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THE MILL, MILL, O,
BRUCE'S ADDRESS,
My on'y joe and dearie,
Cauld kail in Aberdeen,

AND,

THE BROOM OF
COWDENKNOWS.



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THE MILL, MILL, O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still, O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will, O.
Her bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest,
She stirr'd na my joy to spill, O!
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill, O,
Frae her quietly I staw, heist sails and awa
For the wind blew fair on the billow.
Twa years brought me hame, whar loud-f
ing Fame
Tauld me, wi' a voice right shrill; O,
My lass, like a toad, had mounted the stool
Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond o' her charms, wi' my son in her
I ferlying spier'd how she fell, O;
wi' the tear in her ee quo' she, Let me die
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell, O,
But love gave command, I took her by the
And bade a' her fears dispel, O,

And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
wha had done her the deed, mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling Hill, O,
If I did offence, I'se mak ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.
O the mill mill O, and the kill kill O,
And the coggin o' the wheel, O,
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round wi' a sodger reel, O,

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce have aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r
Edward, chains, and slavery;

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Freeman stand or freeman fa',
 Caledonia on wi me

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
 Tyrants fall in every foe;
 Liberty's in every blow;
 Forward—let us do or die.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE.

THY cheek is o' the reses hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew,
 Upon the banks sae brierie, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me
 My only jo and dearie, O.

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

Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak it eerie, O;
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet,
 Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin bonny, O,
 Aft we wad daff the li'elau day,
 Our joys fu' sweet, and monie, O
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

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

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And castocks in Sta'bogie,

where ilka lad man hae his lass,
 But I maun hae my cogie,
 But I maun hae my cogie, troth,
 I canna want my cogie,
 I wadna gie my three gird cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has 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 my cogie, troth,
 I canna want my cogie,
 I wadna gee my three gird cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa or three toddlin weans they hae,
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie,
 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 Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's;
 And what they maist did laugh at,
 She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet,
 Crying, "Wae betide the three-gird cog"
 "Oh, wae betide the cogie,

“It does mair skaith than a’ the ills
 “ That happen in Stra’ bogie.

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

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES

How blythe was I ilk morn to see
 my swain come o’er the hill;
 He leap’d the brook and flew to me,
 I met him we good will.

O the broom the bonny, bonny broom,
 the broom of Cowdenknowes
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 Wi’ his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 while his flock round me lay:
 He gather’d in my sheep at night,
 and cheer’d me all the day.
 O the broom &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 the birds stood listning by;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 charm'd wi his melody.
 O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 though e'er so rich and gay,
 O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 could I but faithful be:
 He stole my heart could I refuse,
 whate'er he asked of me.

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
 gang heavily and mourn;
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
 that ever yet was born.
 O the broom, &c.

FINIS.