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Allan Tine O'Harrow ;

To which are added,

Highland Laddie,

Bonnie Wood of Craigielea.



STIRLING :

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ALLAN TINE O'HARROW.

I am a daring highwayman,
My name is Tine O'Harrow,
I'm come of poor but honest folks,
Nigh to the hills of Tarrow.
For getting of a maid with child,
For England I sail'd over,
Leaving my parents almost wild,
Since I became a Rover.

Then straight to London I did go,
Where I became a soldier,
Resolved to fight Britannia's foes,
Great Hector ne'er was bolder.
They sent me to a foreign coast,
Where cannons loud did rattle,
Believe me boys I do not boast,
How I behaved in battle.

For many's the battle that I've been in,
In Holland and French Flanders,
Always fought with a courage keen,
Led on by brave commanders.

I always fought with a courage keen,
 And aye was valiant hearted;
 On account of the usage that I ght,
 Alas! I soon deserted.

Then straight for England I set sail;
 As fast as wind could heave me,
 Resolv'd that of my liberty,
 No man should e'er deprive me.
 I slept into the fields all night,
 For fear of being detected
 I could not walk the road by day,
 Lest I should be suspected.

I being of a courage keen,
 And likewise able bodied,
 To stand the road was my intent,
 With my pistols heavy loaded,
 To rob upon the king's highway,
 Was my determination,
 And for a robbery I was bent,
 No other hesitation.

The very first man that ever I robb'd,
 He was a Lord of honour,
 I own this man I did assault,
 All in a roguish manner.

Says I, my Lord your gold I want,
 Make no delay but give it
 For if you don't, 'tis my intent,
 By powder and ball to have it.

I clapt my pistol to his breast,
 Which made him for to shiver,
 Five hundred pounds in ready gold,
 To me he did surrender.
 His gold, repeating watch, & likewise,
 To me he did deliver,
 I thought it a most gallant prize,
 When he this gold did tender.

With part of this same money I got,
 I bought a famous gelding,
 That over a five bar gate could jump,
 I bought him from Mr Fielding.
 When I was mounted on my steed,
 I looked most bold and daring,
 Then to the road I set with speed,
 No man I now was fearing.

That night I robb'd lord Arkinstone,
 Nigh into Covent-Garden,
 And two or three hours after that,
 I robb'd the Earl of Warren.

Through streets, broad-streets, and lanes also,
 I robb'd Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
 Myself in grandeur to maintain,
 And to support my girls.

I never robb'd a poor man in my life,
 But those of high character,
 I robb'd nigh unto Turnham-green,
 A revenue Collector.
 Five hundred pounds I took from him,
 And smiling it was ready,
 A hundred guineas of bright gold,
 I did return his lady.

Wherever I saw the distressed poor,
 When poverty did grieve them
 I always found my heart inclin'd,
 By money to relieve them.
 I laid upon the rich and great,
 To rob the poor I scorned,
 Unless that God prevents my fate,
 In doom I now lie borned.

For straight in Newgate I'm confin'd,
 And by the law convicted,
 Tyburn-tree proves my destiny,
 At which I am much affrighted.

Farewell, my home and countrymen,
 And the ancient hills of Tarrow,
 Kind Providence may rest the soul,
 Of Allan Tine O'Harrow.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonie Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonie laddie, highland laddie,
 His loyal heart was firm and true,
 Bonie highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonie Lowland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonie lassie, Lowland lassie,
 For freedom and my King to fight,
 Bonie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonie laddie, highland laddie,

Ere ought thy manly courage shake,
 Bonie highland laddie.
 Go, for yourself procure renown,
 Bonie laddie, highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonie highland laddie.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
 Thou bonnie wood of Craigie lea,
 Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
 And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom the brier the birken bush,
 Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,
 And a' the sweets that aye can wish,
 Frae Nature's hand are strew'd on thee.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously ;
 The mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae every tree.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then O in pity let them be!
 Thou bonnie, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
 Frae aff the norlin' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.
 Thou bonnie, &c.

FINIS.