

## The Rose & the Lily.

In the gay month of June, a fair blushing rose,  
 Deck'd himself out most gaudy and silly ;  
 The scent of his clothes came most sweet to the nose,  
 He saw and he lov'd a fair lily.  
 She lov'd in turn, but her passion was pure,  
 Tho' his flaunting was foppish and silly,  
 To others his pride made him hard to endure,  
 But he still was beloved by the lily.

### CHORUS.

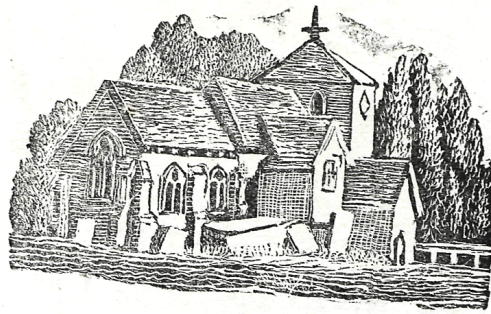
Then youths e're too late, be warned by his fate,  
 Let foppishness ne'er make you silly ;  
 And ne'er like the rose, by the grandeur of clothes,  
 Be induced to think ill of the lily.

His cheeks were as red as the bright morning sun,  
 And his breath smelt more sweet far than nectar,  
 While the Lily was fair and as pale as a nun,  
 And modest the few clothes that deck'd her.  
 She knew no deceit, and she thought not that one,  
 So good-like, could ever deceive her ;  
 But, ah ! soon she found when her heart he had won,  
 For another he quickly would leave her.  
 Then youths, &c.

Day after day his love weaker grew,  
 She saw that he mark'd her but coolly ;  
 And insult and harshness at her daily threw,  
 Though still she lov'd holy and truly.  
 She now saw his love was completely estranged,  
 And the breath of despair blew most chilly,  
 He wander'd away, his passion was chang'd  
 She sorrow'd and died the fair lily.  
 Then youths, &c.

He saw her decay still nothing unmov'd,  
 And sink to the earth broken-hearted ;  
 To a flower more fair, soon after he rov'd,  
 Yet frailer than that from he'd parted.  
 A fair tulip he sought one more to his taste  
 Array'd in the fashion most splendid ;  
 But the tulip soon left for one far more chaste,  
 A hare-bell—and so his suit ended.  
 Then youths, &c.

He sought every flower, but none could he move,  
 While his dress was decaying now daily ;  
 Some laugh'd at his dress some his pride did reprove,  
 And said that his love burnt but frailly.  
 Deserted by all he sigh'd at his fate,  
 And rail'd at his conduct most silly,  
 Repentance and sorrow came to him too late,  
 He wish'd he'd been true to his lily.  
 Then youths, &c.



## Mary of Glen Cree.

By Mc'Douall the Poet of Cree in Scotland

TUNE.—"My Nannie O"

O meet me on the bonny bridge  
 That throws its shadow o'er the Cree,  
 When Eve Star gilds the Doon hill's ridge,  
 And moon beams shine on tower and tree.  
 Be true to Tryste, my Mary dear,  
 Thou sweetest rose bud on the Cree ;  
 Let two long-parted hearts now share,  
 A night of care-defying glee.  
 We'll hasten to the oakwood bower,  
 Where first I saw your youthful form ;  
 For there we pass'd the last sad hour,  
 When from you, fate, forced me to roam.  
 Thro' frigid and thro' torrid zone,  
 Pursuing wealth I've travelled far,  
 Still hoping to make you my own—  
 A hope I trust you will not mar.  
 Oh let no parent interpose,  
 Nor envying maid or crabbed Aunts !  
 My cup of fortune overflows :  
 I've plenty to meet all our wants.  
 Then let no pride my Mary guide  
 To wreck an honest lover's peace ;  
 Could I but once call you my bride,  
 All other care on earth would cease.  
 We'd take a Cot on Cree's clear stream,  
 In blameless love we'd pass our hours ;  
 Life then would be a happy dream,  
 Amidst it's sorrows, storms and showers.  
 Your image bright, both day and night,  
 Still cheered my heart tho' far from thee—  
 O be but mine ! with what delight  
 I'll wed sweet Mary of Glen Cree.

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[220]

