



JOCK O' HAZLEDEAN.

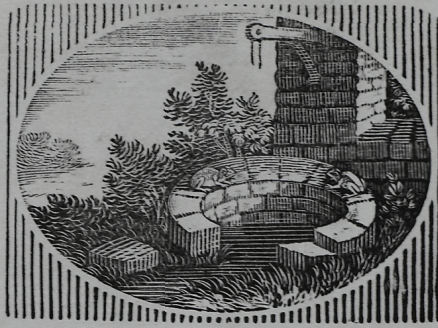
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Why weep you by the tide, lady?
Why weep you by the tide?
I'll wed you to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, lady,
So comely to be seen:
But aye she let the tear downfa'
For Jock o' Hazledean.

A chain of gowd ye shall not want,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor manag'd hawk,
Nor palfrey fleet and fair;
And yet the foremost of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen:
But aye she let the tear downfa',
For Jock o' Hazledean.

Then let the mournful grief be o'er,
And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And Lord of Langley Dale.
His step is first in peacefu' ha',
His sword in battle keen:
But aye she let the tear downfa'
For Jock o' Hazledean.

The church was deck'd at eventide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But ne'er a bride was there.
They sought her baith thro' bower and ha',
The lady was na seen;
For she's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazledean.



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Time is on the Wing.

Strew, strew with roses,
Life's rough path, and let's be gay
Thoughtless youth proposes
To trifle time away.

But youth's a fleeting April morn,
This lesson seems to bring,
Every rose will bear its thorn,
And time is on the wing.

Trip, trip to measure,
Dulcet as the voice of love,
Warble sons of pleasure,
Adown the flowery grove.

But love's sweet voice will oft betray,
And pleasure cloy'd will sing,
Every flow'r will fade away,
And time is on the wing.

