

Four New Songs.

12.

Up in the Morning Early.

O'er the Muir amang the
Heather.

The Maid of Lodi.

The Lady and Farmer's



EDINBURGH:

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Up in the Morning early.

CAULD blaws the wi' frae north to south,
 And drift is driving fairly;
 The sheep are coo'ing in the heugh,
 O, sirs, it's winter fairly:
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 I'd rather go supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Rude rares the blast among the woods,
 The branches tirlin' barely,
 Among the chimley taps it thuds,
 An' frost is nippin' fairly:
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 To sit a' the night wad better agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan' hills,
 Like ony tim'rous carlie
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 An' that we kn' severely:
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When snaw blaws into the chimley cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 For things they suffer fairly.

In cauldrie quarters a' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely :
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 Nae fate can be waur, in the winter time
 Than rise in the morning early.

cosey house, an' canty wife,
 Keeps ay a body cheerly,
 An' pantry stow'd wi' meal an' mant,
 It answers unco rarely ;
 But up in the morning, na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early,
 The gdwans maun glent on bank an' brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.

O'er the Muir among the Heather.

COMING through the Craigs o' Kyle,
 among the 'bonny blooming heather,
 There I met a bonny lass
 keeping a' her ewes the gither.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 o'er the muir amaskg the heather,
 There I met a bonny lassie,
 keeping a' her ewes the gither.

Says I, my dear, whar is your hame,
 in muir or dale, pray tell me whether ;
 She says I tent the fleecy flocks,
 that feed among the blooming heather.

O'er the muir among the heather,
 o'er the muir among the heather;
 She says I tent the fleecy flocks,
 that feed among the blooming heather

We laid us down upon a bank,
 fae warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 among the bonny blooming heather.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 o'er the muir among the heather,
 She left her fleecy flocks to rove,
 among the bonny blooming heather.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang
 till echo rang a mile and farther.
 And ay the burden o' the sang,
 was o'er the muir among the heather.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 o'er the muir among the heather,
 And ay the burden o' her sang,
 was o'er the muir among the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay she fiasyne,
 I cou'dna think on any ither,
 By sea and sky she shall be mine,
 the bonny lass among the heather.
 O'er the muir among the heather,
 o'er the muir among the heather,
 By sea and sky she shall be mine,
 the bonny lass among the heather.

The Maid of Lodi.

I SING the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me,
 Whose brows were never cloudy,
 Nor e'er distort with glee,
 She values not the wealthy,
 Unless they're great and good,
 For she is strong and healthy,
 And by labour earns her food.

And when her day's work's over,
 Around a cheerful fire,
 She sings or rests contented;
 What more can man desire?
 Let those who squander millions
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavilions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 Some villians seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach;
 By which the Maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair;
 She paus'd to hear my wailings,
 And see me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
 She tied her poney's rein;

thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again.
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table,
 At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find;
 But not the fam'd Corregios
 Could ever paint her mind.
 Then sing the Maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me;
 And when this maid is married,
 Still happier may she be.

The Lady and Farmer's Son.

A Farmer's son so sweet,
 Was feeding of his sheep,
 And carelessly did sleep,
 While his lambs did sport and play;
 A charming lady gay,
 By chance she came that way,
 And found the man asleep whom she
 lov'd so dear.

She kifs'd his rosy lips,
 As he lay on the grass,
 Saying rise from your slumber, sweet
 farmer's son :

It's for your sake alone,
 I wander from my home,
 Just like these little lambs, bleating
 for their mams.

He opened his eyes,
 He being in surprife,
 Like an angel from the skies, she ap-
 pear'd in his eyes,
 He said lady gay,
 How came you here this way,
 To gaze upon a boy, a poor farmer's
 son.

It's for your sake alone,
 I wander from my home,
 My parents died and gone, and I am
 left alone ;
 I've got houses and free land,
 And servants at command ;
 Join hands and never part, my sweet
 farmer's ion.

He said fair lady gay,
 How can you fancy me?
 I am of low degree, I'm but a farm-
 er's son.

A farmer's son so smart,
 You have surely gain'd my heart,
 Join hands and never part, my sweet
 farmer's son.

He said fair lady gay,
 If you and I can 'gree,
 To church then let us hie, and let us
 be join'd in one.

Here they left their flocks aside,
 Away to church did ride,
 And now she is wedded straight to
 the farmer's son.

F I N I S .