

Bessy Bell & Mary Gray

Blythe aroud the nappy,

Andro and his cutty gun,

Hae you seen, in the

calm dewy morning,

THE SPOTLESS MAID,

AND

rom the white blossom'd sloe.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1818.

BESSY BELL, AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They bigg'd a house on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I lo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus darts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka' gracie she can command,
Her lips, O wow, they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances:
She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances;
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like my Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between us twae,
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses;
 Vaes me, for baith I canna get,
 To áne by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with áne contented.

SCOTIA'S SONS.

Tune—Andro and his cutty gun.

Blythe, blythe, aroun' the nappy,
 Let us join in social glee;
 While we re here we'll hae a drappy,
 Scotia's sons hae ay been free.

Ux auid forbears, when owre their gill,
 And cantie bickers roun' did ca',
 Forsooth' they cried, 'anither gill,
 For sweet't we are to gang awa.'
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Some heartie cock would then hae sang
 Some auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee,

Syne pledg'd his cog, the chorus rang,
 Auld Scotia and her sons are free.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed roun',
 Till morn the screens of light did draw,
 Yet driech to rise, the carls roun',
 Cry'd ' Deuch-an-dhcrus, then awa'
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The landlord then the nappy brings,
 Toasts how happy a' may be,
 Syne tooms the cog, the chorus rings,
 Auld Scotia's sons shall ay be free.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then like our dads o' auld langsyne,
 Let social gleë unite us a',
 Ay blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,
 But ay as sweet't to gang awa'.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

ANDRO AND HIS CUTCY GUN.

She took me in, she set me down,
 She hecht to keep me lawin-free,
 But wylie Carlin that she was,
 She gart me birl my bawbee.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she butt and ben;
 Weel she loo'd a Hawick gi.l,
 And leugh to see a tappit hea.

I loo'd the liquor weel enough,
 But waes my heart my cash ran done,
 Lang or I had quench'd my drouth,
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon;
 Blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 Wha started in to heeze our hope,
 But Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, &c.

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
 And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown,
 Weel did the cannie kimmer ken,
 It gart the swats gae glibber down.
 Blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,
 Till dawin we ne'er jeed our bum;
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, &c.

He did like onie mavis sing,
 While she below his oxters sat;

He ca'd her ay his bonnie thing,
 And monie a sappy kiss she gat.
 Blythe, &c.

I hae been east, we hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun,
 Bur the cleverest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, &c.

THE LASSIE I LOO BEST OF A'.

Hae you seen, in the calm dewy morning,
 The red-breast wi' d' warbling sae clear;
 Or the low-dwelling, snow-breasted gowan,
 Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?—
 O, then you hae seen my dear lassie,
 The lassie I loo best of a';
 But far frae the hame o' my lassie,
 I'm monie a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wing o' the blackbird,
 Her eye is the eye o' the dove,
 Her lips are the ripe blushing rose bud,
 Her bosom's the palace of love!
 Tho' green by thy banks, O sweet Clutha,
 Thy beauties ne'er charm me awa;

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Forgive me, ye maids of sweet Cutha,
My heart is we her that's awa.

O love, thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure;
The sweetest we mortals here know;
But soon is thy heav'n, bright beaming,
O'ercast with the darkness of wo.
As the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
Delights the lone mariner's eye,
Till red rush the storms of the desert,
And dark billows tumble on high.

THE SPOTLESS MAID.

The spotless maid is like the blooming rose,
Which on its native stem unsully'd grows;
But if some hand the tender stalk invades,
Lost is its colour, and its beauty fades.

Whoever leaves a virtuous maid behind,
Tho' distant—still he views her in his mind;
Reflection tells, that absence must improve
The dear delight of meeting those we love.

THE THORN.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe
requested,

A sprig her fair breast to adorn:

No, by heaven! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I show'd her a ring, and implor'd her to
marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn;

Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by Heaven, &c.

FINIS.