

# Queen Mary's LAMENTATION.

To which are added,  
THE ORANGE AND BLUE,

LORD GREGORY,  
TAKE YOUR AULD CLOKE ABOUT YE,  
AND  
The Sailor's Return.



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QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sing and lament me in vain,  
these walls can but echo my moan,  
Alas; it increases my pain,  
when I think on the days that are gone

Through the gate of my prison I see,  
the birds as they wanton in air,  
My heart how it pants to be free,  
my looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though opprest by my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Though fortune has alter'd my state,  
she ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman, in ages to come,  
thy malice detested shall be,  
And when we are cold in the tomb,  
some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,  
with silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day?  
how sadly tolls the evening bell:

The owls from the battlement cry, and  
 hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 O Mary! prepare thee to die, for  
 my blood it runs cold at the sound.

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THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

IT was on a Monday morning,  
 as I was going to Mass,  
 I had no mind of listing,  
 until they did me press:  
 Bad company enticed me to  
 partake of a full-flowing bowl,  
 And the advance money they gave me,  
 was a guinea and a crown.

O! my dearest dear he is listed,  
 and ta'en a white cockade,  
 O! he is a clever fellow,  
 besides he's a roving blade.  
 Sure he is a clever fellow,  
 and is gone to serve the King;  
 My very heart is a bleeding  
 all for the love of him.

It was on a Monday morning,  
 just by the break of day,  
 The Captain commanded the Lieutenant,  
 to march those men away.

He march'd them all in rank and file,  
 all on the Irish shore,  
 Fare you well sweet Molly dear,  
 If I never see you more.

He pull'd out his pocket-kerchief,  
 and wip'd her christal eyes,  
 He says, My dearest jewel,  
 I'm sorry for your sighs.  
 But if ever I come back again,  
 and all goodness spares my life,  
 There is not a woman breathing,  
 but you I'll make my wife.

My dear, I will convoy you,  
 as far as sweet Straban,  
 My dearest. I'll convoy you  
 as far as e'er I can,  
 My hand I never will give  
 to any man but you,  
 And now you're going to leave me  
 for the Orange and the Blue.

He's gone, he's gone, and left me,  
 behind him for to rove,  
 His name I'll carve on every tree,  
 through Belanamurry grove,  
 Please God that he return again  
 and his consort make me,  
 I'll prove a faithful loving wife,  
 until the day I die.



## THE LORD GREGORY

O Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud's the tempest's roar;  
 A wae-fu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,  
 Lord Gregor, ope thy dōor.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
 And a' for loving thee;  
 At least some pity on me shaw,  
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove  
 By bonnie Irwine-side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love  
 I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,  
 Thou wad for ay be mine;  
 And thy fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast:  
 Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders, from above,  
 Your willing victim see!  
 But spare and pardon my fause love,  
 His wrangs to heaven and me!

## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOKE ABOUT YE.

**I**n winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threath'ning a' our kye to kiil:  
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,  
 Get up gudeman, save Cromie's life  
 And tak' your auld cloke about ye.

**O** Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?  
 Thou kens my cloke is very thin:  
 It is sae bare and overworn,  
 A cricket thereon canna rin;  
 Then I'll nae mair barrow nor lend,  
 For I'll ance mair apparell'd be,  
 To-morrow I'll to the town and spend  
 And I'll hae a new cloke about me.

**M**y Cromie is an useful cow,  
 And she is come of a good kin',  
 Aft has she wat the bairns' mou',  
 And I am laith that she should tine;  
 Get up, gudeman; it is fou time,  
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
 Sloth never made a gracions end,  
 Gae tak' your auld cloke about ye.

**M**y cloke was once a gude grey cloke,  
 When it was fitting for my wear;

But now its scantly worth a groat,  
 For I ha'e worn't this thretty year:  
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die:  
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn  
 To hae a new cloke about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,  
 His trows they coast but ha'f a crown,  
 He said thy were a groat o'er dear,  
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loun;  
 He was a king that wore a crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;  
 'Tis pride brings a' the kintra down,  
 Sae tak' thy auld cloke about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
 I think the warld is a' run rang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab  
 How they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurklin in the ase?  
 I'll hae a new cloke about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thretty years,  
 Since we did ane anither ken;  
 And we hae had between us twa,  
 O lads and bonny lassies ten:  
 Now, they are women grown and mon,  
 I wish and pray weel may they be;

And if you prove a good husband,  
E'en tak' your auld cloke about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife  
But she will guide me if she can;  
And, to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.  
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak' my auld cloke about me.

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### THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

BEHOLD from many a hostile shore,  
And all the dangers of the main,  
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
Your faithful Tom returns again;  
Returns, and with him brings a heart  
That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
How sweet to trade our native soil,  
With conquest to return at last?  
And deck our sweethearts with the spoil!  
No one to beauty should pretend,  
But such as dare its right defend.

FINIS.