John Anderson my Jo.

Low Down in the Broom.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

The Banks of Doon.

LAND OF THE LEAL.

Lubin is away.

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your head's turned bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When Nature first began,
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And you amang them a' John,
Sae trig frae tap to toe,
She proved to be nae journey-work,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need not think it strange, John,
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think you so,
But I think ye're aye the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairn's bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;

And sae are ye in mine, John,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we have seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie,
To see so many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Make perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na that affright us, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we lived,
John Anderson, my jo.

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

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddie is a canker'd carle,
He'll no twine with his gear,
My minnie she's a scaulding wife,
Hauds a' the house a-steer;
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' aue to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I, it's a envy,
For ne'er a joe has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
With Johnnie in the glen;
And aye since syne, she cries, beware
O' false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came wast ae night,
And speir'd when I saw Pate?
And aye since syne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' ane to me;
For I'll gae to the bonny lad
That's waiting on me;

Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonny,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I hied awa' to Annie;
The time flew by wi' tentless head,
Till 'tween the late and early:
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.
O corn rigs and barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonny:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang 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,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I loe'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley!

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang 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,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gathering gear,
I hae been happy thinkin;
But of a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair,
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care.
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
That wanton through the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roam'd by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
Whar ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause love has stown the rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
  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, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And Angels wait on me, Jean,
  To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sell wears past, Jean,
And joy's coming fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
We've long been left alane, Jean;
We'll a' meet again, Jean,
  In the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

LUBIN IS AWAY.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my boddice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love are near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
Or sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Since Lubin is away.