

Gow's fareweel to Whisky;

To which are added,

Oh take me to your arms,

The Gaberlunzie man;

Up in the morning,



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GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

You've surely heard o' famous Neil,
The man that played the fiddle weel;
I wae he was a leafty chiel,

And dearly lo'ed the Whisky, O.
And ay since he wore tartan trews,
He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose,
And wae was he, you may suppose,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

Alake! quoth Neil, I'm frail an' auld,
And find my bluid grow unco cauld,
I think 'twad make me blythe and bauld,

A wec drap Highland Whisky, O.
Yet the doctors they do a' agree,
That whisky's no the thing for me:
Saul quoth Neil, 'twill spoil my glee,
Should they part me and Whisky, O.

Tho' I can baith get wine and ale,
And find my hend and fingers hale,
I'll be content tho' legs should fail,
To play fareweel to Whisky, O.

But still I think on auld langsyne,
 When Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind,
 Forbid, like Highland Whiskey, O.

Come a' ye pow'rs of music come,
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddle strings will no play bum,
 To play fareweel to Whisky, O.
 Yet I'll tak my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they'll stand,
 To mak a lamentation grand,
 On gude auld Highland Whisky, O.

OH, TAKE ME TO YOUR ARMS.

Oh, take me to your arms, love, for keen the wind
 doth blow;

Oh, take me to your arms, love, for bitter is my
 wo:

She hears me not, she cares not, nor will she list to
 me,

While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow
 tree!

My love has wealth and beauty, the rich attend her
 door;
 My love has wealth and beauty, ; and I, alas ! am
 poor;
 The ribband fair, that bound her hair, is all that's
 left to me.
 While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow
 tree.
 I once had gold and silver, I thought 'em without
 end ;
 once had gold and silver, and I thought I had a
 friend ;
 My wealth is lost my friend is false ! my love he
 stole from me ;
 And here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow
 tree !

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

The pauky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 With many good cens and good days to me,
 Saying, Guidwife for your courtesy,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cau'd, the carle was wat,

And down ayont the ingle he sat,
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O vow, quoth he, were I as free;
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I never wad think lang,
He gree canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken,
What thir slee twa together were saying,
When wooing they were thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown o' my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me, thou should gang.
An' O, quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw and lady like,
And awa wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gang.
Up in the morning the auld wife raise,

And at her leisure put on her claise,
 Syne to the servant's bed she gae,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gae to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld he was away
 She clapt her hands, cried, Well-a-day,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, some ran to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She danced her lane, cried, Praise be blest!
 I've lodged a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we may learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and wauken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gae where the servant lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her guidwife did say,
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

"O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 "And haste ye and find those traitors again,
 "For she s be burnt, and he's be slain,
 "The fearfu' gaberlunzie man."
 Some ran upon horse, some ran upon foot,

The wife was wood, and out o' her wit,
 She could na gang nor yet could she sit,
 But ay she curs'd, and ay she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
 The prieving was good, it pleas'd them baith;
 To lo'e her for ay, he gee her his aith:
 Quo' she, to leave her I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie man.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south,
 And drift is driving sairly
 The sheep are courin' in the heugh,
 O sirs! it's winter sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 Pd rather gang supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the clouds,
 The branches tirlin' barely,
 Among the chimley taps it thuds,
 And frost is nipping sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night I'd rather agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er the southlan hill,
 Like ony tim'rous carlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then siaks again,
 And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When saw blaws into the chimley taps,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things they suffer sairly,
 In cauldrie quarters all the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 Nae fite can be waur in winter tize,
 Than to rise in the morning early.

A cosie house, and canty wife,
 Keeps aye a' body cheerly;
 And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 It anwers unco rarely.
 But up in the morning na, na, na,
 Up in the morning early;
 The gowan maug'lent on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.