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Dugald MacTaggart.

The Last Rose of Summer.

I have parks, I have grounds.

I'll think on thee, my love.

Love's blind, they say.



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DUGALD M'TAGGART.

Would you'll know me my name, 'od'
she's Dugald M'Taggart,
She'll brought hersel down frae the hills
o' Lochaber,
To learn her nainsell to be a grand ha-
berdabber,
Or a braw linen drabber, the tane or the
twa.

When she'll come to the laigh kintra,
'od she'll look unco shy like,
For she was na weel acquaint ye see wi'
the laigh kintra dialect,
Hoo hoo, never heed, 'od she'd plenty
o' gaelic,
There's no ane had mair on the braes o'
Glendoo.

Then she'll tak a big shop and she'll
turn a great dealer,
She'll get the lang trust, and they'll no
seek nae bailure,
But Dugald M'Taggart hersell maks a
failure,

And they'll call her a bankrupt—a trade
she'll not knew.

They'll then call a meeting, 'od she'll
look unco quiet now,
She was keen to get awa, but faith they
bade her to wait now,
And they'll talk a' the while about a
great estate now,
'Od she'll think that they thought her
the laird o' Glendoo.

Then they'll syne seek her name to—
they'll ca'd a trust deeder,
Faith hersel wadna sign 'cause hersel
couldna read her,
And they'll seek compositions, hoo hoo
never heed her,
There's nae sic a word on the braes o'
Glendoo.

If I'd hane my durk, by the L—d I'd
devour them,
For they took me to jail though I stood
there afore them,
But now I've gotten out on a ~~HAIRIE~~
MINORUM,

And faith I'm as free as the winds on
Glendoo.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer left bloom-
ing alone,

All its lovely companions are faded and
gone;

No flow'r of its kindred, no rose-bud is
nigh,

To reflect back its blushes, or heave
sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to
pine on the stem,

Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep
thou with them;

Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the
bed,

Where thy mates of the garden lye
scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships
decay,

And from love's shining circle the gems
drop away;

When true hearts are wither'd, and fond
 ones are flown,
O who would inhabit this bleak world
 alone.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I have parks, I have grounds,
I have deer, I have hounds,
And for sporting a neat little cottage,
I have youth, I have wealth,
I have strength, I have health,
Yet I mope like a bean in his dotage.
What can I want?—'Tis the girl of my
 heart,
To share those treasures with me,
For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
No pleasure would it give me,
Without the lovely girl of my heart.
The sweet lovely girl of my heart.

My domain far extends,
And sustains social friends,
Who make music divine, y enchanting;
We have balls, we have plays,
We have routs, public days

And yet still I find something is wanting;
 What should it be, but the girl of my
 heart,

To share those treasures with me!
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,

No pleasure it would give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart.
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

I'LL THINK ON THEE, MY LOVE.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all these dire alarms,
 I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide:
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thought of thee my bosom cheers;

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
And waft me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long lost native shore.

No more the main
I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve;
I then with thee
Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,
O never, nay;
Can words Love's grace impart?
The fancy, weak,
The tongue may speak,
But eyes alone the heart.

In one soft look what language lies!
 O yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—
 O, never, I—
 On pinions love to soar;
 Deceivers rove,
 But never love,
 Attach'd he moves no more:
 Can he have wings who never flies?
 And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

F I N I S .