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BRAES OF
BIRNIEBOUZLE.

To which are added.

THE
BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

Merry may the Maid be.

Nan of Logie Green.

THE LANGUISHING MAID.



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BRAES OF BIRNIEBOUZLE.

WILL ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle?
Baith the earth and sea, lassie,

Will I rob to fend ye:
I'll hunt the otter and the brock,
The hart, the hare, the heather cock,
An' pu' the limpet aff the rock,
To fatten and to fend ye.

If ye gang wi' me, lassie,
To the braes o' Birniebouzle,
Till the day ye die, lassie,
Ye shall aye hae plenty:
The peats I'll carry in a skull,
The cod and line, wi' lines I'll pull,
An' reave the eggs o' mony a gull,
To mak ye dishes dainty.

Sae cheery will ye be, lassie,
I' the braes o' Birniebouzle;
Donald Gun and me, lassie,
Ever will attend ye.
Though we hae neither milk nor meal,
Nor lamb nor mutton, beef nor veal,
We'll fang the porpy and the seal.
An' that's the way to fend ye.

An' ye shall gang sae braw, lassie,
 At the kirk o' Birniebroule,
 Wi' lillet brogues an' a', lassie ;
 Wow but ye'll be vaunty.
 An' ye shall wear, when ye are wed,
 The kirtle and the highland plaid,
 An' sleep upon a heather bed.
 Sae cozie and sae canty.

If ye will marry me, laddie,
 At the kirk o' Birniebroule,
 My chiefest aim shall be, laddie,
 Ever to content ye.
 I'll beat the line and bear the pail;
 And row the boat and spread the sail,
 An' dad the clotters wi' a flail,
 To make our taties dainty.

Then come awa wi' me, lassie,
 To the braes o' Birniebroule,
 An' since ye are sae-free, lassie,
 Ye never shall repent ye ;
 Ye shall hae baith tups and ewes,
 An' gait an' wine, an' stots an' cows,
 An' be the lady o' my house.
 An' this may weel content ye.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

ne smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 invite the tuneful birds to sing,
 and while they warble from the spray,

4
Love meets the universal lay,
Let us, Amanda timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter, will appear
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more,
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lay' rocks now and lintie's sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vie,
In tuneful strains to glad the day;
The woods now bear their summer suits,
To mirth all nature now invites;
Let us be blythsome light and gay,
Amongst the birks of Invermay:

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound,
The wanton kids and frisking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them, then sing and play,
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams.
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as joyful be as they,
 Among the birks of Invermay.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

Merry may the maid be
 that marries the miller,
 For foul day or fair day,
 he's ay bringing till her;
 Has ay a penny in his purse,
 for dinner and for supper,
 And gin she please,
 and a yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I spier'd what was his calling,
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
 you're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I could spy,
 the truth of what he told me.
 An I that his house was warm and couth,
 and room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 and in the kist was plenty,
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes

and bannocks were na scanty,
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 were standing in the byre;
 While lazy puss with mealy mouse,
 were playing at the fire.

Good signs are these my mither says
 and bids me tak the miller ;
 For foul day or fair day
 he's ay bringing till her :
 For meal and ma't she disna want,
 nor ony thing that's dainty,
 And now and then a kecklin hen,
 to lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 blaws o'er the barn and byre :
 The miller by a clean hearth-stane,
 He sits and cracks ^{at} ^{the} fire;
 o'er ale that is right nappy;
 Who'd be a Queen that gaudy thing,
 when a miller's wife sae happy.

NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

By pleasure long infected,
 Kind heaven when least expected
 My devious path directed
 to Nan of Logie green ;
 Where thousand sweets repose 'em
 In quiet's unruffled bosom,

I found my peerless blossom,
the pride of Logie green.

The city Belle, perchance, ay,
Will blame my youthful fancy,
But she ne'er saw my Nancy
the pride of Logie green.
Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
Her smile a heaven discloses,
No lily leaf that blows is,
so fair on Logie green.

Ye town-bred fair forgive me,
Your arms must ne'er receive me,
Your charms are all believe me
eclipsed on Logie green.
Forgive my passion tender,
Heaven so much grace did lend her,
And made my heart surrender
to Nan of Logie green.

No more the town delights me,
Its noisy tumult frights me,
I'll go where love invites me,
to Nan of Logie green.
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
I ne'er in life shall leave her,
In love and peace for ever,
we'll live on Logie green.

THE LANGUISHING LOVER.

Through the desarts of Greenland,
Where the Sun never cast an eye ;

Blest with thee my dear Philander,
 Could I chuse to live and die :
 No swain with his aid, wit or art
 Ever should have power to storm my heart
 You are all in all, we'll never part
 Each vein in me shall ever be,
 Panting for the love of thee.

On the sands of South America,
 Where the Sun never cast an eye ;
 Blest with thee my dear Philander
 Could I chuse to live and die :
 No swain with his aid, wit or art,
 Ever should have power to storm my heart,
 You are all in all, we'll never part ,
 Each vein, &c.

Let me never be slighted
 For the love that I do bear ;
 Lest my wrongs they should be righted,
 By your languishing despair :
 For should you slight me with disdain,
 Then tears of sorrow would be in vain,
 For lost love can never be recall'd again.
 Each vein, &c.

Let us fly to Flory-mellow,
 For to cherish up our drooping hearts ;
 For should I wear the weight of willow,
 It would prove like a fatal dart :
 Then dear Philander, come away,
 For I long to see the joyful day,
 Which will crown our joys with innocent play.
 Each vein, &c.

FINIS.