

WAES ME FOR
PRINCE CHARLY.

to which are added,

TARRY WOO.

Love and Despair.

LET AMBITION FIRE THY MIND.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.



EDINBURGH.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1820.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLY.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Waes me for prince Charly!"
O! whan I heard the bonny soun',
The tears cam happin rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I loed prince Charly.

Quoth I, ' My bird my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh! waes me for prince Charley.

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lonely stranger;
On every side he's prest by want,
On every side is danger.
"Yestreen I met him in the glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh! waes me for prince Charly.

"Dark night cam on, the tempest roar'd,
Loud o'er the hills and valleys,

n' whar was't that your prince lay down,
 Wha's hame should been a palace?
 He row'd him in a highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,
 n' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh! waes me for prince Charly."

ut now the bird saw some red coat,
 An' he shook his wings wi' anger—
 Oh! this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer."
 e hover'd on the wing a while,
 Ere he departed fairly ;
 ut weel I mind the fareweel strain
 Was, " Waes me for prince Charly."

TARRY WOO.

erry woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin
 Card it weel, card it weel,
 Card it well e'er ye begin
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 When the wark is haflens done ;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleading for a Queen.

ding my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep ;
 Eating sweetly as they go,
 Through the winter's frost and snow ;
 Fore and hind, and fallow deer,
 That by half so useful are ;

Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye sheperds dance and skip,
O'er the hills and vallies 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,
Keep us warm and hearty fu' ;
Leeze me on my tarry woo.

Now happy is a sheperd's life !
Far frae courts and free of 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,
We'll 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 sae well ;
Sings sae 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 ?
Whatever I pursue, denies,
Death, death itself like Myra flies.

Love and despair, like twigs, possess,
At the same fatal birth my breast !
No hope could be, her scorn was all,
That to my dissant 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, 'twoud' die as soon,
A little hope—but I have none :
On air the poor Camellions 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 withstood,
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.

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 shall 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 not only know delight.
 all the joy but not the care.

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

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?

He is gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
And its oh in my heart but I wish him safe at home.

What, tell me what, did your Highland laddie wear?

What, tell me what, &c.

Bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant pledge of war,

And a plaid across his manly breast, that soon will wear a star.

Oh where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie stay?

Oh where tell me where, &c.

He dwelt beneath the Holly-tree beside the rapid Spey,

And many a blessing followed him the day he gaed away.

Oh suppose, oh suppose that some cruel cruel wound should pierce your Highland laddie's breast, and all your hopes confound;

The pipes should play a cheerful strain the banners round him fly,

And the spirit of a Highland chief should glister in
his eye.

The pipes should play a cheerful strain, the banners
round him fly,

And for his king and country with pleasure he will
die.

But I hope yet to see him in Scotland's bonny
bounds,

But I hope yet to see him, &c.

His native land of liberty will nurse his glorious
wounds.

While wide thro' all the Highland hills his warlike
name resounds.

FINIS.