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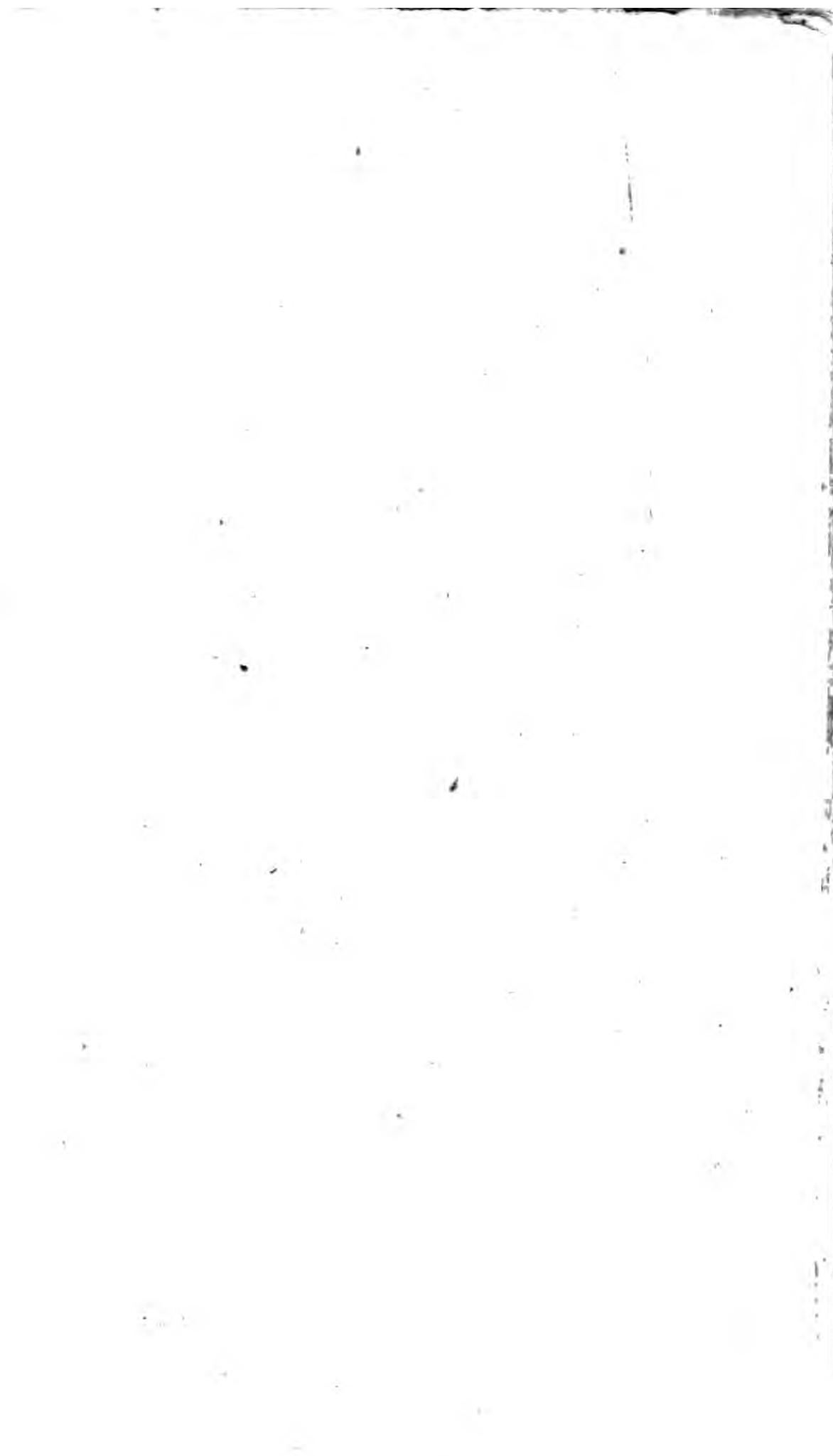
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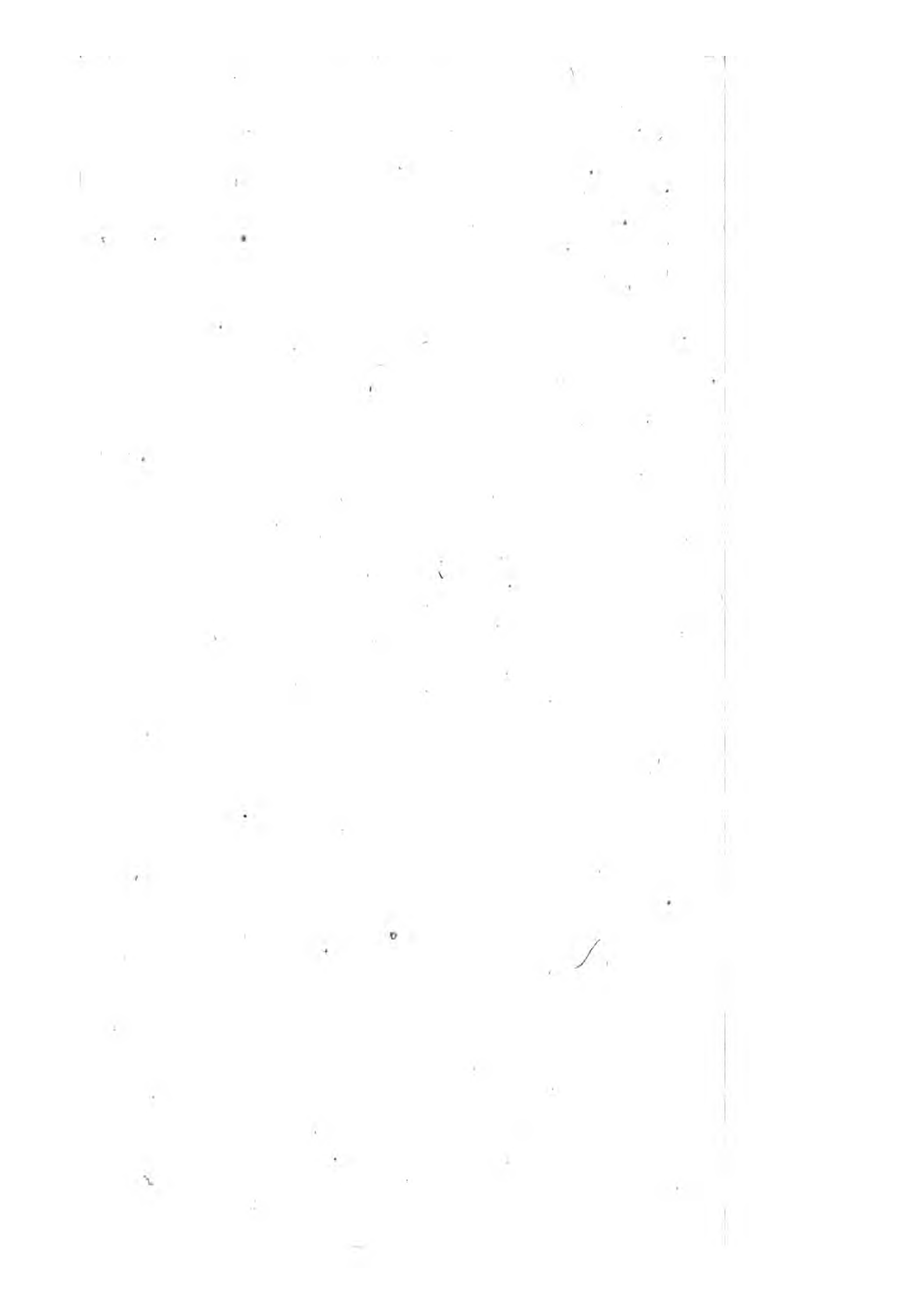
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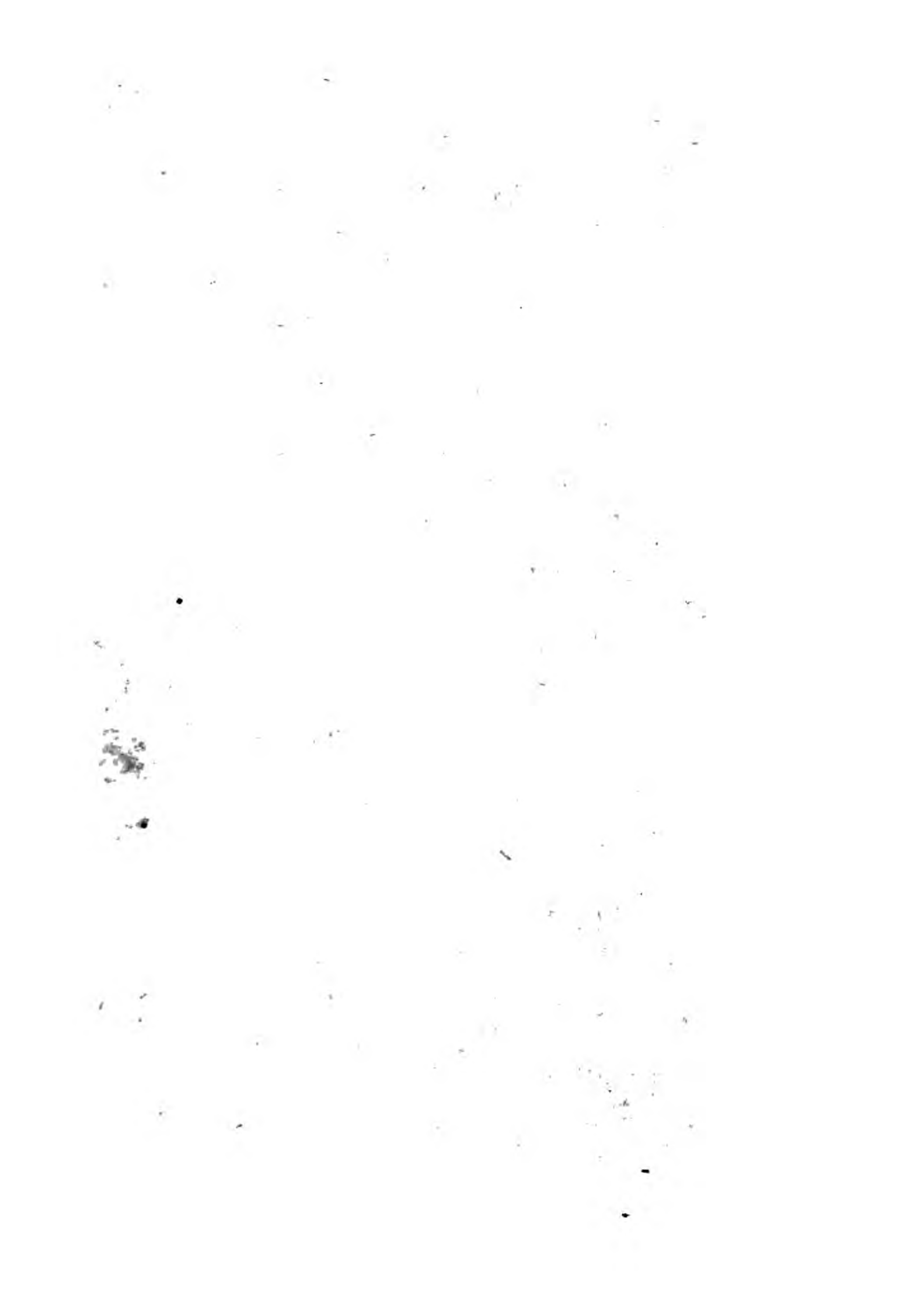


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A. Ramsay Junr. delin.

G. King sculp. scit.

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:

OR, A
COLLECTION
OF CHOICE

SONGS,
SCOTS and ENGLISH,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

*Behold and listen, while the fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air ;
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire :
What reason can that love controul
Which more than one way courts the soul ?*

E. WALLER.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION,
Being the Compleatest and most Correct
of any yet published

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for and Sold by A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's*
Head, over against *Katherine-Street* in the
Strand. MDCCL.





DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely BRITISH Lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the Green.*

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
Whane'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive it with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising fastly through your throats.

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinnet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clashes stay the lazy las;
Thir fangs may ward you frae the fowr,
And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en while the tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

May happiness had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires.

EDINBURGH,
January 1, 1724.

A. RAMSAY.



P R E F A C E.



ALTHO' it be acknowledged, that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of musick, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are for the most part so chearful, that on hearing them well play'd or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental musick, there are fifty that content themselves with the pleasure of hearing, and singing without the trouble of being taught: Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new musick imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will

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listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dress'd them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people, who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect musick, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

MY being well assured, how acceptable new words to known good tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above sixty of them, in this and the second volume: about thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and musick are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, The Ga-berlunzie-man, Muirland Willy, &c. that claim their place in our collection, for their merry images of the low character.

*THIS eleventh edition in a few years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My
worthy*

P R E F A C E. ix

worthy friend, Dr. Bannerman tells me from America,

Nor only do your lays o'er Britain flow.
 Round all the globe your happy sonnets go ;
 Here thy soft verse, made to a Scottish air,
 Are often sung by our Virginian fair.
 Camilla's warbling notes are heard no more,
 But yield to *Last time I came o'er the moor* ;
 Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way
 To *Mary Scot, Tweed-side, and Mary Gray.*

FROM this and the following volume, Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all, to be a good teacher and singer of Scots Songs) cull'd his Orpheus Caledonius, the musick for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraven in a folio book, for the use of persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the late Queen. This, by the by, I thought proper to intimate, and do myself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that the most of the songs were mine, the musick abstracted.

IN my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront; the chief bent of all my studies being, to gain their good graces: and it shall always be my care, to ward off these frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

x P R E F A C E.

Now little books, go your ways ; be assured of favourable reception wherever the sun shines on the free-born chearful Briton ; steal your selves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes ! you are to live too as long as the song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your ashes only with the odes of Horace. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after a thousand editions ? Happy volumes ! you are secure, but I must yield ; please the ladies, and take care of my fame.

*In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,
I'll smile thro' life ; and when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.*



I N D E X.



I N D E X.

Beginning with the first Letter of every Song.

*The SONGS mark'd C, D, H, L, M, O, &c. are new
Words by different Hands; X, the Authors unknown;
Z, old Songs; Q, old Songs with Additions.*

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Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green !
Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry :
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lofs a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in consort chanting ?
But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration ;
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman ;
But dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother ;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,
His *Christy* did o'er-hear him ;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wist drew near him.

She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her ;
He wisely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My *Christy!*—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising,
I wish this may na be a dream ?
O love the maist surprising !
Time was too precious now for tawk ;
This point of a' his wishes
He wadna with fet speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiffes.

The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

HE A R me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her ;
At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented ;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny blufh bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus fhould *Peggy* grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her fmiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn defpair,
 My paffion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bufh aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

C.

An O D E.

To the Tune of, *Polwarth on the Green.*

TH O' beauty, like the rofe,
 That fmiles on *Polwarth Green*,
 In various colours fhows,
 As 'tis by fancy feen :
 Yet all its different glories ly
 United in thy face,
 And vertue, like the fun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So fmooth, fo calm her mind,
 That to fome angel's care
 Each motion feems affign'd :
 But yet fo chearful, fprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they ftole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
 With tuneful voice fhe fings,
 Perfume her breath and fmile,
 And wave their balmy wings :

But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

D.

T W E E D - S I D E .

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose?
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.

Say;

(5)

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treasure:
Fortune now in vain shall frown;
All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes;
Love fits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian* grove,
Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
This fair happy night surround us;
While a thousand sp'ritly joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unfowr'd with care or strife,
Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving still, and still possessing.

B 3

A S O N G. S.

(6)

A

S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,
While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us as red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget :
Come, let us fuddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus :
Death be gone, here's none but souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Godlike *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding
Drinking souls can never dy.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Muirland

Muirland Willie.

HA R K E N and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I've ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er yon mofs, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doughter's love to win,
 I care no for making meikle din ;
 What answer gi' ye me ?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, fin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town ?
 I think my doghter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* ;
 I scorn to tell a lie :

Befides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town ;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear ;
And for my fell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu law,
She had na will to fay him na,
But to her dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,
Syn e ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wad na fay me na,
But to your fell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa ;
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three founs of sheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free ;
 Troth I dow do no mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
With mony a blythfome lad and lass ;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mefs *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

Z.

The promis'd Foy.

To the Tune of, *Carle and the King come.*

W H E N we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely,

B 5

Long

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
To despair our thoughts were giv'n,
Our odds will all be ev'n, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
Suffering best our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprize,
'Till its happy hour arise ;
Temper well your love-sick sighs,
For hope becomes the wife, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely.

M.

To DELIA, on her drawing him to
her Valentine.

To the Tune of, *Black Ey'd Susan.*

YE powers ! was *Damon* then so blest,
To fall to charming *Delia's* share :
Delia, the beauteous maid, possessest
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair ?
Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my wish is given.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy name ;
With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
I felt and blest the new born-flame.

May

May softest pleasures careless round her move,
 May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
 That breast where love and graces play,
 O name beyond expression blest !
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd ! the thought is extasy,
 Who would not wish in paradise to ly ? R.

The Faithful Shepherd.

To the Tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
 And sporting lambkins play,
 When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
 And musick wak'd the day ;
 Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in throngs,
 And all their tuneful art bestow,
 To give us change of songs :
 Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
 I bless'd, then hug'd my maid ;
 I rob'd the kisses from her breast,
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
 To fly away as air,
 Another swain with her prevails
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal passion cure ?
 I'll never woo again ;
 All her disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus fighting with his pain ;
But time and scorn may give him joy,
To hear her sigh again.
Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
Do not thyself beguile,
A faithful lover should be priz'd,
Then cure him with a smile.

O.

*To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something
ill I said.*

To the Tune of, *Hallow Ev'n.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow ?
That beauteous heav'n ere while serene ?
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
Or what this gust of passion mean ?
And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And ly obscure in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends :
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus* every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deckt thy face,
And *Pallas* with unusual care,
Bids wisdom heighten every grace,
Who can the double pain endure ;
Or who must not resign the field

To

To thee, celestial maid, secure
With *Cupid's* bow, and *Pallas's* shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

H.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill !
He skipt the burn, and flew to me :
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewe.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay :
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The burds stood listning by :
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play :
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
He staw my heart : Cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
May now ly usefess by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewell a' pleasures there ;
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows :
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewe.

S. R.

TO CHLOE.

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely maid ! how dear's thy pow'r ?
At once I love, at once adore :
With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
While softest love inspires my breast.
This tender look, these eyes of mine,
Confess their am'rous master thine ;

These

These eyes with *Strephon's* passion play,
First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy :
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L

*Upon hearing his Picture was in CHLOE'S
Breast.*

To the Tune of, *The fourteen of October.*

YE gods ! was *Strephon's* picture blest
With the fair heaven of *Chloe's* breast ?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,---too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the bliss design'd ?
For *Strephon's* sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodged so near my *Chloe's* heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrate-

Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That *Chloe*, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee : Were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a God alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
On these cold looks, that lifeless are,
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade :
Thou can'st surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere :
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms.
And courts me to her breast.

Where

Where can *Strephon* find repose,
 If *Chloe* is not there ?
 For ah ! no peace his bosom knows,
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phæbus* from on high
 Withholds his chearful ray,
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,
 And give me more than day.

L.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
 Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold heart never warms ;
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.
 But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 E'er ye let *Strephon* know
 That I have lov'd him so :
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,
Ah Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.
 Restore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, use your art,
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.
 Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said ;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning. X.

*To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a
Consort.*

To the Tune of, The bonniest Lass in a' the World.

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer ;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
There love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee ;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee. 2. C.

The Bonny S C O T.

To the Tune of, The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot---*man :
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,

Yet

Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate
A large estate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat---man,
E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
Refuse my bonny *Scot*---man.
Wae worth the man
Wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to use,
While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to pres thy bawmy mouth,
And in her bosom hawse thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*---man.

Scornfu' Nansy.

To its own Tune.

NANSY's to the *Green Wood* gane,
To hear the *Gowdspink* chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring :
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him ;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My mimmy or my aunty ?
With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty :
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped flocks fou butter'd well ;
And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' house and a pantry :
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owrlay 'bout his cragy ;
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on good shanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonny *Nansy* ?
Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me,
A docken till a tanfie ?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, *Nansy*, what needs a' this din ?
Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?
I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar randy :
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy ;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me your winsome *Willy* ?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty ;

And

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
And said, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wadna mis to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye :
Sae had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy ;
For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore,
Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Z:

Slighted Nansy.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'T IS I have seven braw new gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides I have seven milk-ky,
And *Sandy* he has but three ;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dikes,
My mither can card and spin,
And I am a fine fodgel las,
And the filler comes linkin in :
The filler comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty times wow ! O wow !
What ails the lads at me ?

When

When ever our *Baty* does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in :
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin ;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I get a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs.
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me?
 And O! and what'll I do?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Lucky Nansy.

To the Tune of, *Dainty Davie.*

WHILE fops in fast *Italian Verse*,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and sense is scarce,
 These lines I have indited :
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
 The maidens are delited.

I was

*I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloë, or Phillis.

I'll fetch nae simile frae *Jove*,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor fighting, --- thus --- present my love
With roses eek and lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay, --- I had amais't forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wate :

But *Nanfy*, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half shut een and hodling air,
Are a' my passion's fewel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
Yet thou halt charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Dryest wood will eitheft low,
And Nanfy sae will ye now.*

Troth

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable *Nansy*.
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And fay, ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a fland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.
Leeze me on thy, &c.

Q.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The Tune after an *Italian* Manner.

Compos'd by Signior Lorenzo Bocchi.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE *Jonny* faintly teld fair *Jean* his mind ;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang ;
He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live ; but O I'm wae,
And unko sweer to die.
Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy hours
I thole by your disdain ;
Ah ! should a breast fae fast as yours,
Contain a heart of stane ?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart she listned to the boy ;
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love :
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the power to pine ;
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

The T O A S T.

To the Tune of, *Saw ye my P E G G Y.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free,
 Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir ;
 Ye're mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's below'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

P E G G Y a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.

M A G I E'S Tocher.

To its ain Tune.

TH E meal was dear short syne,
We buckl'd us a' the gither ;
And *Maggie* was in her prime,
When *Willie* made courtship till her :
Twa pittals charg'd beguets,
To gie the courting shot ;
And syne came ben the las,
Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.
He first speer'd at the guidman,
And syne at *Giles* the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My daughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the hand ;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The las bound in her snood,
And *Crummie* who kens her flake :
With an auld bedden o' claihs,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land :
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither,
A house is butt and benn,
And *Crummie* will want her fother.

The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither !
 We have nouter pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that you need na fear,
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,
 And ye your fell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Confider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* mare :
 The fadle's nane of my ain,
 An thae's but borrowed boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my coots :
 The cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look fae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll make na mair toom rufe.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the mither ;
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

Z.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Blink over the Burn, sweet BETTY.*

L E A V E kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*.
 Leave kindred and friends for me ;
 Affur'd thy servant is stedd
 To love, to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chance as they came ;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But vertue is ever the fame.

Aktho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine, only my dear.
 And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder, like doves.

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms !
 By thee to be grasp'd ! and kissed !
 And live on thy heaven of charms ;
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

M.
 A S O N G.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The bonny grey-ey'd Morning.*

CELESTIAL muses, tune your lyres,
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,
 Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :
 How undesigning she displays
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind God, give this, this only dart,
 Neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate life and death,
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breath,
 Betwixt each am'rous fond cares.

O.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the pow'r of love,
 By *Nell's* resistless charms,
 The fancy fixt no more can rove,
 Or fly soft love's alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the skill to shun
All traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
When she resolves to kill ?
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy *Damon*, happy fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a care
To see it fairly done.

G.

A S O N G.

Tune of *Logan Water*.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run ?
Why from his soft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun ?

So flies the *fawn*, with fear oppress'd,
Seeking its *mother* ev'ry where,
It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful spite pursue,
As age, to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave *mama's* arms, and come to *mine*.

W.
A South-

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to *London* town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In risin' flocks to buy a skair :
We daftly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin pay'd right dear ;
The lave will fare the war in trowth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
And dainty flocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the *South-Sea* house,
The whillywha's will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

OBELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart.
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm :
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
Present thee to my arms.

But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beautiful form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
By hindring the design.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the Tune of,—*Chami ma
chattle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bonny was she?
Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;—
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae these een,
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and cany,
 And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and cany,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these benifons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and cany,
 Love only thy *Jamie* who doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away fastly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or foppery had power
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The BOB of DUMBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame ;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame ;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again.
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
 Away then leave baith minny and dady,
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

SONG complaining of Absence.

To the Tune of, *My Apron Dreary*.

AH *Chloe* ! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return,
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain — my *Chloe's* away :
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease, —
 But bring me my *Chloe*, a defart will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye ;
 These are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These

These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits en-
 thron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his influence round,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd ;
 Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night ;
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair,
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My *Chloe's* still charming, my passion the same ;
 O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

R.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying ?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign ;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure :
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

C 6

A S O N G. X.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TE L L me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain ?
Must I die for every feature ?
Must I always love in vain ?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue ;
Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you ;
For a lover ought to dare :
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.
Are such giddy ways befitting ?
Will my dear be fickle still ?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase ;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be :
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

The R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond youth, ; thy tears give o'er ;
What more, alas ! can *Flavia* do ?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore :
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, since any power,
To crown thy love must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

X.

The Rose in Y A R R O W.

To the Tune of, *Mary Scot.*

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow* ;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure ;
But *Cupid's* art did there deceive me,
And *Mary's* charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
No ransom take for *Mary's* slave ?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair :
This beauteous flower, this rose of *Yarrow* ;
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in *Mary's* breast ;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;

I

My

My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of *Yarrow*.

C.

The fair PENITENT.

A SONG,—*To its ain Tune.*

A Lovely lass to a frier came
To confess in a morning early.
*In what, my dear, art thou to blame ?
Come own it all sincerely.*
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
*Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.*
Lack a day, Sir ! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

*No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing ;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.*
I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

X.

The

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

TH E last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me,
 Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me ?
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me ;
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me :
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter :
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
 On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me ;
 Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

The Lass of PEATY'S Mill.

TH E lass of *Peaty's* mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of *Peaty's* mill,
 Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gait of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth ;
 'Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me, in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets, in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of musick pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April*, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would often times go
 To wilds and deep glens, wherethe hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
 But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth :
 But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the Goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently fow'r :
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be.

N A N N Y O.

W H I L E some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kifs and carefs my *Nanny*—O.
 She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae*—O.
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should fit but *Nanny*—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O,
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny*—O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My lovely charming Nanny—O.
I care not tho' the world know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

Bonny J E A N.

L O V E's Goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For *Jeany's* haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses *Willy's* kind address ;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
While every day he spys some new
Surprising charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind :
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean ;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in summer shorten'd seems ;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than *Troy's* prize, the *Spartan* queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn ?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naething can please me :
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho'

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell :
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith evening and morning ;
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

Down the Burn D A V I E.

W H E N trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When *Mary* was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blyth *Davy's* blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burnside,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tander tales they said !
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k fae sweet ;
 And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic pleasure to renew.
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

C.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Gilder Roy*.

AH ! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but fit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My

My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;—
To make a beauty, she.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death,

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs.
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *When she came ben she bobed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
 For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
 And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies, by *Jove*.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint:
 But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,
 Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
 Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
 But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
 For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by *Jove*.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
 (You know *marriage and money together* does best.)
 But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
 Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by *Jove*.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
 And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by *Jove*.
L.

DUMBARTON'S *Drums.*

DUMBARTON'S Drums beat bonny—O,
 When thy mind me of my dear *Jonny*—O,
 How happy am I,
 When my foldier is by,
 While he kiffes and bleffes his *Annie*—O!
 'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no wars alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handsome laddie—O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O, :
 Tho' commiffions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
 For he shall ferve no longer a cadie—O.
 A foldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O :
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king ;
 For every other care is but slavery—O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O ;
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums found bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear *Jonny*—O :
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kiffes and bleffes his *Annie*—O!

Auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars ?

D

These

These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :
 Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay :
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in thy embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

The Lass of LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* love,
Bell dropt a tear — *Bell* dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear — well pleas'd to hear,
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue — from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung — and thus she sung :

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind — more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex ;
 But spoke their mind — but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return — wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn — or cause him mourn.

* Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame — yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame — to own my flame ?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy — and seem too coy ?
 Which makes me now alas lament
 My slighted joy — my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire — own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire — fans up the fire,
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design — or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain — but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes — with flowing eyes.
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprisè — with sweet surprisè.
 Some God had led him to the grove ;
 His mind unchang'd — his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd — I am reveng'd !

P E G G Y, *I must love thee.*

AS from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprisè ;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False *Betty's* charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

BESSY BELL *and* MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But *Mary Grey's* twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a *May* morning,
 When *Phæbus* starts frae *Tbetis'* lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will.
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sa' gracefu' still,
 O *Jove*, she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppres us ;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lassies :
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee :
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppres ye,
For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye :
Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your vertue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye ;
And

And gin you prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye,
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

L O V E never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me:
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new blown beauty fires my heart.
 With *Cupid's* raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me;

And when its destin'd day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share ;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Restore my *Peggy's* wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me ;
Oh ! never rob them from those arms :
I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.

C.

My Jo J A N E T.

S W E E T Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the *Bass* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glafs then.
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet ;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I shou'd fa' in,
Syn'e a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd my sell for fin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet ;
Had the better be the brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
Ae pair may gain ye haff a year,
My Jo Janet.

But

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be taunking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cros then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, Sir,
Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
But like it never wale a man,
 My Jo Janet.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, John Anderson my Jo.

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
 Since time that truth does prove ?
 Such distance may consist with fate,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 That does such ways allow ;
 The first is base, the last is vain :
 May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your part ;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not haff that art :
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

Auld Rob Morris.

M I T H E R.

AULD *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen, (men,
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too ;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree :
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Ha'd your tongue, daughter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride :
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too.
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
 His A—— it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-ey'd too ;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

Tho' auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brafs it will buy a new pan ;
 Then, daughter, ye shouldna be so ill to shoo,
 For auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
 His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
 I had titter die than live w' him a year ;
 Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear. Q.

S O N G.

To the Tune, Come kifs with me, come clap with
 me, &c.

P E G G Y.

MY *Jocky* blyth, for what thou'lt done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jog'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee :
 Sae late among the rashes.

J O C K Y.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her scouling ;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling.
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes ;
 And then we'll try a feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the rashes.

P E G G Y.

Then, *Jocky*, since thy love's so true,
 Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
 Oh ! well's me on the rashes ;
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clashes.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Roth's Lament*; or, *Pinky-house*.

As *Sylvia* in a forest lay
 To vent her woe alone;
 Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,
 And heard her dying moan,
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind:
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Shou'd by your self be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
 But e'er the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

M:
 Th

The young Laird and Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I meet yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wisht a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's fight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dingsome town a while;
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the summer's gawn to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, fast and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks have form'd a bower:
When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S

K A T Y's *Answer.*

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me ;
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
Then *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty,
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer,
To twin wi' his gear ;
And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion ;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

M A R Y S C O T T.

HA P P Y's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*.

O'er Bogie.

I *Will awa' wi' my love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistrifs of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms !
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change
 A kifs of *Betty*, and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to *Britain's* isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to M A G G Y.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll shew my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the *Nine* to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,
 And invoke *Apollo*.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour ;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding ;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny *Maggy's* love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART *on the GREEN.*

A *T Polwart on the green*
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn.
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad compleat,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na,*
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleez ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY's *bonny Lassie*.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
My self thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good mor-
The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, (row,
Loök wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is *Hay's* bonny lassie.

KATHARINE O G I E.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May's* sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grow so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd tho' it was fogie;
I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is *Katharine Ogie*.

I stood

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this fame *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie ;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some shepherd-swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughing-time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmens dangerous stations :
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conquering nations :
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass, of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy ;
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
For heaven's sake, oh ! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
*Ann thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee ;
Ann thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee !*

The Gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save ;
O ! for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

X.

Like

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my fight,
Syne in fast whispers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean*,
She moves a Goddess o'er the green ;
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but my fell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

There's

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Syné for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yeilds to what is sweet and bonny ;
Receive it then with a kifs and a smily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em ;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of J E A N.

JOCKY said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't ?
Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my tochergood,
For my tochergood, I winna marry thee,
E'ens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I hae

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire :
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be :
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Focky*, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be. Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid :
 Without hopes of obtaining :
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him :
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin's* care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee. C.

Genty T I B B Y, and *sonsy* N E L L Y.

To the Tune of, *Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

T I B B Y has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her ;
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waste,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

N E L L Y's gawfy, saft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in *May* ;
 Ilk ane that sees her, crys, *Ab hey*
She's bonny ! O I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her ;
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now

Now strike my finger in a bore,
My wyson with the maiden shore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When these twa stars appear the gither,
O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our spacious fauls immense desires,
And ay be in a hankerin swither.

TIBBY's shape and airs are fine,
And *Nelly's* beauties are divine:
But since they canna baith be mine,
Ye Gods, give ear to my petition,
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this provision,
I get the other to my lane,
In prospect *plano* and fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out o' sight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light;
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*.
Up in the air
On my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure flit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon
Is carousing aboon;
D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care ;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
Come, *Willie*, gi's about ye'r toft ;
Til't, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythfome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair :
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

G I N ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kifs, and let her gae ;
But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartfome time ;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When *Jenny* speaks beneath her breath,
And kiffes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs :
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant :
 Then, furly carles, whisht forbear
 To plague us with your whinning cant.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :
 Red-checked you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

P E G G Y.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* arms for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

P A T I E.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away.
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day :
A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

C H O R U S.

*Sun, gallop down the westling skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And hast about our bridal day :
And if ye're wear'd, honest light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

The Mill, Mill——O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still——O ;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her with good will——O :
Her bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest,
She stir'dna my joy to spill——O :
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill——O.

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my courage and skill——O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the bill——O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shill——O,
My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill——O.

Mair

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell——O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell——O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expell——O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her deed myfell——O.

My bonny sweet las, on the gowany gras,
 Beneath the *shilling-hill*——O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's mill*——O.
 O the mill, mill——O, and the kill, kill——O,
 And the coggin of the wheel——O ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel——O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my heart that we should funder.*

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, crys,
 Ah ! woe's my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder :
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows tho' we're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invites our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder ;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me tho' we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her :
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

TH E pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat ;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And

And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise awee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife ;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lafs, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can fay,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O sy gar ride, and sy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her is aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ilfardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na lear'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

I.

The C O R D I A L.

To the Tune of, *Where shall our Goodman ly.*

H E.

WH E R E wad bonny *Anne* lye ?
Alane na mair ye maun ly ;
Wad ye a goodman try ?
Is that the thing ye're laking ?

S H E.

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S H E.

Can a lass fae young as I,
Venture on the bridal tie,
Syne down with a goodman ly ?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboy's are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry ?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly
Wha can a cordial give me.

Ew-Bughts M A R I O N.

W I L L ye go to the ew-bughts, *Marion*,
And wear in the sheep wi' me ;
The sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,
But nae half fae sweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye ;
And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

E 5

There's

There's gowd in your garters, *Marion*,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kifs my *Marion*.
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There's braw lads in *Earnshaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk when they see my *Marion* ;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my *Marion* ;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her bridal day ;
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the *London* brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion* ;
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean* :
Sae put on your pearlins, *Marion*,
 And kyrtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west, and see ye.

The blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggy*,
 The las' wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
By let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And

And there will be *Saney* the sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle mou ;
 And there will be *Tam* the blutter,
 With *Andrew* the tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bou'd legged *Robbie*,
 With thumblefs *Katy's* goodman ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,
 And *Lawrie* the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fow-libber *Patie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the how of the hill ;
 And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The las that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Who after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :
 And there will be glead *Geordy Janners*,
 And *Kirsh* with the lilly-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Judan MacLawrie*,
 And blinkin daft *Barbara Macleg*,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket *Meg*.
 And there will be happer-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,
 Muck *Madie*, and fat-hippit *Grisy*,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
With his glakit wife *Jenny Bell*,
And misle-shinn'd *Mungo Macapie*,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlins
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
Powfowdy and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate,
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And fowens, and farles, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps :
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive,
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddock, wilks, dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a to the bridal,
For there will be liltin there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

The Highland Laddie.

TH E lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie ;
O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
 I'd take young *Donald* without trows,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN-WATER:

Or, *My love ANNIE's very bonny.*

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my *Annie*?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trode the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight, this charming *Annie*,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora's* fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths conveen,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many.
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* art,
 His wyles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing,

Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

C.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

TH E collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs fat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of *Willie*.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :

For

For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies.

To——in Mourning.

AH! by those tears in *Nelly's* eyes ;
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind ;
 Wounded I sigh for thee ;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by *Hymen's* ties.
 To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by ?
 No ; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be,
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Gallowshiels.*

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

'Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.

But

But say not thou'lt imitate angels
 Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on landskips on shore:
 Be still more divine, and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, *MARY*, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't,
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.

When

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
 My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

R E T U R N hameward, my heart again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain
 For love of ane that loves not thee :
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause ;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall ?
 Be happy in thine ain free-will,
 My heart, be never bestial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill :
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their paws,
 And let the filly fling her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a kind with mony mae ;
 For why, they are a felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a fight of *Jason* yied,
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomedes* ;
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,
 Brought *Troy* from blifs unto bair waws :
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd ; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care :
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill.
 Nor gie a sob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows ;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Z.

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we have been.*

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen ;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro'

Thro' plantings, my burnies fae clear,
We wander for pleasure and health,
Where buddings and blossoms appear,
Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
That are, and that promise to be ;
Yet in them a' nathing is found
Sae perfect, *Eliza*, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they out-rival the grove ;
When zephyres those pleasingly swell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,
And flowers of maist delicate hue,
By thy cheek and dear breasts are out-shin'd,
Their tinctures are nathing fae true.
What can we compare with thy voice ?
And what with thy humour fae sweet ?
Nae musick can bless with sic joys ;
Sure angels are just fae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine ;
Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
Being mixt with fae many divine.
Ye powers, who have given sic charms
To *Eliza*, your image below,
O save her frae all human harms !
And make her hours happily flow.

My Dady forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my lad,
I sigh and am sad,
For now he is far frae me.

My

My dady was harsh,
My minny was warse,
That gart him gae yont the sea,
Without an estate,
That made him look blate ;
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin safe he come hame,
In spite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
Of parents o'er wise,
That have but ae barn like me,
That looks upon cash,
As naething but trash,
That shackles what shou'd be free.
And tho' my dear lad
Not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he ;
Abeit I'm an heirefs,
I think it but fair is,
To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear *Jamie*,
To thy kind *Jeanie*,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth fight of thee.
Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be ;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :

Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune, *Steer her up, and had her gawn.*

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it,
 Fou, as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold,
 By you've drank a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
 Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HA V E you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers ?
 I am a tinkler to my trade,
 And newly come frae *Flanders*,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad run ;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment ;
 For lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a tinkler,
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely *Leda* ;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff *Europa*.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty *Jove*,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The Malt-Man.

THE malt-man comes on *Munday*,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my filler,*
Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er foon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :
 For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

Bonny B E S S Y.

Tune, *Bessy's Haggies.*

BE S S Y's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many vertues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.

Bonny

Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee ;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

BESSY's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Bessy*, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Vertue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

BESSY's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In raiment fair ; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned :
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor ;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver,

Ah !

Ah! *Jeany's* face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days ;
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in *Cupid's* net,
 And make me die with pining,
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor*.

Ye chrystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for vertues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath begun to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I confider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.
For warlike *Mars*, nor thund'ring *Jove*,
And *Vulcan* with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love,
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break asunder :
Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
To learn this from his grammar ;
His heart's the book where he's to look
For *omnia vincit amor*. Q.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

TH E R E was a wife won'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That fought the house baith but and ben,
To find their mam a snishing.
*The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.*

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furnish me with snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Her

(101)

III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a yonker wald,
He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear ! your teeth's a' out,
Besides haff blind, you have the gout,
Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, says *Peg*, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat ;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won hersell a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

F 3

Braw

Note, Snishing in its literal meaning is snuff made of Tobacco ; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums fae squeez and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,
Which b k the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And dyed for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing ;
*Else like this wife beyont the fire,
Y'r beirns against you will conspire ;
Nor will ye get unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.*

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :

For

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in aw :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm or vex me fore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me :
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

The Black Bird.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
 With sighing and sobing, and sad lamentation,
 Saying, My *black bird* most royal is flown.
 My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburthen'd with sad misery ;
 Yet if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My *black bird* I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once into fair *England* my *black bird* did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring ;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king :
 But since that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me,
 His name I'll advance
 In *Spain* and in *France*,
 And seek out my *black bird* wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove ;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.
 He's all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure ;
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
 Who are constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind,
 All bliss on my *black bird*, wherever he be.

In *England* my *black bird* and I were together,
 Where he was still noble and generous of heart.
 Ah ! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas ! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In *Scotland* he's deem'd,
And highly esteem'd,
In *England* he seemeth a stranger to be ;
Yet his fame shall remain,
In *France* and in *Spain*.
All blifs to my *black bird* wherever he be.

What if the fowler my *black bird* has taken,
Then fighting and sobing will be all my tune ;
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in *May* or in *June*.
For him through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go ; for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in *Britain* is born.
I pray heaven so spacious,
To *Britain* be gracious,
Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My *black bird* with honour, wherever he be.

Take your auld Cloak about you.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blasts fae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save *Cromy's* life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Aft has she wet the bairn's mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift fae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
His trews they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool.
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jack*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lassies ten:

Now

Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife ;
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye give her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune, *Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, *Sandy, Young, and Gay,*
Are still my heart's delight,
I sing their fangs by day,
And read their tales at night.
If frae their books I be,
'Tis dullness then with me ;
But when these stars appear,
Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift with uncommon stile,
And wit that flows with ease,
Instructs us with a smile,
And never fails to please.
Bright *Sandy* gladly sings
Of heroes, Gods, and kings :
He well deserves the bays,
And every *Briton's* praise.

While thus our *Homer* shines ;
 Young, with *Horacian* flame,
Corrects these false designs
 We push in love of fame.
 Blyth *Gay* in pawky strains,
 Makes villains, clowns, and swains
 Reprove, with biting leer,
 Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, *Sandy*, *Young*, and *Gay*,
 Long may you give delight ;
Let all the *dunces* bray,
 You're far above their spite :
 Such, from a malice four,
 Write nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For, who the trash will read ?

The End of the First Volume.





THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

*She sung—the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms espies :
Then all in raptures falls a slave,
Both to her voice and eyes.*

V O L. II.

TO CLARINDA.
A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

BLESSED as the immortal Gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile, &c.

So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;
Like thine, seraphick were her charms,
That in *Circasia's* vineyards fray'd,
And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
Strave to enchant the amorous king ;
But the *Circasian* gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to sing.

Clarinda

Clarinda thus our fang inspires,
And claims the smooth and highest lays,
But while each charm our bosom fires,
Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,
To paint surpasses human skill :
Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
Let seraphs sing her if they will.
Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a sister of the sky,
To whom an adoration's due.

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been ;
For *Lochaber no more*, *Lochaber no more*,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber no more*.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber no more*.

Tho' hurrycanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd.
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd,
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muil deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.

I gae

I gae then my las to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

L A T E in an evening forth I went,
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fawn in a strife,
I canna well tell ye how it began ;
But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, alake my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn ;
For he did spend, and make an end
Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
He gart the poor stand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winsome *John*,
His blinkan eye, and gate fae free,
Was naething like thee, thou dofend drone.
His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And a skin as white as ony swan,
Was large and tall, and comely withall,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear gins to grow scant.
 Of household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of fiklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld good man.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay,
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trowe the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, *alake my auld goodman.*

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Valiant Jocky.*

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

BE A U T Y from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move.
 Some in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.

But

But had the great *Apelles* seen that face,
 When he the *Cyprian* goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.
 In that design,
 Great nature would combine
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin ;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame,
 And shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* name.

II.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious art ;
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart.
 O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.
 Her eyes would inspire,
 And like *Prometheus'* fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire,
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and fly
 O'er all the orb, tho' in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time ;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The god of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpned dart at every hair,
 As with fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like *Eden's* flaming sword each way you kill ;
 So ripening years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore. P.

Lass with a Lump of Land,

G I'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is na worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
 But beauty and wit, and vertue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection :
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd windows.

The Shepherd ADONIS.

I.

T HE shepherd *Adonis*
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement
 To the woods did resort.
 He threw by his club,
 And he laid himself down ;
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown,

He

II.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himself he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wish'd for no nymph,
Tho' never sae fair,
Had nae love nor ambition,
And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning sae clear,
A heavenly sweet voice
Sounded fast in his ear ;
Which came frae a shady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny *Amynta*
Sat singing of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To see her sae fair :
He stood like a statue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him ;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph she beheld him
With a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleased her
Appear in his face,
With blushing a little
She to him did say,
Oh shepherd ! what want ye,
How came you this way ?

His spirits reviving,
 He to her reply'd,
 I was ne'er sae surpris'd
 At the sight of a maid,
 Until I beheld thee
 From love I was free ;
 But now I'm ta'en captive,
 My fairest, by thee.

Z.

The COMPLAINT.
 To B. I. G.

To the Tune of, *When absent, &c.*

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear ;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy day and night
 Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire ;
 My pulse beats high, my cheek appears
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to my self I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan :
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.

The young Lads contra auld Man.

THE carle he came o'er the croft,
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na forfooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,
 To fasten on my curtchea nooked,
 I wor'd a wi upon my breast ;
 But soon alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
 And fae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na forfooth, I winna hae him !
 An twice a bairn's a lads's jest ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has na fault but ane ;
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But waes me for him ! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lads of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na forfooth, I winna hae him.
 What signifies his dirty riggs,
 And cash without a man with them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na forfooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VERTUE *and* WIT *the Preservatives*
of LOVE *and* BEAUTY.

To the Tune of, *Gillikranky.*

H E.

CONFESS thy love, fair blushing maid,
 For since thine eye's consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And nasays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying ;
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind careffing.
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
 I'll be nae mair a rover ;
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

S H E.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination,
 That *Willy—Wisp* bewilds us a'
 By its infatuation.
 When that goes out, careffes tire,
 And love's na mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

H E.

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast
May start this just reflection ;
But charms like thine maun always last,
Where wit has the protection.
Vertue and wit, like *April* rays,
Make beauty rise the sweeter ;
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, The happy clown.

IT was the charming month of *May*,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein,
Her handsome shape, and drefs so clean,
She lookt all o'er like beauty's queen,
Drest in her best aray.

The gentle winds, and purling stream
Essay'd to whisper *Chloe's* name,
The savage beasts till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might see,
Perch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of sweetest melody
They act a cheerful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow,
A glad subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their heart.

The

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down as smooth as oil,
Thro' all its charming crooks.

The finny squadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All frisk and dance, if she but sing.
And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skip'd into the wood. X.

Lady ANNE BOTHWELL's Lament.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

Balow,

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth,
Let never any after me,
Submit unto thy courtesy :
For, if they do, O ! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst,
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind :
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
That I must needs be now a nurse,

And lull my young son on my lap,
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all blifs exil'd,

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For, too soon trusting latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd,
Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven and hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding sheet.

Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee ;
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me :
Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they come ;
Born to sustain thy mothers shame,
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

X.

S O N G.

She raise and loot me in.

TH E night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood agham'd ;
Her swelling breast and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the force to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.

G 2

And

And she, all raviſht with delight,
 Bid me oft come again ;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah ! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
 And fighting fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her raſh ſin :
 She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
 That e'er ſhe looſt me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from ſuch beauty part :
 I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart ;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
 Thus all was well again,
 And now ſhe thanks the happy time
 That e'er ſhe looſt me in.

Z.

S O N G.

If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, why does it torment ;
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint ?
 Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain.
 Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hands gently, look languiſhing down,
 And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known.
 But oh ! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
 By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love,
 When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How

How pleasing is beauty ? how sweet are the charms ?
 How delightful embraces ? how peaceful her arms ?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standart all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers, and wins the fair field.

X.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man *John Ochiltree* ;
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake ! I want to do !
Obon, Obon ! I want to do !
Now want to do's away frae me,
Frae filly auld John Ochiltree.
 Honest man *John Ochiltree*,
 Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree* ;
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.
Alak, alake ! I dow to do !
Walaways ! I dow to do !
To wboft and birple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways ! John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land ;
 And wadna keep a bridle hand ;
 Thou'd tine the beast, thy sell wad die,
 My filly auld *John Ochiltree*.
 Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
 And chear me up to hear thee sing ;
 And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
 For thoughts maun now my life sustain.

Gae thy ways *Jobn Ochiltree* :

Hae done ! it has nae fa'r wi' me.
I'll set the beast in throw the land,
She'll may be fa' in a better hand,
Even sit thou there, and drink thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Jenny beguil'd the Webster.*

The auld chorus.

*Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me.
I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
And Johny's bed sae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep ; for in my sleep
I start and dream of *Jobny*.
When *Jobny* then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder ;
But with content gi' your consent
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry ;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa' bide to think o't ;
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With hainches fow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had *Eppy's* apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;
But when the word's gane thro' the town ;
Alake how can she mend it.

Now

Now *Tam* maun face the minister,
 And she maun mount the pillar :
 And that's the way that they maun gae,
 For poor folk has na filler.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
 Replied the kindly mither,
 Get *Jobny's* hand in haly band,
 Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly ;
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,
 And barrel run right sweetly.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Wat ye wba I met yestreen, &c.*

OF all the birds, whose tuneful throats
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird,
 Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
 Nor can the nightingale afford
 Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his fires,
 And on our plains he looks a-scance,
 The nightingale with him retires,
 My *Stirling* makes my blood to dance.
 In spite of *Hyem's* nipping frost,
 Whether the day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her health entoast,
 Who makes it summer all the year ?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
 I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast ;
 And if you'll take my honest word,
 As sacred as before the priest,

I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure thee,
The velvet fog thou will despise,
When on the *downy-hills* with me.

T. R.

A S O N G.

To its own Tune.

IN *January* last,
On *munanday* at morn,
As through the fields I past,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the know,
Ane glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I said, Good morrow, fair maid ;
And she right courteously
Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good day, sweet sir, to you.
I spear'd, My dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae.
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have sic company ;
For I'm ganging straight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gain a mile or twain,
I said to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonny mou.

Kind

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi-mistane ;
For I am nane of these,
I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle womens claife :
For maybe I have chofen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kifs my bonny mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to say :
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play ;
And chuse anither will respect :
My love and on me rew ;
And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kifs her bonny mou.

S H E.

O sir, ye are proud-hearted ;
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say :
For women in their modesty
At first they winna bow ;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Z:

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I head *Mary* say,
How shall I leave thee ?
Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me.

G. 5:

Alas !

Alas ! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me.
I'll live and die for thy sake ;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
Has *Mary* deceived thee ?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has griev'd thee ;
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me.
I'll love the lad night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee ?
Can *Mary* thy anguish sooth !
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
O ! that thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where wou'd my *Adonis* fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas ! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

C.

Sleepy Body, Drowsy Body.

SOMNOLENTE, *Quæso repente*
Vigila, vivat, me tange.
Somnolente, quæso repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

*Cum me ambiebas,
Videri solebas
Amoris negotiis aptus ;
At factus maritus,
In lecto sopitus
Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.*

O sleepy body,
And drowsy body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee :
To drivel and drant,
While I figh and gaunt,
Gives me good reason to scorn thee.

When thou shouldst be kind,
Thou turns sleepy and blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowsy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee. Q.

*General LESLY's March to Longmaston
Moor.*

MARCH, march,
Why the d— do ye na march ?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order.
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the *English* border.
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain,
The parliament blyth to see us a coming,
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae *popish* relicts, and a' sic innovations,
That a' the warld may see,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld *Scottish* nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jocky the fark of G O D ;
And the kist fou of whistles,
That make sic a cleiro,
Our pipers braw,
Shall hae them a',
Whate'er come on it,
Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.

March, march, &c.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I'll gar ye be fain te follow me.*

H E.

A D I E U for a while my native green plains,
My nearest relations, and neighbouring swains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,
Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away ;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then *Jobny* be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way

To

To fondness which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of,

B U S K ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow ;
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrock sing the morning :
There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes *Flora* yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastylie they flow to *Tweed*,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny *Bell*,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
O queen of smiles, I ask na mair,
Since now my bonny *Bell*'s consenting.

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY *Patie* is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsom, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wawking ;
 The shining of his een surprize ;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony ;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastly should be granting ;
 Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

C R O M L E T's *Lilt.*

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair:

Have

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree :
In yonder spreading groves,
Tho' false thou be :
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had :
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlesly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat :
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on hy
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me :
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies :
The courteous *Red-breast* he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt *Cupid's* dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

X.

S O N G.

We'll a' to K E L S O go.

AN I'll awa to bonny *Tweed* fide,
And see my deary come throw,
And he fall be mine,
Gif fae he incline,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care,
To secure my fell in a jo ;
I'm no sic a fool
To let my blood cool,
And syne gae lead *apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly persuade,
Tho' blushing, I daftly say no,
Gae on with your strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do what e'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow :
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And Gods are gracious
That beauties upon us bestow ;

'Tis

'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for a show.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where she that's bonny
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An Old BALLAD.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided *Margaret's* grimly ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

Her face was pale like *April* morn ;
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay cold was her lilly hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek ;
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The roe grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake !

Awake ! — the cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say, my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win that virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep ?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witeless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sifter is ;
This winding-sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But

But hark !--the cock has warn'd me hence--
A long and late adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sang out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring head :
Pale *William* quak'd in every limb ;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where *Margaret's* body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,
And thrice he wept full fore :
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

D. M.

The COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western cloud was lin'd with gold :
Clear was the sky, the wind was still
The flocks were pen'd within the fold ;
When in the silence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
From the hard rock or oozy beech ;
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach ?
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain.

Then

Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold ?
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove ; ———
Thus I'm scorn'd, ——— who have but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
Yet *India's* shore should never boast,
The lustre of thy rival eyes :
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy ? ——— who have but love.

Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love. X.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Montrose's Lines.*

I Toss and tumble thro' the night,
And wish th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkness yields to light,
I'll banish care away :
But when the glorious sun doth rise,
And cheer all nature round,
All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;
My cares do still abound.

My

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
Bereaves me of my rest ;
My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
With care I'm still oppress'd :
But had I her within my breast,
Who gives me so much pain,
My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
Blest with fair *Venus*' charms,
Nor yet the thundring *Jupiter*
In fair *Alcmena*'s arms :
Paris with *Helen*'s beauty blest,
Wou'd be a jest to me ;
If of her charms I were possess'd,
Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
Such happy fate for me,
I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
Who rule my destiny.
With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
And cherish up my soul ;
When e'er I think on my lost fair,
I'll drown her in the bowl. I. H. *Jamaica*.

The D E C E I V E R .

W I T H tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young *Waty* wan my heart ;
A blyther lad ye cou'dna see,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did soon prevail
To gain my fond belief ;

But

But soon the swain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful sang,
Yet few regard his mane :
The lasses a' 'round *Waty* thrang,
While *Colin's* left alane :
In *Aberdeen*
Was never seen
A lad that gave sic pain,
He daily woos,
And still pursues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiss,
To filly me undone :
Bonny *Katy*,
Maggy, Beatty,
Avoid the roving swain ;
His wylly tongue
Be sure to shun,
Or you, like me ; or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

Z.

Sweet SUSAN.

To the Tune of, *Leader-baugh.*

I.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
All nature's sweets were springing ;
The buds did bow with silver dew,
Ten thousand birds were singing :

When

When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young *Jamie* sang his marrow,
Nae bonnier lads e'er tread the grafs
On *Leader-haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

II.

How sweet her face, where every grace
In heavenly beauty's planted ;
Her smiling een, and comely mein
That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But blefs my bonny marrow ;
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

III.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
Of every charm enchanting,
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny lads ! have but the grace
To think, e'er ye gae furder,
Your joys maun flit, if ye commit
The crying sin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
And night and day affright ye ;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
I'll studey to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joys shall borrow ;
Thus none shall be more blest than we
On *Leader-haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

V.

O sweetest *SUE* ! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.

Thou

Thou art my sun, and my least frown
Would blast me in the blossom :
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

C O W D O N - K N O W S .

WHEN summer comes, the swains on *Tweed*
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ews and lambkins feed,
And musick fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on *Cowden-knows* ;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There *Colin* tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on *Tweed*
Could play with half such art.

He sung of *Tay*, of *Forth*, and *Clyde*,
The hills and dales all round,
Of *Leader-baugh* and *Leader-side*,
Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on *Cowden-knows* ;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not *Tiviot* braes so green and gay
May with his broom compare,
Not *Yarrow* banks in flow'ry *May*,
Nor the bush aboon *Traquair*.

More pleasing far are *Cowden-knows*,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
Where *Tweed* with *Tiwiot* flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd *Cowdon-knows*.

C.

S A N D Y and B E T T Y.

SANDY in *Edinburgh* was born,
As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence :
Betty did *Stafford* shire adorn
With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had *Sandy* still remain'd at hame,
He had not blinkt on *Betty's* smile ;
For why he caught the gentle flame
On this side *Tweed* full many a mile.

She, like the fragrant violet,
Still flourish'd in her native mead :
He, like the stream, improving yet
The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray ;
A fountain fixt by *Venus's* power
In his clear bosom, to display
The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious *Anna* did unite
Two jarring nations into one,
She bade them mutually unite,
And make each other's good their own.

Henceforth let each returning year
The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem ;
The *thistle* be the *rose's* spear,
The *rose* the *thistle's* diadem.

The queen of *Britain's* high decree,
The queen of love is bound to keep ;
Anna the sovereign of the sea,
Venus the daughter of the deep.

H

W. B.
O D E.

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O D E.

To Mrs. A. R.

Tune of, *Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove.*

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground ;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice :
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit fast in love's eternal band,
With early step, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful *sisters* move,
They fire the soul to genial love :
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride ;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Each bird his feather'd consort woos :
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
Sweet smells from beds of lillies born
Perfume the breezes of the morn :
The smiling day and dewy night
To rural scenes my fair invite ;
With summer sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon, will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive show,
Now young and blooming thou appears
All in the flourish of thy years :
The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To every eye the blushing rose ;
Now, now the tender stalk is seen
With beauty fresh, and ever green.

But

But when the sunny hours are past,
 Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
 Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
 Ah ! must I say, that it will fade ?
 For sees the summer flies away,
 Sad emblem of our own decay !
 Now winter from the frozen north
 Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
 Fair *Tweda's* silver stream constrains.
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of *Xare* ;
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen
 Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green ;
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
 A snowy wreath to cloath each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,
 Thou flies, displeas'd, the frozen shore,
 When thou shall miss the flowers that grew
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade :
 Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the fields is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun ;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our joy.
 Happy ! abandon every care,
 To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
 In cities thus with witty friends
 In smiles the hoary season ends.
 But when the lovely white and red
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled,

Then wrinkles dire, and age severe
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
Ah! must they never cease to charm?
Or is there left some *pleasing art*
To keep secure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare:
Tho' *extasy* with *beauty* flies,
Esteem is born when *beauty* dies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee;
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

H O R A C E, Book I. Ode 11.

