

TARRY WOO.

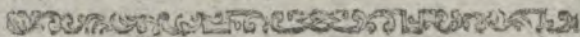
'The Banks o' Banna.

Waes me for Prince Charlie.

Woo'd an' married an' a'.



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TARRY WOO.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it weel, card it weel,
 Card it weel ere ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is haffens done;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleding for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleeting sweetly as ye go
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow;
 Hart and hynd and fallow deer
 No be ha'f so useful are;
 Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too:
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back and cram the wam

Keep us warm and hearty fou!
 Please me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
 Far frae courts and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae?
 To such musick to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;
 Turdy kent, and colly too,
 We'll defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
 Has not sweeter holidays.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well;
 Kings sae well, and pays his due,
 With honest heart and tarry woo?

THE BANKS O' BANNA.

Shepherds I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 Ride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain,
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood, shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds tell me whither?
 Ah woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

WAES ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
 It warbled sweet and clearly,
 And aye the o'ercome o' its sang,
 Was, waes me for Prince Charlie!
 O! when I heard the bonny bonny bird,
 The tears came drapping rarely;
 I took my bannet aff my head,
 For well I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, My bird, my bonny bonny bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?

Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?
 Ah! no, no, no, th' e wee bird sang,
 I've flown sin' morning early;
 But sic a day o' wind and rain;
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

On hills that are by right his ain
 He roams a lonely stranger;
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
 On ilka side by danger.
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly,
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he;
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
 Our tent owre the hills and valleys;
 And where was't that your prince lay
 down,

Whose hame should been a palace?
 He rowed him in a Highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom:
 Oh! waes me for Prince Charlie.

Bnt now the bird saw some red-coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger;

O this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer.
 A while he hovered on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly;
 But weel I mind the fareweel strain,—
 'Twas, waes me for Prince Charlie.

WOO'D AND MARRY'D AN' A'.

Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she nae very weel off,
 Was woo'd and married and a'.

The bride came out of the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blanket nor sheets;
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough;

O had ye're tongue, m' daughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What deil needs a' this pride;
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claes,
 We'il creep the nearer thegither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths anew.
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie;
 Poor willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For ye are baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Is he never tak ane i' my life.
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre;
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire:
 But we poor folk maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd, and married, &c.

F I N I S.