

*When Late I wander'd.*

To which are added,

*POOR MAUDLIN.*

*The Scotch Shepherd.*

*When the wars are all o'er.*

*Farewell to Spring.*

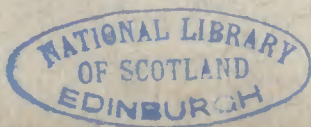
*The lovers Summons.*

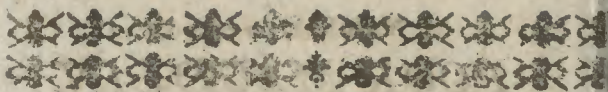
*FAIR SUSANNA.*

*The Sailors Return.*



Stirling, Printed by M. Rendall.





*When Lite I wander'd.*

When Lite I wander'd o'er the plain,  
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,  
My wild desires to rally, to rally,  
My wild desires to ral-ly:  
But now they're of themselves come home.  
And strange! no longer wish to roam,  
They centre all in Sally, in Sally,  
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she unkind one, damps my joy.  
And cries I court but to destroy,  
Can love with ruin rally ruin rally,  
My wild desires to ral-ly:  
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
I would all deaths all torments bear,  
Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,  
Rather than injure Sally,

Come then, Oh come, thou sweeter far  
Than violets and roses are,  
Or lillies of the valley of the valley,  
Or lillies of the ral-ley,  
O follow love, and quit your fear,  
He'll guide you to these arms my dear,  
And make me blest in Sally, in Sally:  
And make me blest in Sal-ly.



*Poor Maudlin.*

an you to the battle march away,  
and leave me here complaining;  
am suze 'twill break my heart to stay,  
when you are gone campaigning.

## C H O R U S.

ah! no, ah! no, poor Maudlin  
will never quit her rover,  
ah! no, ah! no, poor Maudlin  
will go with you all the world over.

dear cheer my love, you shall not grieve,  
a soldier true you'll find me,  
could not have the heart to leave  
my litt'e girl behind me Ah! no, &c.

can you to the battle go,  
no woman's fear a stranger,  
my fears my breast shall ever know,  
but when my dear's in danger. Ah! no &c.

then let the world jog as it will,  
let all our friends forsake us,  
we both shall be as happy still,  
as love and war can make us. Ah! no, &c.

†

*The Scotch Shepherd.*

Behind yon hill where Stinchar flows,  
many moons and masses many O;  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
and I'll awa to Nannie O;

The whistling wind blows loud and shrill,  
the nights baith mirk and rainy O;  
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
and o'er the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming sweet and young,  
nae artful wiles to win ye O;  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,  
that wad beguile my Nannie O;

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
as spotless as she's bonny O;  
The opening gowan wet wi' dew,  
nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,  
an few they be that ken me O;  
But what care I how few they be,  
I'm welcome to my Nannie O;

My riches a's my penny fee,  
and I maun guide it cannie O;  
But wardly gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie O.



Our auld gude man delights to view  
 his sheep and kyne thrive bonny O,  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 and hae nae care but Nannie O,

Come weel come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what heaven will send me O;  
 Nae either care in life hae I,  
 but live and love my Nannie O!

*When the Wars are all o'er*

As I was travelling th' country up and down,  
 At length I arrived at a little market town  
 Where the drums were a beating for soldiers I'm sure,  
 Which made me conclude that the wars were not o'er.

O but in came the barber with bason and ball,  
 Saying, Do ye want to be shav'd kind gentlemen a',  
 But the people wear their old wigs, they're all turn'd  
 so poor,  
 And they can't get them dress'd till the wars are all o'er.

O then in came the taylor, and this he did say,  
 They have lower'd all our wages to sixpence a-day:  
 For the people wear their old clothes they're now  
 turn'd so poor,  
 They can't afford new ones till the wars are all o'er!

O then in came the tanner, and this he did say,  
 I've trusted my leather to a shoe-maker to day,  
 He is gone for a soldier, which grieves mefu' o'er;  
 and he can't pay my leather, till th' wars are all o'er.

O but in came the blacksmith, whose trade's worst  
 of all,  
 He's pledg'd his bed from under him for whisky & ale  
 And he's ta'en up his lodging on the cold floor,  
 And there he must remain till the wars are all o'er.

O but in came the land-adv., so meek and so fine,  
 With ruffles at her hands, and thus she did begin,  
 I have trusted all my aile upon an ill score,  
 And can't day the maltman till the wars are all o'er!

But in came the devil with a malt-sack on his back,  
 At the ending of my song, and filling of the pack,  
 and he's carried of the land-adv. on an old score,  
 and said he'd return her when the wars were all o'er.

*Farewell to Spring.*

Farewell to spring, virgins and wives,  
 Blithe bloom when saffron grows dark,  
 Our harvest is come, come lads to your reaping,  
 Your sickles are keen, come lads to your reaping,  
 Come lasses to glean, plow and sow.

The sun peeps so broad, and the twilight is flown  
 the dawn of the morning throws of the grey gown  
 Come lads to your labour, 'tis welcome the day,  
 Your hearty meal's meat shall your labour reply,

Hodge cross his shoulder from the barn bears  
 a flail, (pail,  
 Whilst Nest crosses the stile, on his head a full  
 Our cattle well fodder'd, to the cottago let's haste  
 No other pains take on brown bread make a feast

Neither courtly nor costly, nor book learnt we  
 shew,  
 Plain dressing, plain dealing is all that we know,  
 No cares run across us, but those loves we find,  
 Those cured if your sweetheart proves but kind,

## THE LOVER'S SUMMONS

Arise thou mistress of my heart,  
 and do not me disdain;  
 Come now and quickly take the part  
 of me, your conquer'd swain.

To you alone I am a slave,  
 there's none on earth can me cure,  
 The flame that in my breast I have,  
 for you I'd endure.

Come now dear nymph and ease my heart,  
 of me your darling swain,  
 My love for you within my heart,  
 does constantly remain.

Now we in Hymen's bands will wed,  
 our hearts united be therefore,  
 In love live without any dread,  
 in joys for evermore.

*Fair Susanna.*

Ask if yon damask rose be sweet,  
 that scents the ambient air,

Then ask each shepherd that you meet,  
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say will the vulture quit his prey,  
and warble through the grove!  
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;  
then doubt thy shepherds love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,  
let pride and splendor shine;  
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,  
be fair Susanna mine.

*The Sailor's Return:*

Behold, from many an hostile shore,  
and all the dangers of the main,  
Where billows moult, and tempests roar,  
your faithful Tom returns again;  
Returns, and with him brings a heart,  
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
how sweet to tread our native soil,  
With conquest to return at last,  
and deck our wet hearts with the spoil;  
No one to beauty should pretend,  
But such as dare it's rights defend;

**FINIS.**