

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

To which are added,

THE BATTLE OF FLOWDENHILL;

The Soldier's Adieu.

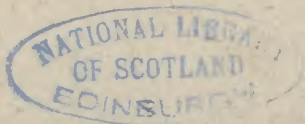
Oh! the Moment was Sad.

BEGONE DULL CARE.



HADDINGTON:

Printed by G. Millor:—at whose Shop may be had, a variety of
Pamphlets, Ballads, Children's Books, Pictures, Catechisms, &c.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL.



Flowers of the Forest.

I'VE seen the smiling of fortune beguiling ;
 I've felt all its favours, and found its
 decay ;

Sweet was its blessing, kind its careffing,
 But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant
 and gay ;

Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent
 the air perfuming,

But now they are withered, and weeded
 away.

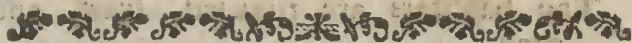
I've seen the morning with gold the hills
 adorning,

And loud tempest storming before the
 mid-day ;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in
 the sunny beams,

Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on
 their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
 O why still perplex us poor sons of a day?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me, nae
 mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered
 away.



The Battle of Flowdenhill.

I'VE heard of a liting at our ewes milking,
 Lassies a liting before the break of day;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green
 loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.
 At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads
 are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae;
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but fighting and
 sabbing,
 Ilk anc lifts her leglin and hies her away.
 At e'en at the gloamin, nae swankies are
 roaming,
 'Mongst stacks with the lassies at bogle to
 play,

But ilk ane fits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the forest that are wede
away.

At har'ft, at the sheering, nae younkers are
jeering,

The ban'fters are runkled, lyart, and
grey ;

At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae
fleeching,

Since our braw forefters are a wede away.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the
border !

The English, for ance, by guile gat the
day ;

The flowers of the forest, that ay shone the
foremost,

The prime of our land lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewes
milkin',

The women and bairns are dowie and
wae,

Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',

Since our braw forefters are a' wede away.

The Soldier's Adieu.

A DIEU ! adieu ! my only life,
My honour calls me from thee !

Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,

Those tears but ill become thee.

What tho' by duty I am call'd

Where thund'ring cannons rattle,

Where valour's self might stand appall'd

When on the wings of thy dear love,

To heaven above

Thy fervent orisons are flown ;

The tender pray'r

Thou put'st up there,

shall call a guardian angel down,

To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be

As sword and buckler serving ;

My life shall be more dear to me,

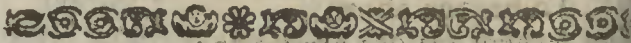
Because of thy preserving ;

Let peril come, let horror threat,

Let thund'ring cannons rattle,

I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd, when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspired thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.
 I go, assured, my life, adieu!
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.



Oh! the Moment was Sad.

OH! the moment was sad when my love
 and I parted.
 Savourna deligh shighan oh!
 As I kiss'd off her tears, I was nigh broke
 hearted,
 Savourna deligh shighan eh!
 Wan was her cheek which hung on my
 shoulder,
 Damp was her hand no marble was colder.

(7)
felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourinna deligh shighan oh!

Then the word of command put our men
into motion,

Savourinna, &c.

buckled my knapsack to cross the wide
ocean.

Savourinna, &c.

As if were our troops all roaring like thun-
der,

As eas'd with the voyage, impatient for plun-
der,

My bosom with grief was a'most torn asun-
der,

Savourinna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from
my true love,

Savourinna, &c.

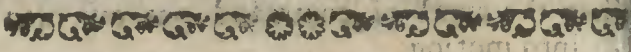
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you
love,

Savourinna, &c.

Peace was proclaim'd, escap'd from the
slaughter,

Landed at home my sweet girl I fought her,

But, sorrow alas! to her cold grave had
brought her.
Savourna, &c.



Begone Dull Care.

BEGONE dull care, I prithee begon
from me,
Begone dull care, you and I can never
agree ;
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill,
But I trow dull care, thou never shalt have
thy will.

Too much care will make a young man gray
And too much care will turn an old man
clay :
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day,
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away.

FINIS.