

LEWIE GORDON.

*Let me in this ae Night.*

WITH HER ANSWER.

*The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

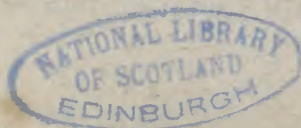
LOVE HAS EYES.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1821.



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LEWIE GORDON.

O send Lewie Gordon hame,  
And the lad I daurna name;  
Though his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.

O hon, my Highlandman!

O my bonnie Highlandman,

Weel wou'd I my true love ken

Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philibeg aboon his knee;  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

O hon, &c.

This lovely youth, of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king:  
On his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.

O hon, &c.

O! to see this princely one  
Seated on a royal throne,

Disasters w' would disappear;  
Then begins the jub'lee year.

O hon, &c.

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## LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?  
Or art thou wauken, I would wit?  
For love has bound me hand and foot,  
And I would fain be in, jo.

O let me in this ae night,  
'This ae, ae, ae night;  
For pity's sake this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo.

Out owre the moss, out owie the mui  
came this dark and drearie hour,  
and here I stand without the door,  
Amid the pouring storm, jo.

O let me in, &c.

hou hear'st the winter winds and weet  
ae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
ak pity on my wearie feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

O let me in, &c.

he bitter blast that round me blaws

Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

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HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me of the wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 And ance for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

The smellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pou  
 Is nought to what poor she endures,  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;  
 Let simple maid the less'n read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
 Let witless, trusting, woman say  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
 I tell you now. &c.

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THE  
 MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

As I went over yon meadow,  
 And carelessly passing along,  
 I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,  
 While mournfully singing this sang:  
 The mucking o' Geordie's byre,  
 And the shooring the griup sae clean,  
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless  
 And brought the saut tears frae my eep.

It was na my father's intention,  
 Nor was it my mither's desire,  
 That e'er I should fyle my fingers  
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.  
 The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,  
 Or the day sae scoury and foul,  
 I wad ay be ganging wi' Geordie,

I lik'd it far better than school.  
The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,  
For being wi' Geordie sae free;  
My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,  
Because he's below my degree.  
The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,  
Although he was cunning and sleet;  
He ca's me his dear and his honey,  
And I'm sure my Geordie loo's rae.  
The mucking, &c.

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### THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay.  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day,  
Amang the birks of Invermay.

The lav' rocks now, and lintwhites sing;  
The rocks around with echoes ring,

The mavis, and the blackbird's lay,  
 In tuneful strains do glad the day;  
 The woods now wear their summer suits;  
 To mirth all nature now invites:  
 Let us be blythesome then, and gay,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound,  
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about their dams;  
 The busy bees, with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:  
 Let us, like them, then sing and play  
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams;  
 The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance:  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

But soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;  
 At this thy lovely bloom will fade,

As that will strip the verdant shade :  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;  
 And when they drop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

### LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,  
 O never, nay;  
 Can words Love's grace impart?  
 The fancy weak,  
 The tongue may speak,  
 But eyes alone the heart :  
 In one soft look what language lies!  
 O, yes, believe me Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—  
 O, never I  
 On pinions lov'd to soar ;  
 Deceivers rove,  
 But never love,  
 Attach'd he moves no more :  
 Can he have wings who never flies ;  
 And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

FINIS.