

T H E

Wandering Shepherdes,

O R, C H E

Betrayed Damsel.

To which is added,

The Free Caledonian.



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren.

The Wandering Shepherdess.

YOU that do know what to true love belong
 I'll tell you a story that lately was done
 At Oxford a merchant's fair daughter did dwell
 Who for wit and for beauty did many excel.

A noble young 'squire that lived hard by,
 Upon this young lady did soon cast an eye;
 And for to court her he thus did begin:
 Thou fairest of creatures that ever was seen,

Do not be so cruel but yield unto me,
 For without your love there's no comfort for me
 And now give consent for to be my bride,
 Or else I am ruin'd for ever, he cried.

The lady with innocent smiles did reply,
 'Tis pity so good like a creature should die,
 When its in my power your life to save,
 So now I grant thee this that you do crave.

With eager embraces he flew to her arms,
 And said, thou hast ten thousand charms,
 Which invite great monarch's to fall at your feet
 But I've got the prize, and my joys are complete

First ask my father's consent she did say,
 For I must ever his pleasure obey;
 My honoured parents I mean for to please,
 For that Heaves be with us displeas'd.

Then straight to her father the 'squire did go,
 and the whole matter he gave him to know,
 her father was pleas'd he should be his son,
 and said if she loves him it soon shall be done.

All things were agreed on, the time was set,
 and now as soon as this couple were met,
 his perjured villain, the innocent fair
 with false delusions began to ensnare.

With modesty she unto him did say
 do not my honour thus strive to betray,
 this is not true love, but lust that you mean,
 better it had been if I ne'er had you seen.

It will not be long ere I shall be your bride;
 when seek not my ruin, she to him replied:
 talk not of ruin thou pride of my life,
 lay heaven forsake me if thou'rt not my wife.

With many persuasions his will he obtain'd,
 and then her bright person he soon disdain'd;
 or straight up to London this villain did come,
 leaving his jewel in sorrow to mourn.

Her parents wonder'd the 'squire ne'er came,
 asking their daughter the cause of the same;
 he said, honoured father the cause I don't know
 at men, they are fickle, and so let him go.

Tho' she to her father did not seem surpris'd,
 when she was alone, the tears from her eyes,

Like fountains would run; crying, worst of men,
For your sake I ne'er will trust no man again.

But I will wander thro' vallies and groves
Be witness, heaven, how false is my love!
And still I must love him do all that I can,
I must be a slave to this perjured man.

Rich jewels and treasures she did provide,
Saying, now I will wander whatever betide;
And if my troubled heart does find any rest,
To live in a cottage I'll think myself blest.

So then from her parents away she did go,
Poor soul with a heart full of sorrow and woe.
Thro' lonesome fields and woods she did hie,
Then she a small cottage at length did espy.

It was a poor shepherd that in it did dwell,
Seeing the lady sit down near to his cell,
He welcom'd her in, and said sweet lady fair,
Pray what cruel fortune has driven you here?

Then into his cottage the lady did go,
His wife unto her great kindness did shew;
When she with the shepherd sometime had been,
Her riches and jewels she gave unto them,

And said, Of this matter let no one know;
And to keep the sheep in the vallies I'll go,
The Wandering Shepherdes you can me call,
Unfortunate love is the cause of my fall.

A rich suit of green embroider'd ware
 With a garland of flowers had this lad fair;
 To shade the sun from her beauty clear,
 To the sheep in the vallies she did repair.

When two long years were finish'd and gone,
 The 'squire to Oxford straight did return:
 Her parents accus'd him of wronging their child,
 He said she was fickle and false as the wind.

But now said her father I fear she is dead,
 So we can add nothing what we have said;
 But sure she was honest and virtuous to all,
 And you are the man that caused her fall,

Now we will leave her parents to mourn,
 And unto the Shepherdess let us return.
 Who was the talk of folk far and near,
 At length her lover the same came to hear.

He must see this beauty whatever betide.
 Then he got his coach and away he did ride,
 And just as bright Phoebus was going down,
 He came to the valley where she lay alone.

The lambs were sporting in inrocent sort,
 And she was pleas'd with their harmless sport;
 Her fine silver hair sweet breezes did wave,
 On a bank of sweet lillies she carelessly laid,

O gods! said the 'squire, sure she is divine,
 But if she is mortal, oh! let her be mine:

He little thought it was his love so true,
Men so much admire each beauty they view.

The charming Shepherdess turning her eyes,
Soon did know him, to her great surprize,
But yet who she was he did not know,
At length to her cottage he homeward did go.

He followed her home, saying, Sweet fair,
Pity a lover that is in dispair ;
For by the glance of your charming eyes,
My love-sick heart is fill'd with surprize.

Sir, you seem a person of high degree,
And to poor Shepherdess now as you see :
Talk not sweet creature, thy charms are so sweet
Will cause the great monarch to fall at thy feet,

The Shepherdess then invited him in,
But now afresh her sorrows do begin :
The garland of flowers being took from her head
He knew 'twas his love he thought had been dead

His love-sick heat he soon did abate,
But he unto her no notice did take :
Quoth he, to himself, since it is thee,
I 'ere to-morrow your butcher shall be.

They parted that night next morning to meet,
In the sweet pasture, where she kept her sheep ;
And the next morning just as the sun rose,
The perjured wretch to the Shepherdess goes.

No one being there, he to her did say,
 Come, madam, strip off that gaudy array;
 As I'm come to far as harlot to see,
 I am resolv'd your butcher to be.

Canst thou be so cruel, she to him did say,
 My innocent life thus to take away?
 What harm, my dear jewel have I done to thee
 The crime it was yours in deluding of me.

Vile strumpet! dost thou presume for to prat,
 Come yield to my sword, for no longer I'll wait.
 She to him for mercy did bitterly cry,
 But ne, hard-hearted wretch, had no mercy.

But finding with him she could not prevail
 O Heavens! said she, since all flesh is frail,
 Pardon my crimes, which are many, she cries,
 Now traitor I'm ready for your sacrifice.

She op'ned her breast far whiter than snow,
 He pierced her heart while the crimson did flow;
 Her body he threw in a river near,
 And thus died the beauty of fair Oxfordshire.

Home he returned, and when he came there,
 He wandered about like a man in despair;
 No rest night nor day he ever could find,
 The sweet shepherdes ran so in his mind.

Within four days he took to his bed,
 The doctor gave him over it is said,

When he found that his dying hour was come,
 He sent for her father, and told what was done.

Then in a sad sort he yielded up his breath,
 Her father said, I'm the unhappiest man on earth.
 Then he sought for the body of his daughter dear
 Who in sumptuous manner was bury'd we hear.

Within a little time her father did die,
 Now let each take a warning by this tragedy;
 And maidens beware of men's flattering tongue
 For if you consent you are surely undone.

Cauld Caledonia—By Burns.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let soereign
 lanas reckon, (fume;
 where bright-beaming summer exalt the per-
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan
 with the burn stealing under the lang yellow
 broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 here the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen
 For there lightly tripping among the wild flowers
 A-listning the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich in the breeze in their gay sunny vallies
 and cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the
 proud palace,

What are thy? the haunt o' the tyrant & slave.
 The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling toun-
 tains

The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
 He wanders as free as the snow on his mountains
 save love's willing fetters—the chains of his
 Jean.

FINIS.