

THE
MAVIS,

A CHOICE
COLLECTION

OF CELEBRATED
SONGS,

SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & IRISH.



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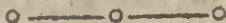
COMMISSIONERS

OF THE LAND OFFICE

THE

M A V I S,

&c.



THE MARINER'S WIFE,

BUR are you sure the news is true?

And are you sure he's weel?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.

There's nae luck about the house,
there's nae luck at a' ;

'There's nae luck about the house,
when our goodman's awa'.

Is this time to think of wark,
when Colin's at the door?

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,
and see him come ashore.

There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
put on the muckle pat ;

Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
and Jack his Sunday's coat.

Mak' their shoon as black as staes;
 their stockings white as snaw;
 'Tis a' to pleasure our goodman,
 he likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens into the crib,
 have fed this month and mair,
 Blak' haste, and thraw their necks about,
 that Colin weel may fare.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 my Bishop-sattin gown,
 And then gae tell the Bailie's wife
 that Colin's come to town.

My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 my stockings pearl blue,
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 his breath's like eauler air,
 His very tread has muic in't,
 as he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy with the joy!
 In troth I'm like to greet.

There's nae luck, &c.

NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,

WHEN OUR GOODWIFE'S AWA'.

You sing of your goodman frae hame,
 but whiles they're best awa',
 And tho' the goodwife stay at hame,
 John does not toil for a'.

There's nae luck about the house,
 there's nae luck at a',
 There's nae luck about the house
 when our goodwife's awa'.

For there was nae luck about my house,
 and little for my wame,
 There was nae luck about my house
 when Maggy gaed frae hame.
 There's nae luck, &c.

For first the bairns raise frae their bed,
 and for a piece did ca',
 Then how could I attend my work,
 who had to answer a'?

Their hands and faces were to wash,
 and coaties to put on,
 When every dud lay here and there,
 which vexed honest John.

He made the pottage wanting sa't,
 the kail sing'd in the pot;
 The cutties lay under his feet,
 and egs they seem'd to rot.

The hen and birds went to the fields,
 the glede she whipt up twa;
 The cow, wanting her chaff and straw,
 stood routing thro' the wa'.

The bairns fought upon the floor,
 and on the fire did sa';
 Which vex'd the heart of honest John,
 when Maggy was awa'.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs,
 and scerichs which pierc'd the skies,
 Which drove his patience to an end,
 wish'd death to close their eyes.

They went to please them with a scones,
 but on! he burnt it black!
 Ran to the well with twa new canns,
 but none of them came back.

The hens went to their neighbour's house,
 and there they laid their eggs.
 When simple John reprov'd them for't,
 he broke poor chuckies legs.

He little thought of Maggy's toil;
 as she was by the fire,
 But when he got a trial o't,
 he soon began to tire.

First when he got the task in hand,
 he thought all would go right,
 But O he little wages had,
 on Saturday at night.

He had no gain from wheel or reel,
 nor yarn had he to sell;
 He with'd for Maggy's name again,
 being out of money and meal.

The de'il gaed o'er Jock Wabster,
 his loss he could net tell;
 But when he wanted Maggy's help,
 he did nae good himself.

Another want I do not name,
 ail night he got no ease,
 But tumb'd, grumbl'd in his bed,
 a-fighting wi' the flaes.

Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
 whereon the flaes might fast,
 And for to be goodwife again,
 he swore it was nae jest.
 There's nae luck, &c.

The Wayward Wife.

ALAS ! my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow ;
 Farewel to every day of ease,
 When you have got a wife to please.

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide you yet ;
 The half of that will gain ye yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

You're experience is but small,
 As yet you've met with little thrall :
 The black cow on your feet ne'er trode,
 Which gars you sing along the road.
 Sae bide you yet. &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
 She will drive at you with good-will,
 And then she'll send you to the de'il

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valu'd not the proudest she ;
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Sampson too,
 Were stronger men than I or you,
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
 But nought is found by sea or land,
 That can a wayward wife withstand.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

THE ANSWER.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
 A bonny wee wife to praise and admire,
 A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn,
 Farewel to the bodies that yammer and mourna

I'll bide me yet, and I'll bide me yet,
 I little ken what may betide me yet;
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wife fou neat and fou clean,
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry Papa or Daddy to me.
 I'll bide me yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
 A diff'rence a-tween my wee wife and me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kiss her, and elap her, until she be pleas'd

The Wedding Day.

