

FOUR FAVOURITE SONGS.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

GO, YARROW FLOWER.

ROBIN AND ANNA.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE.



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10.

FAVOURITE SONGS.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime,
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

“Awake!” she cried, “thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
 When injur'd ghosts complain,
 When yawning graves give up their dead
 To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath;
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young witless maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red!

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come see, false man ! how low she lies
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red ;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

GO, YARROW FLOWER,

Go, Yarrow flow'r, thou shalt be blest
To lie on beauteous Marv's breast ;

Go, Yarrow flow'r so sweetly smelling,
 Is there on earth so soft a dwelling?
 Go, lovely flow'r, thou prettiest flow'r
 That ever smil'd in Yarrow bow'r ;
 Go, daughter of the dewy morning,
 With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go, lovely rose ! what dost thou here,
 Ling'ring away thy short-liv'd year,
 Vainly shining, idly blooming,
 Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming?
 Vain is thy radiant garlies hue,
 No hand to pull, no eye to view ;
 What are thy charms, no heart desiring?
 What profits beauty, none admiring.

Go, Yarrow flow'r, to Yarrow maid,
 And, on her panting bosom laid,
 There, all thy native form confessing ;
 The charm of beauty is possessing.
 Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field ;
 What pleasure can the desert yield?
 Come to my breast, O ! all excelling,
 Is there on earth so kind a dwelling?

Come, my dear maid ? thou prettiest maid
 That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade :
 Come, sister of the dewy morning,
 With Alves' blush the dance adorning.
 Come, lovely maid ! love calls thee here ;
 Linger no more thy fleeting year,
 Vainly shining, idly blooming,
 Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant garlies hue,
 No hand to press, no eye to view ;
 What are thy charms, no heart desiring ;
 What profits beauty, none admiring ?
 Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose,
 Thy maiden graces all disclose ;
 Come, blest by all, to all a blessing,
 The charm of beauty is possessing.

ROBIN AND ANNA.

She listens ;—“ ’Tis the wind,” she cries ;
 The moon, that rose so full and bright,
 Is now o’ercast : she looks, she sighs,
 She fears ’twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed. Her mate,
 A fisherman, was out at sea ;
 The night is dark, the hour is late,
 The wind is high—and where is he ?

“ Oh ! who would love, Oh ! who would wed
 A wandering fisherman, to be
 A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
 Each breath that blows, when he’s at sea !”

Not long was Anna wed. One pledge
 Of tender love her bosom bore ;
 The storm comes down ! the billows rage,
 Its father is not yet on shore.

“ Oh! who would think her portion bless'd
 A wandering seaman's wife to be,
 To hug the infant to her breast,
 Whose father's on a stormy sea!”

The thunder bursts! the lightning falls!
 The casement rattles with the rain,
 And, as the gusty tempest bawls,
 The little cottage quakes again!—

She doesn't speak; she doesn't sigh!
 She gazes on her infant dear—
 A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
 Which dims its mother's with a tear!

“ Oh! who would be a seaman's wife!
 Oh! who would bear a seaman's child;
 To tremble for her husband's life,
 To weep—because her infant smil'd!”

Ne'er hadst thou born a seaman's boy—
 Ne'er had thy husband left the shore—
 Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,
 To see—thy Robin at the door!

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
 To kiss it dry and warm again,
 To weep the joy thou couldst not speak—
 So pleasure's in the debt of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
 Thy little couch of love I ween,

Were ten times sweeter than the last—
And not a cloud that night was seen!

A happy pair; the pains you know,
Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE.

Could a man be secure,
That his life would endure
As of old for a thousand long years,
What arts might he know,
What acts might he do,
And all without hurry or care,
But we that have but span-long lives
The thicker must lay on the pleasure,
And since time will not stay,
We'll add the night unto the day,
And thus we'll fill the measures.

FINIS.