

The disappointed lover ;

To which are added,

Up in the morning,

Wellington's Address,

My Bonny Jean.



STIRLING :

PRINTED BY W MACNIE.

1825.

THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

As Autumn sun had sunk full low,
Behind Benlomond hill
And Ardoch brown came rowing down
With speed might ead a mill.
That night met two resolved to woo;
Upon a bank so green
And watch the two I then did do,
Behind a bush unseen.

He made her vow, on the broom knowe,
That night to let him in
And by a' gude he swore he would
Make neither noise nor din
He kiss'd the lass then on the grass,
And prais'd her bonny een;
But aft she said I am afraid
This night you will be seen.

So off I went for I was bent,
That night him to undo,
And kiss this maid in her own bed,
And bar her love out too

The village clock it now had struck,
 The hour ayont the ten,
 When, in her smock, she did unlock,
 The door and let me in.

As it was dark she low did heark
 To mak but little din,
 For blackguards low are on the go,
 And wanting to get in
 My coat and hat I then thre w aff,
 My hankerchief and shoon;
 Then quick I flew into hea bed—
 For souna slept a' her kin.

Then Cupid said Be not afraid,
 In joy your love now do,
 For Angerona here doth reign,
 And mortal ne'er shall know.
 But Stirling Will was for the mill,
 His horn he did blaw;
 And one kiss more she ask'd before
 That I would gang awa.

I kiss'd this mai then out of bed,
 My clothes I on ca throw;
 I never spoke, but did unlock
 The door, and off did go.

She thought it was her own true love
 That she had all the while ;
 But him she lost, but ne'er suspect'd,
 That I did her beguile.

UP IN THE MORNING.

Gauld blaws the wiad frae north to south,
 And drift is driving sairly ;
 The sheep are couring in the heugh,
 O sirs, it's winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning's no for me,
 I'd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast amang the blast,
 The branches tirling barely,
 Amang the chimley taps it thuds,
 And frost is nipping sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
 Then rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hill,
 Like ony timorous carlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When snaw blaws into the chimley taps,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things they suffer saily,
 In cauldrie quarters all the night,
 A day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 No fate can be waur in winter time,
 Then rise in the morning early.

A cosey house, and canty wife,
 Keeps aye a body cheerly ;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 It answers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning na. na. na,
 Up in the morning early ;
 The gowaas maun gient on back and brae,
 When I rise in the mornlog early.

WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS,

Britons bauld though Britons few,
On the plains o' Waterloo ;
Britons heroes, a'ways true,
 To rights and liberty.
Fire your blood my vet'ran boys ;
Usurpation's yoke despise ;
Slavery fa's and slavery dies.
 Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes,
See his darling warlike sums,
Hear the rattling o' his drums,
 To sie sweet Freedom's sway.
We'll divert him wi' the charms
O' our swords, and o' our arms ;
In his ear we'll strike our thairms,
 That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar,
Fight like lions as before :
Conquer o'er, or kiss the gore,
 That welcomes bravery.

See, the lightning's flashing by,
 Darkning black the louring sky—
 Traitor turn and coward fly,
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest, and Europe's foe,
 See his lang decisive blow,
 See his deadly overthrow,
 Frae thrones and monarchy,
 Rodgers—heroes o' renown,
 Laurels fresh await our crowns,
 Liberty is Britain's own,
 Then forward win her plea.

MY BONNY JEAN.

Behind yon hills o' lofty height,
 I dearly love to stray,
 What lads and lasses fondly sport,
 And spend the gowden day;
 The cheery plains remind the strains,
 O' purest joys unseen;
 And ilka flow'r deck'd in the bow'r,
 Blooms like my bonny Jean.

When dressing Nature busks the vale,
And sprinkles on her dew,
Her bonny silver mantle shines
Out o' the clearest hue;
So neat and fair, wi' splendour rare,
She dazzles a' our een;
Yet fairer dress, she maun confess,
Adorns my bonny Jean.

How sweetly in the summer's e'en,
She skips the gilded plain:
While all the little warbling bands,
Sing welcome back again.
Their tender noise sends cheery joys
Through a' the hills atween;
Till ilka dale, and flowry vale,
Pay homage to my Jean.

FINIS.