ONE night, as poor Colin lay musing on bed,
 With a heart full of love, and a vaporous head;
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 How sweetly he sung of his wedding-day.

O what would I give for a wedding-day!
 O what would I give for a wedding-day!
 Wealth and ambition I'd lose you away,
 With all you can boast for a wedding-day.

Should the Heavens bid me ask, and with free-
 dom implore,
 One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,
 For Jessy, dear Jessy, alone would I pray,
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day!

Blest be the approach of my wedding-day!
 I'll hail my dear nymph on my wedding-day;
 Earth smiles more charming, & nature more gay,
 And happiness dawns on my wedding-day.

Luna, who equally sov'reign presides,
 O'er hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,
 Unhappily changes—has changed her mind;
 O Fate! cou'd a wife prove e'er constant or kind?

Why was I born to a wedding-day?
 Curst, ever curst be my wedding-day:
 Colin, poor Colin, has changed his lay,
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-day.

Batchelors, be warn'd by the shepherd's distress,
 Be taught by your freedom to measure your bliss;
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,
 And blast all your hopes on a wedding-day.

Horns is the gift of a wedding-day!

Want and a scold crowns a wedding-day!

Happy's the gallant that has a wife while he may,

Or obtains a good one on his wedding-day.

THE BONNY LAD.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay;
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play.

And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,

And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair;
 Rose, violet, nor lily, with me can compare:
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.

And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh,
 He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die,
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I.

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall Mary-pole he dances so neat;
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat:
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind and his kisses so sweet.
 And a bonny, &c.

At eve', when the sun sinks repos'd in the west,
 And Mary's tuneful chorist' all skim to their nest,
 When I meet on the green the man I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst in my breast.
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
 Then come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you;
 Let us live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste the sweet raptures no monarch e'er knew.
 And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.



RALPH OF THE MILL.

As Hebe was tending her sheep t'other day,
 where the warblers whistle and sing,
 A rural young swain came tripping that way,
 as brisk and as blithe as a king.
 The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,
 contentment e'er guided his will;
 Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,
 tho' always bred up in a mill.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,
 for he could not her charms but adore ;
 And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe, he said,
 I surely shall love thee the more.
 Such tenderness melted her into surprise
 (for Hebe was never unkind),
 And all of a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,
 which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,
 and chatted together so free,
 Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to
 the mill,
 whilst clasping the nymph on his knee ;
 And thus, in a transport the miller replied,
 Thy charms, dearest girl, are divine !
 Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture
 he cry'd,
 O Hebe! consent to be mine !

She listen'd attentive to all his request,
 and freely comply'd to his will ;
 And now, to her solace, she's married and blest
 with honest young Ralph of the mill.
 Peace follows their footsteps wherever they go,
 in bliss all their hours they are spent :
 But, leaders of fashion, I'd have you to know,
 their happiness flows from content.

THE
EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O were I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone cou'd blaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith garse and corn;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabout or far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor kee
To mark her upo' tip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amon' them a'.
The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keeped ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never swear to lead or ca'.
The ewie &c.

Nae cauld nor hunger ever dang her;
No win, nor rain cou'd ever wrang her,
For aens she lay a week an' langer
Aneath a dreary wreath of snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewes they lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tees'd about the barn-yard wa'
 The ewie, &c.

A better nor a thristier beast
 Nae honest man cou'd weel ha' wist,
 For, bonny thing, she never mist
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa,
 The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jecky,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair nor thirty head to ca'
 The ewie, &c.

The neist I gae to Jean, and now
 The bairn's sae braw, her fauld sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come here to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
 The ewie, &c.

I locked ay at e'en for her,
 For fear the fumart might devour her,
 Or some mishanter might devour her,
 If the beastie bade awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
 I canna speak it without greeting,
 A villain came when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn and a'.

The ewie, &c.

I sought her fair upon the morn,
 And down beneath a bush of thorn
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But, ah! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie, &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,
 I've sworn and bann'd, as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the world shou'd forbid it,
 I shou'd gie his neck a thraw.

The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this, since ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Peur silly ewie, stown awa'.

The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It wadna been, by mony fauld,
 So fair a heart to ane o's a'.

The ewie, &c.

For a' the claiith that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
 The loss of her we cou'd ha'e born,
 Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
 Will never win aboon't ava'.
 The ewie, &c.

O all ye bards aneath Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn;
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
 Is stown frae us, and fell'd and a'.
 The ewie, &c.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue. & stale virgins despis'd,
 To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are
 premis'd:

I'm a maid that would marry, oh! could I but find;
 I care not for fortune—a man to my mind.

A man to my mind,

A man to my mind,

I care not for fortune—a man to my mind.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AN IRISH AIR.

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 one evening in May,
 The little birds, in blithsome notes,
 made vocal ev'ry spray;
 They sung their little tales of love,
 they sung them o'er and o'er:
 Ah! gramachree, my cholleenouge,
 ma Molly aslitere.

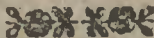
The daisy py'd, and all the sweets
 the dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 of her whom I adore,
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love
 and cruel Molly's hate;
 How can she break the honest heart
 that wars not in its core?
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,
 ah! why did I believe!
 Yet, who could think such tender words
 were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd on earth,
 this world could give no more:
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze
 on yonder yellow hill;
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
 that yon green pastures fill,
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 my kine and fleecy store.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head,
 sat courting on a bough;
 I envy'd them their happiness
 to see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
 but now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah! gramachree, &c.



THE ANSWER.

Ye gentle winds, that softly blow
 along the verdant plain,
 Go whisper to my Strephon's ear
 his love's return'd again:

In sweetest language tell the youth
 his sorrows to give o'er,
 Ah gramachree! my love shall be
 as happy as before.

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets
 of Nature's flow'ry bed,
 Shall join to make a garland, meet
 for my dear Strephon's head;
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 I'll add unto the store;
 Ah gramachree! and we shall be
 as happy as before.

Fully many a scene of mourning
 my Molly late has known,
 Because my heart its fondness kept
 for thee, my love, alone;
 My parents hid me from thy sight;
 and spurn'd thee from their door:
 Ah gramachree! but now we'll be
 as happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 bewailing my sad fate;
 And, like a faithful turtle dove,
 I mourn'd my absent mate:
 And, as the lingering moments pass'd,
 I told them o'er and o'er:
 Ah gramachree! but now I'll be
 as happy as before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,
 thy vowvs I did believe ;
 For well I knew my Strephon's heart
 would ne'er my faith deceive :
 Thy love vvas all I wish'd on earth,
 this vworld could give no more.
 Ah gramachree! and novv vve'll be
 as happy as before.

Our flocks together novv vve'll tend,
 upon the yellowv hill ;
 And gaze, enraptur'd, on the sweets
 vvhich yon fair prospects fill .
 While Heav'n upon our mutual love
 shall all its blessings pour.
 Ah gramachree! vve then shall be
 as happy as before.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

My Jenny and I had toil'd
 the live-long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd
 at making of the hay :
 Her kerchy was of holland clear,
 ty'd on her bonny brow ;
 I whisper'd something in her ear
 but what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green;
 as tight as ony silk;
 O sic a leg was never seen!
 her skin was white as milk:
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 and sweet, sweet was her mou'!
 Oh Jeany daintily can kiss,
 but what is that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 to make my Jeany fair;
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amaist nae care;
 But when another swain, my dear,
 shall say you're fair to view,
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you?

The Beautiful Girl.

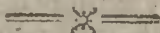
All sing of my Jenny all day and all night,
 she's always good-natur'd and full of delight;
 her looks are so pleasant, her eyes are so bright,
 that I always am happy when she's in my sight.
 And a beautiful girl is my Jenny, &c.

To me Jenny's love is oft-times express'd,
 Of all her young gallants she loves me the best;
 her lips I have kiss'd, and her bosom I've prest,
 she's sweeter than roses in June, I protest.
 And a beautiful girl, &c.

Of all the gay lasses that dance on the green,
 'Tis Jenny excels with an air and a mien;
 She sings like a siren, she looks like a queen,
 She's the sweetest young beauty my eyes e'er
 have seen.

And a beautiful girl, &c.

Come hither, sweet Jenny, no longer delay.
 Join hands with your Jocky, to church let's away;
 Don't trust till to-morrow, be happy to-day,
 And gladly the summons of Cupid obey
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky,
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky.



GALLA - WATER.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
 O braw lads of Galla-water,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee;
 and follow my love thro' the water.
 Sae airt her hair, sae brent her brow,
 sae bonny blue her ean, my deary,
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 I aften kifs her till I'm weary.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
 o'er yon moss among the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee.
 and follow my love thro' the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 down amang the broom, my deary;
 The lassie lost her sicken snood,
 that gar'd her gree: till she was weary.



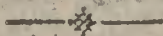
THE LINNETS.

As bringing home, the other day,
 two Linnets I had ta'en,
 The little warblers seem'd to pray
 for liberty again.
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
 I sung across the mead:
 In vain they swell'd their downy throats,
 and flutter'd to be free'd.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
 near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the queen of love,
 when Chloe's charm I view'd:
 I gaz'd. I lov'd. I press'd her stay,
 to hear my tender tale;
 But all in vain she fled away,
 nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
 came pity to my breast,
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 the feather'd pair address'd:

Ye little warblers, careful be,
remember not ye flew;
For I, who thought myself so free;
am far more caught than you.



Willy's Rare, & Willy's Fair.

With tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
young Willy won my heart;
A blither swain you cou'dna see,
all beauty without art.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
and Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me,
gin e'er he marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pull'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow-green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Sin' now the trees are in their bloom,
and flowers spread o'er ilk field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
and lead him to my summer's shield.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

The Shepherd Adonis.

THE Shepherd Adonis being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement to the woods did resort.
 He threw by his club, and he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown:

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;
 Himself he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free:
 He wish'd for no nymph, though never sae fair,
 Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus, in an ev'ning sae clear,
 A heav'nly sweet voice sounded fast in his ear,
 Which came frae a shady green neighbouring grove
 Where bonny Amynta sat singing of love:

The nymph she beheld him with a kind modest
 grace,
 Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his
 face;
 With blushing a little she unto him did say,
 O shepherd! what want ye? how came you this way?

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
 I was ne'er sae surpris'd at the sight of a maid!
 Until I beheld thee, from love I was free,
 But now I'm tu'en captive, my fairest, by thee.

• BE MERRY AND WISE.

To be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
 But a maxim so good can't be too often told;
 Then attend to my song, nor my counsel despise,
 For I mean to be merry—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who then toping such rapture express,
 And yet find the next day dismal proofs of excess,
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
 'Tis to drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

In women, all lovely, is center'd each bliss,
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten
 the kiss;
 If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
 You may kiss and be merry,—yet merry and wise.

Then ye toppers and rakes, who would lead
 happy lives,
 All excess avoid, and chuse modest wives:
 While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
 Love & drink, & be merry.—but merry and wise.

I winna Gang wi' Thee.

My lassie, do you Jockey ken,
 the pride of Aberdeen?
 His golden locks hang o'er his brow,
 loye wantons in his een;

His teeth with snow-drops may compare,
his breath with new-mown hay;

He's bonniest where the bonny come,
and baith can sing and say:

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
Gang down the burn wi' me,
I ken'd what he'd be at, and said,
I winna gang wi' thee.

If to the wimpling burnie I,
soon go to wash my claiiths,
The bonny lad his winsome flute
tunes o'er the neighbouring braes:

At e'en, as hame I do return,
frae milking mither's ky,

He'll tak' my leglen o'er the bent,
and lilt sae blithsomenly,

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
Gang down the burn wi' me:
I ken'd what he'd be at, and said,
I winna gang wi' thee.

