when my work is done	82
At the Baron of Mowbray's gate was seen	234
Auld Scotland's hills are blithe and free	228
Away, away, to the mountain's brow	251
Away, away, I may not stand	148
Away with melancholy	172
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	89
Awake, awake, my own love	256
Barley mowers here we stand	216
Ben Block was a veteran	7
Beautiful morn, beautiful morn	111
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows	203
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms	181
Bound 'prentice to a waterman	191
Bonnie lassie, will ye go	223
Break, break, break	159
Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day	268
But are ye sure the news is true	96
By a mountain stream at rest	267
By Coelia's arbour all the night	81
By the gaily circling glass	124
Could blows the wind frae east to west	80
Cam ye by Athole braes	15

	PAGE
Chloris, now thou'rt fled away	60
Colin, when a youth	252
Come all ye jolly sailors bold	1
Come all ye jolly shepherds	208
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er	55
Come back to our quiet home	78
Come in the evening, or come in the morning	165
Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine	81
"Come, if you dare," our trumpets sound	103
Come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft... ..	58
Come out, 'tis now September	16
Come shining forth, my dearest	35
Come sing, come sing, of the great sea-king... ..	267
Come to me, dearest	9
Come under my plaidie	192
Could a man be secure	236
Day has gone down on the Baltic's broad billow	242
Dear is my little native vale	24
Dear Kate, thy charms were like the rose	231
Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moored	116
Do you ever think of me, love	147
Dost thou remember that place so lonely	47
Dream on, young hearts, dream on	208
Drink, and fill the night with mirth	93
Duncan Gray cam here to woo	153
D'ye mind me, I once was a sailor	114
Eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes	121
Faintly as tolls the evening chime	28
Faint and wearily the way-worn traveller	150
Fair Flora decks the flowery ground	240
Farewell, if ever fondest prayer	110
Farewell to Northmaven	123
Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour	176
Fare thee well, love, now thou art going... ..	253
First when Maggie was my care	206
Fill the goblet again, for I never before	71
Flow on, thou shining river	17
For England where, with favouring gale	70
Forgive, blest shade, this tributary tear	237
Fresh blows the breeze, the gallant ship	190
From distant climes a troubadour	238
From Oberon in Fairy-land	259
From thee, Eliza, I must go	177
Gaily still my moments roll	244
Gin I had a wee house	138
Gin livin' worth could win my heart	154
Gloomy winter's now awa'	99
Go happy rose, and interwove	61

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES

271

	PAGE
Go fetch to me a pint of wine	179
Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace	35
Go where glory waits thee	39
Go patter to lubbers and awabs, d'y'e see	38
Good bye, my love, good bye	161
Green hills of Tyrol, again I see	234
Guid night, and joy be wi' you a'	43
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing	19
He that loves a rosy cheek	30
He was famed for deeds of arms	90
He was a knight of high degree	118
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie	39
Here, in cool grot and mossy cell	261
Here's the bower she loved so much	39
Her mouth is like a pretty cage	88
Here beneath the willow sleepeth	173
Here around the ingle bleezing	189
Hope, thou nurse of young desire	80
How can I be lonely	163
How stands the glass around	67
Hurrah, along the foaming tide	266
I am a timid little maid	77
I am called honest Ben, but for what I don't know	129
I ask not for his lineage	229
I cannot flatter if I would	17
I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing	92
If beauty can love to the bosom convey	8
If the heart of a man is depressed with cares	81
If I had a beau	85
If he to whom we drink this toast	139
I give thee, dear, this little ring	218
I give my soldier boy a blade	223
I gathered a garland of roses one day	87
I have a wife o' my ain	45
I hear them speak of my fatherland	242
I have plucked the sweetest flower	50
I have a silent sorrow here	73
I love my hills, my native hills	249
I locked up all my treasure	83
I like to gang by Candran side	184
I'm wearing awa', Jean	20
I'm a tough true-hearted sailor	29
I'm ower young to marry yet	219
I ne'er could any lustre see	79
In the downhill of life	134
In storms when clouds obscure the sky	195
I never was one of those prudish young things	164
I prithee send me back my heart	48
I saw thee weep, the big bright tear	26

