

Lass Of Cessnock Banks, The 1

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mein;
Our lasses a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.