

THE
Kebbuckston Wedding.

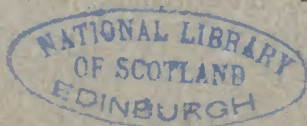
Oh, haste and leave this lonely isle.

Rest, Warrior, rest.

The Meeting of the Waters.



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THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDIN'

Auld Watty o' Kebbuckston brae,
Wi' lear an' readin' o' beuks auld-farren,
What think ye! the body cam' ower the day
Au' tauld us he's gaun to be married to
Mirren;

We a' gat a biddin'
T' gang to the waddin'

Baith Johnie an' Sawney, an' Nelly an' Nany,
An' Tam o' the knowes,
He swears an' he vows,

At the dancin' he'll face to the bridle wi' his
grannie,

A' the lads hae trysted their joss,

Slee Willie cam up and ca'd on Nelly,

Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,

She's gien him the guk an' she's gaun wi'
Willie—

Wee collier Johnnie

Has yocket his ponney,

An's aff to the town for a ladin' o' nappy,
 Wi' fouth o' gude meat,
 To ser' us to eat,
 Sae wi' fuddlin, an' feastin' we'll a' be fou
 happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
 The body's ay ready at dredgies an' wed-
 din's,
 An' funkey M'Fee, o' the Skiverton place,
 Is chosen to scuttle the pies an' the pud-
 din's;
 For there'll be plenty
 O' ilka thing dainty,
 Bath lang kail an' haggies, an' every thing
 fitting,
 Wi' luggies o' beer,
 Our wizzens to clear,
 Sae the deil fill his kyte wha gangs clung frae
 the meeting.

Lowrie has cast Gibbie Cameron's gun,
 That his auld gutcher bore when he fol-
 low'd Prince Charley,
 The barrel was rusted as black the grun,
 But he's taen't to the smiddy an's fettled it
 rarely:
 Wi' wallets o' pouter,
 His masket he'll shouter,
 An' ride at our head to the bride's a' paradia'

At ilka farm town
 He'll fire them three roun,
 Till the hale kintra ring wi' the Kebbuckston
 Weddin'

Jannie and Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
 For few like them can sit i' the saddle,
 An' Willy Cobreath, the best o' bows,
 Is trysted to jig i' the barn wi' his fiddle;
 Wi' whiskin, an' fliskin',
 An' reelin' an' wheelin',
 'The young anes a' like to loup out o' the body
 An' Neilie M'Nairn,
 Though sair forfairn,
 He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi' the
 howdie.

Sauney M'Nab, wi' his tartan trews,
 Has hecht to come down in the midst o'
 the caper,
 An' gie us three wallops o' merry-shantrews
 Wi' the true highland-fling o' Maccrimmon
 the piper;
 Sic hippin' an' skippin',
 An' springin' an' flingin',
 I's wad that there's nane i' the lallands can
 waff it!
 Fetu Willy maun fiddle and jirgum an' diddle,
 An' screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his
 haffet.

'Then gie me your han,' my trusty gude frien',
 An' gie me your word my worthy auld kin-
 mer,

Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,
 An' join us in rantin' an' toomin' the timmer
 Wi' fouth o' gude liquor,
 We'll haud at the bickar,

An' lang may the mailin o' Kebbucktone
 flourlsh,
 For Watty's sae free,
 Between you an' me,
 I'se warren't he's bidden the ha'f o' the parish.

OH, HASTE AND LEAVE THIS LONELY ISLE.

Oh, haste and leave this lonely isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile,
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see.

And I have sworn this lonely sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod.'

' Oh, father send not hence my bark,
 Thro' wintry winds and billows dark;
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer;
 Nor mine the feet, Oh, holy saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to taint.'

The lady's prayer, Senanus spurned,
 The winds blew fresh, the bark returned;
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 'Till morning's light delay'd,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left this lonely isle.

REST WARRIOR, REST.

He comes from the wars, from the red field
 of fight,
 He comes thro' the storm and the darkness
 of night,
 For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,
 The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.
 Pale, pale, pale is his cheek; there's a gash
 on his brow;
 His locks o'er his shoulders distract edly flow
 And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from
 his eye,
 Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to
 die.
 Rest Warrior, rest,—Rest Warrior, rest.
 Sunk in silence and sleep on the Cottager's
 bed,
 Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head;

Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall
tell

Of his lady love's bower, and her latest fare-
well.

Illusion and love chase the battles alarms,
He shall dream that his Mistress lies lock'd
in his arms;

He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of
her kiss:

Ah! Warrior, wake not, such slumber is
bliss.

Rest, Warrior, rest—Rest, Warrior, rest

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world a valley so
sweet,

As that vale in whose bosom the bright wa-
ters meet,

Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must
depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene,

Her purest of chrystal and brightness of
green:

'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill ;
 Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite
 still ?

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
 were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment
 more dear ;
 And who felt how the best charms of nature
 improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that
 we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how could I rest,
 In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love
 best,
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold
 world shall cease,
 And our hearts like thy waters, be mingled
 in peace.

FINIS.