



WILLIS ON GLASS

SCENES

OF

Gloamin'.

ORIGINAL SCOTTISH SONGS.

BY WILLISON GLASS.

A Son of Auld Reekie.

DEDICATED TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD ARCHD. HAMILTON.

A Classic Learning may infuse
A Critic skill into the Muse,
But never, never, can impart
A single ray to warm the heart;—
'Tis he who pours his artless Song,
Can steal the list'ning crowd along;
Can melt or fire the breast by turns;
A Poet such we had in BURNS.

CAREFULLY CORRECTED.

STIRLING:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY M. RANDALL, BOOKSELLER.

1814.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

By JOHN WINTHROP, Esq.
OF THE BARR, AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN GREAT BRITAIN.
AND JOHN RICHMOND, Esq.
OF THE BARR, AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, IN GREAT BRITAIN.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. DODD, in Pall Mall, 1725.

PR
471B
G-4642.

PREFACE.

FROM the real unaffected lovers of the Scottish Muse, W. G. naturally enough expects this little volume to meet with a favourable reception. The native garb in which her unborrowed beauties are embodied, is to them endeared by a thousand associations into which a stranger cannot enter, and by feelings of the fondest remembrance, with which he is not disposed to sympathize. It is on this account chiefly, that they are always the very first to detect her charms, and generally the very last to confess her imperfections.

Without entertaining any doubt, however, that the success of this work will be commensurate with his fondest expectations, he cannot help noticing, with a mingled emotion of shame and regret, the long and unjust neglect with which Scottish song has been treated. The cause to which this neglect is chiefly to be ascribed, is no doubt sufficiently apparent. But the sins of scrupulous imitators ought not surely to be visited on the whole

generation that dwell around Parnassus: and much less ought the sanctified ground itself, over which their unhallowed feet have trode; to be abandoned as a barren-waste, or unproductive desert. Of those who have thus brought undeserved disgrace on the majestic simplicity of Scottish song, some have actually not understood the language in which they have attempted to write; while a considerable majority have been utterly incapable of writing intelligibly in any language.

W. G. will be pardoned, he hopes, if he expunge his own name from this black catalogue. It will not be found, he supposes, by a qualified judge, that he is deficient, either in the true pronunciation or the orthography of the language. With the peculiar rhythm and melody of Scottish song he has been long familiar; and he is mistaken if any reader of taste will rise from the perusal of even these short lucubrations, unalive to the measured melody of their versification, unaffected by the thoughts which they either disclose or suggest, or unprepared to acknowledge the discrimination and taste which appear in the execution.

SCENES
OF GLOAMIN'.

Song.

AIR.....*Miller of Drone*

Now, dearest Jessy, gloamin' grey,
Shades ilka bloomin' tree,
And balmy eve, on silent wing,
Comes stealin' o'er the lea;
Around us a' is hush'd serene,
Save frae yon dusky grove,
The mellow mavis swells the note
Of bosom soothing love.
We'll wander wi' the windings
O' the smoothly gliding burn,
Then saftly we'll recline beneath
The sweet perfuming thorn.
And there we'll pour our langing hearts,
Secure frae ilka ee—

My Jessy, kindest, sweetest, fairest,
Will you gang wi' me?

O lovely maid, why hangs the cloud
Upon your bonny brow?

You canna doubt my honest truth,
My love sae warm an' true.

The savage tiger would be tamed
By ae saft glance from thee;

And could thy love, O Jessy, prove
Mair' savage e'en than he!

But I will press thee to my breast—
O ecstasy divine!

Emotions there, will tell you mair,
Than ony words o' mine.

Then I will count it heaven enough
Thy yielding lips to pric—

My Jessy, kindest, sweetest, fairest,
Come alang wi' me.

Song.

AIR.....*Humours o' Glen.*

O WILD beats my heart when I think on my Jessy,
 The flame o' my bosom nae pow'r can remove;
 Still, still I maun love her, for now I discover
 That naething is match for the fury o' love.
 The precepts o' wisdom aft think they hae won me,
 But ae thought o' her drives them a' frae my brain;
 I think on the hours, in the sweet shady bow'rs,
 When our souls mix'd in sighs o' celestial pain.

Fond memory returns to our first trysted meeting,
 How anxious I stood 'midst the bleak wint'ry wind;
 She came—transport drown'd me—heav'n a' beam'd a-
 round me!

O dear happy moment my Jessy was kind!
 As the sweet simmer sun to the dead icy fountain,
 To my wint'ry bosom was Jessy's bright eye;
 She broke my cauld slumber, and woke me to wonder,
 And kindled within me what never can die.

O pure is the snaw on the wild pathless mountain,
 And fresh is the mornin' o' simmer begun!
 O sweet is the gale o'er the flow'r scented valley,
 And mild is the hour o' the calm setting sun!

But O the mild beauty o' my darling lassie! :
 This heart kindly feels it, but words canna tell,
 'Tis vain tō compare her, for still she is fairer ;
 There's naething in nature like Jessy hersel'.

