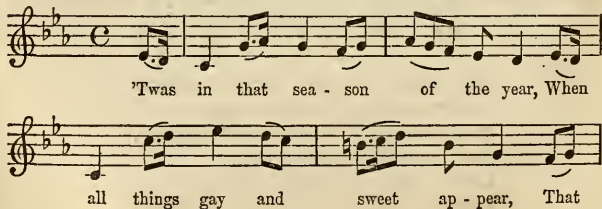The beautiful air of this song was long thought to be a production of James Oswald; but Mr Stenhouse states, that it appears in the prior collection of M'Gibbon, under the name of *The House of Glams.* It is certainly of no great age.

The song, which may be considered as an imitation of the dulcet strains of Mallet and Thomson, was composed by Richard Hewitt, a young man, a native of Cumberland, who served Dr Blacklock, the blind poet, for some years as an amanuensis, and died in 1764, in the capacity of secretary to the Lord Justice-Clerk Milton, *sous-ministre* for Scotland, under Archibald, Duke of Argyle.

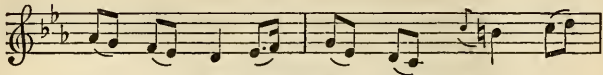The song first appeared in Herd's Collection.

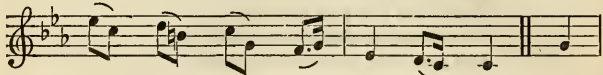'Twas in that sea - son of the year, When

all things gay and sweet ap - pear, That

[1] Invermay is a small woody glen, on the northern skirts of the Ochil range, rendered attractive by a cascade of its rivulet, the May.
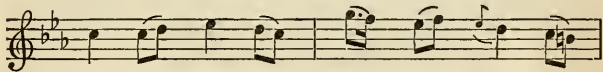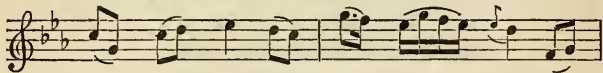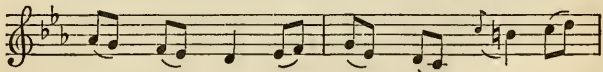
Col - in, with the morn - ing ray, A-
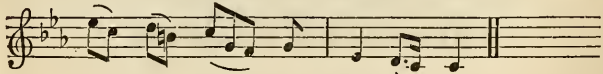
rose and sung his ru - ral lay. Of

Nan - nie's charms the shep - herd sung: The

hills and dales with Nan - nie rung; While

Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And

ech - oed back his cheer - ful strain.

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung:
The hills and dales with Nannie rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back his cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse ! The breathing spring
With rapture warms : awake, and sing !
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;
O, bid her haste and come away ;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn !

O look, my love ! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let the raptured notes arise :
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh, come, my love ! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls : O, come away !
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine !