

THE GEAR AND THE BLATHRIE O'T.

A PROVERB—"Shame fall the gear and the blathrie o't" is given in Kelly's PROVERBS, 1721 as the burden of an old Scottish song. We have one or two other versions of this song, but the one here given appears to be accepted as the oldest.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And the little wee share I ha'e o't to myself,
 And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!
 Jockie was the laddie that held the plough,
 But now he's got gowd and gear enough;
 He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:—
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!
 Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her silken attire;
 And Jockie says he lo'es her, and swears he's me forgot:—
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!
 But all this shall never daunton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;
 For the lad that's sae inconstant he is not worth a groat:—
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

HERD'S COLLECTION. The air is given in Thomson's ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1725.

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming ower the lea?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was formed by Nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me;
 Lest she lo'e nae me.
 Peggy doth discover
 Nought but charms all over:
 Nature bids me love her;
 That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her;
 Could I but obtain her,
 Happy would I be!
 I'll lie down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 Till she pity me.

SAW YE JOHNNY COMIN'?

SUPPOSED to be prior to the days of Ramsay, although we can find no trace of its author or precise age. The air was much admired by Burns, who heard it played in Dumfries by Mr. Thomas Fraser, oboist in the theatre there, and composed a song for it.

Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny comin';
 Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny comin';
 Saw ye Johnny comin', quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnny comin';
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
 And his doggie rinnin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel-doin';
 And a' the wark about the house,
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.
 I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him;
 And for a merk o' mair fee,
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O, fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

ETTRICK BANKS.

THOMSON'S ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1725.

ON Ettrick banks, ae simmer's night,
 At gloamin', when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane.
 My heart grew light;—I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang,
 My words they were na monie feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye gang
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?
 I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig o' Earn:
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomielaw;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

A' day when we ha'e wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:—
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne, when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead you to my simmer shiel.
 Then, far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak' the kindly heart their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

PART II.

From the UNION to 1776.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY. Marked as an old song with additions. Worthy of preservation for the moral contained in the last stanza.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith butt and ben
 To find their mam a snishing.
 The auld wife ayont the fire,
 The auld wife aniest the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun ha'e a young gudeman,
 Shall furnish me wi' snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if you wi' a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides half blind, ye ha'e the gout,
 Your mill can haud nae snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That ye shall have a snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

The auld anc did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat:
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To win hersel' a snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow 't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row 't,
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
 And aye she curst poor stumpy.
 The auld wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neeze,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack o' snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice weel this truth,
 As soon as ye're past mark o' mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts o' snishing.
 Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
 Your bairns against you will conspire;
 Nor will you get, unless you hire,
 A young man with your snishing.

JOCKEY FOU, JENNY FAIN.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY—where it is marked as an old song, with additions.

JOCKEY fou, Jenny fain;
 Jenny was na ill to gain;
 She was couthie, he was kind;
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice;
 Gi'e me love at ony price:
 I winna prig for red or white,
 Love alane can gi'e delyte.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
 Gi'e me love for her I court:
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingled unco fine,
 Common notions lang sinsyne,
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is nae meat, but appetite,
 That makes our eating a delyte;
 Beauty is at best deceit;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat.

HAUD AWA'.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY—where it is marked as an old song, with additions; probably by Ramsay himself. The air is very old (being found in Playford's "DANCING MASTER," 1657), and has always been very popular, numerous songs to it being extant.

DONALD.

O, COME awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny!
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought shall alter me, Jenny;
 For ye're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er ye think of me, Jenny!
 First when your sweets enslaved my heart,
 Ye seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
 But now, alas! you act a part
 That speaks inconstancie, Jenny.
 Inconstancie is sic a vice,
 It's not befitting thee, Jenny;
 It suits not with your virtue nice,
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

JENNY.

O, haud awa', bidè awa',
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
 Your heart is made ower large for ane—
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald:
 But I've a heart that's naething such;
 'Tis filled wi' honestie, Donald.
 I'll ne'er love mony; I'll love much;
 I hate all levitic, Donald.

Therefore nae mair, wi' art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when ye courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald:
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now the mask's faun aff, I scorn
 To ware a thocht on thee, Donald.

And now for ever haud awa',
 Haud awa' frae me, Donald!
 Sae, seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald:
 For I'll reserve mysel' for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald.
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm the man, and fause report
 Has only tauld a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was raised by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa' to me, Donald!
 I'm weel content ne'er to repent
 That I ha'e smiled on thee, Donald!

