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The Hallow Fair ;

To which are added,

Bauldy Baird,

The Roses Blaw,

Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde,

Sandy and Jenny.



STIRLING :

Printed for the Booksellers.

THE HALLOW FAIR.

There's fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies,
Comes weel buskit into the fair,
Wi' ribbons on their cockernonies,
And fouth o' fine flour in their hair.
O Maggie was ne'er sae weel busked,
Synce Willie was tied to his bride ;
The paney was ne'er better whisked,
Wi' a cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wondrous jéalous,
To see Willie busked sae braw :
And Sawney he sat in the ale-house,
And hard at the liquor did ca'.
There was Geordie, that weel-lo'ed his lassie,
He took the pint stoup in his arms,
And hugg'd it, and said, " Troth they're saucie
That lo'es na a gude-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,
Was mounted upon a grey cōwte,
Wi' sword by his side, like a caddie,
To drive in the sheep and the nowte.
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,
Wi' hair pouter'd, hat, and a feather,
And housing at courpon and tee.

But Bruckie play'd boo to Bawsie,
 And aff scour'd the cowte like the win';
 Poor Wattie he fell on the causeway,
 And birs'd a' the banes in his skin.
 His pistols fell out o' the bulsters,
 And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt:
 The folk they came round him in clusters,
 Some leugh, and cri'd, lad, was you hurt?

The cowte wad let naebody steer him,
 He was aye sae wanton and skeigh;
 The packmen's stands he o'erturn'd them,
 And gart a' the fair stand abeigh.
 Wi' sneering behind and before him,
 For sic is the metal of brutes,
 Poor Wattie, and wae's me for him,
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the ev'ing,
 And bughting time was drawing near,
 The lassies had stench'd their greening,
 Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.
 There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,
 And Ceicie on the spindle could spin,
 Stood glowring at signs and glas' winnocks,
 But de'il a.lad bade them come in.

Gude guides! saw ye ever the like o't?
 See yonder's a bonnie black swan;
 It glowrs as it wad fain be at us;
 What's yon that it hauds in its han'?
 Awa, daft gowk, cries Wattie,
 They're a' but a rickle o' sticks;
 See there is Bill, Jock, and Auld Hackie,
 And yonder's Mess John and Auld Nick.

Quo' Maggie, come buy us our fairing,
 To Wattie, wha sleely could tell,
 I think thou'rt the flow'r o' the Clachan,
 In troth, now I'se gie you mysel' !
 But wha wad e'er thought it o' him,
 That e'er had rippled the lint ?
 Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
 Though she did haith scailie and squint.

BAULDY BAIRD.

Bauldy Baird's come again,
 Bauldy Baird's come again ;
 Tell the news through burgh and glen,
 Bauldy Baird's come back again !

O Bauldy Baird can buy and sell,
 Barrels o' herring, ladès o' meal ;
 Cheat till the good man be poor,
 And puch till the good wife look sour ;
 Laugh and clatter, curse and ban,
 Tell a lie wi' ony man,
 Tell the news to a' ye ken,
 That Bauldy Baird's come again.

Bauldy Baird can drink, I trow,
 Till a' the bodies roun' be fu' ;
 Ilka ane that shares his bicker,
 Kens how Bauldy pays his liquor.
 When ye're fu', he's on the catch,
 He'll buy your blankets, corn, or watch,
 Ye sharpers a', though London reared,
 Are a' but cuiffs to Bauldy Baird.

Bauldy Baird can brag o' gambling,
 Kens the airts o' dark dissembling,
 Bauldy Baird can make a fen,
 To cut the Jack at Catch-the-Ten.
 Farmer bodies ! watch your pease,
 Hide your butter, eggs, and cheese ;
 For whether ripe, or in the braird,
 It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

O ! close that slap there, lock that yate,
 Else some stooks will tak' the gate ;
 For Bauldy's poney likes your grain,
 Just as weel as 'twere his ain :
 Stooks o' corn, and shaves o' pease ;
 Whiles your hens, and whiles your geese,
 For, faith he's no so easy scared,
 It's a' ane to Bauldy Baird.

On Bauldy Baird the law was vile,
 To draw him on a cart to jail ;
 But Bauldy Baird, the pauky devil,
 Slipt the loop, and left the beagle ;
 O'er the dike and through the fiel's,
 Bauldy ran wi' mettle beels.
 Watch the corn stack, Robin Law,
 For Bauldy Baird's run awa',
 O rin, and let the bailie ken,
 That Bauldy Baird's come again !

THE ROSES BLAW.

O ! ha'e you scen the roses blaw,
 The heather bloom, the broom an' a',
 The lily spring as white as snaw,
 Wi' a' their native splendour :

Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,
 As fresh and fair as Flora queen;
 Mair stately than the branching bean,
 And like the ivy, slender.

In nature, like a summer day,
 Transcendant as a sunny ray;
 Her shape and air is frank and gay,
 Wi' a' that's sweet and tender.
 While lav'rocks sing their cheerful lays,
 And shepherds brush the dewy braes,
 To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
 Among the shades I wander.

My captive breast, by fancy led,
 Adores the sweet, the lovely maid,
 Wi' ilka smile and charm array'd,
 To make a heart surrender.
 I love her mair than bees do flowers,
 Or birks the spreading leafy bowers;
 Her presence yields me what the showers,
 To hills and vallys render.

Could I obtain my charmer's love,
 Mair stable than a rock I'd prove;
 Wi' a' the meekness of a dove,
 To ilka pleasure hand her.
 If she wad like a shepherd lad,
 I'd change my cane for crook and plaid;
 Upon the hill tune up the reed,
 And wi' a sang commend her.

For her I'd live a life remote,
 Wi' her I'd love a rustic cot;
 There bliss kind fortune for my lot,
 And ilka comfort lend her.

Till death seals up my wearied e'e,
 In troubled dreams her form I'll see;
 Till she consents to live wi' me,
 In lonesome shades I'll wander.

SWEET KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

A Boat danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,
 When winds were rudely blowing,
 There sat what might the goddess seem,
 Of the waves beneath her flowing;
 But no! a mortal fair was she,
 Surpassing a' beside;
 And youths a' speer'd her choice to be—
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,
 And while his daftness noting,
 The boat was upset by the gale,
 I saw sweet Kitty floating:
 I plung'd into the silver wave,
 Wi' Cupid for my guide,
 And thought my heart weel lost to save,
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty is a high-born fair;
 A lowly name I carry,
 Nor can wi' lordly Thanes compare,
 Who woo'd the maid to marry;
 But she na scornfu' looks on me,
 And joy may yet betide,
 For hope dares flatter mine may be,
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

SANDY AND JENNY.

Come, come, bonny lassie, cry'd Sandy, awa,
 While mither's a spinning, and father's afar,
 The folk are at work and the bairns are at play,
 And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day.
 Stay, stay, bonny laddie, I answer'd with speed,
 I winna, I munna go with you, indeed :
 Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say,
 O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.

List, list, cried he, lassie, and mind what you do,
 Both Peggy and Patty I give up for you,
 Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trifled away,
 And one or the other I'll marry to-day.
 Fie, fie, bonny laddie, replied I again,
 When Peggy you kiss'd t'other day on the plain,
 Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display ;
 So we canna marry, dear Sandy to-day.

Then, then, a good bye, bonny lassie, says he,
 For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me,
 The kirk is hard by, and the bells cast away,
 And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day.
 Stop, stop, bonny laddie, says I with a smile,
 For know, I was j-king indeed all the while :
 Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
 And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day.

FINIS.