

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 herdboy on the lonely moor.
Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
Who mourns his maiden's broken tie,
'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 wolfsaring 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

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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
unconfi'nd.
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'Trud1 nicht hereinkommt, so will
ich was sein,
Sie ist gar ein wildes, ein garstiges Tier,
Und wenn sie zu mir kommt, so sutzelts 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 prügelt's
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

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 gyötrelem.

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, diséme 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 Brititsh 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 braw 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)