Four New

SONGS.

Daft Jamie.
The Two Emigrants.
The Lea rig.
Irish Hafts for English Blades,

NEWTON-STEWART:
Inted and Sold, Wholesale and
Retail, by J. M'Nairn.

DAFT JAMIE.

O! dark was the midnight when Hare fled away,
Not a star in the sky gave him one cheering ray,
But still now and then, would the blue lightnings glare,
And some strange cries assail'd him, like shrieks of despair

Over vale, over hill, I will watch thee for ill,
I will haunt all thy wanderings and follow thee still.

But lo! as the savage run down the wild glen,
For no place did he fear like the dwellings of men,
Where the heath lay before him all dismal and bare,
The ghost of Daft Jamie appeared to him there.
Over vale, &c.

I am come, said the shade, from the land of the dead,
Though there is for Jamie no grass cover'd bed,
Yet I'm come to remind you of deeds that are past,
And to tell you that justice will find you at last.
Over vale, &c.

O! Hare, thou hast been a dark demon of blood,
But vengeance shall chace thee o'er field and o'er flood,
Though you fly far away from the dewllings of men,
The shades of thy victims shall rise in thy den.
Over vale, &c.

When night falls on the world, O! how can you sleep,
In your dreams do you ne'er see my poor mother weep
Sadly she wept, but O! long shall she mourn,
E'er poor wandering Jamie from the grave shall return
Over vale, &c.

From the grave, did I say, and though calm is the bed;
Where slumber is dreamless, the home of the dead,
Where friends may lament, there sorrow may be,
Yet no grave rises as green as the world for me.
Over vale, &c.

O! Hare, go and shelter thy fugitive head,
In some land that is not of the living or dead,
For the living against thee may justly combine,
And the dead must despise such a spirit as thine.
Over vale, &c.

O! Hare fly away but this world cannot be
The place of abode to a dèmon like thee,
There is gall in your heart—poison is in your breath,
And the glare of your eyes is as fearful as death.
Over vale, &c.

Then the blue lightnings flash'd through the glen, and it shone,
And there rose a wild cry, and there heaved a deep groan,
As the Ghost of the innocent boy disappear'd,
But its shreiks down the glen, in the night breeze were heard.

Over vale, &c.

THE TWO EMIGRANTS,

Clyde's bonny banks are a' wet wi' the e'ening dew,
Sweetly the wee birdies chaunt in the wild wood,

Jeanie amang these green fields, by the bonny brew,
Calmly ha'e pass'd a' the days o' our childhood.
Down to this thorny bow'r aft at the gloamin' hour,
Glad ha'e I come frae our cottage to see ye,
Now I am gaun awa soon to America,
O! will you let your fond Emigrant leave you?

Follow me, follow me, love wilt thou follow me;
Lang ha'e I woo'd thee and lov'd thee sincerely,
Come then my lassie braw, come tae America,
Fair is our hame on the banks of Loch Erie.

Blissful and calm shall our days aye unskaithed be,
Fairtith shall ne'er mak enjoyment grow weary,
Walth shall we ha'e, for a frien' has bequeath'd to me,
Braw bonny lands on the banks of the Erie.
Groves of the maple tree orange and apple tree,
Fields o' the sugar cane, grow for my dearie,
Trees of the bonny vine rich with the rosy wine,
Bloom for us love, on the banks of Loch Erie.
Follow me, &c.

O! e'er the beams o' anither day's setting sun,
Redden the tops o' yon blue Highland mountains,
Fareweel I maun bid to my country, O! Caledon,
Peace to thy streams and thy clear siller fountains.
Caledon! Caledon! land of the brave that's gone,
Lang on thy fields were thy sons victorious,
Country of hill and glen, land of the brightest men,
O! be thou independant and glorious.
Follow me, &c.

Scotland, dear! land of my fore-father's fare thee-well,
Wallace and Bruce were the sons of thy bravery,
Fam'd Bannockburn, and many a red battle-field,
Tell that a grave was mair welcome than slavery,
Bold as the stormy seas, free as the mountain breeze,
Rush'd thy old heros to battle fu' cheery,
O! I shall lo'e thee still, land of the heathy hill,
Still shall thy Emigrant fondly revere thee.
Follow me, &c.

O! my dear Jeanie, just say you will come awa,
Come wi' your Willie, there's naething to fear ye,
Tho' dear to your bosom be your own father's ha',
None like your Willie can lo'e ye so dearly,
With thee, my sweet treasure, life maun be a pleasure,
The toils of this warld will ne'er make me weary,
Then O! leave your native vale, let the Atlantic gale.
Waft us awa to the banks o' Loch Erie.
Follow me, &c.

Jeanie look'd round wi' a sigh on her native land,
Bright to her red rosy cheeks came the tear aye,
Willie, she says, and she gied him her lillie hand,
Tak me awa to the banks o' Loch Erie.
Faiens o' my father's ha' though I revere ye a'.
Braid though the sea is, and trackless and dreary,
Fare ye weel ane and a' friens o' my father's ha',
I'll gang wi' Willie awa to Loch Erie.

Follow thee, follow thee, lad I will follow thee,
Lang hae I lo'ed thee, my Willie sincerely,
Gang then, my laddie braw, gang to America,
Thy lame shall be my hame, awa at Loch Erie.

IRISH HAFTS FOR ENGLISH BLADE

All you who delight in a comical jest;
Now I will tell you one you may add to the rest,
Which happened of late near the town of Carlisle,
I'm sure when you hear it, it will cause you to smile.

The first of last april I cannot forget:
When three English blades for pleasure were met;
They mounted their horses and swore solemnly,
That they would play a trick on the first man they'd

One Campbell a drover they chanced to spy,
He came from Tyrone near a town called Fermoy,
They saluted Campbell and he did the same,
So in close conversation together they came.

They came to an Inn where they made a full stop,
And ask'd Paddy in with them for to take a drop,
Then Campbell consented, and said with a smile,
I would like well to taste your strong ale of Carlisle.

They gave up their horses in charge to the groom,
And then stepped into a well-furnish'd room;
It being in the morning between eight and nine,
They called for a breakfast and after that wine.

They sat and they drank, and they sported at will,
Until they had twenty-four shillings of a bill,
And four of their horses for oats and for hay,
But they thought they'd leave Pat the reckoning to p

So then one by one out of the door they stole,
And left Campbell there to pay for the whole,

e landlord came in with a smile and thus said,
hink Pat you're trick'd by the English blades.

the first of April it is always a rule,
r the one man to make the other a fool,
ıen I saw you sitting in their company,
new these blades would play a trick upon thee.

ver mind then says Pat, since they are gone away,
ave plenty of money the reckoning to pay,
me sit you down by me before I do go,
vill tell you a secret perhaps you don't know.

'ill show you a trick though contrary to law,
w two kinds of drink from one vessel to draw;
e landlord being eager to find out this plan,
s down to the cellar with Paddy he ran.

t bored a hole in a very short space,
d bad the landlord clap his hand on that place,
e second he bore, saying place the other there,
I for a tumbler must go up the stair.

went up to the room I will give you to know t,
d there he with chalk on the table thus wrote,
th two sorts of liquor the reckoning I've paid,
at's an Irish haft for your English blades.

mounted his horse and was soon out of sight,
e waiter went in to see if all was right,
d search'd the house from the top to the ground,
lf dead in the cellar his master he found.

what is the matter, dear master, he said,
says, Irish Paddy a trick on me played,
e both hands engaged, I'm hubbled you see,
hought to fool Pat, but he has out-witted me.

THE LEA RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
  Tells bughtin-time is near, my joe;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
  Retnrn sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my joe,
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 gade to thee,
  My ain kind dearie O.
Although the night was e'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind deaeie O.

The huntes loes the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my joe;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Alang the burn to steer, my joe;
Gie me the hour o' gloaming gray,
  It maks my heart sae cheery O
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O