

*Beneath the Willow Tree.*

To which are added,

*The minute Gun at sea.*

*Now Winter wi' his cloudy Braw:*

*Gude Forgie me for Liein'.*

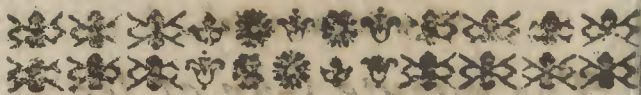
*The braes o' Lomond.*

*Despairing Mary.*

*The Moment Aurora.*



*Stirling Printed by M. Rand.*



*Beneath the Willow Tree.*

O take me to your arms, my love,  
for keen the wind doth blow;

O take me to your arms, my love,  
for bitter is my woe.

She hears me not, she cares not,  
nor will she list to me;

And here I lie in misery,  
beneath the willow tree

Willow, willow, willow,  
Beneath the willow tree.

My love has wealth and beauty,  
the rich attend the door;

My love has wealth and beauty,  
and I, alas! am poor.

The ribbon fair that bound her hair,  
is all that's left to me:

Whilst here I lie in misery,  
beneath the willow tree.

Willow, &c.

I once had gold and silver,

I thought 'em without end;

I once had gold and silver,

and I thought I had a friend:

My wealth is lost, my friend is false,  
 my love he stole from me;  
 And here I lie in misery,  
 beneath the Willow tree.

Willow, &c.

*The Minute Gun at Sea.*

When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
 The night-watch guards his wary post,  
 From thoughts of danger free;  
 He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
 And hears amid the howling storm  
 The minute Gun at sea.  
 The minute Gun at sea,  
 And hears amid the howling storm,  
 The minute Gun at sea, &c.

wift on the shore, a hardy few  
 The life-boat man with a gallant crew,  
 And dare the dangerous wave.  
 Thro' the wild surf they clear their way,  
 For they go the crew to save;  
 Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
 For they go the crew to save, &c.  
 Lost &c.

But oh what rapture fills each breast  
 Of the hopeless crew of the ship distress'd  
 When landed safe, what joys to tell  
 Of all the dangers that beset.

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Then is heard no more  
By the watch on the shore,  
The minute Gun at sea.  
By the watch, &c.

*Now Winter wi' his cloudy Brow;*

Now Winter wi' his cloudy brow,  
is far ayont y n mountains,  
And spring beholds her azure sky,  
reflected in the fountains.

Now on the budding slae-thorn bank  
milyhserspr. ads her blossom;  
And woos the mirly breasted birds  
to nestle in her bosom.

But lately, a' was clad wi' snaw,  
sae darksome, dull, and dreary;  
Now liv' rocks sing to hail the spring,  
an' nature all is cheery.

*Guide Forg' me for Licin'.*

AE day a braw woo'r came down the lang gles;  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
But I said, there was naething I hated like men,  
The duce tak' the lad to belive me.

A weel socket mailen himself o't the laird,  
An' bral aff han', was the proffer;  
I never loot on that I kend or I car'd,  
But I thought I might get a waur offer;

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black-e'en;  
 An' O, for my love he was diein'  
 Said he might die when he lizet for Jean:  
 The Gude forgie me for liein'.

But what do you think? in a fortnight or less  
 (He has a poor taste to gae near her)  
 He's down to the castle to back cousin Bess;  
 , think how I could endyre her.

An' a' the maist ouk as I fretted wi care,  
 Ga'd to the tryst o' Dulgar ock;  
 An' wha' but my bra-sickle wooer was there?  
 Vha' star'd as if he had seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him ablink,  
 Best neigh'ours shou'd say I was saucy,  
 My wooer he caper'd as ne had been in drink,  
 And vow'd that I was h's dear lassie.

speer'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,  
 And if she'd recover'd her hearin':  
 And how my aul' shoon fitted her shachel'd feet  
 Gude saf us he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:  
 And just to preserve the poor body in life,  
 think I will wed him to morrow.

*The braes o' Lomond.*

'Twas on a Friday afternoon,  
 I took a trip aboon Glenfroin,  
 To see a concert there begin,  
 Among the braes o' Lomond.  
 That day the snaw lay on the braes,  
 Bright Phœbus had withdrawn his rays,  
 An' Winter had put on her claithes,  
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

But tho' without was wet and cauld,  
 Within we were bairn blythe and bauld,  
 Wi, vocal strains frae young and auld,  
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

For the braw lasses o' the glen,  
 (But for their names I dinna ken)  
 They danc'd and sang till I grewin, fa  
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

Their vocal strains wa' sweet and rare,  
 Nought wi' their dancing could compare,  
 Assembly balls are nae thing mair,  
 Than concerts at Lochlomond.

For a' the youths were dressed sae gay,  
 Their music did so sweetly play,  
 That ilka heart, till break o' day,  
 Rejoic'd about Lochlomond.

Poetic fire can scarce describe  
 Their beauty a', without a bribe,  
 And justice gi'e to ilka tribe,  
 Among the braes o' Lomond.

For me, I frankly this will say,  
 Should men endure on earth for ay,  
 I'd freely spend perpetual day,  
 among the braes o' Lomond.

*Despairing Mary.*

Mary, why thus waste thy youth time in sorrow,  
 ee a' around you the flowers sweetly blow,  
 lythe sets the sun o'er the wind cliffs o' Jura,  
 lythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw ;  
 low can this heart ever mair think o' pleasure,  
 immer my smile, but delight I have none ;  
 ould in the grave lies my heart ! only treasure,  
 nature seems dead, since my Jamie is gane.

This kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,  
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake,  
 wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is  
 broken,

hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break.  
 ighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning,  
 ighing for him, I awake in the morn,  
 pent were my days, a' in secret repining,  
 eace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wandered in sweetest retirement,  
 elling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam ;  
 iewet were our meetings of tender endearments,  
 But fled are these joys like a fleet passing dream ;  
 Cruel remembrance ! ah, why wilt thou wreck me,  
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown.  
 Cruel remembrance ! in pity forsake me,

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Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.

*The Moment Aurora.*

The moment Aurora had p'rept into the room,  
I put on my clothes and call'd for my groom.  
Will Whistle by this had uncoupi'd the hounds,  
Wholively and a etth some frisk d'oe'r the grounds,  
The horses are saddl'd, fleet Dapple and Grey  
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark away!

"Twas now by the clock about four in the morn,  
And we gallop'd off to the sound of the horn,  
Dick Garter, Will Babble, and I om at the Goose,  
When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Pass,  
Men horses, and dogs not a moment would stay,  
And echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away.

The chace was a fine one, she took o'er the  
Which she doubled, and doubled ag'in (plain,  
Till at last she took covert, return'd out of breath,  
And I and Will Whistle were in at the death;  
There in triumph of joy the hare did display,  
And call'd to the horn my boys, Hark, hark away,

FINIS.