

5

Sally Gray,

A New Love-Song.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Happy Stranger,

Jockey the Shepherd,

The Bonny Muir-Hen,

AND

The Wounded Hussar.



FALKIRK—T. JOHNSTON, PRINTER.

SALLY GRAY.

O David, I'll tell you a secret,
 If you'll keep it close in your breast;
 I would not for all Elsdon parish,
 It came to the ears of the rest.
 I'll lay you a bet or a wager.

A great to your two pence I'll lay,
 You cannot guess who I'm in love with,
 If you keep off sweet Sally Gray.

There's many come into the nation,
 But few with my Sally can match;
 There's many come to her a-wooin',
 And O but it makes me right vex!
 For Sally sits spinning and finging
 Of her Jemmy all the whole day,
 And I myself keep by the hay-stack,
 And fain would see sweet Sally Gray.

She's sixteen yéers last Collop-Monday,
 And I am the very same age;
 And O for a kiss of my Sally,
 I would give half-a-year's wage!
 When I look to the bonny black mountains,
 And over the hills a way,
 There's not such a place in the nation,
 For there lives my sweet Sally Gray.

If you'd been at the kirk the last Sunday,
 You would not have minded the rest,

he fat beside Tom in the morning,
 And O but I was e'en right vext!
 And as they pass'd thro' the green meadows,
 I said It's a very wet day;
 might have said more, but how could I,
 For thinking on sweet Sally Gray.

went down to Tom in the lonning,
 To hear all tho cracks and the jokes,
 and there was a man telling fortunes,
 And I must be like other folk :
 With chalk, and a pair of old bellows,
 Two letters he wrote in my way,
 stands for Sally all the world over,
 And nothing but G stands for Gray.

cu talk of your Carlisle lasses,
 With ribbands and targets of lace,
 oulfa' sae pale looking creatures,
 There's ne'er a bit red in their face:
 ut Sally's skin's like alabaster,
 Her cheeks like the roses in May!
 man! I could stand here for ever,
 And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

Was I some rich Duke or great Lord,
 Or some Parliament man of renown,
 would hire a coach and six horses,
 To carry my Sally to town.
 would hire a coach and six horses,
 And make them keep out of the way;
 would jump on behind like a footman,
 All for my sweet Sally Gray.

THE HAPPY STRANGER.

As I was a-walking one morning in spring,
 To hear the birds whistle, & Nightingale sing,
 I heard a fair maid she was making her moan,
 Saying, I'm a poor stranger, & far from my own.

I stept up unto her, and made a low gee,
 And asked her pardon for making so free ;
 Saying, I have taken pity on hearing your moan,
 As I'm also a stranger, and far from my own.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses. & she shed a tear,
 And said, Sir, I wonder at meeting you here !
 I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,
 As I am a poor stranger, and far from my own.

My dear, to ill use you indeed I never will,
 My heart's blood to save you indeed I would spill
 I'd strive for to ease & relieve all your moan,
 And wish to convey you safe back to your home.

Therefore, my dear jewel, if you would agree,
 And if ever you marry, to marry with me ;
 I would be your guardian thro' those desarts
 unknown,

Until with your parents I'd leave you at home.

Sir, where is your country. I'd wish for to know ?
 And what's the misfortunes you did undergo ?
 That caus'd you to wander so far from your
 home,

And made us meet strangers in this desert alone.

O yes, my fair creature, I saw them pass by ;
 And in yonder green wood there do they lie,
 Onsearching you'll find them below a green bush
 She turn'd about and thank'd him with a blush.

• She rang'd the green woods over, no lammies
 could find ;
 She instantly curs'd the young swain in her mind
 To think she had been betray'd, being a young
 silly maid,
 But she knew not the schemes young Jockey
 had laid.

'Then out of the bush young Jockey he sprang ;
 For out of the bush young Jockey he came.
 He gently stept beside her, and stole from her
 a kiss ;

But she sliely drew back, saying, why do you this ?

So the charms of love they began for to flow,
 And he has ta'en her down to yon cottage below,
 And he kiss'd her again her joys to renew,
 Whilst their lammies stept along in the sweet
 morning dew.

So now to conclude & make an end of my song,
 She's left her ewe lambs, and she's followed
 her swain ;
 Says, Your sheep and my sheep shall feed all
 in one glen,
 And we'll range the green woods over and
 over again.

THE BONNY MUIR-HEN.

My bonny muir-hen came o'er the muir,
 And down among the heather;
 I bent my bow to shoot at her,
 But never could come near her.

It's ay the nearer that she came,
 She did sing the louder;
 Says she, I love the young man well,
 But I think you're leant of powder.

Its hold your tongue my bonny muir-hen,
 And don't laugh me to scorn;
 You do not know where we may meet,
 And powder in my horn.

The next time that we did meet,
 Was down among the heather;
 O how do you this day my dear,
 In my horn I have got powder.

I took her by the middle jimp,
 Set her down among the heather;
 I kifs'd and clapp'd her all the day,
 We were jocose together.

We then rose up and walked home,
 Like loving lambs together;
 Said I, my dear, we now must part,
 I'm now run out of powder.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONG the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaid walk'd when the battle was o'er;
 O where hast thou wander'd my dearest lover?
 Where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
 The voice which I hear, is it Henry that sigh'd!
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far,
 When bleeding and low on the heath she espied,
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded.

Hussar.

From his warm bosom the blood was streaming
 Pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
 Dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 That melted in love and that kindled in war!
 O smote was poor Adelaid's heart at the fight!
 How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this sorrowful
 night,

To cheer the lone heart of your wounded

Hussar?

I hope thou shalt live, kind mercy relieving,
 She said, while, alas! she most sorely did mourn;
 Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
 No light of the morn shall to Henry return!
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true;
 Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!—
 His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd Adieu!
 Till he sunk in her arms, her poor wounded

Hussar!

F I N I S.