

# Beethoven folksongs arrangements

## Sung texts

### CD1

#### 25 Irish Songs WoO152

##### 1. No.1 THE RETURN TO ULSTER

Once again, but how chang'd since my wanderings began  
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,  
And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar  
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.  
Alas! My poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!  
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?  
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,  
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?  
It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,  
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;  
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,  
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.  
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire  
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:  
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,  
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.  
Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call;  
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chace and the hall;  
And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high,  
Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh.  
It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more  
Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.  
Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn?  
They were days of delusion, and can not return.  
*Sir Walter Scott*

##### 2. No.2 SWEET POWER OF SONG!

Sweet power of Song! That canst impart,  
To lowland swain or mountaineers,  
A gladness thrilling through the heart,  
A joy so tender and so dear:  
Sweet Power! That on a foreign strand  
Canst the rough soldier's bosom move,  
With feelings of his native land,  
As gentle as infant's love.  
Sweet Power! That makes youthful heads  
With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown'd,  
Nod proudly as the carol sheds  
Its spirit through the social round.  
Sweet Power! That cheer's the daily toil  
Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,  
The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,  
Or herdbooy on the lonely moor.  
Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,  
Who mourns his maiden's broken tye,  
'Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,  
Hath made a bliss of agony.  
Sweet power of Song! Thanks flow to thee  
From every kind and gentle breast!  
Let Erin's Cambria's minstrels be  
With Burn's tuneful spirit blest!  
*Joanna Baillie*

##### 3. No.3 ONCE MORE I HAIL THEE

Once more I hail thee, thou gloomy December!  
Thy visage so dark, and thy tempest's dread roar;  
Sad was the parting thou mak'st me remember,  
My parting with Nancy, ah! Ne'er to meet more!  
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
When hope mildly beams on the soft parting hour;  
But the dire feeling, "O farewell for ever",  
Is anguish unmingled and agony pure.  
Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,  
Until the last leaf of the summer is flown,  
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,  
Since hope is departed and comfort is gone.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

##### 4. No. 4 THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE

The morning air plays on my face,  
And through the grey mist peering,  
The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,  
Wood wild, and mountain cheering.  
Larks aloft are singing,  
Hares from covert springing,  
And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood  
Their early way are winging.  
Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,  
Sweet ev'ry herb is growing,  
To him whose willing heart inclines  
The way that he is going.  
Fancy shews to me, now,  
What will shortly be now,  
I'm patting at her door, poor Tray,  
Who fawns and welcomes me now.  
How slowly moves the rising latch!  
How quick my heart is beating.  
That worldly dame is on the watch  
To frown upon our meeting.  
Fly! Why should I mind her,  
See, who stands behind her,  
Whose eye doth on her trav'ler look  
The sweeter and the kinder.  
*Joanna Baillie*

##### 5. No.5 ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

Oh! Tell me, Harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
Where non may list their melody?  
Say, harp'st thou to the mist that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle, that from hig  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?  
No, not to these, for they have rest,  
The mist-wreath has the mountain crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild wood deep, nor mountain grey,  
Not this deep dell that shrouds from day  
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.  
The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,  
Meed for his hospitality.  
The friendly heart which warm'd that hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with a brand  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.  
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,

Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
 They can but sound in desert lone  
 Their grey-hair'd master's misery.  
 Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
 Each chord should imprecations fling,  
 'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
 "Revenge for blood and treachery!"

**6. No.6 WHAT SHALL I DO TO SHEW HOW MUCH I LOVE HER?**

What shall I do to shew how much I love her?  
 Thoughts that oppress me, O how can I tell?  
 Will my soft passion be able to move her?  
 Language is wanting, when loving so well.  
 Can sighs and tears, in the silence, betoken  
 Half the distress this fond bosom must know?  
 Or will she melt when a true heart is broken,  
 Weeping, too late, o'er her lost lover's woe.  
 Is there a grace comes not playful before her?  
 Is there a virtue, and not in her train?  
 Is there a swain but delights to adore her?  
 Pains she a heart, but it boasts of her chain?  
 Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,  
 Life's gayest fancies the hope should renew;  
 Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with my ruin,  
 Death should persuade her my sorrows are true!

**7. No.7 HIS BOAT COMES ON THE SUNNY TIDE**

His boat comes on the sunny tide,  
 And brightly gleams the flashing oar;  
 The boatmen carol by his side,  
 And blithely near the welcome shore,  
 How softly Shannon's currents flow!  
 His shadow in the stream I see;  
 The very waters seem to know  
 Dear is the freight they bear to me.  
 His eager bound, his hasty tread,  
 His well-known voice I'll shortly hear;  
 And oh, those arms so kindly spread!  
 That greetings smile! That manly tear!  
 In other lands, when far away,  
 My love with hope did never twain;  
 It saw him thus, both night and day,  
 To Shannon's banks return'd again.  
*Joanna Baillie*

**8. No.8 COME DRAW WE ROUND A CHEERFUL RING**

Come draw we round a cheerful ring  
 And broach the foaming ale,  
 And let the merry maiden sing,  
 The beldame tell her tale:  
 And let the sightless harper sit  
 The blazing faggot by;  
 And let the jester vent his wit,  
 His tricks the urchin try.  
 Who shakes the door with angry din;  
 And would admitted be?  
 No, Gossip Winter, snug within,  
 We have no room for thee.

Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,  
 And shake the willows bare;  
 The water-elf his sport doth take,  
 Thou'lt find a comrade there.  
 Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,  
 The owl hoots on the tree,  
 They hold their nightly vigil well,  
 And so the while will we.  
 Then strike we up the rousing glee,  
 And pass the beaker round,  
 While ev'ry head right merrily  
 Is moving to the sound.  
*Joanna Baillie*

**9. No. 9. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM**

Our bugles sung truce, for the nightcloud  
 had low'r'd,  
 And the centinel stars set their watch in  
 the sky,  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground,  
 overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to  
 die.  
 When reposing that night om my pallet of  
 straw,  
 By the wolfscaring faggot that guarded the  
 slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I  
 saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it  
 again.  
 Methought from the battlefield's dreadful  
 array,  
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;  
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the  
 way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd  
 me back.  
 I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom  
 was young;  
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating  
 aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain the cornreapers  
 sung.  
 Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I  
 swore.  
 From my home and my weeping friends  
 never to part;  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times  
 o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of  
 heart.  
 Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and  
 worn;  
 And fain was their warbroken soldier to  
 stay;  
 But sorrow return'd with the drawing of  
 morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted  
 away.  
*Thomas Campbell*

**10. No.10 THE DESERTER**  
 If sadly thinking and spirits sinking  
 Could more than drinking my cares  
 compose;  
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,  
 And hope tomorrow might end my woes.  
 But since in wailing there's nought availing,  
 And Fate unfailing must strike the blow:

Then for that reason and for a season,  
 We will be merry before we go.  
 A wayworn ranger to joy a stranger,  
 Through every danger my course I've run;  
 Now hope all ending, and death  
 befriending,  
 His last aid sending, my cares are done,  
 No more a rover, or hapless lover,  
 My griefs are over, and my glass runs low.  
 Then for that reason and for a season,  
 We will be merry before we go.  
*John Philpot Curran*

**11. No.11 THOU EMBLEM OF FAITH**

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge  
 of a passion,  
 That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier  
 than me;  
 On the hand of the fair go resume thy lov'd  
 station  
 And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on  
 thee.  
 And when some past scene thy  
 remembrance recalling,  
 Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is  
 falling,  
 With the transport of love may no anguish  
 combine,  
 But the bliss be all hers, and the suff'ring  
 all mine.  
 But ah! Had the ringlet thou lov'st to  
 surround,  
 Had it e'er kiss'd the rose on the cheek of  
 my dear,  
 What ransom to buy thee could ever be  
 found?  
 Or what force from my heart thy  
 possession could tear?  
 A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a  
 stranger,  
 In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in  
 danger,  
 Next that heart would I wear thee till its  
 last pang was o'er,  
 Then together we'd sink, and I'd part thee  
 no more.  
*John Philpot Curran*

**12. No.12 ENGLISH BULLS**

Och! I have you not heard, Pat, of many a  
 joke  
 That's made by the wits 'gainst your own  
 country folk;  
 They may talk of our bulls, but it must be  
 confest,  
 That, of all the bullmakers, John Bull is the  
 best.  
 I'm just come from London, their capital  
 town,  
 A fine place it is, faith, I'm sorry to own;  
 For there you can't shew your sweet face  
 in the street,  
 But a Bull is the very first man that you  
 meet.  
 Now, I went to Saint Paul's, 'twas just after  
 my landing.  
 A great house they've built, that has scarce  
 room to stand in;  
 And there, gramachree! Won't you think it  
 a joke,  
 The lower I whisper'd, the louder I spoke!

Then I went to the Tower to see the wild  
beasts,  
Thinking out of my wits to be frighten'd at  
least;  
But these wild beasts I found standing  
tame on a shelf,  
Not one of the kit half so wild as myself.  
Next I made for the Bank, Sir, for there, I  
was told,  
Were oceans of silver and mountains of  
gold;  
But I soon found this talk was mere bluster  
and vapour  
For the gold and the silver were all made of  
paper.  
A friend took me into the Parliament  
house,  
And there sat the Speaker as mum as a  
mouse,  
For in spite of his name, won't you think  
this a joke tho',  
The speaker he whom they all of them  
spoke to.  
Of all the strange places I ever was in,  
Wasn't that now the place for a hubbub  
and din.  
While some made a bother to keep others  
quiet,  
And the rest call'd for "Order" meaning  
just, make a riot.  
Then should you hereafter be told of some  
joke,  
By the Englishmen made 'gainst your own  
country folk,  
Tell this tale, my dear honey, and stoutly  
protest,  
That of all the bullmakers, John Bull is the  
best.  
*Anonymous*

**13. No.13 MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN**

Musing on the roaring ocean  
Which divides my love and me;  
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,  
For his weal where'er he be;  
Hope and fear's alternate billow  
Yielding late to nature's law;  
Whispering spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that 's far awa.  
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.  
Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me,  
Talk of him that 's far away!  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**14. NO.14 DERMOT AND SHELAH**

O who sits so sadly, and heaves the fond  
sigh?  
Alas! Cried young Dermot, 'tis only poor I,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
My fair one has left me in sorrow to moan,  
So here am I come, just to die alone;  
No longer fond love shall my bosom  
enslave,  
I'm wearing a garland to hang o'er my  
grave,

All under the willow, the willow so green.  
The fair one you love is, you tell me,  
untrue,  
And here stands poor Shelah, forsaken, like  
you,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
O take me in sadness to sit by your side,  
Your anguish to share, and your sorrow  
divide;  
I'll answer each sigh, and I'll echo each  
groan,  
And 'tis dismal, you know, to be dying  
alone,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
Then close to each other they sat down to  
sigh,  
Resolving in anguish together to die,  
All under the willow, the willow so green,  
But he was so comely, and she was so fair,  
They somehow forgot all their sorrow and  
care;  
And, thinking it better a while to delay,  
They put off their dying, to toy and to play,  
All under the willow, the willow so green.  
*T. Toms*

**15. No.15 LET BRAIN-SPINNING SWAINS**

Let brain-spinning swains, in effusions  
fantastic,  
Sing meetings by moonlight in arbour or  
grove;  
But Patrick O'Donnelly's taste is more  
plastic,  
All times and all seasons are fitted for love:  
At Cork or Killarny, Killala or Blarney,  
At fair, wake, or wedding, my passion must  
glow:  
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,  
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.  
When driving the cows of old father  
O'Leary,  
An angel, yourself, I had still in my eye;  
When digging potatoes, mud-spatter'd and  
weary.  
O what did I think on, but you, with a sigh!  
At plough, or haymaking, I'm in an odd  
tucking,  
My bosom heaves high, though my spirits  
be low:  
Fair maid, will you but trust to me,  
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.  
When first I 'spied your sweet face, I  
remember,  
That hot summer day, how I shiver'd for  
shame!  
You smil'd when I met you again in  
December,  
And then, by the Pow'rs, I was all in a  
flame!  
Come summer, come winter, in you my  
thoughts center,  
I doat on you, Judy, from top to he toe:  
Fair maid, will you but trust to me  
Fondly I'll love you wherever I go.  
*Sir Alexander Boswell*

**16. No.16 HIDE NOT THY ANGUISH**

Hide not thy anguish  
Thou must not deceive me,  
Thy fortunes have frown'd,  
And the struggle is o'er;

Come then the ruin!  
For nothing shall grieve me,  
If thou are but left me,  
I ask for no more.  
Hard is the world,  
It will rudely reprove thee;  
Thy friends will retire,  
When the tempest is near;  
Now is my season,  
And now will I love thee,  
And cheer thee when none  
But thy Mary will cheer.  
Come to my arms,  
Thou art dearer than ever!  
But breathe not a whisper  
Of sorrow for me:  
Fear shall not reach me,  
Nor misery sever,  
Thy Mary is worthy  
Of love and of thee.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**17. No.17 IN VAIN TO THIS DESERT MY FATE I DEPLORE**

In vain to this desert my fate I deplore,  
For dark is the wildwood, and bleak is the  
shore;  
The rude blasts I hear, and the white waves  
I see,  
But nought that gives shelter or comfort to  
me.  
O love! Thou hast pleasures, and deep  
have I lov'd,  
I love! Thou hast sorrows, and sore Have I  
prov'd:  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in  
my breast,  
I can feel, by its throbbing, will soon be at  
rest.  
When clos'd are those eyes, that but open  
to weep,  
With my woes and my wrongs I shall  
peacefully sleep;  
But the thorn thy inkindness first plac'd in  
my heart,  
Transplanted to thine, shall new anguish  
impart.  
*Anne Grant*  
*Note: the second verse is by Burns*

**18. No.18 THEY BID ME SLIGHT MY DERMOT DEAR**

They bid me slight my Dermot dear,  
For he's of low degree,  
While I my lady's maid am here,  
And of the quality.  
But if my mother would not grieve,  
And if the truth were known,  
Wellpleas'd would I this castle leave,  
And live for him alone.  
Oh, never slight thy Dermot dear,  
Tho' he's of low degree,  
For thou thy lady's maid art here,  
And of the quality.  
For tho' thy mother haply grieve  
When first the truth were known,  
She'll bid thee not thy Dermot leave,  
But live for him alone.  
There's now like thee, - the kind of all,  
At funeral, and at fair;  
My lord's fine man, hat's in the hall,

Can ne'er with thee compare.  
 Thy heart is true, thy heart is warm;  
 And so is mine to thee;  
 And would my Lord but give the farm,  
 How happy should we be!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**20. No.20 FAREWELL BLISS AND FAREWELL NANCY**

Farewell bliss and farewell Nancy,  
 Farewell fleeting joys of fancy;  
 Hopes and fears and sights that languish  
 Now give place to cureless anguish.  
 Why did I so fondly love thee?  
 Why to wearing sorrow bring thee?  
 Why let causeless slander sting thee?  
 Gazing on my precious treasure,  
 Lost in reckless dreams of pleasure,  
 Thy unspotted heart possessing,  
 Grasping at the promis'd blessing,  
 Pouring out my soul before thee,  
 Living only to adore thee,  
 Could I see the tempest brewing?  
 Could I dread the blast of ruin?  
 Had we never lov'd so kindly;  
 Had we never lov'd so blindly,  
 Never met, or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken hearted.  
 Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,  
 Fare thee well, thou best and dearest;  
 One fond kiss, and then we sever,  
 One farewell, alas! For ever.  
*Anne Grant*

**21. No.21 MORNING A CRUEL TURMOILER IS**

Morning a cruel turmoiler is,  
 Banishing ease and repose;  
 Noonday a roaster and broiler is  
 How we pant under 'is nose!  
 Ev'ning for lover's soft measures,  
 Sighing and begging a boon;  
 But the blithe season for pleasures,  
 Laughing lies under the moon.

**REFRAIN:**

Och! Then you rogue Pat O'Flannaghan,  
 Kegs of the whiskey we'll tilt,  
 Murtoch, replenish our can again,  
 Up with your heart cheering lilt!  
 Myrtles and vines some may prate about,  
 Bawling in heathenish glee,  
 Stuff I won't bother my pate about,  
 Shamrock and whiskey for me!  
 Faith, but I own I feel tender;  
 Judy, you jill, how I burn!  
 If she won't smile, devil mend her!  
 Both sides of chops have their turn.

