

Text of Old Melodies

SUNG BY

PLUNKET GREENE

“OH! YARMOUTH IS A PRETTY TOWN.”

Oh! Yarmouth is a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it, the more it runs in my mind;
The more I think of it, it makes my heart to grieve—
At the sign of the “Angel” pretty Nancy did live.

The rout came on Sunday, on Monday we marched away;
The drums they did beat, and the music did play;
Many hearts were rejoicing, but my heart was sad,
To part from my true love—what a full heart I had.

Will you go on board of ship? my love, will you try?
I'll buy you as fine sea-fare as money will buy;
And whilst I'm on on sentry, I'll guard you from all foe.
My love, will you go with me? But her answer was “No!”

Oh! Yarmouth is a pretty town, and shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it, the more it runs in my mind;
The more I think of it, it makes my heart to grieve—
At the sign of the “Angel” pretty Nan I did leave.

“I WILL GIVE YOU THE KEYS OF HEAVEN.”

HE. I will give you the Keys of heaven,
I will give you the keys of heaven,
Madam, will you walk? Madam, will you talk?
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

SHE. Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Though you give me the keys of heaven,
Yet I will not walk, yet I will not talk,
Yet I will not walk or talk with thee.

HE. I will give you a coach and six,
And six black horses blacker than pitch;
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

SHE. Though you give me a coach and six,
And six black horses blacker than pitch,
Yet I will not walk or talk with thee.

HE. I will give you the keys of my heart,
And we'll be married till death us do part;
Madam will you walk and talk with me?

SHE. Thou shalt give me the keys of thy heart,
And we'll be married till death us do part,
I will walk, I will talk,
I will walk and talk with thee.

Cheshire.

“THE TWA SISTERS O' BINNORIE.”

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
Stirling for aye,
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r,
There came a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
Stirling for aye,
The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sair envied her sister dear,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

She's ta'en her sister by the hand,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
And down they went to the river strand,
Stirling for aye,
The youngest stood upon a stane
The eldest came and pushed her in,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
Till she came to the mouth o' yon mill dam,
Stirling for aye,
And out then came the miller's son,
And there he found a drownéd woman,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

Round about her middle sma',
Edinbro', Edinbro',
There went a gowden girdle braw,
Stirling for aye.
All amang her yellow hair
A string of pearls was twisted rare,
Bonny St Johnston stands on Tay.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
Harped to nobles when they dine,
Stirling for aye,
He's ta'en three locks of her yellow hair,
And with them strung his harp sae fair,
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

He went unto her father's hall,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
And played his harp before them all,
Stirling for aye,
And soon the harp sang soft and clear
“Farewell my father and mother dear!”
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

And next when the harp began to sing,
Edinbro', Edinbro',
'Twas “Farewell Sweetheart” said the string,
Stirling for aye,
And then as plain as plain could be
“There stands my sister, wha drownéd me!”
Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

f. “SCOTS WHA HAE.”

(*Old Air, “Hey Tuttie Taitie.”*)

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce hath often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Noo's the day, and noo's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,—
Chains and slaverie.

Wha wad be a traitor-knave?
Wha wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

