

Five Songs.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Logan Braes.

Jeanie's Black E'e.

My Bonnie Lady Ann.

The Cabin Boy.



KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.



BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray
 They are twa bonnie lasses;
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theekit it owr wi' rashes,
 Bessy Bell Lloo'd yestreen,
 And thoct I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 They gar my fancy falter.

Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning;
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap
 The hills with rays adorning;
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty,
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow they're dainty.

Mary's locks are like the crow,
 Her eye like diamond glances,
 She's ay sae clean, redd-up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
 Ye unco sair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
 Waes me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

LOGAN BRAES.

BY Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glae I've herded sheep ;
 Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
 But waes my heart, thae days are gane,
 And I, wi' grief may herd alane ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;
 Meet wi' me, or whan its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk,
 Weel may sing thae days are gane—
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his face,
 Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes !

' At e'en when hope amaiſt is gane,
 I dauner out, or ſit alane,
 Sit alane beneath the tree
 Where aſt he, kept his tryſt wi' me.
 O ! cou'd I ſee thae day's again,
 My lover ſkaithleſs, an' my ain !
 Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
 We'd live in bliſs on Logan Braes."

While for her love ſhe thus did ſigh,
 She ſaw a ſodger paſſing by,
 Paſſing by wi' ſcarlet claes,
 While ſair ſhe grat on Logan braes :
 Says he, " What gars thee greet ſay ſair,
 What fills thy heart ſae fu' o' care ?
 Thae ſporting lambs ha'e blytheſome days,
 An' playful ſkip on Logan braes ?"

" What can I do but weep and mourn ?
 I fear my lad will ne'er return,
 Ne'er return to eaſe my waes,
 Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
 We that he clasp'd her in his arms,
 And ſaid, " I'm free from war's alarms,
 I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,
 We'll happy live on Logan braes,"

Then ſtraight to Logan kirk they went,
 And join'd their hands in one conſent,
 Wi' one conſent to end their days,
 An' live in bliſs on Logan braes
 An' now ſhe ſings, " thae days are gane,
 When I wi' grief did herd alane,
 While my dear lad did fight his faes,
 Far, far frae me an' Logan braes."

JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning;
 Light sprang the lav'rock and mounted sae hie;
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewie
 morning,

My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.
 To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens;

Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black
 e'e;

Then lying down dowylie, sigh'd by the willow
 tree.

'Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.*

Daft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel.

Streik'd on Spring's carpet aneath the saugh
 tree:

Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—

Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.

Wi' love's warm sensations I've mark'd your im-
 patience,

Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your
 black e'e.—

You're no sleeping; pawkie Jean; open thae lovely
 e'en;

Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green knowe adorn-
 ing;

Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;

* I am asleep, do not waken me.

Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning;
 Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white
 brow;

O! light, light she's dancing keen on the smooth
 gowany green,

Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and spört
 my fill,—

I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping
 sound;

Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see;
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou.—Will, Rin no
 sleeping now:

I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e;
 And aye since, whans'er we meet, sing, for the
 sound is sweet,

Ha me mohatel, na dousku me.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

THERE'S kames o' hinney 'tween my luv's lips,
 An' gowd amang her hair,
 Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
 Nae mortal cen keek there.

What lips dare kiss; or what hand dare touch,
 Or what arm of luv dare span,

The hinny lips, the creamy loof,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;

But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her lady mou'.

But a broidered belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist mann span:

O she's an armfu' fit for heaven,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is lattic'd wi' flow'rs
Tied up wi' siller thread;

And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's langing een to feed:

She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky han';

And her every look beams wi' grace divine,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The morning cloud is tassel'd wi' gowd,
Like my luv's broider'd cap;

An' on the mantle which my luv wears,
Is monie a gowden drap.

Her bonnie eebree's a holie arch,
Cast by nae earthly han';

An' the breath o' heaven's atween the lips
O my bonnie Lady Ann,

I wondering gaze on her stately steps,
An' I beet a hopeless flame;

To my love, alas! she mauna stoop,
It wad stain her honoured name.

My een are bauld they dwell on a place
 Where I darena mint my han';
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann,

I am but her father's gardener lad,
 An' poor poor is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa;
 My lady comes my lady gaes,
 Wi' a fu' an kindly han';
 O their blessing maun mix wi' my luve,
 An' fa' on Lady Ann.

THE CABIN BOY.

THE sea was rough, the night was dark,
 Far distant every joy;
 When forced by fortune to embark,
 I sailed a Cabin Boy.
 My purse soon filled with Frenchmen's gold,
 I hastened home with joy;
 When wrecked in sight of land, behold!
 A helpless Cabin Boy.

FINIS.