

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!

7s ensure,  
ndure.

POETICAL WORKS.

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The fairest words o' wooing men they often turn to  
marriage strife;

There's Sandy, how he dawtit Jean, but now he flytes  
now she's his wife;

Ance she was good and fair, o' her he'd never weary, O !  
But now, I trow, he cares nae mair for his kind dearie, O !

But Sandy, lass, ye ken fu' weel, car'd nought but for  
her siller;

'Twas love of goud and glittering show that ay band  
him till her;

But I've nae band but love alane, and that can never  
weary, O !

Therefore consent and wear the chain, my ain kind  
dearie, O !

m gaun to leave

ll come and see

I be ne'er sae

me and see my

'er forsake thee !

ly to take thee ;

I sure we'll never

kind dearie, O !

NOW SANDY MAUN AWA.

THE drum has beat the General,

Now Sandy maun awa,

But first he gae the lasses roun

To bid God bless them a' !

Down smirking Sally's dimpl'd cheek

The tear begins to fa :

“ O ! Sandy, I am wae to think

That ye maun leave us a'.”