

The banks o' the Devon

To which are added,

The land o' the leal
THE BANKS OF THE DEVON

Despairing Mary,

The thorn,

Sleeping Maggie,

Fair Helen,

Hal the Woodman.



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THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding De-
von,

With green spreading bushes, and flowers bloom-
ing fair!

But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the, Devon,

Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,

In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew,

And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,

That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,

With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn,

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes,

The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbourn exult in her gay gilded lilies

And England triumphant display her proud Rose

A fairer than either adorn the green valleys,

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows

THE LAND OF THE LEA.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,

Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa
 To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
 And we grudg'd her right sair,

To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,
 My soul longs to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me

To the land o' the leal.

Now, fare ye weel my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and aye be fain

In the land o' the leal.

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DESPAIRING MARY:

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?

See a' around you the flowers sweetly blow,
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw;
How can this heart ever again think o' pleasure,
Simmer may smile, but delight I have nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems dead, since my Jamie is gane.

This kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake;
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,

Hope died wi' my Jamie, and left it to break.
Sighing for him, I lie down in the evening,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn,
Spent were my days, a' in secret repining.

Peace to this bosom can never return.

Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Felling our loves neath the moon's silent beam,
Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
But now are these joys like a fleet passing dream

Cruel remembrance: ah, why wilt thou rack me,
 Brooding o'er joys that have ever been flowit:
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me—
 Flee to some bosome where grief is unknown.

SLEEPING MAGGIE.

Mirk an' hazy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carry,
 Lightings gleam atwart the lift,
 And wiads drive wi' winter's fury.

O are ye sleeping Maggie,

O are ye sleeping, Maggie,

Let me in, for hoo the lig,

Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,

The rifea wood roars wild an' dreary,

Loud the iron yett does k,

And cry o' h wlets maks me eerie.

O are ye sleeping, &c.

Aboon my breath I darena speak,

For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy,

Could'st the blast upon my cheek,
 O rise, rise my bonny lady.
 O are ye sleeping, &c.

She's opt the door, she's let me in,
 He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie,
 'Blaw your warst ye rain an' win',
 Since Maggy, now I'm in beside ye.
 Now since I'm in beside you,
 Now since I'm beside you, Maggie,
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For boor-tree bank or warlock craigie,

THE THORN.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe re-
 quested,
 A sprig, her fair bress't to adorn:
 No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.
 Then I shew'd her the ring, and implor'd her to
 marry
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn;

Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise,
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn;
 No, by heavens, I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

HAL THE WOODMAN.

Stay, traveller, tarry here to-night;
 The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
 The moon too has withdrawn her light,
 And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
 'Tis seven long miles across the moor;
 And should you from our cottage stray,
 You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
 Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
 This stranger shall partake our best;
 A cake and rasher be his fare,
 With ale that makes the weary blest.
 Approach the hearth, there take a place;
 And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
 Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase,
 We'll sing, then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means, I'd use you well;

'Tis little I have got to boast
 But should you of our cottage tell
 Say, Hal the Woodman's warty Jurisdiction
 No by the woodman's warty Jurisdiction

FAIR ELLEN.

HAIL THE WOODMAN

Fair Ellen like a lily grew,
 Was beauty's favorite flower,
 Till falsehood chang'd her lovely hue,
 She wither'd in an hour.
 Antonio, in her virgin breast,
 First raised a tender sigh;
 His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
 Then left the maid to die.

FINIS

JTS M
 Bury
 Sykes*