

# Bonny Barbara Allan ;

To which are added,

Yarrow braes.

The hills of the Highlands,

The lassie I lo'e best of a'.

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

O meikle thinks my love.



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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 yo be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose 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 very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,  
O the better for me ye's never be,  
Though your heart's blood were a' spilling.

O dinna mind, young man, she said,  
When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,  
That ye made the healths gne round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
 For death was wi' him dealing,  
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
 Oh! be kind to Barbara Allan.

Slowly slowly rose she up,  
 And slowly, slowly left him;  
 She sighing, said, she could not stay,  
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had na gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the dead bell ringing;  
 And every jow the dead-bell gied,  
 It cry'd woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
 O mak it saft and narrow;  
 Since my luvè died for me to-day,  
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

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### YARROW.

I DREAM'D a dreary dream last night;  
 God keep us a' frae sorrow!  
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,  
 Wi' my true luvè on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my sister dear,  
 'N tell you a' your sorrow:



Ye pu'd the birk wi' your true luv:  
 He's kill'd, he's kill'd on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that blow'st south  
 To where my love repaireth,  
 Convey a kiss fra' his dear mouth,  
 And tell me how he fareth!

But o'er yon glen run arm'd men,  
 Have wrought me dool and sorrow:  
 They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain;  
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.

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### THE HILLS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Will ye go to the Highlands, my Mary,  
 And visit our haughs and our glens?  
 There's beauty 'mang hills o' the Highlands,  
 The braw lawlan' lassie ne'er kens.

'Tis true we have few cowslips or roses,  
 Nae lilies grow wild on the lee;  
 But the heather its sweet scent discloses,  
 And the daisy's as sweet to the e'e.

See yon far heathy hills, whar they're risin',  
 Whose summits are shaded wi' blue;

There the fleet mountain roes they are lyin',  
Or feeding their fawns, love, for you.

There the loud roaring floods they are fallin',  
By crags that are furrow'd and grey;  
To her young there the eagle is callin',  
Or gazin' afar for her prey.

Or low by the birks on the burnie,  
Whare the goat wi' her younglin's doth rest;  
There oft I would lead thee, my Mary,  
Whare the black-bird has builded her nest.

Right sweet are our scenes i' the gloamin'  
When shepherds return frae the hill,  
Aroun' by the banks o' Loch Lomon',  
While bagpipes are soundin' sae shrill

Right sweet is the low-setting sun-beam,  
On the lake's bosom quiv'ring seen;  
But sweeter the smiles o' my Mary,  
And kinder the blinks o' her een.

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### THE LASSIE I LO'E BEST OF A'.

HAE ye seen, in the calm dewy morning,  
The red-breast wild warbling sae clear;  
Or the low dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,  
Sur-charged wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?

O, then ye hae seen my dear lassie,  
 The lassie I lo'e best of a'  
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,  
 I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,  
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,  
 Her lips are the blushing rose-bud,  
 Her bosom's the palace of love.  
 Tho' green be thy banks O sweet Clutha!  
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me ava;  
 Forgive me, ye maids o' sweet Clutha!  
 My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure!  
 The sweetest we mortals here know;  
 But soon is thy heav'n, bright beaming,  
 O'ercast with the darkness of wo.  
 As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,  
 Delights the lonè mariner's eye,  
 Till red' rush the storms of the desert,  
 And dark billows tumble on high.

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BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 They are twa bonnie lasses,

They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,  
And theek'd it owre wi' rushes.

Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa packy een  
They gar my fancy faulter.

Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,  
She smiles like a May morning;  
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap  
The hills with rays adorning:  
White is her neck, east is her hand,  
Her waist and feet fu' genty,  
With ilka grace she can command;  
Her lips, O vow their dainty.

Mary's locks are like the crow,  
Her eye like diamond glances,  
She's ny sae clean, redd-up. and brow,  
She kills whene'er she dances.  
Blythe as a kild, with wit at will,  
She blooming, light, and tall is;  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;  
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray  
Ye unco sair oppress us;  
Our fancies jee between you twa,  
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.



Waes me, for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by law wa're stented ;  
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

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### O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE

O MEIKLE thinks my luvie o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my luvie o' my kin ;  
 But little thinks my luvie, I ken brawlie  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree  
 It's a' for the hiney he'll oberish the bee ;  
 My laddis's sae meikle in luvie wi' the siller,  
 He canna hae luvie to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvie's an earl penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,  
 Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like the knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

FINIS.