If ewes shou'd stray, he'll hound his dog,
and fetch them frae the glen;

He'll tent the weathers to the trows,
and bring my lambkin hame;

He'll buy me ribbon-knots sae fine,
and pin them to my breast;

He'll kiss sae sweet, and sighing vow,
I'm bonnier than the rest:

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd;
 Gang down the burn wi' me.
 Hout lad, gang first afore the Priest,
 and then I se gang wi' thee.

The Maid whom I adore.

The bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 and flies abroad for food.
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 to nurse the callow brood:
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 but bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 when absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
 my faithful bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 the queen of my desires:
 The powers of verse too languid prove,
 all similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 or to relieve my pain.

My soul's with ardent love inspir'd,
 sure 'tis a gift divine:
 No lover ever was so fir'd
 with love more pure than mine.

I take what liberty I dare,
 'twere impious to say more;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 the maid whom I adore.



PATIE'S WEDDING.

As Patie came up frae the glen,
 drivin' his wedders before him,
 He met bonny Meg ganging hame,
 her beauty was like for to smore him.
 O dinna you ken, bonny Meg,
 that you and I's gawn to be marry'd?
 I rather had broken my leg
 before sic a bargain miscarry'd.

Na Patie—O wha's tell'd you that?
 I think that of news they've been scanty,
 That I should be married sae soon,
 or yet should ha'e been sae scanty;
 I wina be married the year,
 suppose I were courted by twenty:
 Sae Patie, ye need nae mair spear,
 for weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now Maggie, what maks ye sae sweer?
 is't cause that I hinna a maillin?
 The lad that has plenty o' gear,
 need ne'er want a brif or a nail and;

My dad has a good grey mare,
 and yours has twa cows and a filly,
 And that will be plenty o' gear;
 sae Maggie be na sae ill-willy.

Indeed Patie, I dinna ken,
 but first ye maun speir at my daddy,
 You're as weel born as Ban,
 and I canna say but I'm ready:
 There's plenty of yarn in cluvs,
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trrws,
 Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair sa' ye, my honny Meg,
 I'll let a wee smaeky sa' on you;
 May my neck be as lang as my leg,
 if I be an ill husband-unto you.
 Sae gang your way name-enow,
 make ready 'gain this day fifteen days,
 And tell your father the news,
 that I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was na lang after that,
 wha can't to our bigging, but Patie?
 Weel dress'd in a braw new coat,
 and wow but he thought himself pretty!
 His bonnet was little frae new
 In it was a loop and a fluty,
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
 to bab at the neck of his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,
 Said, Peace be here to the bigging.
 You're welcome, quo' William, come beir,
 Or I wish it may rive to the rigging.
 Now draw in your feat and sit down,
 and tell's a' your news in a hurry,
 And haste ye Meg, and be down,
 and hing on the pap wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang,
 yestreen I was wi' his honour;
 I've ta'en three rigs of braw land,
 and ha'e bound mysell under a honour:
 And now my errand to you
 is for Meggy to help me to labour;
 I think you maun gie s the best cow,
 because that our laddin s but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal,
 I'll cut the craig of the ewe
 that had amaist died of the side-ill,
 And that'll be plenty o' bree,
 sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
 To all our good neighbours and we,
 and I think we'll no be ill-feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,
 and I'll gi'e you brose in the morning,
 O' kail that was made yestreen,
 for I like them best in the forenoon.

Sae Tam the piper did play,
 and ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
 And a the lave they ranked through,
 and they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,
 and when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
 wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they ca'd Jamie Mather,
 And he to k the brude by the hand,
 and cry'd to play up Maggy Lauder.



The Lass of Patie's Mill.

The lass of Patie's mill,
 so bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 hath stole my heart away:
 When tedding of the hay,
 bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 and wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 to press 'em with his hand:

Through all my spirite ran
an extacy of blifs.