But soon I maun leave her.—O sad the expression!
 The time fast approaches that tears me awa' ;
 Stern fate bids us sunder, I'm destin'd to wander,
 And yield as the cross winds o' fortune may blaw.
 P'il maybe again be restor'd to my Jessy,
 Tho' darkness and danger have clouded the scene ;
 But while life shall warm me, remembrance shall charm
 me,
 She'll reign in my bosom, tho' seas roll between.

SONG.

AIR...Lady Catharine Stewart's Strathspey.

O PEGGY could I tell the pain,
 My beating heart and burning brain,
 For thee endure, nae mair in vain
 Would be my sad complaining.
 O Peggy, could you search my soul,
 And every secret fold unroll,
 Then would you find, without controul,
 Yourself a queen there reigning.

Far frae the cheerfu' haunts o' men,
I wander through the lancelly glen,
To tell the midnight moon my pain,
For Peggy winna hear me.
Life is to me a dreary dream,
Baith day and night the joyless same;
In sighs I waste my wearied frame,
But Peggy winna cheer me.

I saw your lovely shape and mien,
I met your soft bewitching een,
Your dimpled smile, where lurk, unseen,
A thousand shafts o' danger.
But gin ye mean to leave me thus,
Why did you grant the burning kiss?
Why let me taste, and promise bliss,
And still your heart a stranger?

O do you never gang to see
The sweetly blooming trysting tree?
Its shade shall ay be dear to me,
Tho' Peggy be na sharing.
Is a' my peace for ever slain?
Is ilka beam o' comfort gane?
O Peggy shall we meet again,
Or maun I die despairing?

 EARLY DAYS.

AIR.....*Crazy Jane.*

EARLY days (how fair and fleeting!)

Blest us e'er the parting scene ;
 Now the Fates forbid our meeting,
 And the deep sea rolls between.
 Fare thee well!—the love I bear thee,
 Hapless, yet shall true remain—
 Never one I lov'd so dearly—
 Ne'er thy like shall see again.*

Now my days seem lingering ages,
 Nightly tossings rack my soul,
 Yet a ray of hope assuages,
 As the tardy moments roll.
 Ah! I'll brook this joyless region,
 Till the cheering order come,
 Bring thee back thy conq'ring legion,
 Hie thee to thy peaceful home.

* *This Stanza was composed by Sir G. E——t.*

 MELVILLE KATIE.

AIR.....*Locheroch Side.*

DECEMBER winds fell bitter blaw,
 And mountain taps are clad wi' snaw,
 The sleet and hail down rattlin' fa'
 And a' things round look dreary.
 Quo' I, my lass, the night is cauld,
 The northern wind blaws keen and bauld,
 The sheep are smear'd and in the fauld,
 Come to my arms my dearie.

O I will clead and mak you brow,
 The sun will sune his gold rays shaw,
 The winter days flee fast awa',
 And spring maks a' things cheery.
 Then on the hill, wi' pipe and plaid,
 I'll sing o' you, my bonny maid ;
 Tho' sheep and lambs aròund were stray'd
 My heart's ay yours, my dearie.

By Melville's banks where waters glide,
 When you become my bonny bride,
 To kiss and daut will be my pride :
 O' you I'll ne'er be weary.

And should the Powers but bless our fate
 Wi' lads an lasses, my dear Kate.
 'Then, O how happy sic a state,
 When todlin round my dearie.

WHAT IS VICTORY?

AIR...Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.

WHAT is Vict'ry to our Isle?
 What the battle o' the Nile?
 What, when thousands rank an' file
 Bled wi' gallant Moore?
 Why, O Man, so savage be?
 O why shed your blood so free?
 Why to conquer or to die?
 Mind Corrunna's shore.

Why go train the warlike steed?
 Why in steel his rider clead?
 Why the mangled corsers tread?
 Or make cannon roar?
 O sweet Peace, when wilt thou come!
 Then no sound is heard from drum,
 And the hall wi' trumpets hung,
 There to sound no more.

Heaven ward off ambition's fiend,
 To his black dominion send
 A' his crew, his schemes to end,
 Then we shall be free.

Then shall Palm, wi' Shamrock green,
 Be wi' Rose and Thistle seen,
 Blooming like fair virtue's queen,
 Both by Land and Sea.

LEVEN STREAMS.

AIR...The bonny House of Airley.

My dear, dear lass, I've kisst fu' sweet,
 When wi' her I would tarry
 By Leven streams, the sweet retreat
 Did cheer my heart wi' Mary.

Fareweel, fareweel, to Leven streams,
 'Where the wild flower blooms so fairly ;'
 My rest's disturb'd by dreary dreams
 'Bout the lassie I lo'e dearly.'

But tho' I'm distant mony a mile,
 My love shall never vary ;

Her doubts o' me do but beguile
My love, my life, my Mary!

Tho' seas roll loud and far between,
Yet word shall Neptune carry,
That faithfu' Henry still is seen
Wi' laurels crown'd for Mary.

In hopes the time will soon arrive
When we like lambs will parry,
By Leven side, when Henry's bride,
Shall be the happy Mary.

