

*Jenny Lass, my Bonny Bird,*

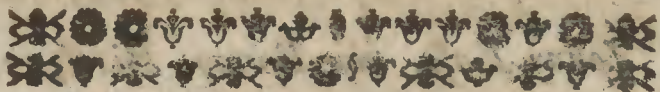
To which are added.

*The New Pease Strae,*

*The Minister's Maia's Courtship.*



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall. 1806.



JENNY LASS, My BONNY BIRD.

**J**ENNY lass, my bonny bird,  
my father's dead, and a that,  
And snugly laid aneath the yird,  
An' I'm his heir, an' a' that,  
I'm now a laird, an' a' that,  
I'm now a laird, an' a' that,  
I've gear an' lan' at my comman'  
an' muckle mair than a' that.

He left me, wi' his diein' breath,  
a dwelling houe an' a' that;  
Guid byars an' burns an' wabs o' claitn,  
a guid peat stack an' a' that;  
A mare, a foal an' a' that;  
A mare, a foal an' a' that;  
Sax guid milk ky, a calf forby;  
twa guid pet ewes an' a' that.

A yard, a meadow lang braid lees;  
wi' stacks o' corn an' a' that;  
They're weel hedg'd roun' withorns an' trees,  
an' carts an' cars an' a' that;  
A plou' an' graith an' a' that;  
A plou' an' graith an' a' that;  
Good harrow, twa, cock, hens an' a',  
A grizie too, an' a' that.

I've walth o' claitns for ilka-days,  
for Sundays too, an' a' that;

I've bills an' ban's on lairds an' lan's  
 an' filler, g'ud, an' a' that;  
 An' muckle mair than a' that,  
 An' muckle mair than a' that;  
 What want I now my bonny dow,  
 but just a wite to a' that?

Now, Jenny dear, my errand here  
 is to seek you to a' that;  
 My heart's a lowpin' whan I speer  
 gin ye'll tak me wi' a' that?  
 Mysel's my gear, an' a' that:  
 Mysel' my gear, an' a' that:  
 Come, gi'e's your loof to be a proof  
 that ye'll tak me wi' a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her nive in his;  
 said she'd tak him wi' a' that:  
 An' he gae her a hearty kifs,  
 an' dauted her, an' a' that:  
 They set the day an' a' that,  
 They set the day an' a' that,  
 When she'd come hame to be his dame,  
 an' ha'e a rant wi' a' that.

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## FAIR JENNY,

OR,

### THE NEW WAY OF PEASE STRAE.

**T**HE country swain that tends the plain,  
 driving the lightsome plough,

At right, tho' tir'd, with love a' fir'd,  
 he views the lasses' brow,  
 When morning comes, instead of drums,  
 the flails clap merrily,  
 To raise the maids out o' their beds  
 to shake the Pease Strae.

Fair Jenny-raise, put on her claise,  
 syne tund her voice to sing:  
 She sing sae sweet with notes complete,  
 gar'd a' the echo's ring;  
 An' a' the maids laid by their flails,  
 then danced merrily,  
 And bl's'd the hour that they had power  
 to shake the Pease Strae.

The musing swain, disturb'd in brain,  
 fast to her arms he flew,  
 And strove a while then wi' a smile,  
 said, Jenny redd in here:  
 She cries right aft, I think ye're daft,  
 to tempt a lassie sae;  
 Ye'll do me wrang, pray let me gang  
 and shake the Pease Strae.

My heart, said he, fair wounded be,  
 for thee, my Jenny fair;  
 Without a jest I get nae rest,  
 my bed it proves a snare:  
 Thy image fine present me syne,  
 an' takes a rest frae me;  
 An' while I dream, in your esteem,  
 you reckon me your sae.

Which is a sign ye will be mine,  
 dear Jenny sayna na',

But soon comply, or else I die,  
 fae tell me but a flaw:   
 If thou can love there's none above  
 thee, I can fancy thee;   
 I would be blest, if I but wist  
 that ye would shake my strae.

She, wi' a smile, said, ye're beguil'd,  
 I manna fancy thee,   
 My mither bau'd, she would me scauld,  
 fae di'na die for me.   
 But yet I own, as I'm near grown  
 a woman, since it's fae,  
 I'll marry thee, tyne ye'll get me  
 to shake your Pease Strae.

THE  
 MINISTER MAID'S COURTSHIP.

**W**HEN I was a bonny wee lassie,  
 I lived by yon river side;  
 A bonny wie laddie courted me,  
 for to make me his bride;  
 My master being one of the Clergy,  
 I kentna weel how to do;  
 But I courted ay wi' my laddie,  
 and pleas'd the Minister too.  
 We waited a' opportunities,  
 ay when they were frae hame;

We kiss'd and clapp'd each other  
 so merry as we were then,  
 So merry as we were then,  
 our vows for to renew;  
 So ay I courted my laddie,  
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

It was on a fine simmer evening,  
 I went out for to meet with my lad,  
 He took me into his arms,  
 our hearts being wond'rous glad;  
 And what came o' me then  
 ye needna believe me now;  
 But ay I courted my laddie,  
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

When I came hame to my mistress,  
 she scolded and she flet;  
 Says, where have you been wa'king,  
 that ye have stay'd sae late?  
 That ye have stay'd sae late,  
 your master I will tell.  
 Thinks I, madam, ye needna fash,  
 for I'll ha'e to do that mysel'.

But I keepet ay up my courage,  
 and madena muckle din  
 And my laddie came ay and saw me,  
 ay's he gaed out and in,  
 And ay's he gaed out and in,  
 ay he pried my mou',  
 So ay I courted my laddie,  
 and pleas'd the Minister too.

But when the simmer was over,  
 O pale and wan grew I!  
 Like ane risen out o' a fever,  
 or ane just gaun to die!  
 My master he came an' asked me  
 what was the matter wi' me!  
 If I knew any thing that would ease me,  
 at my comman' it should be.

Oh! I maun own my crime,  
 tho' it be to my shame and disgrace,  
 I went out for to meet wi' the lad,  
 the lad that gi'es out your mafs?  
 His voice it was too shrill,  
 he pitch'd o'er high for me;  
 And ay sin'syne I remember  
 that I becn likein' to die.

Then my laddie was sent for,  
 and he came hingin' his mou';  
 Says Mets John, had you been a good bairn,  
 we wadna h'e sent for you:  
 My lassie is lyin' sick,  
 an' on you she lays a' the blame;  
 An' ye ken ony way ye've wrang'd her,  
 ye'll raise her as speedy again.

O I never harm'd your lassie,  
 neither by night nor by day;  
 But it was on a fine simmer evening,  
 when crossing o'er the way,  
 When crossing o'er the way,  
 I learn'd her how to sing.

And pitching the high notes of bingor,  
has driven her a' out o' tune.

Be pleas'd to marry your lassie  
O marry your lassie to me  
For I'm resoly'd to have her,  
whether she live or die,  
Whether she live or die,  
to make her my wedded wife :

So I'll live with my lassie  
a sweet and contented life.

**F I N I S.**