



SEVENTEEN

COME SUNDAY.

As I walked out one May morning,
 One May morning so early'
 I overtook a handsome maid,
 Just as the sun was rising,
 With my ru rum ra."

Her stockings white, her shoes were bright,
 Her buckles shined like silver,
 She had a black and a rolling eye,
 And her hair hung over her shoulder.

Where are you going my pretty maid,
 Where are you going my honey,
 She answered me right cheerfully,
 An errand for my mammy.

How old are you my pretty maid,
 How old are you my honey,
 She answered me right modestly,
 I'm seventeen come Sunday.

Will you take a man my pretty maid,
 Will you take a man my honey,
 She answered me right cheerfully,
 I dare not for my mammy.

If you will come to my mammy's house,
 When the moon shines bright and clearly,
 I'll come down and let you in,
 My mammy shall not hear you.

I went down to her mammy's house,
 When the moon so bright was shining,
 She came down and let me in,
 And I lay in her arms till morning.

Soldier will you marry me,
 For now is your time or never,
 For if you do not marry me,
 I am undone for ever.

Now I am with my soldier lad,
 Where the wars they are alarming,
 A drum and fife are my delight,
 And a pint of rum in the morning.

THE

IMPATIENT LASSIE.

—○○○○○○○○—

DEUCE tek the clock! click-clackin sae,
 Still in a body's ear;
 It tells and tells the time is past,
 When Jwohnie sud been here:
 Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun—
 Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,
 But count each minute wi' a seegh,
 Till Jwohnie he steals in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,
 For twee to sit beside!
 And there's the seat where Jwohnie sits,
 And I forget to cheyde!
 My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores!
 My mudder fast asleep:
 He promis'd oft, but, oh! I fear
 His word he wunnet keep!

What can it be keeps him frae me?
 The ways are nit sae lang,
 And the sleet and snaw are nought at aw,
 If yen were fain to gang!
 Some ither lass, wi' bonnier feace,
 Has catch'd his wicked ee,
 And I'll be pointed out at kurk—
 Nay! suiner let me dee!

O durst we lasses nobbet gang,
 And sweetheart them we like,
 I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnie lad,
 Nor stop at bog or dyke:
 But custom's sec a silly thing,
 For men mun hae thaire way,
 And many a bonny lassy sit,
 And wish frae day to day.

But, whisht! I hear my Jwohnie's fit—
 Aye! that's his varra clog!
 He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—
 O hang that cwoley dog!
 Now, hey for seeghs and suggar words,
 Wi, kisses nit a few—
 O but this warl's a paradise,
 When lovers they pruiue true!

George Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

