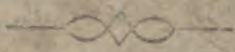


Select Songs.



Roslin Castle, & the Answer.

Gloomy Winter.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Last May a Braw Wooer.

My Nannie's awa'.

The Lass o' Arranteenie.



DUMFRIES:

Printed for the Booksellers.



ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay.
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song :
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay ;
 O, bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn !

O bark, my love ! on every spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !

Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

THE ANSWER.

From Roslin Castle's echoing walls
 Resound my shepherd's ardent calls ;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display.
 I yield—no longer can refrain
 To own my love and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful-pleasing flame I feel ;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? From what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bower,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure!

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating as it flies along,
 To Colin's ears my strain convey,
 And say I haste to come away.

Ye zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell I haste his arms to bless.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY!

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the western breezes blaw:
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
 The ma'is sings sa' cheery, O.
 Sweet the craw-flower's early bell,
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless dearie, O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray,
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snaw white clouds;
 Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the bank sae briery, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckians fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jukes,
 And ilka thing is cheery, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring;
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee my dearie, O.

BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,
 Among the broom bushes by Stanely green shaw.
 The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonny,
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear
 Johnny,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome and cheery,
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling
 dreary,

And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw,
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute & dowie;
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee;

and chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my
 Johnny;

'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter to me.

On cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak
 mountain.

and shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen blaws the snaw flooded
 fountain,

that murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

's no its loud roar, on the wint'ry win' swellin';
 's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e;

r O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 e dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER, &c.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me:
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 The deuce gae wi' me, to believe me, believe me
 The deuce gae wi' me, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand were his proffers:
 I never loot on that I ken'd it or car'd,
 But thought I might bae waur offers, waur offers
 But I thought I might bae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
 He up the long loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her,
 bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the trystie o' Dalgarnock.
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neebours might say I was sauncy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shackl't feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin,

He begged, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow:
 Soe'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow;
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the brae,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
 But to me its delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snow,
 Alane can deight me—now Nannie's awa.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone, amang the Highland hills,
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander.
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gain to thee,
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bouny.
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel-bough,
 And 's scarcely seen by ony:
 Sae, sweet beneath her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeany,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's rocky brow,
 I view the distant ocean.
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion—
 Let Fortune pour her golden store,
 Her laurell'd favours many.
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass o' Arranteenie.