



THE  
**LASS**  
OF  
**GOWRIE.**

Upon a simmer afternoon,  
A wee before the sun gade down,  
My lassie in a braw new gown,  
Came o'er the hills to Gowrie.  
The rose-bud ting'd with morning shower,  
Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r,  
But Katie is 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 of Gowrie.  
I'll take ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green fields beside the shaw,  
I'll mak ye lady o' the a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,  
My mother coft last new year's day,  
And busket me frae tap to toe,  
To keep me out o' Gowrie.  
Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nel,  
And wan the lass, but what befel,  
Or what she's gane, she kens hersel,  
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

So thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine,  
Wi' beauty rare, and whit like thine,  
Except yoursel my bonnie Queen,  
I care for nought i' Gowrie.  
Since first I saw you in the shiel,  
To you my heart's been true and leal,  
The darkest nigh I fear nae deil,  
Warlock or witch, in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,  
The blush upon cheek soon spread,  
She whisper'd modestly and said,  
"Oh, fate! I'll stay i' Gowrie."  
The auld folk soon gave their consent,  
Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,  
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,  
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

# CASTLE HYDE.

William McCall, Printer, 4, Cartwright Place,  
Byrom-street, Liverpool.

As I walked forth on a summer's morning,  
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,  
To view the groves and meadows charming,  
Those pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde;  
'Tis there you'll hear the thrushes warbling,  
The dove and partridge, I now describe,  
And lambskins sporting each night and morning,  
All for to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in any nation,  
In fine plantation you'll see them there,  
The rose and tulip, and sweet cornation,  
There, all a viewing with the lilly fair.  
The buck and doe, the fox and eagle,  
They skip and play by the river side:  
The trout and salmon, are nimbly sporting,  
In the purling streams of sweet Castle Hyde.

You'll gaze with wonder at the brilliant grounds  
Which does bespangle each hill and dale;  
The lofty mountains, and crystal fountains  
As Flora adorns each lawn and vale.  
The wholesome air of the habitation,  
Would recreate your heart with pride,  
There is no valley throughout the nation,  
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There is fine horses, and stall-fed oxen,  
A den for foxes to play and hide,  
Fine mares for breeding, and foreign sheep,  
With snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.  
The grand improvements they would amaze you,  
The trees are drooping with fruit of all kind,  
The bees perfuming the trees with music,  
Which yields more beauty to Castle Hyde.

If nobles now from foreign places,  
Would chance to sail to the Irish shore,  
'Tis in this valley they could be feasted,  
As often heroes had done before.  
There's a place for service in this fine harbor  
Where nobles all in their coaches ride,  
To view the groves and meadows charming,  
That fronts the palace of Castle Hyde.

I roved from Blarney to Castledarnet,  
From Thomas town to sweet Doneraul,  
From Killshannick, that joins Rathcoormick,  
Besides Killarney and Abbeyfail.  
The flowing Nore the Bawn and Liffey,  
The river Shannon, and pleasant Clyde:  
But in all my ranging, and sweet surveying,  
I found none equal to Castle Hyde.