To W. D.

Tune of, *Willy was a wanton Wag.*

WILLY ne'er enquire what end
The Gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes:
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,

Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
 That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
 No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;
 Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial hour,
 In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
 And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
 Behold the flying hour is lost,
 For time rides ever on the post,
 Even while we speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
 And live in youth, while best you may ;
 Have all your pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
 Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
 If ye wad please the lasses braw,
 At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
 And carry ay the gree awa'.

The W I D O W.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
 Of every thing lovely, she's witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What cou'd you wish better your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my laddie ;

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead ;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

TH E lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco sawcy ;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good humour'd highland lassie.
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still blest my lassie.*

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katy* but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie ;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my banny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My lovely smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

JOCKY *blyth and gay.*

BLYTH *Jocky* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jocky* met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.
You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.

His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd :
Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away ;
'Tis night when *Jocky* glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, sigh and faint ;
What lass that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind ?

Had away from me, DONALD.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, *Jenny* ;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, *Jenny* :
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought fall after me, *Jenny* ;
For you're the mistress of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
You seem'd to favour me *Jenny* ;
But now, alas ! you act a part
That speaks unconstancy, *Jenny*.
Unconstancy is sic a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny* ;
It suits not with your virtue nice
To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

Her ANSWER.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, *Donald* ;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, *Donald* ;

Some

Some fickle mistress you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, *Donald*.

Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For words of falshood I'll defend,
 A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, *Donald*;
 But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had away,
 Had away from me, *Donald*;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald*:
 For I'll reserve my fell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, *Donald*.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, *Jenny*;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O! poverty parts good company.
*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame.*

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry :
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.*

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay fae good humour'd when weeting your mou ;
When fober fae four, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
*When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame. Z.*

The auld Man's best Argument.

To the Tune of, *Widow, are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber door ?
" Fair widow, are ye wawking ?"
Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.

Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an *April* meadow ;
'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight,
And bosom of a widow.

“ O widow, wilt thou let me in,
“ I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
“ And come of a right gentle kin ;
“ I'm little-mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be, ——— bot youth,
In love you're but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
“ That powerfully plead clinkan,
“ And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I maun confes,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreis
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

To the Tune of, John Anderson, *my Jo.*

'T IS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain ;
For they cou'd never conquer yet,
Either my breast or brain :
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind ;
No smoothed sight, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.

Pray let *Platonicks* play such pranks,
 Such follies I deride ;
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our actions be as free,
 As vertue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be ;
 If fortune chance to change your mind,
 I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
 In equal terms do stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my hand.
 Dispence with your austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great *Cupid's* deity,
 I'll never love you more.

What's that to you.

To the Tune of, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY *Jeany* and I have toil'd
 The live-lang simmer day,
 'Till we almost were spoiled
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whispered something in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of *Kersy* green,
 As tight as ony silk :
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk ;

Her

Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mou,
 Oh! *Jeany* daintylic can kifs;
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lilly baith combine,
 To make my *Jeany* fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care;
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* face,
 May cause mae men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, alas!
 But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a blest mair true,
 His joys were short of mine;
 And *Jeany's* happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due,
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

Q.

 S O N G.

To the absent FLORINDA.

To the Tune of , *Queen of Sheba's March.*

COME, *Florinda*, lovely charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
 Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
 E'er I feel some foreign dart.

Come

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast assail ;
Come and take me to thy bosom,
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant morning,
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendor more divine.

Long this heart has been thy victim,
Long has felt the pleasing pain,
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal SONG.

To the Tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the nymph that I love !
Away ye vain sorrows, away :
Far, far from my sorrows be gone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay,

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
Come fill up the glasses around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming desire,
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire.

My soul now to love is dissolving,
Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt idle pensive intruder, —
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confusion. —
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus*, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing *Iô*, sing *Iô* to *Bacchus* —
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial,
Come tune up your voices and sing;
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When wine sets our fancies on wing.

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are sailing.
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this,
Thro' *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now, — oh my head it is knockt
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I? — behold the *Empyreum*.
With flaming light streaming from far.

I. W. Q.
To

To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing,
Than can the lark with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount hy:
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding graces claim
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays;
And kindle in the breast a flame,
Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When she appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' the hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly-fair;
Her lovely features are compleat;
Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
With angels all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each other of th' inferior kind.

Whether

Whether she love the rural scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Pastoral Song.

To the Tune of, *My Apron, Deary.*

J A M I E.

W H I L E our flocks are a feeding,
And we're void of care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
To praise of the fair:
For, inspir'd by my *Susie*,
I'll sing in such lays,
That *Pan*, were he judge,
Must allow me the bays.

S A N D Y.

While under this hawthorn
We ly at our ease,
By a musical stream,
And refresh'd by the breeze
Of a zephyr so gentle,
Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
For to match you and *Susie*,
Dear *Katie* and I.

J A M I E.

Oh! my *Susie* so lovely,
She's without compare,
She's so comely, so good,
And so charmingly fair:
Sure, the Gods were at pains
To make so compleat
A nymph, that for love
There was ne'er one so meet.

S A N D Y.

S A N D Y.

Oh my *Katie's* so bright,
She's so witty and gay ;
Love, join'd with the graces,
Around her looks play.
In her mean she's so graceful,
In her humour so free :
Sure the Gods never fram'd
A maid fairer than she.

J A M I E.

Had my *Susie* been there,
When the *shepherd* declar'd
For the lady of *Lemnos*,
She had lost his regard :
And, o'ercome by a presence
More beauteously bright,
He had own'd her undone,
As the darkness by light.

S A N D Y.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
Whose every sweet charm,
May conquer best judges,
And coldest hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither riches nor honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the Gods ;
But that this be my fate,
That my *Susie* to all
My kind wishes comply :
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

S A N D Y.

S A N D Y.

If the fates give me *Katie*,
 And her I enjoy,
 I have all my desires ;
 Nought can me annoy :
 For my charmer has every
 Delight in such store,
 She'll make me more happy
 Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the way.

O V E R the mountains,
 And over the waves,
 Over the fountains,
 And under the graves ;
 Over the floods that are deepest,
 Which do *Neptune* obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to ly :
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay :
 But if love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child in his force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse :
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind :
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lionsess, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey :
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Through the wood laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet *May*,
 Beneath a steep mountain,
 Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the *Echo* resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppress'd,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discovered how he strave with his pain.

Tho' *Elisa* be coy, why should I repine,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?
 In her high sphere of worth I never could shine ;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?

No :

No : henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
And, in due subjection,
Retain warm affection ;
To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
And that no other swain can more humbly admire,

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush my sad mourning ;
And, lord of my self in absolute rest,
I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' love is rejected :
Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
With prosp'rous endeavour,
And gain her dear favour,
Know, as well as I, what t' *Elisa* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
Sweet liberty tasting,
On calmest peace feasting,
Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years,

Ye powers that preside o'er virtuous love,
Come aid me with patience,
To bear my vexations ;
With equal desires my flutt'ring heart move,
With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
May courage protect me,
And prudence direct me :
Prepar'd for all fates, remembering the swain,
Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK. *A very auld Ballat.*

ROB's *Jock* came to woo our *Jenny*,
On ae feast day when we were fou ;
She brankit fast and made her bonny,

And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo ?
She burnist her baith breast and brou,
And made her cleer as ony clock :

Then spak her dame, and said, I trou
Ye come to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and sit down by you :

Then spak her minny, and said again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.

Tehie ! go *Jenny*, kick, kick, I see you :
Minni, yon man makes but a mock.

Deil hae the liers — fu leis me o' you,
I come to woo your *Jenny*, go *Jock*.

My bairn has tocher of her awin :

A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,

A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,

A bakbread and a bannock-stane ;

A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,

A kame but and a kaming-stock ;

With coags and luggies nine or ten :

Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,

A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,

An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,

A milsie, and a fowen-pale,

A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,

And a timber-mell the bear to knock,

Twa shelfs made of an auld fir-dale :

Come ye to woo our *Jenny*, *Jock* ?

A furm, a furlet and a peck,

A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,

A tub, a barrow, and a seck,

A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.

Then

Then *Jock* took *Jenny* be the hand,
And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land.
Now I have got your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
Its well kend I have gear enough :
Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell owre a heugh,
A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock ;
Withouten owfen I have a pleugh :
May that no ser your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
Twa croks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To had your tocher, *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

Good elding for our winter fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led-sadle,
And *Rob* my eem hetcht me a flock,
Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
May thir no gane your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A fark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloke that will not stenzie ;
Mair yet in store—I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock ;
And are not thae a wakrise menzie,
To gae to bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I am well bodin :
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The wife speerd gin the kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the brok ;
 The rost was teugh as raploch hodin,
 With which they feasted *Jenny and Jack* Z.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't :
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me delight ;
 To bless me, and kiss me,
 And comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lain gang sauntring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming and good as she's fair ;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair :
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny *Christy*, my shepherds and hynds,
 Shall carefully make the years dainties thine :
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.

Then

Then hear me, and chear me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G.

To its ain Tune.

ALTHO' I be but a country lafs,
 Yet a lofty mind I bear — O,
 And think my fell as good as those
 That rich apparel wear — O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
 My skin it is as fast — O,
 As them that fatin weeds do wear,
 And carry their heads aloft — O,
 What tho' I keep my father's sheep,
 The thing that must be done — O,
 With garlands of the finest flowers,
 To shade me frae the sun — O.
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where grafs and flowers do spring — O,
 Then on a flowry bank at noon,
 I set me down and sing — O.
 My *Paisly* piggy, cork'd with sage,
 Contains my drink but thin — O,
 No wines do e'er my brains enrage,
 Or tempt my mind to sin — O.
 My country curds, and wooden spoon,
 I think them unco fine — O,
 And on a flowry bank at noon,
 I set me down and dine — O.
 Altho' my parents cannot raise
 Great bags of shining gold — O,
 Like them whase daughters, now-a-days,
 Like swine are bought and sold — O ;

Yet my fair body it shall keep
 An honest heart within — O ;
 And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
 I value not a prin — O.

I use nae gums upon my hair,
 Nor chains about my neck — O,
 Nor shining rings upon my hands,
 My fingers straight to deck — O ;
 But for that lad to me shall fa',
 And I have grace to wed — O,
 I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
 I mean my maidenhead — O.

If canny fortune give to me
 The man I dearly love — O,
 Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
 My hands I can improve — O,
 Expecting for a blessing still
 Descending from above — O.
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kifs,
 Repeating tales of love — O.

Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love went to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.
 O waly, waly, but love the bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head ?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
Saint *Anton's* well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glasgow* town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I my fell in cramashie.

But had I wist before I kifs'd,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I my fell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be.

Z.

The Loving Lads and Spinning-wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trowth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still mair lovely did appear;

And round about my slender waffe
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
 To kifs my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I fat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded fair :
 That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning wheel ;
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
 In trowth I loo'd the motion weel,
 And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay ;
What lassie, young and saft as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpast the spinning-wheel.

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*On the Marriage of the R. H. Lord G—
and Lady K.—C—.*

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The Highland Laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NO W all thy virgin sweets are mine,
And all the shining charms that grace thee ;
My fair *Melinda*, come recline
Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
And tell without dissembling art,
My happy raptures in thy bosom :
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the Gods well pleas'd behold ye ;
Their work admire, so great, so fair,
And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in transport tender,
Since that so brave a man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.
By sacred ties I'm now to move
As thy exalted thoughts direct me ;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
New life on blowing flowers bestowing ;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heaven, with grateful spirit glowing.

My honour, courage, wealth and wit,
Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be imployed as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius* I could live
In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaf the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
O lovely sum of my desires !
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
Tune every instrument of sound,
Which all thy mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that's generous, great and fine,
In my *Brigantius* is united ;
For which I'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

SONG.

(175)

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Woes my heart that we should funder.*

A D I E U ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewel each song that was diverting ;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
Till *Delia*'s mildness had prevail'd
On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting ;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming souls were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu :
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas ! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her ?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian-angel leave me :
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

H.

O'er the hills and far away.

JOCKY met with *Jenny* fair,
 Aft be the dawing of the day ;
 But *Jocky* now is fu' of care,
 Since *Jenny* staw his heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has a lake ! unkind ;
 Which gars poor *Jocky* often rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
 And *its o'er the hills and far away.*
Its o'er the hills and far away,
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair ;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since *Jenny* has gart him despair.
 Young *Jocky* was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young ;
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play,
 Was *o'er the hills and far away,*
 And *its o'er the hills, &c.*

He sung — when first my *Jenny's* face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now, alas ! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter wind.
 And *its o'er the hills, &c.*

Ah ! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief :

But

But oh ! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care ;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.

And its o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap, to fa' in love
With ane that does sae faithless prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she sware,
She wad be true for evermair ;
But, to my grief, alake, I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.

And its o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love,
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more ;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
*O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.*

7.

JENNY NETTLES.

SA W ye Jenny Nettles,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
Coming frae the market ;
Bag and baggage on her back,
Her see and bountith in her lap ;
Bag and baggage on her back,
And a babie in her oxters.

I met ayont the kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
Singing till her bairny,
Robin Rattles's bastard ;
To flee the dool upo' the stool,
And ilka ane that mocks her,
She round about seeks *Robin* out,
To flap it in his oxtter.

Fy, fy ! *Robin Rattle,*
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
Fy, fy ! *Robin Rattle,*
Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly :
Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
And without mair debate o't,
Take hame your wain, make *Jenny* fain
The leel and leesome gate o't.

JOCKY's fou and JENNY's fain.

JOCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price ;
I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that ;
Give me love, for her I court :
Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang finfyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt ;
 Beauty is at best deceit ;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

Q.

LEADER HAUGHS *and* YARROW.

WHEN *Phæbus* bright, the azure skies
 With golden rays enlightneth,
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees and flowers he quickneth :
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorow,
 With radiant beams and silver streams,
 Are *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then *Flora* queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell
 In *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending ;
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun, Good morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*.

An *house* there stands on *Leader* side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms fae rare, and windows fair,
 Like *Dedalus'* contriving :

Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader* side,
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing ;
 Into St. *Leonard's* banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. *Leonard's* banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 When *Philomel* resorteth :
 By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good morrow,
 I'll streak my wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, Wantan-warws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The east and western *Mainfes,*
 The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
 The corns are good in *Blainsbes,*
 Where aits are fine,, and sald be kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nanebetter are
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn Mill-bog* and *Whiteslade* shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodsheil* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth :
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidly* birks
 She rins and fighs for sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs,*
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter musick wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength, it fails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's* field, *Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.
 For *Rockwood*, *Ringswood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
 With fight and scent pursue her,
 Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her.
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er feugh and fyke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 'Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.
 Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
 And *Drygrange* with thy milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing;
 The bird that flees through *Reedpath* trees,
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, Sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.
 But minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth;
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* side,
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

For the Sake of Somebody.

FOR the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody
 I cou'd wake a winter-night,
 For the sake of somebody:

I am

I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;
 I have three stane of woo,
 Carling, is thy daghter ready ?
For the sake of somebody, &c.
 Betty, lassie, say't thy fell,

Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and syne come too :
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love in kisses come in play ?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak nae hay ?
For the sake, &c.

S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The haff mark bridal band wi' me ;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the trysting place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
 Consent in sikk a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;
 Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Shou'd eat ;—and lovers shou'd embrace ;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the sake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a norland *Johny* ;

But

But he was sic an a bashfu' wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o' her filler,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march, and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away, then my norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy ;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye lasses of the south, ye'r a' for dressing ;
 Lasses of the north, mind milking and threshing ;
 My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning,
 Crudle a' the milk, and keep the house a scaulding,
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
 A norland *Jocky* maun hae a norland *Jenny*.

S H E.

My father's only daughter and twenty thousand pound,
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a filly clown ;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.
 Gae hame, ye norland *Jock*, and court your norland
Jenny. Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow hair'd laddie fat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae ;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin ;
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in :
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me ;
They winna bught in, &c.

The

The goodwife cries butt the house, *Jenny*, come ben,
The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn.
Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a' shou'd four,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

S. O. N. G.

To the Tune of, *Booth's Minuet.*

FAIR, sweet and young, receive a prize,
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you see,
Oh! pity, and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve ;
But all are lost unless you love :
If that dear passion you disdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain. X.

*Part of an EPILOGUE sung after the acting of
the ORPHAN and GENTLE SHEPHERD in
Taylors-hall, by a Set of young Gentlemen,
January 22, 1729.*

Tune, *Bessy Bell.*

THUS let us study night and day,
To fit us for our station,
That when we're men we parts may play
Are useful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And actions suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
We know it by your smiling,
And while we gain respect and love,
Our studies are not toiling. Such.

Such application gives delight,
 And in the end proves gainful,
 Tho' mony a dark and lifeless weight
 May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
 And care, when thus employed,
 Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
 When youth's by sloth destroyed ;
 'Tis only active souls can rise
 To fame and all that's splendid,
 And favour in these conquering eyes,
 'Gainst whom no heart's defended.

The Generous Gentleman. A S A N G,

To the Tune of, *The bonny Lass of Branksome.*

AS I came in by *Tiwiot-side*,
 And by the braes of *Branksome*,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handsom ;
 Her skin was softer than the down,
 And white as alabaſter ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
 In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts juſt riſing :
 Nae ſilken hoſe, with gooſhets fine,
 Or ſhoorſ with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg, forbad to ſhine,
 Well ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was ſum of a' her claithing ;
 Even theſe o'er mickle ;—mair delyte
 She'd given cled wi naithing :

She

She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burny trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my saul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
'Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And bot designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love close to my breast,
I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kiffes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I coudna want her ;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighting her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleas'd with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife from care and bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great ?

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind :

No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds :
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care ;
And still some ripened fruits appear.
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
And angles with his beats and flies,
And next the silvan scene he ties,
His spirit to regal :
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
Beneath his just regard :
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breez,
To plant and snew his tender trees ;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flowry meads, and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wish'd delight :
But O ! how pleasant is this life ?
Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
And children prating, void of strife,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa :
 His doublet was of *Zetland* shag,
 And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,
 And at his shouder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;
 And ay whatever *Willy* said,
 It was still hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane among them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gowd ?
 He wan the love of great and sma' ;
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lasses hale-sale a' .
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae *Willy* a great lown,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been .
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are fair ;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring.
 But, shame light on his souple snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton fling.

Then

Then fraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing *Willy's* shanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like *Willy* ye advance ;
(O! *Willy* has a wanton leg)
For we't he learns us a' to steer,
And formast ay bears up the ring ;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want *Willy's* wanton fling.

W. W.

*CLELIA's Reflections on herself for
sighting PHILANDER's Love.*

To the Tune of, *The Gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peevish, and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving sang,

But now I wish, I wish I had him :
Ilk morning when I view my glafs,
Then I perceive my beauty going ;
And when the wrinkles seize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying ;
My cheeks, which coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying :

Ah ! we may see ourselves to be
Like summer fruit that is unshaken.
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil ;
Fifteen is a season rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.

Just

Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
Women are like other fruit,
They lose their relish when too mellow.

If opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be regained ;
Which now I may tell to my cost,
Tho' but my sell name can be blamed :
If then your fortune you respect,
Take the occasion when it offers ;
Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions thought
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let na coyness prove your ruin ;
For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
Your suiters will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life ; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd :
A punishment, and hated brand,
With which name of us are contented ;
Then be not wise behind the hand,
That the mistake may be prevented.

*The young Ladies Thanks to the Repenting
Virgin, for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind ! we canna tell
How many many thanks we owe you,
For pointing out to us sae well
These very rocks that did o'erthrow you ;

And

And we your lesson fae shall mind,
That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
E'er we shall be an hour behind,
We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
And still keep out our flag and pinnet ;
If young *Philander* anes affails
To storm love's fort, then he shall win it :
We may indeed for modesty,
Present our forces for resistance ;
But we shall quickly lay them by,
And contribute to his assistance.

The Step Daughter's Relief.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd las,
My mither left dollars to me ;
But now I'm brought to a poor pas,
My step dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear ;
She neither has lateth nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine ;
While hungry, haff-naked and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine :
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny las tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet *May*, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your kindness is better to me
 Than a' that your step-mother, scant
 Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,
 And ye are the sprout of a laird ;
 But I have milk-cattle enow,
 And rowth of good rucks in my yard ;
 Ye shall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax servants shall jouk to thee :
 Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason imployed,
 Not thinking the offer amifs,
 Consented ; — while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a kifs.
 And now she fits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.

J E A N Y, *where has thou been.*

O *Jeany, Jeany*, where has thou been ?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee,
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of *Jocky* company.
O *Betty*, *I've been to bear the mill clack,*
Getting meal ground for the family,
As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha ! *Jeany, Jeany*, there's meal on your back,
 The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
 Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.

And

*And Betty, ye spread your linnen to bleech,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be ?
 Ha ! las I saw ye slip down the hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.*

*Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be ?
 Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came w' ye.
 O silly lassie, what will thou do ?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
 Look to your sell, if Jock prove true :
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.* Q.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blythest lads, and lasses gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses.
 As I ae morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me ;
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And fastly sat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meike priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him ;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to fend him :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdainng.

Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much discontented ;
But I in truth for a` my sins,
Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

X.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fou cadgie,
With *Jenny* did meet,
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae along
Wi' me, *Jenny, Jenny* ?
Thouse be my ain lemmane,
Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae along w'ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feast me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinner,
With pearling set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a wastecoaft of broun,
Awa with sick vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer :

But having nae tenants,
 O *Jenny, Jenny,*
To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quoth he.

The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
 Abeit they soud break.
When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
When we make them lairds
 In the abbey, quoth she.

The Soger Laddie.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
 And he will bring gold and money to me ;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a soger and lover behave ;
True to his country, to love he is steady,
 There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him ye angels, frae death in alarms,
 Return him with lawrels to my langing arms.
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he get his due :
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

The ARCHERS March.

SOUND, found the musick, found it,
Let hills and dales rebound it :
Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery :
Its origine divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty.

Art by the Gods imployed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreaths of victory.
The Deity of *Parnassus*,
The God of soft careffes,
Chaste *Cynthia* and her lasses,
 Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !
'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
 O'er clouds on high it glows,
All nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,
The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,
The *Arabs*, *Moors* and *Indians*,
 With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tells us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
 In martial archery :
With shafts our fires engaging,
Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,
Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,
 And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness

Witness *Largs* and *Loncartie*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
 Rosline and *Bannockburn*,
The *Chivviots* ——— all the border,
Where bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if furder
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the musick, found it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery,
Us'd as a game it pleases,
The mind to joy it raises,
And throws of all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Largs, where the *Norwegians*, headed by their va-
liant King H A C O, were, *Anno* 1263, totally defeat
by A L E X A N D E R III. King of *Scots*; the he-
roick A L E X A N D E R, great-steward of *Scotland*,
commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near *Perth*, where King K E N N E T H
III. obtained the victory over the *Danes*, which was
principally owing to the valour and resolution of the
first brave H A Y, and his two sons.

Dunkel here, and in *Kyle*, and on the banks of
Tay, our great King C O R B R E D U S G A L D U S
in three battles overthrew 30000 *Romans* in the reign
of the Emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemny, four miles from *Brechin*, where King
M A L C O L M II. obtained a glorious victory over
the united armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians* and *Cum-*
brians, &c. commanded by S U E N O King of *Den-*
mark, and his warlike son Prince C A N U T E.

Rosline, about five miles south of *Edinburgh*, where
10000 *Scots*, led by Sir J O H N C U M I N and Sir
S I M O N F R A Z E R, defeat in three battles in one
day 30000 of their enemies, *Anno* 1303.

The battles of *Bannockburn* and *Chivviot*, &c. are
so well known, that they require no notes.

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Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks smiling,
When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony :
The sun in glory glowing,
With morning dew bestowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and every tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
 That in just thoughts agree.
Appear in ancient bravery,
Despising all base knavery,
Which tends to bring in slavery
 Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the musick, found it,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
 Health and prosperity
T' our great C H I E F and *Officers*,
T' our *President* and *Counsellors* :
To all who, like their brave forbears
 Delight in archery.

*The following SONGS to be sung in their proper
Places on the acting of the Gentle Shepherd, at
each the page marked where they come in.*

SANG I. *The wawking of the faulds.*

Sung by Patie, Page 1.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as *May*,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane.
I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
My *Peggy* speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My *Peggy* smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gie's me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My *Peggy* sings fae fastly.
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

S A N G II. *Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.*

Sung by Patie, p. 6.

DE A R *Roger*, if your *Jenny* geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse — then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But sent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. *Polwart on the Green.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 10.

THE dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld :
The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave ;
They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by it fell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. *O dear Mother, what shall I do?*

Sung by Jenny, p. 11.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you:
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married ;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my Wedding day.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 12.

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sence than any of thae
Sour weak filly fellows, that study like fools
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools,
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

SANG VI. *Nansy's to the Green Wood gane.*

Sung by Jenny, p. 15.

IYield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

SANG VII. *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Sung by Glaud or Simon, p. 18.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sence,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's Byer.*

Sung by Symon, p. 19.

THE laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
To rise aboon poverty :
Else, like the pack horse that's unfother'd
And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX. *Carle and the King come.*

Sung by Maufe, p. 24.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
But change thy plaiding coat for filk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, *Peggy, since the king's come.*

SANG X. *Winter was cauld, and my claithing
was thin.*

Sung by Peggy and Patie, p 30.

P E G G Y.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first feyd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells
Boom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae

Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries might ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

P A T I E.

Our Jenny sings fastly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes* ;
There's few Jenny Nattles like Nansy can sing,
At *Throw the wood laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The *Boat man*, *Tweedside*, or the *lass of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.*

Sung by Patie and Peggy, p. 32.

Printed in the PASTORAL, and in this MISCELLANY, Vol. I. Page 75.

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 35.

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfullied with a crime :
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state ;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

SANG XIII. *Leith-Wynd.*

Sung by Jenny and Roger, p. 47.

WERE I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain ;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-fole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
Upon thy breast recline ;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead !
Is *Jenny* then sae kind ? ———
O let me brifs thee to my heart !
And round my arms entwine :
Delytful thought ; we'll never part !
Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.*

Sung by Jenny, p. 48.

WELL I agree, ye're fure of me ;
Next to my father gae.
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay :
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, or learn to change,
Like these in high degree :
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 54.

NOW from rusticity, and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn :
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine ;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Sung by Patie, p. 63.

DUTY and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love superior calls treason ;
The strongest must be obey'd ;
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels ;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear *Peggy* excells.

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 67.

SPEAK on, — speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When *Pate* must from his *Peggy* sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me ! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy *Peggy's* bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his *Peggy's* praises tell,
Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll los your sweets when we're asunder.

Again ah ! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty ?

Hear,

Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandring lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-side.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 68.

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break ;
My life appear'd worthlefs my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him e'er in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms ;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life ;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of *May*,
But inwardly rooted will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

SANG

SANG XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

Sung by Peggy, p. 70.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-shaw or fountain ;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. *Bonny gray ey'd Morn.*

Sung by Sir William, p. 74.

THE bonny gray eyed morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

*On our Ladies being dressed in SCOTS
Manufactory, at a Publick Assembly.*

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *O'er the Hills and far away.*

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both *Indies* for their dress,
Our fair can captivate the heart

In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrowed beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkle with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace,

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
May use the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and *Tyrian* stains
Features of ruder form and taint.

What *Caledonian* ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty dress may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linnen, silk, or wool.

T'adore *Myrtilla*, who can cease?
Her *active charms* our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold *Calista's* eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,

And

And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms ?
 Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
 Launs, satins, and the velvets fade,
 The soul with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

SAPHIRA, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit, her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards,
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 The inferior rank will follow soon ;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked nations love
 And bless the labours of our looms ;
 We have enough, nor want from them,
 But trifles hardly worth our care,
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloth we have to spare.

How happy's *Scotland* in her fair !
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recal :
 Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
 Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
 Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
 'Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

HARDY.

HARDYKNUTE.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa,
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae :
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and tours a hight,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
His dame fae peirless anes and fair,
For chaste and beauty deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save *Elenor* the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout ;
In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land :
Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their sifter saft and deir,
Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
Waefou to young and auld.
Waefou I trou to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

The

V.

The King of *Norse* in summer tyde,
Puft up with power and might,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the isle,
With mony a hardy knight :
The tydings to our gude *Scots* King
Came, as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

“ To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
“ Your faes stand on the strand,
“ Full twenty thousand glittering spears
“ The King of *Norse* commands.”
Bring me my steed, Madge, dapple gray,
Our gude king raise and cry'd ;
A trustier beast in all the land,
A Scots King never sey'd.

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do ;
He has tane a horn as green as grafs,
And gien five sounds fae shrill,
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
Had past the summers morn,

When

When lo! down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
*That horn, quoth they, neer sounds in peace,
We have other sport to byde;*
And soon they heyd them up the hill,
And soon were at his fyde.

X.

*Late, late yestreen I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age might weil excuse my arm,
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute
He fear'd to fight or fall.*

XI.

Robin of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
*Thy arrow shoot so leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They have turn'd to deidly pale:
Brade Thomas, tak ye but your lance,
Ye neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.*

XII.

Malcom, light of foot as stag
*That runs in forest wyld,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and barnisine,
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.*

XIII.

*Fareweil, my dame, sae pierless good,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for bewty fam'd:*

*My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towirs,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowirs.*

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,
Weil plett with silver sheen ;
And apron set with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark fae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gues,
Save that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and mofs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane ;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false Gyles ;
Witless I was that eir gave faith
To wicked womans smyles.

XVI.

Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on filken seat,
My ladys kindlie care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hote ;
Hir self wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,
Full lowns the shynand day,
Chuse frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead ye on the way.
With smyleless look and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,

*Kynd chiftain, your intent pursue,
For heir I maun abyde.*

XVIII.

*To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But soon beneath some draping trie,
Cauld death fall end my care.
With him nae pleading might prevail ;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strang,
Strave courteously in vain.*

XIX.

*Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattans land fae wyde,
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage feyd :
Of Piēish race by mothers syde,
When Piēs ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Piēish crown.*

XX.

*Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a ryfing height,
Whair braid encampit on the dale,
Norse army lay in fight ;
Yonder, my wuliant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquer'd Scottish swaird,
To try with us their fate.*

XXI.

*Mak orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude,
Synne bravely shaw your weins are filld
With Caledonian blude.
Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all arround,
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun;
And loud the bougills found.*

To

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
Whyle, play and pibrochs, minstralls meit,
Afore him stately strade.

*Thryse welcom vallant stoup of weir,
Thy nations sheild and pryde ;
Thy king nae reason has to feir
When thou art by his syde.*

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce could they fie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
With little skaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that findle bruikd
The war that lookt like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows feimt but delay :
Quoth noble *Rothsay*, *Myne I'll keip,*
I wate its bled a score.
Haste up, my merry men, cry'd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of *Norse* he sought to find,
With him to mense the fight,
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonfie shaft ;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
Your mail-coat fall nocht byde

*The strength and sharpness of my dart ;
Then sent it through his syde :
Another arrow weil he markd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He laigh as eard did fa.*

XXVII.

*Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleids.
Again with might he drew
And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled at,
Lament now, Quene Elgried ;
Hie dames too wail your darlings fall,
His youth and comely meid.*

XXVIII.

*Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net through which
His steilly harness shynd)
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs ;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears.*

XXIX.

*Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cryd, Where is Hardyknute sae famd,
And feird at Britains throne :
The Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail.*

XXX.

*That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
It lent him youthful might :
I'm Hardyknute this day, he cry'd,
To Scotlands king I heicht,*

*To lay thee law as horses hufe,
My word I mean to keip,
Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
He garrd his body bleid.*

XXXI.

*Norse ene lyke gray gosehawks staird wyld,
He fight with shame and spyte ;
Disgracd is new my far famd arm
That left thee power to stryke :
Then gave his head a blaw fae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As law as he to ladies us'd
In courtly gyfe to lout.*

XXXII.

*Full soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd fair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of *Fairly* fair :
Norse ferliet too as fair as he
To see his stately look,
Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
Sae soon his lyfe he took.*

XXXIII.

*Whair like a fyre to hether fet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A sturdy fae with look enragd
Up towards him did prance ;
He spurd his steid throw thickest rank,
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.*

XXXIV.

*That short brown shaft sae meanly trimd,
Looks like poor Scotlands Geir,
But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt !
And loud he leugh in jeir.
Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne,
This poynt cut short their vaunt ;*

Syne piercd the boaster's bairded cheik,
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his fadle swang,
His stirrip was nae stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey :
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Right far was hard the thud,
But *Thomas* look'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmov'd,
On raid he north the plain,
His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
When winner ay the same :
Nor yet his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meise fast love to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythfom sounds,
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* coast the widow'd dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang look owre the shiples seis,
Before hir mate appeirs.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in vain,
Thy lord lysis in the clay,
The valiant *Scots* nae *revers* thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summers day
 Fild keen waris black intent,
 Let *Scots*, while *Scots*, praise *Hardyknute*,
 Let *Norse* the name ay dreid,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the night eir *Hardyknute*
 Wan neir his stately tower ;
 His tower that usd with torches bleise,
 To shyne sae far at night,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he feight.

XLI.

There's nae light in my ladys bowir,
There's nae light in my hall ;
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
Nor Ward stands on my wall.
What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas say,
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde,
 But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast as I haef sped owre Scotlands faes,
 There ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
 And maiden *Fairly fair*,
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear,
 He wist not yet with dreid ;
 Sair shook his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

The Braes of Yarrow.

B U S K ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of *Yarrow*.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nae mair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I have slain the comeliest swain,
That ever pued birks on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Why runs thy stream, O *Yarrow*, *Yarrow*, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of *Yarrow*?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow.
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of *Yarrow*.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters fad,
Ye sisters fad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wife,
His helpless fate on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast
His comely breast on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
Yellow on *Yarrow*'s braes the gowan, (grafs,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of *Yarrow* flowan.

Flows *Yarrow* sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows *Tweed*,
As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of *Tweed*,
And think nae mair on the braes of *Yarrow*.

How

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of *Tweed*,
That flew my love on the braes of *Yarrow*?

O *Yarrow* fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of *Yarrow*.

Much I rejoyc'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night, the spear was floun
That flew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on *Yarrow*'s braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother *Douglas* may upbraid,
And strive with threatenng words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee ;
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uselefs sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the braes of *Yarrow*.

The End of the Second Volume.





THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

*When we behold her angel face,
Or when she sings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear and what we see,
How ravishing's the harmony!
No charms like Celia's voice surprise,
Except the musick of her eyes.* LANSDOWN.

V O L . I I I .

S O N G I .

A Nymph of the plain,
By a jolly young swain,
By a jolly young swain,
Was address'd to be kind :
But relentless I find
To his prayers she appear'd,
Tho' himself he endear'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
How oft he implor'd her,
I cannot express ;
But he lov'd to excess,
And swore he would die,
If she would not comply,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might perswade her his passion to meet.

While blushes like roses,
Which nature composes,
Which nature composes,
Vermilion'd her face,
With an ardour and grace,
Which her lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

When wak'd from the joy,
Which their souls did imploy,
Which their souls did imploy,
From her ruby warm lips,
Thousand odours he sips,
At the sight of her eyes
He faints and he dies,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
Now becomes all the smart,
Now becomes all the smart,
'Till he vow'd to his fair,
That to ease his own care,
He would meet her again,
And 'till then be in pain,
In a manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his passion to meet.

S O N G II.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd such ill,
To sweetly smile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain;

But

But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
That I may see and know thy lies,
And laugh one day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

S O N G III.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the God of love I sue,
Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
The remainder still will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion,
Still in every breast will move,
More is supererogation,
Meer idolatry of love:
You may dress a world of *Chloes*
In the beauties she can spare;
Hear him *Cupid*, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
Angry *Cupid* made reply,
Do *Florella's* charms displease you,
Die then, foolish mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;
 Justly then you'd pray that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair :
 But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find ;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her
 For the beauties of her mind.

S O N G IV.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stubborn heart
 Withstood th' assault of fond desire :
 But now, alas ! I feel a smart,
 Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,
 And from all common sparks defend :
 But oh ! who can a house secure,
 When the cœlestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your eyes
 Destructive fires are brightly given ;
 Ah ! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo ! the light'ning comes from heaven:

S O N G V.

WHILST I gaze on *Cloe* trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare ;
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wandring look she give ;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure ?
 I will disclose my inclination :
 Awful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave?
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat:
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

S O N G VI.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease, from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream;
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught:
 The tender chains of sweet desire
 Are fixt upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
 Does every doubt controul;
 And lovely *Nansy* stands confess'd
 The favourite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true the passion in my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress ;
 Yet while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

SONG VII.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed *Susan* came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true,
 If my sweet *William* sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro ;
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest captain in the *British* fleet
 Might envy *William's* lips those kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be,
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell, the sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :

Yes,

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee 'so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go :

If to fair *India's* coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn,
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from *Susan's* eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

S O N G VIII.

SWEE T are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as winds when *Zephyr* blows,
Refreshing, as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun,
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon ;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee,

The

The lamb the flowry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews ;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise ;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer-th' approach of autumn flies .
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low :
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came :
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name ;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

S O N G IX.

F A I R *Iris* and her swain
 Were in a shady bower,
 Where *Thirsis* long in vain
 Had sought the happy hour.

At length his hand advancing
Upon her snowy breast,
He said, O! kifs me longer,
Longer yet and longer,
If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding maid
By trusting is undone,
Our sex is oft betray'd
By granting love too soon ;
If you desire to gain me,
Your sufferings to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
Longer and yet longer,
Before you shall possess.

T H I R S I S.

The little care you show
Of all my sorrows past,
Makes death appear too slow,
And life too long to last ;
Oh, *Iris!* kifs me kindly,
In pity of my fate,
Fair *Iris,* kifs me kindly,
Kindly still and kindly,
Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your bliss,
And no advances make ;
'Tis not for maids to kifs,
But 'tis for men to take :
So you may kifs me kindly,
And I will not rebell,
Thirsis may kifs me kindly,
Kindly still and kindly ;
But never kifs and tell.

A L T E R N A T I V E.

And may I kifs you kindly ?
Yes you may kifs me kindly,
And kindly still and kindly ?
And kindly still and kindly.

And

And will you not rebell ?
 And I will not rebell,
Then, love, I'll kifs thee kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly ;
But never kifs and tell.

S O N G X.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
 And fuch a light discover,
As may the abfent fun fupply,
 And chear the drooping lover.

Arife, my day, with fpeed arife,
 And all my forrows banifh :
Before the fun of thy bright eyes,
 All gloomy terrors vanifh.

No longer let me figh in vain,
 And curfe the hoarded treasure :
Why fould you love to give us pain,
 When you were made for pleasure ?

The petty powers of hell deftroj ;
 To fave's the pride of heaven :
To you the firft, if you prove coy ;
 If kind, the laft is given.

The choice then fure's not hard to make,
 Betwixt a good and evil :
Which title had you rather take,
 My Goddefs, or, my devil ?

S O N G XI.

FIE! *Liza*, fcorn the little arts,
 Which meaner beauties ufe,
Who think they ne'er fecure our hearts,
 Unless they ftill refufe ;

Are

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,
To raise our passion higher ;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why ;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die !
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be crost :
Ah ! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes past.

S O N G XII.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,
These *wits* are the bane of your charms :
Beauty, play'd against reason, will certainly lose,
Warring naked with robbers in arms.

Young *Damon*, despis'd for his plainness of parts,
Has worth that a woman would prize ;
He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily starts,
And *distance* the short-winded *wife*.

Your *fool* is a faint in the temple of love,
And kneels all his life there to pray ;
Your *wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
'Tis a stage he but takes in his way.

S O N G XIII.

STELLA and *Flavia* every hour,
Do various hearts surprize ;
In *Stella's* soul lies all her power,
And *Flavia's* in her eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* conquests are,
And *Stella's* more confin'd :
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella,

Stella, like *Britain's* monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like eastern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
 To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy face,
 Thy beauties only store :
 Thy charms will every day decrease,
 Each day gives *Stella* more.

S O N G X I V .

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any *Turk*,
 And bangs me most severely :
 But let him bang his belly full,
 I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
 I dearly love but one day,

And

And that's the day that comes betwixt
 The *Saturday* and *Monday*.
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with *Sally*,
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the lurch,
 As soon as text is named :
 I leave the church in sermon-time,
 And flink away with *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When *Christmas* comes about again,
 O ! then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my honey :
 And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,
 I'd give it all to *Sally* ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and *Sally*,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O ! then I'll marry *Sally*,
 O ! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley.

SONG XV.

WOULD you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily

Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chafe her, and praise her if fair or brown ;
Sooth her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her,
And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
With the front of assurance come boldly on ;
Be at her each moment, and briskly briskly
Put her in mind, how her time steals on :
Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
And shew her some hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleasure's best charm is variety ;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when *Cally's* gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kifs with a guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G XVI.

S H E.

OH love ! if a God thou wilt be,
Do justice in favour of me ;
For yonder approaching I see,
A man with a beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Hath often undone
Poor maids that have none,
With fighting and toying,
And crying and lying,
And such kind of foolery.

Fair

H E.

Fair maid, by your leave,
My heart does receive
Strange pleasure to meet you here ;
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do you no harm I swear,
I'll do you no harm I swear.

S H E.

My mother is spinning at home,
My father works hard at the loom,
And we are a milking come ;
Their dinner they want ;
Then pray ye, Sir, don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us affront ;
We're none of the town
Will ly down for a crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us room.

H E.

By *Phæbus* and *Jove*,
By honour and love,
I'll do thee, dear sweet, no harm ;
Ye're as fresh as a rose,
I want one of those ;
Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm,
Ah ! how such a wife wou'd charm.

S H E.

And can you then like the old rule,
Be conjugal, honest and dull,
And marry, and look like a fool ;
For I must be plain,
All tricks are in vain ;
There's nothing can gain
What you wou'd obtain,
Like moving and proving,
By wedding, true loving,
My lesson I learnt at school.

I'll

H E.

I'll do't by this hand,
 I've houses and land,
 Estate too in good free hold ;
 My dear, let us joyn,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good purse of gold,
 Besides a good purse of gold.

S H E.

You make me to blush now, I vow,
 Ah me ! shall I baulk my cow ?
 But since the late oath you have swore,
 Your soul shall not be
 In danger for me ;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three :
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

S O N G X V I I .

MAIDEN, fresh as a rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of jollity,
 Take no spouse among beaux,
 Fond of their raking quality ;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his pericrane,
 And with nose full of snuff,
 Snuffles out love in a merry vein.

Who, to dames of high place,
 Does prattle like any parrot too ;
 Yet with doxies a brace
 At night pigs in a garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine show to carry thee :
 Plainly, friend, thou'rt undone,
 If such a creature marry thee.

Then,

Then, for fear of a bribe,
 Of flattering noise and vanity,
 Yoak a lad of our tribe,
 He'll shew the best humanity :
 Flashy thou wilt find love,
 In civil as well as secular ;
 But when the spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobys the more may venerate,
 He that gets a good bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate ;
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his arms he'll carry thee ;
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take yea and nay to marry thee.

S O N G XVIII.

L A S T *Sunday* at saint *James's* pray'rs,
 The prince and princess by,
 I, dress'd all in my whale-bone airs,
 Sat in a closet nigh.

I bow'd my knees, I held my book,
 Read all the answers o'er ;
 But was perverted by a look,
 Which pierc'd me from the door.

High thoughts of heaven I came to use,
 With the devoutest care ;
 Which gay young *Strepbon* made me lose,
 And all the raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace ;
 But whisper'd love into mine ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.

Love, love, said he, by all ador'd,
 My tender heart has won :
 But I grew peevish at the word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.

M

He

He went quite out of sight, while I
A kinder answer meant ;
Nor did I for my sins that day,
By half so much repent.

S O N G XIX.

L O V E, thou art the best of human joys,
Our chiefest happiness below ;
All other pleasures are but toys,
Musick without thee is but noise,
Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move,
And raise his thoughts above the brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only must his soul improve,
Howe'er philosophers dispute.

S O N G XX.

D E S P A I R I N G beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And while a false nymyh was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was ;
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd :
She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
When she smil'd it was pleasure too great ;
I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a clown,

Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine folk of the town ;
 To think that a beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove ;
 Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
 Or live in a cottage on love ?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
 What tho' when they hear my soft strains,
 The virgins sit weeping around ?
 Ah *Colin!* thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

All you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid,
 Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground :
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array ;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day.
 While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

S O N G XXI.

TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can you say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eye these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :

When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

SONG XXII.

REMEMBER, *Damon*, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan :
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he ;
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flower on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take its birth ;
 So his false breast, conceal it did
 His heart, the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare ;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye Gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or relief ;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy ;
 But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies.
Who sees him, loves ; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts the grove,
 But is a witness of my love :
 Now all the bleeters on the plain
 Seem sympathizers in my pain ;
 Eccho's repeat my plaintive moans ;
 The waters imitate my groans ;
 The trees their bending boughs recline,
 And droop their heads as I do mine.

SONG XXIII.

ON a bank beside a willow,
 Lying her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan,
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth and such a lover :
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature ;
Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both by dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG XXIV.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* bow ;)
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame ;
 The fatal cause all kindly seek :
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd ; but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,
 And she too, kind concern express'd,
 And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
 She ask'd ; but with an air and mein,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal ;
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
 You are the cause of all my care ;
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart ;
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart ;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

S O N G XXV.

WH Y so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her?
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

S O N G XXVI.

MY friend and I,
We drank whole pils pots
Full of sack up to the brim:
I drank to my friend,
And he drank his pot,
So we put about the whim:
Three bottles and a quart
We swallow'd down our throat,
(But hang such puny sips as these;)
We laid us all along,
With our mouths unto the bung,
And tipt whole hogheads off with ease.

I heard of a fop
That drank whole tankards,
Stil'd himself the prince of sots:
But I say now, hang
Such silly drunkards,
Melt their flagons, break their pots.

My

My friend and I did join
For a cellar full of wine.

And we drank the vintner out of door ;
We drank it all up
In a morning, at a sup,
And greedily rov'd about for more.

My friend to me
Did make this motion,
Let us to the vintage skip :

Then we embark'd
Upon the ocean,
Where we found a *Spanish* ship
Deep laden with wine,
Which was superfine,
The failors swore five hundred tun ;
We drank it all at sea,
E'er we came unto the key,
And the merchant swore he was quite undone.

My friend, not having
Quench'd his thirst,
Said, let's to the vineyards haste :

Straight then we sail'd
To the *Canaries*,
Which afforded just a taste ;
From thence unto the *Rhine*,
Where we drank up all the wine,
Till *Bacchus* cry'd, Hold ye fots, or you die,
And swore he never found,
In his universal round,
Such thirsty souls as my friend and I.

Out fie ! crys one,
What a beast he makes him,
He can neither stand nor go :
Out you beast, you,
You're much mistaken,
When e'er knew you a beast drink so ?
'Tis when we drink the least,
That we drink most like a beast ;
But when we carouse it fix in hand ;

'Tis then, and only then,
That we drink the most like men,
When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G XXVII.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish :
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
Therefore fill us the chearing bowls.*

Let minions marshal every hair,
And in a lover's lock delight,
And artificial colours wear :
Pure wine is native red and white :
'Tis wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull ;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cups brim-full :
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk,
Some men want wit, and others wealth ;
But they want nothing that are drunk :
*'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls ;
Therefore give us the chearing bowls.*

S O N G XXVIII.

Farewell, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*,
And a' the rosy lasses milking on the down :
Adieu the flowry meadows, aft sae dear to *Jocky*,
The sports and merry glee of *Edinborow town* :
Since *French* and *Spanish* louns stands at bay,
And valiant lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,
My reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
And fight too like a man,
Among 'em for our royal queen *Anne*.

Each

Each carle of *Irish* mettle battles like a dragon :
 The *Germans* waddle, and straddle to the drum ;
 The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan* :
 Good-faith then, *Scotish Jocky* mauna ly at hame :
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding auld *Monsieur* down,
 I'll follow for a pluck at his crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can
 Excel 'em for our royal queen *Anne* .

Then welcome from *Vigo* ,
 And cudgelling *Don Diego* ,
 With strutting rascallions,
 And plundering the galleons : :
 Each brisk valiant fellow
 Fought at *Rondondellow* ,
 And those who did meet
 With the *Newfound-land* fleet ;
 When for late succesfes,
 Which *Europe* confesses,
 At land by our gallant commanders ;
 The *Dutch* in strong beer,
 Shou'd be drunk for a year,
 With their general's health in *Flanders* .

S O N G XXIX.

TH E ordnance a-board,
 Such joys does afford,
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal,
 No mortal e'er more can desire :
 Each member repairs
 From the tower to the stairs,
 And by water *whussh* , and by water *whussh* ,
 By water they all go to fire .

Of each piece that's a shore,
 They search from the bore ;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair weather :

Their glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza, a *boo* huzza,
 Guns and bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted tools for his wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But *Mars*, had he been
 Upon our *Woolwich* green,
 To have heard *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza, *boo* huzza,
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his master.

S O N G X X X .

L E A V E off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 But drink your glafs,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :

Fill your glass, name your lass,
See her health go sweetly round,
Drink about, see it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

S O N G XXXI.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys,
Let *Apollo's* example invite us,
For he's drunk every night,
That makes him so bright,
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a christian diversion,
Unknown to *Turk* and the *Persian* :
Let *Mabometan* fools
Live by heathenish rules,
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;
While the brave *Britons* sing,
And drink healths to their *king*,
And a fig for their *sultan* and *sopby*.

S O N G XXXII.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour pursue my delight ;
While the fool is designing,
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
Without madness and folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore ;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For so foolish an end !
When I do, may I never drink more.

S O N G

S O N G XXXIII.

CELIA, let not pride undo you,
 Love and life fly swiftly on ;
 Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till love is gone :
 See how fair the blooming rose is,
 See by all how justly priz'd !
 But when it its beauty loses,
 See the wither'd thing despis'd.

When these charms that youth have lent you,
 Like the roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !
 Die a maid ! die a maid ! die a maid !
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a maid !

S O N G XXXIV.

ILL range around the shady bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest flowers ;
 I'll strip the garden and the grove,
 To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
 My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
 I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
 And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy bed I'll make my love,
 And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
 That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lyes,
 Myself shall never close these eyes ;
 But gazing still with fond delight,
 I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And

And then, as soon as chearful day
 Dispells the gloomy shades away,
 Forth to the forest I'll repair,
 And find provision for my fair.

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing pleasure with delight ;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

S O N G XXXV.

TH O' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, *Phyllis*, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be ;
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an angel to me :

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go ;
 That arm, like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 O ! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

S O N G

SONG XXXVI.

FROM rosy bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious song, to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy :
 Ah ! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
 To win dear *Strepbon*, who my soul enjoys.

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 And a frisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy :
 As once on *Ida* dancing,
 Were three celestial bodies,
 With an air and a face,
 And a shape and a grace,
 Let me charm like beauty's goddess.

Ah ! ah ! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain ;
 Cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast ; black winds in tempests blow :
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze ;

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw my self, or drown
 Amongst the foaming billows,
 Increasing all with tears I shed ;
 On beds of *Ooze* and christal pillows
 Lay down my love-sick head ?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my heart will warm ;
 When once the sense is fled,
 Love has no power to charm :
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly,
 My robes and locks shall thus be tore ;
 A thousand thousand deaths I'll die,
 E'er thus in vain ! e'er thus in vain adore.

SONG XXXVII.

OH! lead me to some peaceful gloom,
Where none but fighting lovers come,
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
But one eternal hush goes round.

There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
And never think of war again ;
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be still a slave ?

SONG XXXVIII.

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again ;
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave.

SONG XXXIX.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to prayers,
If I but ask a favour ;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her ;
Would she cou'd make of me a faint,
Or I of her a finner.

SONG XL.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise ;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With

With light united, day they give ;
 But different fates e'er night fulfil :
 How many by his warmth will live !
 How many will her coldness kill !

S O N G XLI.

YOUNG *Corydon* and *Phyllis*
 Sat in a lovely grove,
 Contriving crowns of lillies,
 Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a playing,
 She ogled to the swain,
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her
 Upon the flowery green ;
 But as he further prest her,
 A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
 His ardour still increas'd ;
 And, greater joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
 His passion to withstand,
 Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
 Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
 The minutes wou'd improve ;
 This is the time, he told her,
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in am'rous heat ;
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 My dear, your love is great, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the swain ;
She blushing, ask'd her lover,
Shall we not kifs again ? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
Till nature at a stand,
From talk they fell to sleeping,
Holding each others hand, &c.

S O N G XLII.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with every grace ;
Look, Gods, from your celestial dome,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph or goddess so divine,
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

S O N G XLIII.

S H E.

PRAY now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,
Doff thy sword, and take a flail ;
Wounds and blows, and scorching heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get.

H E.

'Sounds ! you are mad, ye simple jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

S H E.

How think ye I shall do,
With *Hob* and *Sue*,
And all our brats when wanting you ?

H E.

When I am rich with plunder,
Thou my gain shall share.

S H E.

My share will be but small, I fear,
When bold dragoons have been pickering there,
And the flea-flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your linnen,
Look to your cheese, you,
Your pigs and your geese too.

S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.

Blood and fire, if you tire
Thus my patience,
With vexatious and narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping
Is the fatal word, *Joan* .

S H E.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morableau! that huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John* , let's burs and be friends,
Thus still, thus love's quarrel ends;
I my tongue sometimes let run,
But alas! I soon have done.

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my name is *John* .

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

S H E.

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S H E.

Grow great!

And want both drink and meat,
And coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:

Ah *John*! take care *John*!

And learn more wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like a vermin,
Grudge my preferment.

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a wooden leg.

H E.

Nay, if bawling, catterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must rattle;

I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Jug too, and all the ragged crew.

S O N G XLIV.

H E.

Since times are so bad, I must tell thee, sweet heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my plough and my cart,
And to the fair city a journey I'll go,
To better my fortune as other folks do,

Since some have from ditches,
And coarse leather breeches,
Been rais'd to be rulers,
And wallow'd in riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy wheel;
For if the gipsies don't lie,
I shall be a governor too e'er I die.

S H E.

Ah *Colin*! by all thy late doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, the pride of thy mind;
Our

Our sheep now at random disorderly run,
And now *Sunday's* jacket goes every day on ;
Ah ! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st
thou mean !

H E .

To make my shoes clean,
And foot it to court to the king and the queen,
Where, shewing my parts, I preferment shall win.

S H E .

Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin ;
For, as to the court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'll find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy ;
For money, the devil and all's to be found,
But no good parts minded without the good pound.

H E .

Why, then I'll take arms, and follow alarms,
Hunt honour, that now a-days plaguely charms.

S H E .

And so lose a limb by a shot or a blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the plow.

H E .

Suppose I turn gamester ?

S H E .

So cheat and be bang'd.

H E .

What think'st thou of the road then ?

S H E .

The high way to be hang'd.

H E .

Nice pimping how'er yields profit for life ;
I'll help some fine lord to another's fine wife.

S H E .

That's dangerous too amongst the town crew :
For some of them will do the same thing by you ;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in ;
Faith, *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E .

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the law ?

S H E .

Oh ! while you live, *Colin*, keep out of that paw.

H E .

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H E.
I'll cant and I'll pray.

S H E.
Ah ! there's nought got that way ;
There's no one minds now what these black cattle say,
Let all our whole care be our farming affair.

H E.
To make our corn grow, and our apple-trees bear.

B O T H.
Ambition's a trade no contentment can show.

S H E.
So I'll to my distaff.

H E.
And I'll to my plow.

B O T H A G A I N.
Let all our whole care, &c.

S O N G X L V.

H E.
WH E R E oxen do low,
And apple-trees grow ;
Where corn is sown,
And grafs is mown ;
Fate give me for life a place.

S H E.
Where hay's well cock'd,
And udders are stroak'd ;
Where duck and drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack ;
Where turkeys lay eggs,
And swine suckle pigs ;
Oh ! there would I pass my days.

H E.
On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed :]

S H E.

S H E.

And wear on our backs
The wool of our flocks ;
And tho' linnen feel
Rough, spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

Town follys and cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever.

S H E.

And beaux, that in boxes,
Lye smugg'ling their doxies,
With wigs that hang down to their bums.

H E.

Good b'bye to the mall,
The park and canal,
St. *James's* square,
And flaunters there,
The gaming-house too,
Where high dice and low
Are manag'd by all degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the knight
Was bumbled last night,
That keeps a blowze,
And beats his spouse,
And then in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his trees.

H E.

And well fare the lad
Improves ev'ry clod,
Who ne'er sets his hand
To bill or to bond :

S H E.

Nor barter his flocks
For wine or the pox,
To chouse him of half his days.

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H E.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His pastime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whose lips when ye bus 'em,
Smell like the bean blossom ;
Oh ! he it's shall have my praise.

H E.

To taverns, where goes
Sow'r apples and flocs,
A long adieu !
And farewell too
The house of the great,
Whose cook has no meat,
And butler can't quench my thirst.

S H E.

Farewell to the change,
Where rantipoles range ;
Farewell cold tea,
And ratafie,
Hide-park, where pride
In coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

H E.

Farewell the law gown,
The plague of the town,
And foes of the crown,
That shou'd be run down :

S H E.

With city jack-daws,
That make staple laws,
To measure by yards and ells.

H E.

Stock-jobbers and swobbers,
And packers and tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever :
We know what you're doing ;
And home we are-going ;
And so you may ring your bells.

N

S O N G

S O N G XLVI.

H E.

O F all comforts I miscarried,
 When I play'd the sot and married,
 'Tis a trap there's none need doubt on't;
 Those that are in, wou'd fain get out on't.

S H E.

Fie! my dear, pray came to bed,
 That napkin take, and bind your head,
 Too much drink your brains have dos'd;
 You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or ly down,
 For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

S H E.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
 Was I, was I made a wife to lye alone?

H E.

From your arms my self divorcing,
 I this morn must ride a courting,
 A sport that far excells a *madam*,
 Or all the wives have been since *Adam*.

S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
 Must hug my pillow wanting you;
 And whilst you tope it all the day,
 Regale in cups of harmless tea,

H E.

Pox, what care I! drink your slops till you die;
 Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
 When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

H E.

E'er I be from rambling hindred,
 I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
 To be sober I've no leisure,
 What's a man without his pleasure?

S H E.

S H E.

To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and *Nantz* my rivals be ;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids,

H E.

'Sounds ! you may go to your goffops, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

S H E.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G XLVII.

PRETTY parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence past the day,
What at home was doing ?
With chat and play,
We were gay,
Night and day,
Good cheer and mirth renewing ;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy lover wou'd
Court and tease my lady ?
A thing you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty poll.

Tell me with what air, he approach'd the fair,
And how she could with patience bear,
All he did and utter'd ?
He still address'd,
Still caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd :
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,
 Or did he ever use to stay,
 In a corner dodging?
 The want of light,
 When 'twas night,
 Spoil'd my sight ;
 But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty poll.

S O N G XLVIII.

*Sung by Pinkanello, merry Andrew to Leverigo the
 Mountebank Doctor.*

H E R E are people and sports,
 Of all sizes and sorts,
 Coach'd *damsel* and *squire*,
 And *mob* in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
 Lords, ladies, fows babies,
 And *loobies* in scores ;
 Some hawling, some bawling,
 Some leering, some fleering,
 Some loving, some shoving,
 With legions of furbelow'd *whores* :
 To the tavern some go,
 And some to a show,
 See popets for mopets,
 Jack puddens for cuddens,
 Rope dancing, mares prancing,
 Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
 Pick pockets, pick plackets,
 Beasts, *Butchers* and *Beaux*.
Fops prattling, dice rattling,
Rooks shaming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted,
 In tally-man's furbelow'd cloaths.
 The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
 To yon musick-house go,

See *taylors* and *sailors*,
Whores oily and doily,
Hear musick makes you sick ;
Some skipping, some tripping,
Some smoaking, some joaking,
Like spiggit and tap ;
Short measure, strange pleasure,
Thus billing and swilling,
Some yearly get fairly
For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a *Doctor* rare,
Who travels much at home !
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Past, present and to come ;
The cramp, the stich, the squirt, the ich,
The gout, the stone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
And all *Pandora's* box :
Thousands I've dissected,
Thousands new erected,
And such cures effected,
As none e'er can tell ;
Let the palsie shake ye,
Let the cholick rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well :
Thousands, &c.

Come *wits* so keen, devour'd with spleen,
And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
I soon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead ;

I clear the las with wainscot-face,
 And from pim-ginets free
 Plump ladies red like *Saracen's* head
 With toping ratafee.
 This, with a jirk, will do your work,
 And scour you o'er and o'er ;
 Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

S O N G XLIX.

OH! the charming month of *May*,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay :
Oh ! the charming month of May,
Charming, charming month of May.

Oh ! what joys our prospects yield,
 When in new livery
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field :
Oh ! what joy, &c. Charming joys, &c.

Oh ! how fresh the morning air,
 When the *Zephyrs*
 And the heifers
 Their odorif'rous breath compare :
Oh ! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh ! how sweet at night to dream,
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream,
Oh ! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh ! how kind the country las,
 Who, her cow bilking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green-gown on the grass :
Oh ! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh !

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Oh ! how sweet it is to spy,
At the conclusion,
Her deep confusion,
Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye :
Oh ! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh ! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the skimming-dish carves her name.
*Oh ! the charming curds and cream,
Charming, charming, &c..*

S O N G L.

CUPID, God of pleasing anguish,
Teach th' enamour'd swain to languish,
Teach him fierce desires to know.
Heroes wou'd be lost in story,
Did not love inspire their glory,
Love does all that's great below.

S O N G LI.

MY *Chloe*, why do ye slight me,
Since all you ask you have ?
No more with frowns affright me,
Nor use me like a slave :
Good nature to discover,
Use well your faithful lover,
I'll be no more a rover,
But constant to my grave.
Could we but change conditions,
My grief would all be flown ;
Were I the kind physician,
And you the patient grown :
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well shap'd, and also witty,
Enforc'd with generous pity,
Then make my case your own.

The silver swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious lays,
 Like him, when life is flying,
 In songs I'll end my days :
 But know, thou cruel creature,
 My soul shall mount the fleeter,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth thy praise.

S O N G LII.

IN this grove my *Strephon* walkt,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talkt ;
Here he lov'd, &c.
 In this place his loss I prove,
 A sad remembrance of our love.
 Oh ! sad remembrance of our love.

In this grove my *Strephon* stray'd,
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd ;
Here he smil'd, &c.
 Every whispering breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I believing, fell ;
 Ah ! by too soon believing, fell.

By this stream my *Strephon* mov'd,
 Here he sung, and there he lov'd ;
Here he sung, &c.
 Every stream and every tree,
 Cries out, perfidious cruel he,
 And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this bank my *Strephon* lean'd,
 A lovely foe, but faithless friend ;
A lovely foe, &c.
 Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,
 Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since *Strephon's* false to me and love.

S O N G

SONG LIH.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure,
 I gaze on my treasure,
 And ravish my sight ;
 While she gayly smiling,
 My anguish beguiling,
 Augments my delight.

How blest is a lover,
 Whose torments are over,
 His fears and his pain ;
 When beauty relenting,
 Repays with consenting,
 Her scorn and disdain.

SONG LIV.

A Quire of bright beauties
 In spring did appear,
 To chuse a *May-lady*
 To govern the year ;
 All the nymphs were in white,
 And the shepherds in green,
 The garland was given,
 And *Phillis* was queen.
 But *Phillis* refused it,
 And sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a garland,
 While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 Are fled from the shore,
 The graces are banish'd,
 And love is no more :
 The soft God of pleasure
 That warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow,
 And extinguish'd his fires ;
 And vows that himself
 And his mother will mourn,
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In triumph return.

Forbear your addressees,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore :
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with our sheep-hooks,
 And take to your arms :
 Then lawrels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In triumph return.

SONG LV.

AS charming *Clara* walk'd alone,
 The feather'd snow came softly down,
 Like *Jove* descending from his tower,
 To court her in a silver shower :
 The shining flakes flew to her breasts,
 As little birds into their nests ;
 But being outdone with whiteness there,
 For grief dissolv'd into a tear ;
 Thence flowing down her garment's hem,
 To deck her froze into a gem.

SONG LVI.

YE beaux of pleasure,
 Whose wit at leisure,
 Can count love's treasure,
 Its joy and smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire
 Consumes my heart.

Three moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With beauty's ray :

Aurora shews ye
 No face so rosie,
 No *July* posie
 So fresh and gay.

Her skin by nature,
 No *Ermin* better,
 Tho' that fine creature
 Is white as snow ;
 With blooming graces
 Adorn'd her face is,
 Her flowing traces
 As black as sloe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender ;
 Some God commend her ;
 My wit's too low :
 'Twere joyful plunder,
 To bring her under,
 She's all a wonder
 From top to toe.

Then cease, ye sages,
 To quote dull pages,
 That in all ages
 Our minds are free :
 Tho' great your skill is,
 So strong the will is,
 My love for *Phillis*
 Must ever be.

S O N G LVII.

ONE evening as I lay
 A-musing in a grove,
 A nymph exceeding gay
 Came there to seek her love ;
 But finding not her swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids, take care
 Of false deluding men,
 Whose pride is to ensnare
 Each female that they can :
 My perjur'd swain he swore
 A thousand oaths, to prove :
 (As many have done before)
 How true he'd be to love.
 Then, virgins, for my sake,
 Ne'er trust false man again,
 The pleasure we partake,
 Ne'er answers half the pain ;
 Uncertain as the seas,
 Is their unconstant mind,
 At once they burn or freeze,
 Still changing like the wind.
 When she had told her tale,
 Compassion seiz'd my heart,
 And *Cupid* did prevail
 With me, to take her part :
 Then bowing to the fair,
 I made my kind address,
 And vow'd to bear a share
 In her unhappiness.
 Surpriz'd at first she rose,
 And strove from me to fly :
 I told her I'd disclose
 For grief a remedy.
 Then, with a smiling look,
 Said she, to assuage the storm,
 I doubt you've undertook
 A task you can't perform.
 Since proof convinces best,
 Fair maid, believe it true,
 That rage is but a jest,
 To what revenge can do :
 Then serve him in his kind,
 And fit the fool again,
 Such charms were ne'er design'd
 For such a faithless swain

I courted

I courted her with care,
 Till her soft soul gave way,
 And from her breast so fair,
 Stole the sweet heart away :
 Then she with smiles confess'd,
 Her mind felt no more pain,
 While she was thus caress'd,
 By such a lovely swain.

SONG LVIII.

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lillies,
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the beauty
 Of these flowers that crown the spring;
 'Tis to——but I know my duty,
 And dare never name the thing,

'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why shou'd I thus fearful be ?
 Every minute gently flying,
 Smiles and says, make use of me:

What the sun does to the roses,
 While the beams play sweetly in,
 I would——but my fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it ;
 Ask my eyes, or ask your own,
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lillies,
 Might I speak what I would do,
 I wou'd——with my lovely *Phillis*,
 I wou'd ; I wou'd——Ah ! wou'd you.

SONG LIX.

PHILLIS the fairest of love's foes,
 Tho' fiercer than a dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd beaux,
 What has she now to brag on?
 What has she now to brag on?
What has she, &c.

So long she kept her limbs so close,
 Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd thro' want, the wretched maid
 Did sad complaints begin,
 Which surly *Strepson* hearing, said,
 It was both shame and sin,
 It was both shame and sin,
It was both, &c.
 To pity such a lazy jade,
 Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG LX.

WHEN *Cloe* we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her eyes do our heart so enthrall ;
 But 'tis for her pelf,
 And not for herself ;
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
 They'll pish ! and they'll fie !
 And swear, if you're rude, they will call ;
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall ;
 But less than a year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In matters of state,
 And party debate,
 For church and for justice we bawl ;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the end,
 'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

S O N G. LXI.

The Parson among the Pease.

ON E long *Whitsun* holy-day,
 Holy-day, holy-day, it was a jolly day,
 Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, a welladay !

Met in the pease ;

They long had community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful unity, nought but opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,

Their bosoms to ease.

But now fortune's cruelty, cruelty,
 You will see ; for as they ly
 In close hug, Sir *Domine*,
Gemini Gomini

Chanc'd to come by ;

He read prayers i' the family,
 No way now to frame a lie,
 They scar'd at old *Homily*,
Homily, Homily,

Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the sight,
 Full of spite, as a kite runs the recubite,
 Like a noisy *Hypocrite*,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,

Mischief to fay ;

Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, Phillida drest that holy-day ;
 But poor *Ralph*, ah welladay !
 Welladay ! welladay !

Turn'd was away.

'Ads nigs, cries Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini, shall a rogue stay,
To baulk me. as commonly,
Commonly, commonly,

Has been this way.

No, I serve the family,
They know nought to blame me by,
I-read prayers and homily,
Homily, homily,

Three times a day.

S O N G LXII.

HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing disease of the mind,
Can indulge every taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull reputation confu'd.
When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay delights we enjoy,
And have crowds of new lovers still wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the trade,
Str. In every age we are doing.

If a cully we meet;
We spend what we get;
Every day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go
We have no sense to know,
For a bawd always dies in her drink.

S O N G LXIII.

ONE *April* morn, when from the sea
Phæbus was just appearing,
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
Long settled love endearing,

Met

Met in a grove, to vent their spleen
 On parents unrelenting ;
 He bred of *Tory*-race had been,
 She of the tribe dissenting.

Celia, whose eyes outshone the God,
 Newly the hills adorning,
 Told him, *mamma* would be stark mad,
 She missing prayers that morning ;
Damon, his arm about her waist
 Swore, that nought should them funder.
 Shou'd my rough *dad* know how I'm blest,
 'Twou'd make him roar like thunder.

Great ones made by ambition blind,
 By faction still support it,
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it :
 But mighty love, that scorns to shew
 Party should raise his glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a vassal true,
 Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

S O N G LXIV.

A MONGST the willows on the grafs
 Where nymphs and shepherds ly,
 Young *Willy* courted *Bonny Bess* ;
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by ;
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry
 Two months before we marry.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For a maid I'll live and die :
 Says *Nell*, *So shall not I*.
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt hope and despair,
 And kisses mixt between,
 He with a song did charm her ear,
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;
 Says *Will*, I want a blessing,
 Substantialer than kissing.

No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For I will never change my mind :
Says Nell, She'll prove more kind.
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting pain the virgin finds,
 Altho' by nature taught,
 When the first to man inclines :
Quoth Nell, I'll venture that.
 Oh ! who wou'd lose a treasure,
 For such a puney pleasure !
 Not I, not I, no, a maid I'll live and die,
 And to my vow be true.
Quoth Nell, The more fool you.
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly books,
 Forget vain love and worldly care.
Quoth Nell, That likely looks !
 You men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe defy all,
 Your sex I now despise,
Says Nell, By Jove, she lies.
Says Nell, &c.

SONG LXV.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing,
 That decks the earth, or breathes our air ;
 Mild are her looks like opening spring,
 And like the blooming summer fair.

But then her wit's so very small,
 That all her charms appear to ly,
 Like glaring colours on a wall,
 And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our ears are absent from the feast,
 One sense is surfeited with sweets,
 Starv'd and disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with aspect bright,
And taudry pride, a tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
Dull and insipid to the smell.

S O N G LXVI.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended ;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want something to do,
The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often caressing
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At *Whyte's* half a moment to sit ?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without talking trifles for wit ?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles we see ;
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed ;
The levee will shew you, his Grace,
Makes promises trifles indeed !

A coach

A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin ;
 But, ye Gods ! how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of *Champaign* people think it
 A trifle, or something as bad ;
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
 A peace is a trifle to day,
 To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
 Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;
 But if once the army is broke,
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
 The reason pray carry along ;
 Because that at every new play,
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot ;
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

S O N G LXVII.

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
 I'm stole out to revel here ;
 Yet I tremble and I faint,
 In the middle of the fair.

Oh ! would fortune in my way
 Throw a lover kind and gay ;
 Now's the time he soon might move
 A young heart unus'd to love.

Shall

Shall I venture ? No, no, no,
 Shall I from the danger go ?
 Oh ! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature, help me, art ;
 Why should I deny my part ?
 If a lover will pursue ;
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

S O N G LXVIII.

Women and Wine.

SOME fay women are like sea,
 Some the waves, and some the rocks,
 Some the rose that soon decays,
 Some the weather, some the cocks ;
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
 So is wine, so is wine,
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The foldier, lawyer and divine ;
 They put a gegg in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool ;
 'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
 What is't that makes your looks divine,
 What makes your courage rise and fall ?
 Is it not women, is it not wine ;
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses ?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

SONG

S O N G LXIX

W O U' D you chuse a wife,
 For a happy life,
 Leave the court and the country take,
 Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
 Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
 Follow *Roger* and *John*,
 Whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames
 (Be it spoke to their shames)
 To ly in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 Then look at their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their tables in plate,
 Where tattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The las give me here,
 Tho' brown as my beer,
 That knows how to govern her house,
 That can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheefe,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine cloaths not a soufe.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl ;
 A wife that will make a man rich ;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed,

To squander away
 What taxes wou'd pay ;
 We care not in faith for such.

S O N G LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,
 Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
 To change her virtue or her love :

Loves to go go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
 Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
 But full of love, and full of joy :

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the state,
 Not foolish to be pointed at :

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

S O N G LXXI.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

S O N G LXXII.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain,
 All attempts you can make
 But augments her disdain ;
 She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your power,
 For except her esteem
 She can grant you no more :
 Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun ;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wife,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise ;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power ;
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore,
 A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share ;
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true lover, tho' she
 Should mankind despise
 Out of hatred to me ;
 'Tis mean to give o'er
 'Cause we get no reward,
 She lost not her worth
 When I lost her regard ;
 My love on an altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without hopes of return ;
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's name.

S O N G LXXIII.

The tippling Philosophers.

DIOGENES furly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ;
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
 A bumper, to cherish his heart ;
 And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
 Because he had empty'd his quart :
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at men's follies and vice,
 'Twas only his custom to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

O

Democritus

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple and cherish his soul ;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl ;
 As long as his cellar was stor'd,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Cræsus* a slave,
 (Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
 He delighted in plentiful bowls ;
 But drinking much talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the custom of fools,
 To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home ;
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
 Because he tippled good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak ;

And

And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine ;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dance without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is due to the juice of the vine :
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough ;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

S O N G LXXIV.

Down among the Dead Men.

HERE's a health to the king and a lasting peace ;
 May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
 Come, let us drink it while we have breath,
 For there's no drinking after death ;

And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the Queen, and may she long
 B' our first fair toast to grace our song ;
 Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
 Take off your bumpers all around ;
 And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
 In whom celestial joys are found ;
 And may confusion still pursue
 The senseless woman-hating crew ;
 And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
 And patriots to their country leal ;
 But who for bribes gives *Satan* his soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl ;
 And all that with such rogues comply,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

In smiling *Bacchus*' joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasure to my soul ;
 Let *Bacchus*' health round swiftly move,
 For *Bacchus* is a friend to love ;
 And he that does this health deny,
Down among, &c. let him ly.

S O N G LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,
 With a generous bowl and a toast,
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post ;
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?

He

But when bottles are rang'd
 Make war with me,
 The fighting fool shall see,
 When I am funk,
 The difference to ly dead,
 And ly dead drunk,
The fighting fool, &c.

S O N G LXXIX.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles ;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.

From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move ;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.

But if through passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure
 Needs every virtue's aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G LXXX.

WH Y thou'd a foolish marriage vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When passion is decay'd ?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,
 Till love was lov'd out of us both :

But our marriage is dead,
When the pleasure is fled ;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.
If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more ?
'Tis a madness that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

S O N G LXXXI.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses :
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

S O N G LXXXII.

I'LL sail upon the *dog-star*,
And then pursue the morning :
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather ;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And ty both ends together :

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget ;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let *Gresham* college judge it :

While I mount yon blew celum,
To shun the tempting gipsies ;
Play at foot ball with fun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

S O N G LXXXIII.

J A M E S.

PRITHEE, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring ?
You are, I fear, in love, my dear ;
Alas poor thing !

S U S A N.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan ;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love ;
Alas poor man !

J A M E S.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye ;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan ;
Alas poor heart !

S U S A N.

Jamie, hold ; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know the she as well as thee ;
Alas poor soul !

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JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who ;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart ;
Alas, poor girl !

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you sad,
And pine away both night and day ;
Alas poor lad !

JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,
That I burn in these flames ;
And when I die, I know you'll cry
Alas poor *James* !

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,
If you shou'd prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor *Sue* !

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to day :
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,
Come let's away.

S O N G LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,
Nought but raptures fill my mind ;
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T' excell the mighty power of wine :
But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling *champaign* ;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one God by the power of another.

When.

When pity in thy looks I see,
I fraily quit my friends for thee ;
Persuasive love so charms me then,
My freedom I'd not wish again.
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one God by the power of another.

S O N G LXXXV.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,
A moment you never can better employ ;
Sawny and *Teague* were trudging along,
A bonny *Scot's* lad, and an *Irish* dear-joy ;
They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
Nor had they heard ever of any such name :
As they were a walking,
And merrily talking,
At last by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.

Haha ! crys *Sawny*, what do ye ca' that ?
To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the *Scot*;
Indeed I believe it'sh shaint *Patrick's* cross.
Says *Sawny*, ye'll find your sell meikle mistaken,
For it is faint *Andrew's* cross I can swear ;
For there is his bonnet,
And tartans hang on it,
The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,
For that I will shwear is shaint *Patrick's* coat ;
I shee't him in *Ireland* buying the freeze,
And that I'm shure ish the shame that he bought ;
And he ish a shaint mush better than ever
Made either the covenantsh sholemn or league :
For o' my shalwashion,
He was my relashion,
And had a great kindness for honest poor *Teague*.

Wherefore, says *Teague*, I will, by my shoul,
 Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,
 And under this holy cross' fet I will fall,
 And shay *pater noster*, and shome of our creeds :
 So *Teague* began with humble devotion,
 To kneel down before St. *Patrick's* cross ;
 The wind fell a blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And gave our dear-joy a terrible tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the gras,
 Swearing, it was surely the de'ils whirly-gig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St. *Patrick's* cross :
 But ish it indeed, crys he in a passion,
 The cross of our shaint that has crosht me so fore ;
 Upo' my salwashion,
 This shall be a cawshion,
 To trust to St. *Patrick's* kindness no more.

Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
 This patron of yours is a very sad loun,
 To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,
 For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon :
 Let me advise you to serve our St. *Andrew*,
 He, by my saul, was a special gude man ;
 For since your St. *Patrick*
 Has serv'd you sic a trick,
 I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the ambitious ever find
 Success in crowds and noise,
 While gentle love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
 And all the world think them wise,
 While I ly at my *Nanny's* feet,
 And all the world despise.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raise,
And melt in court delights :
Her eyes can give much brighter days,
Her arms much softer nights.

S O N G LXXXVII.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent,
The offering all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent,
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hindred me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made ;
But when your falshoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth your first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brass.

O ! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

YES, all the world will sure agree,
He who's secur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely blest ;
But 'twere in me too great a wrong,
To make one who has been so long
My *queen*, my *slave* at last.

Nor ought these things to be confin'd
 That were for publick good design'd :
 Cou'd we, in foolish pride,
 Make the sun always with us stay,
 'Twou'd burn our corn and grafs away,
 To starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting, fright
 Two souls which passion does unite ;
 For while our love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the devil should we stay,
 When once that love is past ?

SONG LXXXIX.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
 As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies ;
 Shew me that soft that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide ! thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
 Thou art all over endless charms ;
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

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S O N G X C.

WH Y we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.

S O N G X C I.

HA R K how the trumpet sounds to battle,
Hark how the thundring cannons rattle ;
Cruel ambition now calls me away,
While I have ten thousand soft things to say,
While honour alarms me,
Young *Cupid* disarms me,
And *Celia* so charms me,
I cannot away.

Hark again, honour calls me to arms,
Hark how the trumpet sweetly charms ;
Celia no more then must be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and ensigns display'd :
The thoughts of promotion,
Inspire such a notion,
Of *Celia's* devotion
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial powers,
Ye Gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours :
O may she ever to love me incline,
Such lovely perfections I cannot resign ;

Firm.

Firm constancy grant her,
My true love shall haunt her,
My soul cannot want her,
She's all so divine.

S O N G X C I I .

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in *May*;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go:
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

S O N G X C I I I .

AS the snow in valleys lying,
Phæbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
 Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the slaves he once controul'd ;
 So the nymph if none cou'd move her,
 Is contemn'd by every lover,
 When her charms are growing old.

Melancholick looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
 Are th' effects your rigours move :
 Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
 Melting sighs, transporting trances,
 Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's blooming,
 Employ time, lest age resum'g
 What your youth profusely lends ;
 You are rob'd of all your glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old stories
 To your unbelieving friends.

S O N G XCIV.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wandring shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes her self, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the thing that she despises.

S O N G XCV.

D *A M O N*, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not fighting round the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye ;
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field ;
 To a powerful kind invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pity ;
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Cbloris time enough will find,
 This her cruel furious lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

S O N G XCVI.

I f she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the care
 Of some spruce jack a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a lass,
 Whose pride's above her pleasure.

S O N G XCVII.

H E.

A W A K E, thou fairest thing in nature,
 How can you sleep when day does break ?
 How can you sleep, my charming creature,
 When half a world for you are awake.

S H E.

S H E.

What swain is this that sings so early,
Under my window by the dawn ?

H E.

'Tis one, dear nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in pity ease my pain.

S H E.

Softly, else you'll wake my mother,
No tales of love she lets me hear ;
Go tell your passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my ear.

H E.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous charms ?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your mother,
You're fitter for a lover's arms.

S O N G XCVIII.

IN spite of love at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me.
No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret*.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your arms,
And use her like a lover ;
Such liquor she'll distill from thence,
As will transport your ravisht sense ;
Then kiss and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret*.

But best of all ! she has no tongue,
Submissive she obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And still to smiling sways me ;

Her

Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
And has a most delicious smack ;
Then kifs and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret.*

If you her excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your hand about her waist,
And raise her up behind, Sir ;
As for her bottom, never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out ;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a *bottle of good claret.*

S O N G X C I X .

O Surprising lovely fair !
Who with *Chloe* can compare ?
Sure she's form'd for beauty's Queen,
Her wit, her shape, her grace, her mein,
By far excells all nymphs I've seen ;
No mortal eye
Can view her nigh,
Too exquisite for human sight to see :
Tho' she ne'er may be kind,
Nor for me e'er design'd,
Yet I love, I love, I love,
The charming she.

S O N G C .

WHEN bright *Aurelia* tript the plain,
How chearful then were seen,
The looks of every jolly swain,
That strove *Aurelia's* heart to gain,
With gambols on the green ?
Their sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly air ;
They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each strove to please, some different way,
This dear enchanting fair.

The

The ambitious strife she did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till *Phaon's* tuneful voice and lyre,
With softest musick did inspire
Her soul to generous love.

Their wonted sports the rest declin'd,
Their arts prov'd all in vain ;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
The more they languish and repin'd,
The more she loves the swain.

S O N G C I.

AWAY, you rover,
For shame give over,
You play the lover
So like an afs ;
You are for storming,
You think you're charming,
Your faint performing,
We read in your face.

S O N G C II.

HE, who for ever,
Wou'd hope for favour,
He must endeavour
To charm the fair :
He dances, he dances,
He da--a--a--a--a--ances,
He sighs, and glances,
He makes advances,
He sings, and dances,
And mends his air.

SONG

SONG CIII.

GO, go, go, go falsest of thy sex be gone,
 Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to myself alone!
 Why would you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my innocence?
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the nymph upbraid,
 " Love like a dream usher'd by night,
 " Flies the approach of morning light."
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

She that believes man when he swears,
 Or least regards his oaths and prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst;
 Nay more, be subject to his lust.
 Go, go, &c. — leave, leave, &c.

SONG CIV.

BE L I N D A, with affected mein,
 Trys all the power of art;
 Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single heart:
 Whilst *Chloe* in a different way,
 Is but her self, to please,
 And makes new conquests every day,
 Without one borrowed grace.

Belinda's haughty air destroys
 What native charms inspire;
 While *Chloe's* artless shining eyes,
 Set all the world on fire:
Belinda may our pity move;
 But *Chloe* gives us pain,
 And while she smiles us into love,
 Her sister frowns in vain.

SONG

S O N G C V.

ON a bank of flowers,
In a summer day,
Inviting and undrest,
In her bloom of youth,
Fair *Celia* lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;
When a youthful swain,
With admiring eyes,
Wish'd that he durst
The sweet maid surprize ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching spies.

As he gaz'd,
A gentle *Zephyr* arose,
That fann'd her robes aside ;
And the sleeping nymph
Did the charms disclose,
Which waking she would hide :
Then his breath grew short,
And his pulse beat high,
He long'd to touch
What he chanc'd to spy ;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
With her beauties fir'd,
And blest the courteous wind ;
Then in whispers sigh'd,
And the Gods desir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind :
When with hopes grown bold,
He advanc'd amain ;
But she laugh'd loud
In a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumbering maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)
 Her glowing bosom press'd :
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He wou'd pursue :
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But *Damon* mist his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ;
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a maid.

S O N G C V I.

WHILE silently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
 To tell my crime aloud,
 The influence of your smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the crowd.

But when I once my flames express'd,
 In hopes to ease my pain,
 You singl'd me out from all the rest,
 The mark of your disdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown
 On all that I adore,
 Then all mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

S O N G

S O N G CVII.

OH! happy, happy grove,
 Witness of our tender love ;
 Oh! happy, happy shade,
 Where first our vows were made :
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a *Jove* ;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 And all — and all was love :
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady groves ;
 When I speak of mutual joys,
 She knows not what I mean ;
 Wanton glances, fond careffes,
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding fair
 Has left the flow'ry green :
 Mourn, ye nymphs, that sporting play'd,
 Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd ;
 There the secret wound she gave,
 When I was made her slave.

S O N G CVIII.

THE sages of old,
 In prophecy told,
 The cause of a nation's undoing ;
 But our new *English* breed
 No prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own ruin.
 With grumbling and jars,
 We promote civil wars,
 And preach up false tenets to many ;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For religion, yet no man has any.
 Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his friend,
 And the church and the senate would settle ;

Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow ;
But takes a full glafs,
To his country's success,
This, this is an honest brave fellow.

S O N G C I X.

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire :
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet ;
Like the divining prophets, wife ;
Like new-blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :
Ah ! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

S O N G

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S O N G CX.

PRITHEE, *Billy*, be'nt so filly,
Thus to waste thy days in grief ;
You say, *Betty* will not let ye ;
But can sorrow bring relief ?
Leave repining, cease your whining ;
Pox on torment, tears and woe :
If she's tender, she'll surrender ;
If she's tough, — e'en let her go.

S O N G CXI.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,
Ever love me, ever charm ;
Let the passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our blifs beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds ?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
We'll be happy as the Gods.

S O N G CXII.

A Sour reformation
Crawls out-thro' the nation,
While dunder head-sages,
Who hope for good wages,
Direct us the way.
Ye sons of the muses,
Then cloak your abuses ;
And lest you shou'd trample
On pious example,
Observe and obey.
Time-frenzy curers,
And stubborn nonjurors,
For want of diversion,
Now scourge the leud times :

They've hinted, they've printed,
Our vein it profane is,
 And worst of all crimes ;
The clod-pated railers,
Smiths, coblers and *colliers*,
 Have damn'd all our rhymes.

Under the notion
Of zeal for devotion,
The humour has fir'd 'em,
And malice inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the age :
But if in season,
You'd know the true reason ;
The hopes of preferment,
Is what makes the vermin
 Now rail at the stage.
Cuckolds and canters,
With scruples and banter,
Old *Oliver's* peal,
 Against poetry ring :
But let slate revolvers,
And treason absolvers,
 Excuse, if I sing,
The rebel that chuses,
To cry down the muses,
 Wou'd cry down the king.

The End of the Third Volume.





THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

*ANNA with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair ;
Vassals and Kings
Feel when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.*

VOL. IV.

ETRICK Banks.

I.

ON *Etrick banks*, in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane :
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
My arms about her lilly neck,
And kifs'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
My words they were na mony feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the highland hills, the *Earse* to learn ;
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of *Earn*.

At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the *Broomy Law*,
Chear up your heart, my bony lads,
There's gear to win we never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
And thus the weary night will end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lads amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
'That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that flies ;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :

Our

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

III.

The lavrocks now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring ;
The mavis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer suits ;
To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice :
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

HERO *and* LEANDER.

An old BALLAD.

L E A N D E R on the bay
Of *Hellespont* all naked stood,
Impatient of delay,
He leapt into the fatal flood :

The raging seas,
Whom none can please,
'Gainst him their malice show ;
The heavens lowr'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then casting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain,
Ye cruel rocks and skies !
Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
What 'tis to miss
The lover's blifs,
Alas! ye do not know ;
Make me your wreck
As I come back,
But spare me as I go.

III.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower
Where my beloved *Hera* lyes,
And this is the appointed hour
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
To his fond suit
The gods were mute ;
The billows answer, No :
Up to the skies
The surges rise,
But sunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while the wishing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love,
Now does his stay upbraid ;
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :
O fate ! said she,
Nor heaven, nor thee,
Our vows shall e'er divide.
I'd leap this wall,
Cou'd I but fall
By my *Leander's* side.

V.

At length the rising sun
Did to her sight reveal, too late,
That *Hero* was undone ;
Not by *Leander's* fault, but fate.
Said she, I'll shew,
Tho' we are two,
Our loves were ever one :
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim ;
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side.
When join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare WILLY drown'd in YARROW.

I.

WILLY's rare, and *Willy's* fair,
And *Willy's* wondrous bony ;
And *Willy* heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow ;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.

III.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pow'd you the rose or lilly ?
Or came you by yon meadow green ?
Or saw you my sweet *Willy* ?

IV.

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in *Yarrow*.

The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
 What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau ;
 A *Clown* in his *dress* may be honest far,
 Than a *Courtier* who struts in his *Garter* and *Star*.

II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
 The hands of his *Betters* are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he mimicks the *Tools* of the state,
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill ;
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does ly,
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
 If so happy a *Miller*, then who'd be a *King* ?

Famo

Tamo Tanto.

I.

SO much I love thee, O my treasure !
That my flame no bound does know :
Oh ! look upon your swain with pleasure,
For his pain some pity show.

II.

Oh ! my charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains ;
Let not then my absence grieve you,
Since with pride I wear your chains.

The beautiful Singer.

I.

SINGING charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and saints approve ;
All we below
Of heaven can show,
Is that they both sing and love.

II.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair :
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

III.

Savage nature conquer'd lyes,
All is wonder and surprize ;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes.

IV.

Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp ;
Let flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal *sharp*.

Sweet WILLIAM'S Ghost.

I.

THERE came a ghost to *Marg'ret's* door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

II.

Is that my father *Philip*,
Or is't my brother *John* ?
Or is't my true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home ?

III.

'Tis not thy father *Philip*,
Nor yet thy brother *John* ;
But 'tis thy true love *Willy*
From *Scotland* new come home.

IV.

O sweet *Marg'ret* ! O dear *Marg'ret* !
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, *Marg'ret*,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And shou'd I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O sweet *Marg'ret* ! &c. as 4th Stanza.

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea ;
And it is but my spirit, *Marg'ret*,
That's now speaking to thee.

X.

She stretch'd out her lilly-white hand,
And for to do her best,
Hae there's your faith and troth, *Willy*,
God send your soul good rest.

XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corp followed she.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, *Willy*?
Or any room at your feet ?
Or any room at your side, *Willy*,
Wherein that I may creep ?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, *Marg'ret* ;
There's no room at my feet ;
There's no room at my side *Marg'ret*,
My coffin's made so meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear *Marg'ret*,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghost to *Marg'ret* said,
But with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant *Marg'ret* cry'd ;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd.

Great Lamentation for the Loss of Sweet
S E N I S I N O.

I.

AS musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan ;
Oh! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes :
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears, &c.

II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
She told me her sweet *Senifino* was flown ;
And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
And in, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye !
To beauty so blooming what man can be blind !
To passion so tender what monster unkind !
To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,
That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,
My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
My warbler celestial, &c.

V.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some black-bird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;
Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

VI.

No linnet, no black-bird, no sky-lark, said she,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three ;
My sweet *Senifino*, for whom I now cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
My sweet, &c.

Adieu

VII.

Adieu *Farinelli*, *Cuzzoni* likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies ;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

The Virgin's Prayer.

I.

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid ;
With equal ardour wound the swain :
Beauty should never fight in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart ;
When one you wound, you then destroy ;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

Ungrateful NANNY.

I.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do ?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true ?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

II.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bid me run ?
She only had the word to say,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

III.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day ?
Did ever *Nanny's* heifers fast,
If *Robin* in his barn had hay.
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

IV.

If ever *Nanny* lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two ;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow :
Have they not there from cold been free ?
But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

V.

When *Nanny* to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
Full as they were, I brought them home :
Her corn I carried to the mill ;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear a fight of me.

VI.

To *Nanny's* poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best ;
Within this week her pidgeons have
Eat up a peck of pease at least.
Her litle pidgeons kifs, but she
Will never take a kifs from me.

VII.

Must *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* still on *Robin* frown,
Alas ! poor wretch ! what shall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me soon !
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

The Scullion's Complaint.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion so hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his desire ;
A kettle supported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the house,
To his sighs with a grunt did reply ;
And the guttur that car'd not a louse,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water, and wish,
I think it had better been fry'd.
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
Oh ! might I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

III.

How foolish was I to believe
It was made for so homely a clown,
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town.
Could I think that a pudding so fine
Would ever uneaten remove :
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought
Where puddings we boil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by.
Ah *Colin* ! thou must not be first,
Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till she burst,
And her turn is sooner than mine.

And

V.

And you my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail,
Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go ;
'Tis its fate to be often above,
'Tis mine still to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In your breasts any pity be found,
Ye servants that earliest dine,
Come see how I ly on the ground :
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And sorrow to see how I dwell ;
And say, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you set in your dishes so prim,
Where sauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are strew'd round the brim :
Whilst *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless when he sees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above. *

The Hunter's Song.

WHen betimes on the morn to the fields we repair,
We range where the chase may be seated ;
At the sound of the horn all disturbance and care
Flies away from the din as defeated.

Then

* See the excellent Original, Vol. III. p. 242. of which this is the Burlesque.

II.

Then *Jouler* did roar, hearing *Tolier* before,
Brave musick makes *Sweet-lips* and *Mally*,
At the sound of the noise the hunters rejoice,
And the *Squat* makes the ratches to rally.

III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,
And we raise then a haloo to cheer them ;
The echoes around from the mountains resound,
Rejoicing all hearts that do hear them.

IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,
We take care to make her a seizure ;
And soon as we kill, we recover at our will,
And home we return at our leisure.

V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames
With the best of good cheer can provide us ;
Good liquors abound, and healths go round,
Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
Having enough of our own, none to borrow :
Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?
We're the same just to day as to morrow.

The jolly Bender.

I.

BACC HUS must now his power resign,
I am the only god of wine ;
It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

II

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine :
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let

III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or sink,
My soul's ambition is to drink.

The Hay-maker's Song.

I.

COME, Neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The sun in haste
Drives to the west,
With sports, with sports conclude the day.
Let ev'ry man chuse out his lass,
And then salute her on the grass ;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that moment pass ;
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

II.

At night when round the hall we sit,
With good brown bowls
To cheer our souls,
And raise, and raise a merry chat ;
When blood grows warm, and love runs high,
And jokes around the table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try ;
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
And the lord of the manor.

Let

III.

Let lazy great ones of the town
 Drink night away,
 And sleep all day,
Till gouty, gouty they are grown ;
Our daily works such vigour give,
That nightly sports we oft revive,
 And kiss our dames
 With stronger flames
Than any prince alive :
Then we'll toss off our bowls,
 To true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls,
 And the lord of the manor.

WATTY and MADGE.

In Imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

I.

'T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at *Watty's* breast,
 And the poor lad grow faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
 That lang in reek had hung,
And horn-hard was his tawny hand
 That held his hazel-rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear
 Of the maist dressy spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.

But

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling through his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd *Madge* he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With visage fowr and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cryes, my crishy love,
Support my finking faul
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

VIII.

This is is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are Cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

Oh *Watty*, *Watty*, *Madge* replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd
Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, *Watty*, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your fight?
How cou'd ye roose my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples flight?

XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks fae brown ?
Why did you me fine garters heght,
Yet let my hose fa' down ?

XIII.

O faithless *Watty*, think how aft
I ment your sarks and hose !
For you how mony bannocks stown,
How mony cogues of brose.

XIV.

But hark ! — the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot ;
Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

XV.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat *Madge* return'd again,
Blyth *Watty* raise and rax'd himsell,
And sidg'd he was fae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVI.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear *Madge*,
Of this delicious fare ;
Synne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

C E L I A in a Jessamine Bower.

I.

WHEN the bright God of day
Drove westward his ray,
And the evening was charming and clear,
The swallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In

II.

In a jessamine bower.
When the bean was in flower,
And Zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd *Celia* she sat
With her song and spinet,
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

III.

Rosy bowers she sung,
Whilst the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

IV.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along ;
As she touch'd on the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echoe repeated the song.

V.

O ye mortals ! beware
How ye venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound ;
Your fate you can't shun.
For you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

Were not my Heart light, I wad die.

I.

THERE was anes a *May*, and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,
But now she crys dool ! and a well-a-day !
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she crys dool ! &c.

When

II.

When bonny young *Jobny* came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naithing fae lovely as me ;
 He heght me baith rings and mony braw things ;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He heght, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
 She rais'd such a pothor 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
 Said, what had he to do with the like of me ?
 Albeit I was bonny I was na for *Jobny* ;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
 Nor pickles of meal runs throw the mill-eye ;
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee ;
 And then she ran in and made a loud din ;
 Believe your ain cen, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

VIII.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :

Q

But

But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing;
 And cast himsell dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
 The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,
 And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lilly-white lee ;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your soul posselt,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind *Jeany* lo'ed me !
 Hey ho *Jeany*, quoth he,
 Kind *Robin* loe's thee.

JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor *Kate* with me your heart did share,
 What queen with *Jeany* cou'd compare,
 When kind *Robin* lo'ed me !
 Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;
 For kind *Katy* loves me.
 Hey ho *Jeany*, &c.

JEANY.

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J E A N Y.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whose life to save I'd perish twice ;
For kind *Paty* lo'es me.

Hey ho Robin, &c.

R O B I N.

What if I *Kate* for thee disdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the strongest chain ;
For kind *Robin* lo'es thee.

Hey ho Jeany, &c.

J E A N Y.

Tho' *Paty's* kind, as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind *Robin* lo'es me.

Hey ho Robin, &c.

O my heavy heart !

Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as 'twou'd burst in twain !
No tongue can e'er describe its smart ;
Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on ye winds, descend, soft rains,
To sooth my tender grief :
Your solemn musick lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.

O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retired from human kind ;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can ease my anxious mind.

O my heart, &c.

IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
Torments my weary eyes,
And in dark shades I pass the day,
Where echoe sleeping lyes.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The sparkling stars which gayly shine,
And glittering deck the night,
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their fight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore ;
O learn of them, and bless the nymph
Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,
The greatest bliss we know,
Arises from successful love,
If not the greatest woe.
O my heart, &c.

Bellaspelling.

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Lewelling*,
By water clear, come every year
And drink at *Bellaspelling*.
Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin, e'er you have been
A month at *Bellaspelling*.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling rose within them blows
While she's at *Bellaspelling*.

The

The suttie brown just come from town,
 Grows here as fresh as *Helen* ;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaus,
 By dint of *Bellaspelling*.

III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As *Rofs* or bright *Dunkelling*,
 And *Mars* might make a fair mistake,
 Were he at *Bellaspelling*.
 We must submit as they think fit,
 And there is no rebelling ;
 The reason's plain, the ladies reign
 Our queens at *Bellaspelling*.

IV.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,
 They have the way of quelling
 Such desperate foes, as dare oppose
 Their power at *Bellaspelling*.
 Cold water turns to fire and burns,
 I know't because I fell in
 The happy stream where a fair dame
 Did bathe at *Bellaspelling*.

V.

Fine beaus advance, equipt for dance,
 And bring their *Anne* and *Nell* in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with *Bellaspelling*.
 No politicks, or subtle tricks,
 No man his country selling ;
 We eat and drink, and never think,
 Like rogues at *Bellaspelling*.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
 They all come here pell-mell in,
 And they are sure to find a cure
 By drinking *Bellaspelling*.
 Tho' dropsy fill you to the gill,
 From chin to toe high swelling,
 Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
 A cure at *Bellaspelling*.

VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
 No sextons here are knelling :
 Come judge and try, you'll never die
 While you are at *Bellaspelling* ;
 Except you feel darts tip'd with steel,
 Which here are very belle in,
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
 You die at *Bellaspelling*.

VIII.

Good chear, good air, much joy, no care,
 Your sight, your taste and smelling,
 Your ears, your touch, transported much,
 Each day at *Bellaspelling*.
 Within this bound we all sleep sound,
 No noisy dogs are yelling,
 Except you wake for *Celia's* sake
 All night at *Bellaspelling*.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
 No lady keeps her cell in,
 But all partake the mirth we make,
 Who live at *Bellaspelling*.
 My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
 Unless I shou'd bring hell in ;
 But since we're here to heaven so near,
 I can't at *Bellaspelling*.

The wandering Beauty.

I.

THE graces and the wandering loves
 Are fled to distant plains,
 To chace the fawns, or in the groves
 To wound admiring swains :
 With their bright *Mistress* there they stray,
 Who turns their careless eyes
 From daily victories ; yet each day
 Beholds new triumphs in her way,
 And conquers as she flies,
 And conquers, &c.

But

II.

But see ! implor'd by moving prayers
To change the lover's pain ;
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the *Fair* again.
Proud mortals who this *Maid* pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign ?
Cease fools your wishes to renew,
'Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you like her divine,
Or you, &c.

The Sweet Temptation.

I.

SA W ye the nymph whom I adore ?
Saw ye the goddess of my heart ?
And can you bid me love no more ?
And can you think I feel no smart ?

II.

So many charms around her shine,
Who can the sweet temptation fly ?
Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
That I must love her, tho' I die.

Bonny BARBARA ALLAN.

I.

IT was in and about the *Martinmas* time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir *John Graeme* in the west country
Fell in love with *Barbara Allan*.

II.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be *Barbara Allan*.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for *Barbara Allan*.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And flighted *Barbara Allan*.

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing ;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to *Barbara Allan*.

VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to *Barbara Allan*.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it fast and narrow,
Since my love died for me to day,
I'll die for him to morrow.

The Topper's Petition.

I.

O Grant me, kind *Bacchus*,
The god of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ship that's well man'd
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale house.

II.

Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tippie,
Without pump or long-boat,
To save ship or people :
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

III.

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly intomb'd
In a wave of good wine :
So that living or dead,
Both body and spirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

The Relief by the Bowl.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief :
If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another ;
Till, like sons of *Apollo*, we'll make our wit soar,
Or in homage to *Bacchus* fall down on the floor.

II.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,
Each of them delighted to tofs off their bowls ;
Then let us to shew ourselves mortals of merit,
Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,
And then we shall each be deserving of praise :
But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

On Masonry.

I.

BY *Mason's* art, the aspiring dome
In various columns shall arise ;
All climates are their native home,
Their godlike actions reach the skies.
Heroes and *Kings* revere their name,
And *Poets* sing their deathless fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise and brave,
Are titles they most justly claim ;
Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim ;
Time shall their glorious acts inroll,
Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

The Coquet.

I.

FROM *White's* and *Will's*,
To purling rills,
The love-sick *Strepson* flies ;
These full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town ;

But

But when in tears
The lad appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry *Strepbon* swore,
And what is strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Would never see her more.

Gently touch, &c.

I.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet-bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

IMITATED.

I.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast :
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dreeping-pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove ;
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the d'resser see it lyes :
Oh the charming white and red !
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the sweetest grafs it fed :
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean ;
Pickles get of every sort,
And a fallad crisp and green :
Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
O ye Gods ! how I shall dine.

The happy Beggars.

Queen of the Beggars.

HOW blest are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure !
Who know no care, but how to share
Each day successive pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with blifs abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glafs goes round.

First Woman.

A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of cloaths oppresses ;
We live at ease with rags and fleas,
We value not our dresses.
Drink away, &c.

Second Woman.

We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature,
No patch or paint or beauties want,
We live in simple nature.
Drink away, &c.

Third Woman.

No cholick, spleen, or vapours,
At morn or evening tease us ;
We drink not tea, or ratafia ;
When sick, a dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

Fourth Woman.

That ladies act in private,
By nature's soft compliance ;
We think no crime, when in our prime,
To kifs without a licence.
Drink away, &c.

Fifth Woman.

We know no shame or scandal,
The beggars law befriends us ;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Sixth Woman.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all sorrow ;
We live to day, and ne'er delay
Our pleasure till to morrow.
Drink away, &c.

LUCY and COLIN.

I.

OF *Leister*, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace ;
Nor e'er did *Liffy's* limped itream
Reflect so sweet a face :
'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh !

II.

Oh! have you seen a lilly pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow consuming maid,
Her life was near an end
By *Lucy* warn'd, of flutt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing:
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping aound:

IV.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ Which says I must not stay;
“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.
“ By a false heart and broken vows,
“ In early youth I die;
“ Was I to blame, because his bride
“ Was thrice as rich as I?

V.

“ Ah *Colin*! give not her thy vows,
“ Vows due to me alone;
“ Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kifs,
“ Nor think him all thy own.
“ To morrow in the church to wed,
“ Impatient both prepare:
“ But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
“ That *Lucy* will be there.

“ Then

VI.

“ Then bear my coarfe, my comrades, bear,
“ This bridegroom blyth to meet ;
“ He in his wedding-trim fo gay,
“ I in my winding-sheet.”
She spoke, she dy'd : her coarfe was born,
The bridegroom blyth to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim fo gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin's* thoughts !
How were these nuptials kept !
The bride's men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell ;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's coarfe,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his *Lucy's* new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mold with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
And plighted maids are seen,
With garlands gay and true love knots
They deck the sacred green.
But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember *Colin's* dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

DERMET'S *Cronnoch*.

I.
ONE Sunday after mass,
Dermet and his lass
To the *Greenwood* did pass,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

II.
He ask'd for a pogue,
And she call'd him a rogue,
And struck him with her brogue.
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

III.
Said he, my dear froy,
Why will you prove coy?
Let us play, let us toy,
All alone, all alone,
All alone, all alone, all alone.

IV.
If I were so mild,
You are so very wild,
You would get me a child.
Ahon! ahon! ahon!

V.
He brib'd her with fruits,
And he brib'd her with nuts,
'Till a thorn prick'd her foot.
Haloo! haloo! haloo! haloo!

VI.
Shall I pull it out!
You will hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to shout.
Haloo! haloo! haloo!

A Review of St. PAUL's Church,
COVENT GARDEN.

I.

HAVING spent all my time
Upon women and wine,
I went to the church out of spite ;
But what the priest said
Is quite out of my head,
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

II.

All the women I view'd,
Both religious and lewd,
From the fable top-knot to the scarlets ;
An even wager I'd lay,
That at a foul play,
The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

III.

Madam lovely I saw
With her daughters-in law,
Who she offers to sale ev'ry *Sunday* ;
In the midst of her prayers
She negotiates affairs,
And signs assignations for *Monday*.

IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,
Whose own mother taught her,
By precept and practical notions,
To wear gaudy clothes,
And ogle the beaux,
Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

V.

Next, a lady of fame,
Who we shall not name,
She'll give you no trouble in teaching ;
She has a very fine book,
But ne'er on it does look,
And regards neither praying nor preaching.

Madam

VI.

Madam fair there she sits,
Almost out of her wits,
Betwixt vice and devotion debating ;
She's as vicious as fair,
And has no business there,
To hear master *Tickle* text-prating.

VII.

From the corner of the square
Comes a hopeful young pair,
As religious as they see occasion ;
But if patches or paint
Be true signs of a saint,
We've no reason to fear their damnation.

VIII.

When thus he had done, -
He blest every one,
With his benediction the people :
So I run to the *Crown*,
Lest the church shou'd fall down,
And beat out my brains with the steeple.

S U S A N' s *Complaint and Remedy.*

I.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
Oh ! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
And she on her head wore a garland of green :
Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes
They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies,
And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

II.

Why does my love *Willy* prove false and unkind ?
Ah ! why does he change like the wavering wind,
From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree ?
Ah ! why does he change to another from me ?

Or

Or does he take pleasure to torture me so ?
Or does he delight in my sad overthrow ?
Susannah will always prove true to her trust,
'Tis pity lov'd *Willy* shou'd prove so unjust.

III.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
There did we pass the soft minutes away ;
Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,
No man in the world was so loving as he.
And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow :
O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee !
No man in the world was so loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me, and *Fanny* the fair
Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care :
He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,
And says all the sweet things he once said to me :
But if she believe him, the false-hearted swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain.
For nought is more certain, believe silly *Sue*,
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

V.

She finish'd her song, and 'rose up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young *John*,
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife :
She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went ;
Young *Willy*'s forgot, and young *Susan*'s content.
Most men are like *Willy*, most women like *Sue* ;
If men will be false, why shou'd women be true ?

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall ;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate,
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
Contented

II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
Saying just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.

Derry down, &c.

III.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part,

Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

Derry down, &c.

V.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
When ever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole:
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they lay'd him on the green!
They have, &c.

Now

II.

Now wae be to thee, *Huntly*,
And wherefore did you fae ?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

III.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,
Oh ! he might have been a King.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of *Murray*
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove ;
And the bonny Earl of *Murray*,
Oh ! he was the Queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh ! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle *Down*,
E'er she see the Earl of *Murray*
Come founding thro' the town,
E'er she, &c.

If e'er I do well, 'tis a Wonder.

I.

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad ;
If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder :

I spent

I spent all my means
On whores, bawds and queans :
Then I got a commission to plunder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

II.

The hat I have on
So greasy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its shining :
'Tis stitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.
Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the armpits and elbows,
That I look as absurd
As a failor on board,
That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilbos.
Fall all de rall, &c.

IV.

My shirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder ;
'Tis so thin and so fine,
That it is my design
To present it to the muses for tinder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My blue fustian breeches
Is wore to the stiches,
My legs you may see what's between them ;
My pockets all four,
I'm the son of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VI.

I've stockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a shoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather ;

Be damn'd the boot-sole,
Curse on the spur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.

Fall all de rall, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but seen
The sad plight I was in,
Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty ;
I have nothing that's full,
But my shirt and my scull,
For my pockets and belly were empty.

Fall all de rall, &c.

The Fumbler's Rant.

I.

COME carles a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of our fate,
Since we have married wives that's braw,
And canna please them when 'tis late :
A pint we'll take, our hearts to chear ;
What fauts we have, our wives can tell :
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldest bairn we hae's our fell.

II.

Christ'ning of weans we are redd off,
The parish priest 'tis he can tell,
We aw him nought but a gray groat,
The off'ring for the house we dwell.
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're masters of the gear our fell ;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

III.

Our nibour's auld son and the las,
Into the barn amang the strae,
He grips her in the dark beguets,
And after that comes meikle wae.

Repentance

Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It cost the carle baith corn and hay ;
We're quat of that with little din,
Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour *Robie*,
The way the carle does, we see,
Wi' his auld son and his daughter *Maggy* :
Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ;
The hussy maun hae corkit shoon :
We are no sae ; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

V.

Here's a health to *John Mackay* we'll drink,
To *Hugbie*, *Andrew*, *Rob* and *Tam* ;
We'll fit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa the cock, he's spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll fit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at *Yool*.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The formast hame shall bear the mell ;
I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
For fear that I shou'd bear't my fell.
And I, quoth *Rob*, and down sat he,
The gear shall never me out-ride,
But we'll take a sowp of the barley-bree,
And drink to our yell fire-side.

The Matron's Wish.

I.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
And my visage looks pale ;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye-fight does fail ;

Let

Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old husband
To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

*The pleasures of youth
Are flowers but of May ;
Our life's but a vapour,
Our body's but clay :
O let me live well,
Tho' I live but a day.*

II.

With a sermon on *Sunday*,
And a bible of good print ;
With a pot on the fire,
And good viands in't ;
With ale, beer and brandy,
Both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip,
And be pledg'd by my cummer.
The pleasures of, &c.

III.

With pigs and with poultry,
And some money in store,
To purchase the needful,
And to give to the poor :
With a bottle of *Canary*
To sip without sin,
And to comfort my daughter
Whene'er she lies in.
The pleasures, &c.

IV.

With a bed soft and easy
To rest on at night,
With a maid in the morning
To rise with the light.

R

To

To do her work neatly,
And obey my desire,
To make the house clean,
And blow up the fire.

The pleasures of, &c.

V.

With health and content,
And a good easy chair ;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare.
Let me dwell near my cup-board,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glass eyes
To clap on my nose.

The pleasures of, &c.

VI.

And when I am dead,
With a sigh let them say,
Our honest old cummer's
Now laid in the clay :
When young, she was chearful,
No scold, nor no whore ;
She assisted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.

*Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour
Evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy
Unto her last day.*

The free Mason's Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Assembled, on merry occasion :
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring ;
Here's a health to an accepted mason.

The

II.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word, or the sign,
Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been asham'd
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted mason.

V.

Still firm to our trust,
In friendship we're just,
Our actions we guide by our reason :
By observing this rule,
The passions move cool
Of a free and an accepted mason.

VI.

All idle debate
About church or the state,
The springs of impiety and treason :
These raisers of strife
Ne'er ruffle the life
Of a free and an accepted mason.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
Which adds high renown to our station :

There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted mason.

VIII.

The clergy embrace,
And all *Aaron's* race,
Our square actions their knowledge to place on ;
And in each degree
They'll honoured be
With a free and an accepted mason.

IX.

We're true and sincere
In our love to the fair,
Who will trust us on every occasion :
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted mason.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm stand,
Let's be merry, and put a good face on :
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a free and an accepted mason ?

The Sailor's Rant.

I.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main !
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true ;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorow the world, brave boy.*

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright ;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, that to politicks are strangers
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try :
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we dy.
Then why should, &c.

*A Love Song in the Modern Taste,
By Dr. SWIFT.*

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth,
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia tune harmonious numbers,
Fair *Discretion* string the lyre,
Sooth my ever waking numbers,
Bright *Apollo* lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia*'s brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, smooth meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate ;
See the birds of *Juno* stooping :
Melody resigns to fate.

S I L V I A *and the Flask.*

I Thank thee, my friend,
That at length you declare,
Why *Silvia*'s so coy
As to shun me with care.

I mus'd

I mus'd every night,
And rack'd my poor soul,
To find out the cause
Of a falshood so foul.

II.

But she tells me she cannot
With claret agree,
That she thinks of a hoghead
Whene'er she sees me :
That I smell like a beast,
And therefore that I
Must resolve to forsake her
Or claret, good claret deny.

III.

Ye gods ! was e'er it known
That beasts smell'd of wine ?
They brutishly abhor
A liquor so divine :
'Tis when we are most beasts,
When like them in common,
We eagerly go a hunting
For the next lewd woman.

IV.

Must I leave my dear bottle,
That has been ever my friend,
Which prolongs all my joys,
To my grief puts an end ?
Which inspires me with wit,
And makes me so sublime,
That there's none are like us
That drink the best wine.

V.

But *Silvia*, whom nature
So perfect has made,
Has no room left for wishes,
New beauties to add.
Must I leave her, I'm sorry,
It is too hard a task ;
Yet she may go to the devil,
Bring me the other flask.

Love, Drink and Debt.

I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
These many and many a year ;
And these are plagues enough I shou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt ;
And tho' I have struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain :
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets ;
And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again :
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking again.

The Farmer's Son.

I.

SWEET *Nelly*, my heart's delight,
Be loving, and do not slight
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,
I honour your beauty bright ;
For love I profess, I can do no less,
Thou hast my favour won :
And since I see your modesty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

II.

No : I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known I may
Have men of renown in country and town,
Sir *Roger* without delay.
Court *Bridget*, or *Sue*, *Kate*, *Nanny*, or *Prue*,
Their loves will soon be won ;

But

But don't ye dare to speak me fair,
As tho' I were at my last pray'r,
To marry a farmer's son.

III.

My father has riches in store,
Two hundred a year and more,
Besides sheep and cows, carts, harrows and plows,
His age is above threescore :
And when he gives way, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won ;
Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's son.

IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your proffer'd love I scorn ;
'Tis known very well, my name is *Nell*,
And you're but a bumpkin born.
Well, since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done ;
Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

V.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree :
For, man, I protest, I was but in jest,
Come prithee sit down by me ;
For thou art the man that verily can
Perform what must be done,
Both strait and tall, genteel withal ;
Therefore I shall be at your call
To marry a farmer's son.

VI.

Dear *Nelly*, believe me now,
I solemnly swear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives
Like fellows that drive the plow.

For whatever they gain with labour and pain
They don't to harlots run
As courtiers do; I never knew
A *London* beau that cou'd outdo
A country farmer's son.

The Angel Woman.

I.

WHEN thy beauty appears
With its graces and airs,
All bright as an *Angel*
New dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze,
And am aw'd by my fears!
So strangely you dazzle mine eye!

II.

But when without art
Your thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes
Through every vein,
When it darts from your eyes,
When it pants from your heart,
Then I know you are a *Woman* again.

