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# Home! Sweet Home!

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Within a mile of Edinburgh.

*Roslin Castle.*

PRAY, GOODY.

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HOME! SWEET HOME!

'Midst pleasures and palaces though we  
may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place  
like home,  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow  
us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er  
met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet sweet home;  
There's no place like home;  
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles  
in vain;  
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage  
again;  
With the birds singing gaily, that came  
— at my call;  
Give me them, with my peace of mind,  
dearer than all.  
Home, home, &c.

Weel may the boatie row,  
 And better may it speed,  
 Weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairnies' bread.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel;  
 Meikle luck attend the boat,  
 The merlin and the creel.

cust my line in Largo bay,  
 And fishes I catch'd nine;  
 'Twas three to boil, and three to fry,  
 - And three to bait the line!  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot of a' moor'd buys  
 That wish the boatie speed.

) weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And clears us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our pottage meal!  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.

around that modest brow of mine.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,  
 And wan frae me my heart,  
 O muckle lighter grew my creel,  
 He swore we'd never part.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And muckle lighter is the load,  
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,  
 And dress'd mysel fu' braw,  
 I true my heart was douf and wae,  
 When Jamie gaed awa.  
 But weel may the boatie row,  
 And lucky be her part;  
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,  
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up, and gotten near,  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel,  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The morlin and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,  
 And hirpling round the door,  
 They'll row to keep us warm and dry,  
 As we did them before.  
 Then weel may the boatie row,  
 She wins the bairns' bread;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boat to speed.

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WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet flow'rs bloom'd, and the grass  
 was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
 Bonny Jockie, blythe and gay,  
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
 The lassie blush'd, and frowning cried,  
 Na, na, it winna do;  
 I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna  
 buckle to.  
 Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,  
 Tho' lang he had follow'd the lass;  
 Contented she earn'd and ate her brown  
 bread,

around that modest brow of thine.



And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonny Jockie, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried

Na, na, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna  
buckle to.

But when he vow'd he wad mak her his  
bride,

Tho' his flocks and herds were but few,  
She gie'd him her hand, & a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonny Jockie, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily,

At kirk she hae mair frowning cried,

Na, na, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, winna, manna  
buckle to.

ROSLIN CASTLE

'Twas in that season of the year,

When all things gay and sweet appear,

That Colin, with the morning ray,

Arose and sang his rural lay,

bride.

Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung;

The hills and dales with Nannie rung;  
While Roslin castle heard the swain,  
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake sweet Muse! the breathing spring  
With rapture warms, awake and sing!  
Awake and join the vocal throng,  
Who hail the morning with a song;  
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay,  
O bid her haste and come away;  
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
And love inspires the melting song;  
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,  
And love my rising bosom warms,  
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away!  
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall  
twine  
Around that modest brow of thine.

O hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

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PRAY GOODY..

Pray, Goody, please to moderate the  
 rancour of your tongue,  
 Why flash those marks of fury from  
 your eyes,  
 Remember when the judgment's weak  
 the prejudice is strong,  
 A stranger why will you despise?  
 Ply me, try me,  
 Prove e'er you deny me,  
 If you cast me off, you'll blast me,  
 Never more to rise.  
 Pray, Goody, please, &c.

FINIS.