

THE
DEATH OF WOLFE.

LOVE HAS EYES.

The Girl of my Heart.

SALLY ROY.

STAY, TRAVELLER, TARRY.

The Woodland Maid.



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THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,

Britannia sat wasted with care;

She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd
against fate,

And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd
around

With th' exploits of her favorite son;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the
ground, (done.

Was engrav'd with some deeds he had

The sire of the gods, from his crystalline
throne,

Beheld the disconsolate dame,

And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury
down,

And these were the tidings that came:

Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear

For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd;

Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults
of joy,

For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

The Sons of the earth, the proud giants
of old,

Have fled from their darksome abodes,
And, such is the news that in heaven is
told, (gods.

They are marching to war with the
A council was held in the chamber of
Jove,

And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be call'd to the ar-
my above;

And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders
I flew;

Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay;
He cried, Oh, forbear! let me victory
hear,

And then the command I'll obey.
With a darkening film I encompass'd his
eyes,

And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore for his own
native shore,

Might tempt him again to return.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,

O never, nay;

Can words Love's grace impart?

The fancy, weak,

The tongue may speak,

But eyes alone the heart.

In one soft look what language lies!

O yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—

O, never, I—

On pinions love to soar;

Deceivers rove,

But never love,

Attach'd he moves no more:

Can he have wings who never flies?

And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I have parks, I have grounds,

I have deer, I have hounds,

And for sporting a neat little cottage,

I have youth, I have wealth,

I have strength, I have health,

Yet I mope like a beau in his dotage.
 What can I want?—'Tis the girl of my
 heart,

To share those treasures with me,
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,

No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart.
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
 And sustains social friends,
 Who make music divine, y enchanting;
 We have balls, we have plays,
 We have routs, public days,
 And yet still I find something is wanting;
 What should it be, but the girl of my
 heart,

To share those treasures with me!
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,

No pleasure it would give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart.
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

SALLY ROY.

Fair Sally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;
 She lost her lover, and she died,
 Grief brake the heart of gentle Sally.
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy,
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
 He rush'd his martial power to prove,
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.
 At noon she saw the youth depart,
 At eve she lost her darling joy;
 Ere night the last throb of her heart
 Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
 When yellow moonlight fills the valley,
 Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally.
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh
 Which weans each feeling heart from
 joy,

The mournful dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

STAY, TRAVELLER, TARRY.

Stay, traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
'Tis seven long miles across the moor,
And should you from our cottage
stray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest.
Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means I'd use you well;
'Tis little I have got to boast;

But should you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your
host.

THE WOODLAND MAID.

The woodland maid, my beauty's queen,
In nature's simple charm array'd,
This heart subdues; that matchless mien
Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
For wide domain, for gay parade;
I would unmov'd such toys behold,
Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland
maid.

F E N Y S.