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LASS of BALLOCHMYLE.

Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me?

Keen blaws the wind.

Queen Mary's Lamentation.

THE WILLOW TREE.



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*THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.*

'Twas even, the dewy fields were green,  
On every blade the pearls hang;  
The zephyr wandered round the bean,  
And bore its fragrant sweets along;  
In every glen the mavis sang,  
All nature listening seemed the while,  
Except where greenwood echoes rang,  
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,  
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy;  
When musing in a lonely glade,  
A maiden fair I chanced to spy;  
Her look was like the morning's eye,  
Her air like Nature's vernal smile;  
The lily's hue and rose's dye,  
Bespake the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,  
When roving through the garden gay,  
Or wandering in the lonely wild;  
But woman, Nature's darling child!  
There all her charms she does compile;  
Even there her other works are foiled  
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been the country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Though sheltered in the lowest shed,  
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,  
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;  
 And night-y to my bosom strain  
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine.  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And ev'ry day have joys divine  
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

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### FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The low y cat and russet gown?  
 Nae langer dress in silken sheen,  
 Nae langer decked wi' jewels rare,

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far awa,  
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
O can that soft and gentlest mien,  
Severest hardships learn to bear,  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair!

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of wae.  
And when invading pains besal,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay,  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wast fairest of the fair?

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 THE MINSTREL.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donnocht-Head,  
 The snaw drives snellie through the dale;  
 The Gaber-lunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale.

Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
 And dinna let your minstrel fa';  
 And dinna let his winding sheet  
 Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety wisters hao I seen,  
 And piped whare gor-cocks whirring flew;  
 And mair a day ye've danced, I ween,  
 To liltis which from my drone-I blew.

My Eppie waked, and soon she cried,  
 Get up, guidman, and let him in:  
 For weel ye ken the winter night  
 Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet,  
 Even tho' she bans and scaulds a'wee;  
 But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,  
 O, haith, its doubly dear to me!

Come in, auld carl, I'll steer my five,  
 I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame have I, the minstrel said;  
 Sad party-strife o'erturned my ha';  
 And, weeping at the eve of life,  
 I wander through a wreath o' snaw;

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### QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan,  
 Alas! it increases my pain.  
 When I think o' the days that are gon'  
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see  
 The birds as they wanton in air,  
 My heart it now pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' oppressed by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes,  
 Tho' fortune has altered my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to these.

false woman! in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be;  
 And when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

The roofs, where cold damps and dismay  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day!  
 How sad tolls the evening bell!  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 "O Mary, prepare thee to die,"  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

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### THE WILLOW TREE.

Take me to your arms my love,  
 For keen the wind doth blow;  
 Take me to your arms, my love,  
 For bitter is my woe.  
 She hears me not, she cares not,  
 Nor will she list to me;  
 And here I lie in misery,  
 Beneath the willow tree.

The poor has wealth and beauty,  
 The rich attend her door:

My love has wealth and beauty,  
 But I, alas! am poor.  
 The ribbon fair that bound her hair,  
 Is all that's left to me;  
 While here I lie, in misery,  
 Beneath the willow tree.

I once had gold and silver,  
 I thought 'em without end;  
 I once had gold and silver,  
 I thought I had a friend.  
 My wealth is lost, my friend is false,  
 My love is stole from me,  
 And here I lie, in misery,  
 Beneath the willow tree.

FINIS.