

The Highland Plaid.

Irish Providence.

THE BRAW WOOPER.

I'll love thee no more.



GLASGOW:
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THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad wi' snow,
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland Plaid.

Soon the voice of cheerie Spring
Will gar a' our plantins ring;
Soon our bonnie heather braes,
Will put on their simmer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Highland Plaid.

When the summer spreads the flowers,
Busks the glens in leafy bowers,
Then we'll seek the cauler shed,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,

Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
 When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
 I'll hap thee wi' my Highland Plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
 Woo in words mair saft than mine;
 Lowland lads hae mair of art,
 A' my boast 's an honest heart,
 Whilk shall ever be my pride—
 O row thee in my Highland Plaid.

Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leal,
 My heart wad break at our fareweel;
 Lang your love has made me fain,
 Tak me—tak me for your ain.
 'Cross the Frith, away they glide,
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

IRISH PROVIDENCE.

My darling, says Pat, to his spouse on
 his lap, (a rap,
 At this present writing we're not worth
 With our faces so lean, and our duds
 on our backs.
 Our cow and our pig, my dear Norah,
 are dead,

Not a single paratoc is left us for bread;
The science of ploughing my father
taught me, (the salt sea,
So I'll e'en try the water and plough
With my Jill, sing Jack, sing Eibligo
whack.

Says Norah, when you're on the ocean,
my life, (your wife,
Sure Providence then will take care of
For no babies have we, not a Jill nor
a Jack.

But when Pat was away, what did Pro-
vidence do, [bin quite new,
Made the squire build for Norah a ca-
He furnish'd it gaily to dry up her tears,
And he peopl'd it too in the space of
three years,
With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

But when Paddy return'd how it glad-
den'd his heart, (smart,
To see his dear Norah so fine and so
With her rings in her ears and her silks
on her back.

And who furnish'd for you this cabin,
says Pat? (that did that;
'Twas Providence, says Norah, himself

Then Providence, Pat cried, as looking
 around, (found,
 Is the neatest Upholsterer ever was
 With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

Then Norah, dear Norah, come tell me
 if you please, (are these,
 Whose four little chubby-cheek'd rascals
 These pretty gossoons, with their locks
 all so black?

They are mine, Pat, by Providence sent
 me, d'ye see—

Botheration! says Pat, come now don't
 humbug me;

For if Providence minds to send legs to
 your chairs,

Sure he'll never forget to send fathers
 for heirs,

With his Jill, sing Jack, &c.

Och Norah, when I've been upon the
 salt sea,

By Saint Patrick, you've been a big
 traitress to me,

May whisky console me, for I'm on
 the rack.

For if Providence peoples my cabin with
 brats.

While I'm sailing over live herrings and
 sprats,
 Mr Deputy Providence, that'll ne'er do,
 So to him and old Nick I kick babies and
 you,
 With my Jill, sing Jack, &c.

THE BRAW WOOPER.

Ae day a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me—
 I said there was nathing I hated like men,
 The deuce tak the lad to believe me, believe
 The deuce tak the lad to believe me. [me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying;
 I said he might die when he liked, for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying.

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand was his proffer;
 I never loot on that I ken'd it or ca'd,
 But thought I might get a waur offer, waur
 offer,
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her,
 could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her.

But a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 I glowr'd as if I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as if I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy, and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchl't
 feet,

But preserve us! how he fell a swearin', a
 swearin',
 Preserve us! how he fell a swearin.

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 So just to preserve the pair body in life,
 I think I will wed him to-morrow, to-mor-
 I think I will wed him to morrow. [row.

