

22.
FOUR EXCELLENT

New Songs,

VIZ.

Kelly-burn Braes.

The Lee Rig.

The Rose's Hue.

*The Sun in the West, fa's to
rest in the E'enin'.*



Robertson, Printer, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh.



KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THERE lived a carl on Kelly-burn
braes,
Hey and the rue grows bonny wi'
thyme.
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
And the thyme it is wither'd and rue
is in prime.

Ac day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
Hey and the rue, &c.
He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do you fen?
And the thyme, &c.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's my complaint,
Hey and the rue, &c.
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint,
And the thyme, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall
crave,
Hey and the rue, &c.
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must
have,
And the thyme, &c.

O, welcome most kindly the blythe carl said,
Hey and the rue, &c.

(3)

But if ye can match her—ye're waur than
ye're ca'd,
And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey and the rue, &c.
And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
And the thyme, &c.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,
Hey and the rue, &c.
Syne bad her gae in for b—and w—,
And the thyme, &c.

Then fraight he makes fifty, the pick of
his band,
Hey and the rue, &c.
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
And the thyme, &c.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud
bear,
Hey and the rue, &c.
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam near her
nae mair,
And the thyme, &c.

A reekit, wee d-v-l looks over the wa'
Hey and the rue, &c.

O help, maister, help ! or she'll ruin us a' !
And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his knife,
Hey and the rue, &c.

He pity'd the man that was ty'd to his wife
And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the Kirk and the bell
Hey and the rue, &c.

He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but
in h—,
And the thyme, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again his pack,
Hey and the rue, &c.

And to her auld husband he's carried her
back,
And the thyme, &c.

I hae been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,
Hey and the rue, &c.

But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
And the thyme, &c.

THE LEE RIG.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee'rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

And cuddle there fu' kindly
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?
 At thorny dike, or birkin tree,
 We'll daff and never weary, O!
 They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
 While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear, my joe,
 Upon the lee my treasure grows
 Wi' me, my ain kind dearie, O.

A gloami', if my lane I be,
 Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O,
 And mōny a heavy sigh I gi'e,
 When absent frae my dearie, O:
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
 Enraptur'd a' my cares I scorn,
 Wha'n wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whar thro' the birks the burdie rows,
 Aft ha'e I sat fu' cheerie, O,
 Upon the bonny greenward hows,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O,

I've courted till I've heard the crow
 Of honest chanticleerie, O,
 Yet never miss'd my sleep ava,
 Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er fae dark,
 And I were ne'er fae wearie, O,
 I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 While in this weary world of wae,
 This wilderness fae dreary, O,
 What maks me blithe, and keeps me fae?
 'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE

I.

THY cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only joe and dearie, O!
 Thy neck is like the filler dew
 Upon the bank fae brierie, O!
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e;
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

- II.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!

(7)

Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O!
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Ought o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

III.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bouny, O!
 Aft we wad daff the leelang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O!
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

IV.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O!
 A wish that thou wert ever mine
 And never mair to leave me, O!
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nae ither warl'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

THE SUN IN THE WEST FA'S TO
REST IN THE E'ENIN'.

THE sun in the west fa's to rest in the
e'enin',

Ilk morning blinks cheerfu' upon the green
lee;

But, ah! on the pillow o' sorrow ay leanin',
Nae mornin', nae e'enin', brings pleasure to
me.

O! waefu' the parting, when smiling at
danger,

Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;
Cauld, cauld now he lies in a land amang
strangers,

Frae friends, and frae Helen for ever away.

II.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast
rainin',

Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin',
And laid him pale, lifeless, upon the drear
plain.

Cauld winter the flower devests o' its cleiden,
In summer again it blooms bouny to see;
But naething, alas! can e'er hale my heart
bleidin'

Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.