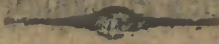


Two Excellent Old Songs.



The

BLAE-BERRIES,

and

Johnny Cope.



Peterhead: Printed By P. Buchan.

THE BLAE-BERRY GARLAND.

Will ye go to the highlands my jewel with
Will you go to the high hills the flocks for to
It is health for my jewel to breath the sweet
And to pull the blae-berries in the forest so fair

To the highlands my jewel I'll not go wi
For the road it is long and the hills they are h
I love these vallys and sweet corn fields.
More than all the blae-berries your will mou

Our hills are bonny when the heather's in
It would cheer a fine fancy in the mouth of
To pull the blae-berries and carry them home
Set them on your table when December come

Our spake her Father that saexy old man,
You might chosen a mistress among your ow
It's cut poor entertainment to our Ioland dan
To promise them berries all blae heather bloom

Kilt up your green plaidie, walk over, you
For a sight of your highland face does me m
For I'll wed my daughter and spare pennies t
To whom my heart pleases and what's that to

My plaid it is broad and has colours anew,
Goodman for your kindness I'll leave it with
I've got a warm cordial keeps a cold from m
The dlyth blink of love from your daughter's

My flock; they are thin and my lodging but bare;
 And you that has muckle the mair ye can spare;
 Some of your spare pennies with us you will share,
 And ye winna send your Lassie o'er the hills bare.

He went to his daughter to give her advice,
 And if ye go with him I'm sure ye're not wise;
 He's a rude highland fellow as poor as the crow,
 He's the clan of the Cathrines for ought that I know.

But if you go with him I'm sure you'll go bare;
 You shall have nothing father or mother can spare,
 Of all I possess, I'll deprive you for aye,
 For o'er the hills Lassie you do go away.

It's Father keep what you're not willing to give,
 For I will go with him as sure as I live,
 What signifies gold or treasure to me,
 When the highland hills is 'tween my love & me.

Now she is gone with him in spite of them a',
 Away to a place that her eyes never saw,
 He had no steed for to carry her home,
 But still he's o' Lassie think not the road long.

In a warm summers evening they came to a glen,
 Being wearied with travel the Lassie sat down;
 He said get up my brave Lassie and let us step on,
 For the sun will go round us before we win home.

My feet are all torn my shoes are all rent,
 I'm weary with travel and just like to faint,
 Were it not for the sake of your kind company,
 I would lie in this desert until that I die.

The day is far spent and the night coming on,
 And stop you please to your bonny mill-town,
 And then ask you lodging for thee and for me,
 For glad would I be in a barn to be.

The place it is bonny and pleasant indeed,
 But the peo-ple have hearted to us that's in need.
 Perhaps they'd not grant us their barn or byre,
 But I'll go and ask them as it's your desire.

The Lassie went foremost, sure I was to blame,
 To ask for a lodging myself I thought shame;
 The Lassie replied with tears not a few,
 It's ill ale said she that's sour when it's new.

In a short time after they came to a grove,
 Where his flocks they were feeding in numberless;
 Allan stood musing his flocks for to see, (droves;
 Come away my brave Allan that's no pleasure to me.

A beautiful Lady with green tartan trews,
 And two bonny lasses were lughting in ewes,
 They said honoured master are you come again!
 Long, long have we looked for your coming here.

Bought in your ewes lasses and go your way hame
 I've brought a swan frae the south I have her to name
 Her feathers are fallen and where can she fly;
 In the best bed in all the houze there she shall lye.

The Ladys heart was down it couldne well rise,
 Till mony a lad and lass came in wi a fraise;
 To welcome the Lady and welcome her home,
 Such a hall in the highlands she never thought on.

The Laddies did whistle and the lasses did sing,
 They made her a supper might have served a queen;
 With ale and good whisky they drank her health roun
 And they made to the lassie a braw bed of down.

Early next morning he led her to the hay,
 He bids her look round her as fars she could spy;
 These lands and possessions my debts for to pay,
 And ye wina go round them in a lang summer day.

O Allan, O Allan, I'm indebted to thee,
 It is a debt Allan I can never pay;
 O Allan, O Allan how came ye for me,
 Sure I am not worthy your bride for to be.

How call ye me Allan when Sandy's my name,
 Why call ye me Allan sife ye are to blame;
 For dont ye remember when at school with thee,
 I was hated by all the rest, but loved by thee.

How oft have I fed on your bread and your cheese
 Likewise when you had but an handful of pease;
 Your cruel-hearted Father he bound at me his dogs,
 They tore all my bare heels and rave all my rags.

Is this my dear Sandy whom I lov'd so dear!
 I have not heard of you this many a year;
 When all the rest were sleeping sleep were frae me,
 For thinking on what was become of thee.

My parents were born long time before me,
 Perhaps by this time they are drown'd in the sea;
 The lands and possessions they left them to me,
 And I came sor you jewel to share them with thee.

In love we began and in love we will end,
 And in joy and mirth our days we will spend,
 And a voyage to your Father once more we'll go,
 And relieve the old Farmer from his trouble and wo.

With men and maid-servants us to wait upon;
 And away to her Fathers in chaise they are gone;
 The Laddie went formost the brave highland loun,
 Till they came to the road that leads to the town.

When he came to the gate he gave a loud roar,
 Come down gentle Farmer the Catrines at your door
 He look'd out the window and saw's daughters face
 With his hat in his hand he made a great fraise.

Keep on your hat Farmer and dont let it fa,
For it sets out the Peacock to bow to the
Hold your tongue Sawny, and do not taunt me,
For my daughter's not worthy your bride for to be.

Now he held the bridal-reins till he came down,
And then he convey'd them into a fine room;
With the best of spirits they drank a fine toss.
The Father and Son drank both in one glass.

JOHNNY COPE.

COPE sent a letter frae Dumbar,
Charly meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
if you'll meet me in the morning.

Chorus.

Hey Johnny Cope are you waking yet
Or are your drums a beating yet,
If ye were waking I would wait,
To go to the coals i' the morning.

When Charly looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnny Cope i' the morning

Now Johnny be as good's your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
 That's chas'd frae its nest i' the morning.

When Johnny Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be a miss,
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa i' the morning.

Fy now Johnny get up and rin,
 The highland bag pipes mak a din,
 Its best to sleep in a hale skin,
 For 'twill be a bloody morning.

When Johnny Cope to Berwick came,
 They spear'd at him, Where's a your men
 The deil confound me gin I ken,
 For I left them a i' the morning.

Now Johnny troth ye was nae blate,
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
 And leave your men in sic a strait,
 So early in the morning.

Ah! faith co' Johnny I got sic siegs,
 Wi' their clay-mo' and Philabegs,
 If I face them again they'll brack my legs
 So I wish you a good morning. &c. &c.