

The
ROVING
BOY

or, *New Deer Prodigal.*

To which are addad,

Gloomy Winter!

For Lack of Gold.



Peterhead: Printed by P. Buchan.

THE ROVING BOY.

MY friends appear both far and near,
the truth ill surely tell to you
J— **R**— is my name,
but ye may call me frolic few.
Lelta loura loura laddie lee

In New Deer parish I was born,
a child in youth to methlic name,
And if you doubt me to believe,
the session clerk will tell the same.

Good education I have got,
and have learned to read and write,
My father he was fond of me,
and my mother in me took delight.

To view the country I was fond,
as a common servant I did see,
Sore against my parents will,
they thought to make a man of me.

In Bogehide I sheared my first hairst,
near by the foot of Benochie,
My master was right ill to fair,
but laith was I to lose my fee.

And from that place I steered my course,
 and to the highlands I did go,
 I did engage with rynie there,
 a servant with him for to be.

To thresh the corn and hold the plow,
 it was the work I had in hand,
 Baith weet and dry and ear and let,
 I shortly tired me of the framd.

Rynies work is very hard,
 and rynies wages is but small,
 Rynies laws are double strick,
 and that does grieve me worst of all.

Rynie its a highland plaee,
 it does not suit a loland loun,
 Rynie iis a cold clay-holl,
 its far from like my fathers town.

The lassés they were fond of me,
 and sometimes to them I was kind,
 But with ill usage I was tired,
 for it ran fore into my mind.

Jeanie Ridoh made my bed,
 lay down between me and the wa,

And streaked down my curling locks,
says Buchan laddie come your wa.

Once my heart was free from love,
till annie catch'd me in the snare,
She false lufs proved cruel to me,
set me a roving ever mair.

When I did think within myself
if my parents would but look on me,
And comes and take me from the framed
a better bairn I would be,

I was sore abused and badly used
and griev'd were they to see the same,
They came and took me from the fram'd,
and put me to the school again.

But woe be to my backward heart,
for it would never them obey,
For day and night and ear and lare,
my fancy led me far a'tray.

To idle jaunts and merry rants,
and drunkness I was half a slave,
My friends they were all wroth at me,
and the country bade me misbehave.

Altho that they have taen me off,
 set me at liberty once more,
 For a thats come and a thats gone,
 I'll jolly view the country fare.

To stay upon my fathers farm,
 that was never my intent,
 I lov'd the lasses double well,
 and aye the weary drop of drink.

But I do love the drop of drink,
 and so do I the drop of tea,
 I love the lasses double well,
 and thats the thing will ruin me.

But I drink an no be drunk,
 and I can fight an no be slain,
 And I can court my neighbours lassie,
 and aye go welcome to my ain.

But now my candle its burat deen,
 and the snorter its burat me fair;
 I am lised into Geordys crew,
 fo girls adieu for ever mair.

Young men beware and take advice,
 and from the session keep you free,

6
If once the kirk do get a grip,
you'll pay the smart as well as me,

And if you doubt me to believe,
then by experiance you will find,
What is sweet into the mouth,
proves sometimes bitter in the wame.

But my dif. harge now I have got,
and am at liberty again;
I'll rove among the lasses yet,
for Geordy he wants still more men.

I go to church as grave's a judge,
and many woman there I find,
Sitting by her husbands side,
that many night has lyen by mine.



7

37.

Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Soft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' stanly shaw,
The mavis sings fu cheery O;
Sweet the craw-flowers early bell,
Decks Gleniffers dewy dell;
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.

Come my lassie let us stray,
O'er Glenkillocks sunny brae,
Blythly spend the gouden day,
Midst joys that never weary O.
Tow'ring o'er Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw white clouds;
Siller saughs wi' downy buds,
Adorn the bank sae briery O;

Around the silvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckens 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 canno bring,
Unless wi' thee my dearie O.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

For lack of gold she's left me O,
 And of all that's dear bereft me O!
 She me forsook for a great Duke,
 And to endless care has left me O!

A Star and Garter has more art,
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart,
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glittering she's left me O!

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love;
 Tho' distant climes I must rove,
 Since Jeanie she has left me O.

Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me O!

FINIS.