

T H E  
L A S S O F O C R A M .

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

T H E H E A V Y H O U R S .


H I S M A J E S T Y ' S F O R C E S P R A I S E D .

O R R A M O O R .



G L A S G O W ,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,  
Saltmarket, 1799.



THE LASS OF OC RAM.

I Built my love a gallant ship,  
 and a ship of northern fame,  
 And such a ship as I did build,  
 sure there never was seen :

For her sides were of the beaten gold,  
 and the doors were of block tin,  
 And sure such a ship as I built,  
 there sure never was seen.

And as she was a sailing,  
 by herself all alone,  
 She spied a proud merchant man,  
 come plowing o'er the main.

Thou fairest of all creatures,  
 under the heavens laid she,  
 I am the Lass of Ocran,  
 seeking for Lord Gregory.

If you are the Lass of Ocran,  
 as I take you for to be,  
 You must go to yonder island,  
 there Lord Gregory you'll see.

It rains upon my yellow locks,  
 and the dew falls on my skin,  
 Open the gates Lord Gregory,  
 and let your true love in.

If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
 as I take you not to be,  
 You must mention the three tokens  
 which pass'd between you and me.

Don't you remember Lord Gregory,  
 one night on my father's hill,  
 You and I swap'd my linen fine,  
 it was fair against my will :

For mine was of the holland fine,  
 and yours but coarse cloth,  
 For mine cost a guinea a yard,  
 and yours but five groats.

If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
 as I take you not to be,  
 You must mention the second token,  
 that pass'd between you and me.

Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,  
 one night in my father's park,  
 We swapped our two golden rings,  
 it was all in the dark :

For mine was of the beaten gold,  
 and yours was of block tin,  
 And mine was true love without,  
 and yours all false within.

If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
 as I take you not to be,  
 You must mention the third token,  
 which pass'd between you and me.

Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,  
one night in my father's hall,  
Where you stole my maidenhead,  
which was the worst of all.

Begone you base creature,  
begone from out of the hall,  
Or else in the deep seas  
you and your babe shall fall.

Then who will shoe my bonny feet,  
and who will close my hands,  
And who will lace my waist so small,  
into a landen span ;

And who will comb my yellow locks,  
with a brown berry comb,  
And who's to be father of my child,  
if Gregory is none.

Let your brother shoe your bonny feet,  
let your sifter close your hands,  
Let your mother lace your waist so small,  
into a landen span ;

Let your father comb your yellow locks,  
with a brown berry comb,  
And let God be Father of your child,  
for Lord Gregory is none.

I dream'd a dream dear mother,  
I could wish to have it read,  
I saw the Lads-of Ocran  
a floating on the flood.

Lie still, lie still my only son,  
 and sound sleep may'st thou get,  
 For its but an hour or little mair,  
 since she was at the yate.

Awa, awa, ye wicked woman,  
 and an ill death may you die,  
 Ye might have either letten her in,  
 or else have wakened me.

I will go down into some silent grove,  
 my sad moan for to make,  
 It is for the Lads of Ocran.  
 my poor heart now will break.



## THE HEAVY HOURS.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past,  
 that part my love and me ;  
 My longing eyes may hope at last,  
 their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet,  
 the man you've lost so long ?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 and tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare  
 your heart is still the same ?  
 And heal each anxious care,  
 our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 when we shall shortly meet;  
 And try what yet remains between,  
 of loit'ring time to cheat!

But if the dream that soothes my mind,  
 shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 you have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this,  
 no more to let us join;

But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 to die and think you mine.

+++++

### HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES PRAISED.

**L**ET then your ancient honour shine,  
 Prepare your arms and form the line,  
 You see the French they did design,  
 To overthrow this nation:

We'll sooner die than we will run,  
 While we can stand with sword and gun,  
 We'll fight like ancient Britain's sons,  
 The raging main with blood we'll stain,  
 The Duke of York we will maintain,  
 While we have shot and powder.

You see the Convention did combine,  
 In hopes the victory to obtain,  
 But brave Lord Howe did them disdain,  
 Tho' Jacobins supply them;  
 Our little Isle will not comply,  
 We'll conquer France or else we'll die,

Our fame shall echo thro' the sky;  
 Never fly nor quit the field,  
 Till our enemies do yield,  
 The god of war defies them.

God bless our fleets where'er they be,  
 The Duke of York and his army;  
 They could scheme it particularly,  
 Brave Cobourg and brave Clairfayte;  
 Likewise brave Hood that's in our fleet,  
 And all commanders that are discreet,  
 That's not afraid their foes to meet,  
 Boldly fight for your right,  
 May your foes be vanquish'd quite,  
 God save our troops and seamen.

God bless Great GEORGE his Majesty,  
 Our fleets and troops by land and sea,  
 That fight like Britons bold and free,  
 And never will dissemble:  
 Rivers of their blood shall run,  
 For ever they cry we're all undone,  
 We have not strength to load a gun;  
 Let us fly or we die,  
 Behold the British troops are nigh,  
 That makes us fear and tremble.



O R R A M O O R.

**T**HOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray,  
 Invites my fair to rural play,  
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

O were I sure my dear to view,  
 I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,  
 Almost in air that quivering plays,  
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
 What wood contains my sleeping maid?  
 Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear,  
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,  
 Or on the raven's pinions rise;  
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
 And waft a lover on his way.

My bliss, too long, my bride denies,  
 Apace the wasting summer flies;  
 Or yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
 Nor storms, or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength of steel compare?  
 Oh! Love has fetters stronger far;  
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex my breast,  
 When thoughts torment, the first are blest,  
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,  
 Away to Orra haste away.

G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,  
 Saltmarket, 1799.