

THE
Webster of Brichen's
MARE,
An old Merry Song.

To which is added,

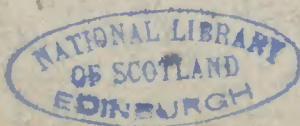
Fee him Father, fee him,
AND
A Real Love Song.



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1815.

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THE
WEBSTER OF BRECHIN'S
-MARE.

In Brechin did a Webster dwell,
who was a man of fame ;
He was the Deacon o' his trade,
John Steinfon was his name :
A mare he had, a lussy jade,
baith sturdy, stark, and strang,
Baith lussy, and trusty,
and he had spar'd her lang.

The Webster bad his mare go work:
Quoth she, I am not able ;
For neither get I corn nor hay,
nor stand I in a stable :
But hunts me, and dunts me,
and dings me from the town ;
And fells me, and tells me,
I am not worth my room.

The Webster swore a bloody oath,
and out he drew a knife !
If one word come out of thy head,
I row I'll take thy life !

The mare ay, for fear ay,
 fell saluting to the ground,
 And groaning, and moaning,
 fell in a deadly swoon.

Thsy clipped her, and nipped her,
 they took from her the skin;
 The haunches, and the paunches,
 they quickly brought them in:
 Make haste, dame, said he,
 and wash this grease, and dry't,
 For I will hazard on my life,
 the Doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbl'd her,
 they shot her o'er the brae:
 With rumbling, and tumbling,
 she to the ground did gae!
 But the night being cauld,
 and the mare wanting her skin,
 And darkness came out o'er the land,
 And fain wou'd she been in.

She rapped, and she chapped,
 with her twa forther hooves,
 They heared, and feared,
 and thought it had been thieves.

The Webster's son was stout in heart,
 he ran unto the door,
 And thrust a spear into the mare,
 five quarters lang and more.

The door ay, with more ay,
 they closed hastily,
 All trembling and shaking,
 and then for help did cry.
 What ails thee, my son, says he,
 O! tell me, if thou can?
 Ah! and alas! father he says,
 for I have kill'd a man.

If magistrates and senators
 get knowledge of this deed,
 They'll hang us, and fine us,
 without any remead.
 Then they ran unto the door,
 to bury the man for fear:
 But when they came unto the door,
 they found it was the mare.

Go haste you, I request you,
 and tell my father dear,
 What will we, or shall we do,
 with this wicked mare?

O hold thy tongue, my son, he says,
 I think you are a fool;
 I wish we had her hung in cords,
 we'll eat her against yool.

We'll wash her, and we'll dash her,
 she's a' smear'd o'er wi' dub!
 We'll wring her, and sling her,
 an' sa't her in a tub:
 And we'll cry in our neighbours all,
 and bid them all come in,
 John Dunkif n, John Davidson,
 and kind Patie Grinn.

On Christmas-day the greasy pack
 did a' conveen in haste:
 The hail tribe of yarn-stealers
 came a' unto the feast.
 They ate and drank, and made a rant,
 till they b-----t the stool;
 In terms good I do conclude,
 and bid you now farewel.



*The Weaving Craft it is renowned so,
 That rich nor poor without it cannot do.*

O FEE HIM FATHER.

O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;
 O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;
 O saw ye Johnny cumin, quo she,
 Saw ye Johnny cumin;
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie rinnin, quo she,
 And his doggie rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a well dein, quo she;
 And a' the wark about the town
 Gaes wi' me, when I see him, quo she,
 Gaes wi' me, when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
 What will I do wi' him?
 He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him,

I hae twa coats into my kist,
 And ane of them I'll gie him;
 And for a mark of mair fee,
 Dinna stand wi' him, quoth she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo she,
 Weel do I loe him;
 For weel do I loe him, quo she,
 Weel do I loe him;
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thresh in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

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A REAL LOVE-SONG.

My sheep I neglected,
 and lost my sheep hook,
 And all the gay haunts
 of my youth I forsook;
 No more for Amynta,
 fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said,
 would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth
with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta?

Why broke I my vow?

O give me my sheep,
and my sheep-hood restore,

I'll wander from love
and Amynta no more.

Thro' regions remote
in vain do I rove,

And bid the wide ocean
secure me from love:

O fool! to imagine
that ought can subdue

A love so well founded,
a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late

at thy fate to repine,

Per shepherd! Amynta

no more can be thine:

Thy tears are all fruitless,
thy wishes are vain!

The moments neglected
return not again!

O what had my youth, &c.

F I N I S.