St. Andrew's Day,

A Favorite Masonic Song.

Stirling Tower,

Composed on the Death of Col. GARDENER,

1745.

The Ayrshire Laddie,

AND

The Lovers' Dispute.



Falkirk, Printed in the Year 1820.

St. ANDREW's DAY.

Ar. hail to the day that auſpicious returns,
our country's bleak regions to cheer!
Tho' Nature the winter's wild ravages mourns,
let joy ſhed its influence here:
Far hence be the frowns and the murmurs of care,
let each breaſt catch the patriot flame!
What ſoul but aſpires in our raptures to ſhare,
when Scotia and Freedom's the theme,

When Scotia and Freedom's, &c.

Tho' cold are our hills, and tho' barren our plains,
our climate tho' rude and ſevere
Yet health rofy health ſtrings the nerves of our ſwains,
and ſmiles on the cheeks of our fair,
And Freedom, bleſt Freedom, that takes off our load,
from regions more fertile exil'd,
'Mid our woods and our wilds had of old her abode,
and our clime of its rigours beguil'd. And, &c.

In hoſtile array when Rome's legions appear'd,
her voice ſounded long o'er the heath;
On our hills her proud ſtandard exulting ſhe rear'd,
and her motto was "Conqueſt or Death!"
Our anceſtors heard, and re-echoed the ſounds,
"To conquer or die be our doom!"
Unmov'd as their mountains, 'twas theirs to ſet bounds
to the pow'r and ambition of Rome. To, &c.

Their laurels bequeath'd from the fire to the fon,
thro' ages unfading have bloom'd,
The rays of their glory unclouded have fhone,
and their country's bleak fhores ha— illum'd.
What heroes unnumber'd have clouded the fcene,
well Europe's proud annals can tell!
For Freedom, regardlefs of danger and pain,
how they fought, how they bled, how they fell!
How they fought, &c.

And now that the tempeft of war o'er the land,
no more forelds its kindling alarms,
In the foft cares of peace let us join hand in hand,
and in arts be as great as in arms.
Supported by Freedom may Commerce encreafe,
and our fhores her rich treafures invite:
May Science, extending the bleffings of Peace,
diffufe the bright beams of her light.
Diffufe the bright beams, &c.

And lo! what a wreath of unfading renown
for St. Andrew the Virtues entwine;
Thofe virtues, protected by him that have grown,
round his head fhedding luftre divine,
O'er the pale cheek of poverty long be it ours
again to fhed health's rofy bloom;
And the eye that the torrent of mifery pours,
with joy and with hope to relume. With, &c.

'Mong nations the firft, as in Freedom and worth,
may Caledon ftill be proclaim'd:
Her daughters as brights as the morn of the North,
and her fons as her forefathers fam'd.

Let the tools of a faction, the minions of pow'r,
court the ſmiles of ambition and wealth:
Her favours on ſlaves partial Fortune may ſhow'r,
be ours independence and health. Be ours, &c.

Nor let the cold wiſh by a Briton be breath'd,
which from ſelfiſh affection has birth;
Thoſe bleſſings to us by our fathers bequeath'd,
may they cheer all the nations on earth.
May Fame's loudeſt Trump to each region proclaim,
that the reign of the Deſpot ſhall ceaſe;
And mankind ſhall welcome, with joyful acclaim,
the æra of Freedom and peace! The æra, &c.

STIRLING TOWER.

Compoſed on the Death of COLONEL GARDENER, 1745.

'Twas at the ſolemn midnight hour,
before the firſt cock's crowing,
That weſtlin winds ſhook Stirling Tower,
with hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,
ſad on her bed was lying,
Lo! thro' the mournful tower ſhe heard
the boding ſcreech-owl crying.

O diſmal night! ſhe ſaid. and wept;
O night preſaging ſorrow!
O diſmal night! ſhe ſaid, and wept;
but more I dread to-morrow:

For now the bloody hour draws nigh!
each hoft to battle bending;
At morn ſhall ſons their fathers ſlay,
with deadly hate contending.