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

SIR JOHN CLERK, BART.,

BORN about 1680. He was appointed in 1708 one of the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland, which post he held till his death in 1755. Sir John was a profound antiquarian, and he carried on a long and learned correspondence with Roger Gale, the celebrated English antiquary. The song here given appeared first in *THE CHARMER*, 1751, minus the last stanza, which was afterwards added by the author. The first stanza belongs to an old song.

MERRY may the maid be
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day or fair day
 He's aye bringing till her;

Has aye a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper ;
And gin she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps o' yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling :
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling.
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' good hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty ;
A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standin' in the byre ;
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mou's
Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak the miller ;
For foul day and fair day
He's aye bringing till her ;
For meal and maut he does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty ;
And now then a keekling hen
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth stane
Before a rousing fire ;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy :
Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy ?

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

PATRICK BIRNIE,

A well-known piper of his day. He flourished about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Allan Ramsay, in 1721, published an "Elegie on Patie Birnie," one of the stanzas of which is as follows:—

"This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke 'The auld man's mear's dead—
The peats and turfs and a's to lead;'
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like your honour."

THE auld man's mear's dead;
The puir body's mear's dead;
The auld man's mear's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hunder hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead—
And yet the jaud to dee!

She had the fierceie and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee?

She was lang-tooth'd and blench-lippit,
Heam-hough'd and haggis-fittit,
Lang-neckit, chandler-chafftit,
And yet the jaud to dee!

EDINBURGH KATIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY,

Often styled "The restorer of Scottish Poetry," was born at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, 15th October, 1686. His father, who was manager of Lord Hopetoun's mines, at Leadhills, died shortly after his birth, and his mother then became the wife of a petty landholder in the same district. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Edinburgh, and apprenticed by his stepfather to a wigmaker. He pursued this calling till 1718, when, encouraged by the success of a few fugitive pieces of poetry, he began business as a bookseller, in the High Street of Edinburgh. In 1721, he published a volume of his poems, and realised a very handsome profit on its sale. In 1724, the first volume of the *TEA TABLE MISCELLANY* (so often referred to in the course of this work) was published, and its success warranted its being succeeded by the remaining three volumes. In this publication he was assisted by Hamilton of Bangour, Mallet, Crawford, and many others. In 1724, also, he published "*THE EVERGREEN*," our second collection of early Scots poetry. His masterpiece, "*The Gentle Shepherd*," appeared in 1725, and established his fame as a writer, not only in Scotland but in England, where Pope, Gay, and other critics,

applauded and studied it. He carried on his business as a bookseller and publisher till about 1745, when he retired. He died in 1758, and was interred in the Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

He married Christian Ross, and had a large family. His son, Allan, rose to great eminence as a painter, holding the post of "Portrait Painter to His Majesty" from 1767. He died in 1784.

Allan Ramsay's fame as a song writer has faded since the time of Burns; but we must not forget that no small share of Burns's inspiration, and love of Scottish song, was fostered by admiration for Ramsay and his works; and that the *TEA TABLE MISCELLANY*, gathered by him, has been the means of preserving many an early gem, which, but for his care, might have been lost. As an editor, he has been blamed for tampering with the original versions, but this was generally done to cover some loose and immoral language; and no one who is at all acquainted with the originals of some of our most popular songs will be inclined to concur in this censure, when they recollect that the *TEA TABLE MISCELLANY* was dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain. Whatever loose expressions are now to be found in it were not considered as such in the times of "Honest Allan."

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my joe?
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my joe!
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Sin' ye're out o' your mither's sicht,
 Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

Oh, Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome toun a while?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile.
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Sune as the clear gudeman o' day
 Does bend his morning draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flouirs to busk your brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands, now and then, we'll lean
 And sport upon the velvet fog.

There's, up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower.

Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the caller shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATIE'S ANSWER.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My mither's aye glowrin' ower me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look at my love,
 Or else she'd be like to devour me.
 Right fain wad I tak' your offer,
 Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your puir Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.
 For though my father has plenty
 Of silver, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweir
 To twine wi' his gear;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

BONNIE CHIRSTY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green;
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry:
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
 Compar'd wi' those of Chirsty.

When wandring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No natural beauty wanting;
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark
 And birds in concert chanting!

But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts wi' ecstasies rejoice,
 And drap the hail creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:
 But, dubious o' my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother;
 Wi' secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Chirsty did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But, ere he wist, drew near him.
 She spak' her favour wi' a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her:
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Chirsty! witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising!
 I wish this may na be a dream
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk,
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna wi' set speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

OLD LONGSYNE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Though they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay.

Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball :
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline ;
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blythe bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleased with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the powers above.
 Next day, with consent and glad haste,
 They approach'd the sacred shrine,
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And, O! she's wondrous bonnie.
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money.
 The tutors watched the motion
 Of this young honest lover :
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depths discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel but unaffected.

The collier's bonnie lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Aye sweet, and never saucy,
 Secured the heart o' Willie.

He loved, beyond expression,
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession;
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her;
 In safest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus telled her:

My bonnie collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye;
 It's no your scanty tocher,
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:
 For I have gear in plenty;
 And love says, it's my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And we for life shall gang thegither;
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane 's nae worth a shilling;
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her's killing.

Gie me a lass with a lump o' land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes; but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, though bonnie, to meddle:
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle gude love in bands and bags;
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection,

Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,
 But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

TEA TABLE MISCELLANY (with the exception of the first verse), marked X, signifying that it is a modern song by an unknown author. The air has been traced as far back as 1657. The present version of the words are doubtless of Ramsay's own time, if not by himself.

An thou were my ain thing,
 I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I lo'e thee!

I would clasp thee in my arms,
 I'd secure thee from all harms;
 For above mortal thou hast charms:
 How dearly do I lo'e thee!
 An thou were, &c.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee,
 So I must still presumptuous be,
 To show how much I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O, for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I lo'e, and, for your sake,
 What man can more, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
 An thou were, &c.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Written as a continuation of the song already given.

LIKE bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
 And gar the gods envy me.
 An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in saft whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
 An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysel' aboon thee.
 An thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.
 An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.
 An thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Ha'e there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.
 An thou were, &c.

POLWARTH, ON THE GREEN.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AT Polwarth, on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lads and lasses do convene
 To dance around the thorn;
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Fra her, wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee—
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's na to be free.

At Polwarth, on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the live-lang day.
 At night, if beds be ower thrang laid,
 And thou be twined of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' thee I ha'e mony a day been;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THIS is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.
 Then fareweel to my father's house,
 I gang whare love invites me; -
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robbie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.
 When I'm in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand aye,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command aye;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That mak's ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band aye.

GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

GIN ye meet a bonnie lassie,
 Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae;
 But if ye meet a dirty hizzie,
 Fye, gar rub her ower wi' strae.
 Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twa-fauld ower a rung.
 Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time:
 Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the saft minutes o' delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, layin' a' the wyte
 On you if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill-bred, she'll smilin' say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark neuk.
 Her lauch will lead ye to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want;
 And plainly tell ye to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are hauf a grant.

Now to her heavin' bosom cling,
 And sweetly tuilyie for a kiss;
 Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
 As taiken o' a future bliss.
 These benisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of kind heaven's indulgent grant;
 Then, surly carles, wheesht, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whinin' cant!

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE widow can bake, an' the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,
 An' mony braw things the widow can do;
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 With courage attack her, baith early and late,
 To kiss her an' clap her ye maunna be blate:
 Speak well, an' do better; for that's the best gate
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good shair
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
 An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,
 With, naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport with the widow, my laddie!

Then till her, and kill her with courtesie dead,
 Though stark love and kindness be all you can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.
 Strike iron while 'ts het, if ye'd have it to wald;
 For fortune aye favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

BESSIE BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O, BESSIE BELL, and Mary Gray,
 They were twa bonnie lasses;
 They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theekit it ower wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thocht I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
 She smiles like a May mornin',
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adornin';
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty,
 With ilka grace she can command:
 Her lips, O, wow! they're denty.

An' Mary's locks are like the crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's aye sac clean, redd-up, and brow;
 She kills whenc'er she dances.
 Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is,
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;
 O, Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessie Bell, and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get;
 To ane by law we're stentit;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be wi' ane contentit.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, evening and morn :
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung : " Though young Maya be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
 Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the spring.

" That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

" That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

HAP ME WI' THY PETTICOAT.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O BELL, thy looks ha'e kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain ;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm ;
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel thou decline
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fall, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh ! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine ;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine;
 Or loose my chains and set me free
 From every charm of thine.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
 But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming, Highland laddie;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows town,
 In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
 Compared to him, he's but a clown,
 He's finer far in 's tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
 Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad
 Behind a bush in 's Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

UP IN THE AIR.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Now the sun's gaen out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France.
 Up in the air
 On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.
 The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon,
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
 The man, &c.

