

Lord Ruthven's
Daughter,

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

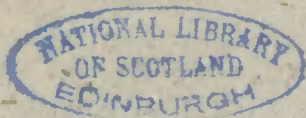
The Maid that 'tends
the Goats,

The Captive Negro.

Jenny dang the Weaver.



FALKIRK—Printed by T. JOHNSTON:



LORD RUTHVEN'S DAUGHTER!

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

To Ruthven's gates, whose friendly blaze
 was gleamin' thro' the storm,
 Wild wandrin' 'mid night's dreary maze
 approach'd a maid forlorn.

O fair fair drives the bitter blast,
 and loud loud howls the win,
 Dark is the night, and rough the way,
 Lord Ruthven, let me in.

Who knocks fae loud at my castle-gate?
 Who knocks fae late at e'en?
 Go, stranger, go — nor langer wait,
 for here ye'll not get in.

And does my Lord forget that voice
 he ought fae well to know?
 Does he forget his daughter's voice,
 nor will he hear her woe?

My R. sa' once, my R. sa' no more!
 my pride, but now my shame,

(3)

go and seek some stranger's door,
for pity I have none.

there's none in the father's breast,
yet still thou art a man :

louder howls the northern blast,
O louder cries my son !

on yonder vault thy mother lies,
low mould'rin' in the clay ;
I'll reach to thee the death-house key,
and well thou knowest the way !

Beneath the cloud of night I'll lie ;
my Lord, thy will be done :
I'll seek death's cold abode this night,
but save, O save my son !

—XXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXX—

THE LOVELY MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

UP among yon cliffy rocks,
sweetly rings the rising echo
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark, she sings, Young Sandy's kin',
 an' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;
 Here's a bretch I ne'er shall tine,
 till he's fairly marry'd to me:
 Drive away, ye drone, Time,
 an' bring about our bridal day:

Sandy herds a flock of sheep;
 af'en does he blaw the whistle,
 In a strain sae softly sweet,
 Lammiës lilt'ning darenae bleat;
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
 hard, as the highland heather,
 Wand'ring thr' the winter snaw,
 keeping aye his flock together:
 But a plaid, wi' bare h'ughis,
 he braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing
 canty Glee, or highland Cronach;
 Nane can ever match his fling
 At a reel, or round a ring:
 Wightly can he wield a rung,
 in a brawn he's aye the bangster,
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung,
 by the langest winded bangster;
 Sangs that sing no' o' my Sandy,
 come short, tho' they were ne'er sae lang.

(5)

THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

SWEET western breeze that gently waves,
 the branches of this mountain shade,
 Beyond yon crimson'd sea that laves
 my country's shore, th'us't haply stray'd.
 Rich, mingling with thy balmy breath,
 methinks I feel my native air;
 That thought will sooth the pangs of death,
 which now my inmost vitals tear:

Full twenty springs have brought their
 bloom,
 and usher'd autumn's mellow glow,
 Full twenty winters' chilling gloom
 have autumn's sweetest-flow'rs laid low,
 Since last my native fields I view'd,
 since last a friendly voice I heard,
 Since Afric's sands my tears bedew'd,
 and bath'd the feet of Christians fear'd.

A lovely maiden blest my arms,
 - in all the pride of blooming youth;
 Her innocence and artless charms
 were grac'd by modest love and truth.

Scarce fifteen moons their silv'ry beams
 on lonely vale or grove had shed,
 Had spark'd, in the rippling streams,
 or foam from mountain-torrents bred,

When on our coast a Christian band,
 to hunt their fellow creatures flew;
 They seiz'd me, while with ruthless hand
 my babe before my eyes they flew!

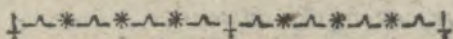
And as it writh'd and scream'd in pain,
 uplifted on the bloody spear,
 They laugh'd! then coolly crush'd its brain,
 and mock'd the frantic parent's tear!

Each setting sun my tears flow fast,
 each morning brings no joy for me,
 My days in toil and stripes are pass'd,
 my nights in pain and misery.
 The fiery west that gilds yon spires,
 may tinge with flame some kindred eye,
 Perhaps my noble aged sire's,
 who heaves for me the bursting sigh:

How canst thou, Christian, mercy crave,
 from that great Pow'r thou call'st
 thy God,

Who crush the Negro to the grave,
 with stern Oppression's iron rod?
 Thou rack'st the Negro's soul with pangs,
 far sharper than his body feels,
 When venom from the serpent's fangs
 shoots thro' his veins, and life soon steals.

The serpent's wound is bliss to thine,
 its victim's pains and woes soon end,
 Thy wound brings ling'ring torture fine,
 'tis thine to sever friend from friend.
 'Tis almost o'er, of life the dream;
 too much to bear has almost ceas'd;
 My tears and blood no more shall stream,
 the captive now shall be releas'd.



JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

*At Willy's wedding on the green,
 the lassies, bonny witches,
 Were 'drest out in aprons clean,
 and braw white Sunday musches.
 Auld Maggy bad the lads tak tent,
 but Jock would not believe her;*

But soon the fool his folly kent,
 for Jenny dang the weaver.
 Jenny dang, &c.

At ilka country dance or reel,
 wil' ber he wou'd be b'bbing;
 When she sat down, he sat down,
 and to her wou'd be gabbing:
 Where'er she gaid baith but and ben,
 the cuif would never leave her,
 Ay k'cking like a clocking ben,
 but Jenny dang the weaver.
 Jenny dang &c.

Quo' be my lass to speak my mind,
 in troth I medna swit'ber
 You'r b'ny een, and if you're kind,
 Ise never seek anither.
 He bum'd and baud the lass cry'd peugh,
 and baud the cuif no deave' her.
 Syne snapt ber fingers, lap and eugh,
 and dang the silly weaver.

And Jenny dang dang dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver,
 Syne snapt ber fingers lap and leugh,
 and dang the silly weaver.

F I N I S.