

An Excellent Collection of

# Popular Songs ;

viz.

1. Patie's Wedding.
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now.



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## *Patie's Wedding.*

As Patie cam up frae the'glen,  
 Driving his wethers before him,  
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame,  
 Her beauty was like for to smore him.  
 O dinna ye ken, bonnie Meg,  
 That you and I's gaun to be married;  
 I'd rather hae broken my leg,  
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na Patie—O wha's tell'd you that?  
 I think that of news they've been scanty,  
 That I should be married so soon,  
 Or yet should hae been sae flantly:  
 I winna be married the year,  
 Suppose I were courted by twenty;  
 Sae, Patie, ye needna mair spier,  
 For weel-a-wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Maggie, what maks ye sae sweer,  
 Is't 'cause that I hae nae a maillin,  
 The lad that has plenty o' gear  
 Need ne'er want a hauf or a hale ane.  
 My dad has a good grey mare,  
 And your's has twa cows and a filly;  
 And that will be plenty o' gear,  
 Sae Maggie be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,  
 But first ye maun spier at my daddy,  
 You're as well born as Ben,  
 And I canna say but I am ready.

There's plenty o' yarn in clues,  
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,  
 And plaiden enough to be trews,  
 Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now, fair fa' ye, my bonnie Meg,  
 I'se let a wee smacky fa' on you;  
 May my neek be as lang as my leg,  
 If I be an ill husband unto you;  
 Sae gang your way hame e'now,  
 Mak ready gin this day fifteen days,  
 And tell your father the news,  
 That I'll be his son in great kindness.

Then Maggie, as blithe as a wren  
 After a blast o' ill weather,  
 Gaed a' the hale gate, singing, hame,  
 To tell the glad news to her father;  
 But ay the auld man said to her,  
 Ye'll no be in this mind till Monday;  
 O never you mind, quo' Maggie,  
 For I got a kiss to the bounty.

It was nae lang after that,  
 Wha came to our bigging but Patie,  
 Weel drest in a braw new coat,  
 And wow but he thought himself pretty.  
 His bannet was little frae new,  
 In it was a loop and a slitty,  
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,  
 To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,  
 Said, peace be here to the bigging,

You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,  
 Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging.  
 Now draw in your seat and sit down,  
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry;  
 And haste ye, Meg, and be done,  
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang;  
 Yestreen I was wi' his Honour;  
 I've ta'en three rigs of bra' land,  
 And hae bound mysel under a bonour.  
 And now my errant to you,  
 Is for Maggie to help me to labour;  
 I think you maun gie's the best cow,  
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,  
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal,  
 I've cut the craig of the ewe  
 That had amaist died of the side-ill.  
 And that 'ill be plenty of bree,  
 Sae lang as our will is nae reisted,  
 To all the good neighbours and we,  
 And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that 'ill do well,  
 And I'll gie you your brose in the morning,  
 O kail that was made yestreen.  
 For I like them best in the forenoon.  
 Sae Tam the piper did play,  
 And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,  
 And a' the lave they rank'd through,  
 And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chow'd,  
 And when that the carles grew nappy,  
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,  
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.  
 The lad that wore the white band,  
 I think they ca'd him Jamie Mather,  
 And he took the bride by the hand,  
 And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

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*Roslin Castle.*

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay.  
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung;  
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,  
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song;  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay;  
 O! bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
 With rapture calls, O come away!  
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine.  
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

*I had a Horse.*

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,  
 I gat it frae my daddie;  
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,  
 But my wit it was fu' ready.  
 So I bethought me on a time,  
 Outwittens o' my daddie,  
 To fee mysel to a Lawland laird,  
 Wha had a bonnie lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:  
 " Madam, be not offended;  
 I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And I carena though ye kend it:

For I get little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my daddy,  
 Yet I wad blithely be the man  
 Wad strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh;  
 "Ye needna been sae blate, man,  
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
 And tauld me a' your state, man:  
 Ye might hae come to me yoursel,  
 Outwitness o' ony body,  
 And made John Goukston o' the laird,  
 And kiss'd his bonnie lady."

Then she pat siller in my purse,  
 We drank wine in a cogie;  
 She see'd a man to rub my horse,  
 And vow, but I was vogie!  
 But I ne'er gat sae sair a fleg  
 Since I cam frae my daddie;  
 The laird cam, rap, rap! to the yett,  
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me behint a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidy;  
 Where I lay like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my daddie.  
 The laird gade out, he saw na me,  
 I staid till I was ready;  
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back  
 To see his bonnie lady.

*Lass, gin ye Lo'e me, tell me now.*

I HAE laid a herring in sa't,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!  
 I hae brew'd a forpit o' ma't,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a calf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!  
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now!  
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a butt, and I hae a benn,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now!  
 I hae three chickens and a fat hen,  
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now!  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a kebbuck upon my shelf,  
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now!  
 I downa eat it a' myself;  
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.