

O tell me the way for to Woo.

—The Flowers of the Forest.

A LASSIE FAIR.

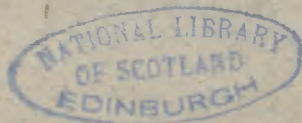
DAINTIE DAVIE.

MY KIMMER AND I.



GLASGOW:
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O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

Tune.—Bonnie Dundee.

OH! tell me, oh tell me bonnie young lassie!
O tell me young lassie how for to woo!
Oh tell me, oh tell me bonnie young lassie,
O tell me sweet lassie how for to woo.
Say, maun I roose your cheeks like the morning,
Lips like the roses fresh moisten'd wi' dew?
Say, maun I roose your een's pawkie scorning?
Oh! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to see thee dear lassie!
Far hae I ventur'd across the saut sea!
Far hae I ventur'd o'er moorland and mountain,
Houseless, and wearie, sleep'd cauld on the lea
Ne'er have I tried yet to mak love to onie;
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I saw you;
Now we're alane in the green wood sae bonnie!
Oh! tell me, oh tell me how for to woo!

What care I for your wandering, young laddie!
What care I for your crossing the sea!
It was na for naething you left poer young Peggy
—It was for my tocher ye cam to court me.
Say, hae ye gowd to busk me ay gawdie?
Ribbons, and perlins, and breast-knots anew
A house that is cantie, wi' walth in't, my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo.

I hae na gowd to busk ye ay gawdie!

I canna buy ribbians and perlians anew!

I've naething to brag o' house, or o' plenty!

I've little to gie but a heart that is true—

I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie;

I never loo'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;

I've wander'd, poor fool! for a face fause as bonnie

—I little thought this was the way for to woo!

Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning,

Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou?

Hae na ye come o'er sea, moor, and mountain,

What mair, my dear Johnnie, need ye to woo?

Far hae ye wander'd, I ken, my dear laddie!

Now that ye've found me, there's nae cause to
rue;

Wi' wealth we'll hae plenty. I'll ne'er gang gaudy,

I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in her true lover's bosom,

The saft tear o' transport fill'd ilk lover's ee;

The burnie ran sweet by their side as they sabbit,

And sweet sang the mavis aboon on the tree.

He clasp'd her, he press'd her, and ca'd her his
hinny,

And aften he tasted her hiney sweet mou;

And ay 'tween ilk smack she sigh'd to her Johnnie

—Oh! laddie! oh laddie! weel can ye woo!

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling;

I've tasted her fayours, and felt her decay;

Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far awae.
 I've seen the forest adorn'd the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay;
 Full sweet was their blooming; their scent the air
 perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning
 And the red storm roaring before the parting day:
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the
 sunnie beams,
 Turn drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
 O fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting?
 Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot
 cheer me.
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

A LASSIE FAIR.

Tune—For a' that and a' that.

A lassie fair (the deil-ma-care)
 Ance slighted me and a' that;
 But tho' I'm poor, you're very sure
 I dinna like to claw that;
 For a' that and a' that,
 I'm hearty still for a' that;
 I gat the slight, I took it light,
 And that's the way to thraw that.

Gif they should nick you wi' this trick,
 Ne'er break your heart and a' that;
 Just glowr about, you'll find ane out,
 Will ease your pain and a' that.
 And a' that, and a' that,
 Your sighs and sabs, and a' that;
 Sae never pine about a quean,
 There's plenty yet for a' that!

He is a fool wha maks't a rule
 Ne'er for to wed and a' that,
 Whan ance a lass to him proves fause,
 But taks to bed and a' that.
 And a' that, and a' that,—
 Nae doctor's drugs and a' that,
 Will ever prove a cure for love,
 Like kiss again and a' that!

Gif I can find ane to my mind,
 My heart and hand and a' that,
 To her I'll gie baith frank and free,—
 They're my delight for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that;
 They're dear to me for a' that;
 I loo them still, and ever will,
 Tho' ane did jilt and a' that.

DAINTIE DAVIE.

THE lasses fain wad hae frae me
 A sang to keep them a' in glee,
 While ne'er a ane I hae to gie,
 But only Daintie Davie.

I learn'd it early in my youth,
 When barley bannocks caus'd a drouth;
 Whar cronies met to weet their mouth,
 Our sang was Daintie Davie.

O, Daintie Davie is the thing,
 I never kent a cãntie spring,
 That e'er deserv'd the highland fling,
 Sae sweet as Daintie Davie.

When friends and fo'k at bridal's meet,
 Their drouthie mou's and craigs to weet,
 The story canna be complete
 Without they've Daintie Davie.
 Sae lasses tune your spinnets weel,
 And lilt it up wi' a' your skill,
 There's nae strathspey nor highland reel,
 Comes up to Daintie Davie.
 O, Daintie Davie, &c.

Tho' bardies a', in former times,
 Hae stain'd my sang, wae worth their rhymes!
 They had but little mense, wi' crimes,
 To blast my Daintie Davie.
 The rankest weeds the garden spoil,
 When labour taks the play a while;
 The lamp gaes out for want o' oil,
 And sae it far'd wi' Davie.
 O, Daintie Davie, &c.

There's ne'er a bar but what's complete,
 While ilka note is ay so sweet,
 That auld and young get to their feet,
 When they hear Daintie Davie.

Until the latest hour of time,
 When music a' her power shall tine,
 Each hill, and dale, and grove, shall ring
 Wi' bonnie Daintie Davie.
 O, Daintie Davie, &c.

MY KIMMER AND I.

WHAN Kimmer and I were groom and bride,
 We had twa pint stoups at our bedside;
 Sax times fu' and sax times dry,
 And raise for drouth—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the fair,
 Wi' twal pund Scots in sarking to ware,
 But we drank the gude brown hawkie dry,
 And sarkless hame came Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I gade to the town,
 For wedding breeks and a wedding gown;
 But the sleekie auld priest he wat our eye
 In sackcloth gowns—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I maun tak the beuk,
 Wi' a twal pint stoup in our pint neuk;
 Ere the psalm be done, the dish is dry,
 And drouthelie pray my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer and I are scant o' claes,
 Wi' soups o' drink and soups o' brose;
 But late we rise and soon gae lie,
 And cantilie live—my Kimmer and I.

My Kimmer is auld, my Kimmer is bent,
And I'm gaun louting owre a kent;
The well o' life is dribbling dry,
And drouthie, drouthie's Kimmer and I.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

HOPE told a flattering tale,
That joy would soon return;
Ah! nought my sighs avail,
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah! where's the flatt'rer gone?
From me from ever flown;
The happy dream of love is o'er,
Life, alas! can charm no more.

F I N I S.