

# Five Songs.



Jockey to the Fair.

The Sisters.

Ben and Mary.

Country Lassie.

The Rosy Morn.



KILMARNOCK:

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JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'T'WAS on the morn of sweet May-day,  
When nature painted all things gay,  
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,  
And gild the meadows fair ;  
Young Jockey early in the morn,  
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn ;  
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,  
For Jenny had vow'd away to run  
With Jockey to the Fair ;  
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,  
With eager steps he trudg'd along,  
With flow'ry garments round him hung,  
Which shepherds us'd to wear ;  
He tapp'd the window, Haste, my dear,  
Jenny impatient, cried, Who's there ?  
'Tis I my love, and no one near,  
Step gently down, you've nought to fear  
With Jockey to the Fair ;  
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,  
 My brother's up, and with the sheep;  
 And will you still your promise keep,  
     Which I have heard you swear;  
 And will you ever constant prove;  
 I will, by all the Powers above,  
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove,  
 Dispel those doubts, and traste my love  
     With Jockey to the Fair;  
     Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,  
 Will Jenny be my charming bride;  
 Let Cupid be our happy guide,  
     And Hymen meet us there:  
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,  
 He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true;  
 His word was pledg'd, away he flew,  
 With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,  
     With Jockey to the Fair;  
     With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,  
 Their gay companions blythe and young,  
 Each join the dance, each join the throng;

In turns there's none so fond as they,  
 They bless the kind propitious day,  
 The smiling morn of blooming May,  
 When lovely Jenny ran away  
     With Jockey to the Fair;  
     When lovely Jenny, &c.

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### THE SISTERS.

JANE was a Woodman's daughter,  
 The fairest of the three,  
 Love in the snares had caught her,  
 As fast as fast could be:  
 A Sailor's son was Harry,  
 As brave as brave could be,  
 And he resolv'd to marry  
 The fairest of the three.  
     The fairest, &c.

Maria thought it wiser  
 A rich man's wife to be,  
 And so she took a miser,  
 As old as old could be:  
 Louisa, felt love's passion,  
 But wish'd the world to see,

So chose a lad of fashion,  
 The dullest of the three.  
 The dullest, &c.

Louisa's spouse perplext her,  
 A widow soon was she ;  
 Maria's liv'd and vex'd her  
 As well as well could be ;  
 But Jane possest true pleasure,  
 With one of low degree,  
 They were each other's treasure,  
 The happiest of the three.

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### BEN AND MARY.

THE decks were clear'd, the gallant band  
 Of British tars each other chearing,  
 Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,  
 With hearts resolv'd, nor danger fearing.  
 Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,  
 Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,  
 When on the deck he saw appear,  
 In manly dress, his lovely Mary.  
 Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,  
 Yet, such for love her noble daring,

No prayers could keep her down below,  
 With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing :  
 When cruel Fate ordain'd it so,  
 Ere Ben had time to say, How fare ye  
 An envious ball convey'd the blow,  
 That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary !

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,  
 Grief, rage and love his bosom tearing,  
 His eyes reflecting wild despair,  
 No more for life or safety caring :  
 Close came the foe, Ben madly cried,  
 " Ye envious pow'rs come on, I dare ye,  
 Then springing from the vessel's side,  
 Rush'd on the foe, and died for Mary.

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### COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,  
 An' corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
 An roses blaw in ilka bield ;  
 Blythe Bessy in the milking shiel,  
 Says I'll be wed come o't what will ;  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,  
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,  
 An' lassie ye're but young, ye ken;  
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben;  
 There's Johny o' the Buskie-glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,  
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 I dinna care a single flee;  
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
 He has nae love to spare for me:  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 An' weel-a-wat he lo'es me dear;  
 The blink o' him I wad na gie  
 For Buskie-glen an' a' his gear.

Thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;  
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair;  
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care;  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;  
 Ne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 An' gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
 The gowd an' siller canna buy!  
 We may be poor—Robie an' I,  
 Light is the burden love lays on;  
 Content and love brings peace and joy,  
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

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### THE ROSY MORN.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
 Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all: