

THE  
Bride's Burial

OR, THE  
*Affectionate Lovers,*  
A True Love Song.



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DUMFRIES.



THE

*Bride's Burial, &c.*

Come mourn, come mourn with  
ye loyal lovrs all; (me;  
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,  
whom gripping death doth thrall

Like to the drooping vine,  
cut by the gard'ner's knife,  
Even so my heart, with sorry flain  
doth mourn for my sweet wife,

By death, that grizly Gost,  
my turtle dove was flain,  
And I'm left, unhappy man,  
to spend my days in vain.

Her beauty, late so bright,  
like roses in their prime,  
Is wasted like the mountain snow  
by frost of Phoebus shine.

Her fair and coloured cheeks,  
 now pale and wane her eyes,  
 That late did shine like chrystal  
 alas! their light now dies. (stars,

Her pritty lilly hands,  
 with fingers long and small,  
 In colour like the early dew,  
 yea, cold and stiff with all.

When, as the morning gay,  
 her golden gates had spread,  
 And that the glittering Sun arose,  
 Forth from Thetis's bed ;

Then did my love awake,  
 most like the lilly flower,  
 And as the lovely Queen of may,  
 so shone she in her bower.

Attired was she then,  
 like Flora in her bower,  
 For as any of Diana's nymphs,  
 so lookd' my lovely flower.

And as fair Helen's face,  
 give Grecian dames the lurch,  
 So did my dear in exceed, in fight  
 all the virgins in the church.

When we had knit the knot,  
 of holy wedlock bands,  
 Like alabaster join'd to wine,  
 so stood we hand and hand.

Then low a! chilling cold,  
 struck ev'ry vital part,  
 And grippling grief, like pangs  
 of death,  
 seiz'd on my true lov's heart!

Down in a swoon she fell,  
 as cold as any stone,  
 Like Venus' picture wanting life,  
 so was my love brought home

At length a rosy red,  
 throughout her comely face,  
 As Phoebus' beams with wat'ry  
 o'er cover'd with a space. (cloud

Then with a grievous groan!  
 and voice both hoarse and dry  
 Farewel, quoth she, my lovely  
 for I this day must die! (friends

The messenger of death,  
 with golden trump I see,  
 With many other angels more,  
 which sound a call for me.

Instead of music sweet,  
 go ring my passing bell,  
 And with sweet flowers strow my  
 that in my chamber smell. (grave

Strip off my bride's array  
 my cork shoes from my feet,  
 And gentle mother be so kind,  
 as to bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding-dinner dress,  
 bestow upon the poor;  
 And to the hungry, blind & lame  
 that craveth at the door.

Instead of virgins young,  
 my bride's bed for to see,  
 Go cause some curious carpenter,  
 to make a chest for me.

My broad lace of silk  
 below on maidens meet,  
 May fitly serve, when I'm dead,  
 to tie my hands and feet.

And thou my **D**over true,  
 my husband and my friend,  
 Let me intreat thee here to stay,  
 until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,  
 and humbly on your knees,  
 Direct your prayers to God,  
 and mourn no more for me,

In love as we have liv'd,  
 In love now let us part;  
 And I in token of my love,  
 kiss thee with all my heart.

Oh! staunch this bootless tear,  
 thy weeping is in vain;  
 I am not lost, for we in heav'n  
 shall one day meet again.

With that she turn'd aside,  
 as one dispos'd to sleep,  
 And like a lamb departed life,  
 while friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,  
 did fetch a grievous groan,  
 And tho' his heart would burst in  
 and thus he made his moan (two,

Oh! dismal unhappy day!  
 a day of grief and care,  
 That hath bereav'd me of my love  
 whose beauty was so fair.

Now woe unto the world,  
 and all therein that dwell;  
 Oh, that I were in heaven,  
 for here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives,  
 a discontented life,  
 Whose bride was brought unto the  
 a maiden and a wife. (grave,

A garland fresh and fair,  
 of lillies there was made,  
 In signs of her virginity,  
 and on her coffin laid.

Six maidins all in white,  
 did bear her to the ground;  
 The bells did ring in solemn sort,  
 and made a doleful sound.

In earth they laid her then,  
 for hungry worms a prey;  
 So shall the fairest face alive,  
 at length be brought to clay.

Thus do you see by this,  
 how frail in life and grace;  
 Now haven bid us all prepare,  
 for that blest happy place.

FINIS.