

G WILL I COME,

onny was yon rosy brier,

How lang and dreary

is the night,

Sweet fa's the eve on

R A I G I E - B U R N,

Now Rosy May

comes in wi' flowers,

AND

Together let us range.



EDINBURGH :

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1818.

O WILL I COME.

Tune—The Lee Rig.

O will I come, when yont the nowes
The setting sun has hid his ee,
And meet thee whare the Irwin rows,
Sae smoothly through the gowar'd lea!
O will I come, and welcome be!
And wilt thou on my bosom rest;
And, while I own nae joy but thee,
Tell me I'm dearest to thy breast.

O yes, I'll come and joyfu' meet,
And hear thee say thou'rt a' my ain;
Our meeting moments shall be sweet—
But O how shall we part again!
Yon star that glimmers o'er the main,
Shall set beyond blue Arran's brow,
And, blythe, the lark renew her strain,
Ere I, reluctant, sigh—adieu.

[SONG SLOW.]

But if I come, and thou, unkind,
Should'st shaw nae welcome in thy ee,
Then night!—in a' thy sables bend
In awfu' darkness o'er the lea;

And let nae starnie, glintin' hi',
 Abate the horror o' thy reign,
 But sunk in drearie woe, like me,
 Let Nature wrapt in gloom remain.

Perhaps some youth, than me more dear,
 Has smooth'd his way by tender art;
 Has sigh'd his passion in thy ear,
 And found submission to thy heart.
 Then a' ye dreams o' joy depart,
 For oh, this throbbing heart is sair!
 Nae future hour will joy impart—
 Nae future scene will ease my care.

[LIVELY.]

But na—she smiles! Maria smiles
 As blythe as mornin's risin' ray—
 Nae happier youth, wi' artfu' wiles,
 Has lur'd her maiden heart away.
 Then joy resume thy welcome sway,
 And ever reign within my breast—
 Let fortune send me weel or wae,
 I tent na—since wi' Mary blest.

 THE ROSY BRIER.

Tune—*I wish my love was in a mire.*

O bonnie was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
 And bonnie she, and ah how dear,
 It shaded frae the e'ning sun.
 Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair,
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path is dear.
 The pathless wild, and wimplin burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be gane;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

How long and drearie is the night;
 When I am frae my dearie,
 I restless lie frae even to morn;
 Though I were ne'er sae wearie.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

Then I think on her lightsome days,
 I spent wi' thee my dearie,
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie.
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how drearie;
 Was nae sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

CRAIGIE - BURN WOOD-

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And sweetly wakes the mornow;
 But a' the pride o' spring's returns
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow;
 I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom ringing.

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet darena for your anger,
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thoushalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll weather.

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NOW ROSY MAY.

Tune—Dainty Davie.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs,
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie,
The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blow,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Daintie Davie, Daintie Davie;
'I here I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear daintie Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loo best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me etc.

TOGETHER LET US RANGE.

Together let us range the fields,
 Impearl'd with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apples clustering bough:
 There in close embower'd shades,
 Impervious to the noontide ray,
 By tinkling rills—or rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

FINIS.