Then Leven swains and nymphs sae neat,
Will hail the honor'd Harry;
And Kirkland youths the day will get,
And join the dance wi' Mary.

Ye sogers far, whom direfu' war,
Has taen ye frae your deary,
Be constant to your lovely fair,
And they'll be like sweet Mary.

Then welcome back to Leven streams,
Where youth are train'd fu' early;
May Kirkland's guide and Kirkland's schemes
Be crown'd wi' success rarely.

Song.

AIR.....*O wally, wally.*

LOVE never mair shall warm my breast,
Nor woman's beauty charm my eye;
They can but wake the cruel blast
That wither'd a' my budding joy,
For I did love wi' passion wild,
And fondly thought she lo'ed me well;
But ah! the frail, the faithless child,
She's ruin'd me, likewise hersel'.

Through angry nature's bleakest storms,
On wings of bliss, how aft I've flown;
And O how sweet it was to meet!
This beating bosom kens alone.
Within my soul nought else had room;
I saw her lovely, thought her true;
The modest snow drop's purest bloom
Was not so spotless to my view.

My burden'd heart would fain repose,
But that repose can ne'er be found;
For she that ance sooth'd a' my woes
Hersel' has gi'en the sairest wound.

O woman, woman, wha would trew
 Thy angel form, sae sweet an' fair,
 The mansion, wha would think to view,
 That foul deceit were tenants there!

Yet, cruel maid! nae power can quell
 The throbbings of that injur'd breast;
 And when to thee I bade farewell,
 I bade farewell to peace and rest!
 Though morning's sun serenely beam,
 Ere noon black storms may cloud the skies,
 And human bliss, wi' fals'er gleam,
 Displays her shadowy form—and flies.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF
 ROBERT BURNS.

AIR...*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

YE sons of verse, ye favor'd few,
 Whom friendship's ties this night combine,
 Behold your much lamented friend,
 With wreaths his sacred brow entwine,
 Ah, name rever'd, to genius dear,
 Departed, great, immortal Burns!

Again returns thy natal day,
But Scotia's Bard no more returns.

Cease throbbing hearts! cease dropping tears!

(Alas! what can your grief avail?)

The Bard who taught you thus to feel

Now sleeps in death's dark dreary vale.

Peace to his shade! Fame crown his grave,

Whilst feelings in your bosom burn,

And hail the sacred natal day

Of him who never can return.

While Caledonia's thistle waves,

While Scotia's genius pours her Song,

So long, sweet Bard! to nature true,

So long shall time thy fame prolong

Yes! Coila's heav'n-taught son of song,

Each glowing heart will deck thy urn,

And hail the sacred natal day

Of him that's gone, ne'er to return.

GARD'NER TAMMIE.

(COMPOSED IN MEMORY OF A CHIEF COMPANION, T—
M—, WHO DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.)

AIR... *Gloomy Winter's now awa'.*

THE storm it rag'd o'er ilka hill,
 The wind blew hard, but Tam was still;
 Far, far frae hame a grave doth fill
 The warmest hearted Tammie O.
 His heart was kind, his soul sincere,
 But wae betide his cruel Fair!
 Her name for gudesake dinna spier,
 She was the death o' Tammie O.
 Ye cruel Fair, why thus impair
 Your husband's peace, when a' their care
 'S to mak you right? Can they do mair?
 'Twas just the gate o' Tammie O.

Weel could he dance, weel could he sing,
 And aft he'd shaw the highland fling,
 At kirns an' fairs nane could him ding,
 The yauld, the handsome Tammie O.
 To see him o'er the social bowl,
 Wi' Maitland Watt, O jovial soul!

His laugh how blythe, now winds do howl
 Out o'er the grave o' Tammie O.
 Ye friends o' Tam, come join wi' me,
 His mem'ry drink wi' three times three !
 A chield like him we'll never see—
 Now Eden's gard'ner's Tammie O.



THE BONNY LASS O' CRANSTONHILL.

AIR...Thy Cheeks are o' the Rosy Hue.

YE love-born nymphs, ye amorous swains,
 Who tread the Scotian, *Paphian* grove,
 Have you e'er heard 'mangst westlen strains,
 The matchless maid I've sworn to love ?
 No brain-form'd theme my muse inspires,
 No ærial phantom by you rill ;
 Her name my throbbing bosom fires,
 My dear lov'd lass o' CRANSTONHILL.

Have you e'er seen the orient morn'
 Bedeck a cloudless eastern sky,
 Such crimson fair her cheeks adorn,
 Such radiance sparkles in her eye.
 Ah ! how unlike the rustic train,
 Her blooming face would angels kill,

Ador'd by each surrounding swain,
My dear lov'd lass o' CRANSTONHILL.

Sweet were the hours of infant days,
We spent by Esk's sweet wimplin' stream;
But O my bliss was like the blaze,
Shot from the meteor's transient gleam.
With grief the sweets o' simmer pass,
A grave my wearied frame must fill;
Unless she says she'll sune be mine,
The bonny lass o' CRANSTONHILL.

A FAREWELL SONG TO CLYDE.

AIR.....*Erin gu brah.*

ADIEU, gentle Clutha, thy streams and thy fountains,
Thy green flow'ry banks—thy commercial shore,
Thy source like fair Tweed's frae the same lofty mountain,
Or timid recoiling frae ocean's loud roar.
Once to thy soft murmurs my wild notes would measure,
In lone contemplation, by thee found rich treasure,
False friendship in one * whom I once took great pleasure,
I've found a retreat frae the sting of his power.

In beauty transcendent I thought thee neglected,
Spontaneous my pipe in thy praises would sound,

* A. B. a fain would be poet.

Ere budded, my laurels he stak, but detected,
 They'll fade on that soil where no honour is found.
 Like Clutha's fair streams long in concord have glided,
 Fair honour and truth let them ne'er be divided,
 By them let my tongue and my pen still be guided,
 My cheek shall not blush nor my heart feel a wound.

Song.

AIR..... Up amang yon cliffy rocks.

How sweet on Leven's silver streams,
 Around her banks the wild flowers blooming,
 On ilka bush the warblers vie,
 In kindling strains of love an' joy :
 But Leven's banks which bloom sae fair,
 An' Leven's streams which glide sae saucy,
 Would sune be dowie, pale an' bare,
 Gin't werena for my chosen lassie :
 Her presence fills them a' wi' pride,
 The bonny lass o' Leven side.

When sober eve begins her reign,
 The little birds to cease their singing,
 An' flowers, their beauty to renew,
 Their bosoms bathe in diamond dew

When far beyond the Lomonds high,
 The wheels of day are downward rowin',
 An' a' the western closin' sky
 Wi' varied tints o' glory lowin' ;
 'Tis then my eager steps I guide,
 To meet the lass o' Leven side.

The solemn sweetness nature spreads,
 The kindly hour to love invitin',
 Within our happy bosoms move
 The softest sigh o' purest love.
 Reclin'd upon the velvet grass,
 Beneath the balmy birken blossom,
 O how the sacred moments pass
 When clasped to her beating bosom—
 How swells my heart wi' rapture's tide,
 When wi' the lass o' Leven side.

She never saw the splendid ball,
 She never blaz'd in courtly grandeur,
 But like her native lilly's bloom,
 Adorns her cheerfu' humble home :
 The pert reply, the modish air,
 To soothe the soul were never granted ;
 When modest sense an' love are there,
 The guise o' art may weel be wanted—
 O fate, gie me to be my bride,
 The bonny lass o' Leven side !

Song.

AIR.....*Captain O'Kaine.*

By the green verdant banks of the clear winding Leven,
Young Jeany did wander when twilight was gone,
While the sigh of distress her white bosom was heaving,
To pour out her sorrows unseen and alone.

Her robes loosely hung, and her bosom was bare,
Her dark raven locks careless wav'd in the wind;
Her face it was lovely, though clouded with care,
And her soul it was generous, loving, and kind.

From her eyes, once so cheerful, the tears were de-
scending,

And sweet was her voice, though it warbled deep woe,
While the throes of keen anguish her heart strings were
rending,

She told her sad tale to the winds that did blow.

Why ventur'd my love o'er the waves, she did cry,

In search of vain glory 'midst murderous war,

And left me behind him in sorrow to sigh?

O why from his Jean did he wander so far?

How oft have we stray'd by the brook gently gliding,

As blythe as the larks when they welcome the morn;

Alas ! now in Egypt perhaps he lies bleeding,
 While friendless I wander, dejected, forlorn.
 But if he survive, if he ever return,
 And gladden with pleasure this sorrowful heart,
 My tears then shall cease, and no longer I'll mourn,
 With rapture we'll meet, and we never shall part.

Though the wild waves of ocean now part us asunder,
 One sweet beam of comfort shall soften my pain ;
 Still safe from the rage of fell war's roaring thunder,
 My love may return to my fond arms again.
 —But hark ! a sad voice—'twas his father's, she
 knew,
 Who seem'd, like herself, of her fate to complain ;
 Attentive she listen'd, and near to him drew,
 And she tenderly asked the cause of his pain.

Sad news, he exclaim'd, is the cause of my mourning,
 My son sleeps in death on a far distant shore !
 With glory I thought to have seen him returning,
 But ah, well-a-day ! I shall see him no more.
 Aghast stood the maid—nature's torrent recoil'd.
 Fond hope from her bosom for ever retir'd ;
 She shudder'd— and staring, distracted and wild,
 Cry'd Willy !—Oh Willy !—then sunk and expir'd.

Song.

AIR—*Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*

CHORUS.

