

Last May a braw Wooer.

Mucking o Geordie's Byre.

MARY'S DREAM.

PARTING MOMENTS.

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LAST MAY, A BRAW WOOER.

Tune—The Lothian Lassie.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang
gles,

And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce tok him to believe me, believe me,
The deuce tak him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een
And vowed for my love he was diein:
I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein,
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel stockit mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand was the proffer,
I never loot on that I kent it or cared,
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur
offer,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

But what do ye think? in o' fortnight or less,
[The deil's in his taste to gang near her!]
He up the lang lean to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how! the jade! I could bear her,
could bear her,

Guess ye how! the jade! I could bear her.

Sae a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lest neighbours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink;
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousid fu' couthie and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin,
And how my auld shoon fitted her shackel'd
feet,
But heavens, how he fell a swearin, a swearin
But heavens, how he fell a swearin

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to pr. erve the poor body in lif
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-mor-
row,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

MARYS DREAM.

The lovely moon had climbed the h
 Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
 And like the looks of a lovely dame,
 Brought joy to every body's ee;
 A' but Mary, deep in sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandie far at sea;
 A voice drapt saftly on her ear,
 ' Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me.'

She listid up her waukening een,
 To see from whence the voice might be,
 And there she saw her Sandie stand,
 Pale, bending on her his hollow ee!
 ' O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
 I'm in death's thraws below the sea;
 Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me,

' The wind slept when we left the bay,
 But soon it waked, and raised the main,
 And God he bore us down the deep,
 Who strave wi' him but strave in vain.
 He stretch'd his arm and took me up,
 Tho' laith I was to gang but thee;
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me.

'Take aff thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
 Which thou hast fauled down for me;
 Unrebe thee of thy earthly stole—
 I'll meet with thee in heaven hie.'
 Three times the grey cock flapt his wing,
 To mark the morning lift her ee,
 And thrice the passing spirit said:
 'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me?'

PARTING MOMENTS.

While I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose
 you, [slow,

High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse
 you,

Did I ever upbraid you? Oh, no my love, no!
 I own it would please me at home could you
 tarry,

Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;
 But if it gives pleasure to you my dear Harry,
 Shall I blame your departure? Oh, no my
 love no.

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are
 straying,

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow,
 Nay, banish that frown such displeasure betray-
 ing; (no.

Do you think I suspect you? Oh, no my love
 I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve
 me; (woe;

Or plant in a bosom which adores you such
 Yet should you dishonour my truth, and de-
 ceive me, no!

Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh no, my
 love no.

MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

As I went over yon meadow,
 And carelessly passing a-lang,
 I listened wi' pleasure to Jenny,
 While mournfully singing this sang:

The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And the shooing the grup sae clean.
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
 And brought the saut tears frae my een.

It was nae my father's intention,
 Nor was it my mither's desire,

That e'er I should fyle my fingers
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
 The mucking, &c.

Tho' the roads were ever sae dirty,
 Or the day sae scoury and foul,
 I wad aye be ganging wi' Geordie,
 I liked it far better than school.
 The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
 For being wi' Geordie sae free;
 My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
 Because he's below my degree.
 The mucking, &c.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Although he was cunning and slee;
 He ca's me his dear and his honey,
 And I'm sure my Geordie loo's me.
 The mucking, &c.

WHEN THE ROSY MORN, &c.

When the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,

Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain;
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner.
Take the scattered ears that fall;
Nature, all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

FINIS.

WHEN THE BORN BORN

When the ray was appearing,
That with gold the vestal lawn