

Edwin and Emma;

To which are added,

The Meeting of the Waters,

I'M GRIEVED TO LEAVE MY COMRADES
ALL,

I ha'e a Wife o' my Ain.



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EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beautiful Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye ;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bleat and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads,
Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn,
This charmer of the plains :
That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul that knew no art;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught;
 Was quickly too reveal'd;
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home felt bliss,
 Did love on both bestow;
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was as unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd!
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart away,
 Of different passions strove ;
 His heart that could not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance to mark the spot,
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 It sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pal's o'ercast :
 So fades the fresh rose in his prime,
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed ;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls,
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold
 What they must ever love.

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She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
My Edwin live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd,
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd thus had she past
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—

He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in this wide world, a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not the nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of chrystal and brightest of green;
It was not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still!

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were
near,
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Orocá, how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,

Where the storms, which we feel in this cold world,
 should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

I'M GREIVED TO LEAVE MY COMRADES
 ALL.

The sun was wading in the west ;
 The bird sat chattering in ilka tree ;
 All nature seem'd to be at rest.
 But their no rest provided for me.

CHORUS:

I'm griev'd to leave my comrades all,
 I'm griev'd to leave my native shore,
 My aged parents whom I loved so dear,
 And the bonny lass that I adore.

Adieu to England's seafaring boats,
 Tho' dark and dismal the mountains be ;
 But while on the dreary ocean I'm tost,
 I'll give a sigh and a wish for thee.
 I'm griev'd to leave &c.

Hark the trumpet sounds the wars alarm ;
 The trumpets sound we must obey ;
 Our foes do appear on fair England's coast,
 And to-morrow from you I'll be far away.
 I'm griev'd to leave, &c.

I HA'E A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I ha'e a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody,
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 There thanks to naebody,
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 Naebody cares for me,
 I care for naebody.

FINIS.