

MARY, O.

Address to CALEDONIA.

She Rose and let me in.

LOGAN WATER.

The Garden of Love.



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M A R Y
Tune—' Gloomy Winter's now awa.

TRILLING Harp, come let us sing,
Come let me brace ill gowden string,
And warble owre some bonny spring,

In praise o' my sweet Mary, O.

The lay along let sweetly move,

Freely let the love-notes rove,

Peerless, yea, resound my love,

My blythe, my bonny Mary, O.

For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,

Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;

Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,

My blythe, my darling Mary, O.

Tho' Burns divine, in rapture keen,

Sang sweetly o' his "Bonnie Jean,"

She scarcely e'er in shape or mien,

Could match my bonny Mary, O.

The' Lannahill, in numbers' t in,

Extoll'd his "Jessie o' Dumbane,"

And tho' her praises charmin' k swain,

Excel'd she's now by Mary, O.

O had thae twa sweet bards but seen

This blooming maid o' bonnie mien,
 They'd tun'd their heavenly lyres, I ween,
 And peerless made my Mary, O.

Ye powers aboon, O guard frae harms
 The maid, whose smile my bosom warms;
 And lang endow'd wi' rowth o' charms,
 Let bloom my bonny Mary, O.

O guide her through this dreary vale,
 O' sorrow, trouble, woe, and wail,
 And heaven ward when she soars, entail
 Eternai bliss on Mary, O.

For O she's handsome, sweet, and fair,
 Blooming, sprightly, mild, and rare;
 Ne'er shall maid wi' her compare,
 My blythe, my darling Mary, O.

ADDRESS TO CALEDONIA.

Tune—Erin go Bragh.

Caledonia my country, thy rivers and fountains,
 And green fertile vallies, exulting I sing;
 How pleasant thy sweet blooming moorlands
 And mountains,

When dress'd in the gaudy profusion of spring.

When fanned by the soft summer sea breeze th'
 shore is; [their chorus
 When flocks beat around us, and woods pour
 And wild morning beams gild the landscape
 before us, [the scene]

All sparkling with dew-drops, how charming
 Healthy thy climate is, of mild temperature,
 Remote from the rage of the polar extremes,
 And distant from regions where languishing na-
 ture,

Melts in the blaze of the sun's torrid beams,
 Happy land; where no raging volcanoes are
 roaring, [yearning;

Where no serpents hiss, no fell monster dis-
 No clouds stor'd with death in thy horizon
 lowering; (wing.

Nor pestilence floats on thy wind's breezy

While, daring and prudent, thy sons fill their
 stations; [arms;

Scarce equalled in Arts, and unrivalled in
 For learning, thy fame resounds through the
 Nations, [charms.

And peerless, thy daughters, in virtue and
 From times unrecorded thy freedom descended,
 Through ages of heroes, whose broad sword
 defended [expended

Thy Charters—while foes saw their vengeance
 Against thy wild mountains and borders in vain

Be plenty my country and peace thy possession,
 And freedom's bright sun-beams illumine thy
 clear day,
 And far from thy shores be all want and op-
 pression;
 While virtue's bold streams sweep corruption
 away.
 May friendship unite, and may love and affec-
 tion
 And reason, thy children exalt to perfection;
 To guard thy loved shores, be thy strength
 and protection,
 While time rolls his ages unnumbered away.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

The night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies
 Of glittering stars appeared no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 Begged my fair, my lovely dame
 To rise and let me in.

At she, with accents all divine
 Did my fond suit reprove,
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflamed my love.

Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll;
 But virtue only had the power
 To charm my very soul.
 Then who would cruelly deceive
 Or from such beauty part?
 I loved her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obeyed,
 Resolved she should be mine,
 Till Hymen to my arms conveyed
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest a man am I,
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd, fluttering heart,
 But virtue only is the chain,
 Holds, never to depart.

LOGAN WATER

O Logan, sweetly did'st thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride;

An' years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the summer sun.
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie whiter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and vallyes gay,
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers.
 Elythe morning lifts his rosy eyes,
 And evening's tears are tears of joys
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his sang her cares beguile.
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widowed nights, and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye mak monie a fopd heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return!

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?—
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie home to Logan braes!

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

In the garden of love like the garden of Flora,
 There are flowers of all hues to admire & adore—a
 As the rose bears the sway in the garden of Flora—
 In the garden of love the first floweret is Norah.

FINIS.