

SIX EXCELLENT
SONGS.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.
HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.
THE BONNIE WEE THING
O CONDESCEND DEAR CHARMING MAID.
THINE AM I.
WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.



NEWTON-STEWART:

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SONG.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonny ;
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to annie.
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' ama' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a, my ain ,
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace,
Her heart was beating rarely ;

My blessings on that happy place,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

But by the moon and stars so bright,

That shone that hour so clearly;

She ay shall bless that happy night,

Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,

I hae been merry drinkin';

I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear,

I hae been happy thinking.

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,

Tho' three times doubl'd fairly;

That happy night was worth them a'

Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS

Corn rigs an' barley rigs,

An' corn rigs are bonnie;

I'll ne'er forget that happy night,

Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG.

How cruel are the parents,

Who riches only prize ;

And to the wealthy booby,

Poor woman sacrifice.

Meanwhile the hapless daughter,

Has but a choice of strife ;

To shun a tyrant father's hate,

Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,

The trembling dove thus flies ;

To shun impelling ruin,

A while her pinions tries.

'Till of escape despairing,

No shelter or retreat ;

She trusts the ruthless falconer,

And drops beneath his feet.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, was thou mine ;

I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish,

In that bonnie face of thine ;

And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,

Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,

In ae constellation shine :

To adore thee is my duty,

Goddess o' this soul o, mine.

 SONG,

O condescend, dear, charming maid,

My wretched state to view ;

A tender swain to love betray'd,

And sad despair, by you.

While here, all melancholy,
 My passion I deplore ;
 Yet urg'd by stern resistless fate,
 I love thee more and more.
 I heard of love, and with disdain,
 The urchin's power denied ;
 I laugh'd at every lover's pain,
 And mock'd them when they sigh'd.
 But how my state is alter'd,
 Those happy days are o'er ;
 For all thy unrelenting hate,
 I love thee more and more.
 O yield, illustrious beauty, yield,
 No longer let me mourn :
 And tho' victorious, in the field,
 Thy captive do not scorn.
 Let generous pity warm thee,
 My wonted peace restore ;

And grateful, I shall biess thee still,
 And love thee more and more.

SONG.

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish ;
 Tho' despair had wrung it, core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure :
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?

Night without a morning ;

Love's the cloudless summer sun,

Nature gay adorning.

FRAGMENT.

Why, why tell thy lover,

Bliss he never must enjoy ;

Why, why undeceive him.

And give all his hopes the lie.

O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers,

Chloris, Chloris all the theme :

Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,

Wake thy lover from his dream.