

Broom of cowdenknows;

To which are added,

THE DOUGAL CREATURE'S ACCOUNT O'
HERSEL'.

Tak your auld cloak about ye.



EDINBURGH—
Printed for the Booksellers.

1824.



BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
Sing their successful loves ;
Around the ewes and lambkins play,
And music fills the groves :

But my lov'd song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowdenknows ;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart,
No shepherd e'er, that dwelt on Tweed,
Could p'ay with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales around,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderside,
Oh, how I bless'd the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom,
So fair on Cowdenknows,
For sure so fair, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Ner Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare,
Nor Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Ner bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At ev'n, among the broom.

Ye pew'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

THE DOUGAL CREATURE'S ACCOUNT O'
 HERSEL'.

NAINSEL frae the Highlands she cam,
 The bonny brow Lawlands to saw,
 But it was na wi' fife or wi' drum,
 She wad march frae her country awa.
 'Twas just wi' the pipes playing merry,
 She stappit the heather alang
 A drap U squebagh made her cheery,
 And she kept up her heart wi' a sang.
 O the Highlands sae gran',
 And O the Lawlands sae braw!
 But mony gude thing's in the Highlands;
 The Lawlands the like never saw.

Then niest in the big town o' Glasco'
 She wad be a merchant hersel',
 Syne open'd a warehouse sae muckle,
 Gude whisky and sneeshin to sell;
 For she liked baith u sco weel,
 And she had a plentiful store ;

Syne ' Dougal Macgregor' was painted,
 In letters o' gowd o'er the door.
 Then hey for goupins o' sneeshin,
 And hey for whisky galore.
 A Highlander's nae sae ill aff,
 Wha has plenty o' baith in his store.

But the shop no wi' Dougal was canny,
 The whisky and sneeshin were dune ;
 She broke, and the shop it was locket,
 And she like was to rin frac the town.
 But no—soon another job got she
 Within the tolbooth for to dwell ;
 A turnums-key post did they gie her—
 A post she wad no like hersel',
 Oigh ! nae prisons nor keys,
 Nae dungeons for Dougal ava,
 For ane that she steekit within,
 She mony times let it out twa.

O' turnums-key post she now wearied,
 She lang to set out on some ploy,
 When just at the iror-door chappit,
 Her seven times cousin Rob Roy
 " Wha's that ?—sure her een no be marrow—
 " Is that the red Gregarach she see ?
 " And if you be catch'd by the bailies
 " And what wad she do—hone a rie.
 O muckie mischief to the bailies,
 And O for less o' the law !
 The Highlandman than wad be right,
 And tak what she likit awa.

Her cousin the Gregarach tell her,
 Her post no for shentlemans be,
 And bid her gang aff to the Highlands,
 And fling awa prison-door key.
 She soon did her biddin for surely,
 Macgregor will fight wi' them a',
 She kens that she never will starve.
 While her sword for the spulzie she'll draw,
 O then for the land o' the heather
 And O for the land o' the brave!
 For there's ne'er a man need be fastin',
 Wha taks frae his neighbours that have.

Whenever she land in the Highlands
 The loons wi' the red coats be there,
 They waitin' to catch the Macgregor,
 But to seek her—they didna ken where:
 So they grippet hersel', Dougal Creature,
 And draggit her wi' them to gang;
 But she wadna betray the Macg egor.
 Afore she do that, she be hang.
 Then hey for the heart that is true,
 Gude luck to the sword in the hand,
 He's nae worth a sneeshin that wadna
 Beside you in jeopardy stand,

But Dougal got five gowden guiness,
 To show them whar Gregarach stood;
 And faith she did lead them a dance,
 To lilt out o't the best way they could.
 For there was the Lady Macgregor,
 Wi' mony a braw kiited lad,

Wha laid on the Sassenachs brawly—
My faith ! they their haffits got claw'd.
Just so did our brave country lads
Lay round them at fierce Waterloo ;
Then huzza for the hero wha glories,
To stand for his country sae true !

TAK YOUR AULD CLOKE ABOUT YE.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blast sae bauld
Was threatening a' our kye to kill ;
Then Bell, my wife wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up gudeman, save Cromy's life.
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromy is an usefu' cow,
And she is come o' a gude kin' ;
Oft has she wet the bairn's mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloke about ye.

My cloke was ance a gude grey cloke,
When it was fitting for my wear ;
But now it's scantly worth a groat
For I hae woru't this hretty year.

Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die ;
 Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloke about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lour.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou a man of low degree ;
 It's pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak your auld cloke about ye.

Every land has its ain laigh,
 Ilk kind of bear has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' run wrang
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do you not see Rob. Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklin' in the aise ?
 I'll hae a new cloke about me.

Guidman I wat it's thretty years
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we hae had, between us twa
 O' lads or lasses, nine or ten.
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloke about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can ;
And, to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm guidman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloke about me.

FINIS.