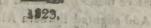
Bonny Barbara Allan;

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.

VETERIA

Harbara Allan

Ir 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 Alian.

He sent his man down thre' the town, To the place where she was dwelling a O haste and come to my master dear, Gin yo be Barbara Allian.

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'h im deallog, Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a', Oh I 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 1

O mother, mother, mak my bed, O mak it saft and nar:ow; Since my luve died for me to-day, I ll die for hun to-morrow.

The state of the s

YARROW.

The brow lives

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

Pll read your dream, my sister dear, A tell you a' your serrow : Ye pu'd the birk wi' your true luve : He's kill'd, he's kill'a on Yarrow.

O gentle wind that blowsth south To where my love repaireth, Convey a kiss from his dear mouth, And tell me how he fareth 1

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.

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' lassic 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'c.

See yon far heathy hills, what 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 gazlo' afar for her proy.

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, Around by the banks of 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.

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, show-breasted gowan, Sur-charged wi' mild c'ening's soft tear? 31

Ö, 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 no'er charm me ava; Forgive n.e, ye maids o' sweet Clutha! My heart is wi' her that's awa.

O love, thou'st 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 lone mariner's eye, Till rearnsh the storms of the desert, And dark billows tumble on high.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, They are twa bonnie lasses, They bigg'd a bower on yon burn bray, And theek'd it owre wi' rashes. Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen, 31

And thought I ne er could alter i . 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 Pheebus starts frae Thetis' lap The hills with rays adorning : White is her neck, saft 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 eraw, Her eye like diamond glances, She's ny sac clean, redd-up- and braw, She kills whene'er she dances. Blythe as a kid, with Wit at will, She b'coming, tight, and tall is; And guides her airs sae greeefu' still; O Jove, she's like thy Pallas 1

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'li draw cuts and take my fate, And be with ane contented.

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE

O MEIRLE thisks my luve o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin; But little thinks my luve, 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 oherish the bee; My laddie's saw meikle in tuve wi' the siller, He canna has luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an earl penny. My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; But an ye'be ctafty. I am cuaning, Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try. Ye're like to the timmer o' you rotten wood, Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree, Yo'll slip frac me like the knotless thread, And ye'll grack your credit wi' mae nor me.

TINES: