LOVELY JEAN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE

Bush aboon Traquair.

THE LASS IN YON TOWN,

THE PITCHER,

The Death of Wolfe.

STIRLING:

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LOVELY JEAN.

Or a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best:
Tho' wild woods grow, an rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day an' night my fancy's fligh
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flower,
Sae lovely, sweet, an' fair;
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air;
There's not a bonny flow'r that springs,
By fountain shaw or green,
Nor yet a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a';
In hamely weeds she far exceeds,
The fairest of the town;
Baith grave and gay confess it sae,
Tho' dress'd in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks the dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut (if sick we ca't)
Except her love to me;
The sparkling dew, of clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape an' air wha can compare,
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin win's, blaw soft,
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle breath, frae muir an' dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That's ay sae neat an' clean!
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean!

What sighs and vows amang the knowes,
Hae past atween us twa;
How fain to meet and wae to part,
That day she gade awa!
The pow'rs aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen;
That nane can be sae dear to me,
As my sweet lovely Jean.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me ye nymphs and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,

Though this I lanquish, this complain,
alas she ne'er believes me!
My vows and sighs like silent air,
unheaded never move her,
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad;
no maid seem'd ever kinder,
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
so sweetly there to find her:
I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,
in words that I thought tender,
I more than pass'd I'm not to blame;
I mean not to offend her:

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
the fields we then frequented,
Where'ere she meets she shows disdain,
she looks as ne'er aquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her sweets it decay,
it fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,
why thus should Peggy grieve me,
Oh! make her partners in my pains,
then iether smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
my passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
to lonely woods I'll wander,

THE LASS IN YON TOWN.

WAT ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'ening sun upon?
The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beams e'er shone upon.
Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest ye birds that round her sing,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee.
How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
But doubly welcome is the spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes sae green;
But my delights in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
Without my fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky
My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gane down upon;

The dearest maid's in yon town,
His setting beam e'er shone upon;
If angry fate is sworn my foe
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I'd careless quit ought else below,
But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.
For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart,
For as she's lovely in her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.

THE PITCHER.

It's not yet day, it' not yet day,
then why should we leave good liquor,
'Till the sun beams around us play,
we'll sit and take another pitcher,
The silver moon she shines so bright,
she shines most bright—I swear by Nature,
That if my minute-glass goes right,
we've time to drink the other pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me if I'd work all day,
and sleep by night, I'd grow the richer,
But what is all this world's delight,
compar'd with mirth, my friend & pitcher,
It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
then why should we leave good liquor,
'Till the sun beams around us play,
we'll sit and take the other pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

They tell me Tom has got a wife,
whose portion will make him the richer, I
I envy not his happy life,
give me good health, my friend & pitcher.
It's not yet day, it's not yet day,
then why should we leave good liquor,
'Till the sun beams around us play,
we'll sit and take the other pitcher.
It's not yet day, &c.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave a wretched retreat,
Britannia sat wasted with care:
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against Fate,
and gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around,
With th' exploits of her favorite son;
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the gods from his chrystaline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
Being mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came:
"Britannia, forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov'd;
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

"The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abodes;
And, such is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with their gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree;
That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

"To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;
Wolfe beg'd for a moment's delay;
He cry'd, 'Oh; forbear, let me victory hear,
And then the command I'll obey.'
With a dark'ning film'd encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn;
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
Might tempt him again to return."

FINIS.