Five Excellent

SONGS.

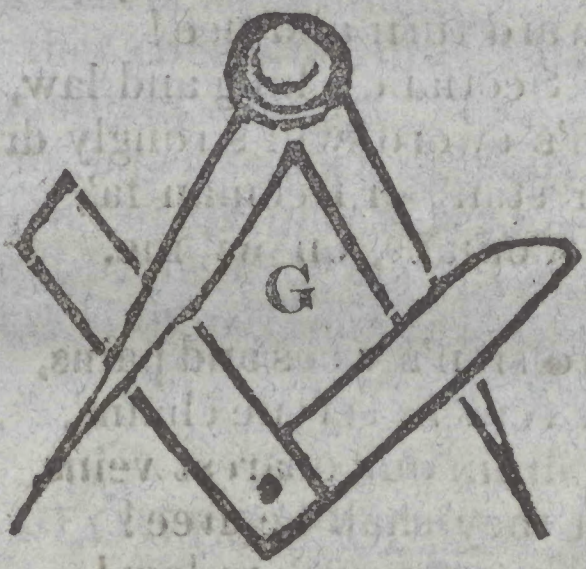
The Flower o' Dumblane.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.

The Meeting of the Waters.

Life is like a Summer Flower.

Bruce's Address,



NEWTON-STEWART.
Printed and sold Wholesale and Retail,
By J. M'Nairn.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham 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
Chains and slavery.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Coward turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stan', or freeman fa',
Caledonians, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! do or die!

LIFE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

Oh' life is like a summer flower,
  Blooming but to wither;
O, love is like an April hour,
  Tears and smiles together:
And hope is but a vapour light,
  The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
  And now it's gone for ever.

O, joy is but a passing ray,
  Lover's hearts beguiling;
A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
  Just a moment smiling.
But tho', in hopeless dark despair,
  The thread of life may sever:
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
  My heart is thine for ever!

THE FLOWER o' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty
  Benlomoud,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er
  the scene,

While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin'
To muse on sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldding blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom'
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as onie, aud blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her it's ain;
And far be the villan, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder wood glen;

Sae dear to this boosom, sae artless and winning'
Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd folish and vain;
I ne'er saw the nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as nathing the hight o' its splendour,
If wanting young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April when primroses paint the sweet plain,

And summer approaching rejoiceth th
swain,
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentim
go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hav
thorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacre
thorn,
With freedom he sang his love ev'ning a
morn;
He sang with so soft and enchanting
sound,
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc
around.

The shepherd thus sang: "Though your
Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu prou
air:
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly
could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd i
the spring.

That Maya, in all the gay bloom of he
youth,

the moon was inconstant, and never
spoke truth ;
Susie was faithfull, good-humourd, and
free,
fair as the goddess who sprang from
the sea".

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waters meet,
the last rays of feeling and life must
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the bloom of that valley shall fade
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Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still—

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made very dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.