

TWO POPULAR

Songs :

VIZ.—FALKIRK FAIR.
HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.



Falkirk Printed in the year 1828.



FALKIRK FAIR.

O the sun frae the eastward was peeping,
 And braid through the winnocks did stare,
 When Willie cried Tam are ye sleeping,
 Mak' haste man and rise to the fair;
 For the lads and the Lassies are thrangin,
 An' a' bodies now in a steer,
 By haste ye and let us be gangin,
 Or faith we'll be langsome I fear.

Chorus—Lul te turam an urna &c.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
 And wow but he made himsel' sned,
 For a pint of milk brose he did worry,
 To mak him mair fit for the road;
 On his head his blue bannet he slippet
 His waip our his shonther he flang,
 And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippet,
 On purpose the loons for to bang,

New Willock had trysted wi Jenny,
 For she was abraw canty queen,
 Word gaed she had a gay penny,
 For whilk Willie fondly did grean,
 Now Tam he was blanning the liquor
 The night he had got himself fou,

And tryted gleid Maggy Macvicar;
And faith thought shame for to rue.

The carles fu' codgie sat cocking,
Upon their White nags and their Brown,
Wi' snuffing and laughing and jockling,
They soon cantert in to the town;
Twas there was the sunning and sporting,
Ae! what o' swarm o' braw folk,
Rowly Powly Wild beasts wheel o' Fortune,
Sweet stan's Master Punell and black Jock,

Now Willock and Tam gayan buosy,
By this time had met wae their joes,
Consented wi' Gibby and Susy,
To danner down by to the shows.
Twas here was the fiddling and drumming,
Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,
Fiddles Trumpets and Organs a bumming,
O sirs what a hully Baloo.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
Weel thacket wi' blankets and mats,
An' deals seated round like 'a tap-room,
Supported on stanes and on pats,
The whisky like water there selling,
An Porter as sma as their Yill,
And aye as you're pourin' there tellin
Troth dear it's just saxpence the gill.

Says Meg see you beast wi' the claws on't,
 Wi' the face o't as black as the soot,
 Preserve us it has fingers and taes on't
 Ae lass it's an unco-like brute;
 O woman but ye're a General,
 To mak' sic a won'er at that,
 D'ye na ken daft gouk that's a mangrel,
 That's bred 'twixt a Dog and a Cat,

Na but see you souple jade how she's dancin':
 Wi' the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
 Frae tap to the toe she's a' glancing,
 Wi' gow'd and a feather aboon;
 My troth she's a braw decent kimmer,
 As I have yet seen in the fair,
 Her decent! quo Meg, shes some limmer,
 Or, faith she would never be there,

Now Gibbie was wanting a toothfu',
 Says he I'm right tired of the fun
 I say lads d'ye thing we'd be the waur o' a mouthfu'
 O guid nappy Yill and a Bun;
 Wi' a my heart says Tam seth I'm willing,
 'Tis best to water the corn,
 By jing I've a bonny white shilling,
 And a saxepee that ne'er saw the morn.

Before they got out o' the bustle,

Poor Tam got his fairing I trou,
 For a stick at the Gingerbread play'd whistle,
 And knockit him down like a cow;
 Says Tam wha did that deil confound him,
 Fair play let me win' at the loon,
 And he wheeled his stick round and round him,
 And swore aye o' swore like a very dragoon.

Then for a house they gaed glowrin,
 Whar they might get wettin their mou,
 Says Meg here's a house keeps a poorin,
 Wi the sign o' the muckle black cow;
 A Cow quo' Jenny ye gawky,
 Preserve's but ye've little skill,
 Ye haveril did ye e'er see a hawky,
 Like that—look and ye'll see its a bulk.

But just as they darken'd the entry,
 Says Willie were now far enough,
 I see it's a house for the gentry,
 Let's gang to the sign o' the pleugh,
 Na faith says Gibbie wese better,
 Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gun's,
 For there I'm to meet wi my Father,
 And auld uncle Jock o' tne Whins.

Now they a' in Luckie's had landed,
 Twa rounds at the bicker to try,

The Whisky and Yill round was handed,
 And Baps in great bourecks did lie ;
 Blind Aleck the fidler was trysted,
 And he was to handle the bow,
 On a big barrel head he was hoisted,
 To keep himsel' out o' the row.

Had ye seen sic a din and gefaaing,
 Sic hooching and daucing was there,
 Sic rugging and riving and drawing,
 Was ne'er before seen in a fair ;
 For Tam he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
 And he gaed sic a terrible loup,
 That his head cam' a thump on the ceiling,
 And he cam' down wi' a thump on his doup.

Now they eat and they drank till their bellies,
 Were bent like the head o' a drum,
 Syne they raise and they capert like fillies,
 Whene'er that the fiddle play'd bum,
 Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
 And scarsely were able to stan,
 So they took to the road a fu' cheery,
 As day was beginning to dawn.



HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie!

Ochon ochon ochrie!

Without ae penny in my purse,

To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the highland hills,

Ochon ochon ochrie,

Nae woman in the country wide,

Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score of kye,

Ochon ochon ochrie,

Feeding on yon hill sae high,

And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,

Ochon ochon ochrie!

Skiping on yon bonny knowes,

And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,

Sair sair may I repine,

For Donald was the bravest man,

And donald he was mine.

Till CHARLIE, he came o'er at last,

Sao far to set us free,

My Donald's arm it wanted was,

For Scotland and for me,

Their wæfuf fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yeild,
 My Donald and his country fell,
 Upon Culloden field,
 I hæe nocht left me ava,
 Ochon ochon ochrie,
 But bonny orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hæe yet a tocher-band,
 Ochon ochon ochrie,
 My winsome Donald's dirk and brand,
 Into their hands to gie.
 There's only æe blink o hope left,
 To lighten my auld e'e,
 To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns,
 To them gart Donald die.
 Ochon ochon ! oh Donald oh !
 Ochon ochon ochrie.
 Nae woman in the world wide,
 Sae wretched now as me.