

22 Bonny Barbara

# ALLAN,

Macpherson's Rant,  
The Sprig of Shelela.



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## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 when the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Graeme, in the west countrie  
 fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,  
 to the place where she was dwelling;  
 O haste and come to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly went she up,  
 to the place where he was lying,  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very sick,  
 and 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,  
 tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
 when ye was in the tavern drinking,  
 Ye made the healths gae round & round,  
 but slighted Barbara Allan.

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He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
and death was with him dealing;  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
and be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
and slowly, slowly left him;  
And, sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,  
since death of life had 'rest him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
when she heard the dead-bell ringing;  
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell geid,  
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, make my bed!  
O make it saft and narrow!  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.



MACPHERSON'S RANT.

I've spent my time in rioting,  
debauch'd my health and strength!  
I've pillag'd, pluuder'd, murdered!  
but now, alas! at length,

I'm brought to punishment direct,  
 It pale death draws near to me!  
 This end I never did project,  
 To hang upon a tree!

To hang upon a tree, a tree!  
 That curs'd, unhappy death!  
 Like to a wolf to worried be,  
 and choaked in the breath.  
 My very heart would surely break,  
 when this I think upon,  
 Did not my courage singular,  
 bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,  
 more courage had than I;  
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,  
 and would not from them fly:  
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,  
 like Héctor, manfallie:  
 O Then wonder one like me, so stout,  
 should hang upon a tree!

Ye Th' Egyptian baad I did command,  
 with courage more by far,  
 Than ever did a general  
 his soldiers in the war.

Being fear'd by all, both great and fr  
 I liv'd molt joyfullie :  
 O! curse upon this fate of mine,  
 to hang upon a tree.

As for my life. I do not care,  
 if justice would take place,  
 And bring my fellow-plunderers  
 unto the same disgrace.

For Peter Brown, that notour loon,  
 escap'd, and was made free ;  
 O! curse upon that fate of mine,  
 to hang upon a tree.

Both law and justice buried are,  
 and fraud and guile succeed,  
 The guilty pass unpunished,  
 if money intercede.

The Laird of Grant, that Highland saint  
 his mighty majestie,  
 He plods the cause of Peter Brown,  
 and lets Macpherson die.

The dest'ny of my life contriv'd,  
 by those whom I oblig'd,  
 Rewarded me much ill for good,  
 and left me no refuge.



Braco Duff; in rage enough,  
 In first laid hands on me;  
 if that death would not prevent,  
 Twenged wou'd I be.

for my life, it is but short  
 When I shall be no more;  
 a part with life I am content,  
 As any heretofore:  
 therefore, good people all, take heed,  
 this warning take by me,  
 According to the lives you lead,  
 rewarded you will be.

### THE SPRIG OF SHELELA.

O Love is the soul of a dear Irishman,  
 O He loves all that is Lovely,  
 He loves what he can,  
 Ye With his Sprig of Shelela,  
 And Shamrock so Green.

His heart is right honest,  
 He is honest and sound,

No envy or malice is there to be found;  
He courts, and he marries,  
He drinks, and he fights,  
He loves! oh he loves,  
For in love he delights,  
With his Sprig, &c.

Who's e'er had the luck  
To see Danebrook fair,  
An Irishman all in his glory is there,  
With his Sprig, &c.

His cloaths speck and span ne,  
Without e'er a speck;  
A nice Barcelona tied round his neat neck,  
He goes into a tent,  
And he spends half-a-crown,  
Comes out, meets his friend,  
And for love knocks him down!  
With his Sprig, &c.

At night when returning,  
As homeward he goes,  
His heart soft with whisky,  
His head soft with blows  
Of a Sprig, &c.

If he meet his Shelela,  
Who frowning a smile,  
Cries, Get you gone Pat,  
Yet consents all the while;  
To Church they soon go,  
And nine months after that,  
And nine months after that,  
A young baby cries,  
How do you d father Pat,  
With your Sprig, &c.

Success to the land that gave Patrick  
his birth,  
To the land of the oak,  
And its neighbouring earth,  
With a Sprig, &c.

May the sons of the Thames,  
Tweed, and the Shannon,  
Thresh the foes, that would plant  
On our confines a cannon;  
United and happy in Liberty's shrine,  
May the Rose and the Thistle  
Long flourish and twine,  
While Pat holds his Shelela  
And Shamrock so Green.

*F I N I S.*