Five Favourite

SONGS.

Royal Charlie.
John Anderson my Jo.
Whistle and I'll Come to you my Lad.
Love and Glory.
Nobody Coming to Marry me.

NEWTON-STEWART:

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ROYAL CHARLIE.

The wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the flood fu' rarely;
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for royal Charlie.

Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths
And smite fu' sharp and sairly,
And Gordon's might and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely;
O yonder comes his gallant ship,
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie!

"Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly;
But should it meet your darling prince,
'Twill feast the fish wi' Charlie.

Wide rustled she wi' silks in state,
And waved her white hand proudlie,
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and loudlie.

'I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie;
And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

It wad hae made a hale heart sair,
To see our horsemen flying;
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
Amang the dead and dying:

'I snatched a banner—led them back—
The white rose flourish'd rarely:
The deed I did for royal James
I'd do again for Charlie.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
I think nae shame to say, John,
I loe'd ye ear and late;

They say you're turning auld, John,
And what though it be so?
Ye are ay the same kind man to me,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now ye're turned bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
My blessings on that frosty pow,
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 no say no,
Tho' the days are past that we hae seen,
John Anderson my jo.

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

HISTLE, 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 mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yet be a-jee;
Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see
And come as ye war na comin' to me.
And come, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet m
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a fli
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e
Yot look as ye war na lookin at me.
Yet look, &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee
But court na anither, though jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me
Foı fear, &c.

LOVE AND GLORY.

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 ;

ill war, their honest joys to blight,
Called him away from love to glory.

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

OBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

ast night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gate to see:
Vhen every lass had a spark,
But nobody comes to me.

And it's oh dear! what will become of me
Oh dear! what will I do?
Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

Iy father's a hedger and ditcher,
My mother does nothing but spin,

And I'm a pretty young girl,
  But the money comes slowly in.

They say I'm beauteous and fair,
  They say I'm scornful and cold;
Alas! I must now despair,
  For ah! I am grown very old.

And now I must die an old maid,
  Oh dear! how shocking the thought!
And all my beauty must fade,
  But I'm sure it is not my fault.

FINIS.