

The Girl I left behind me.

with the

Answer.

To which are added,

Anna's Urn.

Vauxhall Watch.

Seize Occasion.



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THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I Am lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
 and over the moors that tire me,
 With heavy thoughts my heart doth fill,
 since first I parted with Betsy ;
 In search of some one fine and gay,
 several doth remind me
 Of the blest hours I pass'd away,
 though I left her behind me.

The hours I do remember well,
 when recollection takes me,
 A pain within my breast I feel,
 since first she own'd to love me
 But now I am gone to Brighton camp,
 kind heaven pray now guide me,
 And send me safely home again,
 to the girl I left behind me.

Her golden hair in ringlets fair,
 her eyes like diamonds shining,
 Her slender waist and carriage chaste,
 left me poor swain ! a pining ;
 But let the night be e'er so dark,
 or e'er so wet or windy,
 I will return safe back again,
 to the girl I left behind me.

But when I am standing on parade,
 either asleep or waking,
 I long to see my love again,
 for her my heart is breaking ;
 When I think of the vows of love,
 the tears doth fall and blind me,
 When I think of the virtuous grace,

of the girl I left behind me.

The falling waters I do see,
 the dove become a ranger,
 Such heavy thoughts ran in my mind,
 the hour I meant to change her ;
 Ye Powr's above protect I pray,
 the cautious fair that binds me,
 And send me safely home again,
 to the girl I left behind me.

THE ANSWER.

YOU maidens all come pity me,
 and be no more disdain'g,
 My love unto the war is gone,
 and left me here complaining ;
 For now he's march'd out of the land,
 and I am still repining,
 Into some distant land I'll go,
 to see whether I can find him.

Or in some silent shade I'll go,
 to shelter all my mourning,
 The tears ran trickling from her eyes,
 with grief both night and morning ;
 The tales of love he told to me,
 he never would deceive me,
 It was this cruel, cruel war,
 that caused him to leave me.

Although the storm e'er so strong,
 and cannons loudly rattle,
 I'll go to see for my true love,
 into the field of battle ;
 And if my true love should be slain,

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so boldly I'll succeed him,
To fight with gun and sword in hand,
whilst my love lies a bleeding.

But if alive I should remain,
and him whom I adore,
I'll bless the day I sail'd away,
to see my love once more ;
The drums and trumpet's sweetly found,
and cannons loudly roar,
To fight against the Gallic Cocks,
until the wars are o'er.

So may kind heaven be my friend,
and send the wars soon at an end,
That lads may see their homes again,
and maids their loves once more ;
Success unto my own true love,
and ever may I find him,
As true unto his dearest dear,
as the girl he left behind him.

ANNA'S URN.

ENcompass'd in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay :
Too soon did heaven assert its claim,
and call'd its own away,
and call'd its own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms
can never more return,
can never more return,
What then shall fill these widow'd arms ?
ah me ! ah me ! ah me !
My Anna's urn !
Can I forget that bliss refin'd,

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which blest with her I knew?
Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,
were bound by love too true:
That rural train, which once were us'd
in festive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
now weeping deck her Urn.
The soul escaping from its chain,
she clasp'd me to her breast,
To part with thee is all my pain!
she cry'd! then sunk to rest!
While mem'ry shall her feat retain,
from beauteous Anna torn,
My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain
of sorrow o'er her Urn.
There with the earliest dawn, a dove
laments her murder'd mate.
There Philomela, lost to love,
tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew, and ivy round me spread,
my Anna there I'll mourn
For all my soul, now she is dead,
concentres in her Urn.

THE VAUXHALL WATCH.

MY names Tady Blany I'll be bound,
Neither man nor boy upon the ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.
My time it being a little short,
To be sure I have had some sport,
With the gentles that to this place resort,
When Crying Vauxhall Watch.
Marcaronies, what a sight,
Then of pretty damfels neat and tight,

Of a star-light morn I've bid good night,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

The spark replies-no one will see,
You are deceiv'd, my soul, said she,
There's that Irish thief, meaning me,
Crying Vauxhall watch.

Then I gets a thirteen not to talk,
And I gently steal t'wards the dark walk,
I then decamp no sport to baulk,
Crying Vauxhall Watch.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

TWAS on a Monday morning,
The day appointed was,
That Pate went forth into the broom,
to meet his bonny lass ;
Blyth and merry was his heart,
and sweetly then sung he,
She's low down, she's in the broom,
waiting for me ;
Waiting for me, my dear,
waiting for me ;

She's low down, she's in the broom
where merry shall we be:

Now Jenny she's gane down the burn,
and its to meet with Pate ;

But what they said and what they did,
we shortly shall repeat :

Blyth and merry was her heart,
and sweetly then sung she,

He's low down and in the broom,
waiting for me. Waiting for me, &c.

She looked o'er her left shoulder,
to see what she could see,

And there she spy'd her own true love,
come linking o'er the lee :

With his little bonnet on his head,
 his plaid above his knee ;
 He's coming skipping o'er the broom,
 for to meet with me. For to meet, &c.
 He took his true love in his arms,
 fae merry was his heart,
 And said, my life, my lovely jewel,
 my dear we'll never part,
 He said, my dear, we'll never part,
 until the day we die,
 And since we're down among the broom,
 merry shall we be. Merry shall we be, &c.
 Hold off your hand, young man, she said,
 and do not use me so,
 For little does my father,
 or yet my mother know
 And they will wonder in their minds,
 what is become of me,
 They'll little think I'm in the broom,
 talking with thee. Talking, &c.
 My daddy is a cankard carle,
 he'll no twin wi' his gear :
 My minny she's a scolding wife,
 hauds a' the house asteer :
 But let them say, or let them do,
 it's a' ane to me ;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 that waited on me. Waited on &c.
 My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 and fair she lightlies me ;
 But well ken I it's a' envy,
 for ne'er a joé has she. But let, &c.
 My cousin Kate was fair beguill'd,
 wi' Johnny i' the Glen ;
 And ay sinfyne, she cries, Beware

of false deluding men. But, &c.
 Glead Sandy he came west ae night,
 and spier'd when I saw Patie;
 And ay sinlyne the neighbours round,
 they jeer me air and late. But, &c.
 They parted blyth and weel content,
 sae merry may they be;
 For a constant swain hath Patie prov'd,
 and a kind Lass was she.
 Ye've waited on me, my love,
 ye've waited on me;
 Ye've waited lang among the broom,
 now I am bound to the:
 Sae let them say, or let them do,
 'tis a' ane to me;
 For I have vow'd to love you, Lad,
 until the day I die.

SEIZE OCCASION.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 dangers ev'ry moment bring
 Time flies swift and will away,
 time that's ever on the wing,
 Doubting and suspence at best,
 lovers fate repentance cost;
 Let us eager to be blest,
 seize occasion e'er 'tis lost.

FINIS.