

CRAZY JANE.

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to which are added,

Down the burn Davie.

Corn rigs are bonny.

THE MIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.



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CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wandering wretched creature
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane!

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so:
For I loved, oh! so sincerely,
None can ever love again;
But the youth I loved so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane!

Pondly my young heart received him,
Which was doomed to love but one;
He sighed, he vowed, and I believed him—
He was false, and I undone!
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain:
Henry fled; with him, for ever,
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane!

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
 Still I slowly pace the plain ;
 While each passer-by, in pity,
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane !

GUDE FORGIE ME FOR LIEIN'.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the laag glen
 And sair wi' his love did he deave me ;
 But I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce tak' the lad to believe me.

A weel stocket mailen himse'f o't the laird,
 An' bridal aff han' was the proffer ;
 I never loot on that I kend or I ca'rd,
 But I thought I might get a waer offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en ;
 An' O, for my love he was diein'
 I said he might die when he liket for Jean :
 The gude forgie me for liein'.

But what do you think ? in a fortnight or less.
 (He has a poor taste to gae near her)
 He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess ;
 O, think how could I endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dulgarlock ;

An' wha but my braw sickle wooer was there?
Wha star'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shoulther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours should say I was saucy,
My wooer he capered as he had been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' ceuthy and sweet,
And if she had recover'd her hearing,
And how ma' auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
Gade safe us as he fell a swearing

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
And just to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I will wed him to morrow.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

When trees did bud and fields were green,
and broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
and love laugh'd in her ee.

Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
to speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
and I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
that dwelt on this burn-side,

And Mary was the bonniest lass,
just fit to be a bride

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
her een were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright;
her lips like drooping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
what tender tales they said!
His cheeks to hers he aft did lay,
and with her bosom play'd.

Till baith at last impatient grown
to be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down,
love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
and naething sure unmeet;
For ganging hame I heard them say,
they lik'd a walk sae sweete

And that they aften should return,
such pleasures to renew,
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
and ay shall follow you.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;

His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy;
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his walking,
 The shining of his een surprise,
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bank
 Where yellow corn was growin'
 There mony a kindly word he spak
 That set my heart a'glowing:
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lov'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 "O corn rigs are bonny!"

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist the're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting:
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate
 In spite of dad an mammy,
 And cheerfully resign my fate
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
 And while they warble from each spray
 Love meets the universal lay,
 Let us, Amanda timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,

And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter, will appear!
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more,
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rock now and linnets sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now bear their summer suits,
To mirth all nature now invites;
Let us be blythsome light and gay,
Amongst the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound,
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them then sing and play,
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;

The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the stream,
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance,
 Let us as joyful be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a wife ;
 For riches like fig-leaves their nakedness hide :
 The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
 In settling of jointures or making of deeds
 But Adam and Eve when they first enter'd course
 E'en took one another for better for worse.

Thee prithee dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great,
 Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate,
 You can never be poor, who hases all those charms
 And I shall be rich when I've you in my arms.

FINIS.