

FAIRFA' THE LASSES,

The Wealthy Fool,

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,

TO MARY, IN HEAVEN,

AND

Loud roar'd the dreadful Thunder.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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FAIRFA' THE LASSES.

TUNE,—‘ Green grow the rashes, O.’

Fairfa' the lasses, O! -
Fairfa' the lasses, O!
And dool and care still be his share,
Wha doesna loo the lasses, O!

Pale poverty an' girmin' care,
How lang will ye harrass us, O?
Yet light's the load we hae to bear,
If lessen'd by the lasses, O!
Fairfa', &c.

The rich may sneer as they gae by,
Or scornfully may pass us, O!
Their better lot let's ne'er envy,
But live and love the lasses, O.
Fairfa', &c.

Why should we eves sigh for wealth?
Sic thoughts should never fash us, O;
A fig for pelf, when blest wi' health,
Content, an' bonnie lasses, O.
Fairfa', &c.

The ancient Bards, to shew their skill,
 Plac'd Muses on Parnassus O;
 But let them fable as they will,
 My Muses are the lasses, O.
 Fairfa', &c.

The drunkard cries, the joys o' wine
 A' ither mirth surpasses, O;
 But he ne'er kent the bliss divine,
 That I hae wi' the lasses, O.
 Fairfa', &c.

When I am wi' the chosen few,
 The time fu' quickly passes, O,
 But days are hours, and less, I trow,
 When I am wi' the lasses, O.
 Fairfa', &c.

When joys abound, then let a round
 Of overflowing glasses, O,
 Gae brisk about, an' clean drink out;
 The toast be—' Bonnie lasses,' O.
 Fairfa', &c.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow the richer;
 Give me but these, I ask no more;
 My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer;
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend & pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
 If that, when I came home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though Fortune ever shuns my door,
 (I know not what can thus bewitch her),
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily white;
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my saul, I wistna how;

And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Shoud she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Is there a heart that never lov'd

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
 Nor feit soft woman's igh?
 Is there a man can mark, unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU ling'ring star with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?—
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,—
 Thy image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Preclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;

Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their deeper channels wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE BAY OF BISCAY O.

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder;
 The rain in deluge show'rs!
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid pow'rs.
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day,
 There she lay,
 In the bay of Biscay O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seamen crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the bay of Biscay O.

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke thro' the hazy sky;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd the bitter sigh:
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the bay of Discay O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent;
 When Heav'n, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent!
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers!
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the bay of Discay O.

FINIS.