When I such sweetnes fand
wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,

like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart.

whene'er she spoke or smil'd:

Her looks they were so mild,
free from affected pride,

She me to love beguil'd,

I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth

Hopeton's high mountains fill,

Insur'd long life and health,

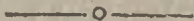
and pleasures at my will,

I'd promise and fulfil.

that none but bonny she,

The lass of Patie's mill,

shou'd share the same with me.



THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,

When in soft flames souls equal burn;

But words are wanting to discover

The torments of a hopele's lover.

Ye registers of time relate,
 If, looking o'er the rolls of Fate;
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the greatest sure must share,
 While others with despair explore her,
 And, at distance due, adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile;
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be nuth, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair.
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 Those folks who live in station high:
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow;
 We'll make a Paradise in Yarrow.



THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me:
 Ye Powers! what pain do ye endure,
 when soft ideas mind me?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 the beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 in fit retreats for wooing.

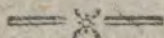
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 gazing and chasteely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 till night spread her black curtain:
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 ev'n kings, when she was nigh me
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where canons roar,
 where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 where dangers may surround me;
 Yet hope again to see my love,
 to feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my cares at distance move,
 in prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 to let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 in her my love shall center:
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 before I cease to love her.

D

The next time I go o'er the muir,
 she shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 my heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 my love more fresh shall blossom.



Low Down in the Broom.

It was on Monday-morning,
 that day appointed was,
 That I went forth into the broom,
 to meet my bonny lass:
 So blyth and merry was my heart,
 to bear her company,
 And she's low down, she's in the broom,
 waiting for me.
 Waiting for me, my dear,
 waiting for me,
 And she's low down, she's in the broom,
 where merry shall we be,
 I looked o'er my left shoulder
 to see what I could see,
 And there I spy'd my own true love
 come linking o'er the lee,

With a braw snood around brow,
 coats kilted to her knee.

O she was linking o'er the broom
 for to meet with me.

— For to meet, &c.

I took my true love in my arms,
 so merry was my heart :

I said, My life my lovely jewel,
 my dear we'll never part ;

I said, My dear, we'll never part
 until the day we die.

And since we're down among the broom,
 merry shall we be.

Merry, &c.

Hold off your hand, young man, she said,
 for it must not be so :

For little does my father,

or yet my mother know ;

For they will wonder in their mind ;

what has become of me ;

For they little think I'm in the broom,

talking with thee. Talking, &c.

My dady he's a canker'd carle,

he'll nae twyn with his gear ;

My minny she's a scolding wife,

hads a' the house in steer ;

But let them say, or let them do,
 it's all one to me,
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 that's waiting on me. For, &c.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 and fair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I 'tis a' envy,
 for ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was fair beguill'd
 wi' Johnie in the glen:
 And aye since syne she cries, Beware
 of false deluding men.
 But let her say, &c.

G'eed Sandy he came waft ae night,
 and speer'd when I saw Pate,
 And aye since-syne the neighbours round
 they jeer me air and late.
 But let them say, or let them do,
 it's a' one to me,
 For I'll gae to the bonny lad
 that's waiting on me.

Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 that's waiting on me.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep were in the fauld,
 and the kay at hame,
 And a' the busy warld to sleep were gang,
 The waes of my heart
 fa's in showers frae my eyes,
 When my auld guidman
 lyes sound sleeping by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me well,
 and he sought me for his bride;
 But saving a crown,
 he had nothing beside:
 To make the crown a pound,
 my Jamie went to sea:
 And the crown and the pound
 were baith to me.

He hadna been awa'
 a week but only twa,
 Till my mother she fell sick,
 and the cow was stolen awa';
 My father brake his arm,
 and my Jamie went to sea:
 And auld Robin Gray
 came a-courting of me.

My father coudna work,
 my mither coudna spin;
 I toil'd day and night,
 but their bread I coudna win;
 And Robin maintain'd them baith,
 and with tears in his eye,
 Said, Jenny, for their sake,
 O will ye marry me?

