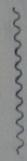


WHEN SEVEREST FOES IMPENDING.

WHEN severest foes impending
Seem to threaten dangers near,
Unexpected joys attending
Ease your mind and banish care.
Though to fortune's frowns subjected,
And depress'd by anxious care,
Servile souls are soon dejected,—
Noble minds will ne'er despair!

Prithee, friend, why then so serious?
Nought is got by grief or care;
Melancholy grows impurious
When it comes to domineer.
Be it business, love, or sorrow,
That does now distress thy mind,
Bid them call again to-morrow,
We to mirth are now inclin'd.



I'LL HAE A NEW COATIE.

AIR—We'll a' to Newcastle by Wylam away.

I'll hae a new coatie when Willie comes hame,
I'll hae a new plaidie an' a' o' the same;
An' I'll hae some pearlings to make mysel fine,
For it's a' to delight this dear laddie o' mine.

Bessy Bell is admir'd by a' sorts o' men,
 I'll mind a' her fashions and how she comes ben ;
 I'll mind her at kirk and I'll mind her at fair,
 An' never ance try to look like mysel mair.

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For I'll ay be canty when Willie comes hame,
 To like sic a laddie why should I think shame !
 Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, " Do ye see,
 That lassie cares nougnt for my siller or me !"
 The laird he has money, the laird he has land,
 But my Willie has nougnt but the sword in his hand ;
 Yet I'd live upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
 Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg !

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For I maun be happy when Willie comes hame,
 To lo'e the dear laddie I'll never think shame !
 I'll speak up to Maggie, who often would jeer,
 And cry, " She's no canty, 'cause Willie's no here."
 I own, when I thought I should see him nae mair,
 My een they grew red and my heart it grew sair ;
 To sing or to dance was nae pleasure to me,
 Though often I danc'd wi' the tear i' my ee.

But I'll get to singing an' dancing again,
 An' I'll get the laddie and a' o' my ain ;
 We've a' things but siller, then why should I fret ?
 If there's riches in love we'll hae gear enough yet ;
 For I ken weel that riches can make themselves wings,
 That heart-aches hide under braw diamonds and rings ;

comes hame,
 same ;
 e mysel fine,
 ie o' mine.

An' though love canna happiness always ensure,
It will help us wi' patience our lot to endure.

Sae I'll ay be canty when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e sic a laddie why should I think shame!
Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, "Doye see,
The lassie cares nougnt for my siller or me!"
The laird he has money, the laird he has land,
But Willie has nougnt but the sword in his hand;
Yet I'd live upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg!

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O DINNA THINK, MY BONNIE LASS.

O DINNA think, my bonnie lass, that I'm gaun to leave  
thee!  
I'll nobbet gae to yonder town, and I'll come and see  
thee;  
Gin the night be ne'er sae dark, and I be ne'er sae  
weary, O!  
I'll tak a staff into my hand, and come and see my  
dearie, O!

O dinna think, my bonnie lass, that I'll e'er forsake thee!  
I mean to act an honest part, and loyally to take thee;  
For thou art mine, and I'll be thine, and sure we'll never  
weary, O!  
I'll meet thee at the kirk-gate, my ain kind dearie, O!