

BURNS' SONGS.

No. 1.

ILLUSTRATED.



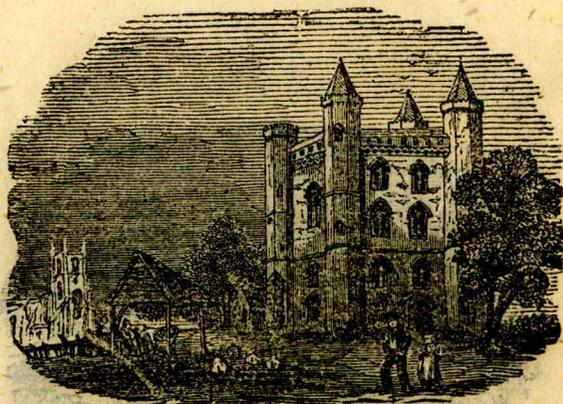
GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

How often didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wouldst for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, that saw thee true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast;
Thou dost of heaven that fairest part
O wilt thou ever be my guest?

BURNS' SONGS.

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!



LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour
And loud the tempest roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, open the door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity, on me show,
If love it may na be.

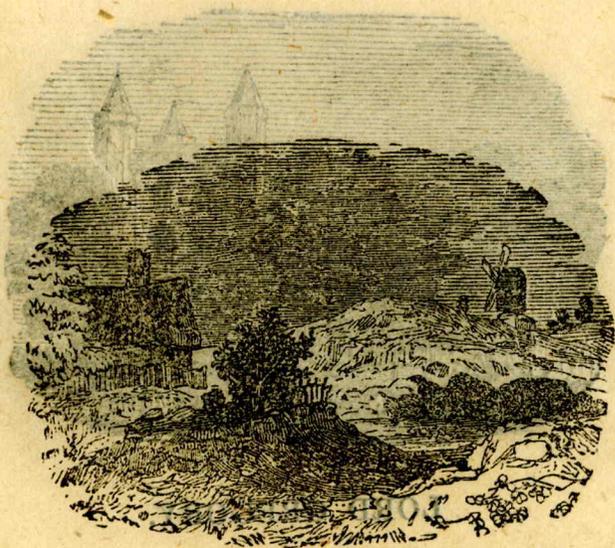
Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.

SONGS.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou would for ay be mine ;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !



HIGHLAND MARY.

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

SONGS.

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

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

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

CLARINDA.

Clarinda, mistress of my soul,
 The measured time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night,
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;—
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but, by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes! . . .
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Hast blest my glorious day;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?

SONGS.



MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

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'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
The 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.

TO MARY.

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

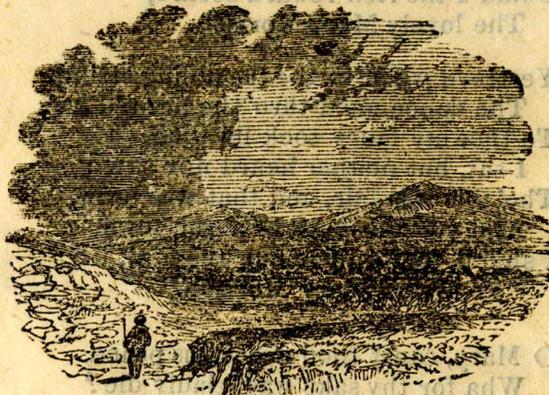
SONGS.

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

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

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

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



GALLA WATER.

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

SONGS.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Abun then a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

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

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

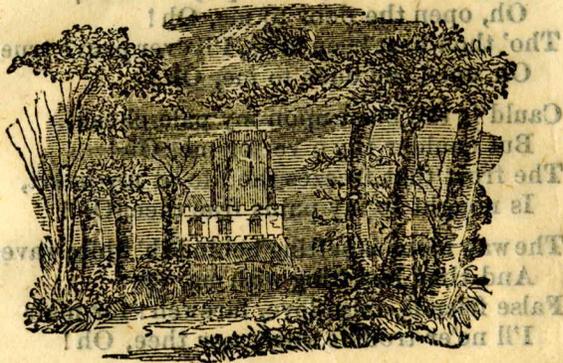
MARY MORISON.

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

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And you the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

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

SONGS.



WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud away hame
Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
same.

Loud blaw the cauld winter winds at our
parting
It was na a blast brought the tear to my
e'e:
Now welcome the summer, and welcome my
Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
Ye hurricane rest in the cave o' your slum-
bers,
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my
arms.
But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow 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.

SONS .

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, O!

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

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy o' ve 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 th' 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!—

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU
MY LAD.

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad:
O whistle and I'll come to you my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae ma'd,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Sine up the back-stile, and let na body see,
And come as ye were na comin to me,

And come, &c.
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene're you see me
Gang by me as tho' ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Yet look, &c.
O whistle, &c.

SONGS.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

BONNIE JEAN.

