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The Unfortunate
SHEPHERDESS;

To which are added,

The Braes o' Balquither,
Braw lads o' Galla water,

The Maid of Erin,

What can a Lassy do.

I leave my heart with thee,

Happy's the Love.



STIRLING:

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THE UNFORTUNATE SHEPHERDESS.

In the county of Exeter there lived a squire,
And he had a daughter most beautiful and fair,
And she lov'd a shepherd below her degree,
Which caus'd her ruin and sad misery.

When her father came to know it, his passion grew
hot,
And with a loaded pistol the young shepherd he shot,
And as he lay bleeding this young lady came by,
Which caus'd her to weep and to cry bitterly.

O cursed be the gold, my true love now slain,
My joys they are transported to sorrow and pain,
O yes says the shepherd none can my life save,
But a wonder you'll see when I'm laid in the grave.

The flocks that I feed my own share is but small,
They are fifteen in number, they feed on yon hill,
My dear they'll attend you wherever you go,
They'll be companions thro' the hail, wind and snow:

She has ta'en up his crook, his cloak and his plaid,
Like a faithful young shepherd to the valley she
stray'd,
When she came to the hill all the sheep to her came,
All bleating and treating her love to obtain.

The old ram she call'd Andrew and Sally his dame,
Both Johnny and Charlotte knew their own name:

When she wanted to stay upon any green plain,
She says you'll stay here till I come again.

With a humble submission they always do so,
And when she long tarries they all mourning do go,
With a humble submission they bleat in her face,
Sure there not such a token in the whole human race.

She wander'd thro' England, to Scotland she came,
You true lover's controllers you see what's their
doom,

The shepherd's no more and her father soon dy'd,
For the loss of his daughter and the murder beside.

If I would return to my father's bright hall,
I might live in splendour, but that I ne'er will,
She says I will wander till death end the strife,
Lamenting for my shepherd all the days of my life.

THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

Let us go, lassie go,
To the braes o' Balquither,
Where the blaeberries grow,
'Mang bonnie Highland heather ;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day,
On the braes o' Balquither.

I will twine thee a bower,
By the clear siller fountain,

And I'll cower it o'er,
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain.
 I will range thro' the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' their spoils,
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win',
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn,
 On the night breeze is dwelling.
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear sheeling ring,
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountains thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquither.

BRAW LADS O' GALLA WATER.

Braw braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Etrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla-water.

But there is a certain ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
 An' I'll be his an' he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Galla-water.

Although his daddy was nae laird,
 An' though I hae nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla-water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That cost contentment, peace or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the world's chiefest treasure.

THE MAID OF ERIN.

My thoughts delight to wander,
 Upon a distant shore
 Where lovely, fair and tender,
 Is she whom I adore ;
 May heaven, its blessings spring,
 On her bestow them free,
 The lovely maid of Erin,
 Who sweetly sang to me.

Although the restless ocean,
 May long between us roar,
 Yet while my heart has motion,
 She'll lodge within its core !
 For artless and endearing,
 And mild and young is she,

The lovely maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

When Fate gives intimation,
That my last hour is nigh,
With placid resignation,
I'll lay me down and die.
Fond hope my bosom cheering,
That I heaven shall see,
The lovely maid of Erin,
Who sweetly sang to me.

WHAT CAN A LASSY DO.

Young Jemmy's ganging after me,
The live-long day and night;
And always kissing too is he,
When father's out of sight:
But dinna lad, be teasing so,
For this I'll tell you true,
If thou art ever pleasing so,
What can a lassy do?

He shanna mair be pressing me,
Its muckle truth, I vow;
Nor shall he be caressing me,
As sure he did just now;
And so I'll tell him when we meet,
I winna hear his loo;
For when a laddy is so sweet,
What can a lassy do.

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I wonder where the youth can be,
 Ah! whether can he stray;
 But that is surely nought to me,—
 So let him keep away;
 For should he tell his wily tale,
 And want to buckle to,
 I realy think he would prevail—
 What can a lassy do.
 (Ah! what indeed!)
 What can a lassy do?

I LEAVE MY HEART WITH THEE.

I leave my heart wi' thee my love,
 Tho' forc'd from thee to stray;
 Wi' mickle grief I onward move,
 And lonely take my way.
 How tedious will the hours appear,
 Each day a year to me;
 For ah, my love, my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee.

Tho' fragrant wreaths my eyes invite,
 Thy beauties smile around,
 In roses red, in lilies white,
 Thy blooming sweets are found;
 Na other's charms my een can cheer,
 Alike all seem to me,
 For ah! my love my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee

At my return, ah! may I find,
 Thy truth desy auld Time;
 I'll bring the pelf, that rules mankind,
 Ere yet I've lost my prime;

Thy vows of truth alone can cheer,
 Alone give bless to me,
 For ah, my love, my only dear,
 I leave my heart wi' thee.

HAPPY'S THE LOVE.

Happy's the love which meet return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover,
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate;
 Did you see me mark'd to marry,
 Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah no, her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share,
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due, adore her.
 O lovely maid, my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas, if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain, the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is tee good to let me languish.
 With success crown'd I'd not envy,
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

EINIS.