**REFRAIN**

Fill all your cups till they foam again,  
 Bubbles must float on the brim;  
 He that steals first sneaking home again,  
 Daylight is too good for him!  
 While we have goblets to handle,  
 While we have liquor to fill,  
 Mirth, and one spare inch of candle,  
 Planets may wink as they will.

**REFRAIN**

*Sir Alexander Boswell*

**22. No.22 FROM GARYONE, MY HAPPY HOME**

From Garyone, my happy home,  
 Full many a weary mile I've come,  
 To sound of fife and beat of drum,  
 And more shall see it never.  
 'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,  
 Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,  
 And wear the circling hours away  
 In mirth or peace for ever.  
 But Harry came, a blithesome boy,  
 He told me I was all his joy,  
 That love was sweet, and ne'er could cloy,  
 And he would leave me never:  
 His coat way scarlet tipp'd with blue,  
 With gay cockade and feather too,  
 A comely lad he was to view;  
 And won my heart for ever.  
 My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,  
 Ah! Do not from your parents stray;  
 My father sigh'd, and nought would say,  
 For he could chide me never:  
 Yet cruel, I farewell could take,  
 I left them for my sweetheart's sake,  
 And came, 'twas near my heart to break  
 From Garyone for ever.  
 But poverty is hard to bear,  
 And love is but a summer's wear,  
 And men deceive us when they swear  
 They'll love and leave us never:  
 Now sad I wander through the day,  
 No more I laugh, or dance, or play,  
 But mourn the hour I came away  
 From Garyone for ever.  
*T. Toms*

**23. No.23 THE WAND'RING GYPSY**

Ach! mir schallt's dorten so lieblich hervor:  
 Fürchte Gott, fürchte Gott!  
 Ruft mir die Wachtel ins Ohr.  
 Sitzend im Grünen, von Halmen umhüllt,  
 Mahnt sie dem Horcher am Saatengefeld:  
 Liebe Gott, liebe Gott!  
 Er ist so gütig, so mild.  
 Wieder bedeutet ihr hüpfender Schlag:  
 Lobe Gott, lobe Gott!  
 Der dich zu loben vermag.  
 Siehst du die herrlichen Früchte im Feld?  
 Nimm es zu Herzen, Bewohner der Welt:  
 Danke Gott, danke Gott!  
 Der dich ernährt und erhält.  
 Schreckt dich im Wetter der Herz der  
 Natur:  
 Bitte Gott, bitte Gott!  
 Ruft sie, er schonet die Flur.  
 Machen Gefahren der Krieger dir bang:  
 Traue Gott, traue Gott!  
 Sieh', er verziehet nicht lang.  
*Samuel Friedrich Sauter*

**24. No.24 THE TRAUGH WELCOME**

Shall a son of O'Donnel be cheerless and cold,  
 While Mackenna's wide heart has a faggot to spare;  
 While O'Donnel is poor shall Mackenna have gold,  
 Or be cloth'd, while a limb of O'Donnel is bare?

While sickness and hunger the sinews assail,  
 Shall Mackenna, unmov'd, quaff his madder of mead;  
 On the haunch of a deer shall Mackenna regale,  
 While a chief of Tyrconnell is fainting for bread?  
 No, enter my dwelling, my feast thou shalt share,  
 On my pillow of rushes thy head shall recline:  
 And bold is the heart and the hand that will dare  
 To harm but one hair of a ringlet of thine.  
 Then come to my home, 'tis the house of a friend,  
 In the green woods of Traugh thou art safe from thy foes;  
 Six sons of Mackenna thy steps shall attend,  
 And their six sheathless skeans shall protect thy repose.

**25. No.25 OH HARP OF ERIN**

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,  
 For he the last of all his race is gone:  
 And now no more the minstrel's verse shall flow,  
 That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:  
 The hand is cold that with a poet's fire  
 Could sweep in magic change thy sounding wire.  
 How lonely were the minstrel's latter days,  
 How of thy string with strains indignant rung;  
 To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,  
 Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:  
 The purple heath of ev'ning was his bed,  
 His shelter from the storm a peasant's shed!  
 The gale that round his urn its odour flings,  
 And waves the flow'rs that o'er it wildly wreathes,  
 Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,  
 And with a mournful chord his requiem breathe.  
 The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to hear,  
 Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a tear.  
*David Thomson*

**20 Irish Songs WoO153**

**26. No.1 WHEN EVE'S LAST RAYS**

When eve's last rays in twilight die  
 And stars are seen along the sky,  
 On Liffy's banks I stray;  
 And there with fond I regret I gaze,  
 Where oft I've pass'd the fleeting days  
 With her that's far away.  
 When she would sing some lovely strain,  
 How sweet the echoes gave again  
 In fainter notes the lay;  
 Tho'mute the echoes of the grove,  
 In fancy still I hear my love.  
 Though now she's far away.  
 Her from the stream reflected clear,  
 And still it seem'd, when she was near,

To move with fond delay;  
 But though its wave no trace retains,  
 Her image in my heart remains,  
 Tho' now she's far away.  
*David Thomson*

**27. No.2 NO RICHES FROM HIS SCANTY STORE**

No riches from his scanty store  
 My lover could impart;  
 He gave a boon I valued more  
 He gave me all his heart!  
 His soul sincere, his gen'rous worth,  
 Might well this bosom move;  
 And when I ask'd for bliss on earth,  
 I only meant his love.  
 But now for me, in search of gain,  
 From shore to shore he flies:  
 Why wander, riches to obtain,  
 When love is all I prize!  
 The frugal meal, the lowly cot,  
 If blest my love with thee!  
 That simple fare, that humble lot,  
 Were more than wealth to me.  
 While he the dang'rous ocean braves,  
 My tears but vainly flow:  
 Is pity in the faithless waves  
 To which I pour my woe?  
 The night is dark, the waters deep;  
 Yes, soft the billows roll:  
 Alas! At every breeze I weep;  
 The storm is in my soul.  
*Helen Maria Williams*

**28. No.3 THE BRITISH LIGHT DRAGOONS**

'Twas a Marechal of France,  
 and he fain would honour gain,  
 And he long'd to take a passing glance  
 at Portugal from Spain,  
 With his flying guns this gallant gay,  
 And boasted corps d'armée,  
 O he fear'd not our dragoons with  
 their long swords boldly riding.  
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,  
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.  
 To Campo Mayor come,  
 he had quietly sat down,  
 Just a fricassee to pick,  
 while his soldiers sack'd the town,  
 When 'twas peste! Morbleu! Mon General,  
 Hear th' English bugle call!  
 And behold the light dragoons with  
 their long swords boldly riding.  
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,  
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.  
 Three hundred British lads  
 they made three thousand reel,  
 Their hearts were made of English Oak,  
 their swords of Sheffield steel,  
 Their horses were in Yorkshire bred,  
 And Beresford them led;  
 So huzza for brave dragoons with their  
 long swords boldly riding.  
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,  
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.  
 There here's a health to Wellington,  
 to Beresford, to Long,  
 And a single word of Bonaparte  
 before I close my song:  
 The eagles that to fight he brings  
 Should serve his men with wings,

When they meet the brave dragoons  
 with their long swords boldly riding.  
 Whack fal de ral la la la la la la,  
 And Whack fal de ral la la la la la la.  
*Sir Walter Scott*

**29. No.4 SINCE GREYBEARDS INFORM US THAT YOUTH WILL DECAY**

Since greybeards inform us that youth will  
 decay,  
 And pleasure's soft transports glide swiftly  
 away:  
 The song, and the dance, and the vine, and  
 the fair,  
 Shall banish all sorrow and shield us from  
 care.  
 Away with your proverbs, your morals, and  
 rules,  
 Your proctors, and doctors, and pedants,  
 and schools:  
 Let's seize the bright moments while yet in  
 our prime,  
 And fast by the forelock catch old father  
 Time.  
 Tho' spring's lovely blossoms delight us no  
 more,  
 Tho' summer forsake us, and autumn be  
 o'er;  
 To cheer us in winter, remembrance can  
 bring  
 The pleasures of autumn, and summer, and  
 spring:  
 So when fleeting seasons bring life's latest  
 stage,  
 To speak of youth's frolic shall gladden our  
 age:  
 Then seize the bright moments while yet in  
 our prime,  
 And fast by the forelock catch old father  
 Time.  
*T. Toms*

**30. No.5. I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOW'RS WERE SPRINGING**

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were  
 springing,  
 Gaily in the sunny beam;  
 I listen'd to the wild birds singing,  
 By a falling crystal stream.  
 At once the sky grew black and daring,  
 While through the woods the whirlwinds  
 rave,  
 The trees with aged arms were warring,  
 Across the swelling drumlie wave.  
 Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;  
 But long ere noon loud tempest storming,  
 All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.  
 Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,  
 Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,  
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
 I bear a heart shall support me still.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**31. No.6 SAD AND LUCKLESS WAS THE SEASON**

Sad and luckless was the season,  
 When to court fair Ellen flew,  
 Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,  
 Worlds to see of promise new.  
 Back she comes - each grace is finer,

Ev'ry charm that crowds adore,  
 All the form divine, diviner  
 But the heart is there no more.  
 Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,  
 Careless nature, artless ease!  
 All that makes retirement heaven  
 Pleasing, without toil to please,  
 Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,  
 Vain to hear these echoing skies  
 Bloom non more, ye violets, near her,  
 Yours are charms she would not prize.  
 Ellen! Go where crowds admire thee,  
 Chariots rattle, torches blaze;  
 Here our dull content would tire thee,  
 Worthless be our village praise.  
 Go! Yet oh, that Thought's soft season  
 Ellen's heart might but restore!  
 Hard the task - whate'er the reason  
 Hard the task to love no more.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**32. No.7 O SOOTHE ME, MY LYRE**

O soothe me, my lyre, with thy tones of  
 soft sorrow,  
 O soothe thy sad mistress that sinks in  
 decay,  
 Fainter today, to be fainter tomorrow,  
 I fade like the flow'r and am passing away.  
 Pale is my cheek, - it was fair as they told  
 me -  
 Who in the dance that but lately had been,  
 Who that had seen me, and now should  
 behold me,  
 Would think me the Ellen that there he had  
 seen?  
 Dear was the world - I had youth, I had  
 beauty,  
 But 'tis not for life that I heave this sad sigh  
 - Firm is my soul in its hope and its duty, -  
 But oh! To be lov'd - then untimely to die.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**33. No.8 NORAH, THE WITCH OF BALAMAGAIRY**

Farewell mirth and hilarity,  
 Love has my heart in cruel subjection;  
 Ah me! Norah in charity  
 Spare a fond soul one throb of affection.  
 Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her  
 casement,  
 Alas! With one look all my courage she  
 shook!  
 But while I linger'd in moonstruck  
 amazement,  
 Not a smile all the while cheers  
 recollection.

**REFRAIN:**

Love, love, wins us by treachery,  
 Yet leaves no choice but humble  
 submission;  
 What spell can conquer this witchery,  
 Woman our bane's the only physician.  
 Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,  
 Where other shores are kiss'd by the  
 ocean,  
 Blest powers! Draw but one sigh from her,  
 Let her not live thus dead to emotion.  
 Yet I must steal one last glance ere I leave  
 her,

Perhaps in her heart she may grieve when we part;  
 Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,  
 Fair thy cup turn'd up, bitter the potion.

REFRAIN

Ah me! Had we the agency  
 Of a kindhearted feat little fairy,  
 Good bye then to the regency,  
 Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!  
 Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all  
 sighing,  
 She scatters her spells, and then ev'ry  
 heart swells;  
 Not a young clown but is pining and dying,  
 Ah! The fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

REFRAIN

*Sir Alexander Boswell*

**34. No.9 THE KISS, DEAR MAID, THY LIP HAS LEFT**

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,  
 Shall never part from mine,  
 Till happier hours restore the gift  
 Untainted back to thine.  
 Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
 An equal love, may see;  
 [The]1 tear that from thine eyelid streams  
 Can weep no change in me.  
 I ask no pledge to make me blest  
 In gazing when alone;  
 Nor one memorial for a breast  
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.  
 By day or night, in weal or woe,  
 This heart, no longer free,  
 [Must]1 bear the love it cannot show,  
 And silent ache for thee.  
*George Gordon Noel Byron*

**35. No.10 OH! THOU HAPLESS SOLDIER**

Oh! Thou hapless soldier,  
 Left unseen to moulder  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
 Far thy comrades flying,  
 Lost, abandon'd, dying  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
 Faint - and none to cheer thee,  
 Moaning - none to hear thee,  
 Dying - and none near thee  
 On this lonely plain.  
 No fond tears fall o'er thee,  
 No fond hearts deplore thee,  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
 Power! Ambition! Glory!  
 Read we then your story  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
 Some fond maid is sighing  
 For the hero lying  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
 Never, hapless soldier,  
 Fated to behold her,  
 Left unseen to moulder  
 On this lonely plain.  
 No fond tears fall o'er thee,  
 No fond hearts deplore thee,  
 Here on the lonely plain.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**36. No. 11. WHEN FAR FROM THE HOME**

When far from the home of your youth we  
 have rang'd,  
 How fondly we think of the days that are  
 past;  
 Their image through changes is ever  
 unchang'd,  
 Wherever our lot may be cast.  
 I muse on the features of those whom I  
 lov'd;  
 The farewell of friendship I yet seem to  
 hear:  
 The scenes I remember where oft I have  
 rov'd,  
 The songs that delighted my ear.  
 In slumbers their music some vision recalls,  
 And oft I implore it a moment to stay;  
 But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence  
 falls,  
 I wake, and the sound dies away.  
 How sad the reverse, - once I wept but in  
 dreams,  
 The dawn then awoke me to hope and  
 delight;  
 Now hope never comes with the morning's  
 gay beams,  
 And joy is a phantom of night.  
 Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of  
 thy wand,  
 More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er  
 spread;  
 For back o'er the ocean of time they  
 expand,  
 And bring us to scenes that are fled.  
 Tho' hope never comes with the morning's  
 gay beams,  
 Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,  
 Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in  
 dreams  
 To all the lov'd scenes of my home.  
*David Thomson*

CD2

**1. No.12 I'LL PRAISE THE SAINTS**

I'll praise the saints with early song,  
 For now the wars are ended;  
 I'll praise our Lady late and long,  
 That has my Love defended.  
 Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,  
 From me no more to sever;  
 And in his looks, I see it clear:  
 He loves me more than ever.  
 He sits our evening fire beside,  
 The cabin round surveying,  
 And looks with all a father's pride,  
 While near the child is playing.  
 Even me he turns to gaze upon,  
 As in my maiden beauty,  
 Before my bloom was worn and gone  
 By many a toilsome duty.  
 My love, he cries, thou canst not guess,  
 Tho' kind and tender hearted,  
 What I have known of sad distress,  
 Since last from thee I parted.  
 And little canst thou now suppose  
 How my poor heart is swelling,  
 To find myself at evening's close  
 In this my peaceful dwelling.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**2. No.13 'TIS SUNSHINE AT LAST**

'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen, sit  
 near me,  
 And twine me these roses, we sorrow no  
 more;  
 Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to  
 cheer me,  
 The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er.  
 Oh! Not that my mirth, with unhallow'd  
 intrusion,  
 Would thy gentle mind to rude transport  
 beguile,  
 But catch from my bowl one fond passing  
 illusion,  
 And crown my gay heart with thy  
 sympathy's smile.  
 Oh! Ever, my love, must I think of that  
 season,  
 When, friendless, we mingled our terrors  
 and sighs;  
 And how had I failed, in the night of my  
 reason,  
 Had comfort not beam'd from thine  
 eloquent eyes.  
 Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I  
 render:  
 No riot shall break the soft dreams of the  
 soul;  
 Around us shall breathe an Elysium more  
 tender,  
 And finer enchantment be waked from my  
 bowl.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**3. No.14 PADDY O'RAFFERTY**

Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous,  
 Laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas somewhat too  
 rigorous;  
 Poor was his prize from the wheel of life's  
 lottery,  
 Turning the wheel in old Dennis Keogh's  
 pottery.  
 Still he kept turning, and still the clay  
 tapering,  
 Grew a black pot to hold ink for with paper  
 in,  
 Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a small  
 pension in,  
 Sometimes, faith, something not worth a  
 word's mentioning.  
 Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the round  
 about,  
 So come those fortunes they make such a  
 sound about,  
 Some in their savealls their thousands are  
 gathering,  
 Some from these inkpots great families  
 fathering.  
 So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay with  
 ye,  
 Luck, whispers Paddy, take heart and away  
 with ye,  
 Stout are your limbs, a good countenance  
 carrying,  
 Why should not Paddy catch money by  
 marrying?  
 Pat took the hint and gambol'd like a  
 mountebank,  
 Small were his dealings with town or with  
 county bank,  
 Short his accounts were, and no need of  
 docqueting,

Light was his moneybag, easy in pocketing.  
Up with his bundle, his trusty stick  
shouldering,  
Set them, quoth Pat, stay at home and be  
mouldering;  
But a smooth shilling I'd willingly now  
wager,  
Paddy O'Rafferty hooks an old dowager.  
*Sir Alexander Boswell*

**4. No.15 'TIS BUT IN VAIN, FOR NOTHING  
THRIVES**

'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives,  
Where Dermot has to do,  
Ill-fortune seems, howe'er he strives,  
His footsteps to pursue!  
But one by one, when friends are gone,  
Must I forsake him too.  
O poverty! Full sure thou art  
A foe the most unkind;  
And weary, weary is the heart  
That feels thee still behind.  
But one by one, when friends are gone,  
Must I forsake him too.  
Next month he sails to find a home  
Beyond the western tide;  
And heav'n knows where he means to  
roam,  
His houseless head to hide.  
But one by one, when friends are gone,  
Must I forsake him too.  
Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,  
I tell it thee alone,  
My Dermot is not always, kind -  
He breaks my heart, I own,  
But one by one, when friends are gone,  
Must I forsake him too.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**5. No.16 O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK  
LOVE**

O might I but my Patrick love!  
My mother scolds severely,  
And tells me I shall wretched prove,  
Because I love him dearly!  
In vain she rates me o'er and o'er  
With lessons cold and endless;  
It only makes me love him more,  
To find him poor and friendless.

