





SONGS

OF

Bonnie Scotland

BY HER

Sweetest Singers.

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OF

BONNIE SCOTLAND.



BONNIE SCOTLAND, I ADORE THEE.

Bonnie Scotland, I adore thee,
Now I wander gladly o'er thee,
Thy enchantments will restore me,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

'Mid the rays of summer weather,
Sweetly blooms thy mountain heather,
Love and Beauty sport together,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

Oh, bonnie Scotland, I adore thee,
Now I wander gladly o'er thee,
Thy enchantments will restore me,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

Bonnie Scotland, land of grandeur,
Where the sparkling streams meander,
Here will I delight to wander,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

Thou art dearest to me ever,
From my bosom banish never,
Ne'er again we hope to sever,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

Oh, bonnie Scotland, I adore thee,
Now I wander gladly o'er thee,
Thy enchantments will restore me,
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird cam' tae oor ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was wae's me for Prince Charlie.
 Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
 The tears cam' drappin' rarely,
 I took my bonnet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, my bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?
 Oh! no, no, no! the wee bird sang,
 I've flown sin' mornin' early,
 But sic a day o' wind and rain!
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

On hills that are by richt his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger;
 On ilka hand he's pressed by want,
 On ilka side by danger.
 Yestreen I met him in the glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly,
 For sadly changed indeed was he—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

Dark nicht cam' on, the tempest howl'd
 Out owre the hills and valleys;
 And whare was that your Prince lay down,
 Whase hame should be a palace?
 He row'd him in a highland plaid
 Which covered him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie.

But now the bird saw some red coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger ;
 Oh ! this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer.
 A while he hovered on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly ;
 But weel I mind the farewell strain,
 'Twas wae's me for Prince Charlie.

THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

Hey the bonnie, how the bonnie,
 Hey the bonnie breist-knots !
 Tight and bonnie were they a',
 When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this toun,
 And till't the lasses a' were boun',
 Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,
 And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam' the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wished the lassie happy days ;
 And meikle thocht they o' her claes,
 And 'specially the breist-knots.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw ;
 But to me it's delightless, my Nannie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn ;
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn ;
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie, and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
 Give over for pity, my Nannie's awa'.

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay ;
 The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw
 Alane can delight me, now Nannie's awa'.

 DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laughed in her e'e ;
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free—
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burnside ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie-red and white,
 Her een were bonnie blue ;
 Her looks were like the morning bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale,
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale,
 With Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew ?
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And aye will follow you.

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

Gae bring to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink, before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Lieth,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick Law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly.
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody !
 It's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Oh, why left I my hame? why did I cross the deep?
 Oh, why left I the land where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore, and I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink o' my ain countrie.

The palm tree waveth high, and fair the myrtle spring
 And to the Indian maid the bulbul sweetly sings;
 But I dinna see the broom, wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang o' my ain countrie.

Oh, here no Sabbath bell awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reaper's voice amang the yellow corn;
 For the tyrant's voice is here, and the wail o' slavery,
 But the sun o' freedom shines in my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe, and a balm for every pain
 But the first joys of our heart come never back again
 There's a track upon the deep, and a path across the sea
 But the weary ne'er return to their ain countrie.

 WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie!
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame!
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie again.
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
 The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers !
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between was, thou dark heaving main !
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain !

A GUID NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A'.

A Guid New Year to ane an' a',
 And mony may ye see ;
 And during a' the years to come,
 O happy may ye be.
 An' may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn,
 To sigh or shed a tear ;
 To ane an' a' baith great an' sma',
 A hearty guid New Year.
 A guid New Year, &c.

O time flies fast ye winna wait,
 My friend, for you or me,
 He works his wonders day by day,
 And onward still doth flee.
 O wha can tell when ilka ane,
 I see sae happy here,
 Will meet again an' merry be,
 Anither guid New Year.
 A guid New Year, &c.

We twa ha'e baith been happy lang,
 We ran about the braes ;
 In yon wee cot beneath the tree,
 We spent our early days.

We ran about the burnie's side,
 The spot will aye be dear ;
 An' those that used to meet us there
 We'll think on mony a year.

A guid New Year, &c.

Now let us hope our years may be,
 As guid as they have been ;
 And trust we ne'er again may see,
 The sorrows we hac seen.

And let us wish that ane an' a',
 Our friends baith far and near,
 May aye enjoy in times to come
 A hearty guid New Year.

A Guid New Year, &c.

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream ;
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whoes echo resounds through
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flowery den, [gl
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills ;
 There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
 There oft, as mild evening creeps o'er the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 and winds by the cot where my Mary resides !
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 as, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave !
 How gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;
 How gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 How gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

Wha the deil ha'e we gotten for a king,
 But a wee, wee German lairdie ?
 And, when we gaed to bring him hame,
 He was delving in his kail-yardie :
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
 But the hose, and but the breeks ;
 And up his beggar duds he cleeks—
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
 The wee, wee German lairdie ;
 And he's brought forth o' foreign leeks,
 And dibbled them in his yardie.
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And broke the harp o' Irish clowns ;
 But our thistle taps will jag his thumbs—
 This wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up anang our Highland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
 And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,
 They dibbled in our yardie ;
 And if a stock ye dare to pu',
 Or haud the yoking o' a plough,

We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie.

