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THE
Ladies' Amusements.

To which are added,

THE GALLANT SAILOR

Nature's richest Mine.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Lilies of the valley.



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THE LADIES AMUSEMENTS.

This morning is so very fine,
we'll to the meadows walk,
And when we to the town return,
with shop-men we will talk.
And a shopping we will go.

We'll look at ribbons, laces, gloves,
and none of them we'll buy,
But tell the haberdasher lads,
we'll call another day.
And, &c.

Next to the mercers we will haste,
we'll tease their silks a while,
And say we're vex'd for troubling them,
then leave them with a smile.
And, &c.

Hard ware and pretty glittering things,
how shall we them refuse;
We'll say they're for a country friend,
and therefore cannot chuse.
And, &c.

Upholsterers shall not escape.
at this our grand review :

We'll price their carpets, tables, chairs,
their printed hangings too.

And, &c.

Some brittle ware we must now see
delf, china, glass and stone ;

We'll say they're crack'd, we'll say they're dear
and of them we'll see none.

And, &c.

Now after we are thus fatigu'd.
perfumes will give us ease ;

We'll visit all the scented shops,
but nothing there shall please

And, &c.

From shop to shop we'll range about.
till ev'ning's darkest shades,

And when we can no longer see,
we must prepare for beds.

And, &c.

THE GALLANT SAILOR.

Farewell my dear and gallant sailor,
since you and I must parted be ;
If you prove constant without failing,
I still will prove the same to thee.

May the winds and waves direct you,
to the wilful port design'd ;

Though you leave me, do not grieve me,
let your love be as true as mine.

For all my father he proves cruel,
you to sea must go once more;
With true love I will requite you,
none but you I do adore.

Frightful dreams doth oft affright me,
when on my bed I slumb'ring lie;
Dreadful horrors doth surprise me,
when I dream you're cast away.

Then I'm started, and wake surprised,
wishing that you were in my arms,
I would caress you and embrace you,
for to free you from all harms.

Sometimes my dear, in fatal battle,
my thoughts give me that you are slain,
So then there's nothing that can ease me,
but my sailor's return again.

NATURE'S RICHEST MINE.

Pursuing beauty, men descry,
the distant shore, and long to prove,
(still richer in vanity,)
the treasure of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
idling from our golden coast,

The wand'ring rovers to our land,
but she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
stealing, unseen into the heart ;
But by possession settled in,
they quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
in ignorance our shining store ;
Discover Nature's richest mine,
and yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
how he can court or you be won ;
For love is but discovery,
when that is made the pleasure's done.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willy's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches,
Were a' drest out in aprons clean,
And braw white sunday mutches :
And Maggy bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock would not believe her ;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver,
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver ;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel
 Wi' her he would be bobbing ;
 When she sat down he sat down,
 And to her he would be gabbing ;
 Where'er she gaed, baith but and bon,
 The coof would never leave her,
 Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
 But Jena dang the weaver.
 Jeany dang, &c.

Quo' he, " My lass, to speak my mind,
 " In troth I needna swither
 " You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
 " I'll never seek anither ?"
 He humm'd and haw'd ; the lass cried pugh !
 And bade the coof no deave her :
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver ,
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.

O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle
 Amang the bonny blooming heather,
 There I met a bonny lassie
 Keeping a' her flocks the gither.

O'er the muir amang the heather,
 O'er the muir amang the heather,

There I met a bonny lassie
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Say I, my dear, where is thy hame ?
In muir or dale pray tell me whether
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonny blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sung a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was o'er the muir among the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay einsyne
I couldna think on ony ither :
By sea and sky she shall be mine !
The bonny lass among the heather.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'ER barren hills and flowery dales,
O'er seas and distant shores,
With merry song and jocund tales,
I've pass'd some pleasant hours :
Tho' wandring thus, I ne'er could find
A girl like blythesome Sally ;

Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley ! "

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,
 From nestling in each tree
 I chose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social gay and free :
 Yet though the lasses love as well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleases me like her that cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley ! "

I'm now return'd [of late discharged]
 To use my native toil ;
 From fighting in my country's cause
 To plough my country's soil :
 I care not which—with either pleas'd,
 So I possess my Sally :
 The little merry nymph that cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley ! "

FINIS.