

Gramachree Molly,

WITH THE

A N S W E R.

To which are added,

SCORNFU' NANSY,

A N D

The POWER of LOVE.



Entered according to Order



GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd
 one evening in May,
 The little birds with blithest notes,
 made vocal ev'ry spray :

They sung their little tales of love,
 they sung them o'er and o'er,
 ' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
 Ma Molly Astore.'

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets,
 the dawn of nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the vi'let blue,
 lay scatter'd o'er the fields ;
 Such fragrance in the bosom spread,
 of her whom I adore,

' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
 Ma Molly Astore.'

I laid me down upon the bank,
 bewailing my sad fate.

That doom'd me thus a slave to Love,
 and cruel Molly's hate.

How can she break an honest heart,
 that wears her in it's Core,

' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
 Ma Molly Astore.'

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,
 ah, Why did I believe?

Yet who could think such tender words,
were meant but to deceive.

That love was all I ask'd on earth,
nay heav'n could give no more,
' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
Ma Molly Astore.'

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze,
on yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,
that yon green pasture fill,
With her I love, I'd gladly share,
my kine and fleecy store,
' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
Ma Molly Astore.'

Two turtle doves above my head,
fat courting on a bough;
I envy'd not their happiness,
to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
but now alas it's o'er,
' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
Ma Molly Astore.'

Then fare you well my Molly dear,
thy loss I e'er shall mourn:
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'twill beat for thee alone,
Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee,
it's choicest blessings pour:
' Ah Gramachree ma Colleen ogue,
Ma Molly Astore.'



T H E A N S W E R.

YE gentle winds that softly blow,
 along the verdant plain,
 Go whisper in my Strephon's ear,
 his love's return'd again ;
 In sweetest language tell the youth,
 his anguish to give o'er ;
 Ah Gramachree ! and we shall be
 as happy as before.

The daisy py'd and all the sweets,
 of Nature's flow'ry bed,
 Shall join to make a garland meet,
 for my dear Strephon's head ;
 The primrose pale and vi'lets blue,
 I'll add unto the store,
 Ah Gramachree ! and we shall be
 as happy as before.

Full many a scene of mourning,
 thy Molly late has known ;
 Because my heart its fondness kept,
 for thee my love alone ;
 My parents hid me from thy sight,
 and spurn'd thee from their door ;
 Ah Gramachree ! and now we'll be
 as happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 bewailing my sad fate ;

And like a faithful turtle dove,
 I mourn'd my absent mate :
 And as the ling'ring moments pass'd,
 I told them o'er and o'er ;
 Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be
 as happy as before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,
 thy vows I did believe,
 For well I knew my Strephon's heart,
 would ne'er my heart deceive.
 Thy love was all I wish'd on earth,
 for heav'n could give no more ;
 Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be
 as happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend;
 upon the yellow hill,
 And gaze enraptur'd, on the sweets
 which yon fair prospect fill :
 While heav'n upon our mutual love,
 shall all its blessings pour ;
 Ah Gramachree! we then shall be
 as happy as before.



S C O R N F U ' N A N S Y .

NAnsy's to the Green Wood gane,
 to hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 to gain her love by flatt'ring:

But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 she geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 she bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails thee at my dad, quoth he,
 my minnie or my aunty!
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 lang-kail and ranty-tanty:

With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 of thae they were right plenty,
 With chapped stocks butter'd fu' weel,
 and was nae that right dainty.

Although my father was nae laird,
 'tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepet ay a good kail-yard,
 a ha' house and a pantry:

A good blue bonnet on his head,
 an o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
 And ay unto the day he dy'd,
 he rade on good thanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 wad ye hae bonny Nanfy!
 Wad ye compare ye'er fell to me,
 a docken to a tanfie!

I hae a wooer of my ain,
 they ca' him souple Sandy,
 And weel I wat his bonny mou'
 is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din?
do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm fure the chief of a' his kin
was Rab the beggar randy:

His minnie Meg upo' her back
bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack,
to me your winsome Willie?

My Gutchter left a good braid sword,
though it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
it is baith true and trusty;

And if I can but get it drawn,
which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
that he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
and said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna mis to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye.

Sae ha'd your tongue, and say nae mair,
set some where else your fancy,
For as lang as Sandy's to the fore,
ye never shall get Nanfy.

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THE POWER OF LOVE.

AH! Gods, what can be stranger,
sure none but Love, or you,

Cou'd e'er so fix a Ranger,
as I am fixed now.

My mind till now in ranging,
like bees from flow'r to flow'r,
Was only pleas'd when changing,
but now can change no more.

For Bella, handsome Bella,
my dear I'm only thine,
Thy wit admits no fellow,
thy beauty is divine.

Ye powers, be kind, attend her,
and guard her from all harms,
From other men defend her,
conduct her to my arms.

If heaven grant me my honey,
a fig for all besides ;
What care I for your money,
was Bella but my bride.

I'd range the world all over,
then in the golden shower,
Like Jove, or Diana's lover,
in Bella's lap I'd pour,

The wealth of both the Indies,
and bless my dearest life,
With store of richest dainties,
becoming such a wife.