

RIGS O' BARLEY.

73

Lassie wi' the Raven Locks.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

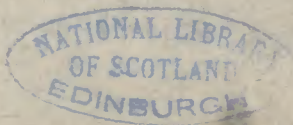
MARY'S DREAM.



GLASGOW:

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THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I hied awa to Annie:
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 'Till 'tween the late and early;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.
 Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
 And corn rigs are bonnie:
 I'll ne'er forget the happy night
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearlie;
 I set her down wi' right gude will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley:
 I kent her heart was a' my ain;
 I lov'd her most sincerely;
 I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley!
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly!
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley!
 Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinking;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;
 I hae been happy thinking;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.
 Corn rigs, &c.

LASSIE WI' THE RAVEN LOCKS.

Lassie wi' the raven locks,
 Charming lassie, Highland lassie;
 Gladly wad I tend thy flocks,
 Bonnie Highland Mary, O.
 Where Echaig joins the briny tide,

And Cowal's hills spread far and wide,
 Along the winding banks of Clyde,
 I met wi' Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Her foot so neatly mark'd the sand,
 An' gently wav'd her lily hand,
 As, slow, she trac'd the sea-beat strand,
 The lovely Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

How mildly glanc'd her hazel ee!
 Like sun-beams on the dewie lea:—
 It stow'ns, wyl'd the heart frae me,
 The witching smile of Mary O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Her eye-brows of a jetty-hue;
 Her lips like rose-buds moist wi' dew;
 A sweeter face ne'er bless'd in view
 Than youthfu' Highland Mary's O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Tho' pure the flow'rs that blaw unseen
 Amang her native woodlands green,
 Yet purer far the heart I ween,
 Of artless Highland Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

Let others range from isle to isle,
 Where never-ending summers smile:—
 Nair dear the groves o' Ballochyle,
 That shelter Highland Mary O—
 Lassie wi', &c.

I'd, cheerfu', toil frae dawn o' day,
 O'er you lone glen and ferry brae,
 Could I but get, by gloaming grey,
 Ae blythsome blink of Mary, O.

O may nae cloud the sun o'er cast,
 To chill this flow'et's snawie breast!
 Nae reptile's breath untimely blast
 The op'ning bloom of Mary, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to
 And drift is driving sairly; (south,
 The sheep are cowering i' the heugh,
 O sirs! it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,
The branches tirlin barely;

Amang the chimney-taps it thuds,
And frost is nippin sairly.

Now up in the morning's no fer me,

Up in the morning early;

To sit a' the night I'd rather agree,

Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hill,

Like ony timorous carlie;

Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,

And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

When snawblaws into the chimley cheek

Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,

Poor things, they suffer sairly;

In cauldribe quarters a' the night,

A' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

No fate can be waur, in winter time,

Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife,
Keeps ay a body cheerly;
And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maunt,
It answers unco rarely.
But up in the morning, na, na, na,
Up in the morning early;
The gowans maunglent on bank & brae
When I rise in the morning early.

MARY'S DREAM.

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

She lifted 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 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 with 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 off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
 Which thou hast faulded down for me;
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
 I'll meet wi' 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!

F I N I S.