

THREE SONGS:

The Lord of Roslin's
Daughter.

The Maid of Lodi.

Love and Glory.

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The Lord of Roslin's Daughter.

THE Lord of Roslin's Daughter,
walks through the wood her lane,
And by came Captain Wedderburn,
a servant to the King,
He said to his servant man,
wer't not against the law,
I would take her to my own bed,
and lay her next the wa:

I'm walking here alone she says,
among my fathers trees
And you may let me walk alone,
kind sir now if you please,
The tupper bell it will be rung,
and I'll be mi's'd you know,
So I'll not ly into your hed,
neither at stock nor wa;

He says my pretty lady,
I pray lend me your hand,
And you'll have drums and trumpets,
always at your command,
And fifty men to guard you,
who well their swores can draw,
And we'll both lye into a bed,
and thou a lye next the,

Hold away from me, kind sir,
I pray let go my hand,

The supper bell it will be ring,
 no longer must I stand, &
 My father he'll no supper take,
 if I be miss'd you know,
 So I'll not lye in you bed,
 neither at stock nor wa'.

Then says the pretty lady,
 I pray tell me your name,
 My name is Captain Wedderburn,
 a servant to the king,
 Though thy father and his men were here,
 of them I'd stand no awe,
 But should take thee to my own bed,
 and lay the next the wa'.

He lighted from his milk white steed,
 and set this lady on,
 And held her by the milk white hand,
 even as they rode along,
 He held her by the middle jimp,
 for fear that she should fa',
 So I'll take thee to my own bed,
 and lay the next the wa'.

He took her to his lodging house,
 his landlady look'd ben,
 Says many pretty fair ladies,
 in Edinburgh I've seen,
 But such a pretty face as this
 in in it I never saw,
 So make her up a down bed,
 and lay her next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind fir,
 I pray you let me be,
 For I'll not go into your bed,
 till you dress me dishes three,
 Dishes three you must dress me,
 if I should eat them a',
 Before that I lie in your bed,
 either at stock or wa'.

O I must have to my supper,
 a cherry without a stone,
 O I must have to my supper,
 a chicken without a bone,
 And I must have to my supper,
 a bird without a ga',
 Before we'll lye in your bed,
 either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is in the bloom,
 I'm sure it hath no stone,
 And when the chicken is in it's shell,
 I'm sure it hath no bone,
 The dove it is a gentle bird,
 it flies without a ga',
 And we both shall lie in ae bed,
 and thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind fir,
 I pray you give me o'er,
 For I will not go to your bed,
 till you tell me questions four,
 Questions four you must tell me,
 and that is twa and twa,

Or I'll not lie in your bed,
neither at stock nor wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit,
that in December grew;
You must get to me a silk mantle,
that waft was ne'er ca'd through,
What bird sing's first and wood bud first,
that dew does on them fa',
And then I'll lie in your bed,
either at stock or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit,
that in December grew,
My mother has a silk mantle,
that waft was ne'er ca'd through,
The cock crows first, cyder buds first,
the dew does on them fa',
So we'll both lye in ae bed,
and thou's lye next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind fir,
and do not me perplex,
For I will not lye in your bed.
till you tell me questions six,
Questions six you must tell me,
and that is four and twa,
Before I'll lye in your bed,
either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass
what's higher than the trees?
What is worse than women's voice,
what's deeper than the seas?

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A sparrow's horn a priest unbero,
this night to join us twa,
Before I'll lye in ysur bed,
either at stock or wa'.

Death's greener than the grafs,
hell's deeper than the seas,
The devil's worse than women's voice,
sky's higher than the trees,
A sparrow's horn you may well get,
there's one on every paw,
And twa upon the gab of it,
and thou shalt have them a'.

The Priest is standing at the door,
just ready to come in,
No man can say that he was born,
no man without a sin,
A hole cut in his mot 'he's',
he from the same did fa',
So we shall both lye in ae bed,
and thou's lye next the wa'.

O little did the lady think
that morning when she rose,
It was to be the very last
of all her maiden days.
But there is not in the king's realm,
to be found a blyther twa,
And now they lye in ae bed,
and she lies next the wa.

The Maid of Lodi.

I N G the mai d of Lodi,
 who sweetly fung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 nor e'er distort with glee.
 She values not the wealthy,
 unless they, 're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 and by labour earns her food.

And when her days work's over,
 around a cheerful fire,
 She sings or rests contented,
 what more can man desire?
 Let those who squander millions,
 review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavillions,
 far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 some villians seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 most dreadful to approach;
 Past which the Maid of Lodi
 came trotting from the fair;
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 and see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
 she tied her poney's rein;
 I thus by female courage
 was dragg'd to life again.

She led me to her dwelling
 she cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table
 at which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 her features you may find ;
 But not the fam'd Corregios
 could ever paint her mind.
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 who sweetly sung to me ;
 And when this maid is married,
 still happier may she be.

Love and Glory.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth,
 as ever grac'd martial story ;
 And Jane was as fair as lovely truth,
 she sigh'd for love, and he for glory,

With her his faith he meant to plight,
 and told her many a gallant story,
 Till war their honest joys to blight,
 call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
 Jane follow'd—fought—ah, hapless story !
 In man's attire, by Henry's side,
 she died for love, and he for glory.