	PAGE
I see them on their winding way	218
I sing the British seaman's praise	181
It was a friar of Orders Grey	23
It was upon a Lammas night	199
It blew great guns when gallant Tom... ..	28
I thought my joys of life complete	78
I've seen the diamond's costly blaze	180
I will think of my love in the moonlight	196
Jack came home, his pockets lined	132
Jack Jigger, a curious and whimsical tar	262
Lesbia hath a beaming eye	167
Let the farmer praise his hounds	52
Let's take this world as some wide scene	255
Like Ætna's dread volcano, see the ample forge	125
Little Love is a mischievous boy	265
Love me, love me, dearest, love me	144
Mary, dear Mary, list awake	100
Mary, why then waste thy youth-time in sorrow	185
Mary, I believed thee true	214
Man the lifeboat, man the lifeboat	194
Mayhap you have heard that as dear as their lives... ..	187
Merrily, merrily goes the bark... ..	197
Mine be a cot beside the hull	43
My bounding bark, I fly to thee	261
My dear little lassie	181
My friend is the man I would copy through life	64
My heart with love is beating	172
My love she's but a lassie yet	51
My home's in Germany	168
My name, d'ye see's, Tom Tough	119
My name's Winnie Winn	141
My own blue bell	241
My own, my true-loved Marion	171
My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep hook	95
My wee wife dwells in yonder cot	127
No more by sorrow chased, my heart	131
Not when hope filled you	126
Now summer decks the fields wi' flowers	178
Now the rage of battle ended	142
Och hone, and is it true then	49
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	63
Off, off, said the stranger	240
Off in the stilly night	5
O for ane-and-twenty, Tam	84
Oh! banquet not in these shining bowers	55
Oh! bring me wine, bright source of mirth... ..	57
Oh! do you remember the first time I met you	243
Oh! gie me the hills o' the highlands	49

	PAGE
Oh! had my love ne'er smiled on me...	79
Oh! happy, happy, happy be thy dreams	244
Oh! Mary, at thy window be	133
Oh! Mary, could we but recall	203
Oh! nature, wondrous mother	264
Oh! open the door, some pity show	18
Oh! remember the time	26
Oh! sing, sweet bird, from that loved strain	115
Oh! slumber my darling, thy sire was a knight	3
Oh! the days are gone when beauty bright	232
Oh! the days when I was young	22
Oh! 'tis sweet to think whene'er we rove	130
Oh! the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades	160
Oh! tell me when, and tell me where	147
Oh! weel may the boatie row	98
Oh! well do I remember still	146
Oh! who so like my Johnnie	204
O happy, happy fair	42
O lady fair, where art thou roaming	179
O Logan, sweetly dost thou glide	201
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird	230
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty	193
One morning in April, as walking alone	65
One wintry night I wandered	220
On by the spur of valour goaded	265
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass	94
On this cold flinty rock will I lay down my head	107
O poorthith cauld, and restless love	224
Orynthia, my beloved	73
O send Lewie Gordon hame	177
O soft flowing Avon, by thy silvery stream	113
O skylark, for thy wing	22
O saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een	241
Our ancient English melodies	111
Our country is our ship, d'ye see	112
Our native song, our native song	239
Over the mountain wave, see where they come	228
Oh, wha's for Scotland and Charlie	198
O whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad	198
Pack clouds away, and welcome day	8
Poets tell us that time hath wings	236
Poor Joe, the marine, was at Portsmouth well known	11
Poor insect! what a little day	245
Rememberest thou that fading sun	76
Rich and rare were the gems she wore	187
Rising o'er the heaving billows	182
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch	162
Sam Spritsail's a lad you'll delight in	144
She comes, she comes in glorious style	15

