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**HIGHLAND LADDIE.**

to which are added,

The Weary pund o' Tow.

Stand to your Guns.

The Sodger Laddie.

Buxom bonny Willie.

Comin' thro' the rye.

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## HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie  
gone?

Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie  
gone?

He is gone with streaming banners, where noble  
deeds are done,

And its oh in my heart but I wish him safe at home

O what, tell me what, did your Highland laddie  
wear?

O what, tell me what, &c.

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant pledge of  
war.

And a plaid across his manly breast, that soon we  
wear a star.

Oh where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie  
stay?

Oh where tell me where, &c.

He dwelt beneath the Holly-tree beside the rapid  
Spey,

And many a blessing followed him the day he gae  
away.

Ah suppose ah suppose that some cruel cruel wound  
Should pierce your Highland laddie's breast, and a  
your hopes confound;

The pipes should play a cheerful strain the banner  
round him fly,

And the spirit of a Highland chief should glister in  
 his eye.  
 The pipes should play a cheerful strain, the banners  
 round him fly,  
 And for his king and country with pleasure he will  
 die.

But I hope yet to see him in Sco;lands bonny  
 bounds,  
 But I hope yet to see him, &c.  
 His native land of liberty will nurse his glorious  
 wounds.  
 While wide thro' all the Highland hills his warlike  
 name resounds.

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THE WEARY PUND O TOW.

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
 'The weary pund o' tow ;  
 I think my wife will end her life,  
 Before she spin her tow.  
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As good as e'er did grow ;  
 And a' that she has made o' that,  
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.  
 The weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow ;  
 I think my wife will end her life,  
 Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in the bole,  
 Beyond the ingle low,

An' ay she took the tither souk  
 To drook the stourie tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

Quoth I, " For shame ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow ;  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock  
 She brake it o'er my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
 gaed foremost oe'r a knowe,  
 And e'er I'll wed anither jade,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

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### STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak  
 Let not a word on board be spoke,  
 Victory soon will crown the joke,  
 Be silent but be ready :

Ram home your guns and sponge them well,  
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
 The cannons roar shall sound their kne'l,  
 Be staedy, boys, be steady.

Nor yet, nor yet! reserve your fire  
 I do desire :— Fire !  
 Now the elements do rattle,



The gods amaz'd behold the battle ;  
A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide  
Trickle down her batter'd side ;  
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly :  
Conquer boys or bravely die !  
Hurl destruction 'on our foes,  
She sinks !——Huzza,  
To the bottom down she goes.

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### THE SODGER LADDIE.

My sodger laddie is over the sea,  
and he will bring gold and money to me :  
And when he comes hame he will make me a lad  
my blessing gang wi' my sodger laddie.

My doughty laddie is han'some and brave,  
and can as a sodger and lover behave,  
True to his country' to love he is ready,  
there's few to compare wi' my sodger laddie.

Shield him ye angels, frae death in alarms,  
return him wi' laurels to my langing arms  
Syne frae all care ye'll presently free me,  
when back to my wishes my sodger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
as quickly they must, if he get his due ;  
For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
which makes me delight in my sodger laddie.

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 BUXOM BONNY WILLIE.

When fragrant bloom of yellow broom  
 delights our lads and lasses,  
 O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom  
 my Will all lads surpasses

Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,  
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy ;  
 Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,  
 I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy  
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
 of buxom bonny Willy  
 Willy. Willy, Willy, Willy  
 From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
 Of buxom bonny Willy.

Reclined by Tay at noon-tide day,  
 we'll pu' the daizy pretty,  
 The live lang day we'll kiss and play,  
 or sing some loving ditty.  
 Wi' Willy then. &c.

Now blythe and gay at setting day,  
 gif mither dinna hinder,  
 I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay,  
 for we twa ne'er shall sinder.  
 Wi' Willy then, &c.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Comin' thro' the rye, poor bodie,  
Comin' thro' the rye,  
She draigelt a' her petticotie,  
Comin' thro' the rye.

O Jenny's a' weet, poor bodie!  
Jenny's seldom dry!  
She draigelt a' her petticotie,  
Comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
Comin' frae the rye  
Gin a bodie kiss a bodie,  
Need a bodie cry?  
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
Comin' thro' the glen,  
Gin a bodie kiss a bodie,  
Need the world ken?  
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
Comin' frae the well.  
Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
Need a bodie tell?  
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
 Comin' frae the town,  
 Gin a bodie meet a bodie,  
 Need a bodie frown?  
 O Jenny's a' weat, &c.

Kissing is the key of love,  
 And clapping is the lock!  
 And making o's the best thing,  
 That e'er a young thing got,  
 O Jenny's a' weat, &c.

Ilka bodie has a bodie,  
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I!  
 What ails the laddies at me,  
 That I am sae past by?  
 O Jenny's a' weat, &c.

FINIS.