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 Nae fitting for a yardie ;
 And our Norland thistles winna pu',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie ;
 And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
 Wad prune ye o' your German gear—
 We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole
 For nursin' siccan vermin ;
 But the very dougs o' England's court,
 They bark and howl in German.
 Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
 Thy spade but and thy yardie ;
 For wha the deil ha'e we gotten for a king
 But a wee, wee German lairdie ?

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

'Twas even—dewy fields were green,
 On ilka blade the pearls hang ;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along.
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang ;
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy ;
 When, musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;

Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile ;
 Perfection whisper'd passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild ;
 But woman, nature's darling child !

There all her charms she does compile,
 Even there her other works are foil'd,
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain !

Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward dig the Indian mine.

Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And ev'ry day have joys divine,
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

SCOTLAND YET.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair,
 Gae bring it free and fast,
 For I maun sing anither sang
 Ere a' my glee be past ;

And trow ye, as I sing, my lads,
 The burden o't shall be—
 Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
 And Scotland's hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three !

The heath waves wild upon her hills ;
 And foaming through the fells,
 Her fountains sing of freedom still,
 As they dash down the dells !
 And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
 That's girded by the sea—
 Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales,
 And Scotlands hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three !

The thistle wags upon the fields
 Where Wallace bare his blade,
 That gave her foeman's dearest blood,
 To dye her auld grey plaid ;
 And looking to the lift, my lads,
 He sang this doughty glee—
 Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
 And Scotlands hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three !

They tell o' lan's wi' brichter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang ;
 Gie me the lan' where Ossian dwelt,
 And Coila's minstrel sang—
 For I've nae skill o' lan's, my lads,
 That ken na to be free—

Then Scotland's vales, and Scotland's dales,
 And Scotland's hills for me ;
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

O' A' THE AIRTS.

O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly lo'e the west ;
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lass that I lo'e best ;
 Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 Wi' monie a hill between,
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair ;
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charm the air ;
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
 By fountain, shaw or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
 The lasses busk them braw ;
 But when their best they ha'e put on,
 My Jeanie dings them a' ;
 In hamely weeds she far exceeds
 The fairest o' the town ;
 Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
 Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb, that sucks its dam,
 Mair hameless canna be ;
 She has nae faut, if sic ye ca't,
 Except her love for me :

The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
 Is like her shining een ;
 In shape and air, wha can compare,
 Wi' my sweet lovely Jean ?

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
 Amang the leafy trees ;
 Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
 Bring hame the laden bees ;
 And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
 Sae lovely is my Jean.

LOCHABER.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome wi' her I ha'e mony a day been ;
 To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more,
 These tears that I shed, they're a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more !

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind my heart is sair pain'd ;
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave ;
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee ;
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
 And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
 May's vigils while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promised May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promised May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant or so fair
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :

Fond bird! tis not the morning breaks—
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark, the happy sheperd's cry
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

THE WOOD OF CRAIGIE-LEA.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Thou bonnie wood of Craigie-lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.
Thou bonnie wood; &c.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonnie o'er the flowery lea,
An' a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben the dark-green planting's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy buched glade,
Gars echo ring frae every tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee !
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be !
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

The standard on the braes o' Mar
 Is up and streaming rarely;
 The gath'ring pipe on Lochnagar,
 Is sounding loud and clearly,
 The Hielandmen frae hill and glen,
 Wi' belted plaids and glitt'ring blades,
 Wi' bonnets blue, and hearts sae true,
 Are coming late and early.

I saw our chief come o'er the hill,
 Wi' Drummond and Glengarry,
 And through the pass came brave Lochiel,
 Panmure, and gallant Murray.
 Macdonald's men, Clanronald's men,
 Mackenzie's men, Macgilvray's men,
 Strathallan's men, the Lowland men,
 O' Callander and Airley.

Our Prince has made a noble vow,
 To free his country fairly;
 Then wha would be a traitor now,
 To ane wi' lo'e sae dearly?
 We'll go we'll go, to seek the foe,
 By land or sea, where'er they be,
 Then man to man, and in the van,
 We'll win or dee for Charlie.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O weel may the boatie row,
 And better may she speed !
 And weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairns' bread.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed.

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
 And fishes I caught nine.
 There's three to boil, and three to fry,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row,
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our parritch meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed ;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel !
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;
 And muckle lighter is the lade,
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dress'd mysel' fu' braw ;
 I trow my heart was douf and wae,
 When Jamie gaed awa :
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part ;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel ;
 And lightsome be her heart that bears
 The maurlain and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us hale and warm
 As we did them before :
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 That wins the bairn's bread ;
 And happy be the lot o' a',
 That wish the boat to speed !

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Why weep ye by the tide, lady ?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed you to my youngest son,
 And thou shalt be his bride ;
 And thou shalt be his bride, lady,
 Sae comely to be seen—

But aye she let the tear doon fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

Now, let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is Chief of Errington,
And Lord of Langley dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle's keen—

But aye she let, &c.

A chain of gold you shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfry fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen—

But aye she let, &c.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair,
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And lords and knights are there
They sought her both by bow'r and ha',
The lady was not seen—
She's owre the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

AE FOND KISS.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?

Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy ;
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state,
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
For favour wi' wooing was fashous to seek,

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
MacClish's ae daughter o' Claversha Lea,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigrec.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as guid as new
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that.

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
 And rapt at the yett o' Claversha Lea,
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder flower wine,
 "And what brings the laird at sic a' like time?"
 She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doon.

And when she came ben, he bow'd fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird when the Lady said "Na!
 And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfounded was he, nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mare, he rode cannily;
 And aften he thought as he rade through the glen
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

