

NEW SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

While Phoebus reposes.

O WELCOME WINTER.

COME WI' ME.



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LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—Cauld hail in Aberdeen.

How long and drearie is the night,
When I am frae my dearie,
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae wearie.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie,
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on her lightsome days,
I spent wi' thee my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie.
For oh &c.

How slow ye move ye heavy hours,
The joyless day how drearie;
It was nae sac ye ginted by,
When I was wi' my dearie,
For oh, &c.

MATTY.

While Phoebus reposes in Thetis's bosom,
 While white thro' the branches the moonlight
 is seen;
 Here, lonely, I rove, near the old hawthorn's
 blossoms; (green.
 To meet wi' my Matty, and stray o'er the

Nor hardship, nor care now my bosom harasses,
 My moments, from fame and its nonsense are
 free;
 Ambition I leave to the folly of asses,
 For Matty is fame and ambition to me.

The great may exclaim, and with fury enclose
 me, [vain;
 But fools, or the rabble, shall growl now in
 Their madness, their malice shall ne'er discom-
 pose me, (strain.
 Since Matty commends and delights in my

And kind is the lovely, the charming young
 creature, [cheek;
 Sweet beauty and innocence smile in her
 In raptures I wander and gaz'd on each feature,
 My bosom unable its transports to speak.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the
 city, (grove,
 To stray through the meadow or shadowy
 How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,
 While telling some tale of unfortunate love.

Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,
 For art or dissembling to her are unknown;
 And false protestations she knows not to fear
 them, [own.
 But thinks that each heart is as kind as her

And lives there a villain, who, born to dissemble,
 Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame;
 May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble,
 And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.

Ye powers! be my task to protect and behold
 her,
 To wander delighted with her all the day:
 When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,
 And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

But hush! who comes yonder? 'tis Matty, my
 dearest; (the plain!
 The moon, how it brightens, while she treads
 I'll welcome my beautiful nymph, by the nearest,
 And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.

THE FAREWELL.

Tune---Jockie's far awa.

O welcome winter wi' thy storms,
 Thy frosts and hills of s^sa',
 Dismantle nature o' her charms,
 For I maun lea' them them a'.

I've moun'd the gowan wither'd laid
 Upon its wallow bier;
 I've seen the rose bud dreeping fade
 Beneath the dewy tear.

Then fare ye weel, my friends sae dear,

For I maun lea' you a'.

O will ye sometimes shed a tear

For me, when far awa?

For me, when far frae hame and you,

Where ceaseless tempests blaw,

Will ye repeat my last adieu,

An' moun that I'm awa?

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,

In gay green mantle drest;

But now its leafless branches wawe

Wild whistling in the blast;

So perish'd a' my youthfu' joy,

An' left me thus to mourn;

The vernal sun will gild the sky,
 But joy will ne'er return.
 Then fare ye weel, etc.

In vain will spring her gowans spread
 O'er the green swairded lea;
 The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
 Will bloom in vain to me;
 In vain will spring bedeck the bow'rs
 Wi' buds and blossoms braw,
 The gloomy storm already lowers
 That drives me far awa.
 Then fare ye weel, etc.

O winter spare the peacefu' scene
 Where early joys I knew;
 Still be its fields unfading green,
 Its sky unclouded blue.
 Ye lads and lasses, when sae blythe
 The social crack ye ca,
 O spare the tribute of a sigh
 For me, when far awa.
 Then fare ye weel, etc.

COME, MY LOVE.

Come along wi' me my love,
 O come along wi' me:
 The low'ring clouds are vanish'd love,

And the moon blinks bonnie.
 I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
 I maunna gang wi' thee,
 For soon the cluds may gather love,
 And hide the meon's bright ee.

O come alang wi' me my love,
 O come and dinna fear;
 The sky is cloudless blue my love,
 And the starns are shinin' clear,
 I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
 For I hae much to fear;
 The meteor's frequent gleam my love,
 Portends a tempest near.

O come alang wi' me my love,
 And dinna say me nay;
 Come see the sportive spunkie love,
 A happin down the brae.
 I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
 I e'en maun say thee nay;
 The spunkie's treacherous flame my love,
 Leads followers far astray.

O come alang wi' me my love,
 O come alang wi' me,
 And see the hoary cranreuch love,
 Bedeck the leafless tree.
 I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
 I maunna gang wi' thee:

The frost that decks the tree my love,
 Could wad it fa' on me.

O come alang wi' me my love,
 Come to the burnie's side:

The cauld blast winna steer thee love,
 I'll hap thee in my plaid.

I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
 To the burnie's rocky side:

I coudna see thee cauld my love,
 And me row't in thy plaid.

O come alang wi' me my love,

O come and fear nae harm; twa,
 We'll share the plaid atween us
 And keep ilk ither warm.

I come—and thus it ay will be,

Let fortune smile or stern,
 We'll share the plaid atween us twa,
 And keep ilk ither warm.

FINIS.