

# The Blue Bonnets o'er the Border ;

To which are added,

Rob Rorryson's Bonnet,  
The Sailor's Return,  
Beauty and Wit,  
Lowland Willie,  
From Night to Morn.



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## THE BLUE BONNETS O'ER THE BORDER.

March, march, Ejtrick and Tiviotdale!  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order!  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
A' the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
    Many a banner spread,  
    Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story,  
    Mount and make ready then,  
    Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the Queen, and your old Scottish glory.  
March, march, let us a' march,  
Ye bold sons of Scotia, march in good order;  
March, march, let us a' march,  
For a' the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.

March, march, ye sons of Dumfries-shire,  
Nithsdale and Annandale, march in good order;  
March, march, Wigton and Gallowa',  
Follow your Chieftains that's bound for the Border,  
    The Claymore is drawn now,  
    Scotia's sons bend the bow,

Let now the proud foe put you in disorder !

Who dares to risk his life,  
And share the bloody strife,

'Mong the Blue Bonnets that's bound for the Border,  
March, march, let us a' march, &c.

Great were the deeds that your forefathers wrought,  
Which still are recorded in history's story ;  
And dear was the victory our enemies bought,  
When a' the Blue Bonnets were led on to glory.

Then let us revenge our wrongs,  
Claim what to us belongs ;

Agès unborn yet shall be our recorder,

When Scotia's sons leal and true,  
Plumb'd in their bonnets blue,

Conquer'd the foe that usurp'd on the Border !

March, march, let us a' march, &c.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,

Come frae the glen of the buck and the roe !

Come to the craig where the beacon is blazing !

Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow !

When trumpets are sounding,

War steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms then, and march in good order ;

England shall many a day,

Tell of the bloody fray,

When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

March, march, let us a' march, &c.

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**ROB RORRYSON'S BONNET.**

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rorryson's bonnet,  
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rorryson's bennet ;  
 It's no for the bonnet, but the head that was in it,  
 Gar'd the hail Parish speak o' Rob Rorryson's bonnet.  
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

This bonnet it cover'd his head frae the rain,  
 It serv'd for a craddle when he was at hame ;  
 And when the wife drank, or gaed out o' the thiets,  
 This very same bonnet aft dadded her cbseks,  
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

When Robby grew gude and began for to pray,  
 Then it was his cushion to keep his knees frae the  
 clay ;  
 And when Robby flyte and began for to swear,  
 This very same bonnet was wav'd in the air.  
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

This bonnet at first cost half-a-crown,  
 But tho' his lang lifetime it sav'd mony a poun' ;  
 For it served Robby in a' times o' need,  
 Besides when out-by for to cover his head.  
 Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.



It serv'd for the bellows to blow up the fire,  
 When the borrow was broken it mucked the byre,  
 And when wi' fatigue this bonnet was worn,  
 Thro' the holes that was in it he riddled the corn.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

It had a red tap like a muckle black blybe,  
 And it was slutched o'er on ilka hand side ;  
 Some said it was black, some said it was blue,  
 It was a wee thing o' baith as a body might true.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

This bonnet was weel worth the keeping atweel,  
 It was his amory, his kist, and a dish for his meal ;  
 He made it his bo'ster, his tatty-pock too,  
 He tried it wi' kail but it let out the broo.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

But how Robby got it to serve a' these ends,  
 Besides a' the fools, ther<sup>es</sup> few wise fouks that kens ;  
 But when Robby died it was there on the spot,  
 He would hae it in the coffin, but it was forget.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

But peace to the head for it's now in the mools,  
 It was a wonder to wise fouks besides unto fools ;  
 But of what sort o' wisdom this head was possess'd,  
 There's naebody kens, so there's as few will miss'd.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

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 THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Behold, from many an hostile shore,  
 And all the dangers of the main,  
 Where billows mount, and tempests roar,  
 Your faithful Tom return again ;  
 Returns and with him brings a heart,  
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,  
 How sweet to tread our native soil,  
 With conquest to return at last,  
 And deck our sweet hearts with the spoil,  
 No one to beauty should pretend,  
 But such as dare it's rights defend.

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 BEAUTY AND WIT.

Why all this anger, Celia shewn,  
 And I the unhappy object made ;  
 Why will you punish with a frown,  
 The wretch whom first your smiles betrayed.  
 Not all your beauty and your wit,  
 Could force my stubborn heart to yield,  
 Compell'd by kindness to submit,  
 And willingly resign the field.

'Tis this retains me still your slave,  
 'Tis this which makes me humbly low :  
 Your former favors, Celia gave,  
 The mighty pow'r your frowns have now.  
 'Tis strange that cruelty to love,  
 The force which it wounds, should owe ;  
 But surely this more strange will prove,  
 If crue'ty from love can flow.

If for the effects of loving thee,  
 Your servant by your anger dies,  
 And Celia, you'll revenge on me,  
 The tempting lustre of your eyes :  
 Like Orphens I have sung in vain,  
 Since my fond love my bliss destroys ?  
 Like him a fleeting pleasure to obtain,  
 I've lost the hope of solid joys.

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LOWLAND WILLIE

When e'er the downs at early day,  
 My lowland Willie hired him,  
 With joy I drove my cows that way,  
 In milking to abide him.

My bonny, bonny lowland Will,  
 My bonny lowland Willie,

My bonny, bonny lowland Will,  
My bonny lowland Willie.

'Twas o'er the downs he first began,  
To tell how well he lov'd me ;  
Could I refuse the charming man ?  
Ah ! no, his passion mov'd me.  
My bonny, bonny, &c.

My Willie's love to me is joy,  
I own it soon, believe me,  
To kirk I'll hae wi' my bonny boy ;  
For he will ne'er deceive me.  
My bonny, bonny, &c.

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### FROM NIGHT TO MORN.

From night to morn I take my glass,  
In hopes to forget my Chloe ;  
But tho' I take the pleasing draught,  
She's ne'er the less before me :  
Ah ! no, no, no, wine cannot cure,  
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain,  
Her beautiful charms created ;  
But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
And love would not be cheated.  
Ah, no, no, no, &c.

FINIS.