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When Nicholas first ;

To which are added,

Nobody coming to marry me.

The Devotion.

In my cottage near a wood.

Rigs of Barley.

Donald of Dundee.



EDINBURGH:
for the Booksellers in Town and Countie

1825.

WHEN NICHOLAS FIRST T

When Nicho'as first to court be
And Blanche approved his lov
United time and pleasure ran,
Like turtles in a grove
With joy and sweet delight,
They pass'd each day and n
When Nicholas first to court beg
Happy and gay,
Smiling as May,
Jocund they pass'd each night a

When children blessed the loving
Kind Heaven increased their s
Their boys were brave their girls
And each a portion bore;
Of rural industry,
With dance and song and g
Happy and gay, &c.

Tho' age their heads with silver c
Affection did increase;
Disseption ne'er their hearts coul
Nor jealousy their peace;



And still remembrance sweet,
 Their placid minds would greet ;
 Happy and gay &c.

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

Last night the dogs did bark,
 I went to the gate to see ;
 When ev'ry lass had her spark,
 But nobody came to me.

And it's oh ! dear, what will become o' me,
 Oh dear what shall I do ?
 Nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo.

My Father's a hedger and ditcher,
 My Mother does nothing but spin ;
 And I'm a pretty young girl,
 But the money comes slowly in.
 And it's oh ! dear, &c.

They say I'm beauteous and fair,
 They say I'm scornful and bold ;
 Alas ! I must now despair,
 For ah, I am grown very o'd.
 And it's oh, dear, &c.

And now I must die an old man
 Oh dear how shocking the thought
 And all my beauty must fade,
 But I'm sure it's not my own
 And it's oh dear, &c.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR

In my cottage near a wood,
 Love and Rosa now are mine
 Rosa, ever fair and good,
 Charm me with those smiles

Rosa, partner of my life,
 Thee alone my heart shall prize
 Thee, the tender friend and wife
 Ah, too swift life's current flows

Longer yet ye moments stay,
 Why so rapid is your wing?
 Whither would ye haste away?
 Stay and hear my Rosa sing

Love and you still bless my cot
 Fortune's frowns are for our
 May we live by pride forgot,
 In our cottage near a wood.

THE DEVOTION.

On a fine dewy morning, in the sweet month of May,
My duty performing I walked forth to pray,
It was at that prayer-meeting this maid I did see,
And tho' church was my notion, my devotion got
she.

Her graceful deportment my attention close drew,
Till the whole congregation of my station got view,
I was seized with a stupor my sense did confound,
Till the book from my hand fell direct to the
ground.

To describe my emotion, in my notion 'tis vain,
For my bosom was burning with pleasure and pain,
Life's fluids quick back on my heart did recoil,
And I pray'd in my closet 'twould have sav'd all
my toil.

With excessive rapture my mind seized was,
When conforming to the scriptures I meant to join
praise,

I stood like a statute no voice could I raise,
My spirit motion of devotion and I on her did gaze.

Her hair a fine nut brown, and inclining to pal

Her skin like bleached linen,
 Her voice like an organ, mild,
 It my notion of devotion twin

Her cheeks like blown roses,
 Her eyes shone like diamonds,
 Her teeth were like ivory, nice,
 And her breath like the breeze
 thorn blow.

To transmit this maid's beauty
 Tho' it is my real duty express
 She's fam'd for perfection's fro
 I'll leave all connections and I

RIGS OF BARLEY

It was upon a Lammas night
 When corn rigs wave sae
 Beneath the moon's uncloud
 I hied awa to Annie.
 The time flew by wi' tentles
 Tili 'tween the late and e
 Wi' sma' persuasion she ag
 To seem thro' the barley

The sky was blue the air w
 The moon was shining cl

Let her down wth right gude will,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Let her heart was a' my ain,
 I lo'ed her most sincerely,
 Let her owre and owre again,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Lock'd her in my fond embrace,
 Her heart was beating rarely,
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Let by the moon and stars see bright,
 That shone that hour see clearly,
 We'er forget our happiness,
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 We've been blythe wth comrades dear,
 We've been merry drinking,
 We've been joyful gathering gear,
 We've been happy drinking,
 We've the pleasures e'er I had
 So three times doubled fairly,
 A happy night worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.

DONALD OF DUNBLANE.

As rose the morning the sun in mild splen-
 dour,
 Nature's rich beauties delighted awake ;

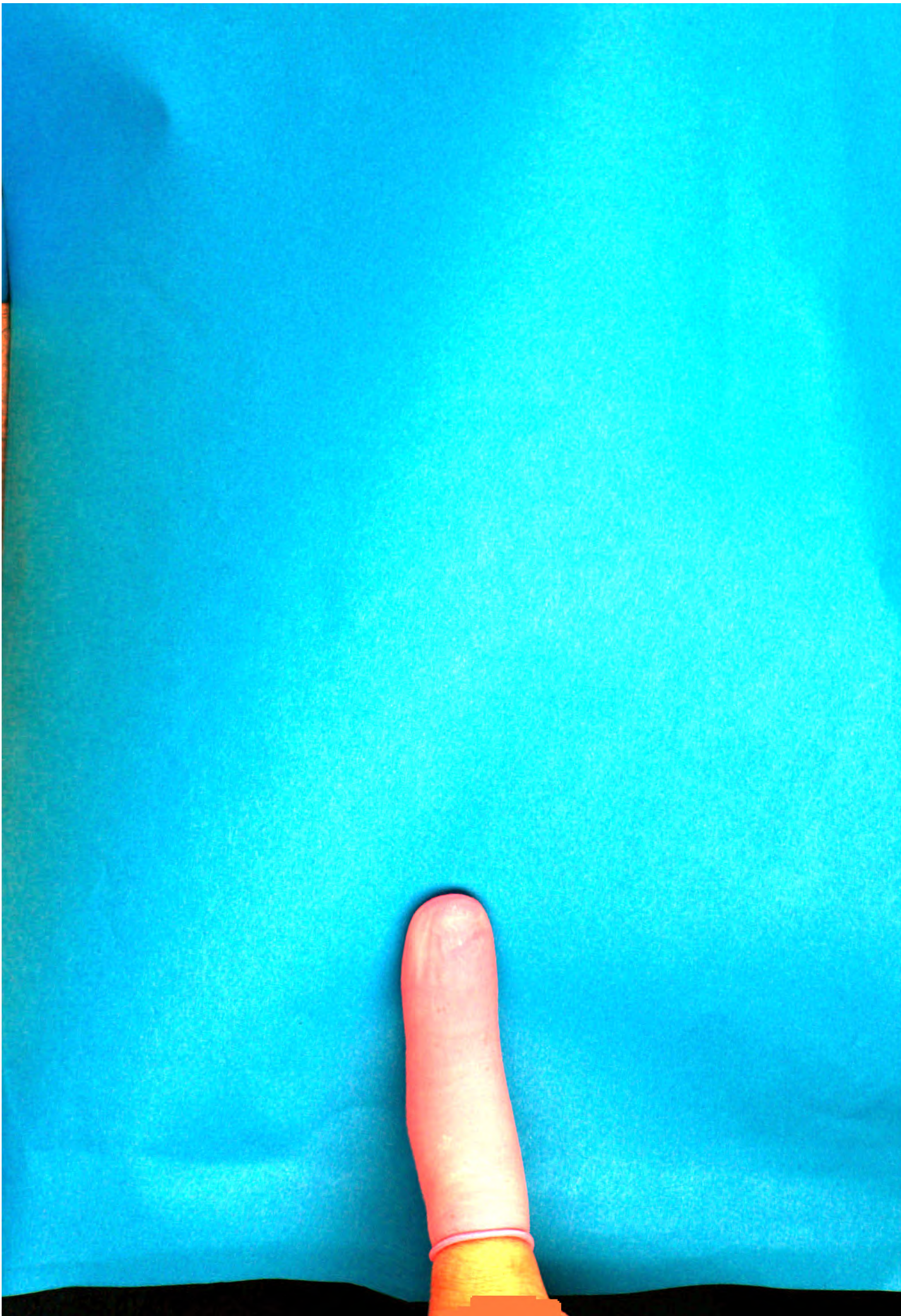
When Donald returning, & so true
Waved proudly the scarf he had
'Oh Jessie,' he whisper'd, 'thy p
tect me,

And faithful as ever behold me ag
"Most welcome." I answered, "I
pect thee,

For art thou not Donald the pride

If since his departure, I've often
The cause that entic'd him from S
Oh how could a feeling like that b
While Donald was absent unblest
A gentler, a braver, a kinder, sure
The heart of a maiden attempted
O guard him kind Heaven, for Jes
Delight on her Donald the pride o

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