

Lord Roslin's Daughter

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE MAID'S COMPLAINT,
FAIR ELLEN,
AND
THE FAITHLESS LOVER.



GREENOCK :
Printed by WILLIAM SCOTT.



LORD ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE Lord of Roslin's Daughter,
Walks thro' the wood her lane,
And by came Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the King :
He said unto his servant man,
Wer't not against the law ;
I would take her to my own bed,
And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alone, she says,
Among my father's trees,
And you may let me walk alone,
Kind Sir now if you please
The Supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be wiss'd you know ;
So I will not ly into your bed,
Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says my pretty Lady,
I pray lend me your hand,
And you'll have drums and trumpets,
Always at your command :
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw,
And we'll both ly into ae bed,
And thou's ly next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
I pray let go my hand ;
The supper-bell it will be rung,
No longer must I stand.

My father will no supper take,
If I be miss'd you know ;
So I will not ly into your bed,
Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then says the pretty Lady,
I pray tell me your name ?
My name is Captain Wedderburn ;
A servant to the King.

Tho' thy father and his men were here,
Of them I'd stand no awe,
But would take thee to my own bed,
And lay thee next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging house,
His landlady look'd ben,
Says many Ladies in Embrugh I've seen,
But never such a one :

But such a pretty a face a this,
In it I never saw,
Go make her up a down-bed,
And lay her next the wa.

Hold away from me, kind Sir,
I pray you let me be,

For I will not go into your bed,
 Till you dress me dishes three.
 Dishes three you must dress to me,
 If I should eat them a'.
 Before I ly into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

O I must have to my supper,
 A cherry without a stone,
 And I must have to my supper,
 A chicken without a bone ;
 And I must have to my supper,
 A bird without a ga'.
 Before I ly into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,
 I am sure it hath no stone,
 And when the chicken's in it's shell,
 I am sure it hath no bone:
 The dove it is a gentle bird,
 It flies without a ga'.
 And we both shall ly in ae bed,
 And thou's ly next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind sir,
 I pray you give me o'er
 For I will not go to your bed,
 Till you tell me questions four,

Questions four you must tell to me,
 And that is twa and twa,
 Or I will not ly into your bed,
 Neither at stock nor wa.'

You must get me some winter fruit,
 That in December grew :
 You must get me a silk mantle,
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through.
 What birds sing best and woods buds first,
 What dews does on them fa'.
 And then I'll ly into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa.'

My father hath some winter fruit,
 That in December grew ;
 My mother has a silk mantle
 That waft was ne'er ca'd through.
 The Cock crows first Cyder buds first,
 The dew does on them fa' ;
 So we will ly both in ae bed,
 And thou's ly next the wa.'

Hold away from me, kind sir,
 And do not me perplex ;
 For I will not ly in your bed,
 Till you tell me questions six.
 Questions six you must tell to me,
 And that is four and twa,

Before I ly into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass?
 What's higher than the trees?
 And what is worse than women's voice?
 What's deeper than the seas?

A sparrow's horn, and priest unborn,
 This night to join us twa;

Before I ly into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass,
 Sky's higher than the trees;
 The devil's worse than women's voice,
 Hell's deeper than the seas:

A sparrow's horn you may well get,
 There's one on every pa';

And twa upon the gap of it,
 And thou shalt have them a'.

The Priest's standing at the gate,
 Just ready to come in;

No man can say that he was born,
 No man without a sin;

A hole cut in his mother's side,
 He from the same did fa';

So we shall both ly in ae bed,
 And thou's ly next the wa'.

O little did this lady think,
 That morning when she rais'd,
 It was to be the very last
 Of all her maiden days.

But there is not in the Kings realm,
 To be found a blyther twa :
 And now they ly into ae bed,
 And she lies next the wa'.

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT FOR JOCKET.

LOVE did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still made me blest,
 Each happy hour come wing'd with joy,
 Each night was crown'd with balmy rest.

But now, alas ! no longer gay.
 I rise to hail the cheerful light ;
 I sit and sigh the live lang day,
 And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Jockey, hither haste,
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind,
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 Eor thou art cruel and unkind ;
 Or if some maid a happier fate,
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,
 Oh ! free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate and let me die.

FAIR ELLEN.

FAIR Ellen, like a lilly grew,
 Was beauty's fav'rite flow'r,
 Till falsehood chang'd her lovely hue,
 She wither'd in an hour.

Antonio, in her virgin breast,
 First rais'd a tender sigh,
 His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
 Then left the maid to die.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER.

FAR, far from me my lover flies—
 A faithless lover he;
 In vain my tears in vain my sighs,
 No longer true to me,
 He seeks another.

Lie still, my heart no longer grieve,
 No pangs to him betray,
 Who taught you these sad sighs to heave,
 Then laughing went away,
 To seek another.

FINIS.