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The Blue Bonnets o'er  
the Border ;

To which are added,

My Peggy is a Young Thing,  
The Heaving of the Lead,  
Johnny Bluster's Wife,  
Auld Robin Gray,  
When late I wandered.



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STIRLING:

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THE BLUE BONNETS OER THE BORDER.

March, march, Ettrick and Tiviotdale!  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order!  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
A' the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
    Many a banner spread,  
    Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story,  
    Mount and make ready then,  
    Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the Queen, and your old Scottish glory,  
March, march, let us a' march,  
Ye bold sons of Scotia, march in good order;  
March, march, let us a' march,  
For a' the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.

March, march, ye sons of Dumfriesshire,  
Nithsdale and Annandale, march in good order;  
March, march, Wigton and Gallowa',  
Fellow your Chieftains that's bound for the Border,  
    The Claymore is drawn now,  
    Scotia's sons bend the bow,  
Let not the proud foe put you in disorder;  
    Who would not risk his life,  
    And share in the bloody strife,  
'Mang the Blue Bonnets that's bound for the Border,  
March, march, &c.

Great were the deeds that your forefathers wrought,  
 Which still are recorded in history's story;  
 And dear was the victory our enemies bought,  
 When a' the Blue Bonnets were led on to glory.

Then let us revenge our wrongs,  
 Claim what to us belongs;

Ages unborn yet will be our recorder,  
 When Scotia's sons leal and true,  
 Plumb'd in their bonnets blue,  
 Conquer'd the foe that usurp'd on the Border.  
 March, march, &c.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
 Come to the craig where the beacon is blazing,  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the long bow.

When trumpets are sounding,  
 War steeds are bounding,

Stand to your arms then, and march in good order;  
 England shall maay a day,  
 Tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the blue bonnets come over the Border.  
 March, march, &c.

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### MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

My Peggy is a young thing,  
 Just entered in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay.  
 My Peggy is a young thing,  
 And I am not very auld,

Yet, weel I like to meet her at  
The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown.  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly;  
It makes me blythe and bauld,  
And naething gies me sic delight,  
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
When on my pipe I play,  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
And in her sangs are tauld,  
With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
At wauking o' the fauld.

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### THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd—

And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd ;  
 To heave the lead, the seamen sprung,  
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the deep—Nine!

And, bearing up—to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view ;  
 An Abbey-tow'r, an Harbour-fort,  
 Or Beacon, to the vessel true ;  
 While oft the lead the seaman dung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the mark—Seven!

And as the much lov'd shore we near—  
 With transport we behold the roof,  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner friend,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof :  
 The lead once more the seaman slung,  
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,  
 " Quarter less—Five !

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,  
 We take in sail—she feels the tide ;  
 " Stand clear the cable,—is the cry,  
 The anchor's gone, we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and thro' the night,  
 We hear the seamen with delight,  
 Proclaim—" All's well !

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### JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.

Johnny Bluster dwalt on Tweed,  
 The place they ca'd it Traddletony ;

Johnny was a joiner gude,  
 Nane could wield a plain like Johnny,  
 Lizzie Painch was Johnny's wife,  
 An' silly Matty was her mither;  
 Sic a wife as Johnny had,  
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Johnny was ance half in love,  
 His fancy was by beauty haunted;  
 Heaven shone in Johnny's e'e—  
 But no the heaven Johnny wanted:  
 For Johnny courted Lizzie Painch,  
 'Cause Lizzie Painch she had the siller,  
 Sic a wife as Lizzie Painch,  
 I wadna gi'e a button for her.

Lizzie's face was like the moon,  
 Her shonther's maist as braid as Samson's;  
 Her very picture's like the sign,  
 That hings aboon auld Robin Tamson's.  
 But de'il a prin does Johnny care,  
 Were Lizzie like the witch of Endor;  
 Johnny fattens on her gear—  
 He wadna gi'e a button for her.

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### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his  
 bride,  
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside;  
 To mak that crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,  
 And the crown and the pund were baith for me.  
 He had been awa a week but only twa,  
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown  
 awa,

My father brak his arm, and my Jamīe at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray cam a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mither cou'dna spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his  
    es,

Said Jenny, for their sakes, O! marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamīe back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it prov'd a  
    wreck;

The ship it prov'd a wreck, why didna Jenny die.

And why do I live to say, waes me?

Auld Robin argued sair, though my mither didna  
    speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the  
    sea,

And auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,

When sitting sae mournfully at the door,

I saw my Jamīe's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,

Until he said, Jenny, I'm come to marry thee.

O, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,

We took but ae kiss, and tore ourselves away:

I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,

And why do I live, to say wae's me.

I gang like a ghaist, Learena to spie,

I darena think on Jamīe, for that would be a sin;

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,

For auld Robln Gray is kind unto me.

## WHEN LATE I WANDERED,

When late I wandered o'er the plain,  
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain,  
 My wild desires to rally, to rally,  
 My wild desires to rally :  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And strange, no longer wish to roam,  
 They centre all in Sally, in Sally,  
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet the unkind one damps my joy,  
 And cries I court but to destroy,  
 Can love with ruin tally,  
 My wild desires to rally ;  
 But those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure Sally, injure Sally,  
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, Oh come thou sweeter far  
 Than violets and roses are,  
 Or lilies of the valley, of the valley,  
 Or lilies of the valley,  
 O follow love, and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these arms my dear,  
 And make me blest in Sally, in Sally,  
 And make me blest in Sally.

FINIS.