Seven Favourite

SONGS.

A Scots Sang.
The Song of the Olden Time.
Candran Side.
Roy's Wife.
The bonnie wee Wife.
Tweedside.
Rule Britannia.

NEWTON-STEWART:

Printed and Sold, Wholesale and Retail, by J. M'Natrn.

A SCOTS SANG.

I ha'e lost my love, an' I dinna ken how,
I hae lost my love, an' I carena ;
For laith will I be just to ly down and dee,
And to sit down and greet wad be bairnly,
But a screed o' ill nature I canna weel help,
At having been guidit unfairly ;
An' weel wad I like to gi'e women a skelp,
An' yerk their sweet haffets fu' yarely.

O ! plague on the limmers, sae sly and demure,
As pauky as de'ils wi' their smiling ;
As fickle as winter, in sunshine and shower,
The hearts of a mankind beguiling ;
As sour as December, as soothing as May,
To suit their ain ends never doubt them ;
Their ill fauts I couldna tell ower in a day,
But their beauty's the warst thing about them !

Ay, that's what sets up the hale warld in a lowe—
Makes kingdoms to rise and expire ;
Man's might is nae mair than a flaughten o' tow,
Opposed to a bleeze o' reid fire !

'Twas woman at first made creation to bend
And of nature's prime lord made the pillow!
An' 'tis her that will bring this ill warld to an end—
An' that will be seen and heard tell o'!

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And even amidst the grand and gay,
When music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone—
Even the hope lingering now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sear and faded bough—
'Twill seem as still those friends were near
Who loved me in youth's early day,

If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes—and die away
To that song of the olden time
Breathed like Hope's farewell strain,
To say in some brighter clime
Life and youth will shine again.

CANDRAN SIDE.

I like to gang by Candran side,
For Johnnie meets me there.
Fain would I be my Johnnie's bride?
This wish is a' my care:
But that I darena tell the lad—
He would think me owre fain;
For mither frets and dadie threats
If I but name't to them.

Whene'er I cross the door at e'en,
There's fifty things to do,—
The ewes to bught, the cogs to clean,
The ale to warm or brew.
A' wark is mine since Johnne came;
And sneered at ilka turn;
Sare, sare I mane, yet a' in vain,—
They're happiest when I mourn.

Yestreen he passed at trystin' time,
Then out to him I flew;
He tauld me that his heart was mine,
And I am sure 'tis true.
Sae I'll be true to ilka vow,
Let mither flyte or fling;
In Johnnie's ha' ere beltin blaw,
I'll wear the bridal ring.

ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch!!

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
But ah! the fickle faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

Oh! she was a cantie quean,
Weel could she dance the Highland wal-[loch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair's sae fair, her een's sae clear,
Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonnie,
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife &c.

THE BONNIE WEE WIFE.

She is a winsome Wee thing,
She is a handsome we thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine,

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithley bear it,
And think my lot divine.

TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest?
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To ease the soft pain of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

"Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britan first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:—
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to the happy coasts repair.
Blest isle! with matchless beauties crowned
And manly hearts to guard thy fair.
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves.