

# FOUR Excellent Songs.

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THE WONDERFUL WIG.

MEG O' THE MILL.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

GILDEROY.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS

## SONGS.

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### THE WONDERFUL WIG.

In Holland there liv'd by Schdam,  
'The brother of fam'd Mynheer Von Clam,  
Whose feelings of pride were very much gall'd,  
Because you must know that his head was bauld,  
Ri too la ro, &c.

So he went and call'd upon Barbour Bombig,  
And told him directly to make him a wig,—  
For said he, I can't get any lady to woe  
With me till I get some hair on my head.  
Ri too la ro, &c.

Then the barber began (not a moment to wait)  
And took the dimensions of Clam's bauld pate,  
And as it was Mynheer's desire,  
The springs were made of a new patent wire,  
Ri too la ro, &c.

The wig was made and fitted well,  
Which made Von Clam look like a swell;  
But when it was fasten'd tight on with the springs—  
Oh! he flew in the air just as if he'd got wings.  
Ri too la ro, &c.

The barber was struck with wonder quite,  
To see the wig go up such a height,

So frighten'd was he that he quite ran away,  
And never was seen till this very day.

Ri too la ro, &c.

As to Von Clam he continu'd to fly,  
Till he could'nt be seen with the naked eye ;  
But with a telescope him you might see  
A flying about just like a parch'd pea.

Ri too la ro, &c.

It was about two years or more,  
Since poor Von Clam so high did soar,  
When in Holland was heard a most terrible sound,  
And something fell wop right slap on the ground.

Ri too la ro, &c.

The people all ran together in crowds  
To see what had fall'n from the clouds ;  
And they all in amazement were staring around,  
To see Von Clam sitting bang on the ground.

Ri too la ro, &c.

They put him to bed but 'twas near a week  
Before he recovered sufficient to speak ;  
And the first thing he said when he'd taken a swig,  
'Twas I've been to the sun and he burnt off my wig.

Ri too la ro, &c

Says Von Clam, From this time, I vow and declare,  
I never will wear a wig of false hair ;  
And whene'er I marry, without any sham,  
My wife shall have me just as I am.

Ri too la ro, &c.

## MEG O' THE MILL.

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,  
 An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?  
 She has gotten a coef wi' a claute e' siller,  
 And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;  
 A heart like a lerd, and a hue like a lady:  
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;  
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;  
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,  
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,  
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae en the siller, it is sae prevailing;  
 And wae en the love that is fixed on a mailen!  
 A tocher's nae word in a true lever's parole,  
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

## THE RANTING DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?  
 Wha will tent me when I cry?  
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?  
 Wha will buy my greanin-maut?  
 Wha will tell me hew to ca't?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there?  
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane?  
 Wha will make me fidgin fain?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

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### GILDEROY.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,  
 Had roses till his shoon;  
 His stockings were of silken soy,  
 Wi' garters hanging down.  
 It was, I ween, a comlie sight  
 To see so trim a boy:  
 He was my joy and heart's delight,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming een he had!  
 Breath sweet as ony rose:  
 He never ware a highland plaid,  
 But costly silken clothes.  
 He gain'd the love of ladies gay,  
 Nane e'er to him was coy:  
 Ah, wae is me, I mourn the day  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
 Baith in ae toun together:

We scant were seven years beforu  
 We gan to luv' ilk ither :  
 Our daddies and our mammies they  
 Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,  
 To think upon the bridal day  
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that love of mine,  
 Gude faith, I freely bought  
 A wedding sark of Holland fine,  
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought :  
 And he gied me a wedding ring  
 Which I received wi' joy :  
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing  
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime  
 Till we were baith sixtèen,  
 And aft we past the langsome time  
 Amang the leaves sae green :  
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,  
 And sweetly kiss and toy ;  
 While he wi' garlands deck'd my hair,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content  
 Wi' me to lead his life !  
 But, ah, his manfu' heart was bent  
 To stir in feats of strife.  
 And he in many a venturous deed  
 His courage bauld wad try ;  
 And now this gars my heart to bleed  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,  
 The tears they wat mine ee :  
 I gied him sic a parting look !  
 “ My benison gang wi’ thee !  
 God speid theo weel, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is a’ my joy ,  
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy.”

The Queen of Scots possessed nought  
 That my love let me want ;  
 For cow and ewe he to me brought,  
 And e’en whan they were scant ;  
 All these did honestly possess  
 He never did annoy,  
 Who never fail’d to pay their cess  
 To my love Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear’d in every town ;  
 And bauldly bear awa the gear,  
 Of mony a lawland loun.  
 For man to man durst meet him nane,  
 He was sae brave a boy :  
 At length wi’ numbers he was tane—  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wacworth the loons that made the laws  
 To hang a man for gear ;  
 To reave of life for sic a cause  
 As stealing horse or mare !  
 Had not their laws been made sae strick  
 I ne’er had lost my joy ;

Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss  
Ho mought hae banisht been ;—  
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,  
To hang sic handsome men !  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy :—  
Nae lady had sae white a hand  
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,  
Wi' irons his limbs they strung ;  
To Edinborow led him there,  
And on a gallows hung.  
They hung him high aboon the rest,  
He was sae bauld a boy ;  
There died the youth whom I loe'd best,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath  
I bare his corps away ;  
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
I wash'd his comelie clay ;  
And siker in a grave right deep  
I laid the dear lo'ed boy :  
And now for ever I maun weep,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

FINIS.