Tak' your glass to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puff's the lover's fire.
 Up in the air,
 It drives away care,
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
 Come, Willy, gi'es about ye'r toast,
 Till't lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bowt.
 Up wi't, there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza lads, yet.
 Up wi't, &c.

I WILL AWA' WI' MY LOVE.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll ower Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae;
 Though ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 For now she's mistress o' my heart,
 And wordy o' my hand;
 And, weel I wat, we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And beaux admire fine lace;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonnie face.
 There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air;
 The saul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare;
 Her flowin' wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms!
 There blythely will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I'll range;
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
 Shame fa' them that wad change.
 A kiss of Betty, and a smile
 A beit ye wad lay down,
 The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
 And offer me yer crown.

BONNIE SCOT-MAN.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

YE gales, that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonnie Scot-man.
 In haly bands we joined our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate a large estate
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse, in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat, man,
 Ere I could for sic little ends,
 Refuse my bonnie Scot-man.
 Wae worth the man, wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion!
 Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hause thee.
 Love gi'es the word; then, haste on board;
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er, frae yonder shore,
 My blythe, my bonnie Scot-man.

BRAES OF BRANKSOME.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

As I cam' in by Teviot side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonnie bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome.
 Her skin was saltier than the down,
 And white as alabaster;
 Her hair, a shining, waving brown;
 In straightness nae surpass'd her.
 Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising:
 Nae silken hose with gushats fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her bare leg, forbad to shine
 Weel-shapen native graces.
 Ae little coat and bodice white
 Was sum o' a' her claitthing;
 E'en these o'er muckle;—mair delight
 She'd given clad wi' naething.
 We lean'd upon a flowery braise,
 By which a burnie trotted;
 On her I glow'd my soul away,
 While on her sweets I doated,

A thousand beauties of desert
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 Till this dear artless struck my heart,
 And, bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurried by love, close to my breast
 I clasp'd this fund of blisses,—
 Wha smiled, and said, Without a priest,
 Sir, hope for nocht but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
 And yet I couldna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka charm
 O' hers pled I should grant her.
 Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

THE LAST TIME I CAM' OWRE THE MUIR.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE last time I cam' owre the muir,
 I left my love behind me:
 Ye powers, what pains do I endure
 When soft ideas mind me!
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

We stray'd beside yon wand'ring stream,
 And talk'd with hearts o'erflowing;
 Until the sun's last setting beam
 Was in the ocean glowing.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall centre.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang ower the muir,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me;
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she!
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy ajee;
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie,
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! should a new manteau or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That ance had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer your flageeries to me;
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be solid and cannie,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of newfangled Sawney,
 Though gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be adored by fair Annie,
 And aim at those benisons promised to me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be prudent and cannie;
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Oh! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaux, or foppery, had power
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And let thy desires a' be centred in me;
 Oh! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and cannie,
 And love anc wha lang has been loving to thee.

MARY SCOTT THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile;
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish.
 With success crown'd I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky:
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

JEAN.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart maun bleed.
 The smiling boy with art divine,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonnie Jean.

Nae mair the nymph, wi' haughty air,
 Refuses Willie's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes show nae care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 Nae mair the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonnie Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on wi' disdain;
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonnie Jean.

The day he spends in amorous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen;
 Wi' breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be wi' bonnie Jean.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O, SANDY, why leave thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me;
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scornin'
 Baith e'enin' and mornin';
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away;
 But, quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

TIBBIE HAS A STORE O' CHARMS.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TIBBY has a store o' charms
 Her genty shape our fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
 Fra'er ancle to her slender waste,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawsy, saft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey,
 She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither.
 O love! why does thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious sauls immense desires,
 And aye be in a hankerin' swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine :
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye gods, give ear to my petition :
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition.

FAIR WIDOW ARE YE WAKIN'.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

O WHA's that at my chamber-door ?
 "Fair widow, are ye wakin' ?"
 Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sic as he can bless the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.
 "O widow, wilt thou let me in ?
 I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 And come of a right gentle kin ;
 I'm little more than fifty."
 Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.
 "Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
 That powerfully plead clinkan,
 And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
 And nae mair love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, sir.

I'LL OWRE THE MUIR TO MAGGY.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

AND I'll owre the muir to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me ;
 There to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me :
 If she loves mirth, I'll learn to sing
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclined,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her;
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding,
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonnie Maggie's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom bleazes.

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
 From thee with pain I'm forced to go;
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we sunder.
 Ye gods! take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her;
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again and never sunder.