

18

BONNY JEAN ;

To which are added,

Tweedside.

Although my Meg's gi'en me the bag.

Samuel Macaree's ghaist.



STIRLING ;
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ALEXANDER
1855
BARDYNE

There was a Lass.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk or market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammy's wark,
And ay she sung sae merrilie;
The blithest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys,
That bless the little lint-white's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young R. bie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the gien.
And he had owsen, sheep, and kyè,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So; trembling, pure, was tender love,
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' grief and pain,
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her c'e,
 As Robin tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae day upon the flowery lea.

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
 His cheek to hers he fond'y prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love.

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear,
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

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Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
She had nae will to say him na ;
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay atween them twa.

Tweed-side.

WAAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure doth yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove ;
The linnet the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let's see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folk sing

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss—
To ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an embrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's the fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Although my Meg's gie'n me the bag.

ALTHOUGH my Meg's gien me the bag,
The fling, or what d'ye ca' that,
An' squares wi' Jock, the Lunnon buck,
I'm ro to greet for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that,
Though she be sweet, for kissing meet,
An' muckle mair than a' that.

There's mony a ane for less wad mane,
 In drear kirk-yards an' a' that,
 An' tell the pale moon sic a tale,
 Wad break her heart an' a' that
 Till frae his wits like a' that,
 He'd take a race wi' a' that,
 Some gloamin' grey, and fyle the Tay,
 Cheat fishermen, an' a' that.

But by my sooth, I wad be laith,
 Sic pranks to play, an' a' that,
 Nor shall she boast, that I hae lost,
 Ae hours repose for a' that.
 She's fair, but what o' a' that.
 There's plenty mair wi' a' that,
 That glad will be to mak wi' me,
 A wedding o't, an' a' that

Samuel Macaree's Ghaist.

THE ten-hour bell wi' heavy jow,
 Had rung in ilka borough town,
 The winds sough'd dreary o'er the knowe,
 And night had on her blackest gown.
 As at the fire I sat alane,
 Wi' tears o' sorrow i' my ee,

Thinking upon my dead and gane,
Auld honest Samuel Macaree.

The door, though locked firm and fast,
Flew wi' a clash against the wa',
Upstarting, round my looks I cast,
When, saints and angels ! what I saw,
Stood full before me, on the floor,
Just clad as he was wont to be,
But ah ! sae toom, sae pale and poor,
Departed Samuel Macaree.

“ Oh, dread nae evil, he began,
'Tis nane o' Satan's imps you see,
For I'm the ghaist o' thy guidman;
Wha ne'er could think o' harraing thee ;
But greet nae mair, if that ye bear
The sma'est spark o' love to me,
For willa-wa you're wranging sair,
The weary Samuel Macaree.

My wynin'-sheet wi' tears is weet,
I wander, restless, up and down,
Maun traichel thro' the wintry sleet,
When ither ghaists are sleeping sound.
This night I tried to get a nap,
But scarce had clos'd my drowsy ee,
When ye let fa' a muckle drap,
That waken'd Samuel Macaree.

I've lain a towmond in the ground,
 And yet my grave has ne'er been green,
 While a' around wi' flowers abound,
 For this I hae to thank your een.
 What! wad you hae me come again?
 Is aught in life sae sweet to prye?
 A bitter draught o' grief and pain,
 It prov'd to Samuel Macaree.

Ere lang gae by we baith shall meet,
 An' marry never to be twin'd—"
 Here down I fell to kiss his feet,
 But fient a foundit could I find,
 Nor saw him mair, but i' my ear,
 These words were harkit tenderly,—
 "Adieu my Ann, to mourn forbear,
 Oh! pity Samuel Macaree."

FINIS.