My heart it said him nay;
 I lo'k'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high,
 and the ship it went to wreck,
 The ship it went to wreck,
 Why did not Jamie die?
 And why do I live
 to say O wae's me?

Auld Robin urged fair,
 tho' my mither didna speak;
 She looked in my face
 till my heart was like to braks;
 Sae they made me gi'e my hand,
 but my heart was in the sea;
 Now auld Robin Gray
 is a guid m'n to me.

I hadna been a wife
 a week but only four,
 When sitting ae night
 mournfully at the door,

I saw my Jamie's ghost,
 but coudna think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back,
 my love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet,
 and meikle did we say;
 We took a parting kiss,
 and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish that I were dead!
 but I'm no like to die:
 And why do I live
 to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a gairt,
 and I carena to spier:
 I darna think on Jamie,
 for that would be a fin;
 But I will do my best
 a guid wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray
 is a guid man to me.

THE ANSWER.

I've got my Jenny Bell
 to sleep by my side,
 I'll ever bless the day
 I got her for my bride;

For she's but twenty-four,
 and I am sixty-three,
 And yet she is a kind
 and a loving wife to me.

Young Jamie lo'ed her weel,
 and sought her for his wife;
 But he went to sea,
 and there he lost his life:
 Full sore did she mourn,
 but it helped could not be:
 Then I wish'd in my mind
 she would be a wife to me.

Her father got a fall,
 by which his leg he broke;
 Her mother she fell sick;
 and little was their stock;
 They had but ae milk-cow,
 which was stolen from the byre;
 And my bonny Jenny Bell
 at working did not tyre.

Full sore did she work,
 and toil'd late and air,
 Her parents to support,
 but scanty was their fare;
 I said I wuld maintain them,
 if that she would agree;
 And ever would befriend them,
 if she would marry me.

She said. For to marry,
 she never did incline,
 Because her dearest Jamie
 was ever in her mind:
 She ne'er cou'd love anither
 so dear's she loved he;
 Therefore to my proposal
 she never cou'd agree.

I applied to her mother,
 whose aged heart did bleed,
 Because that I had often
 supporied them indeed;
 She was loth to advise her,
 but said she'd happy be,
 If her daughter wou'd consent
 to be a wife to me.

I made my Jenny presents
 of silver brooch and rings,
 Yet still she shun'd my presence,
 for a' these handsome things:
 At last I grew so ill,
 that some thought I would die;
 Then my bonny Jenny Bell
 she came to visit me.

As soon as I beheld her,
 it did my heart relieve:
 I said, if she would marry me,
 I hoped yet to live.

She kindly did encourage me,
 so I grew well again,
 And of Jenny Bell
 I grew wonderous fain.

I've cloth'd her like a Lady,
 she like a queen appears :
 I'm younger like already
 by more than twenty years ;
 She uses me so kindly,
 so well we do agree,
 No mortals live more friendly
 than Jenny Bell and me.

The Death of Auld Robin Gray:

The Summer it was smiling,
 all Nature it was gay,
 When James was attending
 on Auld Robin Gray ;
 For he was sick at heart,
 and had nae friend beside,
 But only me, poor Jenny,
 who newly was his bride.

Ah Jenny ! I shall die he cry'd,
 as sure as I had birth ;
 Then see my poor auld banes,
 pray, laid into the earth,

And be a widow for my sake,
 a twelve-month and a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs
 to Auld Robin Gray.

I laid Poor Robin in the earth,
 as decent as I could,
 And shed a tear upon his grave,
 for he was very gaud;
 I took my rick all in my hand,
 and in my cot I sigh'd
 Ah! wae's me, what shall I do,
 since Poor Auld Robin's dy'd.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land,
 there's none like me forlorn;
 I'm ready e'en to bane the day
 that ever I was born:
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth,
 ah! he is gone away.
 My father's dead, my mother's dead,
 and eke Auld Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rang round,
 I cou'dna guess the cause,
 But Rouey was the man they said,
 who had gain'd such applause:
 I doubted if the tale was true,
 till Jamie came to me,
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore,
 and said, It is for thee.

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