

Lass o' Glenshea.

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

The rose on her cheek was gemm'd wi' a dimple,
And blithe was the blink o' her bonny black e'e;
Her face sae enchanting, sae neat and sae handsome,
My heart soon belong'd to the lass o' Glenshea.

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

A carriage o' pleasure you shall hae to ride in,
And folk shall say Ma'am, when they speak unto thee.
Servants you shall hae for to do your bidding—
I'll make you my lady, the lass o' Glenshea.

It's mock me nae mair wi' your carriage to ride in,
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flea.
I think myself happy wi' a coatie o' plaidie,
Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshea.

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

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

O let me alone, for I'm sure I would blunder,
And set a' the gentry a' laughing at me,
They are book-taught in manners, baith auld and young
yonder,
But we ken little of that in Glenshea.

They would say, look at him, wi' his Highland lady,
Set up for a show in a window so ligh;
Roll'd up like a witch in a hamely-spun plaidie,
And pointing towards the lass o' Glenshea.

Do not dream o' sic stories, but come up behind me
Ere Pæbus gae round, my sweet bride you shall be;
This night in my arms I'll doat on you so kindly,
She smil'd—she consented—I took her wi' me

Now years hae gone by since we busket together,
And seasons hae chang'd, but nae change wi' me;
She's aye as gay as the fine summer weather,
When the sun's at its height on the hills o' Glenshea

To meet wi' my Jenny away I would venture,
She's sweet as the echos that rings on the lea;
She's spotless and pure as the robe of the winter,
When laid out to bleach on the hills of Glenshea.



BETSEY OF DUNDEE.

William M'Call, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom-street
Liverpool.

You sailors of the nation, I pray you give attention,
It is no false invention, as plainly you may see;
My parents of this nation, they liv'd by cultivation,
In a rural habitation near the banks of sweet Dundee.

When young I took the ocean, for riches and promotion,
With an inclination strange countries for to see;
But the wars now being over, I was discharg'd at Dover,
Then I return'd to rove on the banks of sweet Dundee.

To rambling I am inclined, my parents seldom minded,
For they by love were blinded, and partial into me;
Fair maids I always courted, from nymph to nymph resorted
My time I spent in courting on the banks of sweet Dundee

Till at length a lovely maid, has my youthful heart betray'd
Beneath that fragrant shade, where I espied that lovely she
Without deliberation, I ask'd her habitation,
In accents sweet she answer'd, I'm Betsy of Dundee.

In secret long we courted, while sweet birds round us
sporting,

The valleys were our chambers we found it most secure,
Her father coming by us beneath the shade he spied us,
And strangely he did use us on the banks of sweet Dundee

He seiz'd this charming fair by the ringlets of her hair,
She fell into despair, set my very heart in flames;
He says, I've information you're going to leave this nation
And drive to desperation your character and fame.

She said, if he had gold we would never be controll'd
You would us both enfold with the greatest harmony;
If it's your determination to cause a separation,
In spite of all relations, with him I'll leave Dundee.

He says, if you're inclin'd with en honest, upright mind,
This night you shall be join'd—so come along with me;
What pleasure did surround me, and nuptial hands soon
crown'd me,
And Haymen's chains soon me bound to sweet Betsy of
Dundee.

