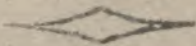


Five Songs.



The Wounded Hussar.

One Bottle more.

Robin and Jean's Courtship.

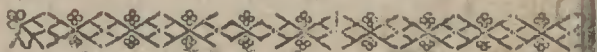
The Spinning o't.

Flaxen were her Ringlets.



KILMARNOCK

Printed for the Booksellers.



THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
 O whither, she cry'd, hast thou wander'd,
 true love,

Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
 What voice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd;
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd she far;
 When, bleeding, and low on the heath, she de-
 cry'd,

By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
 Hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was
 streaming,

And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar;
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming

That melted in love, and that kindled in war.
 How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrow-
 ful night,

'To cheer the lone heart of your wounded
 Hussar?'

Thou shalt live! (she reply'd) Heaven's mercy,
 relieving
 'Each languishing wound shall forbid me to
 mourn.'
 Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 'No light of the morn shall to Henry return.
 Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
 'Ye babes of my love that await me afar'—
 His fault'ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu!
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded
 Hussár.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,
 To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,
 Where true hospitality opens the door,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more;
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and
 sincere;
 For if but one bottle remains in our store,
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's, in Church-street, I'll sing of a set,
 Of six Irish blades who together had met;
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
 For friendship had grappled each man by the
 heart,
 Where the least touch, you know, makes a
 Irishman roar,
 And the whack from shillelah brought, six bottles
 more.

Slow Phœbus had shone through our window
 bright,
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light;
 So we parted with hearts neither sorrow nor sore,
 Resolving next night to have twelve bottles more.

THE SPINNING O'T.

Now Sandy, the winter's cauld blasts are awa',
 And simmer, we've seen the beginning o't;
 I've lang been wearied o' frost and o' snaw,
 And sair hae I tir'd o' the spinning o't:
 For when we were married our cleedin was thin
 And poortith, ye ken, made me eident to spin
 'Twas fain love o' you that first gart me begin,
 An' blessings hae follow'd the spinning o't.

When mornings were cauld, an' the keen frost an'
 snaw
 War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 An' ye gaed to work, be't frost or be't thaw,
 My task was nae less, at the spinning o't;

An' now we've a pantry baith muckle an' fu'
 O' ilka thing gude for to bang in the mu',
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some malt for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

An' when winter comes back wi' the snell hail an'
 rain,

Nae mair I'll sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:
 O' sheep we hae scores, an' o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen would a made us fu' blithe;
 But thrift and industry maks poor fouk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 An' heartless an' hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engag'd the owsen to ca',
 An' first my young skill tried the spinning o't:
 But now we can dress in our pladies sae sma',
 Fu' neat and fu' clean gae to kirk or to ha',
 An' ay look as blithe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

ROBIN AND JEAN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids weré met,
 The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammy's wark,
 And aye she sang sae merrilie ;
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
 And frast will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robin was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
 And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her ee,
 As Robin tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'ening on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birde sung sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's byre,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 -Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She hadna will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLET'S.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er arching
 Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
 Her smiling is sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow.

Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
 When first her lovely face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says, she loe's me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and graceful air;
 His feature—auld nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair.
 Her's are the willing chains of love,
 By conqu'ring beauty's sov'reign law;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show or sunny morn;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon;
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say, thou lo'es me best of a'.