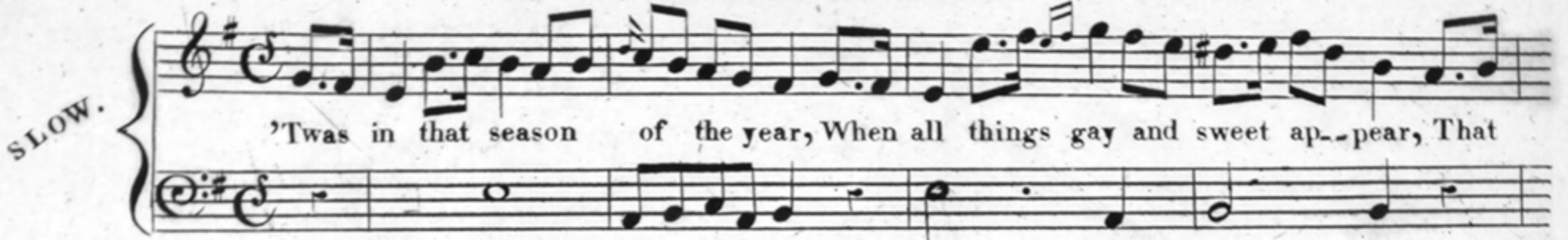


ROSLIN CASTLE

PHILADELPHIA. PUBLISHED BY G. WILLIG.

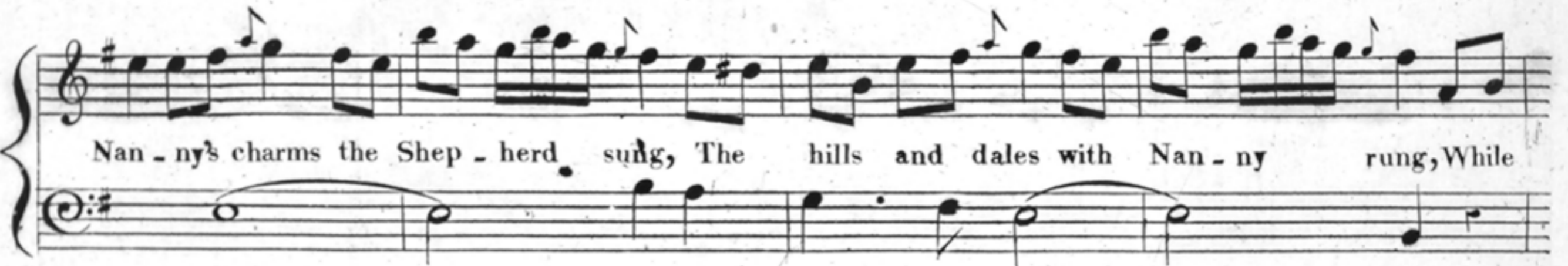
SLOW.



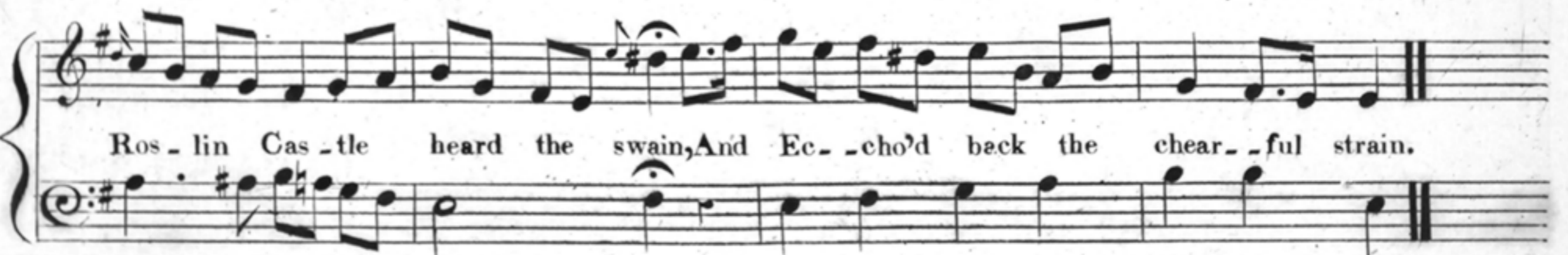
'Twas in that season of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That



Co - lin with the mor - ning ray, A - - rose and sung his ru - - ral lay. Of



Nan - ny's charms the Shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with Nan - ny rung, While



Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And Ec - - cho'd back the chear - - ful strain.

2

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

3

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise;
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

4

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charms this ravish'd breast of mine.