

15
The Lass o' Gowrie.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

FAIR JENNY,

DUNCAN M'CALLACHAN,

MUSHA GRAH WHAT WILL BECOME O' ME.

I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.



GREENOCK:

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THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

UPON a sinner afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie in a braw new gown,
Cam' o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,
Bloom fresh within the sunny bow'r;
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green fields beside the shaw;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,
My mither coft last new-year's-day,
And buskit me frae tap to tae,
To keep me out o' Gowrie.
Daft Will, short syne, cam' courting Nell,
And wan the lass, but what befel,
Or whar she's gane, she kens hersel',
She staid na lang in Gowrie.

ic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;
Except yoursel', my bonny queen,
I care for nought in Gowrie.
Since first I saw you in the sheal,
To you my heart's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae de'il,
Warlock or witch, in Gowrie.
Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blushes on her cheek soon spread;
She whisper'd modestly, and said,
O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!
The auld folks soon gae their consent,
Byne for Mess John they quickly sent,
Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

FAIR JENNY.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the
morning,
That danc'd to the larks early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild-woods among!

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flowrets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide, what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known:
 All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DUNCAN M'CALLACHAN.

IT was a peck o' meal or mair,
 Ae day whan commin' frae the fair:
 That Duncan laid, wi' his grey mare
 To rin wi' nine or ten, jo.

Then aff they a' set, gallopin' gallopin',
 Arms and legs a' wallopin', wallopin',
 "Diel hae the last," quo' Duncan M'Callachan,
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

The wily Souter ran like wud,
 An' keepit close at Duncan's sud,
 Till in the glar, wi' waefu' thud,
 His golloping did end, jo.
 But a' the lave kept gallopin', gollopin',
 Arms and legs a' wallopin', wallopin';
 "Lye, ye there," quo' Duncan M'Callachan,
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

The Baxter niest, was at his tail;
 His whup he handled like a flail,
 An' scour'd thro' thick an' thin like hail;
 Haith he cam' right far ben, jo.
 But Duncan he kept gallopin' gallopin',
 Arms an' legs a' wallopin' wallopin',
 "Diel hae the last," quo' Duncan M'Callachan,
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

But Hab the Miller he was ta'en,
 Wi' sic a wamblin' in the wame,
 An' bockin rainbows o'er his main,
 Nae langer could contend, jo.

But Duncan he kept gallopin', gallopin',
 Arms an' legs a' wallopin', wallopin',
 " Oh! dirty brute," quo' Duncan M'Callachan,
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

Now Duncan's mare she flew likè drift,
 An' fast and sure, her feet did lift,
 At ilka loup, she gae a rift,
 Frae out her hinder end jo,
 But Duncan he kept gallopin' gallopin',
 Arms and legs a' wallopin', wallopin',
 " Take ye that," quo' Duncan M'Callachan,
 Laird o' Tullyben, jo.

**MUSHA GRAH, WHAT WILL BECOME
 OF ME!**

TWAS yester day noon at dark,
 I went to see Katty Maloy,
 Whose beauty had just like a spark
 Set fire to my heart, my dear joy.
 And it's musha grah, what will become of me!
 Arrah, now what shall I do!
 Sure Katty is making big fun of me,
 Which makes me look wondrous blue.

With my head in my hand I advanc'd,
 And stood on one knee to greet her,
 My heart like pony, joy, pranc'd,
 Because that I happen'd to meet her.
 And it's musha grah, &c.

She tipt me a Kilmainham lecr,
 Nor pitied my love-sick disaster,
 But bade me be seeking elsewhere.
 Because she was mate for my master.
 And it's musha grah, &c.

Since, Katty, you mane to be cruel,
 Bad luck to myself, then, says I,
 On a tree to extinguish love's feul,
 I'll hang myself, honey, to dry.
 And it's musha grah, &c.

But fait all my blarney wont do,
 She longs, perhaps, to see me a-kicking;
 But stop— I'll be damn'd if I do,
 I'm not such a soft-pated chicken.
 No more I'll sing what will become of me,
 Musha grah what will I do,
 But get Judy at church to make one of me,
 And Katty in turn may look blue.

I WAS THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING 'EM.

I WAS the boy for bewitching 'em
Whether good humour'd or coy;
All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,

'Do what you will with me, joy.'
'Daughters, be cautious and steady,'
Mammies would cry out for fear,
'Won't you take care, now, of Teddy?
Oh! he's the devil, my dear!

For I was the boy, &c.
From ev'ry quarter I gather'd 'em,
Very few rivals had I;

If I found any, I leather'd 'em,
That made 'em plaguily shy.

Pat Mooney my Shelah once meeting,

I twigg'd him beginning his clack;
Says he 'at my heart I've a beating,'

Says I, 'then take one at your back.'

For I was the boy, &c.
Many a lass that would fly away,

When other wocers but spoke;
Once if I look'd her a die-away,

There was an end of the joke.
Beauties no matter how cruel,

Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
'When I came nigh them, jewel,

Melted like mud in a frost.

For I was the boy, &c.