

KATE DALRYMPLE,

AND

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

LOUD ROARED THE DREADFUL THUNDER.

— THE BONNY BLUE BONNET.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.



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30.

SONGS.

KATE DALRYMPLE.

In a wee cot house far ayont yon muir,
Whare peeseweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
There lived a braw lass for mony a laug year,
Wham ne'er a lover e'er ca'd deary.

A lonely lass was Kate Dalrymp'e,
A thrifty queen was Kate Dalrymple,
Nae music except the burnies wimple,
Was heard round the dwelling of Kate Dalrymple.
Her face had a smack of the gruesome and grim,
Which did frae the fash of a' woers defend her,
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
Which brang folk in mind of the auld witch of Endor.

A wiggle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
A sneevle in her talk had Kate Dalrymple,
And mony a cornelian and cairngorum pimple,
Beamed on the dim face of Kate Dalrymple.
She span tarry woo the hale winter through,
For Kate was nae lazy but eident and thrifty,
She wrought among the peats, coiled the hay, shure the
corn,
And supported herself by her ain hard shift aye.

But ne'er a wooer came to Kate Dalrymple,
 For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Dalrymple;
 Neglected was the queen by baith gentle and simple,
 A blank in the world seemed Kate Dalrymple.
 But mony are the ups and downs of life,
 And the dice box of fates turned tapsalteeerie,
 So Kate fell heiress to a rich friend's estate.
 And now for a wooer she's nae cause to weary.

For the squire came a wooing to Kate Dalrymple,
 The priest seraping, bowing came to Kate Dalrymple,
 On each lover's face was seen loves smiling dimple,
 She's now nae mair Kate but Miss Dalrymple.
 Her auld cutty stool that she used at her wheel,
 Was flung by for her gilded sofa sae gaudy,
 Now she's arrayed in her silk and brocade,
 And brags o' her muffs and ruffs wi' ony lady.

But still an unco fash is to Kate Dalrymple,
 Was dress and party elash to Kate Dalrymple,
 She thought a half marrow in life mair simple,
 A far better match for Kate Dalrymple.
 Its she often thought as she sat by hersel'
 She could wed Willie Speediespool the sarken weaver,
 And now to the wabster the secret she does tell,
 Who for love or for interest did kindly relieve her.

He flung by his heddles for Kate Dalrymple,
 He burned a' his treddles for Kate Dalrymple;
 Though his right e'e did skellie, and his left leg did
 wimple,
 He's wedded now and bedded now to Kate Dalrymple.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard a liltin' at our ewes' milking,
 Lasses a-liltin' before the break of day ;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae,
 Nae daffin', nae gibin', but sighin' and sabbin',
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
 'Mang staeks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,
 The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away.

In harst at the shearin', nae youngers are jeerin' ;
 The banstets are runkled, lyart and grey ;
 At fairs or at preachin', nae wooing, nae fleechin',
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border !
 The English for ance by guile won the day ;
 The flowers o' the forest that aye shone the foremost,
 The prime o' the land now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewes milkin'.
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighin' and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

LOUD ROARED THE DREADFUL THUNDER.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge shower ;
 The clouds were rent asunder,
 By lightning's vivid powers.
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 There she lay,
 Till next day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Our opening timbers creak,
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak.
 To cling to slippery shrouds,
 Each breathless seamen crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd for morrow,
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heav'd a bitter sigh :
 The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
 When heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent,
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers,
 Now we sail,
 With a gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O.

THE BONNY BLUE BONNET.

O whare gat ye that bonny blue bonnet?
 O silly blind body canna ye see?
 I gat it frae a bonny Scots callan,
 Atween Saint Johnstone and bonny Dundee.

And O, gin I saw but the laddie that gae me't,
 Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's,
 O gin he was back to his minny and me.

My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty,
 His dear rosy haffits bring tears in my e'e;
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's,
 Gin we could ance meet, we's ne'er part till we de

And O, gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
 Fu' aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee;
 But now he's awa, and I dinna ken whare he's,
 O gin he was back to his minny and me.

THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

O this is no my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,
 O this is no my plaid,
 Bonny though the colours be.

The ground of mine was mix'd wi' blue,
 I got it frae the lad I loe;
 He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue,
 And O the plaid was dear to me.
 Farewell ye lowland plaids o' grey,
 Nae kindly charms for me ye hae.
 The tartan shall be mine for aye,
 For O the colours dear to me.

F'or mine was silky, saft and warm,
 It wrapped me round frae arm to arm,
 And like myself it bore a charm,
 And O! the plaid is dear to me.
 Although the lad the plaid who wore,
 Is now upon a distant shore;
 And cruel seas between us roar,
 I'll mind the plaid that sheltered me.

The lad that gi'ed me't likes me weel,
 Although his name I darna tell:
 He likes me just as weel's himsel';
 And O the plaid is dear to me.
 O may the plaidie yet be worn,
 By Caledonians yet unborn,
 Ill fa' the wretch that e'er doth scorn,
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.

From surly blasts it covers me;
 He'll me himsel' protection give;
 I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
 And O his plaid is dear to me.
 I hope he'll no forget me now,
 Each often pledged aith and vow;
 I hope he'll yet return to woo
 Me in the plaid sae dear to me.
 I hope the time will come my lad,
 When we will to the kirk and wed,
 Weel happit in the tartan plaid,
 The plaidie that's sae dear to me.
 O! this will then be my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid;
 O! this will then be my plaid,
 And while I live shall ever be.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant ye little bir,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care?
 Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn;
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.
 Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 But my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.