

EIGHT

Popular Songs.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

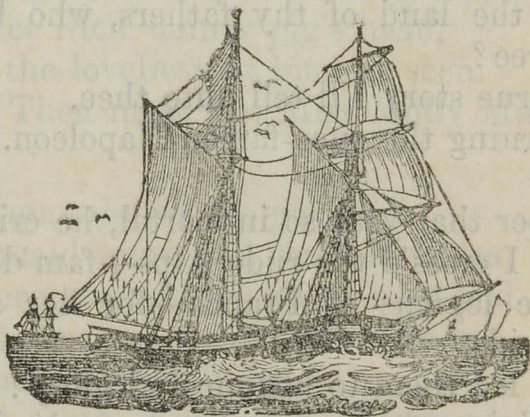
LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

THE GIRL WE LOVE.

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

One night sad and languid I went to my bed,
And scarce had reclin'd on my pillow,
When a vision surprising came into my head,
Methought I was crossing the billow ;
Methought as my vessel dash'd over the deep,
I beheld that rude rock that grows craggy and steep,
Ah! that rock where the willow is now seen to weep
O'er the grave of the once-famed Napoleon.

I dreamt, as my vessel she near'd to the land,
I beheld clad in green his bold figure,
The trumpet of fame he clasp'd firm in his hand,
On his brow there sat valour and rigour ;
Ah! stranger, he cried, hast thou ventur'd to me
From the land of thy fathers, who boast they are
free ?

If so, a true story I'll tell unto thee,
Concerning the once-famed Napoleon.

Remember that year so immortal, he cried,
When I cross'd the rude Alps—fam'd in story,
With the legions of France—for her sons were my
pride,
And I led them to honour and glory !
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurl'd,
And whenever my banner the Eagle unfurl'd,
'Twas the standard of freedom all over the world,
The signal of Fame—cried Napoleon.

As a soldier I've borne both the heat and the cold,
 I have march'd to the trumpet and cymbal,
 But by dark deeds of treachery I have been sold,
 Though monarchs before me did tremble.
 Now rulers and princes their station demean,
 And like scorpions they spit forth their venom and
 spleen,
 But Liberty soon o'er the world shall be seen,
 As I woke from my dream, cried Napoleon.

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE.

Meet me, Miss Molly Malone,
 At the grove at the end of the vale ;
 But be sure that you don't come alone,
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale ;
 With a nice bit of beef, and some bread,
 Some pickles or cucumbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head,
 'Tis the loveliest tit bit e'er seen.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

Pastry may do for the gay,
 Old maids may find comfort in tea,
 But there's something about ham and beef,
 That agrees a deal better with me.
 Remember my cupboard is bare,
 Then come, if my dear life you prize ;
 I'd have liv'd the last fortnight on air,
 But you sent me two nice mutton pies.
 Then meet me, Miss Molly Malone.

PITY AND PROTECT THE SLAVE.

Sons of freedom, hear my story,
 Mercy well becomes the brave ;
 Humanity is Briton's glory,
 Pity and protect the slave.

Free-born daughters, who, possessing
 Eyes to conquer, hearts to save,
 To receive a father's blessing,
 Pity and protect the slave.

GREEN HILLS OF TYROL.

Green hills of Tyrol, again I see
 The home of childhood so dear to me,
 Again I press the verdant shade,
 Where oft my footsteps have wildly stray'd.
 Once more I am near him,
 My own one, my fond one ;
 Again I shall hear him
 Love's accents repeat ;
 While to his sighs my heart replies,
 And every glance is soft and sweet.

Green hills of Tyrol, &c.

From yonder woodlands, sounding clear,
 With eye of hawk, and falchion keen,
 His merry bugle I hear ;
 He comes, he comes—my Tyrolien.

Once more I behold him,
 My dear one, my fond one,
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien.

Haste, haste my love, why linger now?
 The sun is shedding his partial glow;
 The chamois seeks his peaceful glade,
 And homeward wanders the mountain maid
 Oh come then and cheer me,
 My own one, my fond one,
 Again thou shalt hear me
 Sing Love's tender strain.

While every note my lips repeat,
 As soft and sweet thou'lt breathe again.
 Then haste, my love, &c.

Hark, hark, I hear his well-known cry,
 While answering echo makes reply;
 Now, now, he waves his scarf of green,
 He comes, he comes—my Tyrolien.

Once more I behold him,
 My dear one—my fond one—
 To my bosom I'll fold him,
 My own Tyrolien.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

Now summer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White are the linns the burnie pours,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

Mo more shall the children of Judah sing
 The lay of a happier time ;
 Nor strike the harp with the golden string,
 'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.

This—this was the lay of the Jewish maid,
 Though not in her father's bowers,
 Sweetly she sung—while in sadness she stray'd
 Near the ruins of Babylon's towers.
 No more, &c.

Where are the sons of mine ancient race?
 That were born but the javelin to bear;
 Land of my kindred, whose ruins I trace,
 That once was so lovely and fair.
 The green grass grows on the fertile spot,
 Where once grew the sweetest of flowers;
 Land of my kindred shall never be forgot,
 While a ruin remains of thy towers.
 No more, &c.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Langsyne beside the woodland burn,
 Among the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow;
 Around my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
 That frae the wild-wood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a summer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow;
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
 To busk the sedge sae yellow.

The craw-flow'r blue, and meadow-pink,
 I wove in primrose braided link,
 But little, little did I think

I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,

Toss'd on the raging billow,

Perhaps he's fa'n in bloody war,

Or wreck'd on rocky shallow ;

Yet, aye I hope for his return,

As round our wonted haunts I mourn,

And often by the woodland burn

I pu' the weeping willow.

THE GIRL WE LOVE.

To the traveller benighted and lone on the wild,

O sweet is the prospect of shelter and rest ;

And dear to the mother's fond heart is her child,

When she feels his young breath glowing warm on her
 breast.

To the prisoner reliev'd from dungeon deep,

'Tis sweet o'er the heather-clad hills to rove ;

But the spirit with livelier bound doth leap,

To meet in the gloamin' the girl we love.

To wander at e'en through the meadows so green,

With raptur'd emotion my bosom has beat ;

But what gave enchantment and life to the scene ?

What made it so lovely, fair, and sweet ?

'Twas that Jessie was there, with her mild witching
 smile,

And the life-giving glance of her dark hazel eye ;

'Twas *this* tun'd to music the murm'ring rill,

And brighten'd each star that gem'd the sky.