

Mary's Dream.

To which are added,

Mine ain dear Somebody,

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

The Braes of Balquhither.

Loudon's bonny Woods and Braes.

The Disguised Squire.



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Mary's Dream.

By Alexander Lowe.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
 That rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tower and tree,
 When Mary laid her down to sleep—
 Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
 Then soft and low a voice was heard,
 Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye—
 "O Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
 We tofs'd upon the raging main,
 And long we strove our bark to save,
 But all our striving was in vain:
 Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
 My heart was fill'd with love to thee;
 The storm is past, and I at rest,
 So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

" O maiden dear ! thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where Love is free from doubt or care,
 And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 " O Mary, weep no more for me !"

Mine ain dear Somebody.

WHEN Gloamin' treads the heels o' Day,
 And birds sit courin' on the spray,
 Along the flow'ry hedge I stray
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bear,
 The clover bloom, the dewy green,
 A' charm me as I rove, at e'en,
 To meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
 Let mad Ambition tow'r for fame,
 P'm happier in my lowly name,
 Obscurely blifs'd wi' somebody.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Air, Bonny Dundee.

KEEN blows the win' o'er the braes o'
 Gleniffer,
 The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw,

How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanely
 green shaw.
 The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread, on a
 a' fae bonnie,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green
 birk, a tree,
 But far to the camp they hae march'd, my
 dear Johnnie,
 An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome
 an' cheery,

Then ilk thing around us was bonny an'
 braw;

Now naething is heard but the wind, whif-
 tling dreary,

An' naething is seen but the wide-spread-
 ing snaw:

The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute
 an' dowie,

They shake the cold drift frae their wings
 as they flee,

An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for
 my Johnnie,

'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi'
 me.

Non could fleety cloud skiffs along the
 bleak mountain,

An' shakes the dark firs on the stey
 rocky brae,

White down the deep glen bawls the snaw-
 flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd fae sweet to my laddie
 an' me :
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry win'
 swellin',
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears
 i' my e'e,
 For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan;
 The dark days o' winter war' simmer to
 me !

The Braes of Balquithier.

LET us go, lassie, go
 To the braes of Balquithier,
 Where the blue-berries grow
 'Mang the bonnie Highland heather ;
 Where the deer and the rae,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the land summer day
 On the braes o' Balquithier.

I will twine thee a bow'r
 By the clear filler fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain ;
 I'll range thro' the wilds,
 And the steep glens so dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

While the lads o' the south
 Toil for bare war'ly treasure,
 To the lads o' the north
 Ev'ry day brings its pleasure,
 Tho' simple are the joys
 The brave Highlander possesses,
 Yet he feels no annoy,
 For he fears no distress.

When the rude wintry win
 Idly raves round his dwelling,
 And the roar of the lin
 On the night-breeze is swelling,
 Then so merrily he'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er him,
 To the dear shieling ring,
 Wi' the light liting jorum.

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

London's bonny Woods and Braes.

LONDON'S bonny woods and braes,
 I maun lea'e them a', lassie;
 Wha can thole, when Britain's faes
 Would gi'e Britons law, lassie?

Wha would shun the field of danger?
 Wha frae Fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
 Loudon's bonny woods and braes
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle Hope shall soothe thy wae,
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings?
 That gies joy to thee, laddie;
 But the dolefu' bugle brings
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie;
 Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae Love and thee, laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt maybe fa' frae me afar,
 And nane to cloie thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fear, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil,
 That the soldier shares, lassie:
 Heav'n will shield thy faithfu' lover
 Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
 Till the day we die, lassie:
 Midst our bonny woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightso'ne lamb, that plays
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

The Disguised Squire.

THERE WAS a wealthy farmer, liv'd in the north country,
And he had a daughter, beautiful and free.
There was a squire, who liv'd hard by,
Upon this pretty fair maid he did fix an eye.

He hoisted up his budget, and to the farmer's house
he came.

It's have you any pots to mend, or have you any pans,
Or have you any lodgings, for me: a single man.

The farmer granted lodgings, but thinking of no harm,
It's if you abide about this house, you must lie in the
barn.

Away this fair maid goes, to make the tinker's bed;
The tinker being smart of foot, got up to bar the door,
He took her in his arms, and threw her on the floor.

They tofs'd and tumbled, until the break of day;

He says, my pretty fair maid, it's time I was away.

It's oh! since you've got your will of me, pray tell
me your name;

He whisper'd softly in her ear, they call me Davy Ea'.
In remembrance of that merry night, among the pease
straw.

I believe you are with child, my dear, as I suppose you
be;

Here is twenty guineas, to pay the nurse's fee.

When I cometh back again, I'll give you as much more.

In remembrance of that merry night, of the barring of
the door.

FINIS.

J. Neilsen, printer.