

LOUDEN'S BONNY 22
WOODS AND BRAES.

The Hills of Gallowa.

Last May a braw Wooer.

My days roll pleasant and fair.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1819.

LOUDEN'S WOODS AND BRAES.

LOUDEN'S bonny Woods and Braes,
I maun lea-them a' Lassie,
Wha can thole when Britain's faes,
Would ha'e Britain's laws Lassie ;
Wha would shun the field o' danger,
Wha frae fame would be a stranger,
Now when Britain is in danger,
Wha would shun her ca' Lassie,
Louden's bonny woods and braes,
Ha'e seen our peaceful bridal days.
And gentle peace shall soothe thy ways
When I am far awa' lassie.

Hark! the swelling Bugle sings,
It brings joy to thee Laddie
But the doleful Bugle brings,
Waefu' thoughts to me Laddie;
Lanely I maun climb the Mountain,
Lanely stray beside the Fountain.
Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae love and thee Laddie;
O'er the gory field of war,
Where Vengeance drives her crimson car,
You may fa' frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e Laddie;

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy tear Lassie,
 Honour, glory, crowns our toil,
 That's a sodger's fee Lassie,
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over,
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we die Lassie.

Louden's bonny Woods and Braes,
 Shall see our future happy days,
 And blythe our hearts as lambs that graze
 On Louden's bonny Braes Lassie.

Weel I mind the happy day,
 United thee and me Laddie,
 But ne'er thought I that you would stray
 Frae Louden's Braes and me Laddie,
 May heav'n avert the threatening blows,
 Till it avenge thee on each foe,
 And Galic sons wi' their last throws,
 May kiss the road to me Laddie;
 Louden's bonny Woods and Braes,
 Shall grace our kind congenial days,
 Responsive to my hero's praise,
 And echo's answer gay Laddie.

 THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Tune—The Lee Rig.

Among the birks, sae blythe and gay,
 I met my Julia hameward gaun;
 The linties chantit on the spray,
 The lammies leupit on the lawn;
 On ilka swaird the hay was mawn;
 The braes wi' gowans buskit braw;
 And gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn
 Out o'er the hills o' Gallowa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
 And fragrance wing'd along the lee,
 When down we sat, the flowers amang,
 Upon the banks of stately Dee;
 My Julia's arms encircled me;
 Then sweetly slade the hours awa,
 Til dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

It is na owsen, sheep, and kye,
 It is na gowd, it is na gear,
 This lifted ee wad hae quo' I,
 The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;
 But gi to me my Julia dear,
 Ye Powers, wha row this yirthen ba',

And O sae blythe through life I'll see
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin daunders up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the cows,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the rushes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scraggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills
Her rural nymphs and jovial swains,
Her fi' w'ry wilds and wimplin vills,
Awake nae mair my cantie strams;
Where friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Where heather blooms and moor-cocks crow,
O dig my grave, and lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune— The Lothian Lassie.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,

The deuce tak him to believe me believe me,
The deuce tak him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was diein;
I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein,
The Lord forgie me for liein!

A weel stocket mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand was the proffer:
I never loot on that I kent it, or car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur
offer,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

But what do ye think? in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gang near her!)
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

Sae at the niest-week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarneck,
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
I growr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neibours might say I was asury;
 My woder he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how my guld shoorn fitted her shachel'd feet,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a
 swearin,
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to morrow, to mor-
 row,
 I think I maun wed him to morrow.

CONTENT.

My days they roll pleasant and fair,
 My nights from uneasiness free;
 My mind's not distracted by care,
 No charms has ambition for me.
 With joy I salute the bright sun,
 When he shines in the eastern sky;

Nor grieve when his race he has run;—
Then who so contented as I?

My love she is gentie and kind,
And vows she'll for ever prove true;

An angel in person and mind—
In truth she is rivall'd by few.

While innocence smiles in my home,
And love gives a charm to each joy,

From my humble roof'd cot I'll ne'er roam;—
Then who so contented as I?

FINIS.

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