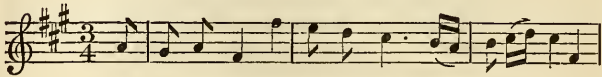
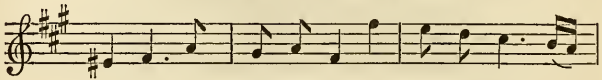


OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.



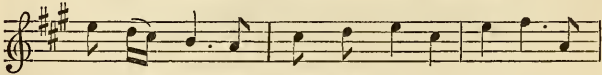
As I went forth to view the spring, Which Flora had a -



dorn-èd In gorgeous rai-ment, eve-ry-thing A



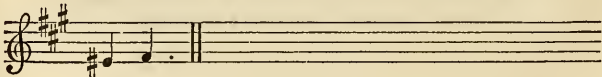
win-ter's rage out - scorn-èd; I cast mine eye, and



did es - py A youth that made great clamour, And,



draw-ing nigh, I heard him cry, Ah, Om-ni-a vin-cit



a - mor!

As I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adornèd
In gorgeous raiment, everything
A winter's rage outscornèd ;

I cast mine eye, and did espy
A youth that made great clamour,
And, drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah, *Omnia vincit amor!*

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murmuring river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver :
' On Jeanie's face lies comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days—
For *Omnia vincit amor!*

' Her glancy een, like comet's sheen,
The morning sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And made me die with pining.
Durst I complain, Nature's to blame
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
Cry, *Omnia vincit amor!*

' Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning ;
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning.
Let every tree a witness be
How justly I may blame her ;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah ! *Omnia vincit amor!*

' Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been adored for virtues rare,
Who 'f life now makes me tired.'

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

This said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He sighed full sore, and said no more
 But, *Omnia vincit amor !*

When I observed him near to death,
 I ran in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resigned his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him ;
 Now, for her sake, this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall aye defame her ;
 While on his hearse I'll write this verse,
 Ah, *Omnia vincit amor !*

Straight I considered in my mind,
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, though Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars and thundering Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *Omnia vincit amor !*

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder ;
 Nor wise nor fool need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look
 For *Omnia vincit amor !*

The idea of a song with *Omnia vincit amor* for its burden is as old at least as the reign of Charles I., for such is the title of one of the tunes in the Skene Manuscript. The present composition cannot be traced further back than to a broadside apparently of King William's time, which is inserted in the Roxburghe

Collection (British Museum). Ramsay gave it a place in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, with the signature Q., to denote that it was an old song with alterations. It was presented, with its tune, in Johnson's *Museum*—not, however, the tune called *Omnia Vincit Amor* in the Skene Manuscript.

The style of the verse, and even of the grammar and syntax, as well as the introduction of heathen deities, bring us strongly in remembrance of the preceding song, *Leader Haughs and Yarrow*. Most probably, therefore, *Omnia Vincit Amor* is another of Minstrel Burne's productions.