*Blythe, blythe, and happy are we,
 Could care is flej'd awa ;
 This is but ae night of our lives,
 And wha would grudge tho' it were twa.*

THE ev'ning shade around is spread,
 The chilling tempest sweeps the sky,
 We're kindly met, and warmly set,
 An' streams o' nappy rinnin' by.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

While gettin' fou, we're grit, I trow,
 We scorn misfortune's sairest bangs ;
 The magic bowl can lift the soul
 Aboon the world and a' its wrangs,
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The days o' man are but a span ;
 This mortal life a passing dream ;

Nought tō illume the dreary gloom,
 Save love and friendship's sacred gleam.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then toom your glass to my sweet lass,
 And neist we'll turn it o'er to thine ;
 The glowin' breast that loves them best,
 Shall dearest ever be to mine.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

An' here's to you, my friend sae true,
 May discord ne'er a feeling wound !
 An' shou'd we flyte, ne'er harbour spite,
 But in a bowl be't quickly drown'd.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Now rap an' ring, an' gar them bring
 The biggest stoupfu' yet we've seen :
 Why shou'd we part, when hand an' heart,
 At ilka bumper grows mair keen ?

Blythe, blythe, &c.

THE SPINNIN' O'T.

AIR...The Rock and the wee pickle Tow.

AMANG a' the wond'rous improvements e'er made,
 What do ye now think o' the spinnin' o't ?

That fountain and prop o' our flourishin' trade,
 How chang'd since the weary beginnin' o't!
 Wi' the rock and the spindle our grannies began,
 Neist at their wee wheelies they spat and they span;
 O little thought they o' the beautiful plan.
 That now is spread wide for the spinnin' o't.

On the palace-like fabric the travellers gaze,
 And, wonderin', spier for the meanin' o't;
 Its a' for the purpose, they learn wi' amaze,
 O' that noble art the spinnin' o't
 And amang a' the elegance that it can shaw,
 There's the *Lasses*, sae healthy sae bonny an' braw,
 While cheerful contentment enlivens them a',
 And endears every heart to the spinnin' o't.

The bosom where patriot liberty burns,
 Will fondly adore the rinnin' o't;
 For our snug darling isle that a' slavery spurns,
 Would fa' gin it wanted the spinnin' o't.
 Cou'd Britain proclaim a' the ocean her ain,
 Cou'd her sails ride triumphant o'er Neptune's domain,
 Proving a' the proud boasts o' her enemies vain,
 Gin it werena' the usefu' spinnin' o't.

Song.*AIR.....Neil Gow's wife.*

Tho' on my brow sat frowning care,
 Tho' pride should scorn, and malice sneer,
 Tho' worldly want should on me stare,
 Tho' friends were false, and foes were near ;
 Tho' wrapt in nature's bleakest storm,
 And winter wak'd her wildest cry,
 Still, if thy breast to me is warm,
 These ills I boldly could defy.

Then, dearest idol of my heart,
 Doom net thy vot'ry to despair ;
 What heavenly joy it would impart,
 Wert thou as kind as thou art fair !

GUID SCOTS WHISKY.*AIR—N. Gow's Lament.*

GUID Whisky, thou's been sair misca't,
 And often said to be the faut
 O' doin' ill, but I'll thee deat,
 Thou chief o' spirits, Whisky O.

They wha wou'd hae you quick dispell'd,
 Your fauts they hae in public tell'd;
 But ither spirits they've upheld,
 Base trash to our ain Whisky O.

MACNEIL cries down our favourite Bard,
 Which in our ears sounds unco hard;
 Had our ain BURNS sic nonsense heard;
 He'd play'd the loon a plisky O.
 Gie HECTOR rum or brandy drink,
 Till he in Pandemonium sink,
 MONRO, at last, for fear he stink,
 Will soak him weel wi' Whisky O.

Then come, ilk Scotsman, tak' your glass,
 And drink to Kate, to Jean, and Jess;
 'Twill banish far frae us distress,
 A wee drap guid Scots Whisky O.
 Some bards I ken o' sterling sense,
 Kilbagie drives their sorrows hence;
 Their grammar needs nae present tense,
 When blest wi' that noun Whisky O.



Song.

AIR.....*Caldar Fair.*

COME join me ilka social soul
 Wha tastes o' cheerin' pleasures,
 Echold the reamin' nappy bowl,
 An' hearken to its treasures ;
 The cauld unfeeling heart it warms,
 The wisest head it brightens ;
 It makes us bear affliction's storms,
 An' ilka joy it heightens.

When lads an' lasses chauce to meet
 At bridal, fair or dancin',
 The smile o' love is ne'er sae sweet
 Till nappy's weel advancin'.
 But then ilk Billy grasps his lass,
 She pliable an' grantin',
 An' toomin' out the tither glass,
 They're roarin' and they're rantin'.

An' when the glow o' youth has gane,
 An' sober sense replac'd it,
 In time o' need folk's unco fain
 For friendly aid to taste it :

An' wint'ry age, wi' frosty scowl,
 An' ev'ry pow'r declinin',
 Is melted by the kindly bowl,
 An' looks like simmer shinin'.

There's some will cant an' mak' a wark,
 An' canna prie a drap o't,
 But when alane, or in the dark,
 Can sweetly toom a cap o't:
 But we, in love and friendship free,
 Will round the table hand it;
 I'll drink to you, an' you to me,
 As lang's we're fit to stand it.

WILLY AND MARY.

AIR—*Logan Braes*.

