

SCOTS MEDLEY,

DUNCAN GRAY,

Johny Bluster's Wife,

AND,

The blue ey'd Lassie.



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SCOTS MEDLEY

DUNCAN GRAY
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As I came in by Calder fair,
and yont the Lappard Lee, man,
There was braw kissing there;
Come butt and kiss wi' me, man;
There was Highland folk and Lawland folk,
Unco folk and kend folk,
Folk aboon folk i' the yard;
there's nae folk like our ain folk.
Dirum dum, &c

Hech, hey! Bessy Bell,
kilt your coat, Maggy,
Ye's get a new gown,
down the burn Davie.
The Earl o' Mar's bonny thing,
and muckle bookit wallet,
Play the same tune o'er again,
and down the burn for a' that.
Dirum dum, &c

Gin ye had been whare I had been,
ye wadna been sae wantin;
I gat the lang girdin o't,
an' I fell thro' the gantrin.
O'er the hills and far awa',
my bonny winsome Willie;

What shall our gudeman lie?
 the gieed Earl o' Kellie
 Dirum dum, &c

Toddle butt, and toddle ben,
 hey, Tam Brandy;

Crack a louse on Maggy's wyme,
 little Cockey Bendy;

There's three sheeps skins'
 the barber and his bason;

The bonny lass o' Patie's mill,
 wi the free and accepted mason.
 Dirum dum, &c

On Ettrick banks, ae summer's night,
 the cliffy rocks in view, man,
 Cath'rine Ogie gat a fright,
 'Mang Scotsnd's bells sae blue, man
 waly, waly, up yon wood,
 and down by bonny Yarrow,
 he lassie lost her silken snood
 wi' Will her winsome marrow,
 Dirum dum, &c

ately stapt he east the wa',
 the lad I darena name, man;
 eordie reigns in Charlie's ha';
 send Lewie Gordon hame, man

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 Will brew'd a peck o' maut, man;
 John Anderson, ye're turning auld,
 pit a sheep's-head i' the pat, man
 Dirum dum, &c

The tailor cam to clout tte claise
 upon a Lammas night, man,
 Which caus'd the battle o' the fleas,
 and shew'd McCraw's great might, man,
 John Tamson at the key hole keeks,
 my wife's a wanton pawkey,
 She's clouting Johnny's grey dreeks
 and Bess she's but a gawkie.
 Dirum dum &c

In Fife there liv'd a wicked wife,
 and she has ta'en the gee, man;
 The door-barring caus'd the strife,
 and Sandy o'er the Lee, man
 Tarry woo frae Tweedside came,
 frae Aberdeen, cauld kail, man
 Made gude Scotch brose to fill our wame,
 could Donald McDonald fail, man
 Dirum dum, &c

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 sae merry's we hâve been, man;
 Yet still on Menie's charms I doat,
 at Polwart on the green, man

Willie was a wanten wag,
 and push'd about the Jorum,
 While Rab the Ranter burst his bag,
 playing the Reel o' Tullochgorum.
 Dirum dum, &c.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 ha ha the wooing o't
 On new year's day when we were fou,
 ha ha the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fou high,
 Look'd asklent an' unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh,
 ha ha the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd
 ha ha the wooing o't.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
 ha ha the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a lin,
 ha ha the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
 ha ha the wooing o't

Slighted love is fair to bide,
 ha ha the wooing o't.
 Shall I like a fool quoth he,
 For a haughty hussy die;
 She may gae to France for me,
 ha ha the wooing o't.

How it comes let Doctors tell,
 ha ha the wooing o't
 Meg grew sick as he grew well,
 ha ha the wooing o't,
 Something in her bosom rings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And oh her een they spak sic things,
 ha ha the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad of grace,
 ha ha the wooing o't
 Maggy's was a tickling case,
 ha ha the wooing o't.
 Duncan could not be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse an canty baith,
 ha ha the wooing o't.

JOHNNY BLUSTER'S WIFE.

JOHNNY BLUSTER dwalt on Clyde,
 The place they ca'd it Tradbletony;

Johnny was a Joiner gude,
 Nane could weild a plane like Johnny.
 Lizzie Painch was Johnny's wife,
 An' silly M. tiv was her mither.
 Sic a wife as Johnny had,
 I wadna gie a button for her.

Johnny was ance ha'f in love,
 His fancy was by beanty haunted;
 Heaven shone in Johnny's ee—
 But no the heaven Johnny wanted;
 For Johnny courted Lizzie Painch,
 'Cause Lizzie Painch she had the silver,
 Bnt sic a wife as Lizzie Painch,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

Lizzie's face was like the moon,
 Her shouthers maist as braid as Samson's
 Her very picture's like the sign,
 That hings aboon auld Robin Tamson's,
 But deil a prin does Johnny care,
 Were Lizzie like the witch of Endor;
 Johnny fattens on her gear—
 He wadna gie a button for her.

THE BLUE EE'D LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue,

I gat my death frae twa black' een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue,
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi dew,
 Her heaving bosom lilly white,
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

He talked she smiled my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my heart, I wat na how;
 And ay the stound the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue.
 But spare I'd speak, and spare I'd speed,
 She'd ablin listen to my vow,
 Shou'd she refuse, I'd lay my dead,
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

FINIS.