

# The Plowman's Ditty. 35

To which are added,

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

AH CHLORIS.

*Ungrateful Nanny.*

SMIRKY NAN.



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THE PLOWMAN'S DITTY,

Being an answer to that foolish Question,

WHAT HAVE THE POOR TO LOSE.

Because I'm but poor,  
And slender my store,  
That I've nothing to lose is the cry;  
Let who will declare it,  
I vow I cant bear it,  
I give all such praters the lie.

Tho' my house is but small,  
Yet to have none at all,  
Would sure be a greater distress, Sir,  
Shall my garden, so sweet,  
And my orchard, so neat,  
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor ?

On saturday's night,  
'Tis still my delight,  
With my wages to run home the faster,  
But if Frenchmen rule here,  
I may look far and near,  
But I never shall find a pay-master.

I've a dear little wife,  
Whom I love as my life,  
To lose her I should not much like

And it would make me run wild,  
To see my sweet child,  
With its head on the point of a pike.

I've my church too to save,  
And will go to my grave  
In defence of a church that's the best ;  
I've my King, too, God bless him,  
Let no man oppress him,  
or none has he ever oppress'd,

British laws for my guard  
My cottage is barr'd  
'Tis safe in the light or the dark.  
If the squire should oppress,  
I get instant redress,  
My orchards as safe as his park.

My cat is my throne,  
What I have is my own,  
And what is my own I will keep,  
Should Bonny come new,  
'Tis true I may plow,  
but I'm sure that I never shall reap.

Now do but reflect,  
What have I to protect ;  
When doubt if to fight I shall choose.  
King, church, babes and wife,  
Laws, liberty, life,  
Now tell me I have nothing to lose.

Then I'll beat my plough-share  
To a sword or a spear,

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And rush on those desperate men :  
Like a lion I'll fight .  
That my spear now so bright  
May soon turn to a ploughshare again.

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### KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,  
O Kenmure's on an' awa,  
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord,  
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
Success to Kenmure's band ;  
There's not a heart that fears a Whig,  
That rides by Kenmure's band.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;  
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
Nor yet of Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
O Kenmure's lads are men,  
Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
They'll live or die wi' fame,  
But soon wi' sounding victory,  
May Kenmure's lord come hame !

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa  
 And here's the flower that I loe best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

## AH CHLORIS.

Tnue—Gilderoy.

Ah Chloris, could I now but sit  
 as unconcern'd, as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 no happiness or pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 and prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
 as metals in a mine;  
 Age from no face takes more away  
 than youth conceal'd in thine;  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 to their perfection prest,  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly  
 and center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 while Cupid at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 threw a new flaming dart,

Each gloried in their wanton part ;  
 to make a lover, he  
 Employed the utmost of his art ;  
 to make a beauty, she.

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### UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever swain a nymph adore,  
 as I ungrateful Nanny do ?  
 Was ever seepherd's heart so sore,  
 or ever broken heart so true ?  
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
 Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd did e'er I stay,  
 or linger when she bid me run ;  
 She only had the word to say,  
 and all she wish'd was quickly done,  
 I always think of her, but she  
 Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
 have I not rose by break of day ?  
 Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,  
 if Robin in his barn had hay ?  
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,  
 I cheerfully did give her two ;  
 And I her lambs did safely keep  
 within my fold in frost and snow ;

Have they not there from cold been free?  
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,  
'twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
Full as they were I brought them home,  
her corn I carried to the mill;  
My back did bear the sack but she  
Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best;  
Within this week her pigeons have  
eat up a peck of pease at least.  
Her little pigeons kiss but she  
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
and Nanny still on Robin frown,  
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,  
if Nanny does not love me soon!  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

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### SMIRKY NAN.

Tune—My Nanny O.

Ah! woes me! poor Willie cried,  
see how I'm wasted to a span!  
My heart is lost, when first I spy'd  
the charming lovely milk-maid Nan.

I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
 of the dusky winnowing fan,  
 Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,  
 and all for thee my smirky Nan.

The Ale-wife misses me of late,  
 I used to take a hearty can;  
 But now I neither drink nor eat,  
 unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.

The baker bakes the best of bread,  
 the flour he takes and leaves the bran;  
 The bran is every other maid,  
 compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

But Dick o' the green, that nesty lown,  
 last Sunday to my mistress ran.  
 He snatch'd a kiss, I knock'd him down,  
 which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.

But hark ! the roaring sodger comes,  
 and rattles tantara tarran ;  
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,  
 woe me I've lost my smirky Nan.

FINIS.