

The disappointed lover ;

To which are added,

Up in the morning,

Wellington's Address,

My Bonny Jean.



STIRLING :

PRINTED BY W. MACKIE,

1825.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

As Autumn sun had sunk full low,
Behind Benlemond hill
And Ardoch brown came rowing down
Wi' speed might ca'd a mill.
That night met two resolv'd to woo,
Upon a bank so green
And watch the two I then did do,
Behind a bush unseen.

He made her vow, on the broom knowe,
That night to let him in
And by a' gude he swore he would
Mak neither doise nor din.
He kiss'd the lass then on the grass,
And prais'd her bonny een;
But aft she said I am afraid
This night you will be seen.

So off I went for I was bent,
That night him to undo,
And kiss this maid in her own bed,
And bar her love out too

The village clock it now had struck,
 The hour ayont the ten,
 When, in her smock, she did unlock,
 The door and let me in.

As it was dark she low did heark
 To mak but little din,
 For blackguards low are on the go,
 And wanting to get in.
 My seat and hat I then threw aff,
 My hankerchief and shoon;
 Then quick I fled into hea bed—
 For sound slept a' her kin.

Then Cupid said. Be not afraid,
 In joy your love now do,
 For Angerona here doth reign,
 And mortal ne'er shall kaow.
 But Stirling Will was for the mill,
 His horn he did blaw;
 And one kiss more she ask'd before
 That I would gang awa.

I kiss'd this maid, then out of bed,
 My clothes I on did throw;
 I never snecke, but did unlock
 The door, and off did go.

She thought it was her own true love,
 That she had all the while ;
 But him she lost, but ne'er suspect'd,
 That I did her beguile.

UP IN THE MORNING.

Gould blaws the wied frae north to south,
 And drift is driving sairly ;
 The sheep are couring in the heugh.
 O sirs, it's winter fairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning's no for me,
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the blast,
 The branches tirling barely,
 Among the chimley taps it thuds.
 And frost is nipping sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hill,
 Like ony tinorous earlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When snaw blaws into the chivalry tape,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things they suffer sairly,
 In cauldrie quarters all the night,
 A day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 No fate can be waur in winter time,
 Then rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and cainty wife,
 Keeps aye a body cheerly ;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maun,
 It answe a unco rarely.

But up in the morning na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early ;
 The gowans maun gieat on bank and maun,
 When I rise in the morning early

WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS.

Britons bauld though Britons few,
On the plains o' Waterloo;
Britons heroes, a'ways true,
To rights and liberty.
Fire your blood, my vet'ran boys;
Usurpation's yoke despise;
Slavery fa's and slavery dies.
Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes,
See his darling warlike sums,
Hear the rattling o' his drums,
To sie sweet Freedom's sway.
We'll divert him wi' the charmes
O' our swords, and o' our arms;
In his ear we'll strike our thairms,
That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar,
Fight like lions on the shore,
Or kiss the gore,
That welcomes bravery.

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See the lightning's flashing by,
 Darkning black the lowering sky—
 Traitor turn and coward fly,
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest, and Europe's foe,
 See his lang decisive blow,
 See his deadly overthrow,
 Frae thrones and monarchy,
 Sodgers—heroes o' renown,
 Laurels fresh await our crowns,
 Liberty is Britain's own.
 Then forward win her plea.

MY BONNY JEAN.

Behind yon hills o' lofty height,
 I dearly love to stray,
 Whar lads and lasses fondly sport,
 And spend the gowden day;
 The cheery plains remind the strains,
 O' purest joys unseen;
 And ilka flow'r deck'd in the bow'r,
 Blooms like my bonny Jean.

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When dressing Nature busks the vale,
And sprinkles on her dew,
Her bonny silver mantle shines
Out o' the clearest hue ;
So neat and fair, wi' splendour rare,
She dazzles a' our een ;
Yet fairer dress, she maun confess,
A'oras my bonny Jean.

How sweetly in the summer's e'en,
She skips the gilded plain :
While all the little warbling bands,
Sing welcome back again.
Their tender noise sends cheery joys
Through a' the hills atween ;
Till ilka dale, and flowry vale,
Pay homage to my Jean.

FINIS.