

24

A
GARLAND
OF NEW
SONGS,

CONTAINING

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation;
THE LASS O' ARRANTEINIE;
BUXOM BONNY WILLIE;
WHEN LATE I WANDERED.



STIRLING:

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LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S
LAMENTATION.

BALOW, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep,
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad,
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, sleep a while.
And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;
But do not smile as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face and flatt'ring cheer,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I see that cruel he,
Cares neither for his babe nor me,
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewel, farewel, thou falsest youth,
 That ever kiss'd a woman's mouth;
 Let never any after me,
 Submit unto thy country;
 Por, if they do, O! cruel thou,
 Wilt her abuse and care not how.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durs,
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.
 Below, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find,
 They all are perjur'd and unkind;
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witness my babe lies in my arms,
 Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son ou my lap,
 From me sweet orphan take the pap,

Below, my child, thy mother mild,
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.
 Below, my boy, &c

Below, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee;
 Nor pity her deserved smart
 Who can blame none but her fond heart;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
 Below, my boy, &c.

Below, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has play'd,
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he,
 Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now perhaps thy curse and mine,
 Make him ate acorns with the swine.
 Below, my boy, &c.

But curse not him perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee;
 Perhaps at death for who can tell,
 Whether the Judge of Heaven or Hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.
 Below, my boy, &c.

I wish I were into the bounds,
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 My name, whom once he call'd his fair,
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, though not forget.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him I would make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding sheet,
 Ah me! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
 Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow. my boy, I'll weep for thee;
 Too soon, alack, thoo'lt weep for me:
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come;
 Born to sustain a mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name,
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEINIE.

Forlorn among the Highland hills,
 'midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens an' woody glens,
 with weary steps I wander ;
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 the mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
 sweet Lass o' Arranteinie.

You mossy rose—bud down the howe,
 just opening fresh and bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazle-bough,
 an's scarcely seen by ony ;
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
 obscurely blooms my Jeany,
 Mair fair an' gay than rosy May,
 the flower o' Arranteinie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean ;
 There Avarice guides the bounding prow,
 ambition courts promotion,
 Let Fortune pour her golden store.
 her laurel'd favors many ;
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 the Lass o' Arranteinie.

BUXOM BONNY WILLIE.

When fragrant bloom of yellow broom,
delights our lads and lasses,
O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom,
my will all lads surpasses ;

Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy ;
Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
I'll owre the braes wi' Willy.

From morn to eve I'll sing the praise,
of buxom bonny Willy,
Willy, Willy, Willy, Willy :
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise,
Of buxom bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay at noon-tide day,
we'll pu' the daisy pretty,
The live-lang day we'll kiss and play,
or sing some loving ditty.
W. Willy then, &c.

Now blythe and gay at setting day,
gif mither dinna hinder,
I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay,
for we twa ne'er shall sinder.
Wi' Willy then, &c.

WHEN LATE I WANDERED.

When late I wandered o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,
 My wild desires to rally, to roly,
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But now they re of themselves come home,
 And strange ! no longer wish to roam,
 They centre all in Sally. in Sally,
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy,
 Can love with ruin tally,
 My wild desires to rally ;
 But those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, Oh come thou sweeter far
 Than violets and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley, of the valley,
 Or lilies of the valley.
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally, in Sally,
 And make me blest in Sally.

FINIS.