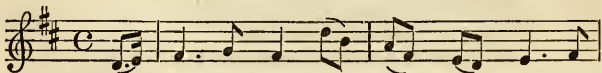
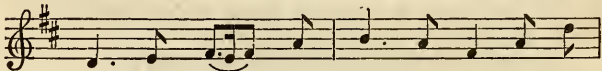


AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

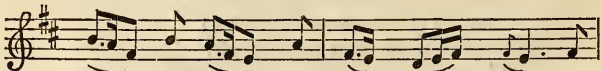
This is a piece by Hamilton of Bangour, scarcely to be distinguished in style from those of Crawford. It is to a tune entitled *Sour Plums o' Galashiels*, or briefly *Galashiels*, which is stated by Mr Stenhouse to have been composed by the Laird of Galashiels's piper, about the beginning of the eighteenth century.



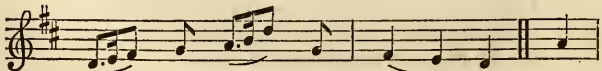
Ah, the poor shep - herd's mourn - ful fate, When



doom'd to love and doom'd to lan - guish, To

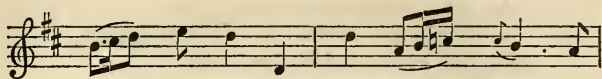


bear the scorn - ful fair one's hate, Nor

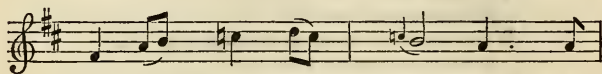


dare dis - close his an - guish! Yet

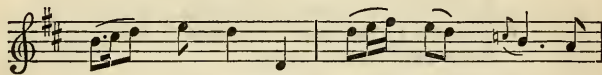
AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE. 359



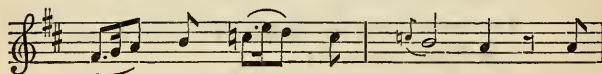
eag - er looks and dy - ing sighs My



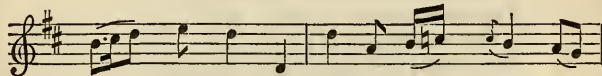
se - cret soul dis - cov - er, While



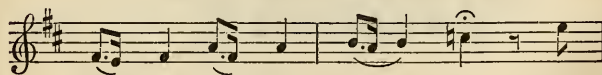
rap - ture, trem - bling through mine eyes, Re -



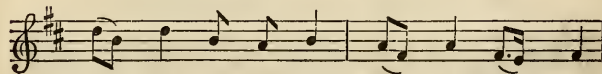
veals how much I love her. The



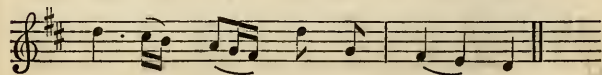
tend - er glance, the red - den - ing cheek, O'er -



spread with ris - ing blush - es, A



thou - sand var - i - ous ways they speak A



thou - sand var - i - ous wish - es.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish !
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air
So fatally beguiling ;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.