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 Bony Jean

Of Aberdeen,  
 Bess is but a Gawkie,  
 Tom Starboard, 85  
 King Louis' Lament. 86



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BONNY  
JEAN OF ABERDEEN.

My bonny Jean long have I been  
a-seeking thee fr m m m to e'en,  
Thy bonny face is fac fu' of grace,  
the like is not in Aberdeen.

I was as bisk as any lad,  
when first thy bonny face I saw!  
Come sit thee down my bonny maid,  
and give to me a kifs or twa.

A kifs or twa if I might give,  
I know not how it might be ta'en;  
For suddenly you'd me betray,  
it's better for to lie alane.

First you may seek, and I'll say na',  
you know a woman's m' destiny;  
Come slide your hand ab ut my neck,  
when I cry cease, let me n t be.

What wad I gi'e, to tell the truth,  
for a sweet kifs of thee, my dear?  
For all the pleasure of this earth,  
there is nane like thee can compare.

thy cherry cheeks, thy coal-black hair,  
 a brisker lass was never seen!  
 here's nane with thee that can compare,  
 in Edinburg or Aberdeen.

That bonny fair doth me inspire,  
 since e'er thy lovely face I saw!  
 therefore, my dear, you need not fear  
 to grant to me a kiss or twa.

Since I ha'e houses and lands enough,  
 to portin me with any man,  
 gif you should take your w'rd and rue,  
 what wad become of Jeany then?

Gif you have lands at your command,  
 a good house-wife you then will be;  
 think now for the priest we'll send,  
 and then, my dear, we'll married be.

But my minny sent me to w'ell,  
 the night was dark, I could not see;  
 My foot did slip, and I did fall,  
 and Jockey fell a-top of me.

But gin he be cunning, I'll be crafty,  
 and gin he be crafty, I'll be flee,  
 And was he the bonniest lad in a' the land,  
 he's ne'er get anither bairn wi' me.

## BESS IS BUT A GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did fæe,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunnny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do frae  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie ?

Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,  
 Wi' mickle blythness in his face,  
 Out o'er the moor to Maggie ?

I wat he gave her mony a kifs,  
 And Maggie took them ne'er amifs ;  
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,  
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,  
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak,  
 Who'd not call her a gawkie ?

But sure my Maggie has mair sense,  
 She'll gi'e a score without offence,  
 Now give me one unto the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie ye ha'e mony ta'en,  
 But I will ne'er stand up for ane,  
 Or twa, when we do meet again,  
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.

Ah na, lafs, that cannot be,  
 Sick thoughts as these are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 Ere, to think thee a gawkie.

But whisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet,  
 Instead of Meg he kifs'd sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I came, your gown's sae new,  
 I think you've got it wet with daw;  
 Quoth Bess, that's like a gawkie:

It's wet with dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when this is gane,  
 Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie.



The guilt appear'd on Jamie's cheek,  
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,  
 If I should gang another gate,  
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie fair to rue,  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.

As they went o'er the moor they sang,  
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
 Gan o'er the moor to Maggie.



### TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,  
 as brave a tar as ever sail'd;  
 The duties ablest seamen do,  
 Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.  
 But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,  
 within a leagne of England's coast,  
 Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,  
 for all the crew but Tom were lost!

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His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,  
 true to his love as e'er was man;  
 Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,  
 rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan!  
 But scarce five miles past Tom had gain'd,  
 when he was press'd — he heav'd a sigh!  
 And said, tho' cruel was his lot,  
 ere fiitch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starbuck knew no fear,  
 nay, when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,  
 Said, Love for Nan, his only dear,  
 had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.  
 The war being ended, Tom return'd;  
 his lost limb serv'd him for a jake;  
 For still his manly bosom burn'd  
 with love, his heart was heart of oak:

Ash re in haste Tom nimbly ran  
 to cheer his love, his destin'd bride,  
 But false report had brought to Nan,  
 six months before, that Tom had died.  
 With grief she daily pined away,  
 no remedy her life could save,  
 And Tom arriv'd the very day  
 they laid his Nancy in her grave:

## LOUIS 16th's LAMENTATION.

CROWN and Scepter'd pow'rs adieu !  
 vain, transient joys you give ;  
 But, ah ! my ANTIONETTE, for you  
 I still could wish to live !  
 Royal pomp, the pride of Kings,  
 I quit without a sigh ;  
 But grief from fond affection springs,  
 and Louis fears to die !

Many, many years in state  
 I liv'd as Monarchs do ;  
 And Louis, destin'd to be great,  
 unrival'd greatness knew :  
 Vain delusions ! not for you  
 I ask the boon of life,  
 Both death appals me, when I view  
 my children and my wife !

F I N I S.