

Mary M'Kinnon's Lamen.

Tune—"Jockie's far awa."

Ye Dames severe, no longer scorn
The sufferings which I bear;
To be at once for ever torn
From all I held so dear!
My heaving bosom burns—I sigh—
No comforter I see;
Within a dreary Jail I lye,
And none to pity me.
And none to pity me, not one,
There's none to pity me;
'Mongst all this numerous multitude,
There's none to pity me.
Mary M'Kinnon is my name,
To misery I was born,
In gauds of iron I did lye,
Distressed and forlorn;
But now the day appointed's come,
When thousands do me see,
'Mongst all this numerous multitude,
There's none to pity me.
'Tis true I smote the gentle Youth;
And took his life away—
Which all the riches I possess
Can never once repay;
But then it was in passion keen—
A dismal hour for me;
For I must end this earthly scene
Upon the fatal tree.
I once was pure and innocent,
As dew on summer morn;
My life from day to day was spent
In joy without the thorn,—
Till wicked man envied my lot—
My lot that was so free;
He stole my heart in evil hour,
And left the wretch you see.
Come listen then, ye Damsels fair!
Who love the city gay,
I pray you of its wiles beware,
Since it will soon betray;
For pleasure was my chief delight—
I lov'd the midnight glee:
O shun its cursed mad'ning joys—
It has deluded me!
And you, ye Lads! as forth ye roam,
In quest of mirth and fun,
Forget not, in your idle brawls,
By this I was undone.
Provoke not the unfortunate—
They yet may virtuous be;
Perhaps some sister of a friend
Should pity draw from thee.
Now my hour is come at last,
I've left the dreary cell,
M'Kinnon in her youthful bloom,
Now bids this world farewell!
Let every one a warning take,
My fatal end do see,
For now I bid the world adieu,
Since none can pity me!