

Keys of Love.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LASS OF GALAWATER.


THE WOUNDED FARMER'S SON.

THE ROVER RECLAIM'D.

LOVELY DAMON,



GLASGOW;
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THE KEYS OF LOVE.

AS I went out in an ev'ning clear,
 down by a shady grove,
 With hasty steps as I went down,
 there I did spy my love,
 As she lay sleeping on the grass,
 most beautiful and fair,
 You'd sworn if you had view'd the lass,
 the Queen of love was there.

I first convey'd my ruby lips,
 unto her snow-white breast,
 I next convey'd my quick'ning arms,
 around her slender waist,
 She wak'd out of her drowsy sleep,
 like one be'ng in surprise ;
 Her am'rous locks have stole my heart,
 by the moving of her eyes.

She said, I'm ruin'd and undone,
 and falsely I'm betray'd :
 Is this the way you've ta'en to woo,
 a simple harmless maid ?
 You Gods, she cry'd, you've wounded me,
 wou'd you wrong a maid so young ?
 Her am'rous saying stole my heart,
 by the moving of her tongue.

I love my love, and I make no doubt,
 but it's for love again ;

And if she says she loves me not,

I'll laugh at her disdain :

If she be constant, I'll be true,

and so we shall agree.

And if she says she loves me not,

I'll change as well as she.

There is twelve months into the year,

as I hear people say ;

The merriest month in all the year,


is the months of June and May :

These are the months I choose my love,

if it pleases her desire ;

Young women carry the KEYS of LOVE,

men's hearts are all on fire.



THE LASS OF GALAWATER.

ON Galawater fair and clear,
there lives a lovely creature,

Whose beauty rare makes her excel,
all other works of nature.

I fix'd my mind on this lovely dame,
determin'd ne'er to alter ;

But like a false deluding fair,
I found her love but flatter.

My love she lives upon yon hill,
it's all grown o'er with heather,

Come tie the creel upon my back,
some berries for to gather.

Come fill the creel, come fill it well,
 see that it lake no berries,
 For a man that loves his mistress well,
 he will her always cherish.

Some people say that I am rude,
 and in me there's no wisdom ;
 But believe me now, I'll tell you true,
 I'll be a loving husband.

Our Clergymen and Lawyers,
 they speak for gain and treasure ;
 The man that love's his mistress well,
 will wait upon her leisure.

I'll come tonight when the moon shines bright,
 because thou art my deary :
 A man that loves his mistress well
 no travel makes him weary.

Down in yon garden there are bees,
 and below their hive there's honey,
 The man that loves his mistress well,
 he values not her money.

I know thy friends are using means,
 on purpose to dissuade you,
 Thinking to get a better match,
 but fortune may beguile you.

Why dost thou think my pretty pink,
 but I can live without thee ;
 Now since it be I'll let you see,
 that you may look about ye.

So fars you well my dearest dear,
 my blessing ay go with you,
 I'll come uo more to your bow'r door,
 for to tell you that I love you.

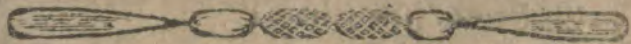
You've been so free in telling me,
 that you've not a mind to marry,
 I'll be so free in telling thee,
 that I have no time to tarry.

You lovers who a courting go,
 pray take this for a warning,
 Let Cupid no advantage take,
 of your reason to disarm you.

For Peggy's smiles my heart inflames,
 my breast doth burn like fire,
 But since it's so, I'll let her go,
 from henceforth I'll defy her.

So here's a health to the bonny lass,
 whose checks are like the roses;
 The finest flowers will soonest fade,
 when they are set in posies.

It's heaven's decree it must not be,
 therefore I will resign her;
 Some other maid will grace my bed,
 for wedlock more inclining.



THE WOUNDED FARMER'S SON.

DR A W near each loyal lover,
 To you I will discover,

My grief I cannot smother,
 I'm bound in love's sick chain,
 For Cupid has ensnar'd me,
 His cruel dart deceiv'd me,
 And the title that he gave me,
 Is the wounded Farmer's Son.

How fatal was the morning?
 When first I saw my darling!
 Amongst the nymphs so charming,
 Down by a myrtle grove.
 While birds they join'd in chorus,
 Their harmony melodious,
 The bleating lambs a-sporting,
 To please the maid I love.

I said. My lovely creature,
 The sweetest work of nature,
 She's sweet in every feature,
 My darling's all divine.
 Her sparkling eyes adorning,
 Like twinkling stars in morning,
 When Phœbus first gave warning,
 His beauteous beams do shine.

Could I obtain her favour,
 Who's won my heart for ever,
 But in vain I fear my labour,
 She being a Lady born;
 But my birth it would degrade her,
 But yet I'm bound to love her,
 Because she is so clever,
 I am but a Farmer's Son.

As the swain was then complaining,
 His darling was concealing,
 Into a shade bewailing.

Near to a myrtle grove,
 Where Cupid's bow and quiver,
 It made her heart to shiver,
 And like a wounded lover,

These words to him she said,

How can I thus be cruel,
 To you my dearest jewel!

I love you above all measure,

Since that my heart you've won;

There's gold and silver bright,

For you my heart's delight,

And before to-morrow's night,

I'll embrace my Farmer's Son.

THE ROVER RECLAIM'D.

I Rambled about a twelvemonth I vow,
 In search of a damsel for life,
 For roving perplex'd me I could not tell how,
 So I ventur'd at last on a wife.

The girls of the town each rake must well know,
 How bitter the pleasures of life,
 For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 And makes us all wish for a wife.

A mistress it's true that's pleasing and gay,
 May sweeten the troubles of life;

For evils on evils will constantly flow,
 But what is all this to a wife?

In wedlock alone true pleasure we find,
 to glide the rough passage thro' life,
 Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind,
 and make the dear charmer a wife.

And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man,
 who offers to bless you for life ;
 Be constant and true, and as fond as you can,
 for these are the charms of a wife.

L O V E L Y D A M O N .

Lovely Damon, when thou'rt near me,
 straight my vital spirits fly ;
 Nothing but thy smiles can cheer me,
 turn, O turn thy lulling eye.

Hide, O hide those blooming graces,
 that thy lovely face adorn,
 Who could shun thy sweet embraces,
 when thou'rt blushing like the morn.

Lovely Damon, do not tease me,
 with a sigh I cannot bear :
 Dearest Damon, if you'd ease me,
 never on the plain appear.

Desist, dear youth, nor strive to gain
 a heart, which is not mine to give :
 Cease, O cease to give such pain ;
 shun my sight and let me live.