

THE NEW WAY OF

Johnny's Grey-breeks.

To which are added,

The New Way of the Mucking of
GEORDIE'S BYRE.

MY JO JANET.

BILLY'S COURTSHIP,
With the ANSWER.

A NEW SONG.



Entered according to Order.



JOHNNY'S GREY-BREEKS.

THE smiling Spring again appears,
 with all the beauties of her strain,
 Love soon of her arrival hears,
 and flies to wound the gentle swain.

How gay does nature now appear!
 the lambkins frisking o'er the plain,
 Sweet feath' red songsters now we hear,
 while Jeany seeks her gentle swain.

Ye nymphs now lead me thro' the groves,
 thro' which your streams in silence mourn,
 There with my Johnny let me rove,
 till once his fleecy flock return.

Young Johnny he's my gentle swain,
 that sweetly pipes along the mead,
 So soon's his lambkins hear his strain,
 with eager steps return in speed.

The flocks now all in sportive play,
 came frisking round the piping swain;
 But fearful of too long delay,
 came bleating to the dams again.

'Tis down in yon green myrtle grove,
 in choir the feath' red songsters sing,
 And sweet warble through their love,
 to welcome the returning spring.

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The Mucking of GEORDIE'S BYRE.

AS I went over yon meadow,
 and in by yon little house end,
 I stood and I listen'd with pleasure,
 while Jenny was singing this song.

C H O R U S.

It was not my father's good will,
 nor yet with my mother's desire,
 That ever I fil'd my fingers,
 with the mucking of Geordie's byre.

Though the roads were never so dirty,
 and the day was never so foul,
 I wad trudge to the midden with Geordie,
 I lov'd it far better than school.

When done, and our feet we had dighted,
 we merrily ranted and sang, (nings,
 And thro' the bull's buists like young kin-
 where oft-times I struggled and flang.

There into the hay-nouk he caught me,
 where oft he has cock'd on my wame,
 I laught and was pleas'd with his actions,
 but now they're discover'd with shame.

My brother he calls me a jade,
 because Geordie with me was so free,
 My sister she says I'm hood-winked,
 because he's below my degree.

But well do I love my young Geordie,
 because he's so cunning and flee,
 For oft he cock'd on my caul wame,
 and I was as well pleas'd as he.

Such mirth at the mucking of byres,
 dear girls take warning by me,
 Will make you sit sighing and sobbing,
 when you get Bob on your knee.



M Y J O J A N E T.

S W E E T Sir, for your courtesie,
 when ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 buy me a keeking-glass then.

Keek into the draw-well,

Janet, Janet ;

And there ye'll see your bonny fell,

My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 what if I shou'd fa' in,

Syne, a' my kin will say and swear,
 I dröwn'd my fell for sin.

Ha'd the better by the brae,

Janet, Janet ;

Ha'd the better by the brae,

My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 coming thro' Aberdeen then,

For the love you bear to me.

buy me a pair of shoon then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,

Janet, Janet;

A pair may gain you ha'f a year,

My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,

and skipping like a mawking,

If they shou'd see my clouted shoon,

of me they will be tauking.

Dance ay laigh and late at e'en,

Janet, Janet;

Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,

My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,

when ye gae to the cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,

buy me a pacing horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

Janet, Janet:

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

the rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tift,

employs aft my hand, sir,

Make the best o't that ye can,

Janet, Janet;

But like it never wale a man,

My jo Janet.

BILLY'S COURTSHIP.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey,
In each creature we may see,
The effects of love's decree,
Thus their state, thus their fate,
Do not Polly stay too late.
Do not Polly, &c.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may,
Why should precious time be lost,
After summer comes a frost.
All pursue Nature's due,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark how kind that swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass,
See how earnestly he sues,
While she, blushing, can't refuse,
See yon two, how they woo,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain,
See, it seems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather,
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Therefore let us do so too,
Therefore let us do so too.

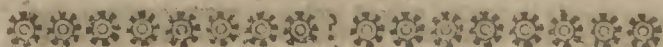
THE ANSWERS

BILLY though you me invite,
 And say Spring gives such delight,
 In each creature I can see,
 That I must not be too free,
 Lest it should be my hard fate,
 To repent when 'tis too late.
 To repent, &c.

I can look and see them play,
 But I shall not go astray,
 Nor shall precious time be lost,
 For that is wholsomer than frost,
 Tie the knot and then we'll coo,
 Billy, then we'll do so too.

But I can see the swain and lass,
 Yonder sitting on the grass,
 Tho' with flattery he sues,
 She's a fool that can't refuse,
 Tie the knot and then we'll coo,
 Billy, then we'll do so too.

I've mark'd that cloud upon the plain,
 Shews the darkest deeds of man,
 Herds and flocks do run for fear,
 When approaching danger's near,
 Tie the knot, and then we'll coo,
 Billy, then we'll do so too.
 Billy, then we'll do so too.



A NEW SONG.

HO W imperfect is expression,
 Some emotions to impart;
 When we mean a soft confession,
 and seek to hide the tender heart.
 When our bosom's all complying,
 with delicious tumults swell,
 And beat, what broken, faltering, dying,
 language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 quite expressive pains my cheek;
 Ask no more, behold your error,
 blushes eloquently speak.
 What though silent is my anguish,
 or breath'd only to the air,
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 read what your's have written there.

O that you could once convince me,
 once my soul's strong feelings view,
 Love has not more fond, believe me,
 friendship nothing half so true;
 From you, I am wild, despairing,
 with you, speechless as I touch;
 This is all that bear declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

F I N I S.