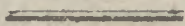


THREE EXCELLENT
SONGS.



Muckingo' Geordie's Byre.
A Man's a Man for a' that.
Sir James the Rose. ✕



KILMARNOCK:
Printed for the Booksellers.

MUCKING o' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

AS I went over yon meadow,
 And carelessly pass'd along,
 I listen'd with pleasure to Jenny,
 While mournfully singing this song :
 The mucking o' Geordie's byre,
 And the shooring the griupsae clean,
 Has aft gart me spend the night sleepless,
 And brought the saut tears frae my een.

It was not my father's pleasure,
 Nor was it my mother's desire,
 That ever I should file my fingers,
 Wi' the mucking o' Geordie's byre.
 The mucking, &c.

Though the roads were ever sae filthy,
 Or the day sae scowry and foul,
 I wad aye be ganging wi' Geordy ;
 I lik'd it far better than school.
 The mucking, &c.

My brither abuses me daily,
 For being wi' Geordie sae free ;
 My sister she ca's me hoodwinked,
 Because he s below my degree.

But weel do I like my young Geordie,
 Although he was cunning and slee;
 He calls me his dear and his honey,
 And I'm sure my Geordie lo'es me,
 The mucking, &c.

A Man's a Man for a' that.

IS there for honest poverty,
 Wha hangs his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave we pass him by,
 And dare be poor for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, an' a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, an' knaves their wine,
 A man's a man, for a' that,
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, an' a' that:
 An honest man, tho' ne'er sae poor,
 Is chief o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birky ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a cuif for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that;
 A man of independent mind,
 Can look an' laugh at a' that,

The king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 An honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, an' a' that,
 His dignities an' a' that;
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth
 Are grander far than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it shall, for a' that,
 When sense an' worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 When man an' man, o'er a' the earth
 Shall brithers be, an' a' that.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,
the young heir of Buleighen ?

For he has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
an's friends are out to take him.

Now he's gone to the house of Marr,
(where the nourice was his leman)

To seek his dear he did repair,
thinking she would befriend him.

Where are you going, Sir James ? she says,
or where now are you riding ?

O I am bound to a foreign land,
for now I'm under hiding !

Where shall I go ? where shall I run ?
where shall I go to hide me ?

For I have kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
and they're seeking to slay me.

O go ye down to yon ale-house,
and I'll pay there your lawing ;

And if I be a woman true,
I'll meet you in the dawning.

I'll not go down to yon ale-house,
for you to pay my lawing,

There's forty shillings for one supper ;
I'll stay in't till the dawning.

He's turn'd him right and round about,
 and row'd him in his brechan;
 And he has gone to take a sleep
 in the lowlands of Buleighen.

He was not well gone out of sight,
 nor was he past Milstrethen
 Till four and twenty belted knights,
 came riding o'er the Leathen.

O have you seen Sir James the Rose,
 the young heir of Buleighen?

For he has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
 and we're sent out to take him.

O I have seen Sir James, she says,
 for he past here on Monday,

If the steed be swift that he rides on,
 he's past the gates of London.

But as they were going away,
 then she call'd out behind them

If you do seek Sir James, she says,
 I'll tell you where you'll find him;

You'll seek the bank above the mill,
 in the lowlands of Buleighen,

And there you'll find Sir James the Rose,
 lying sleeping in his brechan.

You must not wake him out of sleep,
Nor yet must you affright him,
Till you run a dart quite thro' his heart,
and thro' the body pierce him.
They sought the bank above the mill,
in the lowlands of Buleighen,
And there they found Sir James the Rose,
a-sleeping in his brechan.

Then out bespoke Sir John the Graeme,
who had the charge a-keeping,
It's ne'er be said, dear gentlemen,
we kill'd him when a-sleeping.
They seiz'd his broad sword and his targe,
and closely him surrounded ;
But when he wak'd out of his sleep,
his senses were confounded,

O pardon ! pardon ! gentlemen,
have mercy now upon me !
Such as you gave, such you shall have,
and so we'll fall upon thee.
Donald, my man, wait me upon,
and I'll give you my brechan ;
And if you stay here till I die,
you'll get my trews of tartan.

There is fifty pounds in my pocket,
besides my trews and brechan ;
You'll get my watch and diamond ring,
and take me to Loch Largon.
Now they have taken out his heart,
and stuck it on a spear,
Then took it to the house of Marr,
and gave it to his dear.

But when she saw his bleeding heart,
she was like one distracted !
She smote her breast, & wrung her hands,
crying, What now have I acted !
Sir James the Rose, now for thy sake,
my heart is now a-breaking !
Curst be the day I did thee betray,
thou brave knight of Buleighen.

Then up she rose, and forth she goes,
all in that fatal hour,
And bodily was borne away,
and never was seen more.
But where she went was never ken'd,
and so to end the matter,
A traitor's end, you may depend,
can never be no better.