

FIVE SONGS.

THE PECK O' MAUT.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE CONFESSION.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

FIFTEEN

SONGS.

THE PECK O' MAUT.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut
And Rab and Allan came to pree ;
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e ;
The 'cock may craw, the day may daw',
But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift sac hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loon is he ;
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

Thus Willie, Rab, and Allan sang,
 Thus pass'd the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And aye the chorus a' night lang,
 Was, "As we're now, we hope to be."

And ay they sang, "we are na fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw',
 But aye we'll taste the barley bree."

That time for them the cock did crawl,
 Tho harbinger of morn to be ;
 That time for them the day did daw',
 Wi' gowden tint o'er tower and tree.
 And aye they sang; &c.

That time for them the moon's pale horn
 Did wax and wain o'er land and sea,
 But now has dawn'd the hapless morn,
 That gilds the graves o' a' the three.

Nae mair they sing, "We are na fou,
 Nae mair the drappie's in their e'e,
 Nor cock does crawl, nor day does daw',
 Nae mair they'll taste the barley bree."

Thus Learning makes for Willie main,
 For Robin, Poësy wipes her o'e,
 And Science wails for Allan gane,
 Since death's dark house hauds a' the three.

Then Britons mourn for genius rare,
 A' victims o' the barley bree,
 And ban the breo that cou'dna spare
 The youthfu' lives o' a' the three.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companion
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give 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
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 O! who could inhabit
 This bleak world alone.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget!
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of-parting love!
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,—
 Thy image at our last embrace;—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sing love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care:
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lawland lads think they are fine,

But O! they're vain and idle gaudy;

How much unlike the gracefu' mien,

And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,

My handsome, charming Highland laddie;

May heaven still guard, and love reward,

The lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,

To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,

I'd tak young Donald without trews,

With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,

In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,

Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,

He's finer far in's tartan plaidie.

O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,

And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;

Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me wi' his tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

THE CONFESSION.

With sorrow and repentance true,
 Father, I trembling come to you ;
 I know I've too indulgent been
 To one, but oh ! forgive the sin.
 To one whom still I love, tho' he
 Ungrateful proves, and false to me ;
 Then let me on my knees confess
 How I've been tempted to transgress.

Oh! rev'rend father, if you knew
 The charms of him, alas! untrue;
 O had you heard the false one swear
 I was the fairest of the fair;
 You could not, holy Sir, refuse
 So slight a weakness to excuse;
 He swore my eyes were loveliness,
 Ah! let me then my fault confess.

To grief, eternal grief a prey,
 His name is all my heart can say;
 When bath'd in sad repentant tears,
 Still to my mind his name appears;
 Yes, 'tis that name, that name alone,
 Which bends me now before thy throne;
 Alcander—but I can't express,
 Oh! Father, must I then confess?

Ah! tell him, should he come to you,
 Should he, like me, for mercy sue;
 Of all the crimes by heav'n accurst,
 Tell him inconstancy's the worst;
 Tell him that he who's false in love,
 Can no'er hope pity from above;
 Tell him that I alone can bless,
 And send him to me to confess.