

GEMS OF

TANNAHILL'S SONGS.

&c., &c.

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SONGS.

1871

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TANNAHILL'S SONGS.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

The sun has gaun doun o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green ;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ane ;
 And far be the villain, divested o' feelin',
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o'
 Dunblane.

Sing on thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen,
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winnin',
 Is charming young Jessie the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain,
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'
 Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as naething the heicht o' its
 splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jesssie, the flower o' Dunblane.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

Far lone among the Highland hills,
 'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
 By rocky dens, and woody glens,
 With weary steps I wander;
 The langsome way, the darksome day,
 The mountain mist sae rainy,
 Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
 Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.
 Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And scarcely seen by ony.
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills,
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flower o' Arranteenie.
 Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
 I view the distant ocean;
 There Av'rice guides the bounding prow;
 Ambition courts promotion.

Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,
Give me but this, my heart's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Then blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw;
Now changed frae the time when I met wi' my
lover,
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
The wild flow'rs o' Summer were spread a' sae
bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken
tree;
At far to the camp they hae marched my dear
Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' Nature and me.
Then ilk thing around us was blythsome and
cheery,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now, naething is heard but the wind whistling
dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide spreading
snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and
dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as
they flee,
And chirp out their plaints seeming wae for my
Johnny,
'Tis winter with them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the black moun-
 And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae
 While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flo-
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me
 'Tis no its loud roar in the wintry wind swellin',
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e
 For, O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
 To the braes o' Balquither,
 Where the blae-berries grow
 Mang the bonny Highland heather;
 Where the deer and the roe,
 Lightly bounding together,
 Sport the lang summer day
 On the braes o' Balquither.
 I will twine thee a bower,
 By the clear silver fountain;
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
 I will range thro' the wilds,
 And the deep glens sae dreary,
 And return wi' their spoils,
 To the bow'r o' my deary.
 When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling;
 And the roar o' the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling,

So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 'Til the dear sheeling ring
 Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the Summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming.
 To our dear native scenes,
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns,
 'Mang the braes o' Balquither.

JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye didna' keep your tryst yestreen.
 I waited lang beside the wood,
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked o'er the spunkie howe,
 And aye I thought ye wad hae been.
 The ne'er a supper clos'd my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my e'en,
 Och hey! Johnnie lad,
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
 Then I was waiting by the thorn,
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.
 Sae be nae vex'd my bonnie lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

When John and me were married,
 Our hading was but sma',
 For my minnie, canker't carling,
 Wou'd gie us nocht-ava'.
 I wairt my fee wi' canny care,
 As far as it wou'd gae,
 But well I wat our bridal bed,
 Was clean pease-strae.
 Wi' working late and early,
 We're come to what you see,
 For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
 Sae eydent aye were we.
 The lowe of love made labour light,
 I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
 When kind ye cuddle down at e'en,
 'Mang clean pease-strae.
 The rose blooms gay on cairnie brae,
 As weel's in birken shaw,
 And love will lowe in cottage low,
 As weel's in lofty ha'.

Sae, lassie take the lad you like;
 Whate'er your minnie say,
 Tho' you should make your bridal-bed
 Of clean pease-strae.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,
 I maun lea' them a' lassie;
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes
 Would gi'e Britons laws, lassie?
 Wha wad shun the field of danger?
 Wha frae Fame would live a stranger?
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
 Wha would shun her ca', lassie?
 Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
 Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
 And gentle Hope shall sooth thy waes
 When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 Yelling joys to thee, laddie,
 But the doleful bugle brings
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
 Lonely I may climb the mountain,
 Lonely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments countin'.
 Far frae Love and thee, laddie.
 O'er the gory fields of war,
 When vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may be fa' frae me afar,
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fears, lassie,
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie.
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 'Til the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 'Til the day we die, lassie.
 'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlan breezes blaw,
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw,
 The mavis sings fu' cheery O.
 Sweet the crowflower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
 My young, my artless deary O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary O.
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds
 Siller saughs, with downy buds,
 Adorn the banks sae briery O.

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery, O ;
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

DESPAIRING MARY.

, why thus waste thy youth time in sorrow ?
 e a' around you the flow'rs sweetly blaw,
 e sets the sun o'er the wilds cliffs of Jura,
 the sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.

can this heart evermair think of pleasure,
 mmer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane ;
 d in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
 ture seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
 ear, dear to me was the gift for his sake !
 ur't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken
 ppe died wi' Jamie, and left it to break.

ng for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
 ghing for him, I awake in the morn ;
 t are my days a' in secret repining,
 ace to this bosom can never return.

have we wandered in sweetest retirement,
 elling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
 et were our meetings of tender endearment,
 at fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream,

Cruel remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wrêck me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown?
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!

O ARE YE SLEEPIN, MAGGIE?

Mirk and rainy is the night,
 No a starn in a' the carry;
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
 And winds drive wi' Winter's fury.

O are you sleeping, Maggie?

O are you sleeping, Maggie?

Let me in, for loud the linn's

Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,

The rifted woods roar wild and dreary;

Loud the iron yate does clank,

And cry of howlets make me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,

For fear I rouse your wakerife daddie;

Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;

O rise, rise, my bonny lady!

She opt the door, she let him in,

He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;

Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',

Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,

What care I for the howlet's cry,

For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
 Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
 Was his shelter in Winter, in Summer his shade,
 And at kirk or at market, or bridals I ween,
 A braw gaucier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackbide,
 It was slouched just a kenning on either hand 'side,
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was
 blue,

It had something o' baith as a' bodies may trow,

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava',
 Tho' the hall parish tak'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools,
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will
 miss't.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
 And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
 How death and starvation came o'er the hail nation,
 She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky e'en.

The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
 The tean kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,
 The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the
 mawing,

A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean.

Frae the South and the North o'er the Tweed and
 the Forth,

Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
 Despairing or hoping for Barrochan Jean.

The carlins at hame were a grining and granning,
 The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till
 e'en,

They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boiled to
 sowdy,

For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their describing,

The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin,
 But they looked sae blae, and there hearts were
 sae wae,

I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.

The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their
 drinking,

Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth o' their skin;
 Around the peat-stacks, and alongst the dyke-backs,
 The winds were a' sighing, Sweet Barrochan
 Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
 The Kirkyards o' their sward were a howkit fu'
 clean,

ead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
 Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.

ut mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-
 Brodie,

The grass ower their graffs is now bonnie and
 green,

e staw the proud heart of our wanton young leddie,
 And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawkie e'en.

THE SUMMER GLOAMIN'.

The midges dance aboon the burn,

The dew begins to fa',

The pairtricks, down the rushy howm,

Set up their e'ening ca' ;

Now loud and clear, the blackbird's sang,

Rings through the briery shaw,

While, fleeting gay, the swallows play

Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloaming sky,

The mavis mends his lay,

The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,

To charm the lingering day ;

While weary yeldrins seem to wail

Their little nestlings torn--

The merry wren, frae den to den,

Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,

The foxglove shuts its bell,

The honey-suckle and the birk

Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer than them a'

WHEN ROSIE WAS FAITHFU'.

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
 Still gladsome as Summer, the time glided by,
 I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
 Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights
 lang;
 But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
 Come Summer, come Winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
 For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my
 sad soul,
 That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wandered the glens and the wild woods alane,
 In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane,
 My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
 While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
 Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's no less fair,
 And the thought of her beauty but feeds my
 despair;
 With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
 And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumbering I lay by the dark mountain stream,
 My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
 I thought her still kind and I ne'er was sae blest,
 As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my
 breast.

Thou false fleeting vision, too soon wert thou o'er,
 Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequalled before;
 But death's silent slumbers my grief, soon shall
 lull,

And the green grass wave o'er the Harper of
 Mull.

O ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad with snow,
 Where, beneath the icy steep,
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery Spring

Will gar a' our plantings ring;

Soon our bonnie heather braes

Will put on their Summer claes;

On the mountain's sunny side,

We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,

Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,

Then we'll seek the calor shade,

Lean us on the primrose bed;

While the burning hours preside,

I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,

I will launch the bonny boat,

Skim the loch in canty glée,

Rest the oars to pleasure thee ;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
 Lowland lads ha'e mair of art,
 And may boast an honest heart
 Whilk shall ever be my pride,
 O row thee in my Highland plaid

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
 My heart would break at our farewell,
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Take me—take me for your ain !
 'Cross the Firth, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flower o' our Highlandmen
 Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,
 Fleet as the light bounding tenants of Fillin-glen,
 Dearer than life to his lovely *neen voiuch*.
 Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
 When forced to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie
 Though manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless
 Away from the lady he aye loved so dearly.
 But woe on the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland
 Woe on the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them !
 Poor Caledonia !, bleeding and plundered land,
 Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them.

Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
 Their prey, the devoted adherents of Charlie,
 Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hacked and slain,
 Ah! his *néen vòinuch* will mourn for him sairly.

WALLACE'S LAMENT.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of
 the slain.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doomed our undoing,
 My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
 Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
 And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
 Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
 Your deeds shall enoble the place where ye fell,
 And your names be enrolled with the sons of the
 brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
 On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder,
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
 To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
 My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
 And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of
 the slain.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
 Bloom bonnie o'er thy flow'ry lea,
 And a' the sweets that ane can wish,
 Frae Nature's hand are strewed on thee,

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.

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,
 The cushet croodles am'rously;
 The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.

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!

When Winter blows in sleety show'rs,
 Frae aff the Norland hills sae hie;
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.

Tho' Fate should drag me South the Line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.

LANGSYN' BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Langsyn' beside the woodland burn,
 Among the broom sae yellow,
 I leaned me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 On Nature's mossy pillow ;
 Around my seat the flowers were strewed,
 That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
 To weave mysel' a simmer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.
 I twined the woodbine round the rose,
 Its richer hues to mellow,
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I choose
 To bush the sedge sae yellow.
 The craw flower blue, and meadow pink,
 I wove in primrose braided link,
 But little, little did I think,
 I should have wove the willow.
 My bonnie lad was forced afar,
 Tossed on the raging billow,
 Perhaps he's fa'n in bludie war,
 Or wrecked on rocky shallow ;
 Yet, aye I hope for his return,
 As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
 And aften by the woodland burn,
 I pu' the weeping willow.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
 Their hearts lined with love and their pockets
 with money ;
 From mornin' till night, 'tis " My jewel, my honey,
 Och ! go to the North with me, Molly, my dear."

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet both
 ation,
 An' swears there is only one flower in the nation
 Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation
 Och ! go to the north with me, Molly, my dear
 The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the
 ocean,
 The moon to thy charms veils her face
 devotion,
 And I my poor self, och ! so rich is my notion,
 Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my
 dear.
 Though Thady can match all the lads with his
 blarney,
 And sing me love songs of the lakes of Killarney
 In worth from my Dermot he's twenty mile
 journey,
 My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear

ELLEN MORE.

The sun had kissed green Erin's waves,
 The dark blue mountains towered between
 Mild evening's dews refreshed the leaves,
 The moon, unclouded, rose serene—
 When Ellen wandered forth unseen,
 Alone her sorrows to deplore ;
 False was her lover, false her friend,
 And false was hope to Ellen More,

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
 Young Emma to her heart was dear,
 Nor weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
 But Emma ever seemed to share ;
 Yet envious still, she spread the wile,
 That sullied Ellens virtues o'er ;
 Her faithless Henry spurned the while,
 His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wandered down Loch-Mary side,
 Where oft at evening hour she stole
 To meet her love with secret pride,
 Now deepest anguish wrung her soul,
 O'ercome with grief, she sought the steep,
 Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar ;
 Oh ! Pity, veil thy eyes and weep,
 A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,
 And woo the mountain flowers to bloom,
 But never can his golden rays
 Awake the flower in yonder tomb.
 There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
 When moonlight gilds the abbey tower ;
 There oft from eve till breezy morn,
 He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

Dorothy sits in the cauld ingle neuk,
 Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae ;
 Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' a fluek,
 Wi' smokin', her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.

And aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
Aye my best friend, when there's onything ails me,
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I dee.

Dorothy ance was a weel tochered lass,
Had charms like her neighbours, an' lovers anew;
But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,
They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.

Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me,
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
Deil tak' the wooers—O what shall I do?

Dorothy, dozened wi' living her lane,
Pu'd at the rock, wi' the tear in her ee,
She thought on the braw merry days that were gane,
And cast a wee coggie for company.

Now aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
Aye my best friend, when there's onything ails me,
Ne'er shall we part, till the day that I dee.



COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

Dorothy sits in the cauld ingie neuk,
Her red rosy neeb's like a lapster fac;
Wi' ginnings, her morn's like the gap o' a fluck,
Wi' smokin', her teeth's like the jet o' the slag.