

Jenny dang the Weaver.

To which are added,

THE GREEN PURSE.

The King and the Miller.

Bonny Bet.

ESK MILL,

THE COBLER'S HAPPINESS.



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JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willy's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches,
Were a' drest out in aprons clean,
And braw white sunday mutches:
And Maggy bade the lads tak tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver,
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down he sat down,
And to her he would be gabbing;
Where'er she gade, baith but and ben,
The coof would never leave her,
Ay keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, " My lass, to speak my mind,
" In troth I needna swither;
" You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
" I'll never seek anither ?"

He humm'd and haw'd ; the lass cried fugh !
 And bade the coof no deave her ;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver ,
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.

THE GREEN PURSE.

I have a green purse and a wee pickle gow'd,
 A bonny piece land and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on't ;
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight ;
 To bless me and kiss me and comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lae gang sauntring on't.

My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair ;
 Her e'en and her mouth are eachanting sweet
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair :
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces by heaven were design'd
 For happier transports, and blesses resign'd,
 Nae langer delay the granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hinds,
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine,

Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our mind^s,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine,
 Then hear me and cheer me with soothing consent,
 Believe me and gi'e me no cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say content,
 I'm pleas'd with Jamie, and he shall be mine.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

How happy a state does the miller possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less,
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilly cringing at court

What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd the more like a beau ;
 A clown in his dress may be honester far,
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daubed the're not fit to be
 seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean ;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
 Gold in handling will stick to his fingers like meal.

What if when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks ;
 In this of right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

O! should he endeavour to keep an estate,
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state,

Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry and drinks when he's
dry,
And down when he's weary contented does ly,
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :
As so happy a miller then who'd be a King !

BONNY BELL.

In fair Edina dwelt a maid,
not of high birth, nor low.
'Tis not material when I trow
but 'tis not long ago.
However this lass of lasses was
much for her beauty famed ;
Each foppling that could read or write,
her praise in verse proclaimed.
Chor. Ye gods ! she was a virgin fair,
none could her charms excel :
No rose on sharon's vale could e'er,
compare with bonny Bell

For her full long did Strephon whine,
for her he rack'd his breast ;
But no fond flatterer could engage,
this Helen of the west.
Ignaro next the fair address'd,
he too a passion feign'd ;

Plutus in vain did urge his suit,
 but both the maid disdain'd.
 Ye gods, &c.

At last grave Damon made his suit,
 she listen'd to his tale:
 He pled a genuine virtuous love,
 and virtue did prevail.
 The choice approv'd : to lend his aid,
 Thalius did not fail ;
 Each vale resounded with the praise,
 of Damon and his Bell.

ESK MILL.

Tune—"Banks of the Devon."

The moon o'er the waves of the North throws her
 glory,
 And brightens the snow wreaths on proud Pentland
 high,
 Whilst cold under arms, I view, leafless and hoary,
 The dark wood that answers the sentinel's cry.

But what are my sufferings, though cold, wet, and
 weary,
 And round me the rude blasts of insult blaw shrill
 To theirs who re confin'd in the dungeon so dreary,
 And wail life away in the gloom of Esk Mill.

Oh Esk ! gentle Esk ! as thou flow through the valley,

No soft sounds of love now pass o'er thy waves,
At night the tatar, and at morn the rivally,
Are mixed with sighs from the iron-grated grave.

Industry has fled from thy scenes now distressing,
The Bard shuns thy banks, who, when evening was still.

Us'd so pensive to wander the muse fond caressing
Now sigh when he thinks on the woes of Esk Mill.

In fancy I wander where nations uniting,
Display their proud banners o'er hill and o'er dale
I hear the loud roar of the armies still fighting
I see of the battle the mournful detail.

Poor remnant of armies how strongly escorted,
I see their sad march while my heart's blood runs chill,

Far, far from their kindred with grief broken heart-ed.

Slow pass the sad hours—woeful hours in Esk Mill.

Ye troublers of Nations how poor is your glory,
The pages of history will blush with your crimes,
Your deeds will seem darker your features more gory,

When man shuddering views you, in all future times.

But what is the gay round of Royalty shining.

When sleep fly your couch as the wind o'er the
hill ;

More happy the swain in cold poverty pining
More happy the prisoner in gloomy Esk Mill.

THE COBLER'S HAPPINESS.

Let matters of state,

Disquiet the great,

The Cobler has nought to perplex him ;

Has nought but his wife

To ruffle his life,

And her he can stap, if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r

Of Fortune, that whore.

Since low as can be she has thrust him :

From duns he's secure,

For being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

FINIS.