onny Mally Stewart;

To which are added,

Her blue rollin' e'e.

The braes o' Gleniffer.

ges me for prince Charly.



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Mally Stewart

BONNY MALLY STEWART.

The cold winter is past and gone, and now comes on the spring.

And I am one of the king's life-guards, and I must go fight for my king, my dear and I must go fight for my king.

Now since to the wars you must go, one thing I pray grant me It's I will dress myself in man's attire, and I'll travel along with thee, my dear, and I'll travel along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
that my love endangered were;
The rattling of drums and shining of sword
will cause great sorrow and wo, my dear
will cause great sorrow and wo.

I will do the thing for my true love,
that she will not do for me;
It's I'll put cuffs of black on my red coa',
and mourn till the day I die, my dear.
and mourn till the day I die.

will do more for my true love, than he will do for me gaal assessed it is and mourn till the day I die.

I'll bid a lieu and farewell

y sweet and bonny Mally Stewart;
you're the cause of all my wo, my dear,
you're the cause of all my wo.

Then we came to bonny Stirling town, as we lay all in camp y the king's orders we were all taken, & to Germany we were all sent, my dear, and to Germany we were all sent.

n farewell bonny Stirling town,
and the maids therein also;
nd f rewell bouny Mally Stewart.
you're the cause of all my we, my dear,
you're the cause of all my we.

NACHAR

ie took the slippers off her feet, and the cockup off her hair;

And she has ta'en a long journey,
for seven lang years and mair my dear.
for seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed, sometimes sat down to mours, and the And it was aye the o'ercome o' her tale, shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come, shall I e'er see my bonny laddie come?

The treeper turned himself round about, all on the trish shore;
He has given the bridle reins a shake, saying adieu for evermore, my dear, saying adieu for evermore.

HER BLUE ROLLIN' E'E.

The state of

My lassie is lovely at May-dew adorning,
Wi' gowans and primroses ilka green lea,
Tho' sweet is the violet new blown in the morn.
As tender and sweet is her blue rollin'ee.
O say what is whiter than snow on the mountain.
Or what wi' the red rose in beauty can vie?
Yes whiter her bosom than snow on the mountain.
And bonny her face as the red rose can be?

Hedg'd round wi's west brier and green willow tree,

Twas yonder I spent the first days o' my chilchood Ard first felt the power of a love-rollin' ec.

Chough soon frae my hame and my lassis I wander'd,

Though lang I has been tossing on fortuce's rough sea,

Aye dear was the valley where Ettrick meander'de

O for the evening, and O for the hour,
When down by you greenwood she promised tobe.
When quick as the summer-dew dries on the flower
A' earthly affections and wishes wad flee.

Let Paradise boast of what bliss it could gie; As high is my bliss, and as sweet is my pleasure,
In the heart-melting blink o' my lassie's blue ee.

THE BRAES O' GLENIEFER:

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniff r,

The auld castle's turrets are covered wi' snaw



How changed frae the time when I met wi' my low to Amang the broom bushes by Stanely green share the

The wild flowers o' simmer were spread a sae bonny.

The may's sang sweet frae the green birken tree.

But far to the camp they hae marched my dear

Johnnie,

And now it is wister wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery
Then ilk thing around us was bouny and braw;
Now naethind is heard but the wind whistling dreary

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw

The trees are at bare, and the birds mute and dowie They shake the could drift frac their wings as

Au' chirp out their plaints seeming was for ym

Tis winter wi'them and tis winter wi' me.

You cauld sleety clouds skiffs along the bleak mountains,

And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae, While down the steen glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountains,

That murmui'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.

It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds sweiling,
It's no the cauld blast that brings the tears i' myee
For O gin I saw my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were simpler to me.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHRLY.

A wee bird earne to our ha' door,

He warbled sweet and clearly,

An' aye the d'ercome o' his sang

Was a Waes me for Prince Charly,

O! when i heard the bonny soun',

The tears cam happin' rarely;

I took my bonnet aff my head,

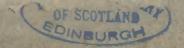
For weel I load prince Charly.

Quoth I. My bird, my bonny bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?

Are these some words ye ve learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?

"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin' morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh! waes me for prince Charly.

"On hills that are by right his ain, He roves a lonely stranger;



Og every side he's prest by want.
On every side is danger.

"Yestreen I met bim in the glen,
My heart maist buestit fairly;
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh: waes me for prince Charly.

Dark night cam on the tempest roared Loud our the hills and valleys;

An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?

Which covered him but sparely,

An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—

Oh, waes me for prince Charly.

But now the bird saw some red coat.

An' he shook his wings wi' anger—
"Oh this is no a land for me,
I'il tarry here use langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;

Put weel I mind the farcweel strain Was, "Waes me for prince Charly."

FINIS.

He gires a lonely stranger