Even now, in viſions of the night,
I ſaw fell death wide ſweeping;
And all the matrons of the land,
and all the virgins, weeping.
And now ſhe heard the maſſy gates
harſh on their hinges turning!
And now thro' all the caſtle heard
the woeful voice of mourning!

Aghaſt ſhe ſtarted from her bed,
the fa al tidings dreading!
O ſpeak! ſhe cried, my father's ſlain!
I ſee, I ſee him bleeding!
A pale corpſe on the ſullen ſhore,
at morn, fair maid, I left him!
Even at the threſhold of his gate
the foe, of life bereft him!

Bold in the batile s front he fell,
with many a wound deformed!
A braver knight, or better man,
this fair iſle ne er adorned.
While thus he ſpoke, the grief-ſtruck maid
a deadly ſwoon invaded!
Loſt was the luſtre of her eyes,
and all her beauty faded.

THE AYRSHIRE LADDIE.

My Jamie is a bonnie lad,
he often comes a-courting O;
The ſight of him aye maks me glad,
but. Oh. when we were ſporting, O!
My louping breaſt to his he preſs'd,
he row'd me in his plaidy. O;
He held me there till I confeſs'd
I dearly lov'd the laddie. O.

He ſays, I kill'd him with my een,
his tale is ever ready, O;
He ſwears by all the ſtars aboon,
that Nell ſhall be his lady. O.
Every laſs is thrang engag'd
wi' ſome weel-ſaur'd callan, O;
My neighbour Jeſs and Jean are pledg'd,
to marry Rab and Allan, O.

The Engliſh girls are fond of John,
the Irish maids for Paddy, O;
Jamie, give me, or give me none,
My bonny Ayrſhire laddie, O.
Once I croſs'd the raging ſea,
from Leith o'er to Kirkcaldy. O;
But ne'er a lad yet catch'd my ee,
like my dear Ayrſhire laddie. O.

At gloamin' he went down yeſtreen,
to aſk my main and daddy, O;
And their conſent was freely gi'en,
they knew my lad was ſteady, O.

There may be mony a richer pair,
and mony mae more gaudy. O;
Of lasses there's few has sic a share,
as Nelly and her Ayrshire laddie, O.

THE LOVERS' DISPUTE.

A fair dispute, of late, there was,
Between a young lad and a lass;
He treated her with compliments,
The sweetest humours of content
Till with those words he did her treat;
You're welcome unto me my sweet;
And if you be my friend or foe,
Or if you love me, tell me so.

I'll give thee gold, I'll give thee pearl,
If thou would but fancy me my girl;
I'll give to thee fine clothes to wear,
If thou'lt consent to be my dear.
I'll give thee houses, I'll give thee lands,
I'll give thee siller in thy hands.
And all that's mine, love, shall be thine,
If thou'lt consent for to be mine.

It's not your gold will me entice,
Nor turn my virtue into vice
Nor yet these flattering lips of thine,
Shall change this settled heart of mine.
Now Cupid with his piercing dart,
Ne'er yet could wound my settled heart;
My heart's my own and shall be so:
I cannot love thee, O, no, no.

For altho' you would my life demand,
With a naked fword into your hand,
I would rather chufe to lofe my life,
Than be to thee a wedded wife:
For Cupid with his piercing dart,
Yet ne'er could wound this fettled heart;
A maid I am refolv'd to die,
I cannot love thee, O not I.

Then get thee gone, thou faucy dame,
If thou'lt be fhy I'll be the fame;
Since ye have been fo fhy to me,
I'll ever prove the fame to thee.
I have no doubt but I will find
As fair a female to my mind.
So fare you well my own kind foe,
You fhall never need to fay me no.

Come back young man, be not fo faft,
Ye feem as ye were in a haſte;
Come back and take another kifs,
In token of a true love's blifs.
I have no doubt but you may find,
As fair a female to your mind;
My heart is thine, and fhall be fo,
I never more will fay thee no.

Now my winter ſtorm is paſt,
And ſummer-pleaſure's come at laſt;
No more again the tempeſts blow,
For back again the tide doth flow.
Since Fortune's tied the lover's knot,
It ne'er again ſhall be forgot:
She is my own, and ſhall be ſo,
She ne'er again will ſay me no.

FINIS