

not in

THE

BLUE BELL of SCOTLAND.

(10) A favorite Scotch Ballad.

PHILADELPHIA. Published by G. E. BLAKE.

Moderato

Ah! where and ah! where is your
highland laddie gone? Ah! where and ah! where is your highland laddie
gone? He's gone across the ocean in search of wealth to roam, And 'tis
oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home. He's gone across the
ocean in search of wealth to roam, And 'tis oh! in my heart I
wish him safe at home.

2.

Oh! where and oh! where does your highland laddie dwell?
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the blue bell,
And oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.

3.

In what cloaths, in what cloaths is your highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plad,
And 'tis oh! in my heart I love my bonny lad.

4.

Suppose, and suppose, your highland lad shou'd die!
The bagpipe shou'd play over him, I'd sit me down and cry,
And 'tis oh! in my heart I hope he may not die.

Cynthia's Cottage.

Andante

When at night the village swains Yield to sleep's bland dotage,

I will trip a - cross the plains, To my Cynthia's cottage;

Wish her at the noon of night, A re-fresh-ing sweet good night.

2.

Sleeping Angel may no fear,
Your repose encumber,
For my passion is sincere,
E'en when rapt in slumber;
And in dreams I often swear
Constancy to thee my fair.

* When stars twinkle in the skies,
With a keener brightness,
I oft meet her radiant eyes,
Thro' the moss clad lattice:
And then steal a parting kis,
That my senses whelms in bliss.

3.

* Oh! then I can sink to rest,
Round me joys are hov'ring,
Feel more tranquil, feel more blest,
Than the greatest sov'reign,
All his treasures, all his might,
I'd not take for such a night.

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