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

And aye she wrought her minnie's wark,
And aye she sang sae mirrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

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

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

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

As in the bossom o' the stream,
The moon beams dwell at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

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

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

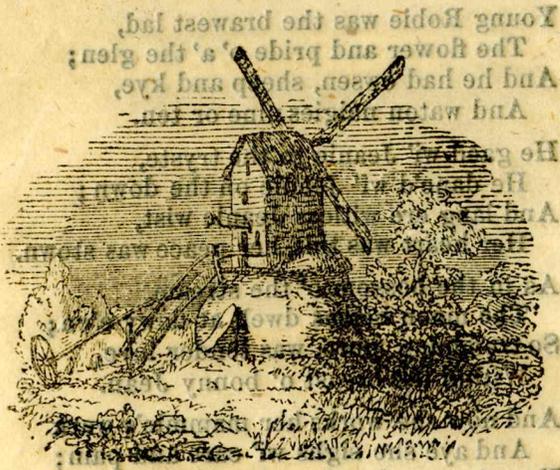
SONGS.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sing sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he foundly prest,
 And whisperd thus his tale o' love:

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

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or nathing else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather bells,
 And tent the waying corn wi' me.

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



MEG O' THE MILL.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill his gotten,
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten
 She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller.
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

SONGS.

The Miller was strappen, the Miller was ruddy,
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady:
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl:—
 She's left the guid fellow and taen the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and lov-
 ing [moving,
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-sadle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing,
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a malen
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!



JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

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

SONGS.

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

DAINTY DAVIE.

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

Chorus.

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

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

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

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest.
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

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

SONGS.

Chorus.

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

We twa hae runn about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine :
But seas between braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll talk a guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne,
For auld, &c.

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

BANNOCK BURN.

Scots wha ha wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcone to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour :
See the front of battle lower ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chais and slavery !

Wha will be a trator knave ?
Wha would fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee.

SONGS.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand or free-man fa'

Caledonia, on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains,

We will drain our dearest veins,

But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe?

Liberty's in every blow,

Forward, let us do or die!



CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgether wi' sorrow and care,
I gie him a skelp, as they're creeping along
Wi' a cod o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish
sang.

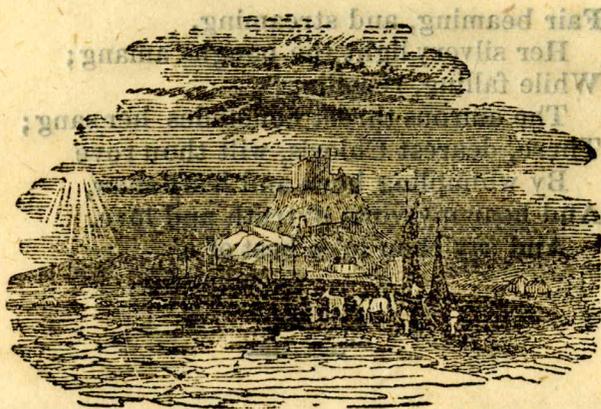
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome
Thought;
But man is a soger, and life is a faught:

SONGS.

My mirth and guid humour are coin in my
pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch
dare touch.

A twomond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a',
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has
past

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on
her way, gae,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure
or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome and welcome
again!"



SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST
OF A'.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
Her smiling sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!

SONGS.

Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.
 Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form, and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declar'd that she could do na mair.
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charms,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.
 Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon:
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silvery light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amrous thrust concludes her sang;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By whimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es best of a'

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

O, wat ye wha' in yon town,
 Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'ening sun is shining on.
 Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

SONGS.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.
 The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.
 Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
 My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air:
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon,
 A fairer than's in yon town.
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I careless quit aught else below.
 But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest kindest heart.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT WHITE
 LOCKS.

Chorus.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

SONGS.

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
O wilt thou share its sweets wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheered ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, with silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way ;
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi', &c.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that,
The coward slave we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that an a' that,—
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray an' a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

SONGS.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

TIBBY I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Chorus.

O Tibby, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would na be sae shy,
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hare care I,
 O Tibby, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,

SONGS.

That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.
 O Tibby I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean,
 That looks sae proud and high.
 O Tibby, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were ne'er so smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head aither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.
 O Tibby, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the ume o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibby, I hae, &c.

But, Tibby, lass, tak' my advice,
 Your daddie's gear make ye sae nice;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 O Tibby, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wadna' gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark:
 Ye needna' look sae high.
 O Tibby, I hae, &c.

TIBBY I HAE SEEN THE DAY.
WILLY BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' mau't,
 Aud Rab and Allan cam to see;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wadna' find in Christendie.
 We are na' fow, we'rena that fou,
 But just a drappy in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mair we hope to be.
 We are na fou, &c.

SONGS.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae high;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he,
8 ... Wha last beside his chair shall fa'
4 ... He is the king amang us three.
6 ... We are na fou, &c.

**WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO
WI' AN AULD MAN?**

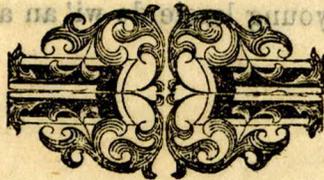
7 ... What can a young lassie, what shall a young
8 ... lassie,
9 ... What can a young lassie do wi' an auld
10 ... man?
11 ... Bad luck to the penny that tempted my
12 ... minnie,
13 ... To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'.
14 ... Bad luck to the penny, &c.

15 ... He's always compleenin, mornin to e'enin,
16 ... He hosts an' he hirples the weary day lang,
17 ... He's dole and he's dozen his bluid it is frozen
18 ... O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

19 ... He hums and he hankers, he frets and he
20 ... cankers,
21 ... I never can please him do a' that I can;
22 ... He's peevish and jealous of a' the young
23 ... fellows:

24 ... O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

25 ... My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
26 ... I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
27 ... I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-
28 ... break him,
29 ... And then his auld brass will buy me a new
30 ... pan.



BURNS, SONGS.

No. 1.

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