	PAGE
She is a winsome wee thing	42
Shall I like a hermit dwell	102
She is a rich and rare land	214
Should o'er the fortune be my lot	283
Sigh no more, ladies, ladies sigh no more	264
Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing	51
Since first I saw your face	74
Sing me the melody, softly and slow	155
Sleep, my love—sleep, my love... ..	257
Soft fell the dew of the summer night	85
So, Katty dear, you've told your mother	108
Sons of freedom, hear my story	18
So warmly we met, and so fondly we parted	59
Spirit of my sainted sire... ..	181
Strike up, strike up, Scottish minstrels so gay	250
Sure it is not at reading and writing	82
Sweet is the ship that under sail	68
"Sweet William," a maiden exclaimed	66
Tell her I love her when the clouds drop rain	247
That spot I seek at evening's close	83
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind	45
The auld wife sits by the fire	10
The boatman calls the wind his fair	212
The British tar no perils knows	227
The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays	164
The bonnie, bonnie bairn sits	175
The church bells are ringing	161
The daylight has long been sunk under the billow	249
The dream is o'er, I little thought	150
The glories of our birth and state	25
The gloomy night is gathering fast	105
The harp that once through Tara's halls	21
The moon has climbed the highest hill	12
The moon's on the lake, and the wind on the sea	248
The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple	46
The minstrel boy to the war is gone	53
The rose will cease to blow	253
The rose of the valley in spring time was gay	37
The sunny hours of childhood	225
The sun rises bright in France... ..	91
The streamlet that flowed round her cot	38
The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore	72
The thirsty earth drinks up the rain	115
The time I've lost in wooing	181
The tired soldier, bold and brave	246
The tear fell gently from her eye	189
The wandering sailor ploughs the main	116
The winter it is past, and the summer's come at last	166
The wind blew hard, the sea ran high... ..	206

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

275

	PAGE
The woods, the woods, oh where can be	217
The young May moon is beaming, love	170
There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet	140
There was a place in childhood	145
There's many a man of the Cameron clan	20
There came a nymph dancing	74
There is a voice whose melody	174
There's nae covenant now, lassie	183
There is on the lone, lone sea	197
There was a lass, and she was fair	187
There was a youth, a well beloved youth	44
Then farewell, my own dear love	4
They mourn me dead in my father's halls	260
They ne'er shall have the haven	141
They tell me that I cannot love... ..	228
Thine am I, my faithful fair	95
Those evening bells	1
Though he be now a grey, grey friar	92
Though dimpled cheeks may give the light	118
Though sorrow's clouds are darkling	69
Thou art gone, and no voice in thy loved tone sings	255
Thou art gane awa'	157
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeannie	100
Tight lads I have sailed with	230
Time has not thinned my flowing hair	246
To all you ladies now on land	6
To Britain's glorious walls of oak	202
To join the chase at break of day	138
Tom Starboard was a lover true	135
Tom Transom, a seaman sound to the back bone	188
True love can ne'er forget	173
'Twas even, the dewy fields were green	211
'Twas ten o'clock one moonlight night	231
'Twas upon a Lammas night	199
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh' town	61
Underneath your window	207
Upon the plains of Flanders	30
Up the Mediterranean	258
Waken, lords and ladies gay	106
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e	85
Wake, dearest, wake, and again united	247
Welcome, welcome to our island	215
What is it that drives the red rose from the cheek... ..	19
What shall he have that killed the deer	40
What though vows were never spoken	166
What were her eyes like? poet say	184
When Arthur first in court began	33
When daisies pied and violets blue	129
When day had sunk to rest away	86

	PAGE
When first this humble roof I knew	245
When first I strove to win the prize	101
When hope's bright beam had passed away... ..	186
When love with unconfined wings	31
When o'er the hill the eastern star	107
When Steerwell heard me first impart	121
When the bleak wind kills the flower... ..	227
When the leaves had deserted the trees	27
When the rosy morn appearing... ..	53
When the red sun has sunk o'er the valley afar	88
When trees did bud and fields were green	183
When thy bosom heaves a sigh... ..	260
When William at eve	84
When ye gang awa', Jamie	136
While I touch the string	48
While pensive I thought on my love	110
Who'll buy my caller herrin'	75
Why does azure deck the sky	137
Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping ..	41
Why so pale and wan, foud lover	103
Why should I not take her unto my heart	220
With an honest old friend	9
With my pipe in one hand and my jug in the other ...	263
Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed... ..	210
Wilt thou say farewell, love	119
Ye banks and braes and streams around	16
Ye gentlemen of England	5
Yes, a light has left our dwelling	222
You ask me to remember when	159
Young Henry was as brave a youth	48
Young Love flew to the Paphian bower	32
Young Rupert the Ranger, at close of the day	54
Young Susan had lovers so many	62

THE END.