REFRAIN:

Oh! Patrick, fly from me,  
Or I am lost for ever  
Oh! Fortune kinder be,  
Nor thus two Lovers sever.  
What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,  
In splendour and in riches?  
He says, we love too little prize,  
That gold too much bewitches!  
More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom  
Whene'er the winter rages,  
Than birds, he says, of finer plume,  
That mope in gilded cages.

REFRAIN

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**6. No.17 COME, DARBY DEAR!**

Come, Darby dear! Easy, be easy,  
So be sure, and it may not well please ye;  
But she's gone, as I said,

With young Pat to be wed,  
And in vain will we fret,  
'Till we're crazy.  
And troth! He's proper fine creature,  
Of mighty good figure and feature,  
And our daughter Kitty,  
Why she's young and pretty -  
O Darby dear! Is not nature?  
They're tied before this, never fear them,  
So love and good luck ever cheer them,  
And faith in a crack  
They'll be all coming back -  
By the virgin! - The Piper!  
I hear them.  
And it was, and it is always thus now,  
So no longer be making a fuss now:  
Cross words and uncivil  
Och, pitch to the devil!  
And give your old woman a buss now.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**7. No.18 NO MORE, MY MARY**

No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour,  
And riot's joys no longer prize:  
On thee I muse in visions tender,  
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.  
Oh! Not the sages  
With pedant pages,  
'Tis thy soft smiles  
Have made me wise.  
For life's delusions of joy had left me;  
With sated heart I turn'd to pine  
A faded world I thought was left me,  
Tho' all its pleasures mine.  
O hours of folly!  
Of melancholy!  
How chang'd for bliss,  
For love like thine.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**8. No.19 JUDY, LOVELY, MATCHLESS  
CREATURE**

Judy, lovely, matchless creature,  
Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,  
Like yon light, the pride of nature,  
Thro' the morning dew.  
Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling,  
All around the buds are swelling,  
Ev'ry little linnets' telling,  
'Tis the time to woo.  
Dame o' Flynn, sweet Judy's mother,  
Would you bid me passion smother!  
Sure I'll speak as well's another  
Tho' poor Pat O' Doyle.  
Love within my breast is teasing,  
Where I dumb 'twould be amazing;  
Sooner, when the coals are blazing,  
Bid your pot not boil.  
*Sir Alexander Boswell*

**9. NO.20 THY SHIP MUST SAIL, MY HENRY  
DEAR**

Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,  
Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;  
And I, for one long tedious year,  
Must learn thy absence to endure.  
Come let me by my pencil's aid  
Arrest thy image ere it flies;  
And like the fond Corinthian maid,  
Thus win from Art what Fate denies.  
And I will hang with fondness warm

O'er all that there I pictur'd see;  
To others but a mimic form, -  
But oh! My life, my love to me.  
Or let me sing the song so dear,  
The song that told thy bosom's fire,  
When first, our favorite willows near,  
I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.  
Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play  
The song beneath those willow trees,  
When thou, alas! Art far away,  
And nought but thoughts of thee can  
please.  
Dear sister Arts! Of power divine,  
To soothe the heart when cheerless found,  
And near, with moonlight gleam to shine,  
When all the world is darkness round.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**12 Irish Songs WoO154**

**10. 1. THE ELFIN FAIRIES**

We fairy elves in secret dells,  
All day contrive our magic spells,  
Till sable night o'er-cast the sky,  
And trough the airy regions fly,  
By Cynthia's light so clear:  
Around the earth ere dawn of day,  
On high we win our easy way;  
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,  
On the velvet turf alighting;  
So light, so light,  
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.

REFRAIN

So light, so light,  
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.  
And if no bus'ness calls from home  
Around the wheeling globe to roam;  
We to some flow'ry meadow stray,  
And sing and dance the night away,  
Around our Fairy Queen.  
Then we our mushroom board prepare,  
The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,  
The dewy nectar round distilling,  
All our hairbell goblets filling;  
Good night, good night:  
Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily's downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.

REFRAIN

Good night, good night:  
Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily's downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.

*David Thomson*

**11. 2. O HARP OF ERIN**

O harp of Erin thou art now laid low,  
For he the last of all his race is gone:  
And now no more the minstrel's verse shall  
flow,  
That sweetly mingled with thy dulcet tone:  
The hand is cold that with a poet's fire  
Could sweep in magic change thy sounding  
wire.

How lonely were the minstrel's latter days,  
How of thy string with strains indignant  
rung;

To desert wilds he pour'd his ancient lays,  
Or to a shepherd boy his legend sung:  
The purple heath of ev'ning was his bed,  
His shelter from the storm a peasant's  
shed!

The gale that round his urn its odour flings,  
And waves the flow's that o'er it wildly  
wreathe,  
Shall thrill along thy few remaining strings,  
And with a mournful chord his requiem  
breathe.

The shepherd boy that paus'd his song to  
hear,  
Shall chant it o'er his grave, and drop a  
tear.

*David Thomson*

### 12. 3. THE FAREWELL SONG

O Erin! To thy harp divine

I bid adieu:

Yet let me now its sounds resign  
With homage due.

Thy gen'rous sons, that know not fear,  
Their feelings, genius, fire:  
O blest be all! But Erin dear,  
Be blest thy lyre.

O where the heart that would not bound  
With answering beat,

To hear thy Planxty's dancing sound,  
And numbers sweet.  
And where the heart that sinks not low,  
And musing melts away,  
To hear thy harp's deep lonely flow,  
When mourns the lay.

No toil can e'er such sweets supply,  
No chymic power,

As brings the bee, with honied thigh,  
From wild heath flower:

And Science, that could wake the strings  
To chords of rapture high,  
May envy, while she smiling sings  
Thy minstrelsy.

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 13. 4. THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats  
quicker,  
whan war is the story, or love is the theme;  
and place him where bullets fly thicker and  
thicker,  
you'll find him all cowardice scorning.

And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,  
light at the heart he rallies on:

"Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,  
is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow  
beguiling,

shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone,  
and how they will jig it, and tug at the  
spigot,  
an Patrick's day in the mornin'."

O blest by the land in the wide western  
waters,

sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song;  
still brave be the sons, and still fair be the  
daughters

thy meads and thy mountains adorning!

And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,  
tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,

night and delusion, and darkling confusion  
like mists from the river shall vanish for  
ever,

and true Irish hearts with warm loyalty  
glow;  
and proud exaltation burst forth from the  
nation  
on Patrick's day in the mornin'.

*Sir Alexander Boswell*

### 14. 5. OH! WHO, MY DEAR DERMOT

Oh! who, my dear Dermot,

Has dar'd to deceive thee,

And what's the dishonour

This gold is to buy?

Back, back to thy tempter,

Or Norah shall leave thee,

To hide her in woods,

And in deserts to die.

Tho' poor, we are honest,

And will not this cheer us,

Thy sire and thy grandsire

Have ask'd for no more;

And shame with its shadow

Has never come near us

To shut out the sun

From our cabin before.

O look at yon lark,

Where the sky shines so brightly,

Say why does it carol

Its echoing lay:

Is't singing so gaily

And mounting so lightly,

Because it finds gold

In the dawn of the day?

O Dermot, thy heart is

With agony swelling,

For once it was honest,

And honour its law.

An Irishman thou, and

Have bribes in thy dwelling!

Back, back, to thy tempter,

Go, Erin go Bragh!

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 15. 6. PUT ROUND THE BRIGHT WINE

Put round the bright wine,

for my bosom is gay,

the night may have sunshine  
as well as the day.

Oh welcome the hours!

when dear visions arise

to melt my kind spirit,

and charm my fond eyes.

When wine to my head

can its wisdom impart,

and love has its promise

to make to my heart;

when dim in far shade

sink the spectres of care,

and I tread a bright world

with a footstep of air.

Yes, mirth is my goddess,

come round me, ye few,

who have wit for her worship,

I doat upon you:

delighted with life,

like a swallow on wing,

I catch ev'ry pleasure

the current may bring:

the feast and the frolic,

the masque and the ball,  
dear scenes of enchantment!

I come at your call;

let me meet the gay beings

of beauty and song,

and let Erin's good humour

be found in the throng.

If life be a dream,

'tis a pleasant one sure,

and the dream of tonight

we at least may secure.

If life be a bubble,

tho' better I deem,

let us light up its colours

by gaiety's beam.

Away with cold vapours,

I pity the mind

that nothing but dullness

and darkness can find:

give me the kind spirit

that laughs on its way,

and turns thorns into roses,

and winter to May.

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 16. 7. FROM GARYONE, MY HAPPY HOME

From Garyone, my happy home,

Full many a weary mile I've come,

To sound of fife and beat of drum,

And more shall see it never.

'Twas there I turn'd my wheel so gay,

Could laugh, and dance, and sing, and play,

And wear the circling hours away

In mirth or peace for ever.

But Harry came, a blithsome boy,

He told me I was all his joy,

That love was sweet, and ne'er could

cloy, and he would leave me never:

His coat way scarlet tipp'd with blue,

With gay cockade and feather too,

A comely lad he was to view;

And won my heart for ever.

My mother cried, dear Rosa, stay,

Ah! Do not from your parents stray;

My father sigh'd, and nought would

say, for he could chide me never:

Yet cruel, I farewell could take,

I left them for my sweetheart's sake,

And came, 'twas near my heart to

break from Garyone for ever.

Buit poverty is hard to bear,

And love is but a summer's wear,

And men deceive us when they swear

They'll love and leave us never:

Now sad I wander through the day,

No more I laugh, or dance, or play,

But mourn the hour I came away

From Garyone for ever.

*T. Toms*

### 17. 8. SAVE ME FROM THE GRAVE AND WISE

Save me from the grave and wise,

For vainly would I tax my spirit,

Be the thing that I despise,

And rival all their stupid merit.

On! My careless laughing heart,

O dearest Fancy let my find thee,

Let me but from sorrow part,

And leave this moping behind me.



REFRAIN

Speak ye wiser than the wise,  
 Breathe aloud your welcome measure,  
 Youthful Fancy well can prize  
 The words that counsel love and pleasure.  
 Is it merry look, or speech,  
 Or bounding step that thus displeases?  
 Go and graver movements teach  
 To yon light goss'mer on the breezes:  
 Go where breathes the opening spring,  
 And chide the flowers for gaily blowing,  
 Tell the linnet not to sing  
 In jocund May, when noon is glowing.

REFRAIN

Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,  
 And welcome folly at a venture:  
 Cease my song, a sound I hear,  
 The planxty comes, the dancers enter.  
 In yon throng, if I should see  
 Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,  
 Who through life might counsel me,  
 He indeed might make me wiser.

REFRAIN

**18. 9. OH! WOULD I WERE BUT THAT SWEET LINNET!**

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!  
 That I had my appletree too!  
 Could sit all the sunny day on it,  
 With nothing but singing to do!  
 I'm weary with toiling and spinning;  
 And Dermot I never can see,  
 Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,  
 There's never good luck for poor me!  
 I set was my heart all the Sunday  
 On going to Killaloe fair,  
 So my father fell ill on the Monday,  
 And, look ye I could not be there,  
 And it was not the fair that I minded,  
 For there was I Dermot to see;  
 But I'm always before or behind it,  
 And there's never good luck for poor me!  
 I tried with my sweetest behaviour  
 To tell our good priest my distress;  
 And ask'd him to speak in my favour,  
 When Dermot came next to confess.  
 But he said I was but a beginner,  
 And from love and temptation must flee!  
 So if love will but make me a sinner,  
 There's never good luck for poor me!  
 Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,  
 I join with the priest in your praise!  
 Contrive but my Dermot to give me,  
 And I'll love you the length of my days.  
 In vain would they bid me be wiser,  
 And never my Dermot to see,  
 Bad luck to advice and adviser!  
 Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**19. 10. THE HERO MAY PERISH**

The hero may perish his country to save  
 And he lives in the records of fame;  
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny  
 brave,  
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!  
 But virtue that silently tells and expires,  
 No wreath, no wreath for the brow to  
 adorn,

That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh  
 requires;  
 O woman, that virtue is thine!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**20. 11. THE SOLDIER IN A FOREIGN LAND**

The piper who sat on his low mossy seat,  
 And piped to the youngsters so shrill and  
 so sweet;  
 The far distant hum of the children at play,  
 And the maiden's soft carol at the close of  
 the day.  
 Ah! This was the music delighted my ear,  
 And to think of it now is so sad and so  
 dear!  
 Ah! To listen at ease by my own cottage  
 door,  
 Tho the sound of my own native village  
 once more!  
 I knew ev'ry dame in her holiday airs,  
 I knew ev'ry maiden that danc'd at our  
 fairs;  
 I knew ev'ry farmer to market we came,  
 and tho dog that ran after him cull'd by its  
 name  
 And who know I now, in this far foreign  
 land,  
 But the stiff collard sergeant, the  
 trimcoated band?  
 No kinsman to comfort his own flesh and  
 blood,  
 nor merry ey'd damsel to do my heart  
 good.  
 To my sight or my ear, no gay cheering  
 doth come,  
 But the flare of our colours, the tuck of our  
 drum;  
 The fierce flashing steel of our long  
 muster'd file,  
 an the sharp dinning fifer that playeth the  
 while.  
 At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,  
 The sound of the west wind I greedily  
 catch,  
 And the shores of dear Ireland then rise to  
 my sight,  
 And my own native valley, that sport of  
 delight.  
 Divided so far by a wide stormy main,  
 Shall I ever return to our valley again?  
 Ah! To listen at ease by my own cottage  
 door,  
 To the sound of my own native village once  
 more!  
*Joanna Baillie*

**21. 12. HE PROMISED ME AT PARTING**

He promised me at parting,  
 To meet me at the springtime here;  
 Yet see yon roses blooming,  
 The blossoms how they disappear.  
 Return my dearest Dermot!  
 Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh! When shall I see thee more.  
 He went to look for treasures,  
 They're found they say in London town;  
 And 'tis for me he means them,  
 Both golden store and silken gown.  
 I want but thee, my Dermot!  
 Nor silken gown, nor golden store;

Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh! When shall I see thee more.  
 No longer have I pleasure,  
 nor at the wake, nor merry fair,  
 they mock me at the bridal,  
 and why indeed is Norah there!  
 I sit as if I heard not  
 The Planxty I so lov'd before,  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh! When shall I see thee more.  
 Why go to that great city,  
 Oh why so far from Norah roam,  
 Return to those that love thee,  
 There's little love so far from home.  
 Thou art not faithless, Dermot,  
 Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,  
 Fair long have blown the breezes,  
 Oh! When shall I see thee more.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