SWEET Simmer now approaches fast,
 Exulting o'er the wintry blast,
 The Shepherd lads are seen to stray,
 An' flocks heard bleat on ilka brae.
 The black bird on the bending thorn,
 Now gaily welcomes in the morn,
 He seeks his mate in yonder grove,
 An' lists her wi' sweet sangs o' love.

The fields a cheering aspect wear,
 A' nature seems to be in steer!

The warblers tune their little throats,
 Exciting love wi a' their notes;
 O Mary dear, hear how the thrush,
 How sweet his sang frae thorny bush,
 We'll range the woods where stands the bower,
 'Twill shade ye frae the sunny shower.

Or aiblins we'll to yon burnside,
 The stately Aik will Mary hide,
 There nane but Cupid can us see,
 Or Lambkins sportin' on the lea.
 O come, my Mary, let us gae,
 O hear how Colin tunes his lay!
 He tunes his pipe to Logan braes,
 Whar Swains o' auld hae gather'd slaes.*

* To a worthy friend in Auld Reeky, Mr. Wm. Kinibrugh, this trifle is particularly addressed as a small token of remembrance.

BONNY LASS O' ALLAN WATER.

AIR—*Roy's wife.*

*Bonny lass o' Allan water,
 Sweetest maid o' Allan water,
 Wha can excel my Isalel,
 My blooming flower o' Allan water.*

Let distant Bards strange beauties praise,
Believe me, maidens, they but flatter ;
For worth that's rare, and beauty fair,
Is only found near Allan water.

Bonny lass, &c.

· OSSIAN'S HARP.

AIR—*John o' Badenyon.*

WHEN Fingal dwelt in Morven's hall,
And triumph'd o'er the Dane,
Sweet Ossian tun'd his harp and sung
The hero's deathless name.
Now to his airy halls he's gone,
Of which he often sung ;
Macpherson has his thoughts embalm'd,
That charm the old and young.

In later times our BURNS arose,
Pride of auld Coila's plains,
And sung the fears, the hopes, and joys,
Of simple country swains.
For every social feeling fam'd,
That dignifies the breast,
And manly sense, and lively wit,
His every thought exprest.

 THE ANNANDALE MOURNER.

AIR—*Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

BENEATH these lanely birken shades,
 Unnotic'd, let me vent my woe ;
 Nae sound the stillness here invades,
 Save Annan's murm'ring wave below.
 Thou Moon, that blink'st yon clouds amang,
 Or fling'st thy mildness o'er the dale !
 Aft hast thou heard my waefu' sang,
 As wafted by the evening gale.

Aft hae I stray'd beneath thy beam,
 Wi' Sandy down this lanely grove ;
 Aft listen'd to this soothing stream,
 Or heard the courtship o' the dove.
 But wae's me, Sandy now is gane !
 He slumbers on Corrunna shore,
 Where thousands o' the gallant slain
 Surround the hallow'd corpse o' Moore.

Few hinnied weeks had o'er us past,
 An' Sandy join'd his hand wi' mine,
 Till bugles rais'd the cruel blast,
 An' bade him rank in dreadfu' line.
 Our woes and vows on yonder brae
 We pour'd frae hearts to love sae true ;

The warrior wip'd his tears away——
 We kiss'd again, and sigh'd Adieu!

My Sandy! round thy lowly bed
 May vernal snawdraps first appear,
 And Ev'ning's tears upon thee shed
 The grief thy widow offers here.
 May Heav'n thy darling babbie spare,
 Wha ne'er beheld his father's smile,
 To claim his mother's constant care,
 And a' her pensive hours beguile!

A WORTHY CLERGYMAN'S COMPLAINT.

AIR...*Sic a wife as I hae.*

WHEN Fate her keenest arrow
 Prepares to kill the peace of life,
 She kens the poison'd sorrow
 Is warst when sent in shape o' wife.
 When first I saw my darling Fair,
 Array'd in every angel charm,
 My senses fled, I wistna where,
 My heart beat high wi' transport warm.
 I, courting, thol'd her scorn and rage,
 Content gin she would just be mine:
 But sic a wife as I hae!
 O how sair I've rued sinsyne!

We wedded,— and like thunder
 She roar'd thro' a' the hinny-moon;
 Thought I, the beauty's wonder
 Maua not be cōntrar'd yet so sune;
 But I neist week will play my part;
 That week gaed by—'twas still the same
 Ilk day I fand my coward heart
 Sink deeper in the gulph o' shame.
 The mair I staid, the mair afraid
 Was I to break my galling chain.
 Oh! sic a wife as I hae!
 Oh! how bitter is the pain!

At length quite broken-hearted,
 Her willing slave I snool an' bow;
 Manhood shook hands and parted,
 Then I was curst as I am now.
 She eats, she drinks, she dresses fine,
 While, starv'd in rags, I teil right sair;
 An' tho' I never dare repine,
 She scaulds and banns for ever mair.
 Tho' mute an' trembling I obey,
 Wi' mony a blow she gars me cry.
 Oh! sic a wife as I hae!
 Sic a wretched man am I!

O Youth, beware o' *beauty*,
 Beware o' love, and think o' me;
 Mak reason do her duty,
 Nor wed to please the naked e'e.

