

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Jockie to the Fair.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

FORTUNE.

DUNCAN GRAY.



Glasgow, — Printed for the Booksellers.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark my love; on every spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love; thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away;
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O; hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

JOCKIE TO THE FAIR.

'Twas on the morn of sweet May-day,
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And gild the meadows fair;
 Young Jockie, with the early dawn,
 Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
 His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
 For Jenny vow'd away to run
 With Jockie to the fair:
 For Jenny vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung;
 With eager steps he trudg'd along;
 Whil flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds us'd to wear:
 He tap't the window, Haste my dear;
 Jenny, impatient, cried, Who's there?
 'Tis I, my love, and no one near.

Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
 With Jockie to the fair;
 Step, gently down, &c.

My dad and mam are fast asleep,
 My brother's up, and with the sheep,
 And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear?

And will you ever constant prove?
 I will, by all the powers above!

And ne'er deceive my charming dove:
 Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockie to the fair;
 Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cried,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride,
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there.

Then Jockie did his vows renew,
 He would be constant, would be true;
 His word was pledg'd away she flow,
 O'er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
 With Jockie to the fair;
 O'er cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyfu' throng
 Their gay companions blythe and young,
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
 To hail the happy pair;
 In turns there's none so fond as they
 The smiling morn of blooming May,

The smiling morn of blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockie to the far:
 When love Jenny, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade,
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

The sacred hour can I forget?—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love,
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,—
 Thy image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'ershung with woods, thick'ning, green:
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the captured scene.

The flowers rang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade,
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast.

FORTUNE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove,
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part?
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away:
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
 He, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blith yule night when we were fu',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd:
 Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Alsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin'.
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a baughty hizzie die!
 She may gae to—France for me
 Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, &c.

FINIS.