

# The DEATH of Queen Caroline.

*To which are added,*

SAE MERRY as We HAE BEEN.

TWENTY DAY'S COURTSHIP.

THE BUSY BEE.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

THE JOYS OF HARVEST.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1822.

TO THE DEATH OF

THE DEATH

OF

THE QUEEN CAROLINE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

MOURN ye sons of Britain. mourn,  
 and, with bitter lamentation,  
 Join in plaintive strains of grief,  
 For the mother of your nation:  
 For our loved Caroline  
 Now has paid the debt of nature,  
 And has left this dreary clime  
 For a world we hope much better.

Lament all hearts for her,  
 who was once so fair and blooming,  
 While in pomp they bear her train,  
 to the tomb, so dark and gloomy,  
 Let her Royal Consort George,  
 wail the grieving dispensation,  
 And be join'd with one accord,  
 by a loyal hearted nation.

Oh! how little she would think  
 of the fate that was awaiting,  
 When she landed on our shore,  
 and saluted Queen of Britain;

Her life with hardships strove,  
 all along in close succession,  
 Yet she claim'd her subjects' love,  
 and their hatred of oppression.

Then exult not ye her foes,  
 tho' she underwent denials,  
 For our hearts will joy to think  
 that she's over with her trials:  
 And tho' malice bore her down,  
 with so many things to grieve her,  
 Yet we hope she wears a crown,  
 of which man cannot bereave her.

Let us scorn each base design,  
 that was form'd to blast her merit;  
 While we laud the lofty views  
 of her brave undaunted spirit;  
 Then be honour paid to those,  
 who loved always to care for her;  
 But let shame becloud the face  
 that attempted to distress her.

While no kindred heart was nigh,  
 to impart her consolation,  
 And the views bedim'd her eye,  
 of approaching dissolution;  
 But her guardian, Lady Ann,  
 in her grief a true partaker,  
 Oft has cheer'd her while in life,  
 and at death did not forsake her.

SAE MERRY AS WE HAE BEEN. H

A Lass that was laden'd with care,  
 sat heavily under yon thorn,  
 I listen'd a while for to hear,  
 when thus she began for to mourn:  
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,  
 the birds did melodiously sing.  
 And cold nipping Winter did wear  
 a face that resembled the Spring!

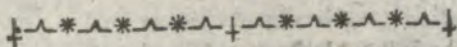
Sae merry as we twa hae been,  
 Sae merry as we twa hae been;  
 My heart it is like for to break,

When I think on the days we have seen,  
 Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 he gently pressing my hand,  
 I view'd the wide world in his pride,  
 and laugh'd at the pomp of command;  
 My dear, he would oft to me say,  
 what makes you hard-hearted to me?  
 Oh why do you turn away  
 from him who is dying for thee?

Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight;  
 perhaps a deceiver may prove,  
 Which makes me lament day and night,  
 that ever I granted my love  
 At eve, when the rest of the folk  
 were merrily seated to spin,

I set myself under an oak,  
and heavily sigh'd for him.  
Sae merry. &c.



## TWENTY DAY'S COURTSHIP.

I've been courting at a lass,  
these twenty days and mair;  
Her father winna gie me her,  
she has sic a gleib of gear;  
But gin I had her where I wou'd,  
amang the hether here,  
I'd strive to win her kindness,  
for a' her father's care.

For she's a bonny sonsie lass,  
an armsfu' I swear;  
I wou'd marry her without a coat,  
or e'er a plack o' gear.  
For trust me, when I saw her first,  
she gae me sic a wound.  
That a' the doctors i' the earth  
can never mak me sound.

For when she's absent from my sight,  
I think upon her still;  
And when I sleep or when I wake,  
she does my senses fill.  
May a' that's good attend the lass,  
that sweetens a' my life;  
And shame fa' me gin e'er I see  
anither for my wife.

## THE BUSY BEE.

A busy humble Bee am I,  
 that range the garden sunny;  
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,  
 and every flower's my honey.  
 Bright Calce, with her golden hair,  
 a while my rich junqu'le is,  
 Till cloy'd with sipping Nectar there,  
 I shift to rosy Phillis,  
 I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast  
 remains not long my station,  
 For Kitty must be now address'd,  
 my spicy breath'd carnation.  
 Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,  
 to other flow'rs, I'm rover;  
 And all in turns my love receives  
 the gay wide garden over.  
 The gay, &c.

Variety, that knows no bound,  
 my roving fancy edges,  
 And oft with Flora I am found  
 in dalliance under hedges:  
 For as I am an arrant Bee,  
 who range each bank that's sunny,  
 Both fields and gardens are my see,  
 and ev'ry flow'r's my honey,  
 And every, &c.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

To ease his heart and own his flame,  
 Young Jockey to my cottage came,  
 And tho' I lik'd him passing well,  
 I careless turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd my fingers long and small;  
 Unusual joy my heart did feel,  
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Then round about my slender waist  
 He clasp'd his arms; and me embrac'd;  
 To kiss my hand he down did kneel,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him rise,  
 He blest'd my neck, my lips, and eyes;  
 My fondness I could scarce conceal,  
 But yet I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

'Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thoughts I quickly guess'd;  
 Then push'd him from my roek and reel,  
 And angry turn'd my spinning-wheel.

At last, when I began to chide,  
 He swore he meant me for his bride;  
 'Twas then my love I did reveal,  
 And flung away my spinning-wheel.

## THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains,  
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,  
 As they follow the last team of harvest along,  
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song.

Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,  
 Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear;  
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,  
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloë, from them let us learn to be wise,  
 And use every moment of life as it flies:  
 Gay youth is the Spring-time which all must improve  
 For Summer to ripen an harvest of love.

Our hearts then a provider's care should engage,  
 To lay up love in store for the Winter of age,  
 Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloë's bright eye,  
 Damp the flame in my bosom, and pale ev'ry joy.

F I N I S.

Kalkirk—T. Johnston, Printer.