Sic dazzling love can never last ;
 The ruin'd wretch soon comes to ken,
 Remorse and sorrow fill his breast,
 Whene'er the frail delusion's gane.
 An' shou'd ye marry—O beware—
 At *first* stand up, be firm an' free ;
 An' let the wife that I hae
 A usefu',—awfu' lesson be !

JOHNNY BELL'S COURTSHIP.

AIR.....*The wooin' o't.*

WINTER's snaws were scarce begun,
 When Johnny gaed a-wooin' o't ;
 A wife he'd hae by April's sun,
 To cheer his heart when ploughin' o't.
 He drest himsel' in hodden grey,
 Wi' bonnet blue coft last Fair day :
 Red gartens round his knees did play,
 To tempt the lass when wooin' o't.

When he cam' to his Maggy's door,
 (O the gift o' wooin' o't.)
 The lassie kent the promist hour,
 But she kept busy sewin' o't.
 The auld wife cries, Meg, haste and rin,

The rain rains sair, gae let him in ;
 To keep him out would be a sin—
 O the gift o' woin' o't.

Then Meg ran to the door wi' speed ;
 (O the sweets o' woin' o't.)
 Before he spake her mou' he pried ;
 (O the gift o' woin' o't.) -
 She led him to the farest ben,
 Where sat the favorite tappet hen,
 Wi' birds about her nine or ten,
 True emblems o' the woin' o't.

Now Maggy lass, do ye like me ?
 (O the gift o' woin' o't)
 The auld wife sleely masks the tea,
 To cheer the hours o' woin' o't.
 Her answer was, F'ye, Johnny Bell !
 The auld wife cries, Dame, quick and tell ;
 The lad looks well—he's like yoursel,
 (O! sweet's the hours o' woin' o't.)

The auld wife hands the tea right fell,
 (O the gift o' woin' o't)
 And wow but she was fain to tell -
 She had her days o' woin' o't.
 Oh my dear Rob, wha sleeps in clay !
 To think on him my heart grows wae—
 He look'd sae weel; and aye was gay,
 And spent his days in woin' o't.

The tea is o'er the auld wife gaen,
 (O the gift o' wooin' o't)
 Her absence was to them nae pain,
 (O the sweets o' wooin' o't)
 Then John fell to his Meg fu' fain,
 And kisst her o'er and o'er again;
 And swore he'd lie nae mair his lane—
 (O the sweets o' wooin' o't.)

The day was fixt for Mess John's ties,
 (O the gift o' wooin' o't)
 Then beef and greens, wi' matton pyes
 Did grace the board o' wooin' o't.
 Now John lives wi' his Meg fu' leel,
 An' nine months brought a dainty chiel',
 An' hours o' pleasure round them reel,
 The fruits o' their short wooin' o't.

EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY BURNS, INTENDED FOR HIS FRIEND,
 MR. WM. NICHOL.

YE maggots feed on Willie's brains,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
 An' fix your claws into his heart,
 For fient a bit o't's rotten.

EGBERT AND BIRTHA.

A BALLAD.

[BY AN OLD FRIEND.]

THE early dawn now rose apace
O'er Elton's goodly plain:
Fair Birtha wept, and cried, "Alas!
My Egbert sure is slain!

"Thrice hath the morning chaf'd the night,
Since o'er the dale he rode,
For Harold and his Prince to fight,
And left this fair abode.

"Ah! when my Egbert smil'd and said,
What needs fair Birtha mourn?
I trust, e'er evening spreads its shade,
In triumph to return.

"But night is past, the world has slept,
And morning comes again;
And long, long hath his Birtha wept—
Alas! my Love is slain!

"Go dress to me my gentle steed,
That journeys fast and free:

To Hastings will I ride with speed,
Fair Elton's Lord to see."

The steed was brought—the steed was sleek :
The maid in rich array ;
But briny tears bedew'd her cheek,
When sad she rode away.

And long she rode, and wond'rous fast,
While beat her breast with fear ;
And ev'ry mile her courser past,
She hop'd her Love was near.

At length a warlike chief was seen ;
He hied across the plain ;
"Hast thou," she said, "at Hastings been,
Oh ! is my Egbert slain ?"

"O Lady, if thy Love was there,
I fear he breathes no more :
For many a youthful face and fair,
Is there begrim'd with gore !

"There many an eye is clos'd in night,
Which once the morn outskone ;
And Harold lies amidst the fight,
Who lately fill'd a throne."

"And is my Egbert slain !" she cries,
"And fell my youth so brave

My own—my dearest Egbert dies—
Nor Birtha near his grave!”

Now swifter spurn'd her steed the ground,
Till Hastings was in view,
Where many a Lord of fair renown
Had sigh'd his last adieu.

Across the desolated plain
A youthful peasant sped!
“Oh! tell me is my Egbert slain?
Or has my Egbert fled?”

“Near yonder tow'r, fair Lady, pass'd
Fair Elton's Lord and pride:
His weary steed he spurr'd full fast,
And reach'd yon valley's side;

“But there a num'rous Norman band
Oppos'd his timely flight,—
He made a long and valiant stand;
But sunk, fatigu'd, in fight.”

