

THE
Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
She lives in the Valley below,
THE STAR OF THE EAST,
The Mill, Mill, O,
ON FRIENDSHIP.



GLASGOW.

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1828.

EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN:

O were I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it baith as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Weel deserves baith girse and corn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabout nor far awa.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon hip or heel,
Her crooked horn did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead or ca'.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her,
Ance she lay a ouk and langer,
Furth aneath a wreath of snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail, for a' the tyke,
My ewie never did the like,
But toss'd about the barn wa'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind of stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thirty head awa.

I looked aye at e'ening for her,
 Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
 Or the fumart would devour her,
 If the beastie bade awa.

Yet last ouk for a' my keeping,
 Wha can speak it without weeping,
 A villain cam when I was sleeping.
 Aud staw my ewie, horn and a'.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
 And down beneath a bush o' thorn
 I fand my ewie's crooked horn,
 But my ewie was awa.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,
 Though a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi sic a turn
 As this since ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Silly ewie stown awa.

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they are auld,
It wadna been by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a'.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her I could hae borne,
Had fair strae death taen her awa.

But thus poor thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our gudewife,
Shall never win about ava.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn,
Our ewie wi the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us and felled an a'.

3HE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

The broom bloomed so fresh and so fair,
The lambkins were sporting around,
When I wandered to breathe the fresh air,
And by chance a rich treasure I found,
A lass sat beneath a green shade,
For whose smiles the world I'll forego;
As blooming as May was the maid,
And she lives in the valley, she lives in the
valley, the valley below.

Her song struck my ears with surprise,
Her voice like the nightingale sweet,
But love took his seat in her eyes,
There beauty and innocence meet :
From that moment my heart was her own,
For her every wish I'd forego,
She's beauteous as roses just blown,
And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
The sweet turtle dove cooing round,
My flocks and my herds are my own,
My pastures with hawthorn are bound.
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,
If her heart in return she'll bestow,
For no pastime can cheer my retreat,
While she lives in the valley below.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

Of late you have heard of two lovers,
That lived near yon castle so high ;
To the greenwoods they oftimes resorted,
While the owl from the forest did cry.
When he gazed on the blooming young creature,
Her beauteous enchanting eyes,
Evinced her heart it was captured
By one that soon did her despise.

They ranged the woods with great pleasure ;
Their weary limbs oft did repose ;
A large spreading oak was their covert,
'Twas there they their minds did disclose.

He told her, her worth was so precious,
That he never could her deceive,
Enraptured with love she exclaimed,
If you do my death on you I'll leave.

The rays of her pleasure shone brighter,
Than the beams from the sun from on high,
But a dark dismal cloud soon appeared,
Proclaiming her ruin was nigh.

A breeze from that ocean of falsehood,
Did poison her pleasure with woe,
Till the heart of this young blooming creature,
With sorrow was made for to flow.

Unmoved with the groans that she uttered
He wantonly to her did say,
For marriage I am not disposed,
Then homeward he set on his way.

She cried, remember your promise,
For you know unto you I'm with child,
Aspiring for one that was greater,
The Star of the East he beguiled.

Distracted she ran through the woodlands,
Her bosom still heaving with pain;
No answer was made to her sighing,
But the rocks that re-echoed again.
Soon death's icy drops hang suspended,
On the brow of this beauty betrayed,
To those boisterous waves she's now bended,
In death's robes she now is arrayed.

When I visit the tomb of this lassie,
Some spirit it whispers to me,
A victim to Love lies here buried,
Where youth bloomed in every eye.

No more by yon castle she wanders,
 To love she is no more a slave,
 Bereaved of all earthly comforts,
 She mouldering now lies in her grave.

THE MILL, MILL, O.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still, O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove,
 Around her wi' good will, O.
 Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
 She stirr'd na my joy to spill, O :
 While kindly she slept close to her I crept ;
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill, O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the billow.
 Twa years brought me hame, whar loud-raising fame,
 Tauld me, wi' a voice right shrill, O,
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond o' her charms, wi' my son in her arms,
 I ferlying spier'd how she fell, O,
 Wi' the tear in her ee, quo' she, let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell, O.
 But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade a' her fears dispel, O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man,
 Wha had done her the deed mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the shilling Hill, O,
 If I did offence, I'se mak ye amends,
 Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
 O the mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
 And the coggin o' the wheel, O,
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round wi' a sodger reel, O.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet,
 How strange does it seem that in searching around,
 That source of content is so rare to be found!
 O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our joys when extended will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.