

Lilies of the Valley ;

To which are added,

This is no my Plaid.

Up in the Morning.

Flora's Lament for Charly.

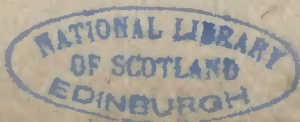
JOHNNY BLUSTER DWALT ON CLYDE.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Maenie.

1825.

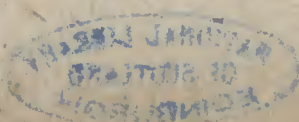


LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flowery dale,
O'er seas and distant shores
With merry songs and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours,
Tho' wandering thus, I ne'er could find
A girl like blithesome Sally
Who picks and culls and cries aloud,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,
From nestling of each tree
I chose a soldier's life to wed,
So social gay and free
Yet tho' the ladies love me well,
And often try to rally,
None pleases me like her who cries,
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd,
To see my native soil;
From fighting in my country's cause,
To plough my country's soil:



I care not which with either pleased,
 So I possess my Sally
 That little merry nymph, who cries,
 "Sweet lilies of the valley."

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O this is no my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,
 O this is no my plaid,
 Bonny though the colours be.

The ground o' mine was mix'd wi' blue,
 I gat it frae the lad t' lo'e,
 He ne'er liv'd i'en me cause to rue,
 And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey,
 Nae kindly charm for me ye hae,
 The tartan shall be mine for aye,
 For O! the colour's dear to me.

For mine was silky-soft-an' warm,
 It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm,
 And like himself it bore a charm,
 And O! the plaid is dear to me.

Although the lad the p'aid who wore,
 Is now upon a di-tant shore,
 And cruel seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the p'aid that shelter'd me.

The lad that gied me't likes me well,
 Although his name I darena tell,
 He likes me just as weel's himself,
 And O! the p'aid is dear to me.

O may the plaidie yet be worn,
 By Caledonians yet unborn,
 Nae sa' the wretch wha e'er shall scorn,
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

Fa'ge surly blasts it covers me,
 He'll me himself protection gie,
 I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
 And O! his p'aid is dear to me.

I hope he'll no forget me now,
 Each aften pledge aith and vow,
 I hope he'll yet return to woo
 Me in the p'aid sae dear to me.

UP IN THE MORNING

— Guld blaws the win' frae north to south,
 — And drift is driving sairly,

The sheep are eouring in the heugh,
 O sirs! it's winter fairly,
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 I'd rather gang sleepless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the blast,
 The branches tirling barley,
 Among the chimley taps it thuds,
 And frost is nipping sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hill,
 Like ony timorous ca' lie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 Whea snaw blaws do to the chimley taps,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nas lutties lilt on hodge or bush,
 Poor things they suffer sairly.

Is cauldrife quarters all the night,
 A day they feed but sparsely,
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morn'g early;
 Nae fixt can be waur in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A stey house and canty wife,
 Keeps aye a body cheesly;
 And penty stow'd wi' meal and maist,
 It answers unco rarely
 Ros up in the morn'ng na, na, na,
 Up in the morn'ng early:
 The gowan, maun plant on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the morn'ng early.

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLY.

Why, my Charly thus to leave me,
 Thus to flee thy Flora's arms,
 Were yon vows but to deceive men,
 Valiant o'er my yieldings charms?
 All I bore for thee sweet Charly,
 Want o' sleep fatigu'd wi' care,
 Row'd the ocean late and early,
 Left my friends for thou wast fair.

Sleep ye winds that waft him frae me
 Blow ye western breeze a blow,
 Swell the sail for love Charly—
 Ah! they whisper Flora no.
 Cold she sinks beneath ye billow,
 Dash'd from yonder rocky shore
 Flora pride and flower of Lila
 Ne'er to meet her Charly more.

Dark the night the tempest howling,
 Black along the western sky
 Hear the dreadful thunder rolling,
 See the darted lightning fly.
 No more will hear the maid of Lila,
 Pensive o'er the winding deep.
 Her last words were O my Charly,
 As she sunk into the deep.

JOHNNY BLUSTER DWALT ON CLYDI

Johnny Bluster dwalt on Tweed
 The place they ca'd it Cradletony,
 Johnny was a joiner guile.
 Nane could wellt a plane like Johnny.
 Niece Pinch was Johnny's wife,
 An' sully Matty was her mither,

Sic a wife as Jehnny had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Jehnny was ance half in love,
His fancy was by beauty haun'd;
Heaven shone in Jehnny's ee.

But no the beauty Jehnny wanted:
Far Jehnny cou'ter Lizie Painch
'Cause Lizie Painch she had the sil'er,
But sic a wife as Lizie Painch,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Lizie's face was like the moon,
Her shou'her's maist as braid as Samson;
Ner very picture's like the sign,

That hings aboon auld Robin Tamson's.
But de'il a prin does Jehnny care.

Were Lizie like the witch of Endor;
Jehnny fasten's on her gear,

He wadna gie a button for her.

RINIS.