

VARIOUS

OLD BALLADS

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Old Ballads

COME, LASSES AND LADS

Come, lasses and lads,
 get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For ev'ry fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler's standing by;

For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down!

"You're out," says Dick; "not I," says Nick,
 "'Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong;"
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler than began
 To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men!

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
 To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again!

"Good-night," says Harry;
 "good-night," says Mary;
"Good-night," says Poll to John;
"Good-night," says Sue
 to her sweetheart Hugh;
"Good-night," says ev'ry one.
Some walk'd and some did run,
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve,
To meet the next holiday.

Anon.

COMING THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc.

Anon.

CHERRY-RIPE

Cherry-Ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

Herrick.

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Trad.

ROBIN ADAIR

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Anon.

MOLLY BAWN

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?
While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do.
The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you;
But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.
Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?
Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,
And the pretty stars were made to shine;
And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,
And may be you were made for mine:
The wicked watch-dog here is snarling,
He takes me for a thief, you see;
For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling,
And then transported I should be.
Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?

Samuel Lover.

GO, HAPPY ROSE!

Go, happy Rose! and interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.

Herrick.

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried,
 "and canst thou haste away?
My heart will break; a little moment stay.
Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee.
The anchor's weigh'd,
 farewell! remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix
 that heart like thine!"

"Go, then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."
"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be!
The anchor's weigh'd!
 farewell! remember me."

S.J. Arnold.

ALICE GRAY

She's all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine;
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd,
A love without decay,
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray!

Her dark brown hair is braided
O'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet, my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

William Mee.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh I give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

J. Howard Payne.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

Burns (New Version).

MY PRETTY JANE

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane!
Ah! never, never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white
And village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

Edward Fitzball.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure, I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost note the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.

THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"
The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet Springtime did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
The fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown Autumn spreads its store,
Then I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more;
For the Summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the Winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free:
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

M.G. Lewis.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup' o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

Burns.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd,
and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed,
Though long he had follow'd the lass:
Contented she earn'd
and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he would
make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds
were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
At church she no more frowning cried,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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