

Bessy Bell & Mary Gray.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

Dear Tom, this Brown Jug.

One morning very early.



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BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny lasses,
They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes;
Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw;
She kills whene'er she dances;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;

And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you tway,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Waes me! for baith I canna get;
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
And be with ane contented.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie,
Whar ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, troth,
I canna wad my cogie;
I wadna gie my fore-gird cog,
For a' the wags in Bogie.

Johnny Smith hae got a wife,
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life
I'd duck her in a bogie.
For I maun hae, &c.

Twa or three todlin weans they hae,
 The pride o' a' Strabogie;
 Whene'er the tottums cry for meat,
 She curses ay his cogie.
 Crying, Wae betide the three gird cog,
 Oh wae betide the cogie;
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills
 That happen in Strabogie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
 And what they maist did laugh at,
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
 And tightly gouff'd his haffet.
 Crying, wae betide, &c.

Yet here's to ilka honest soul,
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
 And for ilk silly whinging fool,
 We'll duck him in a bogie.
 For I maun hae my three-gird cog,
 I canna want my cogie;
 I wadna gie my three-gird cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

DEAR TOM.

Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now
 foams with mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan
of the vale,

Was once Toby Filpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a
bowl.

In boozing about 'twas his praise to ex-
cel,

And among jolly toppers he bore off the
bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his
ease,

In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you
please,

With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow
away,

And with honest old stingo was seaking
his clay,

His breath doors of life on a sudden were
shut,

And he died full as big as a Dorchester
butt.

His body, when long in the ground it
had lain,

And time into clay had resolv'd it again;
A potter found out in its covert so snug,

And with part of fat Toby he form'd this
brown jug.

Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and
mild ale,

So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the
vale.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

One morning very early,

One morning in the spring,

I heard a maid in Bedlam,

Who mournfully did sing,

Her chains she rattled in her hands,

While sweetly thus she sung,

I love my love, because I know

My love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents,

Who sent my love to sea,

And cruel, cruel was the ship

That bore my love from me.

Yet I love his parents since they're his,

Although they've ruin'd me,

And I love my love, because I know

My love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers,
 To call me to the sky, none ever
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
 Around my love to fly, side by side
 To guard him from all dangers in life,
 How happy should I be! and I joy
 And I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,
 I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies,
 I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love,
 When he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

O! if I was a little bird
 To build upon his breast,
 Or if I was a nightingale,
 To sing my love to rest;
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes
 All my reward should be,
 For I love my love because I know
 My love loves me.

O if I were an eagle
 To soar into the sky,
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes,
 Where I my love might spy;
 But ah! unhappy maiden,
 That love you ne'er shall see,
 Yet I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

FINIS.