

Down the Burn Davie.

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*The Meeting of the Waters.*

Andro wi' his cutty gun.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

For lake of Gold.



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DOWN THE BURN-DAVIE?

When trees did bud and fields were green,  
And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
When Mary was complete fifteen,  
And love laugh'd in heree;  
Blythe Davy's blinks her heart did move  
To speak her mind thus free,  
Gang-down the burn, Davie, love,  
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
Just meet to be a bride.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,  
Her een were bonny blue,  
Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And nothing, sure, unmeet!

For ganging hame, I heard them say;

They lik'd a walk so sweet.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;

She cried, Sweet love be true;

And when a wife, as now a maid,

To death I'll follow you!

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a rough,

Straight to the kirk he led her;

There plighted her his faith and truth,

And a bonny bride he made her.

Non more as ban't to own her love,

Or speak her mind thus free;

Gang down the burny Davie, love,

And I will follow thee.

#### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not, in this wide world, a val-

ley so sweet

As that vale in whose bosom the bright

waters meet;

Ah! the last rays of feeling and life must

depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade  
from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er  
the scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of  
green;

It was not the soft magic of streamlets  
on hill,

Ah! no, it was something more exquisite  
still.

'Twas that friends the beloved of my bosom  
were near,

Who made every scene of enchantment  
more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of  
nature improve,

When we see them reflected from looks  
that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca, how calm could I  
rest

In thy bosom of shade, with the friends  
I love best;

When the storms which we feel in this  
cold world would cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

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ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blyth, blythe and merry was she;  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 O weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And hecht to keep me lawin free;  
 But cunning carlin that she was,  
 She gar'd me birl my bawbee.

Blyth, blyth, &c.

We lo'ed the liquor weel enough,  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoorn.  
 When we had thrie times toom'd our  
 stoup,

And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

Blyth, blyth, &c.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben;  
 With girdle cakes weel toasted brown  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down  
 We ca'd the bickerast about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum,  
 And ay the clearest drinker out,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxter sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.  
 Blyth, blyth, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud  
 had lower'd, (sky:  
 And the sentinel-stars set their watch in the  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
 power'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the  
 slain,  
 At the dawning of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And twice, ere the cock crew, I dreamt it  
 again.  
 Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful ar-  
 ray,  
 Far far I had roam'd on a desolate tract,  
 Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet  
 way, (back.  
 To the house of my father, who welcom'd me  
 I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft  
 In life's morning watch, when my bosom  
 was young:  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-  
 reapers sung.  
 Then pledg'd we the wine-cup,—and fondly I  
 swore, (ver so part;  
 From my home and my weeping friends me—  
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fullness of  
 heart— (worn!  
 Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and  
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted  
 away.

## FOR LAKE OF GOLD.

For lake of gold she's left me, O,  
 And of all that's dear bereft me, O,  
 She me forsook, for a great duke,  
     And to endless woe she's left me, O.  
 A star and garter has more art,  
 Than youth, a true and faithfu' heart,  
 For empty titles we must part,  
     And for glitt'ring show she's left me O

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
     Since Jeanie she has left me O.  
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care  
 Give up my charming lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessings be her share,  
     Tho' she's for ever left me O.

FINIS.