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The Highland Plaid.

REMEMBER ME.

The Girl of my heart.

The last Rose of Summer.

LOVE HAS EYES.



Edinburgh, Printed for the Booksellers.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie wilt thou go
Where the m' war' glad wi' snow;
Where beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery spring
Will gar a' oar plantins ring;
Soon our bonnie heather braes,
Will put on their simmer claes;
On the mountain's sunnie side,
We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the cauler shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed:
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;

When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast 's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride—
O row thee in my Highland Plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
My heart wad break at our fareweel;
Lang your love has made me lain,
Tak me—tak me for your ain.
Cross the Frith, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me,
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me,
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,

All the joys that bless thee,
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest,
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Think when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,
 Oh! then remember me.

Off as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee;
 Think on her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them,
 Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying,
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 Oh! then remember me.
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! then remember me.
 Then should music stealing
 All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee,
 Strains I us'd to sing thee,
 Oh! then remember me:

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

I have parks, I have grounds,
 I have deer, I have hounds,
 And for sporting a neat little cottage,
 I have youth I have wealth,
 I have strength, I have wealth,
 Yet I mop like a beau in his dottage,
 What can I want?—'Tis the girl of my
 heart,
 To share those treasures with me,
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart.
 The sweet lovely girl of my heart.
 My domain far extends,
 And sustains social friends,
 Who make music divinely enchanting;

We have balls, we have plays,
 We have routs, public days,
 And yet still I find something is wanting
 What should it be but the girl of my
 heart,
 To share those treasures with me!
 For had I the wealth which the Indies
 impart,
 No pleasure would it give me,
 Without the lovely girl of my heart,
 Then give me the girl of my heart.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer left bloom-
 ing alone,
 All its lovely companions are faded and
 gone;
 No flow'r of its kindred, no rose-bud is
 nigh,
 To reflect back its blushes, or heave
 sigh for sigh
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to
 pine on the stem,
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep
 ; with them;

Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er the
bed,

Where thy mates of the garden lye
scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow when friendships
decay,

And from love's shining circle the gems
drop away ;

When true hearts are wither'd and fond
ones are flown,

O who would inhabit this bleak world
alone.

LOVE HAS EYES.

Love's blind, they say,

O never, nay :

Can words Love's grace impart ?

The fancy, weak,

The tounge may speak,

But eyes alone th heart.

In one soft look what language lies !

O yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

Love's wing'd, they cry—

O never, I—

On pinions love to soar;

Deceivers rove,

But never love,

Attach'd he moves no more;

Can he have wings who never flies?

And yes, believe me, Love has eyes.

FINIS.