

THE

Duke of Gordon's

Three Daughters,

Mary I believ'd thee true,

AND

Prince Charlie.



FALKIRK:

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The Duke of Gordon's Daughters.

The Duke of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret and Jean :
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,
But they went away to bonny Aberdeen.
They had not been in bonny Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him went she.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
How lady Jean fell in love with a captain,
And from him she would not stay,
Go saddle me the black horse, he cry'd,
My servant shall ride on the grey,
And I will go to bonny Aberdeen
Forwith to bring her away.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only one,
Till he met with his two daughters,
But away was lady Jean.
O where is your sister maidens ?
Where is your sister now :
O where is your sister, maidens,
That she's not walking with you ;

O pardon us honoured father !
O pardon us they did say :
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And from him she will not stay.

When he came to bonny Aberdeen,
 And down upon the green,
 There he did see Captain Ogilvie,
 A training of his men.

O woe be to the Captain Ogilvie!
 And an ill death thou shalt die.

For taking to thee my daughter,
 High hanged shalt thou be.
 The Duke of Gordon wrote a broad letter,
 And sent it to the king,
 To cause him hang brave Captain Ogilvie,
 If e'er he caused hang any man.

No I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,
 For any offence that I see.

But I'll cause him to put off the scarlet,
 And put on the single livery.
 Now word came to Captain Ogilvie,
 In the chamber where he lay,
 To strip off the gold and scarlet,
 And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,
 This penance I'll tak wi',

If this be for bonny Jeannie Gordon,
 All this and more I'll dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
 A year but only three,
 Till she had a babe in every arm,
 And another on her knee.

O but I'm weary weary wandering!

O but my fortune is bad,
 It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
 To follow a soldier lad.
 O hold your tongue, bonny Jean Gordon,
 O hold thy tongue my lamb,
 For once I was a noble captain,
 Now for thy sake a single man.

O high was the hills and the mountains,
 Cold was the frost and the snow;
 Lady Jean's shoes were all torn,
 No farther could she go.
 O if I were in the glens of Foudlen,
 Where hunting I have been,
 I could go to bonny castle Gordon,
 Without either stockings or sheen.

O hold your tongue bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 O hold your tongue my dow;
 I've but one half-crown in the world,
 I'll buy hose and shoon to you.
 When she came to bonny Castle Gordon,
 And coming over the green,
 The Porter cried out, with a loud voice,
 Yonder comes our lady Jean.

You are welcome bonny Jeanie Gordon,
 You are dearly welcome to me,
 You are welcome, dear Jeanie Gordon,
 But away with your Ogilvie.
 Now over the seas went the Captain,
 As a soldier under command;

O but I'm weary weary wandering!

But a messenger soon followed after,
Which caused a countermand.

Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
To enjoy your brother's land;

Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
You're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean? says the Captain,
Where's my brother's land;

Come home now, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
You're the heir of Northumberland.

O what does this mean? says the Captain,
Where's my brother's children three?

O they are all dead and buried,
The lands are all ready for thee.

Then hoist up your sails, brave Captain,
And let's be jovial and free;

I'll go home and have my estate,
And then my dear Jeanie I'll see.

He soon came to bonny Castle Gordon,
And then at the gate stood he;

The Porter cry'd out with a loud shout,
Here comes Captain Ogilvie!

You're welcome pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced I hear,

No stranger can come to my gates,
That I do love so dear.

Sir the last time I was at your gate
You would not let me in;

I am come for my wife and children,

No friendship else I claim.
 Then she came tripping down the stair,
 With the tear into her ee,
 One babe she had at every foot,
 Another upon her knee.

You're welcome, bonny Jean Gordon,
 You're dearly welcome to me,
 You're welcome bonny Jean Gordon,
 Countess of Northumberland to be.
 Now the Captain came off with his lady,
 And his sweet babies three,
 Saying, I'm as good blood by descent,
 Tho' the great Duke of Gordon you be.

Prince Charlie.

When Charlie first came to the North,
 With the manly looks of a Highland laddie,
 Moved every true Scottish heart to warm,
 To guard the lad wi' the tartan plaidie.

Love, farewell,—friends, farewell,
 To guard my king, I'll bid all farewell.

When king Geordy heard of this,
 That he'd gane North to heir his dadie,
 He sent Sir John Cope to the North,
 For to catch him in his tartan plaidie.

But when Cope come to Inverness,
 They told him he was south already:

I must like a lion conquer all,
By virtue of the tartan plaidie.

When they came to Aberdeen;
The English fleet was lying ready
To carry them over to Edinburgh town,
If they'd catch the lad wi' the tartan plaidie.

On Prestonpans he formed his clans,
Where many a baby lost its dadie,
Our noble Prince stood on the front,
And wasna ashamed to shew the plaidie.

Sir John Cope address'd his men,
Saying, if you'll be both stern and steady,
Thirty thousand pounds you'll have
To catch the lad wi' the tartan plaidie.

Then our noble Prince address'd his men,
Saying, if you'll both stern and steady,
I'll set you down in this kingdom free,
If you fight with me for to keep the plaidie.

The Duke of Perth was on his right,
The bold Monro and the brave Glengary
From the Isle of Sky the brave Lochiel,
Maclarens hold and brave Macredy.

On Prestonpans he formed his clans,
Regarding neither son nor dadie;
Like the wind of the sky they made them fly,
With every shake of the tartan plaidie.

A painted room and a silken bed,
Will hardly please a German lairdie,
But a far better prince than ere he was
Lay amang the heather in his tartan plaidie.

Mary, I Believed thee True.

MARY I believ'd thee true,
 And I was hlest in thus believing;
 But now I mourn that e'er I know,
 A girl so fair and so deceiving.

Few have ever lov'd like me;
 Oh! I have lov'd thee too sincerely;
 And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee;
 Alas! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well!—yet think a while,
 On one, whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee—
 Who now would rather trust than smile;
 And die with thee than live without thee.

Fare thee well!—I'll think on thee!
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token,
 For see, distracting woman! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

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