CD3

**26 Welsh Songs WoO155**

**1. No.1 SION, THE SON OF EVAN**

Hear the shuts of Evan's son!  
 See the gallant chase begun!  
 Lo the deer affrighted run  
 Up yon mountain's side.  
 Check your speed, ye timorous deer,  
 Safely rest and cease you fear,  
 Or boldly on your cliffs appear  
 And bear your antlers high!  
 Deep through yonder tangling wood  
 See the felon wolf pursued,  
 Straining hard, and streaming blood,  
 Sion's hounds are nigh!  
 See the woodland savage grim,  
 Boney, gaunt, and large of limb,  
 Furious plunge, and fearless swim  
 O'er the water wide.  
 Hear the woods resounding far,  
 Hark the distant din of war,  
 See th'impatient hunter dare  
 Conway's swelling tide.  
 Evan's son pursues the foe;  
 See his ardent visage glow!  
 Now he speeds the mortal blow,  
 See the savage die!  
 From dusky den and thorny brake,  
 The chiding hounds the echoes wake,  
 The forest's cowering inmates quake,  
 And triumph rends the air.  
 Was ever youth like Evan's son,  
 Was ever course so nobly run?  
 Was ever prize so glorious won,  
 'Tis Winifred the fair!  
 To hardy deeds and conquering arms,  
 That save the fold from midnight harms,  
 The ancient chief decrees her charms  
 The maid beyond compare!  
*Anne Grant*

**2. 2. THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH**

When the heathen trumpet's clang  
 Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,  
 Veiled nun and friar grey  
 March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye:  
 High their holy anthem sounds,  
 Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,

Floating down the sylvan Dee,  
 O miserere Domine!  
 Weltering amid warriors slain,  
 Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,  
 Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,  
 Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:  
 Word of parting rest unspoke,  
 Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;  
 For their souls for charity,  
 Sing, miserere Domine!  
 Bangor! o'er the murder wail,  
 Long thy ruius told the tale,  
 Shatter'd tower and broken arch  
 Long recall'd the woeful march:  
 On thy shrine no tapers burn,  
 Never shall thy priests return;  
 The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,  
 O miserere Domine!  
*Walter Scott*

### 3. 3. THE COTTAGE MAID

O Owen, I believe thee kind,  
 And love is surely on thy tongue  
 But would that I could read thy mind,  
 For hope betrays the maiden young.  
 Last night I saw thee loth to part,  
 I watch'd thy looks - so bright the moon  
 And know not but my simple heart  
 Might own too much, or own too soon.  
 Unhappy fate, oh doubtful maid!  
 Her tears may fall, her bosom swell.  
 But even to the desert shade  
 She never must her secret tell.  
 And is it Love, his softer mien?  
 And is it Love, his whisper low?  
 And does he much, or nothing mean?  
 Ah! She that loves, how can she know!  
 With Owen I the dance have led,  
 And then I thought that sure he seem'd  
 To dance with lighter, livelier tread  
 Oh! Was it so, - or have I dream'd?  
 Today he goes with merry glee,  
 And all are going to the fair  
 O may I by some ribbon see  
 He thought of one that was not there.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 4. 4. LOVE WITHOUT HOPE

Her features speak the warmest heart,  
 But not for me its ardour glows;  
 In that soft blush I have no part  
 Thet mingles with her bosom's snows.  
 In that dear drop I have no share  
 That trembles in her melting eye;  
 Nor is my love the tender care  
 That birds her heave that anxious sigh.  
 Not fancy's happiest hours create  
 Visions of rapture as divine,  
 As the pure bliss which must await  
 The man whose soul is knit to thine.  
 But ah! Farewell this treacherous theme,  
 Which, though'tis misery to forego,  
 Yields yet of joy the soothing dream,  
 That grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.  
*John Richardson*

### 5. 5. THE GOLDEN ROBE

HE  
 A golden robe my Love shall wear,  
 And rubies bind her yellow hair;  
 A golden robe those limbs enfold,

So far above the worth of gold.  
 No courtly dame in gaudy pride,  
 Shall e'er outshine my lovely bride;  
 Then say, my charming maiden say,  
 When shall we name the happy day?

SHE

Can golden robes my fancy bind,  
 Or ruby chains enslave the mind?  
 Not all the wealth our mountains own,  
 Nor orient pearls, nor precious stone,  
 Can tempt me by their idle shine,  
 Or buy a heart that's form'd like mine!  
 My choice it is already made,  
 I shun the glare, and court the shade.

HE

Your scorn, proud girl, I well can bear,  
 There's many a maid my robes would wear,  
 And thank me too; so take your way,  
 But you'll repent another day.

SHE

Go with your robes and gifts of gold  
 To those whose hearts are to be sold;  
 For me, I have no other pride  
 But Evan's love my choice to guide!  
*Anne Hunter*

### 6. 6. THE FAIR MAID OF MONA

How, my love, couldst hapless doubts o'er  
 take thee,  
 Was my heart so little known?  
 Could'st thou think thy Mary wou'd forsake  
 thee?  
 Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone!  
 Cruel Fortune! Rash! Mistaken Lover!  
 May I must I not complain:  
 Never, never may'st thou now discover,  
 All that now were known in vain.  
 Mine the grief, alas! That knows no  
 measure,  
 Thou wast lov'd, and thou alone:  
 Thine the life that now can feel no  
 pleasure,  
 Wreck'd my bliss, and lost thine own.  
 Sometimes will my lonely sighs accuse  
 thee,  
 Think thee hasty, ... call thee blind;  
 Hasty, sure, ... and I for ever lose thee,  
 But thy heart was not unkind.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 7. 7. OH LET THE NIGHT MY BLUSHES HIDE

Oh let the night my blushes hide,  
 While thus my sighs reveal,  
 What modest love and maiden pride  
 Forever would conceal.  
 What can he mean, how can he bear,  
 Thus falt'ring to delay;  
 How can his eyes, his eyes so much  
 declare,  
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little  
 say?  
 The times are hard, an odious word,  
 I'm wearied with the sound,  
 A cuckoo note, for ever heard  
 Since first the sun went round,  
 Well pleas'd a happier mind I bear,  
 A heart for ever gay;

How can his eyes, his eyes so much  
 declare,  
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little  
 say?  
 What recks it that the times are hard,  
 Try fortune, and be blest-  
 Set Hope still cheer and Honour guard,  
 And Love will do the rest.  
 Far better load the heart with care,  
 Than waste it with delay;  
 How can his eyes, his eyes so much  
 declare,  
 His tongue so little say, his tongue so little  
 say?  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 8. 8. FAREWELL, THOU NOISY TOWN

Farewell, farewell, thou noisy town,  
 Thou scene of restless glare;  
 Thine hours no real pleasures crown,  
 No peace, no love is there.  
 How dull thy splendid ev'nings close!  
 How sad thy joys to me!  
 Thy hollow smiles, thy rival shows,  
 And all thy misery.  
 But welcome to my longing eyes,  
 Dear objects ever new,  
 My rural cot, you varying skies,  
 Streams, woods, and mountains blue!  
 With these my humble spirits finds  
 Health, liberty, and rest,  
 The silent joys of simple minds,  
 And leisure to be blest.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

### 9. 9. TO THE AEOLIAN HARP

Harp of the winds! In airy measure  
 Thy strings when viewless fingers move,  
 Unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,  
 Thy cadence wild I dearly love.

REFRAIN:

The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
 Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall;  
 Now softly sighing, loudly swelling,  
 Lost in many a dying fall.  
 Harp of the winds! While, pensive musing,  
 I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,  
 When trees their summer beauty losing,  
 With yellow leaves bestrew the plain.

REFRAIN

Harp of the winds! While, faintly beaming,  
 Yon moon hangs o'er the ruined tower,  
 And flitting shadows dimly gleaming,  
 Seem subject to thy magic power.

REFRAIN

*Anne Hunter*

### 10. 10. NED PUGH'S FAREWELL

To leave my dear girl, my country, and  
 friends,  
 And roam o'er the ocean, where toil never  
 ends;  
 To mount the high yards, when the whistle  
 shall sound,  
 Amidst the wild winds as they bluster  
 around!

My heart aches to think on't, but still I must go,  
 For duty now calls me to face the proud foe:  
 And so to my Winny I must bid adieu,  
 In hopes when I'm gone she will think of Ned Pugh.  
 That still she will think she is near to my heart,  
 Tho' far from each other, alas! We must part,  
 That next to my duty, my thoughts she will share,  
 My love and my glory both centre in her!  
 And should I return with some hits from Mountseer,  
 I know I shall meet with a smile and a tear;  
 Or if I should fall then dear Winny adieu!  
 I know when I'm gone you'll remember Ned Pugh.  
*Anne Hunter*

**11. 11. MERCH MEGAN; OR, PEGGY'S DAUGHTER**

In the white cot where Peggy dwells,  
 Her daughter fair the rose excels  
 That round her casement sweetly blows,  
 And on the gale its fragrance throws.  
 O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
 She soon would leave the lonely shade.  
 I'd bear her where the beams of morn  
 Should with their brightest rays adorn  
 Each budding charm and op'ning grace,  
 That moulds her form and decks her face.  
 O were she mine, the lovely maid!  
 I'd bear her from the lonely shade.  
 But, should the sultry orb of day  
 Too fiercely dart his fervid ray,  
 The rose upon its stalk might die,  
 And zephyr o'er its ruins sigh!  
 No – I would keep my lovely maid  
 Secure beneath the friendly shade.

**12. 12. WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY**

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 Upon the mountain dawns the day;  
 All the jolly chase is here.  
 With hawk and horses and huntingspear!  
 The eager hounds in chorus cry,  
 The swelling horns salute the sky;  
 And merrily, merrily mingle they,  
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray,  
 Brakes are deck'd with diamonds bright,  
 And streams rejoice in early light.  
 The foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we are come to chant our lay,  
 Then waken, lords and ladies gay.  
 Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 O waken, lords and ladies gay;  
 Tell them Youth and Mirth and Glee  
 Run swift their course as well as we;  
 Old Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
 As staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?  
 O think of this, and rise with day,  
 Ye gentle lords and ladies gay!  
*Walter Scott*

**13. 13. HELPLESS WOMAN**

How cruel are the parents  
 Who riches only prize,  
 And to the wealthy booby  
 Poor woman sacrifice:  
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
 Has but a choice of strife  
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
 Become a wretched wife.  
 The rav'ning hawk pursuing,  
 The trembling dove thus flies;  
 To shun impelling ruin  
 A while her pinions tries;  
 'Till of escape despairing,  
 No shelter or retreat,  
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
 And drops beneath his feet.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**14. 14. THE DREAM**

Last night worn with anguish that tortur'd  
 my breast,  
 When my senses benumb'd I at length sank  
 to rest;  
 The passion that waking has ruled o'er my  
 mind  
 Still woke in my dreams where it ro'v'd  
 unconfin'd.  
 Methought that my fair one, o'ercome by  
 my pain,  
 Assented at length to reward her fond  
 swain;  
 And soon at the altar she stood by my side,  
 To the priest I already "I will" had replied.  
 Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,  
 When, death to my hopes! did the matin  
 bell toll,  
 I started, awoke, and with horror I found,  
 'Twas a dream that maliciously fled at the  
 sound.

*Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap Gwilym (c1340-c1400), Y Breuddwyd*

**15. 15. WHEN MORTALS ALL TO REST RETIRE**

When mortals all to rest retire,  
 o Moon! Thou hear'st my whisp'ring lyre:  
 to thee I wake the mournful lay;  
 for sure thou lookst as if thy ray  
 would comfort, if it could,  
 convey, and happier songs inspire.  
 And I will happier be;  
 my heart, though late, shall wisdom learn,  
 from love's delusions free:  
 my spirit shall in dignant burn,  
 and I with maiden pride will spurn  
 his strange inconstancy.  
 Roll on ye hours! And back restore  
 the peaceful thoughts I knew before,  
 when smil'd the arts, when charm'd the  
 muse,  
 when morn for me had beauteous hues,  
 and evening could her calm diffuse  
 my ardent bosom o'er.  
 But Love! Thou fiend of pain!  
 I feel the tears of anguish start  
 how hard my peace to gain!  
 O fiend and tyrant as thou art!  
 That wring'st from my unwilling heart  
 the sighs that I disdain.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**16. 16. THE DAMSELS OF CARDIGAN**

Fair Tivy how sweet are thy waves gently  
 flowing,  
 Thy wild saken woods and green eglantine  
 bow'rs,  
 Thy banks with the blush rose and  
 amaranth glowing,  
 While friendship and mirth claim these  
 labourless hours.

**REFRAIN:**

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we  
 want,  
 More sweet than the pleasures which  
 prospects can give:  
 Come, smile, sweet damsels of Cardigan!  
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.  
 How sweet was the strain that enliven'd  
 the spirit,  
 And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and  
 free!  
 The poet is absent, be just to his merit!  
 Ah may he in love be mor happy than we!

**REFRAIN**

How sweet was the circle of friend round a  
 table,  
 Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the  
 brown dale,  
 Where none are unwilling, and few are  
 unable,  
 To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!

**REFRAIN**

*W. Jones*

**17. 17. THE DAIRY HOUSE**

A spreading hawthorn shades the seat  
 where I have fix'd my cool retreat;  
 and when the spring, with sunny show'rs,  
 expands the leaves, and paints the flow'rs,  
 a thousands shrubs around it bloom,  
 and fill the air with wild perfume;  
 the light winds through the branches sigh,  
 and limpid rills run tinkling by.  
 There, by the twilight dimly seen,  
 The fairies dance upon the green,  
 And as they glide in airy ring,  
 The beetle plies his drowsy wing;  
 And watching' till the day retires,  
 The glow worm lights her elfin fires;  
 While Mab, who guards my milky store,  
 Her cream bowl finds before the door.  
 The grateful Fay! she is so kind  
 No caterpillar there you find,  
 No creeping thing, nor wasp, nor fly  
 The lattic'd windows dare come nigh;  
 No long legg'd Spinner nightly weaves  
 Her flimsy web beneath the eaves;  
 But clean and neat, as by a charm,  
 The fairies keep my dairy farm.  
*Anne Hunter*

**18. 18. SWEET RICHARD**

Yes, thou art chang'd since first we met,  
 But think not I shall e'er regret,  
 For never can my heart forget,  
 The charms that once were thine.  
 For Marian, well the cause I know  
 That stole the luster from thine eye,

That prov'd thy beauty's secret foe,  
And paled thy cheek's carnation dye:  
What made thy health, sweet Marian, fly,  
Was anxious care of me.

Yes, o'er my couch I saw thee bend,  
The duteous wife, the tender friend,  
And each capricious wish attend  
With soft incessant care.  
Then trust me, Love, that pallid face  
Can boast a sweeter charm for me,  
A truer, tenderer, dearer grace  
Than blooming health bestow'd on thee:  
For there thy welltried love I see,  
And read my blessing there.  
*Amelia Alderson Opie*

**19. 19. THE VALE OF CLWYD**

Think not I'll leave fair Clwyd's vale;  
To me 'tis fondly dear!  
For still its scenes those hours recall  
When I was blest and Henry here.  
Long, long, to part our willing hands  
An angry father strove;  
While sorrow prey'd on Henry's health,  
A sorrow nurs'd by hopeless love.  
Nor was the idea in vain:  
How sad thou art, he cried;  
But smile again, my darling child;  
For thou shalt be thy Henry's bride.  
At that glad sound, on wings of love,  
To Henry's cot I flew:  
But, ah! The transient flush of joy  
From his wan cheek too soon withdrew.  
Ah! Hopes too false; ah! Fears too true,  
Nor love nor joy could save:  
I can no more, - but mark you turf  
With flow'rs o'erspread, - 'tis Henry's  
grave!  
*Amelia Alderson Opie*

**20. 20. TO THE BLACKBIRD**

Sweet warbler of a strain divine,  
What woodland note can equal thine?  
No hermit's matins hail the day  
More pure than fine from yonder spray.  
Thy glossy plumes of sable hue,  
Retiring from the searching view,  
Protect the like, the leafy screen  
Beneath whose shade thou singst unseen.  
Thou to the poet art allied,  
Be then thy minstrelsy my pride:  
Thy poet then, thy song I'll praise,  
Thy name shall grace my happiest lays;  
To future lovers shall proclaim  
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy fame,  
And when they hear thee in the grove,  
Thy'll own thee for the bird of love.  
*Based on a text in Welsh by Dafydd ap  
Gwilym (c1340-c1400)*

**21. 21. CUPID'S KINDNESS**

Dear brother! Yes, the nymph you wed  
Must be of loveliest feature,  
The finest heart, the finest head,  
The sweetest dearest creature.  
This matchless maid go find and woo,  
And heav'n for you preserve her!  
I only ask, where is in you  
Te merit to deserve her?  
We girls, I own, are just the same,  
Talk folly just as blindly;

And did not Cupid take his aim  
And rule the world more kindly,  
Fair maids to find with ev'ry grace,  
How vain were your endeavour?  
And we might in another place  
Lead apes, alas! for ever.

