



An' left me thus to mourn;
So perish'd a' my youthful joy,
Wild whistling in the blast,
But now its leafless branches wave
In gay green mantle dress;
I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,

Then fare ye weel, my friends see dear,
For I maun lea you a';
O will ye sometimes shed a tear
For me, when far awa';
For me, when far frae hame and you,
Where ceaseless tempests blaw,
Will ye repeat my last adieu,
An' mourn that I'm awa'.

O welcome winter, wi' thy storms,
Thy frosts and hills of snaw,
Dismantle nature o' her charms,
For I maun lea' them them a';
I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd, laid
Upon its willow bier;
I've seen the rose bud drooping fade
Beneath the dewy tear.

Tune---Jockie's far awa'.

THE FAREWELL.

5

8

The frost that decks the tree my love,
Cauld wad it fa' on me.

O come along wi' me my love,
Come to the burnie's side:
The cauld blast winna steer thee love,
I'll hap thee in my plaid.
I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
To the burnie's rocky side:
I coudna see thee cauld my love,
And me row't in thy plaid.

O come along wi' me my love,
O come and fear nae harm; twa,
We'll share the plaid atween us
And keep ilk ither warm.
I come—and thus it ay will be,
Let fortune smile or storm,
We'll share the plaid atween us twa,
And keep ilk ither warm.

FINIS.

But hush! who comes yonder? 'tis Matty, my
dearest;
The moon, how it brightens, while she treads
I'll welcome my beautiful nymph, by the nearest,
And pour my whole soul in her bosom again.

To wander delighted with her all the day;
When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,
And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

Ye power! be my task to protect and behold
her,
To wader delighted with her all the day;
When sadness dejects, in my arms to enfold her,
And kiss, in soft raptures, her sorrows away.

When lock'd arm in arm we retire from the
city,
To stray through the meadow or shadow
How oft do I wake her compassion and pity,
While telling some tale of unfortunate love.
Her innocent answers delight me to hear them,
For art or dissembling to her are unknown;
And false protestations she knows not to fear
[own,
But thinks that each heart is as kind as her
And lives there a villain, who, born to dissemble,
Would dare an attempt to dishonour her fame;
May blackest confusion, surrounding, assemble,
And bury the wretch in distraction and shame.

4

NEW SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

While Phoebus reposes.

O WELCOME WINTER:

COME WI' ME.



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My bosom unable its transports to speak,
In raptures I wander and gaze on each feature,
Sweet beauty and innocence smile in her
[cheek, creature,
And kind is the lovely, the charming young
Since Maty commands and delights in my
pose me,
(strain.
Their madness, their malice shall ne'er discom-
But fools, or the rabble, shall grow now in
[vain, me,
The great may exclaim, and with fury enclose
For Maty is fame and ambition to me.

Ambition I leave to the folly of asses,
trees;
My moments, from fame and its nonsense are
Nor hardship, nor care now my bosom harasses,
To meet wi' my Maty, and stray o'er the
(green, blossom;
Here, lonely, I rove, near the old hawthorn's
is seen,
While white thro' the branches the moonlight
While Phoebus reposes in Thetis's bosom,

M A T Y .

3

LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Tune—Cauld kail in Aberdeen:

How long and drearie is the night,
When I am frae my dearie,
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae wearie.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on her lightsome days,
I spent wi' thee my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie.
For oh &c.

How slow ye move ye heavy hours,
The joyless day how drearie;
It was nae sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.
For oh, &c.

The low'ring clouds are vanish'd love,
O come along wi' me:
Come along wi' me my love,

COME, MY LOVE.

Then fare ye weel, etc.
For me, when far awa.
O spare the tribute of a sigh
The social crack ye ca,
Ye lads and lasses, when sae blythe
Its sky unclouded blue.
Still be its fields un fading green,
Where early joys I knew;
O winter spare the peaceful scene
Then fare ye weel, etc.
That drives me far awa.
The gloomy storm already low'rs
Wi' buds and blossoms braw,
In vain will spring bedeck the bow'rs
Will bloom in vain to me;
The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
O wre the green swarded lea;
In vain will spring her gowans spread
Then fare ye weel, etc.
But joy will ne'er return.
The vernal sun will gild the sky,

6

7

And the moon blinks bonnilie,
I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
I maunna gang wi' thee,
For soon the cluds may gather love,
And hide the moon's bright ee.

O come along wi' me my love,
O come and dinna fear;
The sky is cloudless blue my love,
And the starns are shinin' clear,
I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
For I hae much to fear;
The meteor's frequent gleam my love,
Portends a tempest near.

O come along wi' me my love,
And dinna say me nay;
Come see the sportive spunkie love,
A happin down the brae.
I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
I e'en maun say thee nay;
The spunkie's treacherous flame my love,
Leads followers far astray.

O come along wi' me my love,
O come along wi' me,
And see the hoary cranreuch love,
Bedeck the leafless tree.
I maunna gang wi' thee my love,
I maunna gang wi' thee: