

The Virgin  
**Martyr.**

To which is added, The  
Bonny House of Airley,  
AND  
John & Nell's Frolic.



*Falkirk, Printed by T. Johnson. 1815.*

THE  
VIRGIN MARTYR.



There was a Lady's daughter  
In Paris properly,  
Her mother her commanded  
To mass that she should hie:  
O pardon me, dear mother,  
Her daughter she did say,  
Unto that filthy idol  
I never will obey.

With weeping and with wailing  
Her mother then did go,  
To assemble her kinsfolk,  
That they the truth might know;  
Who being all assembled then,  
Compell'd the maiden fair,  
And put her into prison,  
Withal to fear her there.

But when they thought to fear her,  
She did most strong endure;  
Altho' her years were tender,  
Her faith was firm and sure:

She valu'd no allurements,  
 Ner fear'd the fiery flame!  
 She hop'd, thro' Christ, her Saviour,  
 To have immortal fame,

Before the Judge they brought her,  
 Thinking that she would turn,  
 And there was condemned  
 Into a fire to burn!  
 Instead of golden bracelets:  
 With cords she bound her fast!  
 My God! grant with patience  
 (Quoth she) to die at last.

And on the morrow after,  
 Which was her dying day,  
 They stript the silly damsel  
 Out of her rich array!  
 Her chains of gold so costly;  
 Away from her they take;  
 And she again most joyfully  
 Did all the world forsake.

Unto the place of torment.  
 They brought her speedily,  
 With heart and mind most constant,  
 She willing was to die:

But seeing many Ladies  
 Assembled in that place,  
 Those words she then pronounced,  
 Lamenting fore their case.

You Ladies in this city,  
 Mark well my words, quoth she;  
 Altho' I shall be burned,  
 Yet do not pity me;  
 Yourselves I rather pity,  
 And weep for your decay;  
 Amend your lives fair Ladies all,  
 And do not time delay.

Then came her mother weeping,  
 Her daughter to behold,  
 And in her hand she brought her  
 A book covered with gold!  
 Throw hence, quoth she, that idol,  
 Convey it from my sight,  
 And bring me here my Bible,  
 Wherein I most delight.

But my distressed mother,  
 Why weep ye?—Be content,  
 You have to death delivered me,  
 Most like an innocent:

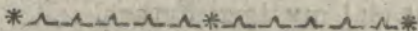
Tormentor do thine office  
On me, when thou think'st best;  
But God, my heavenly Father,  
Shall bring my soul to rest.

But oh! my aged Father,  
Wherever thou dost lie,  
Thou knowest not thy poor daughter  
Is ready for to die;  
But yet among God's angels,  
In heav'n, I hope to dwell;  
Therefore, my loving father,  
I bid thee now farewell.

Farewel; likewise, my mother;  
Adieu to my friends all!  
God grant that you and others  
May hear when Christ doth call:  
Forsake your superstition,  
The cause of mortal strife;  
Embrace Christ's true religion,  
For which I lose my life.

When all these words were uttered,  
Then came the man of death,  
Who kindled soon the flaming fire  
That slept the Virgin's breath:

To Christ her only Saviour,  
 She did her soul commend :  
 Farewel, quoth she, good people ;  
 And so she made an end.



THE

BONNY HOTSE OF AIRLEY.

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
 When the corn grew green and yellow,  
 That there fell out a great dispute  
 Between Argyle and Airley.

Argyle has raised a hundred men,  
 A hundred men and mairly,  
 And he has gone to the back of Dunkeld,  
 To plunder the bonny house of Airley.

The Lady look'd over her window,  
 And oh! but she look'd weary,  
 And she espy'd the great Argyle  
 Coming to plunder the bonny house  
 of Airley.

Come down, come down, Madam, he says,  
 Come down and kiss me fairly :  
 I will not kiss thee, great Argyle,  
 If ye thou'd not leave a standing stone  
 in Airley.

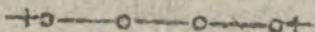
He has ta'en her by the middle so small,  
 Says, Lady, where is your drury ;  
 It is up and down the bonny burn-side,  
 Among the plantings of Airley.

They fought it up, they fought it down,  
 They fought it late and airly,  
 And found it in the bonny balm-tree,  
 That shines on the bowling-green  
 of Airley.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,  
 And O but she look'd weary,  
 And laid her down on the green bank,  
 Till he plunder'd the bonny house  
 of Airley.

O! if my good Lord was at home,  
 As this night he is wi' Charlie,  
 Great Argyle and all his men  
 Durst not plunder the benny house  
 of Airley.

'Tis ten bonny fons I have born,  
 And th' eleventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
 And if I had a hundred more,  
 I would give them all to Charlie.



JOHN AND NELL'S FROLIC.

As Nell sat underneath her cow,  
 Upon a cock of hay,  
 Brisk John was coming from the plow,  
 And chanc'd to pass that way;  
 Like light'ning to the maid he flew,  
 And by the hand he seiz'd her:  
 Pray John, she cry'd, be quiet, do;  
 And frown'd because he pleas'd her.

Young Cupid, from his mother's knee,  
 Observ'd her female pride;  
 Go on and prosper, John says he,  
 And I will be your guide.  
 Then aim'd at Nelly's breast a dart,  
 From pride it soon releas'd her;  
 She fainting cry'd, I feel love's smart,  
 And sigh'd, because it eas'd her.

F I N I S.