

The Heaving of the Lead.

Lash'd to the Helm.

The Lass o' Arranteenie.

CAULD BLAWS THE WIND.

Dearest Ellen.

From the white-blossom'd Sloop.



GLASGOW :

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THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd;
To heave the lead the seamen sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the deep nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true;
While off the lead the seamen flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark seven!

And, as the much lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof,
Where dwells a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seamen flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less five!

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;

We shorten sail—she feels the tide—
Stand clear the cable! is the cry;

The anchor's gone—we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seamen, with delight,
Proclaim—All's well!

LASH'D TO THE HELM.

In storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,
The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove;
Lash'd to the helm,
Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide:
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thought of thee my bosom cheers;
The troubled main,
The wind and rain,

My ardent passion prove;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee, my love.

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom, and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long lost native shore.

No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve;
 I then with thee
 Should happy be,
 And think on nought but love.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Forlorn, among the Highland hills,
 'Midst nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander.
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist so rainy,
 Are nought to me when gann to thee,
 Sweet Lass o' Arranteenie!

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and Bonny;
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 An 's scarcely seen by ony;
 Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
 I view the distant ocean;
 There av'rice guides the bounding prow
 Ambition courts promotion.
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurel'd favours many;
 Gie me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The Lass o' Arranteenie.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld blaws the win' frae north to south
 And drift is driving sairly;
 The sheep are couring i' the heugh;
 O sirs! it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;

I'd rather gang supperless to my bed
Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rairs the blast amang the woods,
The branches tirlin barely;
Amang the chimney-taps it thuds,
And frost is nippin sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southland hill,
Like ony timorous carlie;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.

Now up in morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When snaw blaws into the chimley
cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae lintics hilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things, they suffer sairly;
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 No fate can be waur, in winter time,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and cantie wife,
 Keeps ay a bo'ly cheerly;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 It answers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning, na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early;
 The gowans maun glent on bank and
 brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.

DEAREST ELLEN.

When the rose-bud of summer, its beau-
 ties bestowing,
 On winter's rude banks all its sweetness
 shall pour;
 And the sunshine of day in night's dark-
 ness be glowing,
 Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
 more.

When of hope, the last spark which thy
 smile us'd to cherish,
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour
 be o'er;
 And the pulse of this heart which adores
 you shall perish,
 Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no
 more.

THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear
 Chloe requested,
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn:
 No, by heaven! I exclaim'd, may I pe-
 rish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implor'd
 her to marry,
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn,
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll
 promise,
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me
 to scorn.
 No, by heaven! &c.

FINIS.