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Fair Margaret of Craignargat:

OR, THE

Indulgent Mother and disobedient Daughter.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

My GODDESS, or, My DEVIL,

AND

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. and M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1802.

## FAIR MARGARET OF CRAIGNARGAT.

**F**AIR Margaret of Craignargat,  
 Was the flower of a' her kin,  
 And she has fallen in love, with a false  
 young man, her ruin to begin.

The more she lov'd, the more it prov'd  
 her fatal destiny :  
 And he that sought her overthrow,  
 Shar'd of her misery.

Before that Lady she was born,  
 her Mother as we find,  
 She dream'd she had a fair Daughter,  
 that was both dumb and blind.

But as she sat in her bow'r door,  
 a viewing of her charms,  
 There came a raven from the south,  
 and pluck'd her from her arms.

Three times on end she dream'd this dream,  
 which troubled sore her mind,  
 That from that very night and hour,  
 she could no comfort find.

Now she has sent for a wise woman,  
 liv'd nigh unto the Port,  
 Who being call'd, instantly came  
 that Lady to comfort.

To her she told her dreary dream,  
 with salt tears in her eye,  
 Hoping that she would read the same,  
 her mind to satisfy.

Set not your trust in children young,  
 whate'er their fortune be,  
 And if I tell what shall befall,  
 lay not the blame on me.

The Raven which you dreamed of,  
 he is a false young man.  
 With subtle heart and flatt'ring tongue,  
 your Daughter to trapan.

Both night and day. 'to you I pray,  
 for to be on your guard,  
 For many are the subtle wyles,  
 by which youth are ensnar'd.

When she had read the dreary dream,  
 it vex'd her more and more,  
 For Craignargat of birth and state,  
 liv'd nigh unto the shore.

But as in age her Daughter wax'd,  
 her beauty did excel  
 All the Ladies far and near,  
 that in the land did dwell.

The Gordon, Hey, and brave Agnew,  
 three Knights of high degree,  
 Unto the Lady a courting came,  
 all for her fair beauty.

Which of these men they ask'd her then,  
 that should her husband be !  
 But scornfully she did reply,  
 I'll wed none of the three.

Since it is so, where shall we go  
 a match for thee to find ?  
 That is so fair and beautiful  
 that none can suit thy mind.

With scorn and pride she answer made;  
 you'll ne'er choose one for me,  
 Nor will I wed against my mind,  
 for all their high degree.

The brave Agnew whose heart was true,  
 a solemn vow did make,  
 Never to love a woman more,  
 all for that Lady's sake.

Which griev'd her tender parents dear,  
 to judgement she was blind ;  
 To counsel this Lady was deaf,  
 and troubled sore their mind.

From the Isle of Man a Courter came,  
 and a false young man was he,  
 With subtle heart and flattering tongue,  
 to court that fair Lady.

This young man was a bold out-law,  
 a robber and a thief,  
 But soon he gain'd that Lady's heart,  
 which caused all that grief.



Will you wed, her Mother said,  
 a man you do not know,  
 For to break your Parent's heart,  
 with sorrow, grief, and woe!

Yes, I will go with him, she said,  
 either by land or sea,  
 For he's the man I've pitched on  
 my husband for to be.

O let her go, her Father said,  
 for she shall have her will;  
 My Curse and Mallison she's get,  
 for to pursue her still.

Your Curse, Father, I don't regard,  
 your Blessing I'll ne'er crave;  
 To the man I love I'll faithful prove,  
 and never him deceive.

On board with him fair Marg'ret's gone,  
 in hopes his bride to be:  
 But mark ye well and I shall tell,  
 of their sad destiny.

They had not sail'd a league but five,  
 till the storm began to rise;  
 The swelling seas ran mountains high,  
 and dismal were the skies.

In deep despair, that Lady fair,  
 for help aloud she cries,  
 Whilst crystal tears like fountains ran  
 down from her lovely eyes.

Oh! I have got my Father's Curse,  
 my pride for to subdue ;  
 With sorrows great my heart will break,  
 alas! what shall I do?

O were I at my Father's house,  
 his Blessing to receive,  
 Then on my bended knees I'd fall,  
 his pardon for to crave.

To aid my grief, there's no relief;  
 to speak it is in vain ;  
 Likewise my loving Parents dear,  
 I ne'er shall see again.

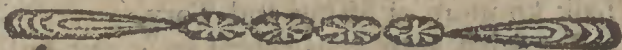
The winds and waves did both conspire,  
 their lives for to devour,  
 That gallant ship that night was lost,  
 and never was seen more.

When tidings to Craignargat came,  
 of their sad overthrow,  
 It grieved her tender Parents' heart,  
 afresh began their woe.

Of the dreary dream that she had seen,  
 and often thought upon :  
 O fatal news her Mother cries,  
 my darling she is gone.

O fair Marg'ret I little thought,  
 the seas would be thy grave,  
 When first thou left thy Father's house,  
 without thy Parents' leave.

May this tragedy a warning be,  
 to children while they live,  
 That they may love their parents dear,  
 their blessings to receive.



## MY GODDESS, OR, MY DEVIL.

**A** H! bright Belinda, hither fly,  
 and such a light discover,  
 As may the absent sun supply,  
 and cheer the drooping lover.

Arise, my day, with speed arise,  
 and all my sorrows banish:  
 Before the sun of thy bright eyes,  
 all gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
 and curse the hoarded treasure:  
 Why should you love to give us pain,  
 when you were made for pleasure!

The petty powers of hell destroy;  
 to save's the pride of heaven:  
 To you the first, if you prove coy;  
 if kind, the last is given.

The choice then sure's not hard to make,  
 betwixt a good and evil:  
 Which title had you rather take,  
 my Goddess, or, my Devil?

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## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LEAVE off your foolish prattling,  
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,  
But drink your glass round let it pass,  
The bottle stands before ye,

Fill it up to the top,  
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,  
Drink about, see it out,  
Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,  
This night devote to pleasure ;  
Let worldly cares, and state affairs,  
Be thought on at more leisure ;

Fill it up to the top,  
Let the night with joy be crown'd,  
Drink about, see it out,  
Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,  
To be a party-minion,  
Let him drink like me, we'll soon agree,  
And be of one opinion :

Fill your glass, name your lass,  
See her health go sweetly round,  
Drink about, see it out,  
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

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