No. 5.

Four

SONGS.

Annandale Robin.
The Blue Eyed Lassie.
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
For A' That And A' That.

NEWTON-STEWART.

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ANNANDALE ROBIN.

Young Robin had been at the market,
And hired himsel wi' Craigfast;
Forbye the wee drap in his noddle,
Had got a' the wages he asked,
He, wha had been touned out wi' tenants,
Would soon be head man to the laird—
A point at baith shearing and mawin,
And bigs a' the ricks i' the yard.

It's right ay for lads to live canty
And lasses till they get a man;
For fouks to be social and sober,
And ay as content as they can.

The moor-hags were wide—but he stenn'd them
He staptnae for stick nor for stane
Till down by the scroggs o' Congailly,
He met bonny Bet a' her lane.
Ae luck on the back o' anither;
He lang wished her kindness to seek;
Nae scene could be sweeter for wooin,
What time was he fitter to speak?
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

Stay still, tell us where ye've been daun-
'or me I ha'e been at the town, [dering,
ee sic a braw knowe there fornent us,
Vould maist tempt a saint to sit down.
Iech me! but its lang since I saw you,
And vow! ye're grown gaudy and grand;
The chiels will so pester and plague ye,
For peace sake ye maun tak a man."
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But Bet looket blate like and bashfu,
She sighed and said naething ava;
Hang her head—rowed a strae roun her
Gar'd Robin ay closer to draw. [finger,
He prest her, he courted, he clapped,
Snapt a kiss, for it weel on was dark;
Whan, to crown a' his hopes in a hurry,
She haflins said ay in a hark.
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

Ay lyin ane's lane soon grows dowie;
So Robin thought lang for a spouse;
Farewell to the freaks o' the market,
The lang wage and braw gentle house.
The auld folks were couthy and kindly,
The bridal was hurried aff han:.

Sae kindly they cuddled thegither,
But houses, or haddin, or lan.
It's right ay for lads to live canty, &c.

But wha can tell how things may alter
Or what half a year brings about;
For Robin turned dowffer and duller,
As Betty began to speak out.
She cries out for this and for that thing,
Like a bell thro' his lug her tongue twangs,
And ay siken matches she might haen,
While he sits as dumb as the tangs.
It's right ay for ane to live canty, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
Twa lovely e'en o' bonny blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lilly-white;—
It was her e'en sae bonny blue.

She talk'd she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her e'en, sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak and spare to speed;
She'll ablins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my head
To her twa e'en, sae bonnie blue.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aderfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

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 and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamly fare we dine,
  Wear hodden gray and 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 though ne'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts and stares and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that and a' that,
  His ribband, star, and a' that,
Tho' man of independant mind
  Can look and laugh at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Gude 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 far than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
When sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the grie and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Its coming yet for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

FINIS.