

Said a Smile to a Tear,

IS THERE A HEART that NEVER LOVED

ROSLIN CASTLE.

Tho' a very little Lad,

AND

The WIDOW'S LAMENT.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.

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SAID A SMILE TO A TEAR.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I come from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
'To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face,
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!

Is there a heart that never lov'd.

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?

Is there a man can mark, unmov'd,
 Dear woman's tearful eye?
 Oh! bear him to some distant shore,
 Or solitary cell,
 Where nought but savage monsters roar,
 Where love ne'er deign'd to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
 A language in her tear,
 A spell in every sacred sigh,
 To man—to virtue dear.
 And he who can resist her smiles,
 With brutes alone should live,
 Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
 That joy her virtues give.

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 Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!

Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nannie 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 raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nannie'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, O come away!
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that 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 breast of mine.

THO' I AM NOW A VERY LITTLE LAD.

THOUGH I am now a very little lad,
 If fighting men cannot be had,

For want of a better I may do
 To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too.
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,
 And tho' not much of me, I'm right good stuff;
 Of this I'll boast, say more who can,
 I never was afraid to face my man.

I'm a chicka-biddy—see
 Take me now, now, now,
 A merry little he
 For your row, dow, dow.

Brown Bess I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
 With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young soldier view,
 My philabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue,
 Give the word and I'll march where you com-
 mand, (hand.

Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my
 My captain when he takes his glass,
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,
 Fer such a one I've a roguish eye,
 He'll never want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Though a barber has never yet mowed my chin,
 With my great broad sword I long to begin;
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun,
 For a gun pip pop change my little pop gun.
 The foes should fly like geese in flocks,
 Eyen Turks I'd drive like Turkey-coeks;

Wherever quarter'd I shall be,
 Oh, zounds, how I'll kiss my landlady.
 I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Feeding on yon hill sae high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' ewes,
 Ochon ochon, ochrie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine,
 For Donald was the bravest man,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell—
 Right to the wrang did yield;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field!

I hae nocht left me aya,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher hand,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie.
 My winsome Donald's durk an' bran',
 Into their hands to gie:

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bluidie crowns,
 To them gar't Donald die!

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,

Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Kissed sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassie blush'd; and frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do;

I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass,
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,

Na, na, it winna do;
I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,
She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true,

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
At kirk she nac maer frowning cry'd,
Na, na, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna buckle to.