

THE

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BRAES OF YARROW.

to which are added,

ROBIN ADAIR.

The Forlorn Damsel.

The birth of May.

THE WOODPECKER.

Lay thy loof in mine lass.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1820.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

The sun just glancing through the trees,
gives light and joy to ilka grove,
And pleasure in each southern breeze,
awaken hope and slumbering love.
When Jeany sung with hearty glee,
to charm her winsome marrow,
My bonny laddie gang wi' me
we'll o'er the hraes o' Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blithest swain,
that ever pip'd on droomy brae;
Nae lass could ken him free frae pain,
sae gracefu', kind, sae fair and gay.
And Jeany sung with hearty glee,
to charm her winsome marrow,
My bonny laddie gang wi' me
we'll o'er the braes to Yarrow.

He kiss'd and lov'd the charming maid,
her sparkling een had won his heart,
Nae lass the youth had e'er betray'd,
nae fear had she, she had nae art.
And still she sung with heartsome gleb
to charm her winsome marrow
My bonny laddie gang wi' me
we'll o'er the braes to Yarrow.

 ROBIN ADAIR.

You're welcome to Paxton—Robin Adair,
 You'r'e welcome to Paxton—Robin Adair,
 How does Johnny Mackrill do,
 Aye and Luke Gard'ner too,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.

Come and sit down by me—Robin Adair,
 Come and sit down by me—Robin Adair,
 And welcome you shall be,
 To every thing you see,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.

I will drink wine with you—Robin Adair,
 I will drink wine with you—Robin Adair,
 Rum punch aye or brandy too,
 By my soul I'll get drunk with you,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.

Then let us drink about—Robin Adair,
 Then let us drink about—Robin Adair
 Till we've drank a hogshead out,
 Then we'll be fou nae doubt,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair.

 THE FORLORN DAMSEL.

The gods of love that rule above,
 Pity a maid that's wounded

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By Cupid's dart I feel the smart,
and grief has me surrounded.

I sigh and moan since he is gone,
who was my chiefest fancy,
The other day he sail'd away,
and parted from his Nancy.

May wot attend my cruel friends,
that caus'd his transportation
For him I pine lament and whine,
in woofu' desperation.

Through frightful dreams I often scream,
and start out of my slumber,
Then in amaze around I gaze,
and of my dear I ponder.

I cannot blame my darling swain,
though from me he is parted,
His absence makes me live in pain,
I'm always brokenhearted.

My parents they sent him away,
to face his foes so cruel
All for to part from me my heart,
my dear and only jewel.

My love is tall, comely withal
and rarely put together,
His person meek, his breath as sweet,
as due in summer weather.

His carriage neat his limbs complete,
 and all his frame commodious
 When he doth sing the woods do ring
 his voice is so melodious.

O guardian angels be his guide
 defend him from all harms,
 Let no hard fortune him betide,
 in any wars alarms.

Should he be slain on Boston plain,
 where cannons roar like thunder,
 Then death would ease me of my pain,
 and break my heart asunder.

Although my love has cross'd the main,
 'twas what he ne'er intended,
 I hope to see him once again
 where'er the wars are ended.

When all my grief will turn to joy,
 when he is in my arms,
 Then I'll invite my darling boy,
 and treat him with my charms.

THE BIRTH OF MAY.

When rural lads and lasses gay,
 Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
 When round the maypole on the green,
 The rustic dancers all were seen ;

Twas there young Jockey met my view,
 His like before I never knew ;
 He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
 Alas ! he danc'd my heart away

At eve when cakes and ale went round,
 He plac'd him next me on the ground ;
 With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
 He shone more bright than all the rest :
 He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,
 Ah who could such a youth withstand ?
 Well pleas'd I heard what he could say,
 Alas ! he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd, a tender sigh,
 While rapture sparkled in his eye ;
 So winning was his grace and air,
 He might the coldest heart ensnare :
 But when he ask'd me for his bride,
 I promis'd soon and soon comply'd ,
 What nymph on earth could say him nay ?
 Alas ! he stole my heart away,

THE WOODPECKER.

I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd,
 Around the green elm, that a cottage was near,
 And I said, if there's peace to be found in the
 world,
 The heart that is humble might hope for it here,
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
 But the Woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree

By the side of yon grove where the green willow
 dips,
 In the gush of yon fountain how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
 That ne'er had been sigh'd on by any but mine.
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

And here in this lone little cot, I exclaim'd,
 With a maid that was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
 when I blam'd,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.
 Every leaf was at rest, &c.

LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

O lay thy loof, in mine, lass,
 in mine lass, in mine lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 that thou wilt be my ain
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae,
 But now he is my deadly-fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.
 O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has brake my rest,
 That for ae blink I hae lo'ed best,
 But thou art Queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
 O lay, &c.

Dear lad gin ye'll be leel and true,
 Ther'es nane I like sae weel as you,
 Sae there's my hand I swear and vow,
 For life to be your ain.

Now there's my loof in thine lad,
 In thine lad in thine lad,
 In hopes you will prove kind, lad
 and tak me for your ain.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

'Twas at night when the bell had toll'd twelve,
 And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,
 In her ear ewhisper'd some fleeting elve,
 Your love is now toss'd on a billow,
 Far, Far at sea,

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
 Not an object her fears could discover ;
 All was still as the silence of death,
 Save fancy, which painted her lover,
 Far Far at sea.

So she whisper'd a pray'r——clos'd her eyes,
 But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
 While in terror she echoed his cries,
 As struggling he sunk in the billow,
 Far, Far at sea.

FINIS.