

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 Toy.

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!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or dee!

Robert Burns.

g. "WHERE BE GOING?"
("Pa le er ew why moaz?")

"Where be going to, dear little maiden,
With your red, rosy cheeks, and your black, curly hair?"
"I be going a-milking, kind little man," she said;
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

"Shall I go with you, dear little maiden,
With your red, rosy cheeks and your black, curly hair?"
"With all my heart, my kind little man," she said;
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

"Say, shall I wed you, dear little maiden,
With your red, rosy cheeks and black, curly hair?"
"With that I agree, my kind little man," she said;
"'Tis dabbling in the dew makes the milkmaids fair."

(Words taken from various editions.)

h. "WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME."

When she answered me her voice was low,
But minstrel never matched his chords
To such a wealth of warbled words
In Temora's palace long ago.

And no other orbs shall e'er eclipse
That magic look of maiden love,
And never song my soul shall move
Like that low, sweet answer of her lips.

"THE KERRY COW."

"O what are you seeking my pretty colleen
So sadly, tell me now?"

"O'er mountain and plain
I'm searching in vain,
Kind sir for my Kerry Cow."

"Is she black as the night with a star of white
Above her bonny brow?

And as clever to clear
The dykes as a deer?"

"That's just my own Kerry Cow."

"Then cast you eye into that field of wheat
She's there as large as life,"

"My bitter disgrace!
How-e'er shall I face
The farmer and his wife?"

"Since the farmer's unwed, you've no cause for dread
From his wife you must allow,

And for kisses three—
'Tis myself is he—

The farmer will free your cow."

Alfred Perceval Graves.

"HEIGHO! THE MORNING DEW."

Och! laughin' roses are your lips,
Forget-me not your ee;
It's many a lad they're drivin' mad;
They shall not so wi' me.

Heigho! the morning dew!
Heigho! the rose and rue!
Follow me, my bonny lass,
For I'll not follow you.

Wi' heart in mout', in hope and doubt,
Your lovers come and go;
Your smiles receive, your smiles deceive;
You shall not serve me so!

Heigho! etc.

If I but keep me to mysel',
Upon my knowledge tree,
Like Mother Eve, the rest you'll leave
To treat yoursel' to me.

Heigho! etc.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

i. "FATHER O'FLYNN."

Of priests we can afford a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larin' and piety;
Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flow'r of them all.

Here's a health to ye, Father O'Flynn;
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin;
Pow'rfullest preacher and tinderest teacher
And kinliest creature in ould Donegal!

Don't talk of your Provost and fellows of Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity;
Dad, and the divils and all, at Divinity—
Father O'Flynn makes hares of them all!

Come, I venture to give you my word,
Never the like of this logic was heard!
Down from mythology into thayology—
Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call!

Here's a health, etc.

Och, Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful way with you;
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
And the young childer are wild to play wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick.

Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad! you've your flock in the grandest control!
Checking the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on wid the shtick.

Here's a health, etc.

And tho' quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still, at all saysons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest;
"Is it lave gayety all to the laity?
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

Here's a health, etc.