

Queen Mary's Lamentation ;

To which are added,

'The sodger laddie,

THE MINSTREL BOY,

Jocky's far awa,

The Highland laddie,

Bonny Leslie.



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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 on the days that are gone.

Through the grate of my prison I see
the birds as they wanton in all,
My heart how it pants to be free,
my looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Though fortune has alter'd my state,
see ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman, in ages to come,
thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye rocks where cold damps and dismay,
with silence and fortitude dwell,
How comfortable passes the day?
how sadly toasts the evening bell.

The owls from the battlement cry,
 hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O MARY! prepare thee to die,
 my blood it runs cold at the sound.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,
 and he will bring gold and money to me;
 And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
 my blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
 and can as a soger and lover behave;
 True to his country, to love he is steady,
 there's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angles frae death in alarms
 return him with laurels to my langing arms,
 Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
 when back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 as quickly they must, if he get his due:
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you find him;
 His father's sword he has buried o'er,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of song" said the warrior bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and the free
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

JOCKEY'S FAR AWAY.

Now summer decks the fields wi' flowers,
 The woods wi' leaves are green,

An' little birds a' round their bow'rs,
In harmony convene;

The cuckow flies frae tree to tree,
While saft the zephyrs blaw:

But what aie a' the joys to me,
When Jockey's far awa,

When Jockey's far awa on sea,

When Jockey's far awa,

But what are a' thae joys to me,

When Jockey's far awa.

Last morning how sweet to see
The little lasskins play,

While my dear lass lang wi' me,
Did kindly waik this way:

On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pu'd
To buik my bottom brae,

Sweet, sweet he talk'd and aft he vow'd,
But now he's far awa.

But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
Bring Jockey to my arms

Frae dangers on the raging main
An' cruel war's alarms

Gie'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
When we hae breath to draw,

Nor will I sing wi' aching heart,

My Jockey's far awa

My Jockey's far, &c

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,

But O they're vain and idy gaudy,

How much unlike the graceful mien,

And many looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonny Highland laddie,

My handsome, charming Highland laddie,

May heaven still guard, and love reward,

She Lawland lass and her Highland laddie

If I were free at will to choice,

To be the wealthiest Lawland lady.

I'd tak young Donald without trows,

Wi' bonnet blue and tartan plaidy.

The brawest beau in burrow town,

In a' his airs wi' art made ready

Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,

He's faer far in belted plaidy.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll rin,

And leave my Lawland kin and daddy.

Frae winter's cauld and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.

A painted room and silken bed,
May please a Lawland lair, and lady,

But I can kiss, and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,

And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
Syne rows me in his Highland plaidy.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,

Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

BONNY LESLEY

O saw ye bonny Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gaed like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther

To see her is to love her,
And love her but for ever;

For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a fair queen fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine fair Lesley,
The hearts of men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortunes sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass,
There's nane again sae bonnie.

FINIS.