

SEVEN
Popular Songs.

THE THISTLE.

THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

OCH HEY! JOHNNIE LAD.

MY LOVE WAS BORN IN ABERDEEN.

A RED RED ROSE.

AS I CAME DOWN THE CANNOGATE.

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

SONGS

MY PATIE IS A LOVER GAY.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his walking ;
The shining of his e'en surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk
Where yellow corn was growing,
There monie a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn rigs are bonnie.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,

Since we for yielding were designed,
 We chastely should be granting.

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle ear' or late,
 While corn rigs are bonnie.

AS I CAME DOWN THE CANNOGATE.

As I came down the Cannogate,
 The Cannogate, the Cannogate,
 As I came down the Cannogate,
 I heard a lassie sing, O:

Merry may the keel rowe,
 The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
 Merry may the keel rowe
 The ship that my love's in, O.

My love has breath of roses,
 Of roses, of roses,
 With arms of lily posies
 To fauld a lassie in, O.
 Merry may, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 And a dimple on his chin, O.
 Merry may, &c.

MY LOVE WAS BORN IN ABERDEEN.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen ;
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
 He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

O he's a ranting, roving lad,
 He is a brisk an' a bonny lad ;
 Betide what may, I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow,
 To buy myself a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
 O he's a ranting, &c.

 THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
 Where the hills are clad wi' 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 cheerie spring,
 Will gar a' our plantins ring ;
 Soon our bonnie heather braes,
 Will put on their summer claes ;

On the mountain's sunnie side,
 We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers
 Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
 Then we'll seek the cauler 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 bonnie boat,
 Skim the loch in cantie glee,
 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 :
 Lawland lads hae mair of art,
 A' my boast's 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,
 Tak me—tak me for your ain !
 'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride .

• THE THISTLE.

Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his fans,
Of the land of the ocean, and Angliau name,

With their red blushing roses and shamrock
green ;

Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
The land of blue mountains, the birth-place of worth,
Those mountains where Freedom has fix'd her abode,
Those wide-spreading glens, where no slave ever trod

Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And bleak the high mountains, and cover'd with snow,

Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green,
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
And for courage so bold, which no foe could subdue,
Unmatch'd is our country, unrivall'd our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,

Where rises the thistle—the thistle sae green.

Far-fam'd aro our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore,

O'er the foes that invaded the thistle sae green ;
And many a cairnie shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land ;
Let foe come on foe, like wave upon wave,

We'll give them a welcome,—we'll give them a grat
Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green !

O dear to your souls are the blessings of heaven,
The freedom we boast of, the land which we live in

The land of the thistle—the thistle sae green ;

For that land and that freedom our fathers havo bled,
 And we swear by the blood which onr fathers havo
 shed,

That no foot of a foc shall e'er tread on their grave,
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
 The thistle of Scotia!—the thistle sae green!

OCH HEY! 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 hae been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
 I looked by the firs sae green,
 I looked owre the spunkie how,
 And aye I thought ye would hao been.
 The ne'er a supper cross'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 hae 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 bonny lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine,
 We'll awa to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my love's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 O my love's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
 So deep in love am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only love !
 And fare-thee-weel a while ;
 And I will come again, my love,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile !