

LOCH-NA-GARR ;

To which are added,

John of Badenyon,

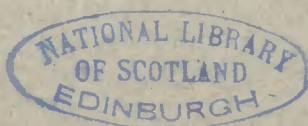
The Languishing Lover,

Kate Kearney.



STIRLING:

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LOCH-NA-GARR.

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,
In you let the minions of luxury rove ;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
If still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,
Round' their white summits tho' elements war,
Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd ;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid,
On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,
As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.
I sought not my home till the days dying glory,
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices,
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland dale.
Round Loch-na-garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car ;

Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,
 They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loeh-na-garr.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

When first I came to be a man,
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know ;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here, and there, and every where,
 Was like a morn in May.
 I had no care, nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have pass'd,
 In country, or in town ;
 I still was pleas'd, where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I turn'd my pipe and pleas'd myself,
 With John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 A mistress I must find ;
 For love, they say, gives one an air,
 And even improves the mind.

On Pbyllis fair, above the rest,
 Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And I became her prize;
 To Cupid now, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,
 As other lovers do.
 But when I came to breathe my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the jilt, and turn'd my pipe,
 To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart betray'd,
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To Friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lover's pain.
 A friend I got, by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine!
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine.
 And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I!
 In any strait I knew to whom,
 I freely might apply;
 A straight soon came, I try'd my friend,
 He heard, and spurn'd my mean:

I turn'd away, and pleas'd myself,
 With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
 And would a Patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilker,
 And cry up Parson Hora.

Their manly courage I admir'd
 Approv'd their noble zeal,
 Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
 Maintain'd the public weal.

But e'er a month or two was past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For all the stir they made.

For when I saw the factious knaves,
 Insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them all, and turn'd my pipe,
 To John of Badenyon.

What to do next I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely try'd to read ;
 I bought and borrow'd every-where,
 And studied night and day ;
 Ne'er miss'd what Dean or Doctor wrote,
 That happen'd in my way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd,
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth;
 Ten thousand various schemes I try'd,
 But yet was pleas'd with none;
 I threw them by, and turn'd my pipe,
 To John of Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every-where,
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope,
 For happiness below.
 What you may fancy pleasure,
 Is but an empty name,
 For girls, and friends, and books also,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take,
 From such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree;
 You'll find displeasure every-where,
 Then do as I have done,
 Even turn your pipe and please yourself,
 With John of Badenyon.

THE LANGUISHING LOVER.

Through the desarts of Greenland,
 Where the Sun never cast an eye;

Blest with thee, my dear Philander,
 Could I chuse to live and die :
 No swain with his aid, wit or art,
 Ever should have power to storm my heart,
 You are all in all, we'll never part ;
 Each vein in me shall ever be,
 Panting for the love of thee.

On the sands of South America,
 Where the Sun never cast an eye ;
 Blest with thee, my dear Philander,
 Could I chuse to live and die.
 No swain with his aid, wit or art,
 Ever should have power to storm my heart,
 You are all in all, we'll never part ;
 Each vein, &c.

Let me never be slighted,
 For the love that I do bear ;
 Lest my wrongs they should be righted,
 By your languishing despair.
 For should you slight me with disdain,
 Then tears of sorrow would be in vain,
 For lost love can never be recall'd again.
 Each vein, &c.

Let us fly to Flory-mellow,
 Far to cherish up our drooping hearts ;

For should I wear the weight of willow,
 It would prove like a fatal dart.
 Then, dear Philander, come away,
 For I long to see the joyful day,
 Which will crown our joys with innocent play.
 Each vein, &c.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,
 She lives on the banks of Kilearney,
 From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,
 For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,
 You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
 Yet, Oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh, should you ne'er meet this Kate Kearney,
 Who lives on the banks of Kilearney,
 Beware of her smile, for many a wife
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 Yet there is mischief in ev'ry dimple,
 And who dares enale her sigh's spicy gate,
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.