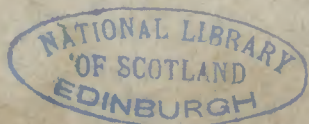


*BANKS OF DOON,
Highland Harry,
ALPH AND MOSES,
AND
DULL CARE.*



PRINTED FOR, AND SOLD WHOLESALE BY,
J. FRASER, PRINTER, STIRLING.

1817.



ISLE OF ST HELENA.

Now Boney is awa,
From his warring and fighting,
He is gone to a place,
That he ne'er can delight in.
He may sit now and tell
Of the scenes he has seen a',
While forlorn he doth mourn
On the isle of St Helena.

No more at St Clouds
He'll appear in great splendor,
Nor go forth with his crouds,
Like the great Alexander.
He may sigh to the winds,
By the great mount Diana,
With his eyes o'er the waves,
That surrounds St Helena.

Now Louisiana weeps
For her husband departed,
She dreams while she sleeps,
And awakes broken hearted.
Not a friend to condole,
Even those that might they winna,
And she mourns while she thinks
On the isle of St Helena.

The rude rushing waves
 A' our shores round us washing,
 And the great billows heaves,
 A' the wild rocks a dashing.
 He may look upon the moon,
 And think on Lousiana,
 With his heart full of woe,
 On the isle of St Helena.

Now ye that have great wealth,
 Beware of ambition;
 For some decree of fate
 May change your condition.
 Be ye stedfast in time,
 For what's to come ye kenna,
 For ye be your race may end
 At the isle of St Helena.

BANKS OF DOON.

The banks and braes of bonny Doon,
 How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
 How can your blue stream row so clear,
 When I'm so weary fu' o' care.
 Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
 That wanton on yon flow'ry thorn,
 Ye mind me of departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

Aft have I roam'd by bonny Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 Whar ilka bird sang of its love,
 And sae did I wi' glee of mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 The sweetest on its thorny tree,
 But my false love has stown the rose,
 And oh she's left the thorn wi' me !

HIGHLAND HARRY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For highland Harry back again.

Whan a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain;
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,

My highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.

RALPH AND MOSES.

Ize zing you a whimsical lay,
'Bout a frolic that hap'd at our town,
How a Jew did our last market day
Take in a poor country clown.
He'd razors in plenty to zell,
Of their goodness he made great commence,
And to make them go off glib and well,
Cried, 'a dozen zirs, for eighteen pence.'
Ri um ti idity a &c.

'Od dang it,' cried Ralph, who stood by,
'This fellow the razors must steal;
But efackins that's nothing to I;
And they're made of the very best steel.'
Then instantly lugg'd out his bag,
In order to purchase the lot;
Then set off amongst his neighbours to brag
What a woundy great bargain he'd got.
Ri um ti idity a &c.

Impatient their mettle to try,
Ralph gallop'd away to his room,
Where, because he'd no other brush bye,
He lather'd his face with a broom.

Then a razor he took from the rest,
 But his beard being bristly and black,
 He tool it would not stand the test,
 For the edge turn'd as blunt as the back.
 Ri um ti idity a &c.

In a rage then he threw it aside,
 And grumbling took up another,
 But when to his cheek 'twas applied,
 It prov'd just as bad as its brother.
 He stamp'd and he swore like one mad,
 And each razor he tri'd o'er and o'er,
 And mutter'd as how he was had,
 And dash'd the whole lot on the floor.
 Ri um ti idity a &c.

'This Moses,' cried Ralph, 'is a cheat,
 But for this he shall certainly pay,
 As with him no doubt I shall meet,
 When to market I'll carry our hay.'
 As he said, so it prov'd in the end,
 For no sooner the Jew met his sight,
 Than, enraged, he cried, 'harkee my friend,
 To throttle thee would be but right.'
 Ri um ti idity a &c:

The Jew star'd like one in amaze,
 And cried out 'vat ish it you're at.'
 'How durst you sell razors like these.'

Rear'd out Ralph, 'cheat, come answer me
that.'

At this Moses began for to rave,
How it was'n't using honest folks well,
For the razors were not made to shave,
'Pon his conscience, but only to sell.
Ri um ti idity a &c.

The mob, who the quarrel had heard,
Agreed that the Jew was a cheat,
And seizing old Smouch by the board,
Did him most unmerciful beat.
Then they roll'd him in feathers and tar,
And set him up an horrible howl;
When had you but seen un, I ze swear,
You'd have taken un for a wild fowl.
Ri um ti idity a &c.

No sooner loose than he run,
Udzooks full as swift as the mail,
While the butcher dogs join'd in the van,
And follow'd un close at his tail.
Now my tale I se conclude with a wish,
That those who to cheat the poor try, zirs,
May meet with reception like this,
Especially Monopolizers.
Ri um ti idity a &c.

DULL CARE.

Begone, dull care, I pray thee begone from me
Begone, dull care, you and I can never agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here, and
fain thou would'st me kill,
But faith, dull care, you never shall have thy will

Too much care will make a young man grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to
clay;

My wife shall dance, and I shall sing so merrily
pass the day, (dull care away.

For I hold it one of the wisest things, to drive

FINIS.

William Herd
Erson

His Ballads
1819
