

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF
BLUE.

PRAY GOODY

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

THE CYPRESS WREATH,

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY

OH SAY NOT WOMEN'S LOVE
IS BOUGHT.

HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I
LO'E WEEL.

THE CAPTIVE MANIAC.



GLASGOW:

Printed for the Booksellers.

1829.

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF
BLUE,

HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha wiinna wish gude luck to our cause,
May never gude luck be their fa',
It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true,
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the honnets of blue,
It's gude to support Caledonia's cause
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sae sma'.

Here's freedom to them that would read,
Here's freedom to them that would write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should
be heard

But they whom the truth wad indite.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It's gude to be wise, to be honest, and true
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

PRAY GOODY

Pray Goody please to moderate the rancour
of your tongue
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak the
prejudice is strong,
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me, try me,
Prove, ere you deny me;
If you cast me off, you'll blast me
Never more to rise.
Pray, goody, &c.

DONALD OF DUNDEE.

Young Donald is the blythest lad
That e'er made love to me,
Whene'er he's by, my heart is glad,
He seems so gay and free;
Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,
And in his plaid he looks so neat,
It cheers my heart at eve to meet,
Young Donald of Dundee.
Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
Young Sandy follows me,
And fain he wants to be my love,
But ah, it canna be.
Tho mither frets both air and late,
For me to wed this youth I hate;

There's none need hope to gain young Kate
But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,
The ring he show'd to me,
And bade me name the bridal-day,
Then happy wou'd he be.
I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
Nae mair my mither will I mind,
Mess John to me shall quickly bind
Young Donald of Dundee.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

A Glee for 3 voices.

O, lady twine no wreath for me,
Or twine of the cypress tree!
Too lively glows the lily's light
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine.
May shade a brow less sad than mine,
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Let dimpled mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew.
To patriot and to sage be due,
The myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
 Her boasted roses bought so dear;
 Let Albyn bind her bonnet blue,
 With heath and hare-bell dipt in dew,
 On favour'd Erin's crest be seen
 The flow'r she loves of emerald green;
 But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
 Or twine it of the cypress tree.

I'D BE A BUTTERFLY.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bow'r,
 Where roses and lillies' and violets meet:
 Roving for ever from flower to flower,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and
 sweet.

I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
 I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet,
 I'd be a butterfly born in a bow'r,
 And kissing all buds that are pretty and
 sweet. I'd be a butterfly, &c.

Oh, could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
 I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings;
 Their summer days ramble is sportive and
 airy,
 They sleep in a rose when the nighingale
 sings.

Those who have wealth must be watchful and
 wary,
 Power, alas! nought but misery brings,

I'd be a butterfly sportive and airy,
 Rock'd in a rose, when the nightingale
 sings. I'd be a butterfly, &c.

What tho' you tell me each gay little rover,
 Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn
 day;

Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
 To die, when all fair things are fading away.

Some in life's winter may toil to discover,
 Means of procuring a weary delay;

I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.
 I'd be a butterfly, &c.

OH SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS
 BOUGHT.

Oh! say not woman's love is bought
 With vain and empty treasure;

Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
 By every idle pleasure.

When first her gentle bosom knows
 Love's flame, it wanders never;

Deep in her heart the passion glows—
 She loves, and loves for ever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair;
 That like the bee she ranges,

Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes.

Ah no! the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm—
 She, loves, and loves for ever.

HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I
 LO'E WEEL.

TUNE.—He's owre the hills.

HE'S owre the hills that I lo'e weel,
 He's o'er the hills we daurna name;
 He's o'er the hills ayout Dumblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him;
 My brithers winna bide at hame;
 My miher greets and prays for them,
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

He's owre, &c.

The whigs may scoff, and the whigs may jeer;
 But ah! that love maun be sincere,
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
 O'er hieland hearts secure he reigns;
 What lads ere did our laddies will do;
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's owre, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air;
 Sae gallant an bold, sae young and sae fair !
 Oh ! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
 He's owre, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie then fight
 For your country, religion. and a' that is right;
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
 I'd die as ast, for ane o' the three !
 He's owre, &c.

THE CAPTIVE MANIAC.

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray
 They say my heart is warpt and wrung--
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae ;
 I cannot pray in Highlang tongue.
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devon's tides
 So sweetly would I rest and pray
 That heaven would close my wintry day !
 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 They bade me to church repair ;
 It was my bridal morn they said,
 And my true love would meet me there :
 But woe betide the cruel guile,
 That drown'd in blood the morning smile !
 And woe betide the fairy dream !
 I only wakd to sob and scream.