NINE POPULAR SONGS.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.
GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.
HOME! SWEET HOME.
I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.
A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.
MY HEART AND LUTE.
ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.
MY ANNA'S URN.
COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

GLASGOW:
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47.

SONGS.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to Victory!
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power;
  Edward! chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha's sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freemen stand, or freemen fa',
  Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression, woes, and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But we shall be free,

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,
It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wistna how;
And aye the stound the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonny blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my deed
To her twa een sae bonny blue.

A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airs the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best.

Though wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,
Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air.
There's not a bonny spot that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
That's aye sae neat and clean!
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa;
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa.
The Powers aboon can only tell,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean!

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HOME! SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

If a body meet a body comin' through the rye,
If a body meet a body, need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whare his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body comin' frae the toun,
If a body greet a body, need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.
Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whare his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlin breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks o' Stanely shaw,
The mavis sings fu' cheery, O.
Sweet the crawflowers early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come, my lassie, let us go
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day,
Midst joys that never weary, O.
Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fawn the snaw-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feather'd breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheery, O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle soul reveals
The soul of love full well;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute can tell.
I give thee all, &c.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
If ever care his discord flings
O'er life's enchanted strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again.
I give thee all, &c.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,
  The brightest still the fleetest,
All that's sweet was made
  But to be lost when sweetest!
Stars that shine and fall,
  The flower that droops in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
  To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek or prize
  Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
  That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
  In utter darkness lying,
Than blest with light, and see
  That light for ever flying!

MY ANNA'S URN.

Encompass'd in an angel's frame,
  An angel's virtues lay,
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
  And call'd its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
  Must never more return;
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
  Ah me! my Anna's urn.