

VIRGIN'S CHOICE;

O R

Youth preferred to Old Age.

To which are added.

LET AMBITION FIRE THY MIND.

FIDEL'S TOMB.

TARRY WOO.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.


The Queen of France's Lamentation.



G L A S G O W,

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THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 the swains begin to teaze me ;
 But two who claim the foremost place,
 try different ways to please me.

To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 is not so soon decided ;
 When both their merits are exprest,
 I may be less divided,

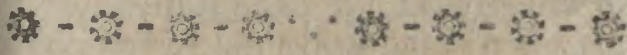
Palemon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
 he's rich above all measure ;
 Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
 he'd give me all his treasure :

But then our years so disagree——
 so much as I remember,
 It is but May, I'm sure with me,
 with him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
 let frost and snow be suing ?
 'T would spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
 bring every charm to ruin .

For dress and show to touch my pride,
 my little heart is panting ;
 But then——there's something else beside,
 I soon would find was wanting.

Then Colin, thou my heart shalt gain,
 for thou would ne'er deceive me:
 And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
 for thou hast most to give me;
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 thou looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 to thee I now surrender.



LET AMBITION FIRE THY MIND.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd;
 scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
 thou on necks of kings shalt tread;
 Joys incircling, joys shall meet,
 which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not spoils of empire fright;
 toils of empire pleasure are;
 Thou shalt only know delight,
 all the joy but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
 for the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 happy thou shalt reign below.



F I D E L E ' S T O M B .

TO fair Fidele's glassy tomb,
 soft maids and village hinds shall bring,
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 rife all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
 to vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd lads assemble here,
 and tender virgins own their love.

No with'ed witch shall here be seen,
 no goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female faes shall haunt the green,
 and deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours,
 shall kindly lend its little aid,
 With hoary moss and gath'ed flow'rs,
 to deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
 in tempests shake the Sylvian cell ;
 Or midst the chace upon the plain
 the tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 for thee the tear be daily shed :
 Belov'd till life could charm no more,
 and mourn'd till Pity's self is dead.



T A R R Y W O O.

T A R R Y woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well e'er ye begin.

When 'tis carded. rov'd and spun,
 Then the wark is hastens done ;
 But when woven, dress'd and clean,
 It may be cleading for a Queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep ;
 Bleating sweetly as they go,
 Through the winter's frost and snow ;

Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
 Not by far so useful are ;
 Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

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 warm the wame,
 Keeps us warm and hearty fu' ;
 Lecse me on my tarry woo.

(6)
Now happy is a shepherd's life!
Far frae courts, and free frae strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer—Mae!

No such music to his ear,
Of thief and fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holy days.

Who'd be a king can ony tell,
When a shepherd lives so well;
Sings fae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

✱+✱ || ✱+✱ (✱) † (††) † (✱) || ✱ || ✱ || ✱

LOVE AND DESPAIR

When wilt thou break my stubborn heart?
O death how slow to take my part?
Whstever I pursue, denies
Death, death itself, like Myra lies.

Love and despair like twins, posselt,
At the last fatal birth my breast!
No hope could be, her scorn was all,
That to my distant lot could fall.

I thought alas! that love could dwell,
But in warm climes where no snow fell;

Like plants that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by constant fire.

That, without hope, 'twould die as soon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor Camelions thrive:
Deny'd even that, my love can live.

As toughest trees in storms are bred,
And grow in spite of winds, and spread;
The more the tempest tears and shakes,
My love, the deeper root it takes.

Despair, that Aconite does prove,
And certain death to other's love,
That poison never yet with food,
Does nourish mine, and turn to food.

O! for what crime is my torn heart,
Condemn'd to suffer deathless smart?
Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie,
In endless pain, and never die.



The QUEEN of FRANCE'S LAMENTATION.

GOOD people all both great and small,
That hear my strange relation,
A shocking shame, a wretched Queen,
in this sad situation.

Although in prison I'm confin'd,
my eyes are dim with weeping,
The Lord will release my troubled mind,
who hath my soul a keeping.

My hair is fallen from my head,
my flesh hath left its station,
I soon will mingle with the dead,
and leave this cruel nation.

I seldom with my children walk,
but hears some piercing story,
And oft times mingled with their talk,
their Papa's now in glory.

Your father's blood for vengeance cries,
France is in great confusion,
With glittering swords and cannon balls,
it will end with Desolation.

Like Hamlet's Ghost I move along,
I scarce can see my shadow.
In dreams I see my murdered Lord,
ascending Jacob's ladder.

Farewel to titles, crowns and gold,
and all this worldly pleasure.
For since to Heaven I hope to fly,
there lieth all my treasure;

But now observe that injur'd Queen,
who much deserves your pity,
Who many months in sorrow's been,
and thus I end my ditty.

F I N I S.