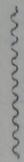


When distant one bower my fancy still haunted,  
'Twas hung round with woodbine my Jessy had planted;  
I ran to the spot, where a weak flower remaining  
Could just nod its head to approve my complaining,  
A tear for a dewdrop I hid in its fringes,  
And sigh'd then to think what one's pleasures unhinges!

But, ah! what is that to the friends oft estranging,  
Their manners still more than their looks daily changing;  
Where the heart us'd to *warm* to find *civil* behaviour,  
Make us wish we had stay'd from our country for ever,  
With the sweet days of youth in our fancies still glowing,  
And the love of old Friends with old Time ever growing!



O WHY SHOULD MORTALS SUFFER CARE.

AIR—Give round the word Dismount.

O why should mortals suffer care  
To rob them of their present joy?  
The moments that frail life can spare  
Why should we not in mirth employ?  
Then come, my friends, this very hour  
Let us devote to social glee;  
To-morrow is a day unseen  
That may destroy the fairest flower,  
And bring dull care to you and me,  
Though so gay as we have been.

The wretch who money makes his god  
Will feel his heart ache when 'tis gone ;  
Were this my lot I'd kiss the rod,  
I ne'er had much, and care for none.  
Then come, &c.

The great had never charms for me,  
I follow not their chariot's wheel,  
Their faults I just as plain can see  
As Paris did Achilles' heel.  
Then come, &c.

And Love, with all his softening powers,  
Could ne'er my hardy soul subdue ;  
So I'll devote my social hours  
To mirth, to happiness, and you.  
Then come, &c.

Should dread of future ills molest,  
I'd charm them from my careless heart ;  
See, Hope steps in, all gaily drest,  
And vows such souls should never part.  
Then come, &c.

Yet part we must,—Hope, thou'rt a cheat !  
The vision's fled—the friends are gone ;  
Yet memory shall their words repeat,  
And fonder grow of every one.  
But still in absence let us try  
To think of all the pleasure past,

And stop the tear, and check the sigh ;  
For though such pleasure cannot last,  
Yet Time may still renew the scene  
Where so gay as we have been !



#### OLD HARRY'S RETURN.<sup>2</sup>

THE wars are all o'er and my Harry's at hame,  
What else can I want now I've got him again !  
Yet I kenna how 'tis, for I laugh and I cry,  
And I sigh, and I sab, yet it maun be for joy ;  
My Harry he smiles, and he wipes aff the tear,  
An' I'm doubtfu' again gin it can be he's here,  
Till he takes wee bit Janet to sit on his knee,  
And ca's her his dawty, for oh ! she's like me.

Then the neighbours come in and they welcome him hame,  
And I fa' a greeting, though much I think shame ;  
Then I steal ben the house while they talk o' the war,  
For I turn cauld as death when he shows them a scar.  
They tell o' ane Elliot, an' brave he maun be,  
But I ken a poor soldier as brave yet as he ;

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<sup>1</sup> This song has long been exceedingly popular in Cumberland, and is generally sung at the social parties in and about Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> Harry Macdowal.—Mrs Brown. This seems some incident which Miss Blamire had met with while resident in Scotland, as appears from the name Macdowal.