

THE MUG OF PORTER.

To which are added,

The Sailor's Return.

M. Pherson's Farewell.

The Blue-eyed Lassie.

This is the night my Johnny set



EDINBURGH.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1821.

THE MUG OF PORTER.

I SPENT some change in quest of thee,
But since we're met let's both agree,
For you're the enemy of my purse,
And makes my coat look much the worse.

CHORUS

Sing he'm bo, oh, oh, O,
He'm bo, you are my darling;
He'm bo, oh, oh, O,
You're my dear both night and morning.

The brewster brew'd you in his pan,
The tapster drew you in his can,
But as for me I'll act my part,
I'll hug you close into my heart.

If all my friends since Adam's days,
Were now assembled in one place,
I'd quit them all without a tear,
Before I'd part with you my dear.

I'll tell the truth and that's the best,
I wish I ne'er had left the breast,
If my mother had given me such suck,
As I have here in this brown mug.

But if my wife should thee despise,
 I'll surely leave her two black eyes;
 If she loved me as I love thee,
 What a loving couple we would be.

You're like a prisoner out of jail.
 And from the tap you took leg bail,
 But now I have you that's the peace,
 My shirt I'll pawn to pay your fees.

Sometimes you make my friends my foes,
 And sometimes make me pawn my clothes,
 But now I have you near my nose,
 Come up my dear, see, down he goes.

CHORUS

Sing he'm bo, ho, ho, O,
 He'm bo, you are my darling;
 He'm bo, oh, oh, O,
 You're my dear both night and morning.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

A FAIR maid walking all in a garden,
 a brisk young sailor she chanced to spy,
 He stept up to her, thinking to have her,
 said he fair maid can you fancy I?

You seem to me some man of honour,
 some man of honour you seem to be.

How can you impose on a poor young woman,
that is not fit your servant to be?

If you are not fit to be my servant,
I've got a great regard for thee.
I thought to marry you, make you my lady,
for I've got servants to wait on thee.

I have got a sweetheart of my own sir,
and seven long years since he's gone from me.
And seven more I'll wait for him,
if he's alive, he'll return to me.

If it be seven years since he went from you,
surely he's either dead or drown'd,
If he's alive I love him dearly,
and if he's dead I can wish him rest.

But when he found that his Sally was faithful,
it's a pity that love should be cross'd,
I am your peer and single sailor,
that oftentimes the wide ocean cross'd.

If you be my poor and single sailor,
show me the token I gave to thee;
For seven years makes an alteration,
since my true love has gone from me.

He pull'd his hand out of his bosom,
his fingers being long and small,
He saw the ring that was broke between them
no sooner she saw it, than she down did fall.

He took her up into his arms,
 and gave her kisses, one, two by three :
 I am your poor and single sailor,
 that's just returned to marry thee.

So hand in hand, they went together,
 unto the church without delay,
 Where there he married his lovely Sally,
 and made her his lady gay.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ye dungeons, dark and strong,
 The wretch's destiny !
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,
 On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He played a tune, and danced it round
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath, ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet agsin.

Untie these bands from of my hands,
 And bring o me my sword,
 And there, not a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
 I die by treachery;
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright
 And all beneath the sky:
 May coward shame disdain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue,
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een;
 Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily-white;
 It was her een sae bonny blue,

She talked, she smi'd, my heart she wiled,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue,
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
 She'll ablins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead,
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

 THIS IS THE NIGHT MY JOHNNY SET.

This is the night my Johnny set,
 And promised to be here,
 O what can stay his laging steps,
 He's fickle grown I fear.
 Wae worth that wheel 'twill no rin round,
 Nae mair the night I'll spin,
 But count each minute wi' a sigh,
 Till Johnny do steal in.

How snug the canty fire it burns,
 For twa to sit beside,
 An there does aft my Johnny sit,
 And I my blushes hide.
 My father now sae snugly snores,
 My mither's fast asleep;
 He promised aft, but ah I fear,
 His word he winna keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me.
 The roads are sae sae lang,
 The frost and snaw are nought at a',
 If folks were fain to gang.
 Some ither lass wi' bonnier face,
 Has caught his wandring ee
 Than thole their year at kirk or fair,
 Na, sooner let me die.

O could we lasses now but gang -
 And woo the lads belike,

I'd run to thee, my Johnny dear,
 Nor stop at bog nor dyke.
 But custom's sic a powerfu' thing,
 Men aye maun hae their will,
 While many a bonny lassie sits
 And sighs each day her fill.

But whisht I hear my Johnny's foot,
 Ay that's his very clog:
 He steeks the sa yett saftly tu,
 O hang that colly dog.
 And now for routh o' sugar'd words,
 And kisses not a few,
 O but this world's a paradise,
 When lovers do prove true.

FINIS.