

Deil tak the Wars :

To which are added,

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

Lilies of the valley.

The maid who tends the goats.

Ah ! Chloris.



EDINBURGH :

Printed for the Booksellers in Scotland.

1823.

DEIL TAK THE WARS.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried Willie frae me,
Wha to loe me just had sworn ;
They made him a captain sure to undo me ;
Wae is me he will never return.

A thousand louns abroad will fight him
Sae frae thousands ne'er would run.

Day and night I did invite him
To stay safe frae sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
Wi' mony kind embraces,

Now sighing, then crying, tears letting fall :
And had he my soft arms

Preferred to wa's alarms,

By love grown mad without the man of God,
I fear in my mind I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares that they talk me would catch the men ;

And on my head, a huge commode sat cocking,
Which made me show as tall again.

For a new gown too I paid muckle money
Which with gowden flowers did shine :

Well might my love think me gay and bonny,
Nae Scots lass was e'er sae fine.

My petticoat I spotted,

Fringe too with thread I knotted ;

With lac'd shoes, and silk hose garter'd over knees,

But O the fatal thought !

To Willie they were nought ;

Who rid to touns and rifled with dragoons,

When he, silly loon, might have rifled me.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK 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 threat'ing a' our kye to kill.

Then Bell my wife wha lo'es hae strife,

She said to me right hastily,

Get up gudeman save Crummy's life,

And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Crummy is an usefu cow,

And she is come of a good kin,

Aft has she wet the bairnie's mou,

And I am wair that she should tane ;

Get up, gudeman, it is full time,

The sun shines in the lift sae hie,

Sloth never made a gracious end,

Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a guid gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear,
 But now its scarcely worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty 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 have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cos but half-a-crown,
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and lown.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 and thou a man o' laigh tegree ;
 'Tis pride that puts the cuntry down,
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh
 Ilk kind of corn has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do you not see Rab, Jack, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantly ?
 While I sit hurklin in the ace
 I'll have a new cloak about ye.

Gudeman. I wat 'tis thretty year,
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;

And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :
 Now they are women born and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be,
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak 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 tho' I'm gudeman.
 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 cloak about me.

THE MAID WHO TENDS THE GOATS.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,
 Sweetly rings the rising echo
 To the maid who tends the goats,
 Liltin' o'er her native notes.
 Hark ! she sings— Young Sandy's kind,
 And he's promise maye to lo'e me ;
 Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine,
 Till he's fairly married to me.
 Drive away ye dull bro'ie Time,
 And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
 Aften does he blaw his whistle,
 In a strain sae softly sweet
 Lammies list'ning, dare nae bleat,
 He's as fleet as the mountain roe.
 Hardy as the Highland heather,
 Wading thro' the winter snow,
 Keeping a his flock thegither,
 But a plaid wi' bare houghs,
 He braves the bleakest no'lin' blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing,
 Cauty glee or Highland croonach;
 Nane can ever match his fling,
 At a reel or round a ring,
 Wightly he can wield a rung;
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster;
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung
 By the longest winded sangster,
 Saags that sing o' Sandy
 Come short though they were e'er sae lang.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

O'er barren hills and flow'ry dales,
 O'er seas and distant shoers,

With merry songs and jocund tales,
 I've pass'd some pleasant hours,
 Tho' wandering thus I ne'er could find
 A girl like blythesome Sally;
 Who picks and culls, and cries aloud,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley "

From whistling o'er the harrowed turf,
 From nestling of each tree,
 I choose a soldier's life to wed,
 So social gay and free;
 Yet tho' the lasses love me well,
 And often try to rally,
 None pleas's me like her who cries,
 " Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd,
 To see my native soil;
 From fighting in my country's cause,
 To plough my country's soil;
 I care not which with either pleased,
 So I possess my Sally.
 That little merry nymph, who cries,
 ' Sweet lilies of the valley.'

THE CHLORIS.

Ah Chloris, could I now but sit
 as unconcern'd, as when

Your infant beauty could beget
 no happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 and prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 would take no rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 as metals in a mine:
 Age from no face takes more away
 than youth conceal'd in thine;
 But as your charms insensibly
 to their perfection prest,
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly
 and center'd in my breast.

My passions with your beauty grew,
 while Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part
 to make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art
 to make a beauty, she.

FINIS.