

5/6
CALADONIA.

To which are added,

Queen Mary's Lamentation

The Maid of the Mill.

Despairing Mary.

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Nobody coming to Marry Me.



STIRLING:

Printed and Sold, by M. Randall,

CALADONIA.

CALADONIA.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming simmer exhale their perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green brecken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom,
Far dearer to me are yon humble green bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen,
For there, lightly tripping, among the wild flowers
A-listning the linnet, ait wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valley,
And auld Caladonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet scented woodlands, that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—the hunt o' the tyrant and slave,
The slave spicy forests, and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Cadadonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the wind on his mountain,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains of his Jean

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sing and lament me in vain,
 these walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas; it increases my pain,
 when I think on the days that are gone.

Through the gate of my prison I see,
 the birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 my looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Though fortune has alter'd my state,
 she ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman, in ages to come,
 thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 with silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day?
 how sadly tolls the evening bell:

The owls from the battlement cry,
 hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary! prepare thee to die,
 my blood 't runs cold at the sound.

 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

I've talk'd and prattle'd to fifty fair maids,
 And chang'd them as oft, do you see;
 I've talk'd, &c.
 But of all the fair maids that dance on the green,
 The Maid of the Mill for me,
 The Maid of the Mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
 And call'd me their fairest she;
 There's fifty young men, &c.

But of all the gay youths that sport on the green,
 Young Harry's the lad for me,
 Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
 Her cheek like the blossom in May;
 Her eyes, &c.

Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
 Her breath like the new-made hay:
 The new-made hay, the new-made hay,
 Her breath like the new-made hay.

He's tall and straight, like the poplar tree,
 His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;
 He's tall and straight, &c.

He looks like a Spuire of high degree,
 When dress'd in his Sunday's cloths,
 When dress'd in his Sunday's cloaths.

With hugging and kissing to church we will go,
 And be marry'd and languish no more ;
 With hugging and kissing, (&c)
 The bells they shall ring, and the music shall play ;
 The Maid of the Mill will ancore,
 The Maid of the Mill will ancore.

DESPAIRING MARY.

Mary, why thus waste thy youth time in sorrow ?
 See a' around you the flowers sweetly blaw,
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs o' Jura,
 Blythe sings the mevis in ilka green shaw ;
 How can this heart e'er mair think o' pleasure,
 Simmer may smile but delight I have nane ;
 Cauld in the grave-lies my hearts! only treasure,
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

This 'kirchief he gave me a true lovers token,
 Dear, dear to me, was the gift for his sake,
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken
 Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break,
 Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning,
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn,
 Spent were my days, a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wandered in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam ;
 Sweet were our meetings of fender endearment,
 But fled are these joys like a fleet passing dream ;

Cruel remembrance ! ah, who wilt thou wreck me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown,
 Cruel remembrance ! in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

TUNE—JONNY COPE.

My Brethren, now we're met again,
 To show what spirit we maintain,
 And that we ever are the same,
 To meet the French in the morning.

CHORUS.

Then Bonaparte are ye waking yet,
 Or are your boats all ready yet,
 Upon four shores, when ye think fit,
 We'll meet ye in the morning.

Tho' many powers you have undone,
 And nearly Europe over-run,
 The reason's obvious as the sun,
 They lay o'er lang in the morning.
 Then Bonaparte, &c.

You're well aware it is the case,
 Where'er you saw a British face,
 You've found it to your sad disgrace,
 That they should rise in the morning.
 Then Bonaparte, &c.

Some of our patriots, in the dark,
 May try to aid you in your "wark;"
 But, muzzl'd, they can only bark,
 And loungers prove in the morning.
 Then Bonaparte, &c.

Your piteous measures to fulfil,
 Against our trade you try your skill;
 But that won't bring us to your will
 While we can rise in the morning.
 Then Bonaparte, &c.

My Brethren, then, just to display
 Our sentiments on such a day,
 Permit, me, in your name, to say
 We'll meet the french in the morning.
 Then Bonaparte, &c.

NOBODY COMING TO MARRY ME.

LAST night the dogs did bark,
 I went to the gates to see
 When every lass had her spark,
 but nobody comes to me.

And its O dear what shall become of me!
 O dear what shall I do!
 Nobody coming to marry me,
 nobody coming to woo.

Last time that I went to my prayers,
 I pray'd for half a day,

Come cripple, come lame, come blind,
 come somebody, take me away.
 For its O dear, &c.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
 my mother does nothing but spin;
 And I am a handsome young girl,
 but the money comes slowly in,
 For its O dear, &c.

They say I am beautiful and fair,
 they say I am scornful and proud:
 Alas! I must now despair,
 for ah! I am grown very old.
 For its O dear, &c.

And now I must die an old maid,
 O dear, how shocking a thought!
 And all my beauty must fade,
 but I'm sure it is not my own fault.
 For its O dear, &c.

FINIS.