

BANKS OF FORTH.

BET SWEET BLOSSOM.

Braes o' Lomond.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

LOWLAND WILLIE.

Nan of Logie green.

ROSLIN CASTLE.



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BANKS OF FORTH.

Awake my love with genial ray,
The sun returning glads the day,
Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
The trees retain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes the song,
And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair
More fragrant than the vernal air,
More gentle than the turtle dove,
Or streams that murmur through the grove
Bethink that all is on the wing,
These pleasures wait on wasting spring;
Then come, the transient bliss enjoy;
Nor terr what sleets so first will cloy.

BET SWEET BLOSSOM.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who shines in artificial beauty;
For native charms without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

Oh ! my bonny Bet, sweet blossom
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom

Yet ask me where those beauties lie
 I cannot say in smile or dimple,
 In blooming cheek or redient eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 Oh ! my bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common;
 Ye gods ! one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 Oh ! my bonny Bet, &c.

Come dearest girl the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing ;
 My heaven art thou so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 Oh ! my bonny Bet, &c.

THE BRAES O' LOMOND.

'Twas on a Friday afternoon,
 I took a trip aboon Glenfroin,
 To see a concert there begin,
 Among the braes o' Lomond.
 That day the snaw lay on the braes,
 Bright Phcebus had withdrawn his rays,

And winter had put on her claithes,
- among the braes o' Lomond.

But tho' without was wet and cauld,
Within we were baith blythe and bauld,
Wi' vocal strains frae young and auld,
among the braes o' Lomond.

For the braw lasses o' the glen
(But for their names I dinna ken)
'They danc'd and sang till I grew fain,
among the braes o' Lomond.

Their vocal strains were sweet and rare,
Nought wi' their dancing could compare,
Assembly balls are naething mair,
than concerts at Lomond.

For a' the youths were dress'd sae gay,
Their music did so sweetly play,
That ilka heart, till break of day,
rejoic'd about Lochlomond.

Poetic fire can scarce describe
Their beauty a' without a bribe,
And justice gi'e to ilka tribe,
among the braes o' Lomond.

For me, I frankly this will say,
Should men endure on earth for ay,
I'd freely spend perpetual day,
among the braes o' Lomond.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Cairine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea ;

Nae lavrock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the e'e.
 Through faded groves Maria sang
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 An' ay the wild wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair,
 Ye burdies dumb in withering bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air :
 But here, alas ! for me nae mair,
 Shall birdie charm or floweret smile ;
 Fare weel the bonny banks of Air,
 Fareweel ! fareweel sweet Ballochmyle.

LOWLAND WILLIE.

When o'er the downs at early day,
 my lowland Willie hied him,
 With joy I drove my cows that way,
 In milking to abide him.

My bonny, bonny lowland Will,
 My bonny lowland Willie,
 My bonny bonny lowland Will,
 My bonny lowland Willie.

'Twas o'er the downs he first began,
 to tell how well he lov'd me ;

Could I refuse the charming man ?

ah ! no, his passion mov'd me.

My bonny, bonny, &c.

My Willie's love to me is joy,

I own it soon believe me ;

To kirk I'll hie wi' my bonny boy

for he will ne'er deceive me.

My bonny, bonny, &c.

NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

By pleasure long infected,

Kind heaven when least expected

My devious path directed

to Nan of Logie green ;

Where thousand sweets repose 'em

In quiet's unruffled bosom,

I found my peerless blossom,

the pride of Logie green.

The city Belle, perchance, ay,

Will blame my youthful fancy,

But she ne'er saw my Nancy

the pride of Logie green.

Her cheek the vermeil rose is,

Her smile a heaven discloses,

No lily leaf that blows is,

so fair on Logie green.

Ye town-bred fair forgive me,

Your arms must ne'er receive me,

Your charms are all believe me
 eclipsed on Logie green.
 Forgive my passion tender,
 Heaven so much grace did lend her,
 And made my heart surrender
 to Nan of Logie green.

No more the town delights me,
 Its noisy tumult frights me,
 I'll go where love invites me,
 to Nan of Logie green.

My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
 I ne'er in life shall leave her,
 In love and peace for ever,
 we'll live on Logie green.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung;
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung:
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake sweet muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms; awake, and sing;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song,

To Nancy raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song.
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, Oh! come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around the modest brow of thine,
 O hither haste, and with thee bring,
 That beauty, blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

FINIS.