

# Jenny of Aberdeen :

To which are added,

Black-Ey'd Susan,

The King & the Tanner,

AND THE

Bonny House of Airly.



Falkirk—Printed by T. JOHNSTON.

## JENNY OF ABERDEEN.

**W**HEN the Sun veil'd his face with the tops of  
 the Grampians,  
 And Nature was clad in her mantle of grey,  
 By the side of my Jenny, to breathe the fresh fragrance,  
 On the Dee's lovely banks I one evening did stray.  
 For calmness, its streams glided on to the ocean;  
 On its surface the fishes gay sporting were seen;  
 There wand'ring retir'd is my highest emotion,  
 With Jenny, the flower of sweet Aberdeen.  
     With lovely young Jenny,  
     With charming young Jenny,  
 With Jenny, the flower of sweet Aberdeen.

The scene was delightful, inviting reflection,  
 And the blackbird's shrill notes, as she sung through  
     the grove,  
 To the water's still murmurs join'd all in connection,  
 To raise in my heart the soft feelings of love!  
 The Miser's cold heart is still bent on its treasure,  
 And honour is all the ambitious esteem;  
 But I feel the highest of all earthly pleasure  
 In the arms of young Jenny of sweet Aberdeen.  
     With lovely, &c.

In spots thus retir'd, where Creation is breathing  
 The praise of its Maker in sonnets of love,  
 The joys that I felt in my bosom then heaving,  
 Were next to the joys that the saints feel above!

The hue of her cheek is the rose in its blossom!  
 She's swift as the roe, as she skips o'er the green;  
 Dull care flees away, when reclin'd on the bosom  
 Of Jenny; the flower of sweet Aberdeen.  
 Of lovely, &c.

Her mein is compleat, like the form of her person;  
 She's kind, and she's tender, and dearest to me:  
 The fairest of women, without all exceptions,  
 That e'er grac'd the high and sweet banks of the Dee.  
 For had I been born in the highest condition,  
 And heir to a Sceptre and Crown of a King,  
 All riches to me would be empty ambition,  
 If wanting young Jenny of sweet Aberdeen:  
 That lovely young, &c.

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board;  
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
 Does my sweet William sail among your crew?

William, then high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below.

The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands !

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions on his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill cry he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest :  
The noblest Captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
My vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again :  
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;  
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,  
In every port a mistress find :  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin is ivory so white :  
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;

Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harm,  
 William shall to his dear return:  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board,  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;  
 Her leaving boat, unwilling, rows to land,  
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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### The KING and the TANNER.

Up the wild forest, and down the wild forest,  
 and down by yon green-wood tree,  
 And there spy'd a jolly brisk Tanner,  
 and a brave brisk Tanner was he.

O what occupation are you, says the King?  
 O what occupation are you?  
 A tanner, a tanner, a barker of leather.  
 What de'il occupation are ye, quoth the Tanner?

O I am a Courtier, replied the King,  
 and a Courtier I be.  
 Lonce had a brother of your occupation,  
 was hanged, and so will ye, says the Tanner.

Show me the way to Stirling town,  
 the place where it doth stand?  
 Follow your nose, the tanner he said,  
 keep the gallows on your right hand:

And when that you come to Stirling town,  
 take care you be not hang'd, says the Tanner.  
 Will ye go to the ale-house with me, says the King,  
 and drink both beer and wine;

And when the reckoning comes to be paid,  
 I'll pay both yours and mine.  
 The de'il's in the follow, the Tanner he said;  
 I think ye are gone mad!

For where there's one penny in your pocket,  
 there's a guinea in mine to be had.  
 The King pull'd out a green horn from his side,  
 and blew it wonderous shrill,

Till four-and-forty belted Knights  
 came riding out-o'er the mill.  
 Fetch a collar to me, says the King,  
 go fetch a collar to me,

I'll make this Tanner as good a Knight  
 as rides in my company.  
 O wo is me, the Tanner he said,  
 that ever I was born!

For instead of a collar I'll get a halter!  
 I fear I'll be hang'd the morn.

O no, O no, the King he said,  
for no such thing shall be;

I never hang'd a Tanner in my life;  
and I will not begin with thee,  
For I'll make you, as good a Knight,  
as rides in my company.



### The BONNY HOUSE of AIRLEY.

It fell on a day, and a bonny summer-day,  
when the corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
between Argyle and Airley.

Argyle has raised a hundred men,  
a hundred men and mairly;  
And he's gone to the back of Dunkeld,  
to plunder the bonny house of Airley.

The Lady look'd over her window,  
and Oh! but she look'd weary;  
And she espy'd the great Argyle  
coming to plunder the bonny house of Airley.

Come down, come down Madam, he says,  
come down and kiss me fairly.  
I will not kiss thee, great Argyle,  
if ye should not leave a standing stone in Airley.

He has ta'en her by the middle so small,  
 says, Lady, where is your drury;  
 It is up and down the bonny burn-side,  
 among the plantings of Airley.

They fought it up, they fought it down,  
 they fought it late and early,  
 And found it in'the bonny balm-tree,  
 that shines on the bowling-green of Airley.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,  
 and O but she weep'd sorely,  
 And led ner down to the green bank,  
 till he plunder'd the bonny house of Airley.

O if my good Lord was at home,  
 as this night he is wi' Charlie,  
 Great Argyle and all his men,  
 durst not plunder the bonny house of Airley.

'Tis ten bonny sons I have born,  
 and th' eleventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
 And if I had a hundred more,  
 I would give them all to Charlie.

**F I N I S.**

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