

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

There'll never be peace
till JAMIE comes hame.

The Friend that's awa.

'Twas ae day in Autumn.

While Luna in splendor,



ED N B U R G H :

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LUCY'S FLITFIN'.

Tune—Paddy O'Rafferty.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was
fa'in,

And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld master, and neighbours sae
dear.

For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer,
She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the
pea: [her,

An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in her
ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin'.

Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see
Fare ye weel, Lucy, quo Jamie; and ran in —
The gatherin tears trickled fast frae her ee.

As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her
flittin',

Fare ye weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the crow sayin't high on the tree sittin'
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves a-
mang.

O what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter!
 And what gars the tear come sae fast to my ee!
 If I was na ettled to be onie better,
 Then what gars me wish onie better to be!
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nor mither nor friend the poor lammie can see;
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,

The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me:
 Yestreen when he gae me t, and saw I was sab-
 bin;

I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Tho' now he said naething, but Fare ye weel,
 Lucy, (see;

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor
 He could na say mair, but just Fare ye weel,
 Lucy,

Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its
 droukit, [the lee;

The hare likes the brake and the braird on
 But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turned—she lookit;

She thought the dear place she wad never mair
 see. [less!

Ah weel may ye lug Jamie gang dowie and cheer-

— And weel may he greet on the bank o' the
 burn;
 His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Liss cauld in her grave and will never return.

NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
 And as he was singing the tears fast down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to
 blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the
 yird,
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burden thaf bows me sair down.
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same
 There'll never be yeace till Jamie comes hame.

 THE FRIEND THAT'S AWA.

The winter sat lang on the spring o' the year,
 Our seed time 'was late, and our mailin was dear
 My mither tint heart when she look'd on us a',
 And we thought upon them that were farest awa.
 O! were they but here that are farest awa!
 O! were they but here that are dear to us a'!
 Our cares wou'd seem light, and our sorrows but
 sma',
 If they were but here that are far frae us a'.

Last week, when our hopes were o'erclouded
 wi' fear,
 And nae ane at hame the dull prospect to cheer;
 Our Johnnie has written frae far awa parts,
 A letter that lightens and hauds up our hearts.
 He says, "My dear mither, tho' I be awa,
 In love and affection I'm still wi' ye a';
 While I hae a being yese aye hae a ha',
 Wi' plenty to keep out the frost and the
 snaw."

My mither o'erjoyed at this change in her
 state,
 By the bairn that she deat on early and
 late,

Gies thanks, night and day, to the GIVER
 OF A', [awa.
 There's been naething unworthy o' him that's
 Then here is to them that are far frae us a',
 The friend that ne'er failed us, tho' farrest awal
 Health, peace, and prosperity wait on us a',
 And a blythe coming-home to the friend that's
 awal

NANCY.

Tune—Humours of Glen.

Twas ae day in autumn and just in the gloamin,
 As wandering down by the burnie sae clear,
 O what do ye think I should meet in my roam
 But Nancy, sweet Nancy, my ain only dear.
 The leaves o' the trees were thick fa' in around
 us, [face,
 And a' things look'd dowie, but Nancy's fair
 An' biushin', she looked as the new-risen moon
 does,
 When first she peeps out of the watery space!

I gazed on her charms a' sae sweet an' invitin',
 And cried, O ye powers, who govern above!
 Sure woman was made for man to delight in,
 And could is that breast ne'er enlivened by
 love.

For what can compare wi' the thrilling emotion
 The soft preturbation that swells i' the breast
 The sigh that is breath'd wi' the utmost devo-
 tion, [prest!
 And the soul wi' delight and wi' rapture op-

When Nature's asleep, and the loud winds are
 roarin',

Owre mountain and dale, thro' valley an' tree,
 The charms o' my Nancy I still am adorin',

For they are as spring or as summer to me!
 O fresh on her cheek are the new-blawin roses,
 Love throws his fond blinks frae the tail of
 her ee;

And deep in her bosom there peace ay reposes,
 Wha'd banish it thence! O it ne'er shall be
 me!

MARY-ANN.

Tune--The Wounded Hussar.

While Luna in splendor wi' silver rays beaming
 Illumed, and in radiance adorn'd the green plain
 And while sportive meteors aerial were stream-
 ing,

I hied me alone to yon wild woody glen.
 Along the sweet margin of Glazart's rough
 stream,

A youth full of anguish his plaint thus began,
 The tears of affection made plain his connexion,
 While dolesu' he sung of his love Mary-Ann.

Why, once peerless maid hast thou left me to
 wander,

Mid scenes sae enchanting thus cheerless to
 mourn, [meander,

Unto these woods wild, through which rivulets

O sweetest of maids, wilt thou never return?

Ah no, never mair shall I see thy loved form,

In yon blest domain sae mysterious to man,
 Nae cares thee annoying, thou'rt now peace en-

joying,
 My lov'd, my lamented, my sweet Mary-Ann.

Disconsolate now by those sweet banks o' Glai-
 zart,

Wi' my mind envelop'd amid clouds o' despair,

I'll wander remote as if lone in some desert,

And among these wild scenes bewail my loved
 fair. [woe.

Now naething O waes me, can soothe this my
 When this he had breathed out, his visage grew
 wan, (claiming

While his eyes wild were beaming, I left him ex-
 Adieu now earth's pleasures farewell Mary-Ann