



## THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

**I**N Martindale a village gay,  
 A damsel deigas to dwell,  
 Whose looks are like the summer's day,  
 Whose charms no tongue can tell;  
 Whene'er I meet her on the way,  
 I tell my am'rous tale,  
 Then heave a sigh or softly say,  
 Sweet maid of Martindale.  
 This nymph has numbers in her train,  
 From Hodge up to the squire,  
 A conquest makes of every swain,  
 All gaze and all admire;  
 Then where's the hope, alas! for me,  
 That I should e'er prevail,  
 Yet while I breathe I'll think on thee,  
 Sweet maid of Martindale.  
 Should fate propitious be my lot,  
 To call the charmer mine,  
 I'd live content in lonely cot,  
 All pompous thoughts resign,  
 But if she scoras each heart'elt sigh,  
 And leaves me to bewail,  
 For thee my fair for thee I'll die,  
 Sweet maid of Martindale.

## THE SHEEP SHEARERS.

**T**HERE'S the rose bud in June and violets blue,  
 And the small birds warble on every bough,  
 There's the pink and the lilly the daffy-down-dilly,  
 To adorn and perfume there's the rose bud in June;  
 We'll all hold the plough the fat oxen draws slow,  
 While our lads and our lasses a sheep shearing go.  
 When the shepherds have shorn the jolly fat fleece,  
 What joys can compare when he talks of increase,  
 Each lad takes his lass gently on the green grass,  
 To adorn and perfume the sweet rose bud in June.  
 We will &c.

There is our clean milk pail which foams with good  
 ale,

At our table where plenty is found,  
 We whistle and sing and dance in a ring,  
 To adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June.  
 We will &c.

Now sheep shearing's over and harvest draws nigh,  
 We'll prepare for the field our strength for to try,  
 We'll reap and then mow we'll plough and then sow  
 To adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June,  
 We will &c.

Now our barns they are full and our fields they are  
 bare, [must till,

We must thrash for the market and our ground we  
 We must reap and then mow, next plough and then  
 sow,

To adorn and perfume till June does return.

We will &c.



## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

**U**PON a simmer afternoon,  
 A wee before the sun gade down,  
 My lassie in a braw new gown,  
 Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie;  
 The rose-bud ting'd with morning show'r,  
 Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r,  
 But Katie was the fairest flower,  
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,  
 But round her waist my arms I flang,  
 And said my dearie will ye gang,  
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie;  
 I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',  
 In yon green fields beside the shaw,  
 I'll make ye lady o' them a',  
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,  
 My mither coft last new-year's-day,  
 And buskit me frae tap to tae,  
 To keep me out o' Gowrie;  
 Daft Will short syne cam' courting Nell,  
 And wan the lass but what befel,  
 Or whar' she's gone she kens hersel.  
 She staid nae lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts dear Katie I'll combine,  
 Wi' beauty rare and wit like thine,  
 Except yoursel my bonny queen,  
 I care for nought in Gowrie;  
 Since first I saw you in the sheal,  
 To you my heart's been true and leal,  
 The darkest night I fear nae de'il,  
 Warlock or witch in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,  
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread,  
 She whisper'd modestly and said,  
 O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie;  
 The auld folks soon gae their consent,  
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent  
 Wha ty'd them to their hearts content,  
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

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