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**22. 22. CONSTANCY**

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part  
As far's the pole and line,  
Her dear idea round my heart  
Would tenderly entwine.  
Tho' mountains frown, and deserts howl,  
And oceans roll between;  
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
I still would love my Jean.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**23. 23. THE OLD STRAIN**

My pleasant home be side the Dee!  
I often sigh to think of thee,  
dear scenes of love and peace and ease,  
how diff'rent all from scenes like these!  
My soldier brave I've follow'd far  
but sicken at these sights of war.  
The nod at church, the conscious smile,  
The haste to help me at the stile,  
The pleasant walk at summer eve,  
The parting kiss at taking leave:  
O hours! That once with Tom were past,  
Dear happy hours! too sweet to last.  
Yet Love, I know, always cure  
The ills that we from Love endure;  
And Tom can with a single smile  
The weariest of my thoughts beguile,  
Dear pleasant home beside the Dee!  
I must not - will not - think of thee.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**24. 24. THREE HUNDRED POUNDS**

In yonder sung cottage, beneath the cliff 's  
side,  
And close to the pebbles that limit the tide,  
Were five little fellows, a couple's fond  
care,  
Who'd barely enough, not a morsel to  
spare.  
They sometimes were hatless when  
summer was hot  
And shoeless when winter in snow wrapt  
their cot;  
Yet up grew the boys that no hardship  
could break,  
And one of the five is my lad of the lake.  
My father, o bless him! Few better, or  
such,  
Yet loves his dear money a little too much,  
Declar'd, if by fancy alone I was sway'd,  
Nor his wealth, nor his blessing, my Howel  
should aid!  
I answer'd, my Howel has vigour and  
health,  
And these to the children of Nature are  
wealth;  
Tho' my heart were a dozen, they'd all of  
hem break,  
If still he denied me the lad of the lake.  
Now hear how my troubles and sorrows  
are past,

How my father himself grew a convert at  
last;  
'Twas when his foot slip't as he enter'd the  
boat,

My Hywel uprais'd him as quick as a  
thought.  
He ey'd him with kindness, and gave me a  
kiss,  
And said, Kate, I should like to have  
grandsons like this;  
Be happy, my girl, and the treasure now  
take,  
Tho' poor, yet a prize is thy lad of the lake.  
*Richard Litwyd*

**25. 25. THE PARTING KISS**

Laura, thy sighs must now no more  
My faltring step detain,  
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,  
Nor clasp thee thus in vain:  
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,  
While tears thy cheek bedew,  
Ah! Think tho' doom'd from thee to fly,  
My heart speaks no adieu.  
Thee would I bid to check those sighs,  
If thine were heard alone  
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,  
But tears are in my own.  
One last, long kiss and then we part,  
Another and adieu!  
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,  
For mine is breaking too.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**26. 26. GOOD NIGHT**

Ere yet we slumber seek,  
Blest Queen of Song, descend!  
Thy shell can sweetest speak  
Good night to guest and friends.  
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part  
For e'en one fleeting night;  
But Music's matchless art  
Can turn it to delight.  
How sweet the farewell glass,  
When Music gives it zest!  
How sweet their dreams who pass  
From harmony to rest!  
Dark thoughts that scare repose,  
At Music's voice give place;  
And Fancy lends her rose,  
Sleeps poppy wreath to grace.  
*William Robert Spencer*

**CD4**

**12. Scottish Songs WoO156**

**1. 1. THE BANNER OF BUCCLEUCH**

From the brown crest of Newark its  
summons extending,  
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;  
And each forester blithe, from his  
mountain descending,  
Bounds light o'er the heater to join in the  
game.  
Then up with the banner, let forest winds  
fan her,  
She has blaz'd over Ettrick eight ages and  
more;

In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend  
her  
With heart and with hand, like our fathers  
of yore.  
We forget each contention of civil  
dissension  
And hail like our brethren, Hone, Douglas  
and Car;  
And Elliot an Pringle in pastime shall  
mingle,  
As welcome in peace as their fathers in  
war.  
Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be  
the weather  
And if, by mischance, you should happen to  
fall,  
There are worse things in life than a tumble  
on heather,  
And life is it self but a game at football.  
And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe  
measure,  
To each laird and each lady that witness'd  
our fun,  
And to every blithe heart that took part in  
our pleasure,  
To the lads that have lost, and the lads that  
have won.  
May the forest still flourish, both borough  
and landward,  
From the hall of the peer to the herd's  
ingle nook;  
And huzza! My brave hearts, for Buccleuch  
and his standard,  
For the Kind and the Country, the Clan and  
the Duke.  
*Sir Walter Scott*

## 2. 2. DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray came here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
On blythe Yule night when we were fu',  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,  
Lock'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',  
Spake o'lowpon o'er a linn;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Slighted love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie die?  
She may gae to France for me!  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
Meg grew sick as he grew heal,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And oh! Her een, they spak sic things!  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
Duncan was lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
Ha, ha the wooing o't!  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

## 3. 3. UP! QUIT THY BOWER

Up! Quit thy bower, late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks caw'd round the  
tower;  
On flower and tree lood hums the bee,  
The wilding kid sports merrily.  
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near;  
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
Shines sweetly when good fortune's near.  
Up! Lady fair, and braid thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air;  
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,  
Is dancing in the sunny beam:  
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
Will waft good fortune on its way.  
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
Will waft good fortune on its way.  
Up! Time will tell, the friar's bell  
Its service sound hath chimed well;  
The aged crone keeps house alone,  
And reapers to the fields are gone:  
The active day so boon, so bright,  
May bring good fortune ere the night.  
The active day so boon, so bright,  
May bring good fortune ere the night.  
*Joanna Baillie*

## 4. 4. YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,  
Where Yarrow glides along,  
Forsake your rural toils  
And join in my triumphant song!  
She grants, she yields one heav'nly smile,  
Atones her long delays,  
One happy minute crown the pains  
Of many suff'ring days.

### REFRAIN:

Yarrow, how dear thy stream,  
Thy beauteous banks how blest!  
For there 'twas first my loveliest maid,  
A mutual flame confest.  
Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy,  
You fondly fancy mine;  
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,  
Love renders wholly thine.  
The woods struck up to the soft gale,  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,  
And music fill'd the grove.

### REFRAIN

*William Hamilton*

## 5. 5. CEASE YOUR FUNNING

Cease your funning, force or cunning,  
Never shall my heart trepan;  
All these sallies are but malice  
To seduce my constant man.  
'Tis most certain by their flirting

Women oft have envy shown,  
Pleas'd to ruin other's wooing  
Never happy with their own.  
*Anonymus*

## 6. 6. HIGHLAND HARRY

My harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

### REFRAIN:

O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land  
For Higland Harry back again.  
When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowly up the glen:  
I set me down and greet my fill  
And ay I wish him back again.

### REFRAIN

O where some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Higland Harry back again.

### REFRAIN

*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

## 7. 7. POLLY STEWART

O lovely Polly Stewart,  
O charming Polly Stewart,  
There's not a flower that blooms in May,  
That's half so fair as thou art.  
The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,  
And Art can ne'er renew it,  
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth  
Will give to Polly Stewart!  
May he who wins thy matchless charm  
Possess a leal a true heart;  
To him be given to ken the heav'n  
He gains in Polly Stewart!  
O lovely Polly Stewart,  
O charming Polly Stewart.  
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May  
That's half so sweet as thou art.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

## 8. 8. WOMANKIND

The hero may perish his country to save  
And he lives in the records of fame;  
The sage may the dungeons of tyranny  
brave,  
Ever honour'd and blest be his name!  
But virtue that silently toils and expires,  
No wreath, no wreath for the brow to  
adorn,  
That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh  
requires;  
O woman, that virtue is thine!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

## 9. 9. LOCHNAGAR

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of  
roses,  
In you let the minions of luxury rove,  
Restore me the rocks where the snowflake  
reposes,

Though still they are sacred to freedom  
and love.  
And yet Caledonia, belov'd are thy  
mountains,  
Around their white summits the elements  
war  
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth  
flowing fountains,  
I sigh for the valley of dark Lochnagar.  
Ah there my young footsteps in infancy  
wander'd,  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the  
plaid.  
On chieftains long perish'd my memory  
ponder'd  
As daily I strode thro' the pine cover'd  
glade.  
I sought not my home till the day's dying  
glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright Polar  
star.  
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Lochnagar!  
Years have roll'd on, Lochnagar, since I left  
you!  
Years must elapse ere I tread you again.  
Though nature of verdure and flow'rs has  
bereft you,  
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
England, thy beauties are tame and  
domestic  
To one who has rov'd on the mountains  
afar  
O! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
The steep frowning glories of dark  
Lochnagar!  
*Lord George Gordon Noel Byron*

**10. 10. GLENCOE**

Oh! Tell us, Harper, where fore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
Where non may list their melody?  
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun deer glancing by,  
And to the eagle, that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?  
The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel,  
Meed for his hospitality.  
The friendly hearth which warm'd that  
hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with a brand  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.  
Long have my harp's best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
They can but sound in desert lone  
Their grey hair'd master's misery.  
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
'Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
"Revenge for blood and treachery!"  
*Sir Walter Scott*

**11. 11. AULD LANG SYNE**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

**REFRAIN:**

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.  
And surely you'll be your pint stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll take a cup o'kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

**REFRAIN**

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere!  
And gie 's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll take a right gudewilliewaught,  
For auld lang syne.

**REFRAIN**

*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**12. 12. THE QUAKER'S WIFE**

Dark was the morn and black the sea,  
When my dear laddie left me,  
The swelling sails how swift they flee,  
Of all my joy bereft me!  
Methinks I see him take his stand  
On deck so firm and steady;  
And distant when he wav'd his hand,  
I knew his tartan plaidy.  
Alas! how heavy are the days  
In absence and in sorrow,  
While war and death a thousand ways  
Still make me dread tomorrow.  
O that ambition were at rest,  
While I, the captain's lady,  
Should with my soldier be so blest,  
All gay in tartan plaidy!  
*Anonymous*

**12 Songs of Various Nationality**

**13. No.1 GOD SAVE THE KING! English**

**SOLO**  
God save our Lord the King!  
Long live our gracious King!  
God save the King!

**CHORUS**

God save our Lord the King!  
Long live our gracious King!  
God save the King!

**SOLO**

Send him victorious,  
happy and glorious,  
long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

**CHORUS**

Send him victorious,  
happy and glorious,  
long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

**SOLO**

O Lord, our God, arise,  
scatter his enemies  
and make them fall!

**CHORUS**

O Lord, our God, arise,  
scatter his enemies  
and make them fall!

**SOLO**

Confound their polities,  
frustrate their Knavish tricks,  
on thee our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

**CHORUS**

Confound their polities,  
frustrate their Knavish tricks,  
on thee our hopes we fix,  
God save us all!

**SOLO**

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
on him be pleased to pour,  
long may he reign!

**CHORUS**

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
on him be pleased to pour,  
long may he reign!

**SOLO**

May he defend our laws,  
and ever give us cause,  
to sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

**CHORUS**

May he defend our laws,  
and ever give us cause,  
to sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the King!  
*Henry Carey*

**14. No. 2 THE SOLDIER Irish**

Then, Soldier! Come fill high the wine,  
For we reck not of tomorrow,  
Be ours to day and we resign  
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.  
Gay be the hour till we beat to arms  
Then camrade Death or Glory;  
'Tis Victory in all her charms,  
Or 'tis Fame in the worlds bright story.  
'Tis you 'tis I that my meet the ball;  
And me it better pleases  
In battle, with the brave to fall,  
Than to die of dull diseases;  
Driveller to e in my fireside chair  
With saws and tales unheeded;  
A tottering thing of aches and care  
No longer lov'd nor needed.  
But thou oh dark is thy flowing hair,  
And thine eye with fire is streaming,  
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,  
Sits health in triumph beaming.  
Thou, brother soldier fill the wine,  
Fill high to love ad beauty;  
Love, friendship honour, all are thine,  
Thy country and thy duty.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**15. No.3 O CHARLIE IS MY DARLING  
Scottish**

**REFRAIN:**

O Charlie is my darling,  
My darling, my darling;

O Charlie is my darling,  
The young chevalier.

'Twas on a Monday morning,  
When birds were singing clear;  
That Charlie to the Highlands came,  
The gallant chevalier.

REFRAIN

And many a gallant Scottish chief,  
Came round their Prince to cheer,  
That Charlie was their darling,  
The young chevalier.

REFRAIN

They wou'd na bide to chase the roes  
Or start the nountain deer;  
But aff they march'd wi' Charlie,  
The galant chevalier.

REFRAIN

**16. No.4 O SANCTISSIMA!** *Sicilian*

O Sanctissima,  
O piissima  
Dulcis Virgo Maria!  
Mater amata,  
Intemerata,  
Ora! Ora pro nobis!

**17 No.5 THE MILLER OF THE DEE** *English*

There was a jolly miller once,  
Lived on the river Dee;  
He work'd and sang from morn till night,  
No lark more blythe than he;  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever used to be:  
I care for nobody, no not I,  
If nobody cares for me!  
The reason why he was so blithe,  
He once did thus unfold:  
The bread I eat my hands have earn'd;  
I covet no man's gold;  
I do not fear next quarter day;  
In debt to none I be,  
I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If nobody cares for me.  
So let us his example take,  
And be from malice free;  
Let every one his neighbour serve,  
As served he'd like to be.  
And merrily push the can about,  
And drink and sing with glee:  
If nobody cares a doit for us,  
Why not a doit care we.

**18. No.6 A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE**

A health to the brave, in fields afar  
sweet Freedom's foes assailing;  
And high the choral burden bear,  
their names with honours hailing.  
What meed awaits, the fallen brave?  
A nation's tears to dew them,  
and bars the blooming flowers to weave,  
and virgin hands to strew them.  
But what their meed to whom returns  
in triumph's car is granted?  
Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,  
to see the olive planted.

To hear the good, the great, the fair,  
rich notes of rapture pealing.  
That high the choral burden bear,  
their names with honours hailing.

*John Dovaston*

**19. No.7 SINCE ALL THY VOWS, FALSE MAID** *Irish*

Since all thy vows, false maid, are blown to air,  
And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair,  
Into some wilderness,  
My grief I will express  
And thy hard heartedness,  
O cruel Fair!  
Some gloomy place I'll find, some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind e'er entrance had:  
Into that hollow cave,  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.  
And when a ghost I am, I'll visit thee:  
O thou deceitful dame, whose cruelty  
Has kill'd the kindest heart  
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,  
And never can desert  
From loving thee.

**20. No.8 BY THE SIDE OF THE SHANNON** *Irish*

By the side of the Shannon was laid a young Lover,  
"I hate this dull river" he fretfully cried;  
"Yon tempest is coming this willow my cover,  
How sultry the air, not a zephyr", he sigh'd.  
"Go, bee! Get along why so idly remaining,  
For here are no roses thou trouble some thing!  
Peace nightingale! Peace to that ditty complaining  
Oh can it be thus that these nightingales sing?"  
But now a light form with a smile archly playing,  
All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd.  
"O Ellen!" he cried, "why thus strangely delaying,  
My dearest, my Ellen, what have I not fear'd."  
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,  
The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,  
The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,  
And oh! Howe enchanting the nightingale's song!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**21. No.9 HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT** *Scottish*

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

REFRAIN:

O for him back again,

O for him back again,  
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again!

