

O JENNY DEAR, I'VE COURTED LANG.

AIR—Lucy Campbell.

O JENNY dear, I've courted lang,
I've telt my tale and sung my sang,
And yet I fear I'm i' the wrang,

For ye'll na mak a wedding o't.
In winter when the frost and snaw
Wi' bitter blast around wad blaw,
I'd o'er the moor, nor mind it a',

In hopes ye'd mak a wedding o't.
And gin ye smil'd or kindly spak,
It smooth'd the road, and help'd me back;
I thought nae answer I wad tak,
For we wad mak a wedding o't.

Now, when I gae to kirk or fair,
The laddies scoff, the lassies jeer;—
“Is this poor Jock?—the good be here!

For sure he's made a wedding o't.
What is become of a' his fun?

Alak! his joyfu' days are done;
Or else he's pawn'd his dancing shoon,

Sin he has made a wedding o't.
Sure marriage is a dreadfu' thing!

Ye mind 'tis only i' the spring
That little birdies chirp and sing,
Or, till they've made a wedding o't.”

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Then up spak honest Johnny Bell:

“ My bairns, I ance was young mysel;
I’ve mony a blithsome tale to tell

Sin first I made a wedding o’t;

My Tibby was a winsome bride,—

Nay, yet she is her auld man’s pride!

Nae faut i’ her I ever spyed,

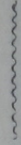
Sin first we made a wedding o’t:

Ilk day we live we fonder grow,

Though buckl’d fifty years ago;

Here’s comfort for ye, young ones a’,

Then haste ye, mak a wedding o’t.



BEHOLD, MY AMANDA.

BEHOLD, my Amanda, yon prodigal rose,
Flinging forth all its sweets to each zephyr that blows,
While each breeze steals some odour or soft tint away,
And next sun may destroy what has pleas’d us to-day;
Of beauty so lavish, the too selfish eye
Leaves the flow’ret, tho’ blooming, to droop and to die.

Not so that sweet bud, where fond nature bestows
Each promise of fragrance that flaunts in the rose;
With a blush seems to think she can veil every charm,
And artlessly deems not those blushes can harm;
While, with delicate prudence, it steals on the sight,
And comes forth as if frighten’d of giving delight!