

The Scotch
MEDLEY,
A FAVORITE SONG.

To which is added,

A New Love Song,
THE
Bonny Beds of Roses,
And, The BROOM of
The Cowden Knows.



Falkirk:—Printed by T. Johnston

THE
SCOTCH MEDLEY.

As I came in by Calder-fair,
And 'yont the Lappard-lee, man,
There was brae kissing there:
'Come butt and kiss wi' me, man.
There was highland folk and lowland folk,
Uncle folk and kend folk;
Folk aboon, folk i' the yard;
There's nae folk like our ain folk.
Dirum dum, &c.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Kilt your coaties Lasses,
The bonny Lass in yon town,
Down the burn Davie,
The Earl o' Mar's bonny thing,
Dainty Davie Ladie;
An' ye were my ain thing,
I would love you dearly.—Dirum, &c.

Gin ye had been whare I ha'e been,
Ye wadna been sae wanton;
I gat the lang girdin' o't,
An' I fell thro' the gantrim.
O'er the hills and far awa',
My bonny winsome Willie;
Whar shall our gudeman be?
The great Earl o' Kellie.—Dirum, &c.

Toddle butt, and toddle ben,
Hey Tam Brandy;

And are you sure the news is true,
 Little Cocky-Bendy.
 Wat ye wha's in yon town,
 The barber and his bason.
 The Bouny Lass o' Patie's Mill;
 The Free & Accepted Mason.—Dirum, &c.

On Etrick banks ae Simmer's night,
 The cliffy rocks in view, man;
 Kath'rine Ogie got a fright,
 'Mang Scotland's bells fae blue, man.
 O waly, waly up yon wood,
 And down by bonny Yarrow;
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 Wi' Willie, her winsome marrow.—Dir.

Stately stapt he east the wa',
 The Lad I darena name, man.
 Down the burn Davie Love,
 Wi' Jessie o' Dumblane, man.
 In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 Will brew'd a peck o' mant, man;
 John Anderson ye're growing auld,
 Pit a sheep's head i' the pat, man.—Dir, &c.

The tailor cam to clout the claise,
 Upon a Lammas night, man,
 Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,
 And shew'd M'Crow's great might, man.
 John Tamson at the key-hole keeks,
 My wife's a wanton pauky;
 She's clouting Johnny's grey breeks,
 And Bess lue's but a gawkie.—Dirum, &c.

In Fife there liv'd a wicked Wife,
 And she has ta'en the gee, man;
 The door-barring caus'd the strife,
 And Sandy o'er the lee, man.
 Tarry woo frae Tweedside came,
 Frae Aberdeen cauld kail, man;
 Made gude Scotch brose to fill our wame;
 Could Donald M-Donald fail, man?—Dir.&c.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
 Sae merry's we ha'e been, man!
 Yet still on Menie's charms I doat,
 At Polwart on the green, man.
 Willie was a wanton wag,
 And push'd about the jorum;
 While Rab the Ranter burst his bag,
 Playing the Reel o' Tullochgorum.
 Dirum dum, &c.

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A NEW LOVE-SONG.

Hard by a clear river, in the sweet month of May,
 In search of my true-love I happen'd to stray,
 I heard a young damsel there loudly complain,
 In sorrow, for parting from her darling swain.

O cruel parents wherever you be,
 That banish'd my darling, sweet Jamie from me,
 No other man breathing my favour shall gain,
 The pride of all nature's my own darling swain.

Thro' lonely wild deserts and hills I'll roam,
 To wild birds and fishes I'll make my moan;
 All riches and grandeur I now will disdain,
 Thro' the world I'll wander for my darling swain

His breath is more sweet than the roses in June,
 His eyes are like diamonds, or orbs of the moon;
 His skin's like clear amber, just from the mine;
 He's up to perfection, my own darling swain!

My love he is proper, he's tall, & he's trim;
 There is none in the world that can equal him;
 All sorrow & trouble I'll endure without pain,
 Was I sure to meet with my darling swain!

My father he thought then his point for to gain,
 By parting his daughter from her darling swain;
 But yet, for to vex him, I ever will be
 Jamie's true & constant young Gragal Machree.



THE BUNNY BEDS OF ROSES.

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
 The small birds were singing delightful & gay,
 There I with my true-love did oft sport & play
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

My pretty brown girl, come sit on my knee,
 There's none in the world I can fancy but thee,
 Nor will I ever change my old love for a new,
 So my pretty brown girl do not leave me.

My daddy and mammy they often us'd to say;
 That I was a naughty boy, & us'd to run away,
 If they bid me go to work, I'd sooner go to play
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

If I had ten thousand bright guineas in store,
 I would give it all to the girl I adore;
 I would give it all, and twice as much more,
 And a chariot of gold for to ride in.

No nymph on the plain wi' my love can compare,
 With a comb set wi' diamonds I'll plait her hair,
 Of all love's enjoyments my love she shall share,
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

No creature on earth is so happy as me,
 While my charming girl is set on my knee,
 A smile or a kiss bring fresh pleasure to me,
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

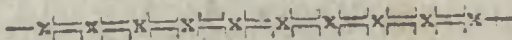
My daddy may fret, and my mammy may frown,
 For to walk with my true love I'll venture alone,
 Fast lock'd in my arms all one love we will own
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

If ever I marry, I'll marry in May,
 When flowers are springing, delightful & gay,
 Then my true love and I will dance, sing & play,
 Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

Then away to the church we'll walk with an air,
 Kind Hymen proclaim us to be the happy pair,

Her bosom will press, & her chains I will wear,
Down amongst the bonny beds of roses.

As we were a-walking one morning in Spring,
The winter going out, & the summer coming in,
The cuckow sang cuckow, you're welcome again
And I pray you stay among these green bushes.



The Broom of Cowden-Knows.

O the broom! the bonny, bonny broom!
The broom of the Cowden-Knows!
I wish I were with my dear swain,
Milkng my daddy's ewes.
How blithe ilk morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the burn, and flew to me!
I met him with good-will.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by!
E'en the dull cattle stood amaz'd!
Charm'd with his melody!
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sleep at e'en,
And cheer'd me all the day!
O the broom! &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Could I but thankful be?
 He stole my heart!—Could I refuse
 Whatever he ask'd of me?
 While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' never so rich and gay!
 O the broom! &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,
 Gane heavily, and mourn,
 Because I love the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born!
 Adieu, ye Cowden-Knows, adieu!
 Farewell all pleasures there!
 Ye gods restore me to my swain,
 Is all I crave or care.

O the broom! the bonny, bonny broom!
 The broom of the Cowden-Knows!
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.

F I N I S.

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