CHORUS:

O for him back again,  
O for him back again,  
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land  
For Highland Harry back again!  
When a' the lave gae to their bed,  
I wander dowly up ghe glen;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And ay I wish him back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

O were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland's Harry back again.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**22. No.10 SIR JOHNNIE COPE**

Sir Johnnie Cope trod the North right far,  
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar;  
Until he landed at Dunbar,  
Right early in a morning.  
Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,  
If it be not by the chance of war,  
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.

REFRAIN:

Hey Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet,  
Or are ye sleeping, I wou'd wit.  
Make haste and get up, for the drums do beat,  
O fie, Cope rise in the morning!  
When Charlie look'd the letter on,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
"So heav'n restore me to my own,  
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."  
But when he saw the Higland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,  
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,  
Johnnie, he could win in the morning.

REFRAIN

O' then he flew into Dunbar,  
crying for a Man o'War,  
he thought to have passed for a rustic tar,  
and gotten away in the morning.  
Says Lord Mark-Carr ye are nae blate,  
tae bring us the news o' yer ain defeat,  
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,  
get out o' my sight this morning.

REFRAIN

*Old Jacobite song*

**23. No.11 THE WANDERING MINSTREL** *Irish*

"I am bow'd down, with years,  
And fast flow my tears,  
But I wander, I mourn not,

Your pity to win:  
'Tis not age, want, or care,  
I could poverty bear  
'Tis the shame of my heart  
That is breaking within."

CHORUS:  
Thou are bow'd down with years,  
And fast flow thy tears,  
But why dost thou wander  
No pity to win?  
Were it age, were it care,  
We could soothe, we could share,  
But what is the shame  
Thy sad bosom within?  
"Oh, if thou should'st hear  
From splendour's high sphere  
The sorrow, the tale,  
Which these notes may convey!  
Think, think of past hours,  
Thy dear native bowers,  
And turn not, my love,  
From thy father away."

CHORUS:  
'Tis from Erin so dear  
The lay that we hear,  
Then welcome tha minstrel  
And welcome the lay:  
But where are the bowers,  
And what are the hours,  
And where is the daughter  
That wander'd away?  
"What peace thou hast known,  
Since from me thou hast flown!  
And, Eveleen, think  
But how wretched am I!  
O let me but live  
Thy fault to forgive,  
Again let me love thee,  
And bless thee, and die!"

CHORUS:  
O cease then thy song,  
She has languished too long;  
She hoped not thy smile  
Of forgiveness to see:  
She sunk at the word,  
Thy voice when she heard  
And she lives (if she lives)  
But for virtue and thee.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**24. No.12 LA GONDOLETTA** *Venetian*

La Biondina in gondoletta  
L'altra sera g'ho menà:  
Dal piaser la povereta,  
La s'ha in bota indormenzà.  
La dormiva su sto braccio,  
Mi ogni tanto la svegiava,  
Ma la barca che ninava  
La tornava a indormenzar.  
Contemplando fisso fisso  
Le fatezze del mio ben,  
Quel viseto cussi slisso,  
Quela boca e quel bel sen;  
Me sentiva drento in peto  
Una smania, un missiamento,  
Una spezie de contento  
Che no so come spiegar!  
M'ho stufà po', finalmente,

De sto tanto so' dormir,  
E g'ho fato da insolente,  
No m'ho avuto da pentir;  
Perchè, oh Dio, che bele cosse  
Che g'ho dito, e che g'ho fato!  
No, mai più tanto beato  
Ai me zorni no son stà.  
*Antonio Lamberti*

**CD5**

**23 Songs of Various Nationality WoO158a**

**1. No.1 RIDDER STIGS RUNER** *Danish*  
Ridder Stig tjener i Kongens Gaard,  
Fruer og Jomfruer de børste hans Haar.  
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov  
Ridder Stig skjaenker for Bord i Stove,  
Liden Kirstin laa hanom hart I Hove.  
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov  
"De ter syv Aar siden, jeg Runer nam,  
Aften skall jeg prøve, om de due kann."  
Jomfruer, I giver os Orlov

**2. No.2 ARIE DES HEINZENFELD "HORCH AUF, MEIN LIEBCHEN"**  
*Aus das neue sonntagskind*  
Horch auf, mein Liebchen, ich bin es, gugu,  
ach, gar ein herrliches Mädchen bist du.  
Ach komm nur, mein Kindchen, komm nur  
heidipritsch,  
oh komm doch, du kleiner, du herziger  
Gritsch.  
Ich bin's, wenn mich nicht dein Ohrlein  
erkennt,  
Bring dir ein Ständchen auf mein  
Instrument,  
Ach Herzchen, ach Herzchen, ach willigst  
du ein,  
So sollst du in Hinkunft mein Maultrommel  
sein.  
*Wenzel Müller*

**3. No.3 ARIE DES HAUSMEISTERS "WEGEN MEINER BLEIB D'FRÄULA"**  
*Aus das neue sonntagskind*  
Wegen meiner bleib d'Fräula nur da ganz  
allein,  
Wenn d'Trud nicht hereinkommt, so will  
ich was sein,  
Sie ist gar ein wildes, ein garstiges Tier,  
Und wenn sie zu mir kommt, so setzelts an  
mir,  
Drum geh ich Keller und sauf mich voll  
Muts,  
So finds doch, wanns her kommt, an mir  
noch was Guts.  
Wegen meiner kanns kommen, weg'n  
meiner kanns gehen,  
Wegen meiner bleib d'Fräula nur immer da  
stehn,  
So ist doch der Hausmeister aus aller  
Schuld,  
So hab die Lisettel und d'Fräula Geduld,  
Weg'n meiner kann g'schehen, weg'n  
meiner was will,  
Wenn d'Trud kommt, so halt sich die Fräula  
fein still.  
Wegen meiner, weg'n unser, weg'n allen,  
wegen dir,

Wegen enka steh ich nur als Schildwach  
allhier,  
Und kommt auch der Teufel, so weiß ich  
kein Wort,  
So nehmts ihn beim Hörndel und prügelts  
ihn fort,  
Weg'n meiner, weg'n unser, weg'n Herrn,  
der verrückt,  
Gebts acht, daß die Trud enk nicht gar zu  
stark druckt.  
*Wenzel Müller*  
*\*Trud: a blood-sucking female ghost.*

**4. No.4 WANN I IN DER FRÜH AUFSTEH**  
*Tyrolean*

Wann i in der Früh aufsteh,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Und zu meiner Schwaigrin\* geh,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Und da nim i glei mei Sichel  
Und da gras' i mit mein Michel\*,  
Und da gras' ma in den Klee  
Ei, ai, ei, a.  
Schwaigrin, du bist mein Freud,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Wann i's Vieh auf d'Alma treib,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Und aft'n tun ma's Kuhla malcha\*,  
Und da krieg'n ma gute Kalma\*,  
Treib'n mirs abi zu den Stier  
Ei, ai, ei, a.  
Wann der Holda\* blast ins Horn,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Treib'n ma's Kuhla von den Barn\*  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Tun ma's Kuhla von den Barn\*,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Tun ma's Kuhla abi streicha,  
Und die Milli zamma seicha,  
Aft'n treib'n mir's hin zum Bach,  
Ei, ai, ei, a.  
Schwaigrin, bring den Sechta\* her,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
's Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,  
Ai, ei, ei, a,  
Kann ma's Kuhla nimmer malcha,  
Aft'n krieg'n ma gute Kalma,  
's Kuhla gibt uns Milli mehr,  
Ei, ai, ei, a.

\* Notes:

Schwaigrin = Sennerin  
Michel = der zweite Kuhbub  
Kuhla malcha = Kuh melken  
Kalma = Kälbchen  
Holda = Hüter  
Barn = Futterkrippe  
Sechta = Eimer

**5. No.5 I BIN A TYROLER BUA**

I bin a Tyroler Bua,  
Bin alleweil wohlauf,  
Auf d'Madel geh i sakrisch zua,  
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,  
Da seh i Madeln schön und rar,  
Bald blond, bald schwarz, bald weiß und  
braun,  
So aner gäb i all mei War,  
An Troler is nit z'traun,  
I bin a Tyroler Bua,  
Bin alleweil wohlauf,



Auf d' Madel geh i sakrisch zu,  
Trag Teppich zum Verkauf,  
Kommt aber ane Alte her,  
Die noch die Liebeshitzen kriegt,  
Da nehm i glei' an Teppich her  
Und werf 'n ihr übers G'sicht;  
Tyroler sind halt allweil klug,  
Wann's kommen in a fremdes Land,  
Der jungen Madeln kriegens g'nug,  
Mit Alten war's a Schand.  
Drum Alte, laß dir d' Lieb vergehn,  
Koan T'roler kriegst du dran,  
Man darf nur deine Falten sehn,  
Der Teufel lauft davon.  
Ein altes Weib ist ohne Kraft,  
I bitt dich, schau und gib an Rua,  
Bist wie a Ruben ohne Saft,  
Geh hoam und deck di zua,  
Und sollt di d' Liab noch often plag'n,  
So folg halt meinem Rat,  
I kann dir gar nichts bessers sag'n:  
Brauch often s' kalte Bad;  
Das ziagt die Hitzen sauber aus,  
Stirbst a nua, was liegt denn dran,  
Sonst kommst du noch ins Narrenhaus,  
Um'ne Alte kraht koa Hahn,  
Drum mag di koa Tyroler Bua,  
Bist allweil übel auf,  
Drum halt die alte Goschen zua,  
Sonst schlag i di brav drauf.  
*Tirolean*

**6. No.6 A MADEL, JA A MADEL**

A Madel, ja a Madel  
Ist als wie a Fahn,  
Die jede Luft bewegt,  
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,  
Der sich vom Winde dreht.  
Das hat mir mei Vater gesagt,  
Mei Vater, der war ein g'scheider Mann,  
Wenn oaner etwa Zweifel trägt,  
Der schau nur den Anton an;  
Der Anton, der sagt engs,  
Und gar auf ein Haar,  
Der Anton is' koa Narr.  
Die Madeln, die führen  
Uns an der Nase her,  
Und kommt nur ein andrer Wind,  
So gilt a der schönste Bua schon a nichts  
mehr,  
Wie halt Madeln sind.  
Drum hörts mein Rat, und gebts guad acht,  
Es ward, wenn Mondschein ist,  
Schon mancher zum Schafskopf g'macht,  
der sich nichts träumen ließ;  
A Madel, a Madel  
Ist als wie a Fahn,  
Die jede Luft bewegt,  
Viel ärger als a Wetterhahn,  
Der sich vom Winde dreht,  
Das weiß ich auf ein Haar,  
Der Anton ist kein Narr.  
*Tirolean*

**7. No.7 WER SOLCHE BUEMA AFIPACKT**

*Tyrolean*  
Wer solche Buema afipackt  
Die steckt ma auf an Hut,  
A Bua, der kani Federn tragt,  
Der hat ka Federn tragt,  
Der hat ka Feur im blut.

Drum denk an den Tyroler Bua  
Und hält dein weite Goschen zu.  
*From Jakob Haibel's Singspiel "Der Tyroler Wastl"*

**8. No.8 IH MAG DI NIT NEHMA, DU**

**TÖPPETER HECHT** *Tyrolean*  
Ih mag di nit nehma,  
Du töppeter Hecht,  
Du darfst mir nit komma,  
Du warst mir viel z'schlecht;  
Und du willst mei Mann sein,  
Du städtishcer Aff,  
Was fällt dir nit no ein,  
Du törischer Laff.  
Du talketer Jodel\*,  
Z'was brauchest a Weib,  
Du hast ja\* a Sodel  
Koan Saft mehr in Leib;  
Bist sü, wie a Brue  
Und sü, wie a Vogel,  
was tat a Weib mit dir.  
Der Töpel von Passau  
Ist dein Contrase, \*  
Du kierst\* wie ein Spansau,  
Jetzt heb di und geh,  
Hör auf mit dein Raunzen,  
Das sag ich dir frue,  
I steck dir a Faunzen, \*  
Du talketer Bue.

**\*NOTE**

Talketer Jodel = törichter Geselle  
Du hast ja = sowieso  
Contrase = Abbild  
Du kierst = Du quiekst  
Faunzen = Ohrfeige

**9. No.9 OJ, OJ UPIEM SIE W KARCZMIE**

*Polish*  
Oj, oj upiem si' karczmie,  
wyspaiem si' w sieni,  
A °ydki psia juchi,  
Kobiai ke mi wzieni.  
Oj, oj °ydz i kanali je  
Oddajcie kobiai Oj, cem"e bede nosiui  
Krupy na korzai ke

**10. No.10 POSZIA BABA PO POPIOL** *Polish*

Poszia baba po popioi  
i diabei je utopii.  
Ni popioiu  
ni baby,  
Tylko z baby  
dwa szaby.

**11. No.11 YO NO QUIERO EMBARCARME**

Yo no quiero embarcarme,  
Pues es muy cierto  
Que no cuantos navegan  
Llegan al puerto.  
Amor que tiene juicio  
Poco amor tiene,  
Que el amor al más cuerdo  
Loco le vuelve.  
Siempre rabio por verte  
Y si te veo  
Nunca puedo decirte  
Lo que te quiero.

**12. No.12 SEU LINDOS OLHOS** *Portugese*

Seu lindos olhos  
Mal que me viram  
Crucis feriram  
Meu coração.  
Se Amor protege  
A chama nossa,  
Talvez se mova  
A compaixão.  
Vir pode um dia,  
Dia d' encanto,  
Qu' em que o pranto  
Vertido em vão.  
Se Amor alenta  
Esta esperança  
Em paz descança  
Meu coração.

**13. No.13 IM WALDE SIND VIELE**

**MÜCKLEIN GEBOREN** *Russian*  
Vo lesochke komarochkov mnogo urodilos',  
Ja ves' ma, krasna devica, tomu udivilas'.  
Tomu mlada udivilas', chto mnogo  
urodilos',  
Mne nel' zja, krasnoj device, v lesu  
poguljati.  
Ya, devica, vzradovalas', k okoshku  
brosalas',  
Okoshechko otkryvala, molodca vpuskala.  
Vo lesochke komarochkov mnogo urodilos',  
Ja ves' ma, krasna devica, tomu udivilas'.

**14. No.14 ACH BÄCHLEIN, BÄCHLEIN,**

**KÜHLE WASSER** *Russian / German*  
Akh, recen'ki, recen'ki  
Ach Bächlein, Bächlein, kühle Wasser,  
ihr Mädchen, Mädchen, ihr bringt uns zum  
Weinen,  
bringt zum Weinen den Freund und zum  
Klagen,  
dass mein Liebster nicht entflieht, weil ihn  
jemand hält.  
Sein erstes Liebchen hielt ihn an der Hand,  
die zweite, die küsste ihn auf den Mund,  
die dritte, die liebe, hat ihn zur Tür  
begleitet.  
Drei grüne Gärten hat mein Liebster.  
Im ersten ruft der Kuckuck kläglich,  
im zweiten singt die Lerche laut,  
im dritten grünt der Birnbaum froh.  
Ein Mädchen unterm Birnbaum sitzt,  
sie weint und stöhnt und sinkt zum Boden  
nieder,  
sie reibt die Tränen mit dem Tüchlein weg  
und blickt den Liebsten heimlich öfters an.  
Jeder weiß, dem Liebsten geht es gar nicht  
gut,  
ja, auch die Jalousien sind nun zu,  
mit schwarzem Flor die Fenster behangen.  
Es gibt kein Begrüßen mehr am Fenster,  
kein Kristallglas mehr mit transparenten  
Blumen.  
Eine silberne Karaffe tranken wir mit dem  
Liebsten,  
tranken, tranken, hielten inne, küssten uns.

**15. No.15 UNSERE MÄDCHEN GINGEN IN**

**DEN WALD** *Russian*  
Kak poshli nashi podruzhki v les po jagody  
guljat',  
Veju, veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody  
guljat'.

Po chjornuju chernichku, po krasnuju zemljanichku,  
Veju, veju, veju, veju, po krasnu zemljanichku.

Oni jagod ne nabrali, podruzhen'ku poterjali,

Veju, veju, veju, veju, podruzhen'ku poterjali.

Kak poshlii nashi podruzhki v les po jagody guljat',  
Veju, veju, veju, veju, v les po jagody guljat'.

