

The Turkish Lady ;

To which are added,

The Rose o' Kirtle.

Mrs. Runnington's Wig.

The mournful Widow.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Macnie.

1824.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that fadeth slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose :
Even a captive's spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright :
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and lov'd an English knight.

Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Here no sound of Sabbath bell?"—

'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the crescent shone afar,

like a pale disastrous planet
O'er the purple tide of war—

that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Leading for my Christian nation,
By the walls of high Belgrade”

captive, could the highest jewel
In my turban set thee free?
Lady, no, the gift were cruel,
Ransom'd yet if rest of thee.

ay, fair princess would it grieve thee,
Christian climes should we behold?
ay, bold knight, I would not leave thee,
Were thy ransom paid in gold.

ow in heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When, to quit her father's mansion,
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu.

ly we then while none discover,
Tyrant barks in vain ye ride—
Soon as Rhodes the British lover,
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

 THE ROSE O' KIRTLE.

In Roslin's bowers bloom fragrant flowers,
 On Yarrow's banks bloom mony;
 Where Kirtle flows, ance stately rose
 The sweetest flower o' ony!
 I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
 I've been mang groves o' myrtle;
 Tho' flowers bloom'd fair, nane could compare,
 Wi' the sweet rose o' Kirtle.

In secret glade it rais'd its head,
 And fair its leaves spread blooming,
 And as they spread, they fragrance shed,
 A' Kirtle's banks perfuming.

Lut'd by its fame, the young anes came,
 (Some came frae west the Shannon)
 An ilk ane swore, nae flower before,
 Bloom'd like the flower o' Annan!—

But wise anes knew a death-worm grew
 Deep at its roots consuming;
 An' while they sigh'd, they mournfu' cried,
 'The rose maun fade that's blooming.'
 'Twas then Fate said 'frae native glade
 We'll pu' the rose o' Kirtle;

In warmer bower we'll plant the flower,
An' skreen it round wi' myrtle.'

Sae Fate up drew the flower, an' flew
Where Mersey's stream rows flowing;
There, skreen'd frae harm, they plant it warm,
For there Love's beams were glowing!
Fair, fair it spread, an' gratefu' shed
Its healing balms sweet smelling;
An' as they flew, Affliction knew
Blest health was near his dwelling.

Oh! had ye been whare I hae seen
This rose mang myrtles blooming,
Ye wad hae sworn nae canker-worm
Was fast its roots consuming.
But well-a-day! looks will betray!
An' death Love's joys will sever!—
Fre midnight hour death nipt the flower!—
Its sweets are gone for ever!

Ye wha can smile at Life's fause guile
While health's warm sun shines beamy,
Learn, that the flower o' Mersey's bower
Was Lucy's peerless Jamie:
An' ye wha mourn at Currie's urn,
Or weep by Mersey's river,

Learn, that the rose that Virtue blows,
Though dead, will—bloom for ever!

MRS. RUNNINGTON'S WIG.

MISTRESS Rannington wore a wig,
Contrived to peep at a man,
And every feature to twig,
As commode as the sticks of a fan.
For the book of her labour and cares,
Now drew pretty near the last page ;
And this wig had a few grizly hairs,
That escap'd from the avarice of age,
Mister Doddington—Oh, a nice man,
Rather old, and a little a prig.
Fell in ecstasy, stark staring mad,
With sweet Mistress Rannington's wig.

Mr. Doddington wore a wig,
To hide his poor head so crazy ;
'Twas neither too little nor big,
Nor so much a wig as a jasey ;
But he wheezed pretty much with a cough,
And, being long since past his prime,
He looked, when the jasey was off,
Exactly the figure of Time.

Mrs Runnington fell in the snare,
 Thus laid by this amorous sprig;
 Believing 'twas natural hair.
 As he did Mistress Runnington's wig.

His kissed her, the bargain to strike,
 For they both had agreed on the match,
 When the wire-work of her vandyke,
 Caught the buckle that fastened his scratch.
 In vain they both struggled and grianed,
 'Twas useless to labour and pull,
 Their nappers as tightly were pinned,
 As a dog at the nose of a bull.
 At length, both the fabrics crazy,
 By a resolute effort, and big,
 Down fell Mr Doddington's jsey,
 And poor Mrs. Runnington's wig.

Now, as bald as my hand or two cootes,
 They stood petrified at the disaster;
 But it soon finished all their disputes,
 And tied their affection the faster.
 Each admiring the other's good sense,
 Made the best of their dismal miscarriage;
 And alleged in their mutual defence
 Secrets ne'er should be kept before marriage.

Though they look'd like two monkies ran crazy
 While they laugh'd at the frolicksome rig,
 She restored Mr. Doddington's jasey,
 And he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

THE MOURNING WIDOW.

O DREARY laneliness is now
 'Mang ruin'd hamlets smoking,
 Yet the new made widow sits and sings,
 While her sweet babe she's rocking.
 On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe ;
 On Murray, traitor, coward ;
 On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
 And think on Charlie Stuart.

FINIS.