III.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex she reply'd,
And thus (might I gratify both)
I would do,
Still an *Angel* appear
To each lover beside,
But still be a *Woman* to you.

ROGER'S Courtship.

YOUNG Roger came tapping
At Dolly's window,
Tumpaty, Tumpaty, Tump.

He begg'd for admittance,
She answer'd him, no ;
 Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.
My *Dolly*, my dear,
Your true love is here,
 Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.
No, no, *Roger*, no,
As you came you may go,
 Slumpaty, Slumpaty, Slump.

II.

Oh what is the reason,
Dear *Dolly* ? he cry'd :
 Humpaty, &c.
That thus I am cast off,
And unkindly deny'd :
 Trumpaty, &c.
Some rival more dear
I guess has been here :
 Crumpaty, &c.
Suppose there's been two, Sir,
Pray what's that to you, Sir ?
 Numpaty, &c.

III.

Oh ! then with a sad look
His farewell he took :
 Humpaty, &c.
And all in despair
He leap'd into the brook :
 Plumpaty, &c.
His courage he cool'd,
He found himself fool'd :
 Mumpaty, &c.
He swam to the shore,
And saw *Dolly* no more :
 Rumpaty, &c.

IV.

Oh ! then she recall'd,
And recall'd him again :
 Humpaty, &c.

Whilst he like a madman
Ran over the plain :
 Slumpaty, &c.
Determin'd to find
A damsel more kind :
 Plumpaty, &c.
While *Dolly* afraid
She must die an old maid :
 Mumpaty, &c.

Jump at a Crust.

I.

AS I am a friend,
Be willing to lend
An ear to these lines,
Which in pity I pen'd.
'Tis a cordial advice,
Girls be not too nice,
Young lovers are now
At another gate price
Than they have been.

II.

I pray you refrain
Your scorn and disdain,
If young men you slight,
They'll slight you again.
They'll make you run mad,
Sigh heavy and sad,
There are not so many
Young men to be had
As there have been.

III.

Perhaps you suppose
Fine furbelow'd clothes
Will serve for a portion :
But under the rose,

If truth may be spoke,
'Tis but a mere joke,
For love without money
Will vanish like smoke,
Let me tell ye.

IV.

The country clown,
When he comes to town,
He values not mis
With her butterfly gown :
I tell you it wont do,
There must be a few
Bright glittering guineas,
A thousand or two,
Or he'll leave ye.

V.

Young men are grown wise,
A portion they prize,
They are done with the charms
Of your conquering eyes.
A portion ! they cry,
If love you would buy ;
In order to purchase,
You then must bid high,
Or live single.

VI.

Once batchelors, they
Did sigh, whine and pray ;
But still we're put off
With a scornful delay.
Down with your dust,
A portion there must ;
Poor girls wou'd be glad
To jump at a crust,
Cou'd ye get it.

Merry

Merry Beggars.

First Beggar.

I Once was a poet at London,
I kept my heart still full of glee ;
There's no man can say that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
Toll deroll, &c.

Second Beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
And after a knight of the post ;
Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
And I value not who rules the roast.
Toll deroll, &c.

Third Beggar.

Make room for a soldier in buff,
Who valiantly strutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely sold out.
Toll deroll, &c.

Fourth Beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face ;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Because he miss'd getting a place.
Toll deroll, &c.

Fifth Beggar.

I still am a merry gut-scraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm ;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.
Toll deroll, &c.

Sixth Beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd ;
But my hearers half-starv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I said.
Toll deroll, &c.

(375)

First Beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn ;
In palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a barn ?
Toll deroll, &c.

CHORUS of all.

Whoe'er wou'd be merry, &c.

To Signora CUZZONI.

I.

LITTLE *Syrene* of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire.

II.

Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart ;
Oh too pleasing is thy strain !
Hence to southern climes again.

III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell :
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

HAPPINESS.

Tune, *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

I.

MY dearest maid, since you desire
To know what I wou'd wish,
What store of wealth I would require,
To gain true happiness ;
This faithful inventory take
Of all that life can easy make.

Here

II.

Here happy only are the few
Who wish to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their small income.
An income which should ever be
The fruit of honest industry.

III.

A soul serene and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd;
An open temper, yet not rude.

IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wisely can reflect,
Not easy to believe.
As to my dress, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a stain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glass one would require
When merry tales are told :
The company of an easy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

VI.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,
For knowledge and delight,
Not intricate, nor interlin'd
With narrow party spite :
A garden fair, to paint me clear
Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true relish to delight,
A chaste and chearful wife,
With sweetest humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life :

Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn,
Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII.

So would we live agreeably,
And ever be content,
To PROVIDENCE ay thankful be
For all those blessings lent.
O sovereign power ! but grant me this,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

*Smirky NAN.*Tune, *Nannio.*

I.

AH ! woes me, poor *Willy* cry'd,
See how I'm wasted to a span ?
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
The charming lovely milk-maid *Nan.*
I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
Of dusky *Roger's* winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,
And all for thee, my smirky *Nan.*

II.

The ale-wife misses me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can ;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by *Nan.*
The baker makes the best of bread,
The flower he takes, and leaves the bran ;
The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my smirky *Nan.*

III.

But *Dick* of th' green, that nasty lown,
Last *Sunday* to my mistress ran,
He snatch'd a kiss : I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky *Nan.*
But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
And rattles *Tantara Tarran,*
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
Woes me, I've lost my smirky *Nan !*

Tarran.

Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well e'er ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is haffens done ;
But when woven, drest and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleeting sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
No be haff so useful are ;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too ;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleet and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae :
No such mufick to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
Has not sweeter holy days.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings fae well ;
Sings fae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

On HENRIETA'S Recovery.

Tune, My deary, if thou die.

I.

IF heaven, its blessings to augment,
Call *Henny* to the skies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that she dies :
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give such joy to me ;
How great must then be my despair,
My Henny, ann thou die.

II.

But now pale sickness leaves her face,
And now my charmer smiles ;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles :
The bounteous powers have heard the prayers
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and ease my cares,
Else I myself must die,

HODGE of the Mill and buxome NELL.

YOUNG *Roger* of the mill,
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon ;

And

And he a wooing came
To bonny buxome *Nell*,
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I like thee wond'rous well.

II.

My horses I have drest,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel :
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny *Nell*,
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I'fe like thy person well.

III.

Young *Roger*, you're mistaken,
The damsel then reply'd,
I am not in such a haste
To be a plowman's bride ;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son :
If it be so, says *Hodge*, I'll go ;
Sweet mistress, I have done.

IV.

Your horses you have drest,
Good *Hodge*, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel ;
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat a while.
O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,
I've other fish to fry.

V.

Go take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart :
What tho' my name be *Roger*,
That goes at plow and cart ?
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife ;
There's buxome *Joan*, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

VI.

Pray what of buxome *Joan*?
Can't I please you as well?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxome *Nell*;
And I have fifty shillings.

The money made him smile:

Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the space of half an hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I?

Buttery M A Y.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a *May*,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is fae jimp, fae gamp, fae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and fae bonny:
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But she was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny;
Tho' he were ne'er fae noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
In ilka town baith far and near,
And when she kirns her minny's kirn
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny she did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.

There's

*There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
The Lafs with the petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrom, Stony,
Ann ye dance ony mair, we'se tell me's Johny.
Sing, &c.*

The wise Penitent.

Sung by Mr. G A Y.

I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade ;
With arms across, and head reclin'd ;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind :
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains ;
I faintly hear in your soft notes
My *Chloe's* voice, that wakes my pains.
But why should you your songs forbear ?
Your mates delight your songs to hear,
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy stood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood.
I feel a sound my heart-strings move :
'Twas not the Nightingale that sung ;
No, 'tis *Chloe's* sweeter tongue :
Hark ! hark ! what says my love ?

IV.

How simple is the nymph, she cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain ?
Nature still speaks in womens eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.

Oh

Oh *Daphnis!* *Daphnis!* 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

At t' other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew :
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain ;
Then hadst thou press'd my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
Much much thy musick I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd ;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd ;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my hear betray.
Ah *Chloe!* thou art won.

VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing *Chloe* lay ;
Shame sudden lightned in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say :
At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
To morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

Old D A R B Y:

An Advice to C H L O E.

I.

DE A R *Chloe*, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain ;
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey,

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness, you ought to improve ;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition the sun-shine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his side,
You have often regarded with wonder,
He's dropfical, she is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door ;
And at night when old *Darby's* pot's out,
His *Joan* will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to cover :
Then what are the charms can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other ?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those

V.

Those traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove :
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

The modern Marriage Question.

I.

HAPPY the world in that blest age,
When beauty was not bought and sold,
When the fair mind was uninflam'd
With the mean thirst of baneful gold.
With the mean thirst, &c.

II.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,
The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
Was not by cruel parents forc'd
To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.
To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the first question fathers ask,
When for their girls fond lovers sue,
Is,—*What's the settlement you'll make ?*
You're poor !—*he flings the door at you.*
You're poor ! &c.

The Country Wake.

I'LL sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but attention unto me a while,
Of transactions in court, and in country too,
Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil :

S

Accept,

Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,
To some 'twill give joy,
And some others annoy ;
All's fair at a country wake.
All's fair, &c.

II.

Many ladies at court are stil'd unpolite,
Because truly virtuous, and prone to no ill ;
Whilst others who sparkle in diamonds bright,
Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,
Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake :
Then their toys to recover,
They'll grant the last favour ;
Strange news at a country wake.
Strange news, &c.

III.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,
To very bad statesmen, I freely confess,
They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,
And are always found loyal in war and in peace.
The farmer's industry does earth fertile make ;
The husbandman's plowing,
His planting and sowing,
Gets health and good cheer at a country wake.
Gets health, &c.

IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without washes and paints,
From neighbouring villages hither resort,
They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints ;
(Who can say more for the ladies at court ?)
No worldly cares vex them asleep or awake,
But their time they improve
In peace and true love,
And innocent mirth at a country wake.
And innocent, &c.

V.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues ;
Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,
Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,
Who chuses the former is happy and wise :

Now

Now let's pray for the king, and, for *Britain's* sake,
From all factions free,
May his subjects agree,
As well at the court as the country wake.
As well, &c.

Oaths in fashion.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
Make oaths easy potions to sleep on ;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er designing to keep one.
For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;
A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

The terrible Law.

I.

THE terrible law when it fastens its paw
On a poor man, it grips till he's undone ;
And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,
Tho' rich as the lord mayor of *London*.

II.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,
Unless we first make a zure bargain ;
I will be 'dempnified, thorowly satisfied,
That ch'an shan't zuffer a varding.

The Play of Love.

First Act.

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on ;
Strepson, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careles air,
And smiles to find him in love's snare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
 Here pity moves her for his pain,
 Which she evades with some pretence,
 And thinks she may with love dispense,
 But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
 She colours up whene'er she speaks ;
 But with feign'd flights she puts him by,
 And faintly cries, she can't comply,
 Altho' she gives her heart the ly.

Fourth Act.

Now the plot rises, he seems shy,
 As if some other fair he'd try ;
 At which she swells with spleen and fear,
 Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,
 Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
 That thus it crowns the lover's joy ;
 She does no more his passion shun,
 He strait into her arms does run :
 The curtain falls, the play is done.

FANNY fair.

I.

TO Fanny fair could I impart
 The cause of all my woe !
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know :
 Unskill'd in th' art of womankind,
 Without design she charms ;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind,
 Which every bosom warms ?

She

II.

She knows her power is all deceit,
The conscious blushes shows,
Those blushes to the eye more sweet
Than th' op'ning budding rose :
Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
That charms the sense so much,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

III.

At first when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was blest ;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I lost my rest ;
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprize,
Prepare me for my doom ;
One cruel look from those bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

The Bottle preferr'd.

I.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
Brisk wine's my delight,
I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night.

II.

As great as a monarch,
The moments I pass,
The bottle's my globe,
And my scepter's the glass.

III.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,
The drawer's my subject,
And drinking's my sport.

IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy ;
 Dear cure of all sorrows,
 And life of all bliss :
 I'm a king when I hug you,
 But more when I kiss.

Tippling JOHN:

I.

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
 Upon a riot night,
 With tottering pace, and fiery face,
 Suspicious of high flight ;
 The guards, who took him by his look
 For some chief fiery-brand,
 Ask'd, whence he came ? what was his name ?
 Who are you ? Stand, friend, stand.

II.

I'm going home, from meeting come,
 Ay, says one, that's the case ;
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see
 The flame's still in his face.
John thought it time to purge his crime,
 And said, My chief intent
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,
 I' th' meeting that I meant.

III.

Come, friend, be plain, your trifle in vain,
 Says one, pray let us know,
 That we may find how you're inclin'd ;
 Are you high church or low ?
John said to that, I'll tell you what,
 To end debates and strife,
 All I can say, this is the way
 I steer my course of life.

I ne'er

IV.

I ne'er to *Bow*, nor *Burges* go,
 To steeple-house nor hall,
 The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal
 With gentlemen, d' ye call ;
 Guess then, am I low church or high,
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,
 And must make high-flown people ?

V.

The guards came on, and look'd at *John*
 With countenance most pleasant,
 By whisper round they all soon found
 He was no damag'd peasant,
 Thus while *John* stood the best he cou'd,
 Expecting their decision ;
 Damn him, says one, let him be gone,
 He's of our own religion.

B E L I N D A.

I.

WOULD fate to me *Belinda* give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,
 With all her beauty, all her charms ;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.

Beauty and Rigour.

I.

TH E nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd ;
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.
And the cause, &c.

II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose :
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.
She wounds, &c.

III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where *Beauty* and *Rigour* are both in excess ;
 In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.
Who sees her, &c.

The Rival.

I.

OF all the torment, all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,
 A *Rival* is the worst.
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest.
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

Hunting

Hunting Song going out.

I.

HA R K ! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn ;
To the hills and the woodlands they steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

*All the day long,
This, this is our song,
Still hallooing,
And following ;
So frolick and free,
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the bounds,
No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.*

II.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo hillo ;
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our shoots they resound to the skies.
All the day, &c.

III.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel !
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
All the day, &c.

The Return from the Chace.

TH E sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning the meadows and fields ;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.
The merry, &c.

II.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chace,
Where pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.
Then follow, &c.

III.

The day's sport when over makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night ;
Then let us, let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.
Then let us, &c.

The Girl that's blyth and gay.

Tune, Black Joke.

OF all the girls in our town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
With their soft eyes, and faces so bright ;
Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,
As warm as *June*, and as sweet as *May*,
With her heart free, and faithful as light.
What lovely couple then cou'd be
So happy and so blest as we !
On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,
And all the cares of life beguile,
Entanc'd in blis each rapt'rous night.'

CYNTHIA'S Perplexity.

I.

C*YNTHIA* frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex'd if I give over,
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover :
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Prithee,

II.

Prithee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you ;
Then, too late, desire will find you
When the power must forsake you.
Think upon the sad condition
To be past, yet with fruition.

Nought but Love.

I.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were pent within the fold ;
When, from the silence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love !

II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
Who from each barren weed that grows
Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, nor gardens fair,
A maiden's venal heart to gain :
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
For I, alas ! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens hearts are bought and sold ?
They ask not vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

V.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?
Not all their shine can ever boast
The living lustre of her eyes :
For these the world too cheap would prove ;
But I, alas ! have nought but love.

VI.

O *Silvia* ! since nor gems, nor oar,
Can with your brighter gems compare,
Consider that I offer more,
More seldom found, a soul sincere :
Let riches meaner beauties move,
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

Tell me, my Heart.

I.

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can bear,
No other wit but her's approve :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

III.

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When

V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain ;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

C U P I D *mistaken.*

I.

AS after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver :
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

II.

I faint ! I die ! the goddess cry'd :
 O cruel ! cou'dst thou find none other
 To wreck thy spleen on ? parricide,
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy mother !
 Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak ;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :
 Alas ! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness *Chloe*.

S I L V I A *to* A L E X I S.

AL E X I S, how artless a lover !
 How bashful and silly you grow !
 In my eyes can you never discover
 I mean yes when I often say no ?
I mean, &c. 2

When

II.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
And only intreat for a kifs ;
To be coy and deny is the fashion,
Alexis should ravish the blifs.
Alexis should, &c.

III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
To make some defence for the town :
To surrender without it were treason,
Before that the outworks were won.
Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modesty's sake ;
He is but a pitiful lover
Who is foil'd by a single attack.
Who is, &c.

V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
The best and the bravest must yield ;
I am not to be won by a coward,
Who hardly dares enter the field.
Who hardly, &c.

The serious Lover.

I.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you have won,
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, *Jenny*, I'm undone.
You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change
At every face that's new :
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you,

My

II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye ;
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true ;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

The grateful Admirer.

F A L S E tho' she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,
 They could not always last ;
 But tho' the present I regret,
 I'm grateful for the past.
I'm grateful, &c.

C E L I A *and* S A B I N A.

I.

T H I R S I S, a young and am'rous swain,
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
 Who both his heart subdue :
 Gay *Celia's* eyes were dazzling fair ;
Sabina's easy shape and air,
 With softer musick drew.

II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
 Lives in a fond romance of love,
 And seems for each to die ;
 'Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
 And ~~the~~ *Sabina's* eye,

Their

III.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes that love could only blind ;
So set the lover free.
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or, with a true love-knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah *Celia* ! fly *Sabina* cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl ! says *Celia*, say no more ;
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

The fair Warning.

YOUNG *Virgins* love pleasure,
As *Misers* do treasure ;
And both alike study
To heighten the measure ;
Their hearts they will rifle
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a song ;
But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry :
Oh ! how they sigh
That they were not more wary.
Instead of soft wooing
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag sorrow along.

Petticoat wooing.

I.

DEAR *Colin*, prevent my warm blushes,
How can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wishes:
Why can't you the meaning explain?

II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
How can you expect it from me?
Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

COLIN'S Reply.

I.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me I wou'd not give a shilling
For one that does love without rule.

II.

At least you shou'd wait for our offers,
Not snatch like old maids in despair;
Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
Your sighs were all spent in the air.

III.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,
And not tell the matter so plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.

But

IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I see ;
The fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

The Country Lass's Ambition.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass ?
I read it plainly in my glass,
That for a dutchess I might pass :
Oh ! could I see the day !
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand-by, clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaus,
With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
At rivals I'll turn up my nose ;
Oh ! could I see the day !
I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize ;
And then, oh ! how I'll tyrannize,
With a stand-by, clear the way.

III.

Oh ! then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night :
Oh ! could I see the day !
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In every thing I'd have my will,
With a stand-by, clear the way.

*The following Song is said to be made in
Honour of our Sovereign Lady MARY
Queen of Scots.*

I.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye are but officers of the skies ;
What are ye when the moon doth rise ?

II.

You violets that first appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the spring were all your own ;
What are ye when the rose is blown ?

III.

You charming birds that in the woods
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your passion understood
In softest notes ; what is your praise
When *Philomel* her voice does raise ?

IV.

You glancing jewels of the east,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems ; what is your praise,
When the bright diamond shews his rays ?

V.

But, ah ! poor light, gem, voice and smell,
What are ye if my MARY shine ?
Moon, diamond, flowers, and *Philomel*,
Light, lustre, scent, and musick tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

VI.

Thus when my mistress you have seen
In beauties of her face and mind,
First, by descent, she is a *Queen* ;
Judge then if she be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

The rose and lilly, the hale spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed ;
The diamond darkens in the ring :
When she appears, the moon looks dead,
As when *Sol* lifts his radiant head.

There Gowans are gay..

I.

TH E R E gowans are gay, my joy,
There gowans are gay,
They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,
The first morning of *May*.

II.

About the fields as I did pass,
There gowans are gay,
I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
The first morning of *May*.

III.

Right busy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay,
I halst her, syne to her I said,
The first morning of *May* :

IV.

O lady fair, what do you here ?
There gowans are gay,
Gathering the dew, what need ye speir ;
The first morning of *May*.

V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?
There gowans are gay ;
Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
The first morning of *May*.

VI.

I asked farder at her syne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will she wad incline ?
The first morning of *May*.

VII.

She said, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay,
Her maidenhood on me to ware,
The first morning of *May*.

VIII.

Then like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay,
She skift away out o'er the know,
The first morning of *May* ;

IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay,
And in my heart a twang of pain,
The first morning of *May*.

X.

The little birds they sang full sweet,
There gowans are gay,
Unto my comfort was right meet,
The first morning of *May*.

XI.

And thereabout I past my time,
There gowans are gay,
Until it was the hour of prime,
The first morning of *May*.

XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,
There gowans are gay,
Panfand what maiden that had been,
The first morning of *May*.

Slighted Love sair to bide.

I Had a heart, but now I heartless gae ;
I had a mind, but daily was opprest ;
I had a friend that's now become my fae ;
I had a will that now has freedom lost :

What

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What have I now ?
Naithing I trow,
But grief where I had joy :
What am I than ?
A heartless man :
Could love me thus destroy !
I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?
Where shall I find a place for my defence ?
Where my true love remains the fittest place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.
She is my heart
'Till I depart :
Let her do what she list,
I cannot mend,
But still depend,
And daily to insist,
To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
If not for love, let love my body starve.

III.

O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,
Your name and fame within my breast I have ;
Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true,
And fall not rue
Ane word that I have said :
I am your man,
Do what you can,
When all these plays are plaid.
Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

The Invitation.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,
Where we may hear the black-bird sing,
The robin-red-breast and the thrush,
And nightingale in thorny bush,
The mavis sweetly carroling ;
This to my love, this to my love,
Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
Comes skipping through the park amain,
And in this grove she means to stay,
At barley-breaks to sport and play ;
Where we may sit us down, and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
With chastity.

III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,
With many pleasant shady bowers,
A purling brook, whose silver streams
Are beautified with *Phæbus'* beams ;
Which steal out thro' the trees for fear,
Because *Diana*, because *Diana*
Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye see,
Thus way to sport, and here to be
Delyting in this calour spring,
Only to bathe herself therein,
Until *Aëton* her espy'd ;
Then to the thicket, then to the thicket
Did she glyde.

V.

And there by magick art she wrought,
And in her heart she thus bethought
With secret speed away to flee,
And he a hart was turn'd to be ;

Because

Because he follow'd *Diana's* train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

Cast away Care.

I.

CARE away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits :
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no restoir ;
But I will sing hey down a dee,
And cast doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
The moir I have, the moir I fret ;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have I think I'm poor :
Thus grief and care my mind oppres,
Nor wealth or wae gives no redres ;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this warld a sliddry ball ?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall ?
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow ?
And fortune's but a painted show.
Why shou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by these comes no relief ?
Some careful saw what careles reap,
And wasters ware what niggarts scrape.

IV.

Well then, ay learn to know thy self,
And care not for this worldly pelf :
Whether thy 'state be great or small,
Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,
Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,
No sudden grief shall thee displease ;
Then mayst thou sing, hey down a dee,
When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

The fairest of her Days.

I.

WHOE'ER beholds my *Helen's* face,
And says not that good hap has she ;
Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
Sall think nane ever spake but she.

*The short way to resound her praise,
She is the fairest of her days.*

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of skill :
Her virtues kindle strong desires
In them that think upon her fill.

The short way, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the rose
Whase buds are opening to the sun,
Her comely colours to disclose
The first degree of ripeness won.

The short way, &c.

IV.

And with the red is mixt the whyte,
Like to the sun or fair moon shine
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour seem divine.

*The short way to resound her praise,
She is the fairest of her days.*

N. B. The six foregoing Songs I took out of a very old MSS. Collection, wrote by a Gentleman in *Aberdeen.*

Lord HENRY and KATHARINE.

IN ancient times, in *Britain's* isle,
Lord *Henry* well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deserv'd renown ;

T

His

His thoughts on honour always run,
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love,
 No nymph in all the land had charms
 His frozen heart to move.

II.

Amongst the nymphs where *Katharine* came,
 The fairest face she shows,
 She was as bright as morning sun,
 And sweeter than a rose :
 Although she was of mean degree,
 She daily conquests gains ;
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

III.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,
 Her cheek grew pale and wan,
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,
 And cures were all in vain :
 The sickness was to all unknown
 That did the fair one waste,
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,
 And broken slumbers past.

IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,
 Oh *Henry*, I'm undone !
 Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !
 Thy love must ne'er be known !
 Such is the fate of womankind,
 They must the truth conceal,
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
 Ere I my love reveal.

V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
 To *Henry* hey'd away :
 My lord, says she, we've found the cause
 Of *Katharine's* quick decay,
 She in a dream the secret told,
 Till now no mortal knew :
 Alas ! she now expiring lies,
 And dies for love of you !

VI.

The gen'rous *Henry's* soul was touch'd,
 His heart began to flame,
 Ah, poor unhappy maid ! he cry'd,
 Yet I am not to blame.
 Ah *Kath'rine* ! too too modest maid,
 Thy love I never knew ;
 I'll ease your pain : and swift as wind
 To her bed-side he flew.

VII.

Awake ! awake ! he fondly cry'd,
 Awake ! awake ! my dear ;
 If I had only guess'd your love,
 You ne'er had shed a tear :
 'Tis *Henry* calls, complain no more,
 Renew thy wonted charms ;
 I come to save thee from despair,
 And take thee to my arms.

VIII.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
 She rais'd her drooping head,
 And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
 She started from the bed,
 Around his neck her arms she flung,
 In extasy, and cried,
 Will you be kind ? Will you indeed ?
 My love ! — and so she died.

The Milking-Pail.

I.

YE nymphs and *Silvian* gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When spring newly born herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds :
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze
 On yonder pleasant vale,
 Of those that chose to milk their ewes,
 And in cold dews with clouted shoes,
 To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddess of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,
And take the fresh air, whilst linets prepare
A consort on each green thorn :
The black-bird and thrush, on every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train
Of those of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do rore,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town lass looks with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale ?
But it is not so with those that go
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old :
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in rushy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay sweet and sound,
Of those of the milking-pail ?

V.

You girls of *Venus* game,
That venture health and fame,
In practising feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise to value the prize
Of the wares most fit for sale,
What store of beaux would daub their clothes,
To save a nose, by following of those
Who carry the milking-pail ?

VI.

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousy,
Whilst upon the green he is often seen
With his lass upon his knee ;
With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
And swears she'll never grow stale :
But the *London* lass, in every place,
With brazen face despises the grace
Of those of the milking pail.

PHILLIS *despise not.*

I.

PHILLIS despise not your faithful lover,
Play not the tyrant, because you are fair ;
Beauty will fade, my charming maid,
Just as the lily. My beautiful *Philly*,
Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,
Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my *Philly* :
Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?
Angel divine ! wert thou but mine :
Pity my story, I laugh at all glory,
Here I protest on thy dear breast,
With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

Drink while ye can.

LET'S drink, my friends, while here we live,
The fleeting moments as they pass
This silent admonition give,
T' improve our time, and push the glass.

II.

When once we've entred *Charon's* boat,
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,
'There's not a drop to weet our throat,
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

Meddlers out of Season.

I.

COME, lads, ne'er plague your heads
With what is done in *Spain*,
But leave to them
Who are supreme,
To settle peace again :
Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
Pays no nation's debt ;
'Tis time must clear it,
Just like claret,
When it is on the fret.

II.

Each one should mind his own,
Not business of the state :
This all we get,
By meddling yet,
More troubles to create,
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,
But disturb the town ;
Such men of mettle,
In a kettle,
Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the dangers knew
Of those that wear a crown,
You'd scarce envy
A state so high,
But wisely use your own :
Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,
With the dazzling height ;

Yet

Yet daily stooping,
Almost drooping
Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low swains that range the plains,
Their native freedom keep,
Who yet command,
With crook in hand,
Their faithful dog and sheep :
Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,
None but time deceive ;
 Whilst *Amaryllis*,
 Jug and *Phyllis*.
Flow'ry garlands weave.

Complaint on Scorn.

I.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
I can behold with love ?
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind :
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

II.

But O ! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part ;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.
So restless exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where ;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

Love or Wine.

I.

IF *Phillis* denies me relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in wine ;
Tho' she laughs at my amorous grief,
At my mirth why shou'd she repine ?
At my mirth, &c.

II.

The sparkling *Champaign* shall remove
All the cares my dull grief has in store :
My reason I lost when I lov'd,
And by drinking what can I do more ?
And by drinking, &c.

III.

Wou'd *Phillis* but pity my pain,
Or my am'rous vows wou'd approve,
The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but love.
And be drunk, &c.

Twenty-one favourite SONGS, in the
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

S O N G I.

Tune, *An old Woman cloathed in Grey, &c.*

THROUGH all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother :
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
All professions be-rogue one another ;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

S O N G

SONG II.

Tune, *The bonny grey ey'd morn, &c.*

TIS woman that seduces all mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts :
 Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our money with our hearts :
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
 And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms ;
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

SONG III.

Tune, *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd? &c.*

IF love the virgins heart invade,
 How, like a moth, the simple maid
 Still plays about the flame !
 If soon she be not made a wife,
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life
 She's what I dare not name.

SONG IV.

Tune, *Of all the simple Things we do, &c.*

A Maid is like a golden oar,
 Which hath guineas intrinſical in't,
 Whose worth is never known, before
 It is try'd, and impreſt in the mint.
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,
 Stamp't with the name of her ſpouſe ;
 Now here, now there ; is bought, or is fold ;
 And is current in every houſe.

SONG V.

Tune, *What shall I do to show how much I love her, &c.*

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around,
 But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

SONG VI.

Tune, *Oh London is a fine Town.*

OUR *Polly* is a sad slut! nor heeds what we taught her,
 I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
 For she must have both hoods and gowns,
 And hoops to swell her pride,
 With scarfs and stays; and gloves and lace ;
 And she will have men beside ;
 And when she's drest with care and cost,
 All tempting fine and gay,
 As men should serve a cucumber,
 She flings herself away.
 Our *Polly* is a sad slut, &c.