**16. No.16 AIR COSAQUE: SCHÖNE MINKA, ICH MUSS SCHEIDEN**

Schöne Minka, ich muß scheiden!

Ach, du fühltest nicht das Leiden,

Fern auf freudenlosen Heiden

Fern zu sein von dir!

Finster wird der Tag mir scheinen,

Einsam wird' ich gehen und weinen;

Auf den Bergen, in den Hainen

Ruf' ich, Minka, dir!

Nie werd' ich von dir mich wenden;

Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen

Werd' ich Grüße zu dir senden

Von entfernten Höhn!

Mancher Mond wird noch vergehen,

Ehe wir uns wiedersehen:

Ach, vernimm mein letztes Flehen:

Bleib mir treu und schön!

Du, mein Olis, mich verlassen?

Meine Wange wird erblassen!

Alle Freuden werd' ich hassen,

Die sich freundlich nahn!

Ach, den Nächten und den Tagen

Werd' ich meinen Kummer klagen;

Alle Lüfte werd' ich fragen,

Ob sie Olis sahn!

Tief verstummen meine Lieder,

Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,

Aber seh' ich einst dich wieder,

Dann wird's anders sein!

Ob auch all die frischen Farben

Deiner Jugendblüte starben:

Ja, mit Wunden und mit Narben

Bist du, Süßer, mein!

*Christoph August Tiedge (Ukrainian)*

**17. No.17 VAGGVISA Swedish**

Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid,

Du får tids tids nog vaka,

Tids nog se vår onda tid

Och hennes galla smaka.

Världen är en sorgeö,

Bäst man andas, skall man dö

Och bli mull tillbaka.

Så är med vår livstid fatt,

Och så försvinna åren:

Bäst man andas godt och gladt,

Så ligger man på båren.

Lilla charles skall tänka så,

När han se de blomster små,

Som bepryda våren.

*Carl S. Michael Bellman (1740-1795)*

**18. No.18 AN Ä BERGLI BIN I GESÄSSE Swiss**

An ä Bergli bin i gesässe,

Nach die Vögli hab i geschaut:

Han gesunge, han gepfiffe,

Han Nestli dran gebaut.

Auf ä Wiesli bin i gegange,

Nach die Imbli hab i geschaut:

Han gesummet, han gebrummet,

Han Zelli gebaut.

In ä Gärtli hab i gestanne,

Lugt die Schmetterlinge an;

Han gesoge, han gepfloge,

Gar zu schön hans getan.

Da kommt nu mei Hänsli, dem zeig i

Gar so froh, wie sie es mache,

Und mir lache, mir lache

Und machens a so.

**19. No.19 BOLERO A SOLO: UNA PALOMA BLANCA**

Una paloma blanca

Como la nieve

Me ha picado en el pecho,

Como me duele!

Mas allá de la vida

He de quererte,

Que amor está en el alma,

Y esa no muere.

Dicen que sueño es muerte,

Mas yo lo niego,

Pues cuando duermo, vivo,

Cuando no, muero.

**20. No.20 BOLERO A DUE: COMO LA MARIPOSA Spanish**

Como la mariposa soy,

Que por verte,

En la luz de tus ojos

Busco mi muerte.

Yo no sé si me quieres

O si me olvidas,

Sólo sé que yo vivo,

Cuando me miras.

**21. No.21 TIRANILLA ESPAÑOLA**

La Tirana se embarca

De Cádiz para Marsella,

En alta mar la apresó

Una blanda francesa.

REFRAIN:

Ay Tirana retírate a España

Ay Tirana huye los rigores,

Ay Triana de la Convención!

Sí, sí, Tiranilla

Sí, sí picarilla

Porque si te agaran,

Porque si te pillan,

Pondrán tu cabeza en la guillotina.

La tirana que de amor muere

No llame muerte al morir,

Que es morir por quien se adora

El más dichoso vivir.

REFRAIN

Grande pena es el morir,

Pero yo no la sintiera,

Pues quien vive como yo,

De alegría le sirviera.

REFRAIN

**22. No.22 ÉDES KINOS EMLÉKEZET Hungarian**

Édes kinos emlékezet,

Oh Badacson' szürete!

Mulatságos gyülekezet,

Oh rabságom' kezdete!

Ott tudtam meg, kicsoda Ö,

's micsoda a' szere lem;

Amor' nyila miként sebzö,

's mi az édes gyötirelem.

Nem ugy mentem, a' mint jöttem;

Nagy külömbőség volt Köztem,

A' ki valék az előtt

'S a' ki lettem, látván Öt.

*Magyar Szüretölö Ének*

*(Hungarian grape-picking song)*

**23. No.23 CANZONETTA VENEZIANA DA BRAVA CATINA**

Da brava Catina, mostréve bonina,

Mostréve pietosa, cortese con mi.

Un baso dimando, nol xè un contrabando,

no xè una gran cosa, disème de sì.

**24. AIR DE COLIN, FROM LE DEVIN DU VILLAGE WoO158/C NO.2**

Non, non, Colette n'est point trompeuse,

Elle m'a promis sa foi.

Peut – elle être l'amoureuse

D'un autre berger que moi?

*Jean-Jacques Rousseau*

**From 7 British Songs WoO158b**

**26. No.1 ADIEU, MY LOV'D HARP Irish**

Adieu my lov'd harp, for no more shall the

vale,

Reecho thy notes as they float on the gale;

No more melting pity shall sigh o'er thy

String;

Or love to thy tremblings so tenderly sing.

When battle's fell strife launch'd its

thunders afar,

And valour's dark brow wore the honours

of war;

'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the hero

around,

And young emulation was wak'd by the

sound.

Ye daughters of Erin soon comes the sad

day,

When over the turf where I sleep ye shall

say:

"Oh! Still is the song we repaid with a tear,

And silent the string that delighted the

ear."

**27. No.3 OH ONO CHRI! (OH WAS NOT I A WEARY WIGHT!) Scottish**

Oh was not I a weary wight! Oh ono chri!

Maid, Wife and Widow in one night, oh

ono chri!

When in my soft and yielding arms, oh ono

chri!

When most I thought him free from harms,

oh ono chri!

Even at the dead time of the night, oh ono

chri,

They broke my bower, and flew my Knight,

oh ono chri,

With ae lock of his jet black hair, oh ono chri,  
I'll tye my heart for ever mair, oh ono chri!  
Nae fly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,  
oh ono chri,  
Shall e'er untie this knot again, oh ono chri,  
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,  
oh ono chri,  
Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee,  
oh ono chri!

**28. No.4 RED GLEAMS THE SUN ON YON HILL TAP** *Scottish*

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap,  
The dew sits on the gowan;  
Deep murmurs thro' her glens the spey,  
Around Kinrara rowan.  
Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?  
Alas! wert thou but near me,  
Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,  
Would ever, ever cheer me.  
The lav'r ock sings among the clouds,  
The lambs they sport so cheery,  
And I sit weeping by the birk,  
O where art thou, my dearie?  
Aft may I meet the morning dew,  
Lang greet till I be weary,  
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,  
Thou canna be my dearie.

**29. No.5 ERIN! O ERIN!**

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's  
holly fane,  
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and  
storm,  
Is the heart that sorrows have frow'd on in  
vain,  
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and  
warm.  
Erin, O Erin, thus bright thro' the tears  
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit  
appears.  
The nations have fallen, and thou still art  
young,  
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;  
And tho' slav'ry's cloud o'er thy morning  
hath hung,  
The full noon of freedom shall beam round  
thee yet.  
Erin, O Erin, tho' long in the shade,  
Thy star will shine out when the proudest  
shall fade.  
Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the  
wind,  
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold  
hour,  
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain  
unbind,  
And daylight and liberty bless the young  
flow'r.  
Erin, O Erin, thy winter is past,  
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall  
blossom at last.

**30. No.6 O MARY, YE'S BE CLAD IN SILK** *Scottish*

O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,  
And diamonds in your hair,  
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride  
Nor think on Arthur mair.  
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,

Wi' tears blinding their ee,  
Before I'll break my true love's heart,  
I'll lay me down and die.  
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,  
Brave Arthur's fate to share,  
And he has gi'en to me his heart  
Wi' a' its virtues rare.  
The mind whose every wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me,  
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down and die.  
So trust me when I swear to thee,  
By a' that is on high,  
Thoug, ye had a' this world's gear,  
My heart ye couldna buy;  
For langest life can ne'er repay,  
The love he bears to me;  
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,  
I'll lay me down and die.

CD6

From **6 Songs of Various Nationality**  
**WoO158c**

**1. No.1 WHEN MY HERO IN COURT APPEARS**

*from The Beggar's Opera*  
When my Hero in court appears,  
And stands arraign'd for his life;  
Then think of poor Polly's tears;  
For ah! Poor Polly's his wife.  
Like the sailor he holds up his hand,  
Distrest on the dashing wave.  
To die a dry death at land  
Is a bad a wat'ry grave:  
And alas, poor Polly!  
Alack and a-well a day!  
Before I was in love,  
Oh, ev'ry month was May.

**2. No.2 AIR DE COLIN**

Non, non, Colette n'est point trompeuse,  
Elle m'a promis sa foi.  
Peut – elle être l'amoureuse  
D'un autre berger que moi?  
Jean Baptiste Rousseau  
from *Le devin du village*

**3. No.3 MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION** *Scottish*

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
Round the wealthy titled bride:  
But when compar'd with real passion,  
Poor is all that princely pride.  
What are the showy treasures?  
What are the noisy pleasures?  
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:  
The polish'd jewel's blaze,  
May draw the wond'ring gaze,  
And courtly grandeur bright  
The fancy may delight,  
But never, never can come near the heart.  
But, did you see my dearest Phillis  
In simplicity's array,  
Lovely as yon sweet opening flowers is,  
Shrinking from the gaze of day:  
O then the heart alarming,  
And all resistless charming,  
In love's delightful fetters  
She chains the willing soul!

Ambition would disown  
The world's imperial crown,  
Ev'n av'rice would deny  
His worshipp'd deity,  
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures  
roll.

**4. No.4 BONNIE WEE THING** *Scottish*

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine!  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Least my jewel I should tine.  
Wishfully I look and languish  
In that bonnie face of thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish  
Lest my wee thing be na mine!  
Wit and grace and love and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine!  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!  
Bonnie wee thing, etc.

**5. No.5 FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO** *Scottish*

*Trio*  
From thee, Eliza, I must go,  
And from my native shore;  
The cruel fates between us throw  
A boundless ocean's roar.  
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
Between my love and me,  
They never, never can divide  
My heart and soul from thee.  
Farewell, farewell Eliza dear  
The maid that I adore!  
A boding voice is in mine ear,  
We part to meet no more!  
But the last throb that leaves my heart,  
While Death stands victor by,  
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
And thine that latest sigh!  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**25 Scottish Songs Op.108**

**6. No.1 MUSIC, LOVE AND WINE**

O let me Music hear  
Night and Day!  
Let the voice and let the Lyre  
Dissolve my heart, my spirit's fire;  
Music and I ask no more,  
Night or Day!  
Hence with colder world,  
Hence, Adieu!  
Give me. Give me but the while,  
The brighter heav'n of Ellen's smile,  
Love and then I ask no more,  
Oh, would you?  
Hence with this world of care  
I say too;  
Give me but the blissful dream,  
That mingles in the goblet's gleam,  
Wine and then I ask no more,  
What say you?  
Music may gladden Wine,  
What say you?  
Tendrils of the laughing Vine  
Around the Myrtle well may twine,  
Both may grace the Lyre divine,  
What say you?

What if we all agree,  
What say you?  
I will list the Lyre with thee,  
And he shall dream of Love like me,  
Brighter than the wine shall be,  
What say you?

REFRAIN

Love, Music, wine agree,  
True, true, true!  
Round then round the glass, the glee,  
And Ellen in our toast shall be!  
Music, wine and Love agree,  
True, true, true!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**7. No.2 SUNSET**

The sun upon the Weirclaw hill,  
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;  
the westland wind is hush and still,  
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eyes  
bears those bright hues that once it bore;  
tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,  
flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.  
With listless look along the plain,  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,  
Are they still such as once they were,  
Or is the dreary change in me?  
Alas, the warp'd and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter's dye?  
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply?  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:  
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,  
Were barren as this moorland hill.  
*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)*

**8. No.3 O SWEET WERE THE HOURS**

O sweet were the hours  
When in mirth's frolic throng  
I led up the revels  
With dance and with song;  
When brisk from the fountain  
And bright as the day,  
My spirits o'erflow'd  
And ran sparkling away!  
Wine! Wine! Wine!  
Come bring me wine to cheer me,  
Friend of my heart!  
Come pledge me hig!  
Wine! Till the dreams of youth  
Again are near me,  
Why must they leave me,  
Tell me, why?  
Return, ye sweet hours!  
Once again let me see  
Your airy light forms  
Of enchantment and glee;  
Come, give an old friend,  
While he crowns his gay glass,  
A nod as you part  
And a smile as you pass  
I cannot forget you,  
I would not resign,  
There's health in my pulse,

And a spell in my wine;  
And sunshine in Autumn,  
Tho' passing too soon,  
Is sweeter and dearer  
Than sunshine in June.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**9. No.4 THE MAID OF ISLA**

O, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,  
That looks on troubled wave and sky,  
Dost thou not see yon little skiff  
Contend with ocean gallantly?  
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,  
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,  
Why does she war unequal urge? -  
O, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.  
O, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark,  
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray,  
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,  
As to the rock she wheels away; -  
Where clouds are dark and billows rave,  
Why to the shelter should she come  
Of cliff, exposed to wind and wave? -  
O, maid of Isla, 'tis her home.  
As breeze and tide to yonder skiff,  
Thou'rt adverse to the suit I bring,  
And cold as is yon wintry cliff,  
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.  
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,  
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;  
For in thy love, or in his grave,  
Must Allan Vourich find his home.  
*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)*

**10. No.5 THE SWEETEST LAD WAS JAMIE**

The sweetest lad was Jamie,  
The sweetest, the dearest,  
And well did Jamie love me,  
And not a fault has he.  
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,  
He knew not woman's wish to tease,  
He knew not all our silly ways,  
Alas! The woe to me!  
For though I loved my Jamie,  
Sincerely and dearly,  
Yet often when he wooed me,  
I held my head on high;  
And huffed and toss'd with saucy air,  
And danc'd with Donald at the fair,  
And plac'd his ribbon in my hair  
And Jamie! Pass'd him by.  
So when the war-pipes sounded,  
Dear Jamie, he left me,  
And now some other maiden  
Will Jamie turn to woo.  
My heart will break, and well it may,  
For who would word of pity say  
To her who threw a heart away,  
So faithful and so true!  
Oh! Knew he how I loved him,  
Sincerely and dearly;  
And I would fly to meet him!  
Oh! Happy were the day!  
Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,  
And tell him of my alter'd mien!  
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been  
Since Jeannie went away.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**11. No.6 DIM, DIM IS MY EYE**

Dim, dim is my eye,  
As the dew-drop once clear,  
Pale, pale is my cheek,  
Ever wet with the tear  
And heavily heaves  
This soft breast, once so gay,  
For William, my true love,  
My William away!  
Sad, Sad was the hour,  
When he bade me adieu,  
While he hung on my bosom,  
And vow'd to be true;  
My heart it seem'd bursting  
On that fatal day,  
When the fast less'ning sail  
Bore my William away.  
Lament him, ye fair,  
And lament him, ye brave,  
Though unshrouded he lies,  
And the sea is his grave;  
For the kind and true hearted,  
The gallant and gay,  
Lament, for my William's  
For ever away.  
*possibly by William Browne (1591-  
c.1643)*

**12. No.7 BONNIE, LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE**

Where got ye siller moon,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Glinting brow your belt aboon,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?  
Belted plaid and bonnet blue,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Have ye been at Waterloo,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?  
Weels me on your tartan trews,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Tell me, tell me a' the news,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!  
Saw ye Boney by the way,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Blucher wi' his beard sae grey,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?  
Or, the doure and deadly Duke,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Scatt'ring Frenchmen wi' his look,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie!  
Some say he the day may rue;  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
You can till gin this be true,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
Would ye tell me gin ye ken,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Aught o' Donald and his men,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?  
Tell me o' my kilted Clan,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Gin they fought, or gin they ran,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie?  
*James Hogg (1770-1835)*