“Say, glow'd his check with manly grace?—
Or frown'd he when in war?
And sunk to earth that princely face
Oppress'd with wound or scar?”

“O Lady! 'twas fair Elton's Lord,
His helm with gold was bound;

His emerald-hilted faithful sword
Had drank of many a wound.

“ The steed he rode was milky white,
And gaily deck'd his mane ;
But with his Lord he fell in fight—
The stateliest steed was slain.”

“ And is my Egbert slain ?” she cried ;
While wept the maid full sore ;
And has he here in battle died ?
And lives my Love no more ?

“ Oh, am I forc'd, in early bloom
To bear thee cold away ?
To yield thee to the greedy tomb,
Too brave, too fair a prey !

“ Had I thy virtues never known,
Thy death I might sustain ;
And might thy mangled corpse disown,
Extended on the plain.

“ But, sure, thou wast the mildest youth
That e'er a maiden prest ;
For honour, virtue, love and truth,
Resided in thy breast

“ And 'till the shaft of death must part
A heart that loves sac true,

I'll wear thee, Egbert, next this heart,
And then--I'll follow you."

"Thy Egbert lives," the peasant cries,
And fell upon his knee,

"Behold thy love in this disguise.--
Behold thy love in me."

The maiden shriek'd, and swoon'd away,

And in his arms she fell;

But of their mutual joy that day,

Are none alive to tell.

ARGUMENT.

THAT the language conferred by the Almighty upon our first parents, and their immediate descendants, was highly figurative and poetical, can scarcely be disputed. To prove that poetry is the language of nature, let us only attend to the information received through the medium of our Navigators, Travellers, and Historians, concerning the original inhabitants of America, and the South Sea islands. We find that the speech or dialect of the former, is strong, nervous, and replete with bold poetical imagery; and that of the latter, soft, sonorous, and strikingly musical. That Poetry has been admired and respected in all ages, and amongst every


nation in the known world, is a fact that the most hardy Sceptic will scarcely dare to controvert.—That Scotland for several centuries past, has been the only country in Europe, where that sublime Art has been most assiduously pursued, is a stubborn truth that will not be easily overturned. Whether the above fact is to be imputed to physical, moral, or local causes, we shall leave to modern Philosophers to define.

It has long become proverbial that poetry and poverty are so nearly connected with one another, that they are almost become synonymous terms; the truth of which has been too frequently experienced by many an unfortunate son of Parnassus. Men of genius are seldom known to be strict adherents to the rigid rules of economy or prudence, their thoughts and actions being generally so diametrically opposite to the society of which they are members, that instead of becoming objects of esteem and pity, they are more apt to become the butts of contempt and ridicule. Many an illustrious son of the muses, whose works have done honor to human nature, and whose name will be handed down to the latest posterity, has been allowed obscurely to pine through life, unfriended by his contemporaries, and to slip out of the world unpitied, unnoticed, and unknown.

It can scarcely be doubted, that a true poet must be born such, and the rays of native genius will be seen through every cloud which can envelope them. Those properties of the soul which qualify a human being for this charming art, are too delicate and fine to admit of

definition ; but certain it is, that education boasts of no omnipotence here. When nature has endowed the bard, a compensation will easily be found for the want of that polish which learning gives. But it must be lamented, that so many possessing no spark of poetical fire, and destitute of all knowledge of their native language, should divert their attention from useful purposes, by hammering rhymes, which, the moment they are exposed, like bodies that cannot bear the air, sink from existence into merciful oblivion.

THIS multiplicity of rhyme is productive of another serious evil. The public have been so often insulted with unintelligible trash, that few of a refined taste will peruse a single page of an unknown bard. He is, therefore, though worthy of a better fate, consigned to the same obscurity—neglect is his sole reward, and disappointment all his portion. Thus when a transient flower of sweetness springs in the uncultivated wild, its modest bud is choaked by the rank and presumptive weeds that shoot around it ; the eye of discernment seeks it not there, and, denied the beams of the fostering sun, it sickens and withers away.



INDEX.

	PAGE
PREFACE	3
Now, dearest Jessy	5
O wild beats my heart	7
O Peggy, could I tell	8
Early days -	10
Melville Katie-	11
What is vict'ry	12
Leven Streams	13
Love never mair	15
Anniversary Song	16
Gard'ner Tammie	18
The bonny lass o' Cranstonhill-	19
A farewell Song	20
How sweet on Leven's	21
By the green verdant banks	23
Blythe, blythe, and happy	25
'The Spinnin' o't	26
Tho' on my brow	28
Guid Scots Whisky	<i>ib.</i>
Come join me	30
Willy and Mary	32

	PAGE
Bonny Lass o' Allan Water - - - - -	32
Ossian's Harp - - - - -	33
Tommy's Complaint - - - - -	34
Johnny Bell's Courtship - - - - -	37
Epitaph, by Burns - - - - -	39
Egbert and Birtha, a ballad - - - - -	40
Argument - - - - -	44

F I N I S.

M. Randall, Printer.