SONG VII.

Tune, *Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice ?
 Will *Cupid* our mothers obey ?
 Though my heart were as frozen as ice,
 At his flame, 'twould have melted away,
 When he kist me so closely he prest,
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd :
 So I thought it both safest and best,
 To marry for fear you shou'd chide.

SONG

SONG VIII.

Tune, *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A Fox may steal your hens, fir,
 A whore your health and pence, fir,
 Your daughter rob your chest, fir,
 Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
 A thief your goods and plate.
 But this is all but picking,
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken ;
 It ever was decreed, fir,
 If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
 He steals your whole estate.

SONG IX.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

WERE I laid on *Greenland's* coast,
 And in my arms embrac'd my lass ;
 Warm amidst eternal frost,
 Too soon the half year's nights would pass.
 Were I sold on *Indian* soil,
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.
 And I would love you all the day,
 Every night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray,
 Over the hills and far away.

SONG X.

Tune, *O the broom, &c.*

THE miser thus a shilling fees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,
 The bird in silence eyes ;
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

(420)

S O N G XI.

Tune, *Catillon.*

YOUTH 's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,
Youth's the season, &c.
Let us drink and sport to day,
Ours is not to morrow,
Love with youth flies swift to day,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring,
Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

S O N G XII.

Tune, *When once I lay with another Man's Wife.*

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
If they meddle, your all is in danger ;
Like gypsies, if once they can finger a souse,
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
And give your estate to a stranger.

S O N G XIII.

Tune, *Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm, &c.*

MAN may escape from rope or gun,
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pill ;
Who takes a woman must be undone,
That basilisk is sure to kill.
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

S O N G

S O N G XIV.

Tune, *The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.*

TH E first time at the looking glass
The mother sets her daughter,
The image strikes the smiling lass,
With self-love ever after.

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger :
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,
Can see you are not younger.

S O N G XV.

Tune, *How happy are we, &c.*

WH E N you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be :
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis pat to all the tribe,
Each cries——that was levell'd at me.

S O N G XVI.

Tune, *London Ladies.*

IF you at an office sollicite your due,
And would not have matters neglected ;
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,
To what his duty directed.
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,
She too has this palpable failing,
The perquisite softens her into consent ;
That reason with all is prevailing.

S O N G XVII.

Tune, *Packinton's Pound.*

TH U S gamesters united in friendship are found,
Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's found,
And join to promote one another's deceit ; But

But if by mishap,
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands, they each other entrap :
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

S O N G XVIII.

Tune, *Lillibullero*.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
That a true friend can hardly be met ;
Friendship for interest is but a loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find,
Some friends so kind,
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.
In sorrowful ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

S O N G XIX.

Tune, *Down in the North Country, &c.*

WHAT gudgeons are we men !
Ev'ry woman's easy prey,
Though we have felt the hook, agen
We bite and they betray.
The bird that hath been trapt,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry grate.

S O N G XX.

Tune, *A Cobler there was, &c.*

OUR selves, like the great, to secure a retreat,
When matters require it, must give up our gang :
And good reason why,
Or, instead of the fry,
Ev'n *Peachum* and I
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang ;
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

S O N G

Thus, with burning heat,
Each returning hate
 Wounds and robs his friends
 In civil life ;
 Even man and wife
Squabble for selfish ends.

The spotless Virgin.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fallen snow appears
 The spotless virgin's fame,
Unfully'd white her bosom bears
 As fair her form and fame ;
But when she's soil'd, her lustre greets
 The admiring eye no more ;
She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,
 And swells the common shore.

The Worth of Wine.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

I.

'**T**IS wine that clears the understanding,
 Makes men learn'd withouten books ;
It fits the general for commanding,
 And gives fogers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
 Heightens beauties of the fair ;
Truth from falshood it discovers,
 Quickens joys, and conquers care.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
 Fit us for all glorious things ;
When rais'd by *Bacchus* we aspire
 At flights above the reach of kings.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glas a bumper crown'd ;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toasts gone round.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Woman compar'd to China.

Tune, *Pinks and Lillies.*

I.

A Woman's ware, like china,
Now cheap, now dear is bought ;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat ;
When broke, &c.

II.

A woman at St. *James's*,
With hundreds you obtain ;
But stay till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in *Drury-Lane*.
She'll be cheap, &c.

Slow Men of London.

I.

TH E R E were three lads in our town,
Slow men of *London* ;
They courted a widow was bonny and brown,
Yet they left her undone.

II.

They often tasted the widow's chear,
Slow men of *London* ;
Yet the widow was never the near,
For still they left her undone.

III.

They went to work without their tools,
Slow men of *London* ;
The widow she sent them away like fools,
Because they left her undone.

Blow

Blow ye winds, and come down rain,
Slow men of *London* ;
They never shall woo this widow again,
Because they left her undone.

Follow your Leaders.

To the foregoing Tune.

THE manners of the great affect ;
Stint not your pleasure :
If conscience had their genius checkt,
How got they treasure ?
The more in debt, run in debt the more,
Careless who is undone ;
Morals and honesty leave the poor,
As they do at *London*.

The Pimp and Politician Parallels.

Tune, 'Twas within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town.

IN pimps and politicians
The genius is the same ;
Both raise their own conditions
On others guilt and shame :
With a tongue well tipt with lies
Each the want of parts supplies.
And with a heart that's all disguise
Keeps his schemes unknown.
Seducing as the devil,
They play the tempters part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most mischief in their heart.
Each a secret commerce drives,
First corrupts and then connives,
And by his neighbour's vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

PHILANDER *and* AMORET.

I.

WHEN gay *Philander* fell a prize
To *Amoreta's* conquering eyes,
He took his pipe, he fought the plain,
Regardless of his growing pain ;
And resolutely bent to wrest
The bearded arrow from his breast.

II.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,
Be *Cupid* and his bow defy'd ;
But, as the gales obsequious flew,
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret is sweet.

III.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd ;
Their sounds in rival measures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove :
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,
The voice of Amoret is sweet.

IV.

Since every fair and lovely view
The thoughts of *Amoret* renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene :
Sad change for him ! for sighing there,
He thought of lovers in despair.

V.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,
Now, cruel God, assert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains ;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own *Philander's* lays are sweet.

(439)

The WIT and the BEAU.

Tune, *Bright AURELIA.*

I.

WITH every grace young *Strephon* chose
His person to adorn,
That by the beauties of his face
In *Sylvia's* love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

II.

With bows and smiles he did his part,
But oh ! 'twas all in vain ;
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

III.

With change of *Habits Strephon* press'd,
And urg'd her to admire ;
His *Love* alone the other dress'd,
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

IV.

This found, his courtship *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his glass ;
There in himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a *Wit* pretends
A *Beau* is but an *Afs*.

The Nurse's Song.

Tune, *Yellow Stockings.*

I.

HEY! my kitten, a kitten,
Hey! my kitten, a deary ;
Such a sweet pett as this
Is neither far nor neary :
Here we go up, up, up ;
Here we go down, down, downy ;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

U 4

Chicky,

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly cock ;
See, see, sic a downy ;
Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for *Dublin* towny.
This pig went to the market ;
Squeek mouse, mouse, moufy ;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol doufy.

III.

Where was a jewel and petty,
Where was a sugar and spicy ;
Hush a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a triey.
Did-a papa torment it ?
Did-e vex his own baby ? did-e ?
Hush-a baba in a bosie ;
Take ous own fucky : did-e ?

IV.

Goodmorrow, a pudding is broke ;
Slavers a thread o' crystal,
Now the sweet posset comes up ;
Who said my child was pifs'd all ?
Come water my chickens, come clock.
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you ;
Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him :
Wha was it vexed my baby ?

V.

Where was a laugh and a craw ?
Where was, was, was a gigling honey ?
Goody, good child shall be fed,
But naughty child shall get nony.
Get ye gone raw-head and bloody-bones,
Here is a child that won't fear ye.
Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

The Magpye.

I.

GOOD people, draw near,
A story ye's hear,
A story both pleasant and true ;
Which happened of late,
And's not out of date ;
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was an old cobbler,
Who soal'd shoes at *Dubler*,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley ;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobbler, they say,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife she did murmur and chat ;
This cobbler, they say,
Did thrash her that day,
And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

IV.

He had a magpye
That was very sly,
And used for to murmur and chat ;
Who soon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, what a pox wad ye be at ?

V.

And this magpye,
Who was so very sly,
He into a meeting-house gat ;
And as the old parson
Was canting his lesson,
Cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

U 5

The

VI.

The parson surpris'd,
Did lift up his eyes :
Now help us, pray, Father, in need ;
For Satan I fear
Does visit us here ;
So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

VII.

The parson again
Began to explain
To those around him that sat ;
But Magie indeed
Flew over his head,
And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at ?

VIII.

Then the parson did skip,
Five yards at a leap,
From his pulpit quite down to the floor ;
And left every faint,
Quite ready to faint,
Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

IX.

Then some without hats,
And some without hoods,
Then out of the meeting-house gat ;
And Magie happ'd after,
Which caused much laughter,
Crying, what a pox wad ye be at ?

X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,
Who thought to controul,
Look'd Magie quite full in the face,
Said, Satan, how dare
You thus to appear
In this our sanctify'd place ?

XI.

But Magie he pranc'd,
He skip'd and he danc'd,
And out of the meeting-house gat ;

And

And all the way long,
He kept up his song,
Of a, what a pox wad ye be at ?

A good Excuse for Drinking.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to excess ;
I should not want to drown despair,
Were your indifference less.
Love me, my dear, and you shall find,
When this excuse is gone,
That all my bless, when *Chloe's* kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy ;
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne's* coy.

Mason's Song.

Tune, *Leave off your foolish prattling.*

I.

WE have no idle prattling,
Of either *Whig* or *Tory* ;
But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS,

*Fill to him to the brim ;
Let it round the table roll ;
The divine tells you, wine
Cheers the body and the soul.*

II.

We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride or party ;
Whilst knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,

We are sincere and hearty.
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are so foolish,
'To whine for courtiers favour,
 We'll bind him o'er
 To drink no more
Till he has a better favour.
Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If an accepted mason
Should talk of high or low church,
 We'll set him down
 A thallow crown,
And understanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

V.

The world is all in darkness ;
About us they conjecture ;
 But little think
 A song in drink
Succeeds the mason's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then landlord, bring a hog'shead,
And in the corner place it ;
 'Till it rebound
 With hollow sound
Each mason here shall face it.
Fill to him, &c.

The frugal Maid.

I.

I Am a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I bear a contented mind ;
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I'll find another more kind :
For altho' I be forsaken,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two 'r three strings to my bow.

I own

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,
 But his scorn I could never endure ;
 Nor yet to that height of perfection,
 For his flights to love him the more.
 I own he was very engaging,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
 I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two 'r three strings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
 And are unto loving inclin'd,
 Mens minds they are subject to changing,
 And wavering like the wind ;
 Each object creates a new fancy :
 Then this I would have you to do ;
 Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
 And keep two 'r three strings to your bow.

D A M O N ' S *Picture of* C E L I A .

Tune, *Down the burn*, DAVIE.

I.

A S S I S T your vot'ry, friendly nine,
 Inspire becoming lays ;
 Cautie *Celia's* matchless beauty shine,
 Till heaven and earth shall blaze.
 She's pleasant as returning light,
 Sweet as the morning ray,
 When *Phæbus* quells the shades of night,
 And brings the chearful day.

II.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,
 As purest air serene ;
 No gloomy passion rising there,
 O'ercastr the peaceful scene :
 Her small bright eye-brows finely bend,
 Transport darts from her eyes ;
 The sparkling diamond they transcend,
 Or stars which gem the skies.

A rising

III.

A rising blush of heavenly dy
O'er her fair cheek still glows ;
Her shining locks in ringlets ly,
Well shap'd and siz'd her nose ;
Her smiling lips are lovely red,
Like roses newly blown ;
Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)
You'd wish for ever shown.

IV.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,
Or polish'd marble smooth,
That nymph's in beauty far surpass
Who fir'd the *Trojan* youth ;
Her slender waist, white arm and hand,
Just symmetry does grace :
What's hid from these (if you demand)
Let lively fancy trace.

V.

A sprightly and angelick mind
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent ease acts unconfin'd,
Inspires the whole like flame ;
Minerva or *Diana's* state,
With *Venus* softness join'd,
Proclaim her goddess, meant by fate,
Love's rightful queen design'd.

VI.

Good gods ! what raptures fire my soul !
How flutters my fond heart !
When tender glances art controul,
And love suppress'd impart.
Propitious pow'rs, make *Celia* mine,
Complete my dawning blefs ;
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happiness.

The new Light.

I.

C E L I A, now my heart hath broke
The bond of your ungentle yoke,
Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain
By which I strove so long in vain :
May I be slighted if I e'er
Am caught again within your snare,
Am caught, &c.

II.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,
In vain your wily snares are set ;
The bird can now your arts espy,
And, arm'd with caution, from them fly :
Some heedless swain your prey may be,
But faith you're too well known to me,
But faith, &c.

III.

I with contempt can now despise
The treach'rous follies of your eyes,
And with contempt can sit and hear
You prattle nonsense half a year,
And go away as little mov'd
As you was lately when I lov'd,
As you was, &c.

IV.

I wonder what the plague it was
Made me such a stupid ass,
To fancy such a noble grace
In your language, mien and face,
Where now I nothing more can find
Than what I see in all your kind,
Than what, &c.

V.

Thus when the drousy god of sleep,
Upon our wearied fancies creep,
Some headless piece of image rise,
By fancies form'd delude our eyes ;

But

But soon as e'er the god of day
Appears, they faint and die away,
Appears, they, &c.

The Fickle fix'd.

I.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry place I found a dart.

II.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye that gave the fatal stroke,
Till by her wit *Corinna* fav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

III.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For *Belvidera* I endure ;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish :
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

IV.

For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

The End of the Fourth Volume.



EXPLA-



EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS.

A ' , <i>all.</i>	Bannocks, <i>oat-bread.</i>
Abeit, <i>albeit.</i>	Baps, <i>roll-bread.</i>
Aboon, <i>above.</i>	Bawm, <i>balm.</i>
Ae, <i>one.</i>	Bauk, <i>bauk.</i>
Aff, <i>off.</i>	Bedralls, <i>beadles.</i>
Aften, <i>often.</i>	Beet, <i>to help or repair.</i>
Aik, <i>oak.</i>	Bend, <i>to drink.</i>
Ain, <i>own.</i>	Bennison, <i>blessing.</i>
Aith, <i>oath.</i>	Bent, <i>the open fields.</i>
Air, <i>early.</i>	Bewith, <i>somewhat in</i> <i>the mean time.</i>
Ajee, <i>aside.</i>	Birks, <i>birch.</i>
Alane, <i>alone.</i>	Bigg, <i>build.</i>
Amaist, <i>almost.</i>	Billy, <i>brother.</i>
Ambry, <i>cupboard.</i>	Bindging, <i>becking, bend-</i> <i>ing.</i>
Ane, <i>one.</i>	Blate, <i>bashful.</i>
Anither, <i>another.</i>	Blaw, <i>blow.</i>
Awa, <i>away.</i>	Bleeze, <i>blaze.</i>
Auld, <i>old.</i>	Blink, <i>glance of the eye.</i>
Ayont, <i>beyond.</i>	Bluter, <i>blunder.</i>
	Bode, <i>predict.</i>
	Bodin, <i>stored.</i>
	Bot or But, <i>without.</i>
	Bougils,
B.	
B A', <i>ball.</i>	
Baith, <i>both.</i>	
Bane, <i>bone.</i>	

EXPLANATION of

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Bougils, <i>sounding horns.</i>
 Bountith, <i>a gratuity.</i>
 Bowt, <i>bolt.</i>
 Brachen, <i>a sort of broth.</i>
 Brae, <i>rising ground.</i>
 Brankit, <i>prim'd up.</i>
 Braid, <i>broad.</i>
 Brander, <i>a gridiron.</i>
 Braw, <i>finely drest.</i>
 Broach, <i>a buckle.</i>
 Brack, <i>broken parts, or refuse.</i>
 Brow, <i>the forehead.</i>
 Bruik, <i>to love or enjoy.</i>
 Bught, <i>sheep-fold.</i>
 Burnist, <i>polished.</i>
 Burn, <i>a rivulet.</i>
 Busk, <i>to deck.</i>
 But and ben, <i>be out and be in.</i>
 Byer, <i>a cow-house.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">C.</p> <p>CA', <i>call.</i>
 Cadgie, <i>cheerful.</i>
 Caff, <i>calf. Id. chaff.</i>
 Canna, <i>cannot.</i>
 Canker'd, <i>angry.</i>
 Canny, <i>cautious, lucky.</i>
 Carlings, <i>old women. Id. bcil'd pease.</i>
 Cauld, <i>cold.</i>
 Cauler, <i>cool, fresh.</i>
 Cawk, <i>chalk.</i>
 Clag, <i>failing or imperfection.</i></p> | <p>Clat, <i>a rake.</i>
 Claiths, <i>cloaths.</i>
 Clashes, <i>tittle tattle.</i>
 Clock, <i>a beetle.</i>
 Cockernony, <i>the hair bound up.</i>
 Cod, <i>a pillow.</i>
 Cost, <i>bought.</i>
 Cogg, <i>a wooden dish.</i>
 Coof, <i>a blockhead.</i>
 Coots, <i>joint of the ankle.</i>
 Courchea or Curtchea, <i>a handkerchief.</i>
 Crack, <i>to boast.</i>
 Creel, <i>basket or hamper.</i>
 Crocks, <i>lean sheep.</i>
 Croft, <i>corn-land.</i>
 Crouse, <i>brisk, bold.</i>
 Crowdy-mowdy, <i>a sort of gruel.</i>
 Crummy, <i>a Cow's name.</i>
 Cunzie, <i>coin.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">D.</p> <p>DAFFIN, <i>folly, wantonness.</i>
 Daft, <i>mad, foolish.</i>
 Dawt, <i>fondle, caress.</i>
 Dight, <i>to wipe.</i>
 Dinna, <i>do not.</i>
 Ding, <i>beat.</i>
 Dool, <i>trouble.</i>
 Dofend, <i>frozen, cold,</i>
 Dorty,</p> |
|--|--|

the SCOT'S WORDS.

Dorty, *haughty*.
 Dow, *can*. Id. *dove*.
 Downa, *cannot*.
 Dowf, *spiritless*.
 Doughtna, *could not*.
 Dowy, *wearry, lonely*.
 Drant, *to speak slow*.
 Dramock, *cold gruel*.
 Drap, *drop*.
 Dwining, *decaying*.
 Dunting, *beating*.
 Dulce and tangle, *sea-plants*.
 Durk, *a dagger*.

E.

EARD, *earth*,
 Een, *eyes*.
 Eild, *age*.
 Eith, *easy*.
 Elding, *fewel*.
 Eem, *cousin*.
 Ettle, *aim*.
 Eydent, *diligent*.

FA', *fall*.
 Fadge, *a coarse sort of roll-bread*.
 Fae, *foe*.
 Fand, *found*.
 Fangle, *Newfangle, fond of what's new*.
 Farles, *thin oat-cakes*.
 Fash, *trouble*.
 Faufe, *false*.

Faut, *fault*.
 Fee, *wages*.
 Feirs, *brothers*.
 Fendy, *active, industrious*.
 Fenzie, *fain*.
 Ferley, *wonder*.
 Fey, *attended by a fatality*.
 Flee, *fly*.
 Flouks, *flounders*.
 Flyte, *to scold*.
 Fog, *moofs*.
 Fore, *to the fore, in being or lasting*.
 Fouth, *plenty*.
 Frae, *from*.
 Fraising, *babbling with a foolish wonder*.
 Fou, or fu', *full*.

G.

GAB, *the mouth*.
 Gabocks, *large mouthfuls*.
 Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that hangs on the side or loin*.
 Gae, *gave*. Id. *go*.
 Gane, *gone*.
 Gar, *make or cause*.
 Gawfy, *jolly, large*.
 Gate, *way*.
 Gawn, *going*.
 Gawd, *gall'd*. Id. *goad*.
 Gawky, *empty, foolish*.
 Gaunt,

EXPLANATION of

Gawnt, <i>to yawn.</i>	Hames and brechoms, <i>wore about the neck of a cart-horse.</i>
Geck, <i>to flout and jeer.</i>	Hawse, <i>embrace.</i>
Genty, <i>small and neat.</i>	Hēeze, <i>to lift.</i>
Gin and gif, <i>if.</i>	Hecht, <i>promised.</i>
Glaive, <i>a sword.</i>	Heugh, <i>any steep place.</i>
Glakit, <i>idle and rom- pish.</i>	Hodle, <i>to waddle in walking.</i>
Glee, <i>joy.</i>	Hoden, <i>coarse cloath.</i>
Gleed, <i>squinting.</i>	Hows, <i>hollows.</i>
Gleen, <i>a hollow be- tween hills.</i>	Howms, <i>vallies on ri- ver sides.</i>
Gloyd, <i>an old horse.</i>	
Glowr, <i>to stare.</i>	I.
Gowk, <i>the cuckow. Id. a fool.</i>	J EE, <i>to jee back and again, the motion of a balance.</i>
Gowping, <i>handful.</i>	Ill-fard, <i>ill-favoured, or ugly.</i>
Graip, <i>to grope. Id. a trident fork for dung.</i>	Ilka, <i>each.</i>
Graith, <i>accutremments.</i>	Ilka, <i>every.</i>
Grots, <i>skinn'd oats.</i>	Ingle, <i>fire.</i>
Gutcher, <i>grand-father.</i>	Jo, <i>sweet-heart.</i>
H.	Jouk, <i>to bow.</i>
H A', <i>ball.</i>	Irk, <i>wearry or tired.</i>
Hae, <i>have.</i>	Irie, <i>afraid of ghosts.</i>
Haf, <i>half.</i>	Ishogles, <i>Icicles.</i>
Hagies, <i>a boyl'd pud- ding made of a sheep's pluck minc'd, with sewet.</i>	Ise, <i>I shall.</i>
Halucket, <i>light-head- ed, whimsical.</i>	Ither, <i>other.</i>
Hale, <i>whole.</i>	K.
Haly, <i>holy.</i>	K AIRN, <i>or Cairn. heaps of monumen- tal stones.</i>
Hame, <i>home.</i>	Kail,

the SCOT'S WORDS.

Kail, *coleworts*. Id. *broth*.
 Kame, *comb*.
 Kebuck, *a cheefe*.
 Keek, *peep*.
 Ken, *know*.
 Kepp, *to catch*.
 Kilted, *tuck'd up*.
 Kirn, *chirn*.
 Kimmer, *a she gossip*.
 Kirtle, *upper-petticoat*.
 Kurchie, *handkerchief*.

L.

LAG, *to fall behind*.
 Laigh, *low*.
 Lane, *own self*.
 Laith, *loth*.
 Lapperd, *curdled*.
 Law, *low*.
 Lawty, *justice*.
 Lave, *the rest*.
 Lee, *fallow ground*.
 Leesome, *lovely*.
 Leeze me, *a phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a person*.
 Leil, *exact*.
 Leugh, *laughed*.
 Lib, *to geld*.
 Lilt, *a tune*.
 Linkan, *to move quickly*.
 Loor, *rather*.
 Loos, *loves*.
 Loun, *a sly wench*.
 Lout, *to bow*.
 Lowan, *flaming*.

Lown, *calm*.
 Lucken, *gathered together, or close join'd to one another*.

Lyart, *hoary, or grey*.
 M.

MAIK, *a mate*.
 Mair, *more*.

Maiſt, *moſt*.
 Maksna, *it matters not*.
 Mane, *moan*.
 March, *limits or border of grounds*.

Marrow, *match*.

Maun, *muſt*.

Mawking, *a hare*.

Mavis, *the thruſh*.

MeikleorMuckle, *much*.

Meiſe, *move*.

Mends, *revenge*.

Meiſe, *manners*, Id. *to decorate*.

Menzie, *a company or retinue*.

Milſy, *a ſearch for milk*.

Mint, *attempt*.

Minny, *mother*.

Mirk, *dark*.

Mons-meg, *a very large iron cannon in the caſtle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two people*.

Mou, *mouth*.

Moup,

EXPLANATION of

Moup, *to eat as wanting teeth.*

Mouter, *the miller's toll.*

Muck, *dung.*

Mutches, *linnen quoifs or hoods.*

N.

NA', *and Nae, no, none.*

Nane, *none.*

Nees, *nose.*

Neist, *next.*

Nither, *starve or pinch.*

Nowther, *neither.*

O.

OE, *grand-child.*

Ony, *any.*

Owrly, *a cravat.*

Owfen, *oxen.*

Oxter, *arm-pit.*

P.

PANTREY, *a buttery.*

Partans, *crab-fish.*

Pat, *put.*

Pawky, *cunning.*

Paunches, *tripe.*

Peat-pot, *peat coal-pit.*

Pibroch, *a highland tune.*

Pickle, *a small share.*

Pig, *earthen pot.*

Pillar, *stool of repentance.*

Pine, *pain.*

Pith, *strength.*

Plet, *to fold. Id. twist.*

Poortith, *poverty.*

Pou, *or Pu, well.*

Powfowdy, *ram-head soup.*

Prig, *haggle.*

Prive, *to prove or taste.*

R.

RAIR, *roar.*

Rashes, *rushes.*

Red up, *put in order.*

Renzie, *rein.*

Rever, *robber.*

Rifarts, *radishes.*

Rife, *plenty.*

Riggs, *ridges.*

Row, *roll.*

Rowth, *wealth.*

Rude, *cross.*

Runkled, *wrinkled.*

Rung, *a club.*

Ruse *or roose, to praise.*

S.

SA E, *so.*

Saft, *soft.*

Sair, *fore.*

Sawt, *salt.*

Seim, *appearance.*

Sell, *self.*

Sey, *try.*

Shanna, *shall not.*

Shangy,

the SCOT'S WORDS.

- Shangy-mouth'd or shevil-gabit, *the mouth much to one side.*
 Sharn, *cow-dung.*
 Shaw, *show.* Id. *a woody bank.*
 Shoo, *a shoe.*
 Shoon, *shoes.*
 Shore, *to threaten.*
 Shire, *thin.*
 A shire lick, *a smart fellow.*
 Sic or Sick, *such.*
 Sican, *such an one.*
 Sin or Syne, *since.*
 Sindle, *seldom.*
 Sinsyne, *since that time.*
 Skair, *share.*
 Skaith, *harm, loss.*
 Skink, *strong soup.*
 Sma', *small.*
 Snack, *smart.*
 Snaw, *snow.*
 Sneift, *to snarl.*
 Snifhing, *snuff.*
 Snood, *a head-band.*
 Snug, *convenient, neat.*
 Sodden, *boil'd.*
 Sonfy, *fortunate, jolly.*
 Sowens, *a kind of sower'd gruel, boil'd like paste.*
 Soum, *of sheep 20.*
 Spake, *spoke.*
 Speer, *to ask.*
 Spelding, *dry'd white-fish.*
- Stane, *stone.*
 Starns, *stars.*
 Steek, *shut.*
 Stend, *stalk hastily.*
 Stirk, *a young bullock.*
 Stoup, *a prop.*
 Strae, *straw.*
 Streek, *stretch.*
 Stenzie, *to stain.*
 Swats, *small ale.*
 Sweer, *unwilling, lazy.*
 Swither, *in doubt.*
 Seybows, *young onions.*
 Syne, *then.*
- T.
- T**A E, *toe.*
 Tald, *told.*
 Taiken, *token.*
 Tane, *taken.* Id. *the one.*
 Tap, *top.*
 Tauk, *talk.*
 Thae, *those.*
 Tent, *notice.*
 Theyse, *they shall.*
 Thole, *to suffer.*
 Thowless, *spiritlefs.*
 Thud, *noise of a stroke.*
 Tine, *lose.*
 Tint, *lost.*
 Titter, *rather.*
 Tocher, *dowry.*
 Tooly, *fight, contend.*
 Todlen, *a rolling short step.*
- Touzle,**

EXPLANATION, &c.

Touzle, *to ruffle.*
 Trig, *neat.*
 Trow, *believe.*
 Triste, *appointment.*
 Twin, *to part from.*

W.

WAD, *would.*
 Wae, *woe.*
 Wale, *to chuse the choice.*
 Waen, *child.*
 Wallowit, *faded or withered.*
 Wan, *pale.* Id. *Won.*
 Walop, *gallop.*
 Wame, *womb, belly.*
 Ware, *bestow.*
 War, *worse.*
 Wat, *know.*
 Waws, *walls.*
 Wawk, *walk.* Id. *wake.*
 Wawkriſe, *not inclined to ſleep.*
 Wear in, *hem in.*
 Wee, *little.*
 Weind, *thought.*
 Weirs, *wars.*
 Wha, *who.*
 Whang, *a large cut.*

Whatrecks, *what matters it.*
 Whilk, *which.*
 Whinging, *whining.*
 Whiſht, *hold your peace.*
 Whillywha, *a cheat or bite.*

Wilks, *periwinkles.*
 Win or Won, *dwell.*
 Winna, *will not.*
 Winsome, *handsome.*
 Wiſt, *known.*
 Witherſhins, *to move contrary.*
 Woo, *wooll.*
 Wood, *mad.*
 Woody, *a witby.*
 Wow! *wonderful!* Id. *ah!*
 Wylie, *cunning.*
 Wyſon, *the gullet.*
 Wyre, *to blame.*
 Unco, *very ſtrange.*

Y.

YAD, *a mare.*
 Yeſe, *ye ſhall.*
 Yern, *deſire.*
 Yeſtreen, *yeſternight.*

F I N I S.



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