**13. No.8 THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS**

The lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!  
And ay the saut tear blins her e'e:  
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me;  
For there I lost my father dear,

My father dear and brethren three!  
Their winding-sheet the bludy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
A bludy man I trow thou be;  
For mony a heart thou has made sair  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**14. No.9 BEHOLD MY LOVE HOW GREEN  
THE GROVES**

Behold, my love, how green the groves,  
The primrose banks how fair;  
The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
And wave thy flowing hair.  
The lav' rock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings:  
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To Shepherds as to Kings.  
Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,  
In lordly lighted ha':  
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blythe in the birken shaw.  
The Princely revel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
But are their hearts as light as ours,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn!  
The shepherd, in the flowery glen;  
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:  
The courtier tells a finer tale,  
But is his heart as true!  
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thine:  
The courtiers' gems may witness love,  
But, 'tis na love like mine.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796)*

**15. No.10 SYMPATHY**

Why, Julia, say, that pensive mien?  
I heard thy bosom sighing;  
How quickly on thy cheek is seen  
The blush, as quickly flying!  
Why mark I, in thy soften'd eye,  
Once with light spirit beaming,  
A silent tear I know not why,  
In trem'lous luster gleaming?  
Come, tell me all thy bosom pain:  
Perhaps some faithless lover?  
Nay, droop non thus, the rose with rain  
May sink, yet still recover.  
O Julia! My words recall,  
My thoughts too rud'ly guide me;  
I see afresh thy sorrows fall,  
They seem to plead and chide me.  
I too, the secret would have known,  
That makes existence languish,  
Links to the soul on thought alone,  
And that, a thought of anguish;  
Forgive, forgive, an aching heart,  
That vainly hoped to cheer thee  
These tears may tell thee, while they start,  
How all thy grief endear thee!  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**16. No.11 OH! THOU ART THE LAD OF MY  
HEART**

Oh! Thou art the lad of my heart, Willy,  
There's love and there's life and glee,

There's a cheer in thy voice, and thy  
bounding step,  
And there's bliss in thy blithesome ee.  
But, oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,  
For little I thought to see,  
That the lad who won the lasses all,  
Would ever be won by me.  
Adown this path we came, Willy,  
T'was just at this hour of eve;  
And will he or will he not, I thought,  
My fluttering heart relieve?  
So oft as he paused, as we saunter'd on,  
T'was fear and hope and fear;  
But here at the wood, as we parting stood,  
T'was rapture his vows to hear!  
Ah vows so soft thy vows, Willy!  
Who would not, like me, be proud!  
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song,  
Come down from thy rosy cloud.  
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate,  
But tell thy mate alone,  
Thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of  
love,  
Is merry and light as thine own.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**17. No.12 O, HAD MY FATE BEEN JOIN'D  
WITH THINE**

Oh, had my fate been join'd with thine,  
As once this pledge appear'd a token;  
These follies had not then been mine,  
For then my peace had not been broken!  
To thee these early faults I owe,  
To thee the wise and old reproving;  
They know my sins, but do not know  
'Twas thine to break the bands of loving.  
For once my soul like thine was pure,  
And all its rising fires could smother;  
But now thy vows no more endure,  
Bestow'd by thee upon another!  
Perhaps his peace I could destroy  
And spoil the blisses that await him;  
Yet let my rival smile in joy  
For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.  
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,  
For nature seem'd to smile before thee:  
And once my heart abhor'd deceit,  
For then it beat but to adore thee,  
But now I ask for other joys,  
To think would drive my soul to madness.  
In thoughtless throngs and empty noise,  
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.  
Yet even in these a thought will steal,  
In spite of every vain endeavour;  
And fields might pity what I feel,  
To know that thou art lost for ever.  
Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,  
'Twere vain and fruitless to forget thee:  
Nor hope, nor memory, yeld their aid,  
But pride may teach me to forget thee.  
by George Gordon Noel Byron,  
*Lord Byron (1788-1824), "To a lady"*

**18. No.13 COME FILL, FILL, MY GOOD  
FELLOW**

Come fill, fill, my good fellow!  
Fill high, high, my good Fellow,  
And let's be merry and mellow,  
And let us have one bottle more.  
When warm the heart is flowing,  
And bright the fancy glowing,

Oh, shame on the dolt would be going,  
Nor tarry for one bottle more!

**REFRAIN:**

Come fill ...  
My Heart, let me but lighten,  
And Life, let me but brighten,  
And Care, let me but frighten.

He'll fly us with one bottle more!  
By day, tho' he confound me,  
When friends at night have found me,  
There is Paradise around me  
But let me have one bottle more!

**REFRAIN**

So now, here's to the Lasses!  
See, see, while the toast passes,  
How it lights up beaming glasses!  
Encore to the Lasses, encore.  
We'll toast the welcome greeting  
Of hearts in union beating.  
And oh! For our next merry meeting,  
Huzza! Then for one bottle more!

**REFRAIN**

*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**19. No.14 O, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND  
GLAD**

O how can I be blythe and glad,  
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa!  
It's no the frosty winter wind,  
It's no the driving drift and snaw;  
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,  
To think on him that's far awa.  
My father pat me frae his door,  
My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
But I hae ane will tak my part,  
The bonie lad that's far awa.  
A pair o' gloves he bought to me,  
And silken snoods he gae me twa;  
And I will wear them for his sake,  
The bonie lad that's far awa.  
O weary Winter soon will pass,  
And Spring will clead the birken shaw;  
And my young babie will be born,  
And he'll be hame that's far awa.  
*Robert Burns (1759-1796), "The Bonie  
Lad That's Far Awa", 1788*

**20. No.15 O CRUEL WAS MY FATHER**

O cruel was my father  
That shut the door on me.  
And cruel was my mother  
That such a thing could see.  
And cruel is the wintry wind  
That chills my heart with cold.  
But crueler than all, the lad,  
That left my lovely Baby,  
nd warm thee in my breast.  
Ah! Little thinks thy father  
How sadly we're distrest,  
For cruel as he is,  
Did he know but how we fare,  
He'd shield me in his arms  
From this bitter piercing air.  
Cold, cold, my dearest jewel!

Thy little life is gone!  
O let my tears receive thee,  
So warm that trickle down!  
My tears that gush so warm,  
Oh, they freeze before they fall,  
Ah, wretched, wretched mother  
Thou art now bereft of all!  
Then down she sunk despairing  
Upon the drifted snow,  
And, wrung with killing anguish,  
Lamented loud her woe.  
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips  
And laid by her side;  
Then cast her eyes to heaven,  
Then bow'd her head, and died.  
*Alexander Ballantyne*

**21. No.16 COULD THIS ILL WORLD HAVE BEEN CONTRIV'D**

Could this ill world have been contriv'd  
to stand without that mischief, woman,  
how peaceful bodies wou'd have liv'd,  
releas'd frae a' the ills sae common!  
But since it is the waefu' case,  
that man must have this teasing crony,  
why such a sweet bewitching face?  
Oh! had they no been made sae bonny!  
I might have roam'd wi' cheerful mind,  
nae sin nor sorrow to betide me,  
as careless as the wand'ring wind,  
as happy as the lamb beside me.  
I might have screw'd my tuneful pegs,  
and carol'd mountain airs fu' gayly,  
had we but wanted a' the Megs,  
wi' glossy e'en sae dark and wily.  
I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,  
the smile, the air, and a' sae taking,  
yet open laid my wareless heart,  
and got the wound that keeps me waking.  
My harp waves on the willow green,  
of wild witch notes it has nae ony,  
sinc' e'er I saw that pawky quean,  
sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny.  
*James Hogg (1770-1835)*

**22. No.17 O MARY, AT THY WINDOW BE**

O Mary, ye's be clad in silk,  
And diamonds in your hair,  
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride  
Nor think on Arthur mair.  
Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown,  
Wi' tears blinding their ee?  
Before I'll break my true love's heart,  
I'll lay me down and die.  
For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,  
Brave Arthur's fate to share,  
And he has gi'en to me his heart  
Wi' a' its virtues rare.  
The mind whose every wish is pure,  
Far dearer is to me,  
And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down and die.  
So trust me when I swear to thee,  
By a' that is on high,  
Thoug, ye had a' this world's gear,  
My heart ye couldna buy;  
For langest life can ne'er repay,  
The love he bears to me;  
And e'er I'm forced to break my troth,  
I'll lay me down and die.

**23. No.18 ENCHANTRESS, FAREWELL**

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft hast  
decoy'd me,  
At the close of the evening through  
woodlands to roam,  
Where the forester, 'lated, with wonder  
espied me  
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for  
home.

Farewell and take with thee thy numbers  
wild speaking  
The language alternate of rapture and woe:  
Oh! none but some lover, whose  
heartstrings are breaking  
The pang that I feel at our parting can  
know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when  
there came sorrow,  
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,  
What voice was like thine, that could sing  
of tomorrow,  
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of  
today!  
But when friends drop around us in life's  
weary waning,  
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst  
not assuage;  
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet  
remaining,  
The languor of pain, and the chillness of  
age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, accents  
bemoaning,  
To sing how a warrior I lay stretch'd on the  
plain,  
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid  
unavailing,  
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;  
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild  
Numbers  
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is  
o'er,  
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy  
slumbers  
Farewell, then, Enchantress I'll meet thee  
no more!  
*Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832),  
"Farewell to the Muse"*

**24. No.19 O SWIFTLY GLIDES THE BONNY BOAT**

O swiftly glides the bonny boat  
Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus note  
Soft moves the dipping oar.  
His toils are borne with happy cheer  
And ever may they speed,  
That feeble age and helpmate dear  
And tender bairnies feed.

**REFRAIN:**

We cast our lines in Largo Bay,  
Our nets are floating wide,  
Our bonny boat with yielding sway  
Rocks lightly in the tide.  
And happy prove our daily lot  
Upon the summer sea,  
And blest on land our kindly Cot  
Where all our treasures be.

The mermaid on her rock may sing,

The witch may weave her charm,  
Nor watersprite nor eldrith thing  
The bonny boat can harm.  
It safely bears its scaly store  
Thro many a storm gale,  
While joyful shouts rise from the shore,  
Its homeward prow to hail.  
*Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)*

**25. No.20 FAITHFU' JOHNIE**

When will you come again, ma faithfu'  
Johnie,  
When will you come again?  
"When the corn is gathered,  
And the leaves are withered,  
I will come again, ma sweet and bonny,  
I will come again."  
Then will you meet me here, ma faithfu'  
Johnie,  
Then will you meet me here?  
"Though the night were Hallowe'en,  
When the fearfu' sights are seen,  
I would meet thee here, ma sweet and  
bonny,  
I would meet thee here."  
O come na by the muir, ma faithfu' Johnie,  
O come na by the muir.  
"Though the wraiths were glist'ning white  
By the dim elf-candles' light  
I would come to thee, ma sweet and  
bonny,  
I would come to thee."  
And shall we part again, ma fathfu' Johnie?  
Shall we part again?  
"So lang's my eye can see, Jean,  
That face so dear to me Jean,  
We shall not part again, ma sweet and  
bonnie,  
We shall not part again."  
*possibly by William Smyth (1765-1849)  
"Faithfu' Johnie" possibly by Anne  
Grant, "Faithfu' Johnie"*

**26. No.21 JEANIE'S DISTRESS**

By William late offended,  
I blam'd him, I allow  
And then my anger ended,  
And he is angry now.  
And I in turn am chided,  
For what I ne'er design'd;  
And tho'by love misguided,  
Am call'd myself unkind.  
So now, when I am nigh him,  
y looks must coldness wear;  
They tell me I must fly him  
At market and at fair;  
Nor near the thorn-tree meet him,  
At evening, I suppose,  
Nor in the morning greet him,  
As by the door he goes.  
Nor at the kirk perceive him,  
But ponder on my book;  
With downcast eyes deceive him,  
Tho' stealing oft a look.  
Alas! How long must nature  
This cruel war maintain?  
Content in every feature,  
While writhes my heart with pain?  
O William, dost thou love me?  
Oh! Sure I need not fear;  
How, dearest, would it move thee

To see this falling tear!  
 Too heedless, thoughtless lover,  
 From what thyself must feel,  
 Why canst thou not discover,  
 What Jeanie must conceal?  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**27. 22. THE HIGHLAND WATCH**

Old Scotia, wake thy mountain strain  
 In all its wildest splendours!  
 And welcome back the lads again,  
 Your honour's dear defenders!  
 Be every harp and viol strung',  
 Till all the woodlands quaver:  
 Of many a band your Bards have sung,  
 But never hail'd a braver.

REFRAIN:

Then raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 We're all in key to cheer it;  
 And let it be a martial strain,  
 That warriors bold may hear it.

Ye lovely maids, pitch high your notes  
 As virgin voice can sound them,  
 Sing of your brave, your noble Scots,  
 For glory kindles round them.  
 Small is the remnant you will see,  
 Lamented be the others!  
 But such a stem of such a tree,  
 Take to your arms like brothers.

REFRAIN:

Raise high the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Strike all our glen with wonder;  
 Let the chanter yell, and the drone notes  
 swell,  
 Till music speaks in thunder.

What storm can rend your mountain rock,  
 What wave your headlands shiver?  
 Long have they stood the tempest's shock,  
 Thou knowst they will for ever.  
 Sooner your eye these cliffs shall view  
 Split by the wind and weather,  
 Than foeman's eye the bonnet blue  
 Behind the nodding feather.

REFRAIN:

O raise the pibroch, Donald Bane,  
 Our caps to the sky we'll send them.  
 Scotland, thy honours who can stain,  
 Thy laurels who can rend them!  
*James Hogg (1770-1835)*

**28. No.23 THE SHEPHERD'S SONG**

The gowan glitters on the sward,  
 The lavrock's in the sky,  
 And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,  
 And time is passing by.  
 Oh no! Sad and slow!  
 I hear nae welcome sound!  
 The shadow of our trysting bush,  
 It wears so slowly round.  
 My sheepbell tinkles frae the west,  
 My lambs are bleating near,  
 But still the sound tha I lo'e best,  
 Alack! I canna hear.  
 Oh no! Sad and slow!  
 The shadow lingers still,  
 And like a lonely ghaist I stand

And croon upon the hill.  
 I hear below the water roar,  
 Th mill wi' clakkin' din,  
 And Lukky scolding frae her door,  
 To bring the bairnies in,  
 Oh no! Sad and slow!  
 These are nae sounds for me;  
 The shadow of a trysting bush,  
 It creeps sae drearily.  
*Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)*

**29. No.24 AGAIN, MY LYRE**

Again my lyre, yet once again!  
 With tears I wake thy thrilling strain  
 O sounds to sacred sorrow dear,  
 I weep, but could for ever hear!  
 Ah! cease! nor more past scenes recall,  
 Ye plaintive notes! thou dying fall!  
 For lost, beneath thy lov'd control,  
 Sweet Lyre! is my dissolving soul.  
 Around me airy forms appear,  
 And Seraph songs are in mine ear!  
 Ye Spirits blest, oh bear away  
 To happier realms my humble lay!  
 For still my Love may deign to hear  
 Those human notes that once were dear!  
 And still one angel sigh bestow  
 On her who weeps, who mourns below.  
*William Smyth (1765-1849)*

**30. No.25 SALLY IN OUR ALLEY**

Of all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like pretty Sally!  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley!  
 There's not a lady in the land That's  
 half so sweet as Sally,  
 She is the darling of my heart  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
 And through the street does cry' em;  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy' em  
 How could such folks the parents be  
 Of such a girl as Sally!  
 She is the darling of my heart  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 When she is by, I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely:  
 But let him bang his bellyful,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 Of all the days that's in the week,  
 I dearly love but one day,  
 And that's the day that comes between  
 The Saturday and Monday,  
 For then I'm drest all in my best  
 To walk abroad with Sally.  
 She is the darling of my heart  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 My master carries me to church,  
 And often am I blam'd  
 Because I leave him in the lurch  
 As soon as text is nam'd;  
 I leave the church in sermon-time  
 And slink away to Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
 O, then I shall have money;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 I'll give it to my honey:  
 I would it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 My master and the neighbours all  
 Make game of me and Sally,  
 And but for her I'd better be  
 A slave, and row a galley;  
 But when my seven long years are out,  
 Oh! Then I'll marry Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart  
 And she lives in our alley.  
*Henry Carey (1693?-1743)*