

LASS O' GLENSHEE.

On a bonny day, when the heather was blooming,
And the silent hills humm'd with the sair laden bee,
I met a fair maid as I homeward was riding,
A herding her sheep on the hills o' Glenshee.

The rose on her cheek it was gem'd wi' a dimple,
And blythe was the blink o' her bonny black e'e,
Her face so enchanting, so neat and so handsome,
My heart soon belong'd to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kiss'd and carass'd her, and said, my dear lassie,
If you would but go to St. Johnson's wi' me,
There's none of the fair shall set foot on the causeway,
With clothing more fine than the lass o' Glenshee.

A carriage of pleasure thou shall hae for to ride in,
An' folk shall say mam when they speak unto thee,
Servants ye shall hae for to do your bidden,
I'll make you my lady the lass o' Glenshee.

It is mock me ne mair wi' your carriage to ride in,
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flee,
I would think mysel happy wi' a coatie o' pladdie,
Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee.

Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's fair waters,
May alter their course, and run back to the sea,
Her brave hardy sons may submit to their fetters,
But cease and believe not such baseness of me.

The lark may forget to rise in the morning,
The spring may forget to revive on the lea,
But never will I while my senses do govern me,
Forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee.

O let me alane, for I'm sure I wad blunder,
An set a' the gentry a laughing at me, [yonder,
They are book taught in manners, baith auld and young,
But we ken but little o' that in Glenshee.

They would say, look at him wi' his highland lady,
Set up for a show in a window so high,
Rolled up in a watch in a hamely spun plaidy,
And pointing towards the lass o' Glenshee.

Do not dream of sic stories, but come up behind me,
Ere Phoebus goes round, my sweet bride you shall be;
This night, in my arms, I'll doat you so kindly,
She smiled, she consented, I took her wi' me.

Now years hae gone by sin' we busket together,
And seasons hae changed but nae changes wi' me;
She's aye as gay as the fine summer weather,
When the sun's at its height on the hills o' Glenshee.

To meet wi' my Jenny away I would venture,
She's sweeter than the echo that rings on the lea;
She's spotless and pure, as the robes in the winter,
When laid out to bleech on the hills o' Glenshee.



TANTIVY, HUZZA! BOYS, HUZZA.

Awake, ye dull sluggards, awake,
See Sol's flaming vestment appears,
Behold! see the virgin day-break,
Hark! the horn salutes your dull ears;
Tang, tang, tang, de rang, tang,
The lark has soar'd its wond'rous height,
On downy wings,
It warbling sings,
Its carol, in its airy flight,
Then sportsmen, arise, see the stag where he bounds,
Unaw'd by the hunters, untrac'd by the hounds.
Tantivy, huzza, boys, huzza.

Awak'd the keen sportsmen arise,
And each mounts his high-mettled steed,
The hounds fill the air with their cries,
As through the wide welkin they speed;
Tang, tang, tang, de rang, tang,
The stag now leads its lengthen'd way,
Through dell and lake,
O'er bush and brake,
The chase ne'er lags till close of day;
The game full in view, hark, the woodland rebounds
With the sportsmen's huzza, and the cry of the hounds,
Tantivy, huzza, boys, huzza.

Behold, the poor stag stands at bay,
No longer its fleet course avails,
The hounds having seized on their prey,
His freedom with tears he bewails,
Tang, tang, tang, de rang, tang;
The horn then sounds its swelling note,
The cheerful strain,
Through wood and plain,
On the soft wings of Echo float;
Return'd from the chase, hark, the hall it resounds,
With the sportsmen's regale, & the praise of the hounds
Tantivy, huzza, boys, huzza.

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