swain admires, and owns she's bony. Since first she trod the

happy plain, She set each youthful heart on fire; Each nymph does to her

swain complain, Thae Annic kindles new desire.
WHAT NUMBERS SHALL THE MUSE REPEAT?

BY MR. CRAWFORD.

AIR. - ALLAN WATER.

What numbers shall the Muse repeat?
What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait;
Each swain admires and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely Darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene;
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All night when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came;
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many,
With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
"Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye?"
"Alas! your love must be deny'd,"
"This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

"Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
"His smiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
"He stole away my virgin heart;
"Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
"Some brighter beauty you may find,
"On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
"Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,"
"And leave to Damon his own Annie."
BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove
While Phoebus sunk beyond Benledi,*
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many;
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie.

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow:
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting Her, our bosom's treasure.

* A mountain west of Strathallan, 3009 feet high.